

MAY 30, 1968

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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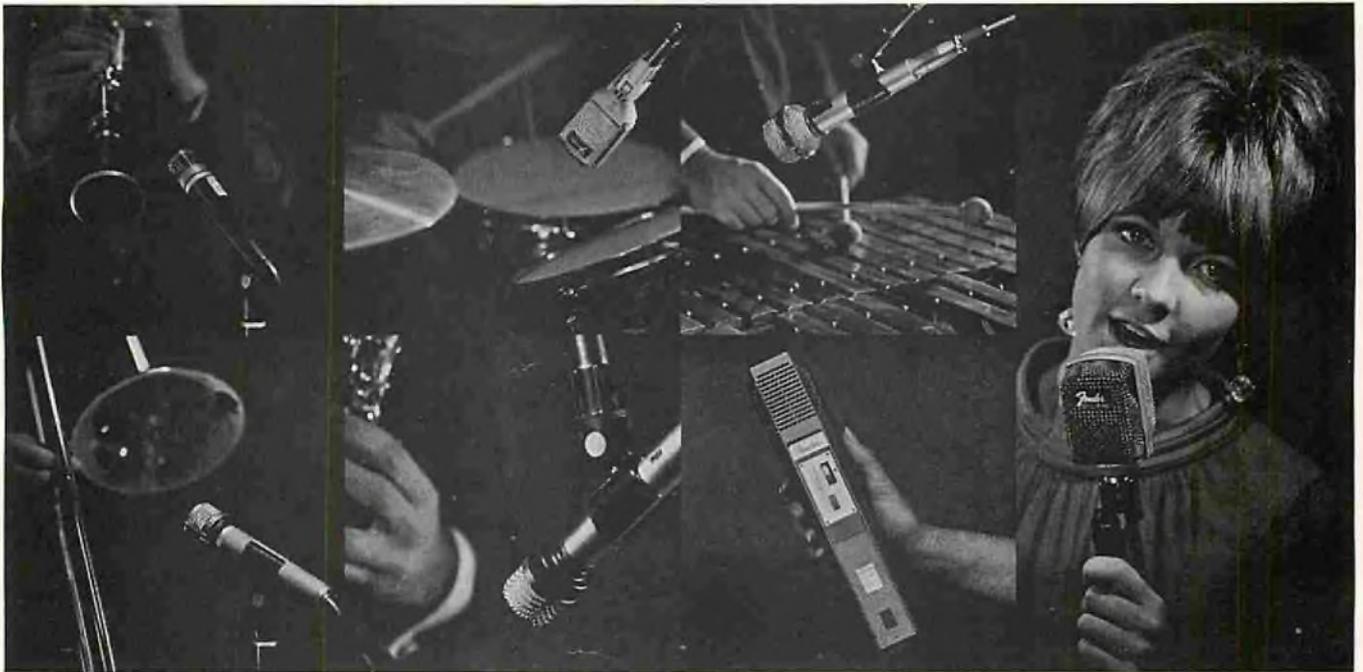
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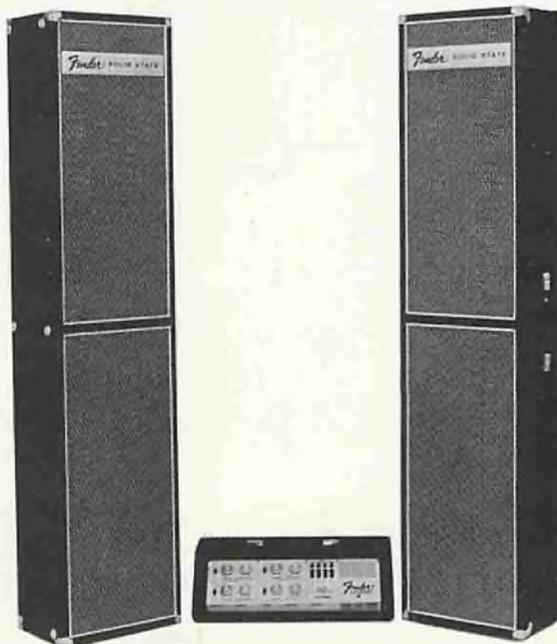
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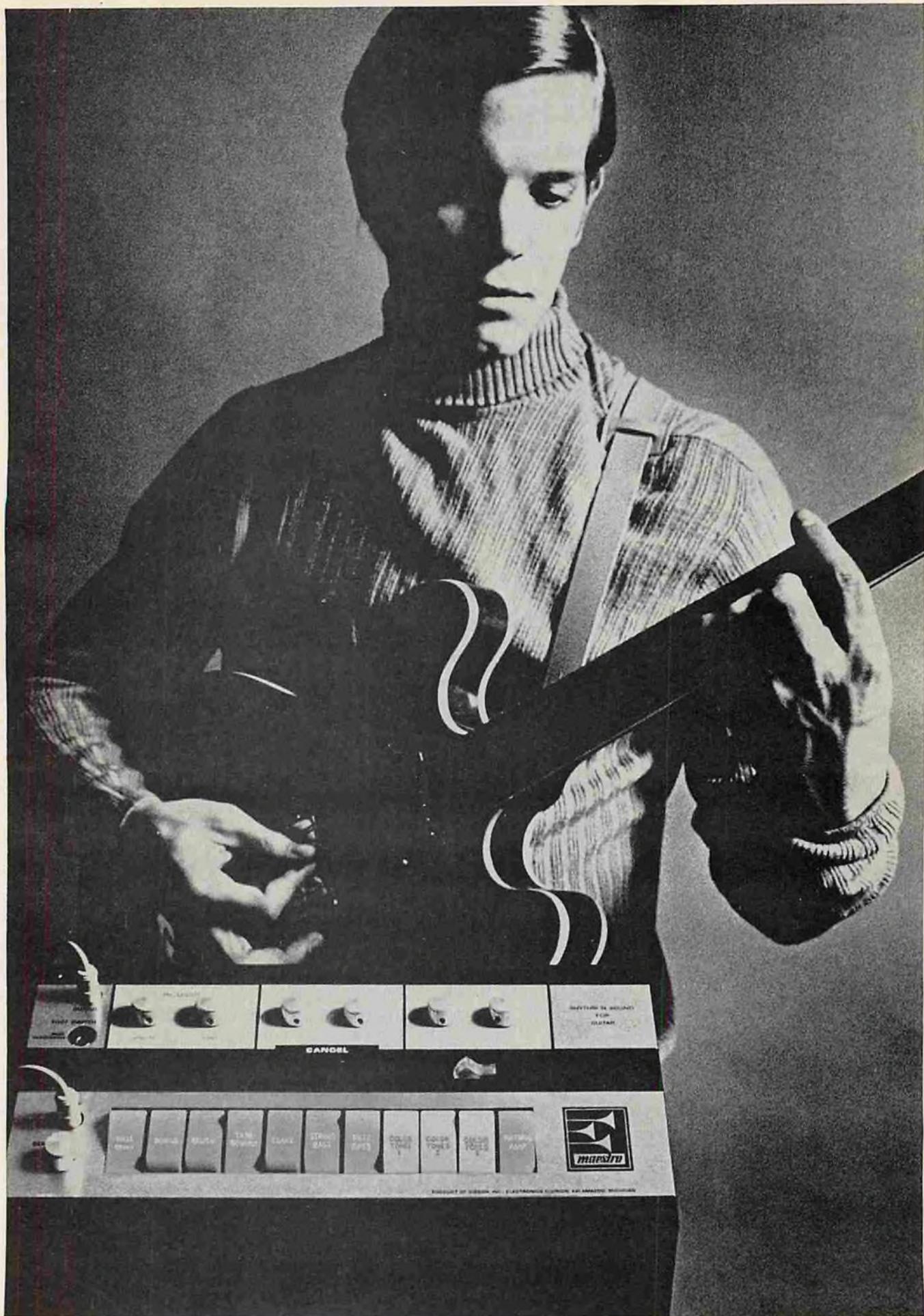
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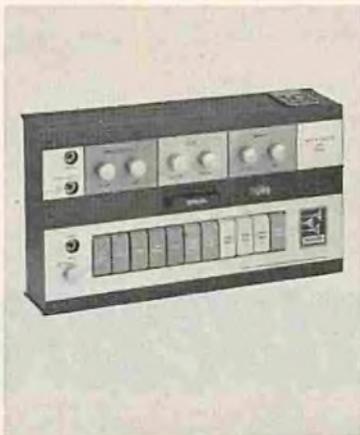
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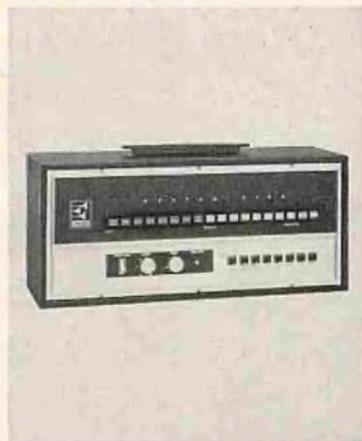
Tap the foot-switch and the rhythm goes out. Tap it again, and it's back again—*always on the downbeat.*

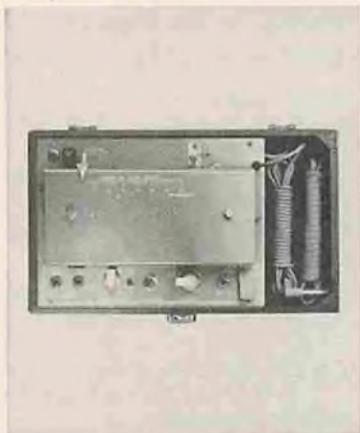
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Maestro Rhythm King.





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Maestro Echoplex.



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Maestro Boomerang.

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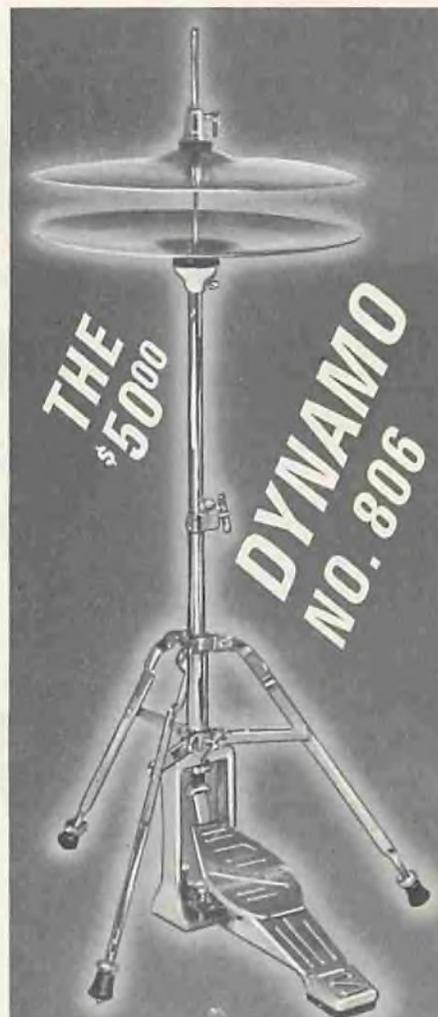
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Blasting Off

In his review of my recording (*DB*, Feb. 22), Harvey Pekar wrote a stark butchery of my music. It is obvious that he either never heard the record or purposely chose to omit and misinterpret a multitude of qualities.

I can't be expected to believe that everyone *but* the critic can hear that in some sections I can play the same notes with both hands simultaneously at phenomenal speeds. What about the new enlarged versions of block chords to which I have added a few dissonances? And I am able to move these chunks almost as fast as single notes! What about the poly-rhythms between left and right hands in other sections? What about my ability to subdivide the metric beats from larger than whole notes to 32nd notes? What about the seemingly well constructed spaces of silence?

Why wasn't it noticed or felt that linear (melodic) improvisations were related to the implied roots or fundamentals of the left hand, mostly in the area of varying degrees of high tensions?

No one expects an "In Deep" analysis; that would take at least one hundred pages and several months of hard work. But the least he could have done was to acknowledge the extreme and continual changes of moods, textures, colors, and densities. Why wasn't it mentioned that I use the entire keyboard as though it isn't large enough for me?

I am fully aware that with the exception of *Desert Fox*, my chordal voicings defy analysis with the conventional, atonal and other systems, but the effects of these sounds could have at least been mentioned.

There was occasional use of bitonality, polytonality, and short tone row series (which, in the total context of this record, are only intermediate grade) but being difficult to detect, their omission from the review is in the excusable area.

The above named musical techniques are only a very small part of what I use, but this letter is not supposed to be a music lesson.

Pekar writes that I am at times "heavy-handed." The world is going through the most terrible period in history. The war in Vietnam has us tense about our future and the futures of our beloved children, especially our sons. Iconoclasm has become the expected rather than the exception. Parent-child relationships are definitely in trouble. Social, business, marital, and racial relationships are becoming more and more hostile and tense. The world is actually facing nuclear annihilation. I refuse to play nice, soft, polite music all the time, while living through the world's turmoil with the additional burdens of a Black Man. And don't dismiss me as some sort of racist, because I am definitely not.

Could it be that I was assigned a sterile, escapist (with not enough energy to confront the music) writer? Unless he

becomes Valdo Williams beyond the spiritualistic core he is not qualified to write "consciously employs". He does not know whether I plan everything in advance, follow what's happening, or analyze afterwards.

Pekar is very fast with his little labels. Possibly it makes him feel superior. He should have realized that he was dealing with music that has its own directions, not those of "bop" or "Third Stream". Linear complexity executed with technical precision and played over what he recognizes as a jazz beat does not make "bop". Nor does improvisation with that jazz beat make any degrees of "avant garde" or "Third Stream".

He should have realized that I went through many meters including variants of the "jazz beat", and wove an inseparable homogeneous whole.

My music is a reflection of the condition of the world, and is loaded with emotion. It should at least have a somewhat knowledgeable and sensitive reviewer.

Valdo Williams
New York City

Harvey Pekar replies:

The reason I wrote only a brief, though generally favorable (***) review of Williams' LP is that it isn't nearly as unique and provocative as he believes.

The terms "boppish" and "Third Stream" were used to describe his playing because it has obviously been influenced, whether he will admit it or not, by bop (he even quotes from *Salt Peanuts*) and classical music (he mentions using certain modern classical devices in his letter). His use of other devices such as space and notes of varying duration is not startling or particularly effective. His playing is also melodically repetitive. Finally, by heavy-handed I meant, as Webster defines the term, "clumsy", not "passionate", as Williams chose to think.

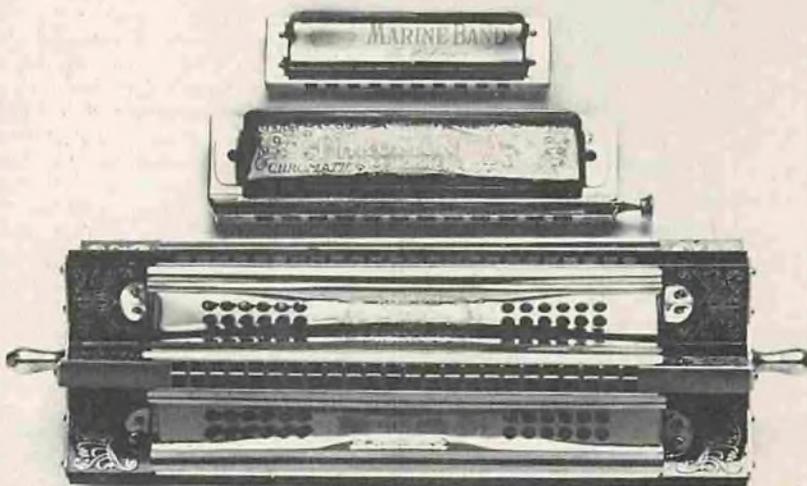
Word From Valerie

It's not for nothing that American musicians often consider Europe's jazz fanciers better-informed than their U.S. counterparts. In answer to reader Lynn Sallee's queries (*DB*, March 21), you said that pianist Gill Coggins has been "unheard of for years". Well, in a letter from a Brooklyn tenor saxophonist friend, Paul Jeffrey, some time last October, he related that Coggins was one of the many pianists who sat in with him and Howard McGhee during the latter's gig at the Blue Coronet. To quote Jeffrey: "I hadn't heard him in a long time but he was swinging as ever, playing that great comp that he always has been capable of." So, you see. . . .

But we all make mistakes. In my review of Diana Ross and the Supremes (same issue), I identified their musical director incorrectly. The band in question—at the Talk of the Town—is led by Gil Askey, but towards the end of their stay and on the night of the review, it was fronted by the girls' own bass guitarist, Jimmy Garrett. My mistake.

But—your mistake, also! You identified the Supremes wrongly in the published photograph, which clearly showed the for-

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mer group: Misses Wilson, Ballard and Ross.

Finally, I'd like to thank reader George Horn for his complimentary remarks concerning my interviews (same issue again). When people take the trouble to notice what you're trying to convey by the printed word, it makes all the runarounds worthwhile.

Valerie Wilmer
London, England

For Little Walter

I was very saddened to read of the death of Little Walter. It is ironic that the *Down Beat* obituary stands as one of the very few instances of public recognition received by this extraordinary talent. Perhaps Chess records can now be persuaded to reissue some of the recordings that he made in the middle '50s.

David Stuppel
Columbia, Mo.

Southern Comfort

. . . I don't wish to take issue with anyone about localities, because I live in the South and I know why musicians don't expand to some of these areas, yet I would like to mention the fact that we still try to keep our end up, music-wise.

New York is still the Apple, and dues have to be paid. Yet some dues seem unbearable, and sometimes it's we who benefit from the talents of potential stars who find the "rat-race" is run by rats and are forced by circumstances to return to us.

Two prime examples of talented returnees . . . are drummer Dannie Richmond, who is performing regularly with a duo, trio, and quintet, and doing clinics when he can find time, and Ray Codrington, who has brought new life to the Fayetteville, N.C. area with his new flugelhorn, performing with two quartets and doing quite a bit of writing and arranging. (Ray is currently also teaching school in the area.)

Working with both of these gentlemen are some very fine musicians, especially Richmond's pianist-organist, Jimmy Davis, and Codrington's guitarist, Bob Nordon, who complement these two swingers in fine style.

Without guys like these, and I'm sure many others, we could not keep abreast with the "touch" of live performers. . . .

Pete Crawford
Greensboro, N.C.

Best of Luck

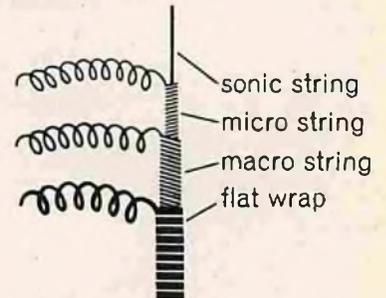
The thought that you considered my efforts worthy of one of your awards is a great feeling. Not only for myself, but for the financial aid to my parents.

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Alan Silvestri
Teaneck, N.J.

We have received many similar letters from winners of DB's 1968 Hall of Fame Scholarship awards and regret that space does not permit printing them all. —Ed.

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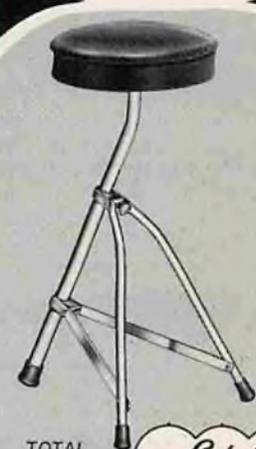
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MUSIC WORLD RESPONDS TO KING ASSASSINATION

The music industry—record companies in particular—was quick to respond to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King.

Atlantic Records made two contributions of \$5,000 each; one to the family of the slain civil rights leader, the other to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the organization Dr. King founded and led. The gifts were advance payments on royalties from two disks, set aside for this purpose, Solomon Burke's *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free*, and *I Have a Dream*, by the Hudson Chorale.

20th Century Fox Records and its distributor, ABC Records, repackaged and quickly released an album containing Dr. King's famous speech at the 1963 Freedom March in Washington, D.C. Royalties will be donated to SCLC.

Another album of King speeches, with the same royalty agreement, was issued by Unart, a subsidiary of United Artists. Epic Records has earmarked royalties from a new single by the East Harlem Childrens Chorus, *You've Got to Be Carefully Taught*, for SCLC. Mercury Records also has released an album of speeches by Dr. King, with royalties going to the same source.

Many artists donated their services to benefits and rallies, and also made cash contributions. Two New York nightclubs, The Scene and Cafe Au Go Go, contributed gate receipts to the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund, and benefits were scheduled at presstime at the Fillmore East and Generation.

James Brown, the singer, went to Washington, D.C. during the disturbances there and energetically campaigned to restore order, as he had done previously in Boston, Mass. and other cities.

Art D'Lugoff, owner of New York's Village Gate and chairman of the Committee for a Vital Village, pledged himself to promote jobs for Negro and Puerto Rican youths throughout Greenwich Village.

One of the most moving tributes was a 45-rpm single issued by a small Chicago label, Cry. On it, two great blues artists, Otis Spann and Big Joe Williams, each perform an original blues dedicated to the memory of Dr. King. Profits from the record, available from Alexander Productions, 6902 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60649, will be donated to SCLC.

NO POP AT MONTEREY: PRODUCERS BLAME CITY

Despite the optimistic prognosis (*DB*, May 2), there will be no second Monterey Pop Festival.

According to producers Lou Adler and John Phillips, Monterey officials placed such severe conditions and restrictions

upon the festival board that they couldn't be met.

Adler described the officials' attitude as "so hostile it scared us." The conditions included a \$60,000 bond, \$44,000 for police and fire protection, \$11,000 for sanitation facilities, and insurance of the city against false arrest claims.

Months of public debate and formal hearings preceded the final decision. Ironically, local police and citizenry had praised the huge crowds of young people at last year's festival for their orderly behavior.

TONY BENNETT TOURS WITH TOP BIG BANDS

Singer Tony Bennett is currently on the last lap of a successful tour during which he joined forces with no less than four great bands and comedian Jack E. Leonard.

For 12 of the 19 concerts, Duke Ellington and his orchestra joined Bennett and



Tony Bennett
In Good Company

Leonard, with Woody Herman's Herd stepping in for four nights, Count Basie for two, and Buddy Rich for one.

The first three engagements, all with Ellington, grossed a big \$108,000 in the New York-New Jersey area. Following appearances in Texas, California, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, the tour concludes with a May 16 stand in Syracuse, N.Y. (with Herman); a May 18 performance in Boston, and a May 19 concert in Buffalo, N.Y. (both with Duke).

GIUFFRE, GIL EVANS IN WHITNEY MUSEUM SERIES

A rather unique experimental concert series at New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art ushered in the spring season. It was dedicated to the proposition that "art and music, experi-

enced together, will enhance each other," in the words of a spokesman for the museum.

Under the perhaps not very imaginative title of "Tuesday Nights at the Whitney," the four scheduled gallery musicales combined improvised music, both jazz and "classical", with sculpture by Isamu Noguchi, paintings by John Heliker, and selected items from the museum's permanent collection.

The first event, held April 23, featured clarinetist Jimmy Giuffre, guitarist John Stauber, and bassist Victor Sproles. The following Tuesday, George Pappa Stavrou and Stuart Lanning performed at two pianos tuned quarter-tones apart, assisted by Calvin Hampton, who played an electronic keyboard instrument whimsically known as the ondes martinot.

On May 7, Gil Evans was scheduled to perform with a specially assembled 12-piece orchestra, and the series closed May 14 with clarinetist-composer William O. Smith, who improvised against pre-recorded tapes.

The experiment, which will be extended if successful, was made possible by grants from the Pastoral Foundation and Mrs. Bernard S. Gimbel. Willis Conover and Oliver Daniel acted as consultants.

SALT LAKE CITY FESTIVAL PICKS IJF CONTENDERS

The Colorado University Stage Band directed by Buddy Baker; the Brigham Young University Jazz Quintet led by pianist Larry Jackstein, and the Burgundy Street Singers from Kansas State University were the winners at the Intermountain Collegiate Jazz Festival, held at Salt Lake City April 5-6.

The festival was another in the regional events held under the aegis of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival. Judges were Neal Hefti, Ralph Pena, and educator Dr. M. E. Hall. Emcee was *Down Beat* contributing editor Harvey Siders.

The winning groups will compete in the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, which will take place June 20-22 at the Kiel Opera House in St. Louis.

OAKLAND'S GOLD NUGGET DROPS JAZZ FOR ROCK

An Oakland jazz landmark was wiped out when the Gold Nugget, nationally known as the "Kenton Shrine," shifted to a rock-dance format.

The club was opened in 1956 by Don Mupo and Bob Frohn, and featured a 100-play juke box stocked with discs by Kenton and his musical children. A few years later the Gold Nugget began staging live jazz on occasional weekends. Among those who played there were Kenton, Maynard

Ferguson, Frank Rosolino, Bob Cooper, Bobby Troup, Stan Levey, and the John Coppola and Don Piestrup bands.

A year ago, its uptown neighborhood disrupted by construction on a rapid transit project, the club moved to Jack London Square, a waterfront sector tenanted mainly by restaurants but also by several successful rock clubs.

The Don Ellis Band played the Nugget twice and drew crowds but several combos did not fare so well during these sporadic bookings of live sounds. Nor was the recorded and taped music the attraction it once was.

"People who come to Jack London Square want to dance—not to hear jazz," was Mupo's judgment.

FINAL BAR

Two photographers whose work frequently appeared in *Down Beat* died recently. **Otto Hess**, 61, was one of the pioneer jazz photographers. He came to the U.S. in the late 1920s from his native Germany, and began to shoot jazz in the early '30s. His extensive files were a frequently

tapped source for historical photographs, but much of his best work remains unpublished. Hess, who had been active in recent years as an industrial photographer, died of a heart attack in late March. The disposition of his work was unknown at press-time, and anyone having knowledge of his heirs is urged to contact this publication so that this invaluable legacy can be preserved.

Don Bronstein, 41, died April 14 in Acapulco, Mexico, where he was on assignment for *Playboy* magazine, apparently of a heart attack. He was that magazine's first photographer and later became chief of its photographic staff. He left *Playboy* five years ago to open his own studio in Chicago.

Bronstein also was a staff photographer for Chess records, and his fine shots of jazz musicians appeared on many Argo and Cadet albums, as well as on other labels and in many publications. His book, *Chicago: I Will*, was published last year. His cover for the album *People* by Barbra Streisand won a 1964 Grammy Award.

Singer **Rosa Henderson**, 71, died April 6 in New York City. A prolific recording artist during the 1920s, Miss Henderson

made records for more than a dozen labels, often accompanied by members of Fletcher Henderson's (no relation) orchestra. She began her career in 1913 in her uncle's carnival, was in vaudeville as half of the team of Mason and Henderson, and appeared in several musicals, including *The Harlem Rounders* and *Rambling Around*. Her vocal style was typical of the period's popular urban blues singing.

POTPOURRI

George Wein will present an unusual concert joining the talents of two remarkable singers, **Mabel Mercer** and **Bobby Short**, at Town Hall in New York City May 19. It will be Miss Mercer's first major appearance in several years. Both singers have vast repertoires of seldom-heard songs.

An all-star jazz benefit for Synanon, the famous rehabilitation center for narcotic addicts, will be held May 20 at the Village Gate in New York City. **Clark Terry's** big band and many others are scheduled to appear.



JIM CROW FLIES WEST

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

A FEW MONTHS AGO, in a syndicated newspaper column, I stirred up a hornet's rather than a Feather's nest by drawing attention to the almost total self-segregation of pop music. Though the pop singers have written and sung songs about the need for brotherhood, peace and universal love, they all too rarely practice what they preach. Pop-rock groups for the most part remain all-black or all-white.

Opponents of this view suggested that differing cultural influences made it illogical for an Elvin Jones to play drums with Bob Dylan, or for Janis Ian to join forces with Ray Charles. They failed to realize (or chose to ignore) the fact that segregation itself was a principal source of these cultural differences.

It is encouraging to be able to report that exceptions to the rule are more and more numerous in pop. The first interracial vocal duo, Billy Vera and Judy Clay, rose high in the charts a while back. Integration can be found now in at least a dozen leading pop groups, among them Sly and the Family Stone, the Electric Flag, Jay & The Techniques, the Checkmates, the Chambers Brothers, the Loading Zone, and England's Georgie Fame, Jimi Hendrix Experience, and others.

Ironically, while these small black-

and-white pop combos have been multiplying, the jazz world, to which I pointed as an example the pop youths should follow, is itself guilty of a dereliction of social duties, at least in one particular area: The Los Angeles big band scene. Or rather, that part of the scene dominated by whites.

If Gerald Wilson, Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, Benny Carter and a dozen other such leaders have no difficulty in organizing thoroughly integrated orchestras for clubs and concerts or for studio work, why do men like Mike Barone, Don Ellis, Tommy Vig fail to respond in kind? Why, indeed, did they not take the initiative?

It is not hate, not deliberate exclusion, not an active desire for self-segregation, that motivates such men; rather it is the kind of indifference, apathy and lethargy that has led to our entire national agony in American society today. I'm all right, Jack; let's you and I leave our homes in our adjacent all-white neighborhoods and go play golf at the all-white golf club, and make the gig together tonight.

It is true that in New York conditions are different because the musicians have more opportunities to socialize. In the Los Angeles area, de facto residential segregation keeps most white musicians 20 to 30 miles away from most blacks. This, however, does not prevent the white bandleader from examining his conscience, formulating a constructive course of action and going out of his way to present an integrated image to the public. Token integration, as opposed to total segregation, is only the lesser of two evils, but at least it is a start.

The lack of such aggressive attitudes on the part of younger white musicians is particularly distasteful. It seemed less surprising, though no more defensible, when at the NARAS awards dinner in Beverly Hills, supposedly representative

of the entire recording industry, a big orchestra was presented (Les Brown's band augmented by a string section) without one black face. That this may have been Brown's way of life for 30 years is no excuse; on the contrary, he has had that much more time to become aware of the facts of life.

It has been argued that the contractors are to blame. The use of more Negroes as contractors certainly would help; only a couple are presently active to any substantial degree in Hollywood.

It has also been contended that not enough qualified Negro musicians are available. For starters, I suggest the contractors and bandleaders keep this list pinned to their bulletin boards:

Bobby Bryant, Freddie Hill, Melvin Moore, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, John Ewing, trombones; Carrington Visor, Johnny Williams (John Collins' nephew, not the composer), Herman Riley, Hadley Calliman, saxophones—and yes, they *do* double on flute; Tommy Flanagan, Joe Sample, Phil Moore III, Ronnell Bright, piano; John Collins, Ray Crawford, Charles Mallard, guitar; Al McKibbon, Bob West, bass; Joe Harris, Paul Humphrey, drums; Ginger Smock, Bill Henderson, Melvin Moore, violin.

Untapped sources may also be found in the area's many college groups, rehearsal outfits at places like the Grant Music Center, and youth bands, many of whose soloists are well qualified in reading ability and general musicianship.

I am not implying that every one of these men is perfect for every job; still, their studio and concert experience to date suggests that they are well fitted to do more.

Nor do I suggest that the pool of well-equipped Negro musicians in Hollywood could not benefit from substantial enlargement. That, incidentally, will be the subject of another column shortly. **LEF**

Tenor saxophonist **Dexter Gordon**, who has been living abroad since the fall of 1962, was quoted by the Danish paper *Information* to the effect that he has no intentions of returning to the U.S. and is interested in obtaining Danish citizenship. Copenhagen has been Gordon's main base of operations in Europe, and he is very popular in the Danish capital.

An unusual coincidence turned a taping of the *Jonathan Winters Show* into a veritable piano workshop. A guest on the show was **Oscar Peterson**, with his trio; another guest was **Peggy Lee**, and wherever you find Peggy, you find her accompanist, **Lou Levy**; the regular pianist for **Paul Weston** (who fronts the house band for the CBS-TV show) is **Arnold Ross**; and also on hand was the rehearsal pianist and musical coordinator for the show, **Terry Trotter**. Peterson, incidentally, recently cut his first solo album, for the German SABA label.

Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods**, accompanied by his wife and children, left the U.S. for Europe in April. His first overseas engagement was at Ronnie Scott's Club in London. He has also been booked for the Molde Jazz Festival in Norway in July. Woods plans to settle in Holland and expects his stay abroad to be of indefinite duration.

During June, trumpeter **Don Cherry** is scheduled to take his *Workshop Ensemble* on a music camp tour set up by Svenska Rikskonserter, an organization run by the Swedish government. With Cherry will be trumpeter **Muffy Falay**, saxophonists **Tommy Koverhult** and **Rolf Hultkvist**, bassist **Thorbjorn Hulterantz**, and drummer **Leif Wennerstrom**. Dates are in Flen, Bollnas, Wik, Uppsala, Lunnevad, Linkoping, Iggesund, and Arvika. Two other projects are also in the works for Cherry in Sweden: one with film director **Lars Swanberg**, the other with famous Swedish choreographer **Birgit Akesson**.

Trumpeter **Randy Brecker**, formerly with **Blood, Sweat and Tears**, has joined **Horace Silver's** quintet, replacing **Charles Tolliver**.

Film-Makers' Distribution Center has announced the acquisition of an hour-long black and white documentary on **Charles Mingus** by **Tom Reichman**, simply entitled *Mingus*. The film concerns itself with the bassist's eviction by city marshals from his New York loft-studio in Nov. 1966. Scenes of that incident alternate with shots of a Mingus appearance at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike in Peabody, Mass. one week prior to the eviction. At presstime, the film was scheduled for an early premiere at the New Cinema Playhouse on West 42nd St. in New York City.

Lalo Schifrin is keeping busy these days: he lectured on jazz composing and arranging at the University of California at Berkeley during that school's jazz festi-

val; he judged the rock finalists on **Dick Clark's Happening '68**; met with **Gunther Schuller**, who will be conducting two of his works, one at Tanglewood, Mass., the other in Hamburg, Germany; and received a commission from conductor **Zubin Mehta** to compose a work to be premiered by the Los Angeles Philharmonic during its 1969-1970 season.

Composer **Alec Wilder** has been appointed Rennebohm Professor of Music at the University of Wisconsin for the second semester of the current academic year. He is conducting music classes, composing pieces for the various student and faculty ensembles, and taking part in formal and informal discussions.

On May 14, singer-author-personality **Babs Gonzales** was slated to leave for a European visit that will take him on a tour of 12 jazz cellars in Holland, beginning in Amsterdam May 18. Gonzales, backed by a rhythm section of pianist **Horace Parlan**, bassist **John Williams**, and drummer **Al Drears**, gave an April concert of his own compositions (and a couple of others) at Judson Hall in Manhattan. **Dizzy Reece** sat in on trumpet and **Toots Thielemans** on harmonica. Thielemans, rarely heard in a jazz context these days, broke it up.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Highlighting Easter week at Harlem's Apollo Theater was the jazz-flavored **Nancy Wilson Show**. Featured with the singer were **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet, **Duke Pearson's** big band, comedian **Flip Wilson**, and the **Impacts**, a dance group . . . **Howard McGhee's** big band played an Easter Sunday service for the Rev. **John Gensel** at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, and did a concert April 19 at Stony Brook College . . . The 16-piece band of bassist **Chuck Israels** gave a concert at Studio 58 April 7, and on the 22nd, filled in at the Village Vanguard for the traveling **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra**. Israels does not play with the band but is out front conducting . . . "Cosmic Music" was the title of an Easter Sunday concert at Carnegie Hall presenting pianist **Alice Coltrane** with a group consisting of **Joe Henderson** and **Pharoah Sanders**, tenor saxophones; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; **Rashied Ali** and **Jack DeJohnette**, drums. Mrs. Coltrane also played harp . . . Tenor saxophonist **Brew Moore** is now working Sunday evenings at the Sports Corner. Composer **Johnny Carisi** has been a frequent bandmate on trumpet and flugelhorn . . . **Doc Severinsen** brought his *Tonight Show Orchestra* back to the Riverboat for a three-week engagement in early May . . . The Easter show at the Village Gate, which ran during the week as well as weekends, featured **Stevie Wonder's** nine-piece combo and comedian **Irwin C. Watson**. Singer Wonder also played piano, harmonica and drums . . . Tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** did a Donnell Library concert with **Bobby Few**, piano; **Jan Arnet**, bass; **Leroy Williams**, drums, and

Bob Morett, vocals. Ervin also played the Dom, with **Cevera Jeffries** in place of Arnet . . . Pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.** did two weeks at Minton's with **Jimmy Heath**, tenor saxophone; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums . . . The Real Great Society, a social club on 7th St. at Avenue A, presented drummer **Sam Phillips'** quintet, with **Julian Priestner**, trombone, **Autlew Jones**, alto; **Bill Blake**, tenor, and **Bobby Few**, piano on Friday and Saturday of Easter weekend. A number of guest stars sat in . . . Easter at the Electric Circus combined the groups of the **Chambers Brothers** and the **New York Pro Musica** . . . **Sonny Stitt** broke it up in an impromptu session at Sam Ash's music store in Hempstead, L.I. with store manager **Bill Scott** on drums . . . Club Jest Us presented **Jackie McLean** in an Easter dance at Studio "O" in Brooklyn with **Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Lamont Johnson**, piano; **Scotty Holt**, bass; and **Eddie Crawford**, drums . . . Sunday concerts in April were held at the Olatunji Center of African Culture on E. 125th St. in Manhattan. Featured on consecutive Sundays were the groups of **Art Blakey**, **Jackie McLean**, **Lee Morgan** and **McCoy Tyner** . . . The **Otto-McLawler Trio** has been signed to perform in ten successive Saturday night concerts in the Forest Hills Music Festival series beginning June 22 . . . Pianist **Jack Reilly**, long-time accompanist for singer **Sheila Jordan**, has been breaking in a new trio at Danny's Continental Lounge in Union, N.J. in preparation for an MGM album of his original compositions. **Jack Six** is the bassist; **Joe Cocuzzo** the drummer . . . NET Playhouse on National Educational Television network recently screened *Everyman*, a BBC production with a jazz score by saxophonist **Tubby Hayes** . . . WRVR, the FM station of the Riverside Church in NYC, recently presented two programs of interest to jazz listeners. One was a telephone talk show entitled *Let's Talk Jazz*, where listeners called and conversed with a panel consisting of **Rudi Blesh**, **Frank Driggs**, **Don Heckman** and **DB editor Dan Morgenstern**. The program was moderated by WRVR's *Just Jazz* host, **Ed Beach**. The second show was a new setting of the Lutheran Liturgy, composed and directed by pianist **Eddie Bonnemere** with an 11-piece jazz orchestra and male choir. The piece was commissioned by Pastors **Ralph E. Peterson** and **John G. Gensel** of St. Peter's Lutheran Church . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** did three weeks at the Rainbow Grill, closing May 18 . . . WNEW broadcast a special program saluting the 30th anniversary of **Benny Goodman's** Carnegie Hall concert. **William B. Williams** presided over the event taped at the party described in *DB* (March 7) . . . Brother **Jack McDuff** has taken his organ stylings from Atlantic to Cadet.

Los Angeles: Here, as in every city in the country, the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King put an obvious damper on club business, as well as the desire to entertain on the part of the musicians. Mir-

/Continued on page 42



"QUOTET"

conducted by harvey siders

Theme:

Are there too many jazz recordings flooding the market?

Solos:

FREDDIE HUBBARD: "The way I feel about it, the more records, the better; the more opportunity for people to listen. But what is released should be carefully thought out. For example, as a sideman I've made about 60 recordings (you might say I've been over-exposed), but as a leader, I'll do two albums a year. That should be much more meaningful. The trouble is, what hurts the record scene is the sameness of sounds. It seems everyone's trying to copy each other."

LOUIS JORDAN: "Yes—too many jazz recordings—and not enough preparation before they're released. Let's use the word 'research.' I like to think of the preparation that goes into a recording as research. They should take their time and plan the kind of material with more regard to the artists and to the audience they're trying to reach. They shouldn't put out records simply because they have the backing to do it."

BIG MAMA THORNTON: "Too many what? Jazz recordings? Good Lord, don't ask me. I wouldn't know the first thing about that. I never listen to jazz records."

BILL EVANS: "Well, there are a lot of jazz recordings out, but as with so many things, the outstanding ones will make it big. Others get lost in the shuffle. With so many records being released all the time, the key man becomes the distributor. I have 22 albums out under my own name, but I'll bet the average record store has just three of my albums. If people don't find what they want, they won't order. Nobody orders records. I'm sure that certain of my albums would have sold better if the records had been in the stores. And there's promotion. So important—you know, hav-

ing pictures and brochures, all that material, available to coincide with your appearance at a club. I think Verve is the best label for that. Sol Handwerker is the best in the business."

LES MC CANN: "I don't care how many records you got on the market, if it's something as real as jazz, and as true an art form as jazz, there can't be too many recordings available. In fact, it doesn't come close to being enough. So the problem isn't the number of records—it's the lack of promotion that becomes the main drawback. If they could only spend as much money and time on jazz as they do on rock 'n' roll, we'd be all set. Besides, once a record gets hot, it becomes commercial—they no longer consider it jazz."

SAM WOODYARD: "Oh no—there's not enough of the good stuff available. Sure, there are plenty of recordings and more keep coming out all the time—but most of it is the wrong stuff."

GARY MC FARLAND: "It's not that there are too many jazz recordings on the market—the story is the distributors aren't doing their job. I can recall looking for Cal Tjader's latest album in some record stores in Spanish Harlem. They didn't even know about it. Can you imagine that, in Spanish Harlem? Distributors handle too many labels—and who are they going to concentrate on? The ones that are hot at the moment. It's a bad system and hurts the jazzmen."

GILDO MAHONES: "I don't think there are too many jazz recordings. Everybody needs all the help they can get—especially new artists. They really can use the exposure. One good test is when you go to a record shop and start flipping through records. If an artist has enough records out, he'll have a separate bin. But if he hasn't, you'll find him under 'miscellaneous.'"

PETE RUGOLO: "As a whole I think there are too many recordings flooding the market. The main reason for that is if something becomes popular all of a sudden—not only jazz, but this is true of rock and bossa nova—everyone tries to copy the sound. So, you know, for a while you have eight albums of guys sounding like Jobim. Actually there aren't as many jazz recordings now as there were a few years ago. Most companies are careful what they record now. They generally stick with the money-makers. Time was, every third trombone player was making an album. So you have a lot of recordings on the market today—but not too many are jazz."

JIMMY LYONS: "The fact that there are too many recordings hurts jazzmen. But if you'll notice, the good ones don't overrecord themselves into saturation. When you come right down to it, I think there are too many recordings put out in all fields—but overrecording hurts jazz, in particular."

STEVE SWALLOW: "Maybe there are too many recordings for the record fans who buy them. It might be confusing for the layman—but to answer your question directly, I'd say there are too many recordings by those who shouldn't record, and not enough by those who should. If I had any say in the matter, I'd eliminate two-thirds of what I've recorded so far. But deep down inside, I believe in making maximum use of recording machines. Also, I believe in making maximum use of columns like this: anything that gets musicians in print."

Coda:

As seen from a record reviewer's vantage point, it seems that the companies put 'em out faster than they can be covered—but the important thing is quality, not quantity. And distribution and promotion can be crucial factors. 

In early 1968, the pop and rhythm-and-blues charts were dominated by former Gospel singers. Dionne Warwick, the Sandpebbles, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Lou Rawls, Judy Clay, and a host of others made little secret of their Gospel training, while the best-selling female vocalist of 1967, Aretha Franklin, continued to adapt standard Gospel cadences to standard pop sentiments.

Miss Franklin's success is especially anomalous, because she is a soul singer who is accepted by the folk-rock crowd, a group notoriously indisposed to most soul music. Yet even the folk-rock artists have not escaped Gospel's influence. It can be argued that everything they attempt—total musical environment; immediate rapport between performer and audience, sharing a body of eccentric assumptions—is yet unrealized at the Electric Circus and already vitiated at the Fillmore but exists in any Negro Holiness church.

Miss Franklin and Ray Charles, the two foremost r&b vocalists of the '60s, have

benefited from the instruction of less celebrated singers. Miss Franklin's first inspiration was Clara Ward—the Clara Ward of the early '50s, before her best group had left her and she had begun singing pop Gospel in Las Vegas clubs. At that time, Miss Ward's phrasing was the best in Gospel. Miss Franklin never has matched the subtlety—never one of her strong points—of Clara Ward or the original Ward Singers. But then, in the '50s, the Wards were indisputably the finest group the Gospel singing tradition has produced, with the possible exception of the Roberta Marlin Singers.

As Miss Franklin grew, she listened attentively to Jackie Verdell, former lead of the Davis Sisters and more recently a soul-jazz singer. Miss Verdell has yet to make it, but Miss Franklin's greatest hit, *Respect*, has Jackie's style all over it, especially in the hoarsely lyrical spelling out of "R-E-S-P-E-C-T."

Ray Charles ranged even more widely. Probably the major Gospel influences on

his style were Alex Bradford and James Cleveland, the two leading male Gospel soloists. But Charles found room for inspiration in other quarters, inducing a justified fear in many Gospel singers that their best material would undergo a pop transmutation unprotected by copyright, effected by any of Charles' countless imitators.

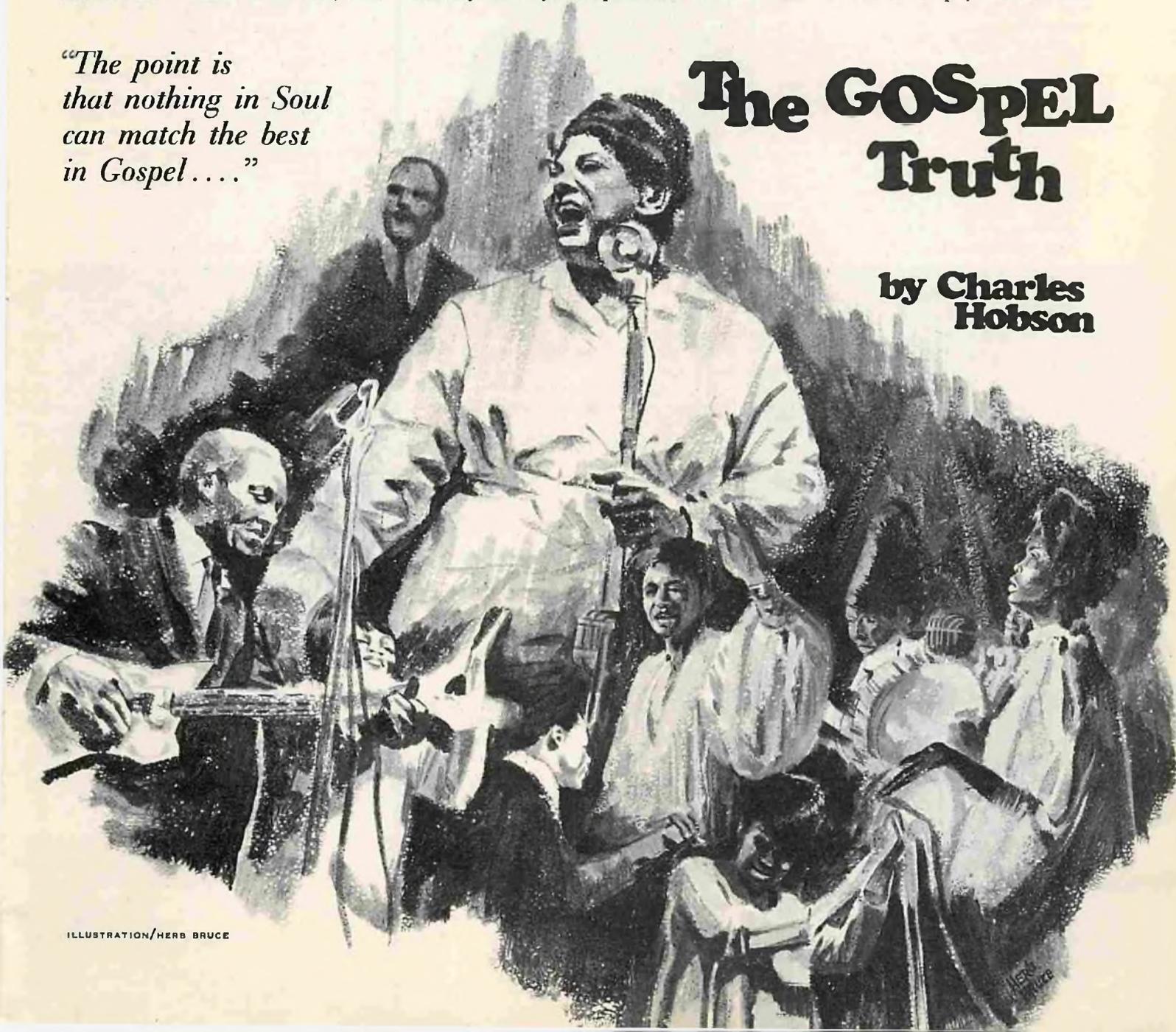
Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles were good for Gospel—to an extent. Their success has enabled many Gospel singers—Roscoe Robinson, Johnny Taylor, Chuck Jackson, Carl Hall, Marie Knight, the Staple Singers, Laura Lee, a few others—to earn some real money after years of exposure to swindling ministers and crooked promoters. But the work of these singers has often become increasingly mannered and artificial. More than any other music, Gospel emphasizes individual exposition of a lyric, while most soul singers seem to holler with the same goals in sight.

The point is that nothing in soul can match the best in Gospel, and that this

"The point is that nothing in Soul can match the best in Gospel...."

The GOSPEL Truth

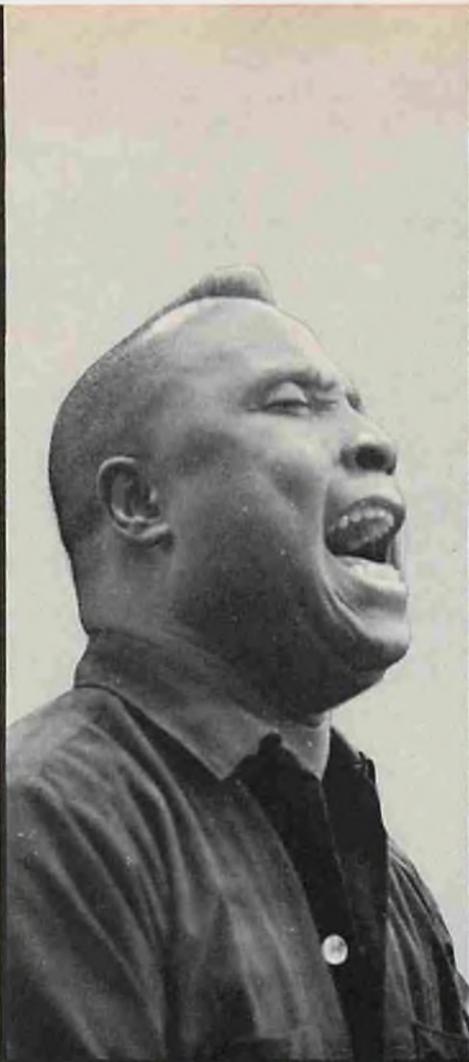
by Charles Hobson



Gospel is most rarely heard. Mahalia Jackson is every bit as great as her reputation implies, but one wouldn't know it from most of her public performances before white audiences. Clara Ward can still sing a hymn with hair-raising impact, but her television shenanigans won't demonstrate it. Bessie Griffin has been starring on TV shows for years, seldom indicating why most Gospel singers consider her Miss Jackson's equal.

Gospel remains an underground music, unknown to almost all the people who now listen to and enjoy its expatriates. It scarcely matters that any time a good Gospel singer appears anywhere, he steals the show. Dorothy Love and her Gospel Harmonettes were enthusiastically received at Newport in 1966 but have made no appearances before white audiences since. Marion Williams, whom one critic called "the most creative singer alive," has delighted both Harvard and Yale audiences in the last two years, but Cambridge and New Haven buy more copies of the Chambers Brothers (a mediocre Gospel quartet converted to the "brown-eyed psychedelic" sound). Gospel has no sizable white following; it remains the one music performed almost exclusively by and for black audiences.

Gospel's place in the black community is worth a thesis in itself. Male quartets, the descendants of the Golden Gate Quartet and rarely actual foursomes—"America's top quartet, the Swanee Quintet"—occupy a position akin to that of the itinerant blues singer. The response they



tets remained a capella), and fancy choir robes appeared in the '20s with the rise of the Holiness Church.

In the Holiness churches music is the service, and, consequently, the more Holiness churches, the greater the demand for Gospel singers. During the '30s and '40s songwriters like Thomas Dorsey, Lucie Campbell, Kenneth Morris, and Roberta Martin began touring the country, performing their own compositions. These newer songs accommodated blues and jazz sounds to conventional Gospel lyrics and melodies. Roberta Martin and Sallie Martin, both Chicago residents (though unrelated), toured the country with their respective groups, training young singers to perform the newer material. Meanwhile, such gifted soloists as Rosetta Tharpe, Ernestine Washington, and Georgia Peach had acquired a cult reputation among whites. By 1940, the newer songs and stylings had achieved national circulation.

After World War II, the Negro public was affluent enough to buy records in impressive numbers for the first time since the depression, and dozens of Gospel singers began to record for such labels as Apollo, Gotham, Specialty, and Savoy. The Rev. W. Herbert Brewster, a Memphis preacher and the deepest Gospel songwriter, became a major influence. Two of his compositions, *Move on up a Little Higher* (done by Mahalia Jackson) and *Surely God is Able* (Ward Singers) were the biggest early Gospel hits. When artists like Rosetta Tharpe, the Blind Boys, and the Bells of Joy began to appear on the



evolve in female listeners is, to say the least, more secular than sacred and, not surprisingly, large programs featuring major quartets have long been top draws in Negro communities.

Sales of Gospel records can be equally impressive. Though the Gospel audience is a fraction of the pop market, James Cleveland's album, *Peace Be Still*, already has sold more than 750,000 copies for Savoy. Peacock's major artists, the Clouds of Joy, who have toured with James Brown, sound and sell like r&b groups. Nashboro, a Nashville label, sells to the South, and its most rural group, the Consolers, consistently hits 30,000 or more copies on a single.

MANY PEOPLE HAVE TRIED to trace the origins of Gospel. According to Tony Heilbut, a young college professor and leading expert on Gospel, the quartet and congregational sounds go back into the last century. The congregational "Dr. Watts" hymns, with their intricate melisma and ecstatic emotional climaxes, remain the core of Gospel music. Most of these hymns—*Amazing Grace*, *The Day Is Past and Gone*, *A Charge to Keep I Have*, etc.—date back to the 18th century, and the hymn style as we know it is of slavery vintage. Negro quartets were among the first artists to record in the early 1900s, suggesting that the a cappella quartet style is almost as old.

Gospel groups, characterized by predominantly female membership, instrumental accompaniment (until recently, most quar-



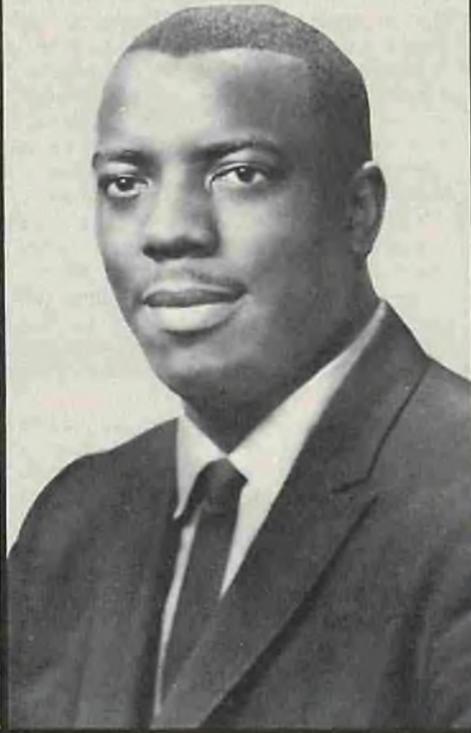
PHOTOS: TOP: ALEX BRADFORD, JAMES CLEVELAND; BOTTOM: MARION WILLIAMS, DOROTHY LOVE GOSPEL HARMONETTES, SOUL STIRRERS.

Billboard r&b charts, Gospel was established as big business.

A few jazz critics, most prominently John Hammond, noticed what was going on, but Gospel remained black folks' music. The white public might not know that the best Negro singers were in the church, but the huge audiences for Gospel concerts—as large as 30,000 for a single event—indicated that Negroes knew. Gospel at this time was characterized by daring improvisations, recognized, approved, and even demanded (“go ahead”, “sing”, “help yourself”) by an audience with a sure instinct for musical excellence. Because everyone knew what was good Gospel, performers might be idolized but never lost their folk identification. Even the biggest artists were addressed by their first names (“Sing ‘Halic”, “Take your time, Marion”). In turn, the singers treated the audiences as confidants, almost relatives. Even today, Gospel singers indicate their home base, and audiences root for the home boys with typically southern patriotism. Lest anyone doubt his origin, Rev. Willingham of the Swanee Quintet ecstatically informs the audience, “They shout like that in Georgia.”

Gospel singing is celebrated for the violent and emotional responses it arouses; less noted are its good humor and fellowship. The Rev. Julius Cheeks likes to joke about birthplaces—“Anyone from Mississippi? No hands. Well, I’d be ashamed of it too.” Then he’ll break into fiery and exhausting shouts.

In the mid-’50s, Mahalia Jackson became a star with white audiences. Nobody



leader of her own group, the Stars of Faith, toured for several years in *Black Nativity*, a Gospel song-play that greatly widened the international audience for Gospel. Only since she branched out as a soloist has the range of her talent been fully evident.

She combines the street singing of her native Miami with the calypso influences of a West Indian father and the backwoods sanctified style of a South Carolinian mother. If you think James Brown or Otis Redding can rock, Miss Williams' rhythms—with enough meter changes to delight Stravinsky—will take your breath away. Composer Ned Rorem observes that the Beatles' key changes convert banal ballads into classic tunes. Marion's melodic improvisations accomplish every bit as much, *on the spot*. From riotous wit to poignant lyricism, no other singer commands so many moods. Her style can degenerate into showy mannerisms, as it did at John Hammond's *Spirituals to Swing* concert. But at her best, Marion is the most gifted and imaginative artist Gospel has produced. I would go beyond that, and say that on the strength of her best performances, she is one of the geniuses in contemporary music.

After Miss Williams, the most gifted young Gospel singer is Dorothy Love Coates. A native of Birmingham, Ala., and a fine songwriter, Miss Love always has been the most politically aware Gospel singer.

Her songs and sermons are never divorced from street realities: *How Much*



in pop could swing like her, and no mightier contralto has graced Ed Sullivan's stage. But as Miss Jackson moved up, her style became less Bessie than Kate Smith. Real Gospel and the real Mahalia Jackson remained in church. The best description comes from Tony Heilbut:

“Performing her going-to-heaven numbers, like *Move on Up*, *Just over the Hill*, and *How I Got Over*, Mahalia faces a church congregation and roars with prophetic authority. Whether rooted firmly at stage center or kneeling in majestic supplication, her combs scattering like so many cast-out demons, Mahalia's power in delivering these songs can shatter a church.”

This power still exists; while Miss Jackson's 1967 Easter concert at Philharmonic Hall revealed her in weak voice and spirit, her performance last summer in Oakland showed her in top form.

Her recent experiences are enough to validate the pessimistic saw that “the Gospel highway is a trouble road,” and when she sang *How I Got Over*, she invested her testimony with a fire no preacher, not even the Rev. C. L. Franklin, could match. Miss Jackson's swing, her phrasing, and diction are of New Orleans, and Columbia records never has succeeded in moving them to Hollywood. As she will tell a Baptist audience, “Child, I'm too old to change.” The true Mahalia can't be squelched.

MARION WILLIAMS, the star of the Ward Singers during their major period and then



More of Life's Burdens Must We Bear? is a great solo. When she has room to stretch out in a church, she is awesome.

After her initial success in the '50s, scores of young singers began imitating her habit of skipping down aisles. Today, she can observe her mannerisms and songs imitated by virtually every Gospel group. When you see soul singers contorting in anguish, they are following her example. Miss Love's husky, expressive contralto and supershowmanship could easily take over r&b, but she is not tempted: "There's some money so dirty you hate to touch it."

Great female soloists include Bessie Griffin, a superlative church singer; Clara Ward and Rosetta Tharpe, famous pros still capable of four-square Gospel; a considerable number of sanctified soloists—Ernestine Washington, Goldia Haynes, Rosa Shaw, Jessie Mae Renfro—with voices compacts of steel and fire, the Willie Mae Thornton of Gospel; Frances Steadman, the provocatively subdued contralto with the Stars of Faith; any of Roberta Martin's soloists . . . the list is endless.

At the moment, female groups are suffering an eclipse of popularity. Many group leads have followed Marion Williams into the solo ranks. The Roberta Martin Singers, wracked by illness and bad luck, seldom leave Chicago. The Davis Sisters, without Jackie Verdell, still feature the rasping lyricism of Ruth (Baby Sis) Davis, perhaps the most powerful female voice in Gospel. Albertina Walker's Caravans were for years the top Gospel group; recently, all her leads—Shirley Caesar, Inez Andrews, Cassietta George—have quit to go solo. The Stars of Faith, even without Marion Williams' lead and arrangements, remain the most versatile and disciplined female group. As for the Clara Ward Singers, their night-club routines hardly deserve consideration as Gospel.

In a special category, merging female Gospel lead and quartet guitar and background, are the Staple Singers. The group's core remains Roebuck Staples, whose plaintive guitar and singing are models of understatement. Mavis Staples, with her trick bass and fancy squeals, is reminiscent of many hard-working young singers, all indebted to Dorothy Love.

To Gospel followers, the praise the Staples have received from jazz critics seems a bit silly. The group inhabits a special position in Gospel, and their close harmonies are perfect of their kind. But there are scores of better lead singers, and the Staples have never approached the depth or commitment of the greatest groups. For all the splendor of their harmonies, they lack the secret of the best group singing—to solo and harmonize simultaneously. Listen, for example, to the Ward Singers' *That Awful Day Will Surely Come* (Savoy LP 14001). Each voice blends perfectly, and yet each singer is obviously singing for and to herself.

Since leaving VJ, for whom they made their best records (the bulk of their church repertoire remains on these VJ selections) the Staple Singers have attempted a rapprochement of rock, folk, and Gospel, in Alex Bradford's fine phrase, "exchanging a diamond for a marble." The Staples—a

remarkably attractive and amiable group—enjoy some success in rock. But if you want down-home Gospel, the Miami street singing of the Consolers and the a cappella congregational work of Dr. C. J. Johnson is where it's at.

Male Gospel singers are either quartet or Gospel, and never the twain shall meet. The quartets tend to be rougher, more rural and virile in their approach; the male Gospel singers are frankly influenced by female Gospel singers. A clue to the difference is the dissimilar use of falsetto. Claude Jeter, for many years the great lead of the Swan Silvertones, has a skinny, wiry sound, weird but manly. The stunning falsetto of many male Gospel singers is indistinguishable from a lyric soprano's.

The two top male Gospel singers are Prof. Alex Bradford and the Rev. James Cleveland. Both men shift from rasping baritone shouts to thin, almost dainty falsetto; they were both influenced by Roberta and Sallie Martin; both are excellent pianists, composers, and arrangers for other singers.

Cleveland relies more heavily on preaching and chanting and Bradford on singing and showmanship. Bradford's *Too Close to Heaven* is the only officially recognized Gospel million-record seller. Cleveland is consistently the biggest record seller in Gospel. His intensity and drive can blow the mind, as the current idiom has it. And Alabamian Bradford can outwait any living blues singer. Both are giant artists. Listen to the early records of Ray Charles or Little Richard. The phrasing, falsetto, and group dialogs would have been impossible without Bradford.

OTHER FINE MALE singers are Brother Joe May ("The Thunderbolt of the Middle West"), Robert Anderson, Norsalus McKissick, Cleophus Robinson, and Charles Taylor. The quartets are whole new things, so complete that their fans rarely attend to other kinds of Gospel (conversely, Gospel group fans tend to loathe quartets). Between 1945 and 1955, dozens of quartets recorded songs resembling 16-bar blues, and their intensity and impassioned harmonics never have been surpassed. During this period, the Dixie Hummingbirds, Blind Boys of Mississippi (with the late Archie Brownlee), Pilgrim Travelers, Soul Stirrers, Swan Silvertones, and Spirit of Memphis were particularly impressive.

One of the best leads, the Rev. Julius Cheeks of the Sensational Nightingales, imposed unique showmanship on his group's traditional stylings. Imitating him, scores of young quartet leads began hollering themselves hoarse, running up aisles in self-induced frenzy, employing any device to "shout" an audience. Guitar, bass, piano, organ, drums were introduced; the rhythms became increasingly frenetic. Sheer noise became a viable entity years before the discotheque.

Other young leads followed the pattern of Sam Cooke, then star of the Soul Stirrers. Cooke's early records combined crooning and basic Gospel with surprising sweetness. His former group, the Highway QCs, continued to produce leads for the Soul Stirrers—Johnny Taylor, now a pop singer, and the current lead, Willie Rogers.

All are gifted, modern stylists; in many ways, groups like the Temptations and Impressions are tame offshoots of the Stirrers. Between Julius Cheeks and Sam Cooke, modern quartet was forged.

Current leading quartets include the Clouds of Joy, the most popular and least subtle; the Gospelaire with Robert Washington, whose emotional excesses are balanced by great harmonizing; and the Swance Quintet, which merges a groovy, down-home background with the sensational lead riffs of Johnny Jones. At its best, the Swance Quintet can swing like Basic. The Blind Boys of Alabama, with Clarence Fountain, a great Ray Charles favorite; the Pilgrim Jubilees; and the Brooklyn All-Stars are also first-rate.

Ask any quartet lover, and he'll tell you the two best are the Dixie Hummingbirds and Swan Silvertones. The Birds began recording in 1938, the Swans in the early '40s. Ira Tucker, the lead of the Birds, is the virtuoso of quartet. His note-bending and rhythmic energy are unsurpassed and his gutsy phrasing synonymous with his native South Carolina. The Birds' background singing is the best in Gospel, astonishingly solid and graceful.

By comparison, the less professional Swans may excel the Birds in depth, especially when the vibrantly gritty lead of Louis Johnson, another South Carolinian, soars over the background. Paul Owens, the group's arranger, has dabbled in pop for years and has recorded duets with Aretha Franklin. More catalyst than soloist, Owens does for the Swans what James Cleveland does for a choir or small group.

The '50s quartet sound was more subtle and honest. Much of modern quartet music is ugly and strident, not too different from the soul antics. Perhaps in rebellion against this calculating professionalism, Gospel audiences are buying less quartet and more choir recordings. The choirs maintain their amateur, church status—no hustlers there—and when they're on, their spirit is the closest thing to old-time religion.

Will white listeners ever get with Gospel? A message like *You've brought me from a mighty long way* can't mean much to the middle class. But the deep personal agonies in Gospel are not merely social—I've had hard times coming up through the years, a classic Gospel line, inhabits blues territory. The phrasing of the best Gospel singers aims at a transcendental release—"victory" for the singer. Though increasingly more whites recognize and feel this, Gospel still derives its support almost solely from poor blacks.

Its prospects aren't good—no other popular music appeals to so poor an audience. Maybe after the revolution, only a few southern refugees will need Gospel. Or perhaps, like blues, Gospel will be discovered by young white groups. The Epstein Gospel Singers may be the stars of tomorrow.

Happily, the Gospel sound and style are still here, and most of the great Gospel singers are alive and wailing. But The Man still isn't listening. As Aretha Franklin sings: he only wants "just a little bit" of soul. And compared to Gospel, that's all soul music is.

FATHER TOM'S BAGS

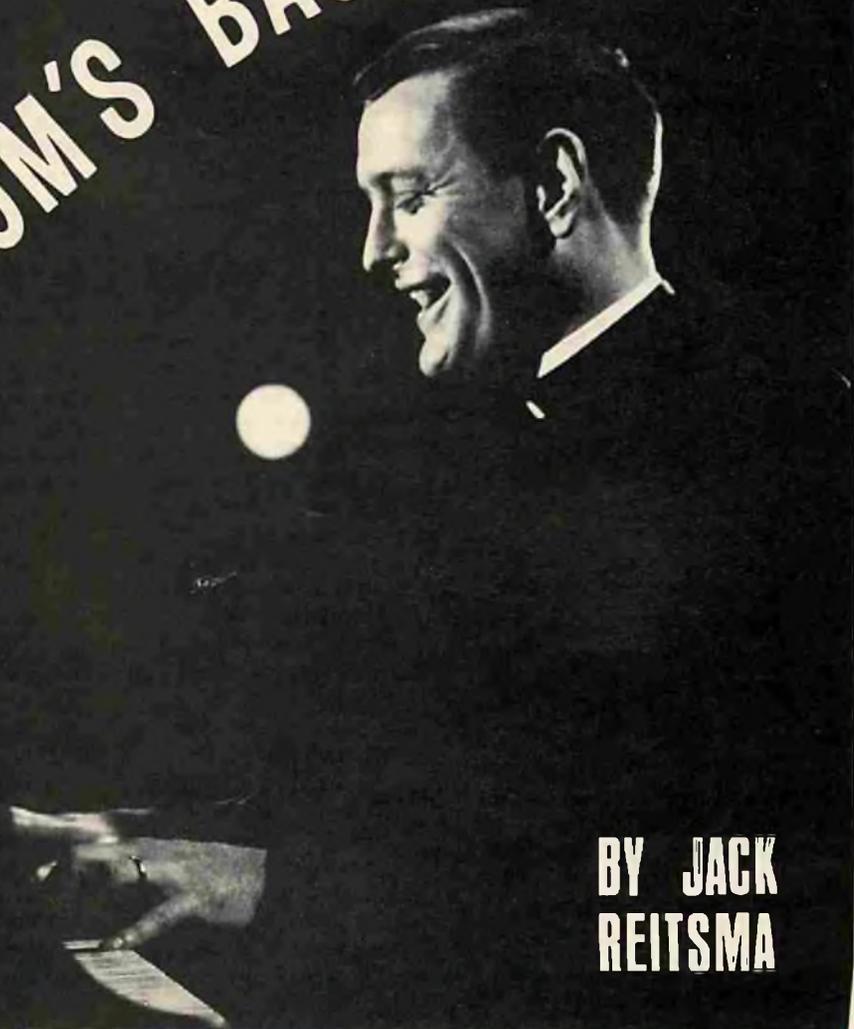
All-sovereign Father, we invoke Thy blessing upon Plum Street.

Deliver it from famine, riot, pestilence, vulgarity, bigotry, violence, pseudo-esthetes, town toughs and bogus crusaders.

Protect it from hustlers, jives, bordellos, twilight boys, dykes and dirty old men.

Shield it from potheads, jaded orators, horse, filthy lucre, doves, hokey merchants, drunken tourists, hawks, the expanded-mind thing, and all those who dip into funny bags.

*Rather Lord, if it be Thy good pleasure, fill the street with gentle, straight-ahead folk, who aren't going to try to do somebody in, because, surely Lord, that's where it's at. Amen**



BY JACK
REITSMAN

MIDLAND, MICHIGAN IS THE home of Dow Chemical Company and Father Tom Vaughn—not necessarily in that order. Father Vaughn is the curate of St. John's Episcopal Church and more than occasionally takes time off to play jazz piano in places like Baker's Keyboard Lounge, New York's Village Gate, and the Newport Jazz Festival, and has appeared on national television shows with Steve Allen, Pat Boone and Gary Moore.

*From the dedication to Plum Street—Detroit's hippie haven—delivered by Father Tom Vaughn in the aftermath of summertime riots on a cold autumnal evening before a shivering crowd of hippies, nuns, motorcycle types, flower people, and Detroit's mayor, Jerome Cavanaugh, commemorating a proposed renewal of the Plum Street area.

He dresses in a raggedy, weather-beaten car coat and tailor-made ecclesiastical garments (by Petrocelli) and wears \$60 sealskin tasseled shoes with one tassel missing. He drives a very unhumble Pontiac Grand Prix convertible and packs picnic lunches for Michigan State football games. He has Indian-wrestled Sonny Liston and once raised a 320 lb. prize pig. Vaughn can discuss theology, Archie Shepp, and flower people with equal equanimity; play *Rock of Ages* or *So What* with equal aplomb; and tell you, unabashedly, in one breath that he likes Joanie Sommers, Arthur Prysock, Judy Garland, Wilbur Ware and Dickie Wells. In short, Father Tom Vaughn is an original. He speaks freely and easily.

"When I was about 10 years old, we moved from Kentucky to Pontiac,

Mich., into the same neighborhood where Hank, Thad and Elvin Jones had lived. I learned my first lesson in race relations in that neighborhood—it didn't matter what color you were, or what bag you were in—there were just some people who were out to do you in; and other people that weren't. I used to get beat on so much, I expected it as an everyday thing," he recalls.

"The earliest music I can remember was country and western. Songs like *Your Cheatin' Heart* and *How Many Biscuits Did You Eat This Morning?* When I lived in Benton, Kentucky, we attended The Disciples of Christ Church and I recall music like *Dwelling In Bulah Land, Just As I Am*, and *There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood*.

"The first live music I ever heard was



"I want to communicate joy rather than depravity. . . ."

Ahmad Jamal at The Rouge Lounge in Detroit. Right around Christmas time, when I was about 14, I spotted this Art Tatum record that I had the man in the record store play for me over and over. I had just come from a cowboy movie . . . always dug cowboy movies. . . . Then, about a week later, I went back in and bought the record.

"Once, a few of us from Pontiac High School went to Detroit to listen to Prez. He was standing backstage, in his beige suit and crepe-soled soft shoes, calmly puffing on a cigarette. This jazz-buff chick, who wrote a music column for the school paper, said something to him, like, 'Mr. Young, could you please give me a definitive statement on exactly what jazz means to you?' And Prez quietly shuffled from side to side, took a drag on his cigarette, and said, 'Ah . . . Uhn . . . 'scuse me . . . I

gotta go and play.' And then he split! "Charlie Smith, who has finally found his peace [The drummer died in 1966], used to tell me: 'Man . . . there are two kinds of people—musicians and everyone else!'"

"I can rationalize being a jazz piano player and an Episcopalian Priest by keeping both professions separate. However, some people in show business regard me as something of a put-on, and in the religious community I'm sure there are those who see me as a wild-eyed musical Malcolm Boyd.

"Look, I have a wife . . . three kids . . . can you picture me hanging around the cliques in big cities looking for gigs? What I've learned I've come upon by happy accident as, stylistically, I've gathered from a vacuum; sometimes they (the critics) lump me with Les McCann and Ramsey Lewis. I haven't heard enough of Les McCann or Ramsey Lewis to be influenced!

"When I met my wife Beverly, we were in high school. I was always in a lot of trouble . . . street corner brawls . . . swiping hub caps . . . whacking out cars . . . people said I'd never amount to much. Most of the people we knew are gone now. . . .

"I gave up my studies at the Detroit Institute of Musical Arts. I would inject these flippant trills into classical music and make *The March of the Grail Knights* come off like *Strawberry Fields*.

"I decided I would go out and do something. In Eureka College I was a history major intending to go into industry or something, but I took a class in theology, from a professor Humbert, a beautiful, philosophical type . . . and I guess his point of view had an influence on me. At Yale I reached the decision of becoming a priest primarily because I believe in the ethic of the Carpenter.

"I played piano nights and went to school during the day while I was working toward my degree at Yale graduate school. I've studied under Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Gabriel Marcel, and a lot of other pretty heavy people.

"When we moved to Midland, we were really outside of the mainstream of jazz. I had to get into Detroit to hear some music. These stories you hear . . . young kid makes good . . . etc., etc. . . . Well, I was sitting at a table by myself in Baker's and Gene Krupa was onstage that night. George Wein was at another table with some people. . . . One of the musicians I knew asked me to come over and say hello to George. Wein wanted to know who some of my favorite piano players were and I said, 'Carmen Cavallaro, naturally, and Peter Duchin.' I could see knowledgeable looks being exchanged around the

table. And then I said Al Haig and Herbie Hancock were also nice! Gene smiled and asked if I would like to sit in. I played *Yesterdays* and the audience roared! Gave me a standing ovation! Through George, who incidentally is one of my favorite people, things began to happen. I signed with RCA Victor; did a few TV shows; the Newport Jazz Festival; and acquired some truly great management, Tom Sheils and Al Bruno, who are now moving in the direction of a nationally syndicated television show. The college concerts and all the rest stem from that one night. . . . It's all sort of funny . . . really.

"I've done three trio albums on RCA (*Jazz in Concert at the Village Gate; Cornbread, Meatloaf, Greens & Deviled Eggs*, and *Motor City Soul*), and that's enough trio albums for the time being. On my next album, I'll use the two I'm working with now: Dick Kula, as sensitive a bassist as there is in America, and Joe Freyre, an unbelievably musical drummer, and augment the basic trio with strings and voices. Few people are aware that I can write, but this album will consist of all my original things, and I think we'll surprise a number of people.

"Now, Oscar Peterson; *there's* a piano player! I want to communicate joy rather than depravity . . . this is an innate characteristic of Oscar's playing. He plays for others as well as himself.

"Although a number of people with the Ornette aura are thoughtful, musical, and genuinely artistic, most of the people I've met are young and pretty bland . . . more interested in sociology than music. They usually come on like they're outraged, what with social inequality, injustice, etc. More often than not, it's feigned . . . they haven't paid any dues. You can see it in their faces and hear it in their sound.

"I'm hip to those who say I wouldn't be where I am today without the collar. They can put me down if they want, but a lot of untalented people are fast to detract and slow to compliment, and it is usually the untalented who yell the loudest. Sure, I may not be an Oscar Peterson but who the hell else is, other than Oscar? You want to know where I'm at? Who cares? I play my music and I dig what I'm doing.

"Someday, I'd like to earn a million dollars . . . just for the sake of making it. And then, I would love to give it all away. A lot of people in this world could stand a little taste."

And those are some of the reflections, recollections and opinions of Father Tom Vaughn, a man who sees no contradiction between the two kinds of soul he is dedicated to. CB

JOHN MAYALL: INTO THE BLUES

By Geoffrey Link

JOHN MAYALL, 34, is one of England's leading exponents of the blues. The son of a jazz guitarist, Mayall began playing piano when he was 12. He now also plays guitar, harmonica and organ, and sings lead with his band, the Blues Breakers. Mayall never expected to play blues professionally, he says, "because nobody (in England) was really interested in the blues." Still, in March 1962 Mayall formed the Blues Breakers in London.

The original group was a quartet, but the band has been through frequent personnel changes. Eric Clapton was the lead guitar on Mayall's second LP, *Blues Breakers*, but left to form his own group, Cream. Mayall has since added two saxophonists. The group's personnel is Dick Heckstall-Smith, tenor and soprano saxes; Chris Mercer, tenor and baritone saxes; Mayall, piano, organ, harmonica, guitar, vocals; Mick Taylor, lead guitar; Keith Tillman, bass; Keef Hartlet, drums.

Two of Mayall's LPs have been issued in the U.S. by London records: *Blues Breakers* and *Hard Road*. Two others, *Crusade* and *Blues Alone*, are not available here.

The Blues Breakers recently completed their first U.S. tour, a "crusade" to bring the blues to uninitiated white audiences. While in San Francisco, Mayall stayed at the home of Jorma Kaukonen, guitarist for the Jefferson Airplane, and he was interviewed on the morning after a night at the Fillmore.

GL: Could you explain a bit about your blues crusade?

JM: It's only a label, really. Just something I've always felt. It's putting a title to something I stand for. Like just trying to get blues accepted. There's lots of people who just don't get air play, and that doesn't need to be.

GL: Do you think blues is more widely accepted in England than in the U.S.?

JM: Not really. It's just like a fraternity of blues record collectors. There are probably as many here as anywhere in Europe. They know about discographies and artists, and they spend all their spare moments hunting for records and things.

GL: How did you get started playing the blues?

JM: Well, that's all I've played throughout 20-odd years. I started on the piano. The thing I heard then was boogie-woogie and it was just a case of what records were available. When LPs started, of course, I found out about other people—Jimmy Yancey, Cripple Clarence Lofton. It was the same with guitar. Josh White was the only available artist on the English labels in the early days. Later on I heard John Lee



Hooker and Muddy Waters and the Chicago sound and Big Bill Broonzy. I investigated back through all this discography. It just grows; it mushrooms. One artist I'd find out about would lead me to finding out about another.

GL: Do you find that blues purists tend to view you as just a white blues imitator? You know, a white person in a black art form.

JM: Yeah, certain purists will say this; critics who are not blues musicians themselves. You can always come up with quotes from critics who are not musicians, and they try to dictate what you should dig. I don't see them as predominantly interested in the music as such. They're interested in it sociologically, and they're very narrow-minded. If I play to my favorite blues artists, or any Negro blues artist, and he will accept it, that is all I need . . . We've worked with so many. They've told me my faults; they've helped me. They've always offered encouragement. I've gotten acceptance from them, and that's enough for me. It's their music.

GL: Who are some of the blues people you've worked with?

JM: John Lee Hooker, Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, T-Bone Walker, Freddy King. Those are some of the people we've done actual club tours with. And then we've just sat in with Junior Wells, J. B. Lenore and pretty well everybody who came over on blues packages.

GL: Could you be specific about what you picked up from which bluesmen?

JM: That's a hard thing to say. We had an LP out before Eric Clapton joined (*Mayall Plays Mayall*). It sounds

like a white group, you know. It just sounds like somebody trying to play blues. You'd never mistake it for a Negro blues artist. John Lee Hooker was the first person we worked with extensively. We did our set, and then he came on and we had to back him. The first thing I noticed was that in order to make it work—he was so quiet—we had to change our way of playing. We listened more. If he dropped down to silence, we dropped down behind him. The normal thing with most white groups is that without knowing what it is, they just play the changes and keep blinding through. They don't realize that just John Lee Hooker's voice is a complete blues sound. . . . He's about as basic as you can get. By listening more, by using dynamics more, you can settle into relaxation more. There are lots of things I've learned in this way. . . .

GL: Is most of what you do improvised or arranged?

JM: There's a certain amount of immediate arrangement that takes place when we're playing, because we're so used to playing together. I count something off, then each player puts in what he feels is right to make it fit. They're all free to express it as they feel it. But if I hear that it's on the wrong track, if it's getting too far away from the original thing I had in mind, then I'll tell whoever it is that they're going off in a different direction; you know, sort of stare them back a bit. Then they'll find something else that will be nearer to what the song should be like.

GL: Your group is amazingly tight for having played together for only a matter of months.

JM: The whole thing is, blues is something that's not contrived. It's a natural sort of music. It's a relaxing sort of thing. It's a permanent jam session. If you got any blues artists together, say you got Otis Spann, you could put any of the good blues musicians together from any bag and just sit them down in a room, and even though they hadn't played together before, they'd come up with something. You'd get an instant blues band sound. It's like a jam session, but it takes form because the music itself is the pre-rehearsal.

GL: At the time of the *Hard Road* album, you said you were not going to add horns except for recordings. What changed your mind?

JM: Well, it wasn't exactly a changing of mind. At that time, economically, there was no chance of being able to afford to hire any musicians other than the quartet. It was said at a time when people were uneasy about per-

/Continued on page 41

MEZZ MEZZROW: ALIVE

"WHEN THIS MUSIC COMES BACK in all its glory, as it's bound to, as it's already beginning to, it'll be the kids who recapture it fully and lead it back to green pastures again."

Those words, written in 1946, are the last sentence of *Really the Blues*, by Milton (Mezz) Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe, one of the most famous and widely read jazz books.

One might be forgiven for thinking that since then, the kids seem to have captured entirely the wrong animal. But the author of that prediction, now a spry 68 years old, sees no reason to retract it.

Surrounded by trunks, packing cases and cardboard boxes—he was on the point of changing apartments in his adopted hometown of Paris, France—the clarinetist sat at his desk in a living room lit only by a desk lamp, jammed a hand-rolled cigaret into a holder, lit it, and said:

"I think there's going to be a renaissance soon, because the youngsters are once again beginning to find out about jazz. Rock 'n' roll has brought them closer to it, to the pulse and the harmony. Ray Charles is an idol—even Duke. The kids dance to the rhythm of the Beatles—and even the Beatles' music is a branch of jazz."

Certainly if jazz today were enjoying the same vigorous health as Mezzrow, there would be little to complain about.

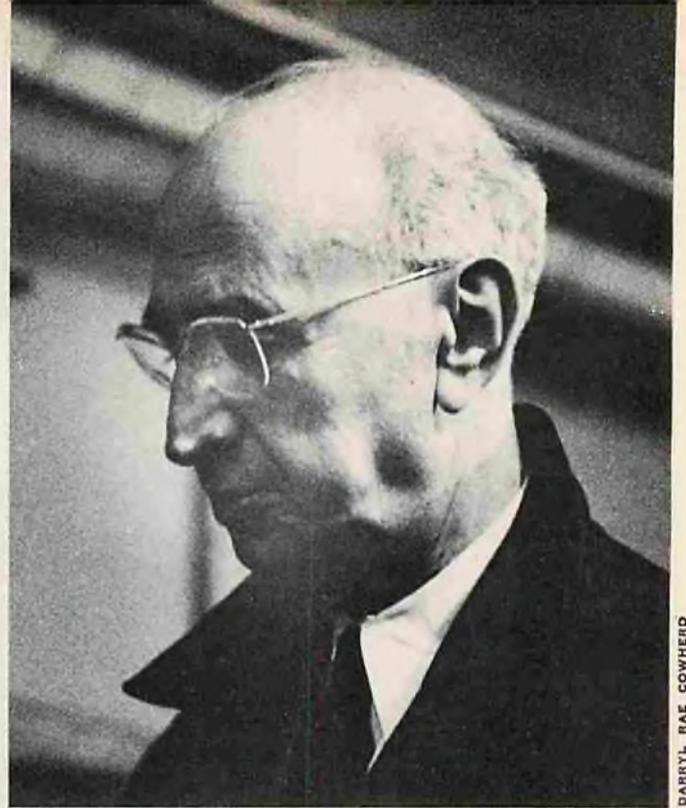
"I was 68 last Nov. 9, and I feel like I was 30," he said. "I don't see any damn change. I do everything I always did. There's no change in my playing. In fact it's easier for me to blow now. As a man thinks, so he is. I believe that."

Although these days Mezzrow tends more often to play the horses than the blues, he still gets booked for what the French call galas three or four times a month, appearing with various local groups and "getting damn well paid."

"I just play for 30 minutes, and everyone's happy," he said. "And every year I do a little tour. This year I'm hoping to do a three-month tour of Europe, and I just signed a contract to do concerts at French colleges and universities."

It was to a large extent the fanatical traditional jazz devotees among the French student population in the late 1940s and early '50s who accounted for the phenomenal popularity of Mezzrow in France. And if the tumult and the shouting has subsided markedly since those days, France still retains a hard core of traditionally oriented jazz fans, led by the redoubtable Hugues Panassie.

Thus Mezzrow still retains a solidly enthusiastic corps of



DARRYL RAE COWHERD

followers, even if his recording career has not quite kept pace with his personal appearances. His last records were made about 10 years ago with the same Claude Luter group that so often accompanied the late Sidney Bechet.

NOT UNNATURALLY, Mezzrow, though not in the least pessimistic about the future, is ready to talk about the past with much greater alacrity and enthusiasm.

"The first concert I played at the Salle Pleyel in Paris—around about 1950, I'm not too good on dates—was packed to the roof. They had to turn a thousand people away—and I signed autograph books until 6 in the morning. The police had to chase those kids home. But they just wouldn't go away. So I told them I'd meet them in a cafe across from the theater. I was like the Pied Piper with hundreds of fans following me down the street.

"We had Zutty Singleton in that band, and Lee Collins, with French musicians Guy Lafitte on tenor, Andre Persiany on piano and Mowgli Jospin on trombone. We didn't have a bass because there were too many problems traveling with a bass. I once did a tour with Red Nichols, and the bass was always two days behind us. And we'd had enough trouble in 1948—those porters handled the bass like it was a football, so Pops Foster used to carry it on his back."

It was in 1948 that Mezzrow went to France to play the first European jazz festival at Nice.

"It was March," he said, "so I packed my bathing suit and arrived to find it was snowing. Louis was there with Joe Glaser and Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard and Sid Catlett.

"I had Bob Wilber in my band. He was a protege of Bechet, and this trip was a kind of wedding present for him. Bechet wasn't able to make the trip so I took Bob, and we played the duets Bechet and I had done on the King Jazz recordings. I had Baby Dodds, Sammy Price, Pops Foster, Henry Goodwin and Jimmy Archey. That was a good band.

"We went on before Louis, and the place was jammed. Well, we pulled the place down. The people were screaming and howling, and as we came off stage, Louis said to me in the wings, 'Man, you cats are making it tough for me.'

"We musicians were treated like kings. We were living in the Negresco Hotel—imagine that! Only trouble was there was no heat in the place so Joe Glaser offered them \$100 to buy some coal. That way we got some heat.



AND WELL IN PARIS

"But most of the musicians weren't too popular with the hotel. They were running around naked all night, most of them with women—but I don't suppose you'll get that in. (*We fooled you!*—Ed.)

"After that, we made a tour of France, and we had to buy coal almost every place we went. Sammy Price had brought a trunkful of soap with him to trade, and it worked miracles with the women. I had a trunk—that same trunk you see right there—full of tobacco and cigarets. But it was locked, and I'd left the keys behind. In the end a guy in the Negresco Hotel made me a special key for the trunk—I still have that too."

They played concerts in about 20 towns. In Orleans, they played in a big barn, and the mayor made a speech afterwards "and kissed me about 10 times," Mezzrow recalled. "The mayor said it was the first time he'd seen his people so happy since before the war. I heard he got killed later. His wife shot him in some jealous triangle affair."

THE ANECDOTES, ONCE STARTED, kept on coming, and it was, of course, Mezzrow's infinite capacity for vivid and racy recollection that made his book a best-seller throughout the world. It was published in every language except Spanish, he said, and has been reprinted five times in France alone. But, he added, there were 365,000 words cut out of that book, and that material now has disappeared, though he hopes to find it sometime. In any case, he has enough material for another book, and that's what he's working on now.

"The trouble is I'm so goddamn lazy, but I want to write this one entirely on my own, just to show I can do it. I don't want to pull anyone else in on it.

"I had a \$5,000 option on *Really the Blues* from a film company. Joe Pasternak was originally going to make it—then the French director Jacques Becker was going to do it, but he died.

"If they're going to make a film, they'll have to do it fast," Mezzrow added ruefully, "otherwise all the great musicians will be gone."

After nearly 20 years in Paris, Mezzrow, who first visited France in 1929 when he met Panassie, is a confirmed Francophile.

"In France," he said, "people treat you as an artist and not as a bum. And, of course, I have a great appreciation for the food and wine."

The meeting with Panassie nearly 40 years ago eventually led to the recording of the famous Bluebird sides in 1938 with Bechet, Tommy Ladnier, Sidney DeParis, James P. Johnson, Elmer James, Teddy Bunn, Frankie Newton, Pete Brown, and many others, most of which were recently re-issued in the U.S. on RCA Victor's Vintage label.

"I introduced Panassie to Harlem, and he met the Ertegun brothers [Nesuhi and Ahmed]. We played a jam session in the Turkish embassy for the Erteguns' father."

Mezzrow rolled another cigaret saying, "I can't stand Virginia tobacco any more since I got onto Gauloises. But these Gauloises have so much wood in them that I break them open and roll my own. Sometimes there are pieces as big as a pencil. And this way," he chuckled as he lit up again, "I don't have to give any away.

"I left the States for good in 1950—that was the last time I was there. By that time I'd gotten a nostalgic feeling about France after seeing some French pictures like *La Femme de Boulanger*. So I decided to settle there for good. I sent my son over [Milt Mezzrow Jr. is 30 and splits his time between dubbing French films in English and studying drums with Kenny Clarke], and then I followed him.

"I did about 10 big tours here with guys like Buck Clayton, Kansas Fields, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Red Richards. But, funnily enough, I've never played in England—except unofficially. I went to England on a lecture tour when the book came out, and one night I played privately on a jam session with Louis Armstrong. I wasn't strictly supposed to play—but I couldn't resist it. I had to borrow a kid's clarinet, and it had a reed on it like a board. But I got a great kick out of that session. It was the first and last time I played with Louis."

When he isn't getting his next book together or playing concerts, Mezzrow spends a lot of his time at the races, "though now I only go about once a week. I used to go every day. I know all about French and English form, and I love horses."

Mezzrow's sprightly demeanor and lively mind leave one thinking it will be quite some time before, as he wrote in *Really the Blues*, they'll take his body, "shove it into one of them blast furnaces, and when I'm all melted down good, scrape out the dust and mix it up with some shellac and press it into a record with a King Jazz label on it." 

By MIKE HENNESSEY



Early Jazz: Its Roots and Musical Development, by Gunther Schuller. Published by Oxford University Press, 401 pages, \$9.75.

Many books have been written about jazz, some good, more bad. Few, good or bad, have been written by musically learned men; fewer still by men who combine deep musical knowledge and scholarship with profound esthetic judgment and an accomplished prose style.

Gunther Schuller is such a man, and his book is a masterpiece—the most important and significant musical study of jazz yet published. It sets new standards, it opens new horizons, and it must be read by all—musicians, critics, listeners—who profess an interest in the unique and beautiful music that is the American Negro people's gift to the world.

The book is the first of a projected two-volume history of jazz, and deals with the music's origins and first growth and maturity, taking us, roughly, to 1930-31. Considering the amount of material still to be treated, one hopes that a third volume will become necessary—it will be worth the additional waiting time.

The book's opening chapter, some 60 pages long, is fascinating. Drawing on extensive field studies of African music by the English musicologist A. M. Jones, which, he makes clear, were not available to earlier theorists, Schuller makes a strong case for the African heritage in jazz—far beyond the customarily granted contribution of rhythm.

Juxtaposing Jones' findings with material from early accounts of American Negro music, Schuller shows that many other elements besides rhythm in the matrix of jazz are directly traceable to African roots; that, in fact, only (or primarily) those aspects of the European musical tradition which lent themselves to inter-acculturation with African "models" were absorbed by the makers of what became jazz.

In the process Schuller overthrows, gently but firmly, most of the theories concerning jazz origins offered by such writers as Marshall Stearns and Ernest Borneman. It is a radical and convincing revision. Only the German specialist Alfons Dauer has previously made such strong claims for Africa, but without Schuller's burden of musical proof. (One minor criticism: I don't think Schuller attaches enough significance to

the direct "European" influence of religious hymns.)

The following chapter, "The Beginnings," deals mainly with classic New Orleans style, as epitomized by the Sam Morgan Jazz Band and King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. Schuller neatly skirts the issue of New Orleans' legitimacy as the "cradle of jazz," leaving this bone of contention to be gnawed by students less concerned with the music itself.

The basic material for the jazz historian—especially the musician-historian—is, of course, the phonograph record. With all its gaping holes as far as thorough documentation is concerned, the legacy of recorded music is the supreme legacy nonetheless, and it is one of the cardinal virtues of Schuller's work that he has used this legacy so well.

The task of ferretting out old recordings is imposing in itself (Schuller acknowledges the help of several colleagues, notably Frank Driggs). To listen analytically and discerningly is even more demanding, and to transcribe, as Schuller has done with greater insight and accuracy than any previous work can boast, a multitude of recorded solos, arrangements, breaks, etc. is herculean. (After all, one must play a pas-

sage over and over again to notate it with approximate accuracy; Schuller has caught nuances and inflections astonishingly well.)

This gift stands Schuller in good stead throughout the next chapter, "The First Great Soloist", which deals, of course, with Louis Armstrong. It is a labor of love, granting new insights to even so inveterate a consumer of this music as the present reviewer. Louis' genius appears in new perspective, and key works, such as *West End Blues*, are given lovingly detailed attention.

(I have used the word love deliberately, for what lifts this book above mere scholarship, no matter how excellent and worthy, is that it is infused with genuine love and respect for the subject matter. Thus it is never dry, always alive, and capable, one trusts and hopes, of making the best of the jazz heritage come to life for the hitherto uninitiated.)

The sole trouble with the Armstrong chapter is that it lets go too soon. Schuller's closing remarks concerning Louis' post-1929 output, while taking cognizance of his lasting greatness, indicate that he has not been exposed to the best of that output, and one hopes he will remedy that situation in time for the next volume. (I'd suggest, for example, the 1930 *Sweethearts on Parade* as a much stronger premonition of bebop than the cited Bobby Stark solo from the same year.)

Next, Schuller deals with "The First Great Composer", Jelly Roll Morton, in magisterial fashion. As with Armstrong, Schuller reveals new facets of the artist, clarifying and codifying previous work and adding new insight.

"Virtuoso Performers of the Twenties" deals with a variety of subjects: the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (*not* a virtuoso ensemble), some of its contemporaries, and its successor, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings; Bix Beiderbecke; clarinetists Johnny Dodds and Jimmy Noone, and Sidney Bechet, the maverick of the soprano; pianists James P. Johnson (in some depth) and Fats Waller (briefly; one hopes for a return later); trumpeters Johnny Dunn and Jabbo Smith; Bessie Smith (a splendid section) and, referentially, Ma Rainey.

Schuller remedies the injustice done Dodds by Andre Hodeir (the limitations of the gifted French critic are clearly revealed throughout, by implication; Schuller's approach is much more generous and open, though he is no less dedicated to high standards). The ODJB is put in proper perspective. ("It fulfilled its role in a manner that was not altogether unworthy.") Bix, though dealt with succinctly, emerges clearly, but there is more to post-1930 James P. (both solo and band recordings) than Schuller indicates. But then, he focuses

primarily on the development of the whole music rather than that of the individual artist once he has ceased to be innovative.

Next we come to the big bands. Here, Schuller's erudition and scope of listening surpasses all previous contributions. In approaching Fletcher Henderson, he first investigates James Reese Europe, whom earlier writers (other than Kunststadt and Charters, who are non-musical historians-researchers) totally ignore, and with interesting results.

More significantly, he deals in depth with the bands of the south-west, and not just the better known ones, such as Benny Moten, but also the Blue Devils, Troy Floyd, George E. Lee, Jesse Stone—even Lloyd Hunter and Grant Moore. And he gives due credit to the forgotten giant, Alphonse Trent, whose few recordings have hitherto been heard only by a handful of collectors, and who is remembered only by the musicians who heard or played with his band. (Interestingly, all of Trent's output has just become available on Historical Records LPs.)

The book concludes with a brilliant chapter on early Duke Ellington; a revised and expanded version of an essay previously published in the anthology *Jazz* (edited by Hentoff & McCarthy). Schuller's knowledge of and affinity for Ellington's art are remarkable, and the chapter is a joy; one looks forward to the sequel.

An appendix contains an interesting interview with the veteran Denver violinist-band leader George Morrison, casting additional light on the period covered by the book. There is an excellent glossary of musical terms used in the book; a small but useful discography confined to LPs, and an index which needs revising; in my brief acquaintance with the book I've encountered several omissions and errors, and this work deserves better.

If the reader has missed some important figures in this summary, he may assume that those who played with Henderson, Ellington, and other important big bands are dealt with in context, while others, whose important work came mainly in the '30s (Hawkins, Teagarden, Webb, etc.) will be treated in detail in the second volume. Earl Hines appears forcefully in the Armstrong chapter, while Bubber Miley receives his share of attention in the Ellington section.

Peripheral subjects are dealt with in passing, often in marvelously concise and informative footnotes. (Another indication of the excellent organization of this work.) Paul Whiteman is judged fairly and objectively in a long footnote, but Red Nichols' vast output is written off rather cavalierly; a diligent search

will uncover some surprisingly viable performances among the myriad of interesting (or boring) failures. Adrian Rollini, a remarkable musician (Harry Carney's early idol) also deserves more than part of a footnote about the California Ramblers, and there is no mention of Joe Venuti and Ed Lang, or Lang's remarkable duets with Lonnie Johnson.

But again, this is a book which deals with major developments, and it is only because it encompasses so surprisingly much (such as the detailed evaluation of Jabbo Smith) that such critical thoughts arise.

A few factual errors are inevitable in any jazz work, since the relevant reference material is not readily available in codified form. The following errata are offered constructively, not for nit-picking reasons: John Thomas, not Honore Dutrey, was the trombonist on the May 1927 Armstrong Hot Five (Seven) dates; Joe Glaser was *not* Louis Armstrong's manager in 1929, becoming so only in 1935; the Carroll Dickerson records with Louis do not follow a set pattern at all; Doc Behrendson, not Leo McConville, was the cornetist with the Louisiana Five; Bechet did not "spend most of his life in France" and was in the U.S. from 1932 to 1947; Clara Smith did not record only "a dozen" sides but in fact made more than 100; the tenor saxophone soloist on Troy Floyd's *Dreamland Blues* was not Hershel Evans but Scott Bagby; Count Basie claims it is he who plays piano on the Blue Devils' only record; Earl Hines recorded with Jimmie Noone before his first Armstrong Hot Seven date, and Punch Miller was not among those musicians who remained in New Orleans to keep alive the pre-Armstrong tradition; he was an Armstrong disciple and worked and recorded in Chicago in various non-traditional contexts from 1928 to 1945.

But such matters are of significance only to scholars and historians; it's just that this book is close enough to perfection to merit freedom from even minor blemishes.

This is a great book, a landmark. In spite of its erudition and frequent use of musical notation and technical language it is wholly lucid, and approachable for the layman. Though he may miss important details, the essence will not elude him, for Schuller is a writer with style and grace, and he knows how to communicate clearly. Moreover, he does not view the music in a social vacuum.

I repeat: this book must be read by any and all who profess interest in jazz, past or present. It is a work which enlightens and enhances, furthering the understanding and enjoyment of a great music: a genuine and lasting achievement.

—Dan Morgenstern 

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Mical, Ira Giller, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marion McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, Mark Wolf, 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.

Johnny Hodges

DON'T SLEEP IN THE SUBWAY—Verve 8726; *Don't Sleep in the Subway; The Wonder of You; Serenade in Blue; Everytime She Walks; Wisteria; Heel Kickin'; You've Changed; Some Fun; Eydie-Dee Dee.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, trumpets, flugelhorn; Bill Berry, trumpet, vibes; Tony Studd, bass trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Frank Wess, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Hamilton, Danny Bank, reeds; Buddy Lucas, harmonica; Hank Jones, piano; Everett Barksdale, Carl Lynch, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

TRIPLE PLAY—RCA Victor 3867; *Take 'Em Off, Take 'Em Off—Part I; The Very Thought of You; C-Jam Blues; Sir John; Take 'Em Off, Take 'Em Off—Part II; Fur Piece; Wild Onions; A Tiny Bit of Blues; The Nearness of You; On the Way Up.*

Collective personnel: Ray Nance, cornet; Cat Anderson, Roy Eldridge, trumpets; Buster Cooper, Lawrence Brown, Benny Powell, trombones; Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, tenor saxophones; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, Bill Berry, vibes; Jimmy Jones, Nat Pierce, piano; Tiny Grimes, Les Spann, Billy Butler, guitars; Milt Hinton, Aaron Bell, Joe Benjamin, bass; Gus Johnson, Rufus Jones, Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Subways may not be for sleeping but the first album reviewed here almost is. Most numbers are conventionally arranged and conventionally played. Except for *Walks*, which really does. That surging, swinging, meaty-beaty big-band sound courses from the speakers, flows through the ears and stimulates tired feet to action. It's about as conventionally arranged as the others but the spirit moves it and Lucas' harmonica contributes a pleasant tonal contrast.

The others never really reach the feet. The title tune is somewhat engaging because of its rocking beat and catchy melody but its value is more novelty than anything else. *Wisteria* and *Changed*, too, offer momentary resuscitation, primarily because of Hodges' slow, caressing sweet-wailing treatment.

But then we get back to dumplings like *Heel*, which is typical of the arrangements and anything but kicks. What comes out is well-crafted big-band stuff that runs its course without a flicker of excitement. It is listenable, pleasant, familiar; like the friendly milkhorse making his rounds one more time.

Subways, to me, is a competent, workmanlike job and little more.

On the other hand, grab *Play*. A good many of the tunes are old chestnuts but *Play* is much more spirited and free a performance, depending less on ensemble backing for one soloist than the interplay of several most compatible instrumentalists. The program presents Hodges with three different bands, and the flux of the varying personalities acting-reacting upon one another provides some exciting listening indeed.

Side two is a gas. It opens with the

beautiful, easy-paced *Fur Piece* in which Eldridge (with plunger mute), Butler, Carney, Powell and the boss weave a sequence of solos that gets to the bottom of the soul. Then we roar into *Onions*, a three-minute powerhouse written and arranged by Anderson. Hamilton jumps in with the first solo, a fleet-fingered, liquid-toned explication of the melody. Anderson follows, a trifle restrained with harmon mute. Spann appears, his hands full of chords. Brown growls it out next. Hodges in for the count. And here comes Anderson again, shouting with open horn and soaring frenziedly into high register with the band booting him on from behind. It's an experience.

Nearness we've heard before, but Cooper invigorates its very bones. This is his tune—no other soloists—and he talks through that machine so that you can hear the lyric singing in your ear.

Way Up is a clap-hands Gospel with Jones dancing us into church first, upright-piano style. Hodges and Brown come in blowing their tell-it-like-it-is best. The spirit's everywhere. There's only one trouble: it's too damned short.

Side one is slightly less stimulating (*C-Jam*, for example) but what more can you ask of a record that already has given you such kicks? —Nelsen

Johnny Lytle

THE SOUND OF VELVET SOUL—Solid State SS 18026; *The Thing to Do; We're Bluesin'; L.A. Soul; Street Scene; Live for Life; Under the Rising Sun; On a Clear Day; Somewhere; Up, Up and Away; Suddenly You.*

Personnel: Frank Wess, Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, Joe Fatrell, Sol Schlinger, saxophones; Lytle, vibes; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Johnny Pacheco, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Credit is due producer Sonny Lester and arranger Manny Albam for the unique idea of featuring Lytle in front of a sax section. Albam's writing is skillful; he uses the saxophones effectively to support and contrast with Lytle's playing without getting in the vibist's way. His arrangements also have virility, the saxophonists often producing rich, grainy textures.

Another virtue is the compositions used by Lytle and Albam. They include some of the better pop, show and movie tunes of recent years. *Live for Life* is an especially pretty song that should be heard more often. The originals (*Sun, Bluesin'* and *Soul* were written by Lytle; *Thing by Albam*) are catchy but not memorable.

Overall, the LP has a Basie-like quality. Some of the selections are taken at fairly fast tempos but all of them have a relaxed feeling. Albam's arrangements seem to inspire Lytle, whose work is more than competent. His playing is often cheerful and infectious. His melodic ideas aren't

especially original but he resolves them well; his work has good continuity.

Finally, the rhythm section work is very good. Pacheco deserves praise for his propulsive yet unobtrusive playing. —Pekar

Junior Mance

I BELIEVE TO MY SOUL—Atlantic SD 1496; *I Believe to My Soul; A Time and a Place; Sweet Georgia Brown; Golden Spur; Don't Worry 'Bout It; Home on the Range; Sweets for My Sweet; My Romance.*

Personnel: Mance, piano, all tracks. Tracks 1, 7: Joe Newman, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Hubert Laws, David Newman, Bobby Capers, reeds; Jimmy Tyrell, electric bass; Ray Lucas, drums; Ray Baretto, conga (7 only); Sylvia Shemwell, vocal (1 only). Tracks 2, 8: Richard Davis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums. Tracks 3, 4: Bob Cunningham, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Track 5: Newman, Mel Lastie, trumpets; Frank Wess, David Newman, Haywood Henry, reeds; Davis, Waits. Track 6: string section; Davis; Waits.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are some musicians who are forced to become leaders, generally because they have reached a certain financial plateau and degree of popular acceptance. There is a world of difference in how these players sound when directed by someone else as compared to their work when calling their own shots.

For the time being, I would place Mance as a musician who sounds better when a sideman. I realize that he has been a leader for many years, yet the quality of his work in that situation rarely approaches the peak he sustained during his tenures with Dizzy Gillespie and the Lockjaw Davis-Johnny Griffin combo. Perhaps I am wrong in this estimation, but if that is the case, Mance will make better records than this.

The four trio tracks are the main point of interest here. *Georgia Brown* and *Spur* are very good, and the presence of Dawson probably makes the difference. The drummer never fails to amaze with his ability to fit his surroundings. From Jimmy Rushing and Earl Hines to Jaki Byard and Booker Ervin he has it all covered.

Jimmy Heath's *A Time* and the standard *My Romance* are enhanced by the great Richard Davis, but the level of performance is not as consistent as on the tracks with Dawson and Cunningham.

Being a discography freak, I am always upset when soloists go uncredited. It is hardly worth mentioning all the talent represented in the larger ensembles since there are no solos. The reviewer can only gnash his teeth at the waste of talent.

The arrangements (by Arif Mardin) are commonplace and while the string treatment of *Range* is interesting, it is hardly memorable.

The rating is for Mance and what he can do when he is inspired rather than for the general level of inventiveness on display here. —Porter

Sergio Mendes

SERGIO MENDES' FAVORITE THINGS—Atlantic 8177: *My Favorite Things*; *Tempo Feliz*; *Ponteio*; *Veieiro*; *A Banda*; *I Say a Little Prayer*; *Comin' Home Baby*; *Boa Palavra*; *O Mar E Meu Chao*; *So What's New*.

Personnel: Tom Scott, flute, piccolo, soprano saxophone; Mendes, piano; harpsichord, electric piano; Dave Grusin, organ; John Pisano, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Larry Nechtel, electric bass; Dom Um Romano, drums; Joao Donato, Moacir Santos, percussion; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★

In view of Mendes' earlier accomplishments (particularly the Atlantic set *Sergio Mendes & Brasil '65 Live at El Matador*), this is a very disappointing album indeed. Its chief fault is that of heavyhandedness: everything is spelled out so explicitly and obviously as to deprive this music of any vestige of lightness, delicacy, subtlety, humor, and spontaneity, the very factors that made the *El Matador* set such a lovely, invigorating experience. And much of the blame must be laid at the feet of Dave Grusin's arrangements, just chock-full of Hollywoodish glucosity. In fairness, it should also be pointed out that Mendes is not entirely blameless: his playing veers between the two poles of the leaden and the cliché-ridden. Rarely does the music come alive or break free of the commercial strictures the producers have imposed.

By far the brightest features of the album are several lovely bossa nova compositions, notably two by the talented young singer-guitarist Edu Lobo, *Ponteio* and *Veieiro* (just beautiful, this!), Caetano Velozo's *Boa Palavra*, Dorival Caymmi and Nelson Moita's *O Mar E Meu Chao*,

and Baden Powell and Vinicius de Moraes' *Tempo Feliz*. But these are so hoked up that one must mentally strip away all the orchestral meringue to get at the real core of the songs.

What's most distressing about all this is that it's so unnecessary and stupid. Mendes, above all, should know better than this: surely he is more fully aware than anyone else connected with this venture that understatement and insinuation are of the very nature of the bossa nova approach.

By all means pass this up, unless you are one of those persons who must have absolutely *every* recording in the b.n. idiom. This is one of the most expendable items in the genre I've heard in quite a while.

—Welding

Hank Mobley

HI VOLTAGE—Blue Note BST 84273: *High Voltage*; *Two and One*; *No More Goodbyes*; *Advance Notice*; *Bossa Deluxe*; *Flirty Gerty*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Mobley, tenor saxophone; John Hicks, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

A lot of people were asleep on Mobley during the 1950s when critical consensus assigned him to the second rank of tenor soloists. He was better than that even then, but his work in the '60s, dating approximately from his association with Miles Davis, has been of a very high order. This session finds him in the company of some Blue Note regulars, playing six of his own

compositions.

The work of both Mobley and Mitchell has evolved at a similar pace. There is much more of an orderly flow to each man's work today. On the other hand, there are signs that McLean no longer feels comfortable in a straight-ahead session of this sort. He is tentative in several spots, and although the tension that has always marked his playing is in evidence, he seems to strain in several places. He does have a good say on *Notice*.

The rhythm section works well together. Hicks is an interesting player who occasionally seems to have trouble making his fingers keep up with his ideas. Cranshaw and Higgins leave nothing to be desired.

Mobley's tunes are good, and the level of performance is very consistent. *No More* is less interesting than the others because it is an angular, almost themeless ballad. The other horns lay out here and Mobley rambles a bit. *Voltage* is my favorite. The leader and Mitchell have excellent solos.

—Porter

Duke Pearson

THE RIGHT TOUCH—Blue Note BST 84267: *Chili Peppers*; *Make It Good*; *My Love Waits*; *Los Mulos Hombres*; *Scrap Iron*; *Rotary*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, flute; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a relaxed, satisfying album, probably one of the best Pearson has cut.



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He wrote all the tunes, and they range from fairly good to very good in quality. *Chili Peppers* is a hot Latin tune, *Good* a loping item with a Basic-ish flavor, and *Waits* a bossa nova. The second side contains the stirring, up-tempo *Los Malos Hombres*, *Scrap Iron* (a slow blues), and the intriguing, deceptively simple *Rotary*.

The soloists generally play well, but Hubbard is particularly impressive. He is still a powerful trumpeter, but is playing with more taste and warmth than several years ago. His spots on *Make It Good* and *My Love Waits* are notable for their lyricism. By contrast, on *Hombres* he rips off the kind of hot, rousing solo that has been typical of his work since he gained national prominence.

Spaulding does a nice job, turning in forceful, idea-filled work. Turrentine's playing is vigorous but not imaginative. Brown's spare, humorous solo on *Rotary* seems influenced by Thelonious Monk.

Pearson is an effective if unspectacular soloist. His solos swing easily and are often melodic and neatly put together. Also dig Pearson's excellent rhythm section work on *Rotary*. —Pekar

The Rolling Stones

THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES REQUEST—London NPS 2: *Sing This All Together*; *Citadel*; *In Another Land*; *2000 Man*; *Sing This All Together* (See *What Happens*); *She's a Rainbow*; *The Lantern*; *Gomper*; *2000 Light Years From Home*; *On with the Show*.

Personnel: Mick Jagger, guitar, lead vocal; Keith Richards, lead guitar, vocal; Brian Jones, bass guitar, vocal (track 3); Nick Hopkins, piano; Charlie Watts, drums; J. P. Jones, string arranging (track 6).

Rating: ★★★★★

In the liner notes to Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz*, Martin Williams used the word "exceptional" to describe that revolutionary event in the new jazz. It seems necessary to use the word "exceptional" in reviewing this album, a revolutionary event in modern pop music.

The Stones have long enjoyed notoriety as spurned children of an unreal society. Their music has always been to some extent "dirty" (for want of a better word), but invariably in the "blue-eyed soul" bag.

In *Satanic Majesties*, the Stones present some of their best "blue-eyed soul", while exhibiting some of the best "free" arranging and improvisation that I've heard since Don Ellis.

Sing Together, the main theme of the album, presents some truly beautiful dissonance. The arranging, done by the Stones themselves (what?!—no soulful George Martin?), is very impressive, with good, solid improvisations out front. The looseness of the music gives the listener something more than the studio-tight *Magical Mystery Tour*. There is excitement, glorious excitement!

Citadel is a slap at the middle class in all countries, but mostly America ("Flags are flyin' dollar bills . . . Screamin' people fly so fast/In their shinin' metal cars/Through the woods of steel and glass"). Again, the excitement is there. This music is not unlike Coltrane's, in that the listener can't be left unaffected by the message presented.

In Another Land is a "pot number" (hallucinations on life). The main char-

acter of the song is high, and when he comes down, he's asleep (the track ends with snores).

2000 Man explains one man's dilemma in the mechanized, false society of today and tomorrow, as he lies, cheats and steals his way into life. The surprising switch comes at the end of the song, when he reveals that we are all just like him ("And you know who's the 2000 man/And your kids, they just don't/Understand you at all . . .").

See What Happens is for me the highlight of the album. The term "pot number" describes it well, for it seems to describe the type of psychedelic experience one might have on pot. The song begins with two quiet, relaxed flutes in floating harmony, with background voices, as at a party. The stillness is suddenly broken by a pretentious voice, demanding "Where's that joint?" The music that follows is as inventive and well-arranged as any that I've ever heard. So many influences (jazz, rock, Eastern, even classical) are evident that the music is like a universal experience. The mention of "grass" seems to link this experience to the common drug experience. A small symbolism can be attached to the difference in lyrics between *Sing Together* and this track: "Open our heads" is in the first lyric, and "Open our minds" is in the second. *Rainbow* may also have a psychedelic symbolism. (I hope no one thinks I'm a pothead.)

The three-dimensional picture in the middle of the front cover has moving pictures of four of the five stones (Hopkins isn't a Stone), with Mick (the Rock) in a stationary position in the middle. Also on the cover are the Beatles (if you look very closely, they appear as buds of flowers). The Stones appear to be sitting at a seashore (with no sea) in a forest. Behind them is a castle (the *Citadel*?). One Saturnic and one moon-terrained planet are in the background. The plant-life is unlike any on earth (ever seen a Beate plant?), except for green patches that curiously resemble hemp. Perhaps this is the Stones' conception of what it is like *2000 Light Years From Home*.

The remaining numbers have the same marvelous arranging and cynicism of lyrics that say, "Man, dig up, did you realize this or that?" Exceptional? Yes, because it makes you think! —Wolf

Bud Shank

MAGICAL MYSTERY—World Pacific WPS-21873: *Blue Jay Way*; *I Am the Walrus*; *The Fool on the Hill*; *Flying*; *Hello Goodbye*; *Your Mother Should Know*; *Paper Cup*; *Windy*; *Never My Love*; *I Wanna Be Free*; *I Say a Little Prayer*.

Collective Personnel: Chet Baker, Gary Barone, Flugelhorn; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Dennis Budimir, Herb Ellis, guitar; John Guccione, Robert West, bass; Victor Feldman, percussion. Others unidentified.

Rating: see below

I like this record better than Shank's other "pop-jazz" LPs because it contains a better selection of tunes. In addition to several fine Beatles compositions it includes *Paper Cup* and *Windy*, both very nice pieces. Burt Bacharach has written better tunes than *Say a Little Prayer*; however, the supple arrangement tends to minimize its rather stiff, mechanical quality. (Bob

Florence's arrangements for small jazz combo, at times supplemented by a vocal group, are skillfully done.)

Shank is a musician who, I think, has not realized his potential because the contexts he has performed in and the musicians he has performed with haven't brought out the best in him. He's played a lot of commercial jobs and Mickey-Mouse jazz gigs over the years; not the kind of dates that inspire jazzmen to extend themselves. Shank has ability and I'd like to hear what he could do playing straight-ahead jazz (not exotic jazz or pop jazz) with just a good, sympathetic rhythm section.

Here he gets most of the solo space, but even so, his spots are brief. Still, his alto work is agile, intense and, despite his use of some funky clichés, fairly inventive. He plays warmly on flute during *Fool on the Hill*.

I didn't assign a rating to the LP. Though it is a pleasant effort of its type, the type is so lightweight that it should not be rated on the same basis as most of the records reviewed in *Down Beat*.

—Pekar

Wayne Shorter

ADAM'S APPLE—Blue Note 4232/84232: *Adam's Apple*; *502 Blues (Drinkin' and Drivin')*; *El Gaucho*; *Footprints*; *Teru*; *Chief Crazy Horse*.

Personnel: Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Reginald Workman, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

The beauty of this apple is more than skin deep. On the whole, it is tasty melodically, harmonically and rhythmically—and what more is there? Further, the craftsmanship is first-rate and the session seems to have been put together with great care.

The attention paid to contrasts in rhythm and mood particularly engages me. Shorter did not just march into the studio in 4/4 step with a single emotion to communicate. What he *did* come in with was five Shorter originals (*Blues* is Jimmy Rowles'), and *Horse* is the only half-sour apple in the basket.

Shorter is a very lyric improviser. His horn sings and, what is perhaps more important, sings a continuously flowing song without apparent effort—a sign, to me, of superior creative powers.

Shorter varies his tone of voice to fit a particular mood. *Footprints*, for example, finds him strong, strident, urgent. On *Blues* and especially the beautiful *Teru*, he caresses his phrases with a romantic, delicately warm sadness, which is particularly effective in high register. The changes are fresh and imaginative.

Hancock is the perfect partner, extending and amplifying the mood. Workman and Chambers supply a support which is a model of what to do when. Chambers never really solos—except for a fine but brief exchange with Hancock on *Horse*—yet his dynamic presence is heard and felt throughout.

Shorter's Coltrane-ish *Horse* is slightly less enjoyable. It has, as annotator Don Heckman observes, "unpredictable harmonic movement", but does become a trifle monotonous. —Nelsen

Sun Ra

SUN SONG—Delmark DL-411: *Brainville; Call for All Demons; Transition; Possession; Street Named Hell; Lullaby for Realville; Future; New Horizons; Fall off the Log; Sun Song.*

Personnel: Dave Young, Art Hoyle, trumpets; Julian Priester, trombone; James Scales, alto saxophone; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Sun Ra, piano, organ; Wilburn Green, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; Bob Barry, drums; Jim Hearndon, tympani.

Rating: ★★☆☆

During the mid-'50s a great deal of fascinating experimentation that has been virtually forgotten occurred in jazz. The work of Charlie Mingus (around 1956), Teo Macero, the Sandole Brothers and Teddy Charles from that period certainly deserves to be better known. So does that of Sun Ra, who cut this LP in 1956.

Unlike some of the mid-'50s experimenters, Sun Ra was not much influenced by classical composers. His music is highly original, though he seems to have been influenced by Tadd Dameron and, possibly, Thelonious Monk. Like Monk, Sun Ra is thought of as a bizarre character, and this probably accounts for some of the interest that certain jazz fans have in him. However, much of his music is not weird-sounding; on the contrary, it is strong and direct.

His voicings are often thick and rich-textured. He uses tympani judiciously to add weight, but not stolidity, to his music. His employment of muted-brass players as soloists and in ensemble adds an element of piquancy to the LP.

Some of his melodies (*Transition, Fall off the Log*) are simple but have unusual contours. He can write pretty themes too,



CHARLES STEWART

as *Horizons* demonstrates.

The only really exotic piece on the album is *Sun Song*, on which organ and percussion instruments create the effect of a solemn procession in ancient Egypt.

The solo work, though not outstanding, is consistently good. Gilmore impresses with the relaxed strength of his playing. As J. B. Figi observes in his excellent notes, the tenor man "manages to incorporate some of the easy, fluid drive of Wardell Gray and a share of Sonny Rollins' barbaric yawp into his own limber style." Scales shows the influence of Charlie Parker but his work is unique, being marked by the use of odd intervals. The altoist's playing should demonstrate that John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins were not the only saxophonists seeking new directions in the mid-'50s. Patrick's solos aren't fancy but swing powerfully. Young and Hoyle contribute pungent trumpet spots. Priester's work is facile and lucid.

Sun Ra's piano work is overtly emotional and harmonically and rhythmically fresh. Some of his solo improvisation is lush, some jagged. He's a wonderful accompanist as well, and really seems to help the soloists with his forcefully, intelligent rhythm section work.

Sun Ra has not stood still since this LP was made. His music has evolved. However, this album still sounds fresh and advanced today and is highly recommended.

If your dealer doesn't carry Delmark records, they may be ordered directly from Jazz Record Mart, 7 West Grand, Chicago 60610. —Pekar

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DOWN BEAT'S
COMBO ISSUE

on sale
MAY 30

Clark Terry

IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENIN'—Impulse 9157; *Electric Mumbles*; *Secret Love*; *Take Me Back to Elkhart*; *Take the "A" Train*; *Tee Pee Time*; *Grand Canyon Suite*.

Personnel: Terry, Vartone trumpet, vocals; Don Friedman, piano; George Duvivier, bass; David Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★½

It was bound to happen: they've electrified Mumbles! And if you think Terry was "beside himself" in the past, you should hear the group therapy that takes place now among Terry, his alter ego, his trumpet, and its altered ego, courtesy of Selmer.

Such dialogue takes place in *Electric Mumbles* and "A" Train. Over a tempo that cooks evenly, Terry dispenses his patented scat, responding to his own calls while extracting all the humor that can be found in jazz.

The other four tunes reveal the standard approach to combo jazz, ranging from the dirty blues of *Elkhart* (Terry knows which side his valve is lubricated on: that's the town where Selmer is headquartered), to the moderate, up tempo *Tee Pee*. Nothing startling in any of the tracks, which is another way of reporting that Messrs. Terry, Friedman, Duvivier and Bailey merely play with their usual brand of chamber expertise.

This is an extremely relaxed session—no elaborate charts; just some agreed-upon ideas worked out for intros, endings and changes (I especially dig the tasteful modulation in *Grand Canyon*). Plenty of room for stretching out (among the highlights: Duvivier's unhurried eloquence on *Elkhart*), and a painstaking avoidance of gimmickry. Regarding the latter, even the Vartone seldom varies, Terry refrains from playing with all the buttons at his disposal, and thus he limits this debut recording of the electronic trumpet to the depth provided by the octamatic device producing a unison line one octave lower.

Happiness is Clark Terry's big big, fat fat tone. —Siders

James Zitto

ZITRO—ESP 1052: *Freekin'*; *Happy Pretty*; *Fourth*.

Personnel: Warren Gale, trumpeter; Allan Praskin, alto saxophone; Bert Wilson, tenor saxophone; Michael Cohen, piano; Bruce Cale, bass; Zitto, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is a really fine recording. The musicians are excellent, the arrangements are good (*Freekin'* by Zitto, *Pretty* by Wilson, and *Fourth* by Cohen) and the engineering (by Richard Alderson) is far above par for ESP.

The best number is *Pretty*, which covers most of side two. Zitto begins with a semi-free solo. (This same semi-freedom prevails throughout the song, as a superfluous four feel is always present.) He shows a great respect for Elvin Jones, but develops a certain monotony in his solos due to his almost excessive use of a fast single stroke roll. He does, however, play very inventively.

The ensemble passage has an Ornette Coleman style, with everyone hitting the notes, but not at exactly the same time. A short section with collective improvisation leads into an enthusiastic solo by Wilson. He pays homage to Trane; then a

short interplay with trumpeter Gale leads to Gale's solo. Gale is a disciple of Freddie Hubbard (I could swear that Hubbard used a part of this improvisation on edition one of *Ascension!*). His tone is not terribly clean, but his playing more than compensates. After another bout between Gale and Wilson, the tenor takes a second solo, which shows less of any other influence than Wilson himself. He works out until Cohen relieves him with a semi-Tynerish solo. The pianist shows great respect for form, through his use of theme and variation in his improvisations. He finishes, leaving the stage open for an unusual and beautiful duet between Zitto and Gale. Zitto covers the bass at times, but Gale is felt, even when drowned out. (My compliments to engineer Alderson; I can actually hear the bass throughout the album!) Zitto ends his improvisation with a variation on the solo which started the piece, and everyone joins in to end it.

Freekin' begins with a solo by Zitto, the tune's composer, that eventually becomes boring through its length. No drummer should attempt to play beyond his inventive capacity, for not every one is a Max Roach or Elvin Jones. The bass and piano begin in a pattern reminiscent of Elling-



ton's arrangement of *Caravan*, but the similarity ends with the entrance of the entire ensemble. The instruments enter in a moving collage, one coming forward, then another, in a chain of sound. The theme is a wild half-improvised, half-memorized statement that leads into another Hubbardish trumpet solo (the biggest give-away of Hubbard influence is a fast line of notes followed by a held note, plus a short line that I recognize as a Hubbard cliché.) This leads into an excellent bass solo by Cale. His double stops are things of beauty, as are his single lines. A drum roll leads into a Colemanish solo by Praskin, which has excitement, but presents nothing really new.

The real interest in this passage lies in the rhythm section, with its constant, insistent churning underneath the alto. Praskin runs up and down the sax a final time, and is chased out of the spotlight by Cohen, who again presents a well-organized solo, leading to an improvisation by Wilson. He uses a squeal as the main element of the solo, and romps and revolves around it. The rhythm section plays beautiful accompaniment behind Wilson's wild lines. A loud ensemble section leads into the original theme, and the closing.

Fourth is a short ballad that builds from soft to loud and back again. This unusually attractive piece takes its beauty from its harsh lines. Cale starts to walk his bass toward the end of the number, and Cohen and Zitto pick up the time. It closes in beautifully organized anarchy.

Zitto presents five high-quality musicians with an exciting sound, even if it isn't completely fresh. Be sure to dig up on this one. —Wolf

BLINDFOLD TEST/ARETHA FRANKLIN

BY
LEONARD
FEATHER

The last seven years have been a roller-coaster ride for Aretha Franklin. She made her first records at the age of 18 under the supervision of John Hammond. The commonest reaction was a comparison with Dinah Washington. Both had been immersed from childhood in religious music, Aretha in the choir of Detroit's New Bethel Baptist Church, the pastorate of her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin.

Again in the tradition of the Dinah dynasty, Miss Franklin made the transition from sacred to secular music, from Gospel to blues and rhythm-and-blues. For the first couple of years things moved briskly, but there was a period when the records didn't quite make it as they should have.

Last year, switching to Atlantic, she cut her first date under the guidance of Jerry Wexler. The performances returned to gully, whole-soul rhythm-and-blues. *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You* was the first in an impressive series of gold record singles and albums.

This *Blindfold Test*, exclusively on singers, was her first.

1. WANDA JACKSON. *By the Time You Get to Phoenix* (Capitol). Jim Webb, composer; new lyrics by Melvin Nash, Wendell Goodman.

I wasn't thrilled with the arrangement, and aside from the fact that I didn't think it was a very good arrangement, it didn't have enough bottom to it—sort of up in the air.

I'm not one to put down singers; maybe somebody else could feel her soul, but I couldn't.

But . . . five stars for the fellow that wrote it, and five stars for the man that redid it for the girl—the change of words for a female. As for the record itself, because I like the song so much, three stars.

2. SAM & DAVE. *Wrap It Up* (Stax).

I'd give that three stars. There were only a couple of things that I thought were wrong with it. That was when they got to the change, it seemed a little indecisive as to where they were going. The boys were going one way, and the bass line was going left, and you didn't quite know who to go with. If they'd have stayed with him like they did at the end in that simple thing, they could have got with it better—but I liked it.

Thought it was very danceable and commercial—*Wrap It Up*, I like that. It sounded like Sam & Dave, but they didn't do enough to be Sam & Dave.

3. PEGGY LEE. *Hallelujah, I Love Him So* (Capitol).

Four stars, because Peggy Lee is always very tasty in her arrangements, and they're always very complementary to her. It's a good song. I wouldn't say five stars, because it didn't knock me down, but whatever she does, she's refreshing. You're going to hear it completely different to the way you've previously heard it.

She always picks something that's good for her and doesn't try to stretch out vocally where she can't go.

I've never bought a lot of her albums, but I do listen to her a lot on the radio, and everything I've heard her do is very good.

4. BOBBIE GENTRY. *Ode to Billie Joe* (Capitol).

5. NANCY WILSON. *Ode to Billie Joe* (Capitol). Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

Nancy lent it a completely different feeling. She certainly took it to where she wanted it, and I thought she portrayed the story very well. Somewhere in the record I think they could have done without so much sax. I think that was distracting from Nancy, and to me a lot of her artistry and handling of it couldn't be appreciated because of Bobbie Gentry's success with it.

They know the story. It's like you've been on the roller coaster—you know what it's like, you've got to ride again, so they want to hear what Nancy does with it. But, I think a lot of it couldn't be appreciated because of the tremendous amount of air time to Bobbie Gentry. That saxophone could have been out of there somewhere—he was distracting to me. Not that he wasn't good and what he played wasn't fitting—just distracting from her.

In Bobbie Gentry's version, it fit—lyric, arrangement, and Bobbie Gentry. I'd give her, musically speaking, five; personally speaking four. And I'd give Nancy's four.

6. ESTHER PHILIPS. *You Can't Go Home Again* (Atlantic). Roy Ellis, arranger.

I'd say three stars. I think the arrangement was very good, very plush. It had something nice to it that I liked. The lyrics were very good—they had something to say.

Personally, I prefer to hear Little Esther singing blues, but that doesn't mean that she can't sing pop or this type of thing. If she does choose to do that type of thing, then I feel her best when she's doing something with more feeling to it, the more minor, sad type of thing, rather than a straight pop song. I think if she's going that way, that's the best way she could go.

7. MARLENA SHAW. *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (Cadet). Joe Zawinul, composer; John and Gail Levy, lyrics.

Three stars. First of all I like the melody anyway because of Cannonball—I liked his version of it, and I think she did a lot more with the lyrics than the average singer would have. They weren't fantastic lyrics, but she got something out of them, I think.

Unfortunately, the arrangement was a little loud, and she could have been showcased and shown a little better if the arrangement hadn't been quite so loud—maybe a tone under, or a tone and a half. I think it was on the same level if not higher than she was. But she got something good out of it, and I liked it. I have heard this girl before, but I can't remember her name.

8. BARBRA STREISAND. *Lover Man* (from *Simply Streisand*, Columbia). Roy Ellis, arranger.

Was that Diahann Carroll? I don't know Diahann Carroll's voice that well to know it, but what I have heard of her, this sounded in many spots like her, and she seemed to live her lyric like Diahann does.

The record reminded me of Columbia records—the drummer mostly; and it reminded me of Burt Bacharach, arrangement-wise, for some reason. I think it was the piano, although I'm not sure. 



RON HOWARD

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



BILL SMITH

Cecil Taylor: Surging Power, Relentless Attack

Cecil Taylor

Upton Auditorium, Buffalo, N.Y.

Personnel: Eddie Gales, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto; Taylor, piano; Alan Silva, bass, cello; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Buffalo's Festival of Contemporary Art was a significant event. Through the drive and initiative of people like composer Lukas Foss, many luminaries were presented in a two-week period. Taylor was one of three musicians representing the world of contemporary jazz.

Initial exposure to Taylor's music is liable to be completely confusing. There appears to be little order, direction or purpose to what he plays. Everything seems to consist of incoherent flurries of sounds with few or no reference points. It seems the antithesis of what constitutes jazz. And there lies the dilemma for the veteran jazz listener in his efforts at coming to grips with contemporary music. Much of it has moved so far beyond his frame of reference that he has nothing to hang on to. It's a foreign world in which he feels he has no place.

The contemporary listener, however, doesn't have any of these problems. He experiences the music as it happens, digests the multitudinous sounds that emit from the instruments and responds to the various vibrations sent out by the musi-

cians. It's a new kind of music and there's a new kind of audience for it.

Cecil Taylor is very much a part of this world. Ten years ago, his music, while dissonant, was relatively conventional. Today he explores a world full of myriad patterns of sound and has developed his technique to the point where the piano has become an extension of himself. The music cascades forth from his fingers, often flowing in bewildering fashion as ideas and embellishment are explored and discarded. The rhythmic pulse and propulsion of his music is unending, the surging power of his attack relentless.

This concert consisted of two pieces, and it was Taylor who dominated the proceedings. Everything worked outwards from his projection, with Gales and Lyons offering little more than additional shading. There were moments, of course, when the horn players burst through to prove their worth, and Gales, particularly, is a man to watch. He showed a keen understanding of the principles underlying Taylor's music.

The rhythmic pulse of the music was shared by Cyrille, who has developed enough finesse and virtuosity to become almost an equal voice with his leader. The remarkable piano and percussion duet in the second piece was particularly memo-

orable. Sensitivity and interaction were also evident when bassist Silva took up his cello in a dialogue with Taylor that gradually assumed giant proportions.

It was Taylor, though, who was really the force. The intensity and coherence of his work were as remarkable as his stamina. Though the numbers were long, they were never less than fascinating.

For this listener, total concentration on the music resulted in the kind of exhilarating but exhausting experience that only great music produces. —John Norris

Don Ellis Orchestra

Basin Street West, San Francisco

Personnel: Ellis, Glenn Stuart, Bob Harmon, Stewart Blumberg, Ed Warren, trumpets; Tracy Woodson, Ron Sanchez, Vince Diaz, trombones; Ira Shulman, Ron Starr, Ruben Leon, Al Beutler, John Mitchell, reeds; Peter Robinson, clavichord; Ray Neapolitan, bass, sitar; Jim Font, Frank De La Rosa, basses; Ralph Humphries, Goro Strimling, Chuck Pascatello, percussion.

Ellis has been compared to Kenton, and in some respects invokes shades of Stan during the '40s and '50s: an orchestra sometimes heavy in brassy incantation, its policy to gambol outside the fold; a leader with original notions and motions, something of a jazz Svengali whose musical passes can be mesmerizing—and occasionally verge on the monotonous.

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GRETSCH



Don Ellis: Chances Are

Orientation, the opener, was pungent with the Eastern incense that Ellis revels in: sinuous reeds, the brass stamping out exotic meters, the three bassists and percussion—Humphries on traps, Strimling on timbales, Pescatello on conga—a labyrinth of undercurrents. Shulman on high-register tenor was rather uneasy, in the Coltrane mold. Ellis had short snatches of solos between ear-splitting passages from the brass, then an extended one before the final ensemble fling.

An electronically heated *Turkish Bath* was another behind-the-veil exploration in seven by Ron Myers. Pensive sitar (amplified) from lead bassist Neapolitan exploded into flaring percussion and brass bursts, a weird wailing from the reeds (amplified) lending a touch of the bazaar. Robinson turned in a nice spot of electronics on the clavichord (which has a bottom keyboard that approximates the piano, and a top one which simulates organ; this time he was on the top), and Dave Sanchez offered some coolly unconcerned trombone amidst the chaos. The uproar subsided for more sitar, then Ellis urged the faithful on to greater efforts. They coiled up and came on like dervishes.

Seven again (3-2-2) on *A New Kind of*

Country, a high-spirited affair full of barn-dance merriment and good trombone figures, with Starr moderate on tenor. *Homecoming*, a ballad, was a maudlin effort, too close to the corn. *Open Beauty* was all gossamer and electronic lace with delicate flutings, and Ellis, on a long solo, using amplification to stretch, distort, and magnify brief trumpet flurries, using tape echoes, canon-form, to build slender minarets of sound. Robinson's piano solo and the unison flute voicings—the entire reed section doubled—were the best things in *New Horizons*, done in 17.

A moody ballad mantle was thrown over *Angel Eyes* and *Over the Rainbow*—knife-edged trumpets, brooding trombones, a mournful ebb and flow to the reeds. Both were trumpet features. Lead Glenn Stuart can climb as fast and stay as beautifully poised as a falcon. Ellis, on *Eyes* (and on a fair share of his solo time throughout other pieces), showed good tone and formidable technique, but his flights are sometimes erratic and his concept a trifle dated—a little off the modern slipstream.

The band swung through Hank Levy's *Passacaglia and Fugue*, a cornerstone when it began building its reputation, and there was a similar bowed bass intro with

bristling brass passages on a piece whose divisions, 3-3-2-2 etc., added up to its title, 19.

Upstart, in 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ (a mere third from orthodoxy), had Shulman on clarinet, shivering tambourine effects, fierce shrilling from piccolos, and Ellis putting in his best work on fluegelhorn. There was a string of solos on *Impossible Mission*, a temperamental piece in many moods, the best shine coming from Beutler's alto.

The pith helmet again for *Ty Hai* and *Indian Lady*, sun-streaked efforts with lots of blaze in the brass, raga forms delivered with feeling and force and martial bagpipe drones from the saxes. Good solos from Robinson—and nimble trombone from Sanchez (the best of the soloists) in *Lady*.

Ellis' bloods run through the complicated time signatures and cycles with the confidence of musical math majors. The trio of bassists and the often Latin-tinged percussion are ideal banderillas for the bull-like rushes of the brass, and the saxes sleight-of-hand admirably with clarinets, flutes and piccolos. But there are thorns in the Ellisian fields. Chops and changes in the time signatures seldom give the band a chance to settle into a smooth groove; for all the subtlety of cross-rhythms and changing patterns there is sometimes a lack of musical depth, only a surface excitement; forceful solo work abounds, but seldom a phrase really worth committing to memory.

But the band is barely out of its cocoon. Chances are, Ellis, who during this performance wore a gay striped siren-type suit in—I think—13/8 time, is a forward-looking fellow. And though the notion might be anathema to him, it would be nice to hear the band stretch out in four-four once in a while.

—Sammy Mitchell

The New Jazz Orchestra of Las Vegas Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Dick Alber, John Hudgens, Herb Phillips, Carl Saunders, Louis Valizan, trumpets; Archie Le Coque, Abe Nole, Dan Trinter, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Tex Bauck, Ralph Pollak, French horns; Dick Paladino, Dick Busey, Jim Cowger, Tom Hall, Dick Kastel, reeds; Tom Marth, guitar; Billy Christ, bass; Ted Snyder, tuba; Santo Savino, drums. Guest soloists: Carl Fontana, trombone; Ron Feuer, piano, organ. Tommy Hodges, director.

Competition is increasing among rehearsal bands in this swinging oasis. Perhaps we should say it is increasing among those who can get a book together—such as Tommy Vig, Raoul Romero, Abe Nole, Rick Davis, and Jimmy Guinn. The distinction is made because there seems to be a nucleus of preferred sidemen that consistently appears in these "bands"—a nucleus based on reliable musicianship.

Familiar faces made familiar sounds in the newest of these rehearsal bands, led by London-born trombonist Hodges. The names of Alber, Phillips, Valizan, Le Coque, Nole, Paladino, and Savino promised responsible section work and strong solos. The addition of guest soloists Fontana and Feuer (probably the most sought-after Las Vegas jazzmen) reinforced that promise. The only unknown quantity (except for a work heard by this reviewer in a Vig concert last year) was Hodges.

The concert boosted Hodges into a local prominence he well deserves. He proved himself to be efficient as an organizer (all the players listed in the program showed up); modest (only two of the works included were originals); straightforward as a communicator (his nervous intensity provided foil for the dry wit of emcee Joe Delaney); and unostentatiously honest as a leader (once the tempo was set, he stepped aside, unless certain dynamics had to be stressed).

Hodges looked all the way back for his opener, Bach's *Arioso*—not only chronologically, but also in terms of big-band voicings that sounded slightly dated. "Dated," however, is not a dirty word, but merely a description of the band sounds of the '40s. Hodges captured that flavor as well as the strict polyphony of the Baroque. Busey contributed a fine alto solo.

The Sweetest Sounds had some atypical voicings: tuba, guitar, and bass in unison for the first and out choruses, cushioned by muted trumpets. There was strong solo playing by Phillips, who moved from muted trumpet to fluegelhorn.

Algo Bueno by Dizzy Gillespie was a nice tribute, but should have been taken at a brighter tempo. Savino pushed the band with authority, in addition to taking a fine solo. Other solo statements came from trumpeters Valizan and Phillips.

Variations on Two Blues was a well-conceived arrangement that put *Straight, No Chaser* through its paces: first as a strict Dixieland and then in double-time bop treatment. The two-beat portion was highlighted by melodic use of tuba by Snyder, and a strong trumpet solo by Saunders with good pointilistic jabs in the background. The double-time—goosed by Savino's drums—featured fine solo work by Valizan on fluegelhorn, Busey and Le Coque, as the *Straight, No Chaser* theme wove its way through the accompaniment.

Another skillfully written arrangement, *Jazz Montage for Electronic Organ and Jazz Orchestra*, worked over two sides of *Alfie*—the Burt Bacharach tune and the Sonny Rollins theme from the film.

Feuer, on organ, took the lead, playing the *Alfie* melody as a jazz waltz. After the orchestra pushed the tune to a way-up 3/4, Feuer transformed the Rollins theme into a moderate, funk-filled swinger. A similar feeling was continued by Marth's guitar solo.

Hodges managed to weld both themes together—the Rollins theme in minor and the Bacharach melody in its relative major. A final restatement of the *Alfie* melody, another reference to the jazz waltz, and the montage swept to a firm conclusion.

Hodges' own impressions of *The Day of the Triffids* (a science-fiction story) instituted a series of seven independent jazz pieces. Among the highlights were atmospheric woodwind voicings in the introduction; electric bass used to good advantage for a boogie-woogie ostinato; outstanding solo work by Valizan, Phillips, Le Coque, and Paladino, whose hard-edged alto is heard more in lead than in solo.

The showcase of the afternoon was another Hodges original: *Three Dorian Sketches for Trombone, Piano and Jazz Orchestra*, which featured Fontana and

Feuer. The idea for the piece grew out of Hodges' admiration for the Fontana-Feuer-Christ-Savino quartet. It approximated the concept of the concerto grosso: small ensemble against orchestra. Not surprisingly, the accent was on the quartet.

Fontana's solo was the high point of the concert. Against the orchestra's highly



PAT THOMPSON

Carl Fontana
High Point of Concert

syncopated backing and Feuer's tasteful, wide-open comping, the trombonist's blowing was hard-driving and exciting in the flanking movements, while the beautiful middle sketch was underscored by Feuer's occasional plucking of piano strings.

The concert was made possible by the Music Performance Trust Fund of the Recording Industry and AFM Local 369.

—Harvey Siders

The Jazz Giants

Colonial Tavern, Toronto, Canada

Personnel: Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Benny Morton, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

As everyone knows, Dixieland music has been suffering from a long hangover. Its doldrums were terminated, if only temporarily, by the combination of six musicians who make up The Jazz Giants.

It has been a long time since the Colonial Tavern resounded with such ringing sounds, for the art of this music has eluded the professional voyagers who continually masquerade under its banner. It was a remarkable change to hear the real thing. Davison, bristling with a vim and vigor that belied his 62 years and recent bout with ill health, belted out the searing lead he has long been noted for. His playing immediately stamped the music with his brand. There were differences, however.

For the first time in several years, Davison was not alone when he took off on his sorties. He was surrounded by the kind of jazz musicians who are sensitive,

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MAY 30



Wild Bill and Herb Hall: Remarkable

remarkably gifted, and well able to hold their own in any company. Both Hall and Morton offered contrast to the cornetist. Morton's trombone work was smooth and persuasive. He has a knack of subtly altering the melody while seemingly playing little more. His tone is gorgeous, his control of the higher register impeccable.

Hall is also adept at understatement. His solos were often gems of improvisation, creating whole new lines from the most timeworn of tunes. His tone occasionally reminds one of his late brother, Edmond Hall, but his music is his own. It is complex and multi-faceted, and his control is remarkable.

Pianist Hopkins is the organizer of the band. His years as a bandleader are immediately in evidence. *I Surrender, Dear* and *Blue Again* (the latter a feature for Davison) both contained simple but neat passages stamped with his arranging touch. His solo work was often stunning. It ranged from the idiomatic single note style heard on his Swingville recordings to the refined stride patterns that pointed up his association with the Harlem school of "ticklers". Hopkins is a tough man who continually searches for fresh ways to express his music. His playing was one of the definite factors in the success of this band.

Bassist Shaw and drummer Drootin provided the kind of strong rhythmic support that is essential to this music. Shaw rarely put a finger wrong. He is a much underestimated musician and the finesse and control he demonstrated in his solo feature, *Yesterdays*, had to be heard to be believed. The way he milked his instrument (under the bridge) enabled the listener to get right into his playing, and thus into the heart of the band.

Drootin was an ideal choice. He listens, and picks up all the cues that are thrown his way by the soloists, and the strength of his playing lifted the band in the final choruses when the pressure was really turned on.

The remarkable thing about this band is that it worked. Here were six of the top musicians in the business, all of whom have many years of service. From the first set, they jelled and derived continual pleasure from each other's playing. Their enthusiasm was contagious, and made the music sound fresh on each succeeding night. And that's a hard thing to do when the repertoire includes such shopworn items as *Found A New Baby*, *Indiana*, *Jazz Band Ball*, etc.

The Jazz Giants is a true description of this band. They really play the music.

—John Norris

Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Larry McGuire, Ronnie Ossa, Conto Candoli, Don Rader, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Dave Wells, Lou Blackburn, Jim Amlotte, trombones; Vinco DeRosa, Henry Sigismonti, James McGee, Arthur Maebe, George Price, French horns; Gabo Baltazar, Bill Perkins, Gene Cigrano, John Rotella, John Lowe, Bernie Fleischer, reeds; Catharine Gotthofer, harp; Ray Sherman, piano; John Caleffie, guitar; Bob West, bass; John Bambridge, tuba; Norm Jeffries, drums; Emil Richards, Frank Carlson, percussion; Michel Legrand, Hugo Montenegro, conductors. Guest soloist: Louis Bellson, drums. Special guests assisting Legrand: Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

The second Neophonic concert of the season presented an opportunity to compare conducting styles. The orchestra's permanent conductor, Stan Kenton, was on the road, leaving the podium open to guests Legrand and Montenegro, each well-known as a composer-conductor.

The contrast was instructive. Legrand was flamboyant; Montenegro was business-like. Legrand relied on dramatic gestures; Montenegro was as precise as a metronome. Legrand contorted his body to draw out dynamic shadings or punctuate phrasing; Montenegro "guided" the orchestra through the scores, allowing the sections to follow the markings. Legrand hummed audibly while conducting; Montenegro was quiet.

Each conducted half of the concert, and each half sparkled.

Again the men of the Neophonic proved their superior reading ability and their collective urge to swing in a number of outstanding compositions, two of which were repeats from the debut season.

Both holdovers came in Legrand's half: Jim Knight's *Music for an Unwritten Play* and Allyn Ferguson's *Passacaglia and Fugue*.

Knight's piece is the height of economy, constructed on one all-purpose theme that begins like *How Dry I Am*, in a minor key. The work unfolds like the score for a western movie. Following some tightly clustered big-band jazz (including a delicious alto solo by Baltazar) there was a fast section with horns broadly stating the theme over off-beat brass jabs that seemed to imply hoofbeats. The broad strokes carried through to a heroic climax—heroic in the sense of a Hollywood main title.

Ferguson's composition is a scholarly and successful attempt to pour some hard-biting sectional jazz into classical molds. The work began with the lowest orchestral timbre, Lowe's contra-bass clarinet, and continued through a slow, moody, atmospheric introduction to a satanic waltz punctuated by bell and vibraharp in unison.

Rader's muted trumpet and Baltazar's alto sparked the *Passacaglia* before the brass began the *Fugue*. Solos by tenorist Perkins and trumpeter Candoli during the fugal development were much too short.

Legrand unveiled one of his exquisite chamber works, scored for six saxophones, trombone, and rhythm, entitled *Porcelaine De Saxe*. Fitzpatrick was the lone trombonist; the saxophones represented the entire family: bass, baritone, tenor, alto, soprano, and Rotella on top with a soprano. A brief, polyphonic excursion, *Porcelaine*, began and ended with quiet contrapuntal noodling by the saxophones, separated by a lush middle passage carried

by the trombone.

A crowd-pleasing interlude featured Le-grand as pianist and singer, assisted by two studio swingers who have become his moonlighting associates of late; bassist Brown and drummer Manne. Whether its inclusion during a Neophonic concert was justified can be debated; that the results were pleasing cannot.

The set began with a fast piece which had a jazz waltz for its release, and ended with a combination flamenco and bolero, built around a single minor chord. Between these two numbers came the piece de resistance: Legrand's scat-flavored version of *My Funny Valentine*, accompanied mainly by Brown's full-bodied, melodic bass lines.

Montenegro conducted four programmatic works, one of which utilized a wind machine. Works by Jack Wheaton and Ralph Pena evoked clearly etched portraits. Wheaton's *Phrygia* captured three views of the Spanish Mediterranean.

The first, featuring Rader's fluegelhorn, floated sensuously over tambourine and guitar. The second—much livelier—was cast in 5/4, broken up into three and two for accents. The soloists were Baltazar and Rader. Too little rehearsal time was evident during the uncertain closing pyramid.

Pena accented orchestral textures in his four-part tone poem, *Sierra*. Like Wheaton, he paid more attention to construction than to an attempt to achieve an inflated big-band sound—which is the direction that many of the Neophonic writers are taking.

The section marked *Wind* utilized taped sounds of wind, effectively integrated into the score. One of the finest solo statements of the concert came in Pena's work, a long, soothing solo by trombonist Wells, who has one of the smoothest tones in the business. Baltazar's bassoon was heard in a cadenza in the final movement.

Bobby Troup was represented by two pieces—both orchestrated by Bob Enevoldsen. The first, *Ronne's Lullaby*, was a brief excursion into impressionism, centered on piano and bolstered by reeds and horns. The second, *Prelude in Six Flats*, also evolved from Sherman's piano, the full orchestra commenting on the piano's lyrical phrases. *Prelude* was much thinner than *Lullaby*, and should have been clothed in the same "chamber" vestments.

The finale was devoted to Bellson's *Jazz Ballet*: a long, ambitious work, very balletic, yet musically independent. An excellent showcase for its composer, its episodic nature embraced slow, bluesy themes; up-tempo reminiscences of Duke Ellington; good Latin sounds; stripper music conjuring up the backing for a typical Las Vegas show; and an interpretive dance section with call and response between tympani and drums.

Aside from Bellson, who propelled the orchestra, there were excellent solo contributions by Candoli and shorter solo bits by trombonist Fitzpatrick; Richards, chimes; Carlson, tympani and bongos; and tenorist Fleischer, who was added to the reed section for this piece. Also added for *Jazz Ballet*: harpist Catherine Gotthoffer, the first of her sex to play in the Neophonic.

—Harvey Siders

MAYALL

(Continued from page 23)

sonnel changes, and I had to come out with these statements as a sort of reassurance. Another thing is that at that time I hadn't found anybody I thought could play blues horn. The horn players we'd used on the records had been jazz artists or soul players, but mainly jazz people, who I knew were only playing this kind of music because it was a job. That sort of attitude—and it's a pretty strong one, too—runs through jazz players.

GL: How do you feel about the relationship between jazz and blues?

JM: Well, everything more or less started from blues, or rather from field songs and things. Most of jazz is built around the blues form. It's all part of the same thing, in that it is an artist's expression, through his instrument, of how he feels. There are a lot of jazz artists around today who are blues musicians. Like Roland Kirk, that's his natural thing. He gets those songs and, technique aside, he just lays into them, really heavy blues stuff. Cannonball Adderley—so many of them are basically such hard blues musicians, it's very hard anymore to make barriers, to make divisions.

GL: Well, jazz and blues have always been close, but do you think they are moving toward a fusion?

JM: I don't think anybody can answer that because it's not a fusion of jazz and blues, but more a case of a particular jazz artist being close to a particular blues artist. Sonny Boy Williamson is on an LP of Roland Kirk's (*Kirk in Copenhagen*). They just fit. Blues is the thing that holds it together. There's jazz in Sonny Boy's playing and blues in Kirk's. It also depends on the musician's outlook. We were talking before about purists who refuse to accept certain things. There are jazz players who would refuse to accept a South Side Chicago blues musician and feel it's a lower kind of music and wouldn't want to be associated with it. It just depends on the individuals.

GL: What role do you think electronic music will or should play in the blues?

JM: I can't see it at all. I'd rather not even toss it about. If we talk about blues, let's talk about Negro blues. *That is blues.*

GL: Well, do you see the blues ever going in a different direction?

JM: It's hard to say, really. I mean, all I know is that blues does keep up to date with the times. It's bound to be influenced by pop music, by almost everything around. It has to reflect the times, the conditions and so forth. 

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

iam Makeba cut short her Coconut Grove engagement in order to attend Dr. King's funeral in Atlanta. But activity returned to normal gradually with shots in the arm being provided by the delayed Academy Awards ceremony and the final concert of the Los Angeles Neophonic. Many jazz-oriented musicians filled the ranks of the 45-piece ensemble directed by Elmer Bernstein: John Audino, Manny Klein, trumpets; Dick Noel, George Roberts, trombones; Ted Nash, Ronnie Lang, Gene Cipriano, reeds; Bob Bain, guitar; Ray Brown, Max Bennett, basses; Shelly Manne, drums; Lou Singer, percussion. Among the arrangers were Ralph Burns, Marty Paich, and Dave Grusin . . . Stan Kenton conducted the third (and final) Neophonic concert. The night before the second rehearsal, Kenton was in Independence, Mo. with his non-Neophonic band. He flew in the next morning for the rehearsal, then winged to Philadelphia immediately after the concert to rejoin his band . . . Calvin Jackson is writing a symphonic work dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King. As he describes it, it is a tone poem for cello and orchestra. Jackson just ended a long engagement at the Saddleback Inn. The duo began with Dave Dyson on bass and ended with Carson Smith on bass. On May 23, he will head south for a month's engagement at La Concha in Mexico City with Smith and Jerry Granelli on drums. The trio will also be featured in a weekly Mexico City TV show. The Cerritos College Stage Band recently devoted a concert to Jackson's works . . . A rhythm-and-blues version of Shakespeare's *Othello* called *Catch My Soul* was premiered here prior to opening in London and Broadway. The pit band, under reed man Jack Kelso's direction, had its share of jazz musicians: Freddie Hill, Alan Weight, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Dave Roberts, Dick Leith, trombones; Dave Shearer, reeds; Irving Ashby, guitar; Rene Hall, piano; Richie Frost, drums; Chino Valdes, congas; Joe Barga, percussion . . . With the success of the all-Negro *Hello Dolly* on Broadway, rumor has it that Columbia pictures is toying with the idea of an all-Negro movie of *Pal Joey* with Lou Rawls in the title role. Rawls, incidentally, followed Miss Makeba into the Coconut Grove, then departed for a tour of England during the month of May . . . Carmelo Garcia, former drummer with Mongo Santamaria now fronting his own Latin combo, recently played two weeks at Marty's-on-the-Hill, and will return to the area in June for a two-week gig at the Lighthouse. The group will also be featured for four Sunday Latin sessions at the Lighthouse. Personnel: Louis Gasca, trumpet; George Bohannon, trombone; Pete Christlieb, tenor sax; Mark Levine, piano; David Troncoso, bass; Richard Barrientos, conga drums . . . Emil Richards fronted a group for "an evening of mixed media" (voice readings, poetry, a light show and jazz) at the Transcendental Meditation

Society, called the "Cosmic Circus" and intended to further the work of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi . . . Gene Russell went to the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco to replace pianist Gene Harris with the Three Sounds temporarily. Russell is getting thoroughly involved with a film at Universal Studios called *The Manhunter*, writing all but one of the tunes for it; conducting the score and playing piano. He even has a speaking part, and will probably be manning the box office when it opens . . . Nancy Wilson will headline the show at the Carousel Theater in West Covina June 11-16, backstopped by Buddy Rich and his orchestra. Hugh Masekela will be at the same theater-in-the-round May 28-June 2 . . . A jazz trio (Maurice Allen, piano; Chuck Domani- co, bass; John Baker, drums) received a windfall of \$2,524 from Local 47 representing back payment. They had signed a six-week contract with a Los Angeles restaurant in January 1967. A few days after they opened, the place closed. The trio filed a claim with the local's trial board—and nearly a year and a half later the loot for the balance (a \$500 bond which had been paid to the union earlier was given to the trio) was issued from escrow . . . Fred Seligo will have someone to share his darkroom permanently. The free-lance photographer, whose work has adorned these pages as well as numerous jazz album covers, was married in mid-April to Carole Cook, and the ceremony took place right on the bandstand in Shelly's Manne-Hole. Among those who entertained: Carmen McRae, Joe Pass, Bobby Troup. Those who just came along, anxious to see a wedding in a Manne-Hole, included Gary Burton, Roy Haynes, Larry Bunker, Benny Carter, Bill Cosby and Leonard Feather . . . Roger Kellaway is rehearsing an onzette—just about ready to unveil it, if there are enough clubs around willing to take on 11 pieces. Personnel of the new group: Buddy Childers, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jim Sawyer, trombone; Dave Duke, French horn; Tom Scott, reeds; Bobby Bruce, Lennie Mularsky, violins; Ray Kelley, cello; Chuck Domanico, bass; John Guerin, drums; Emil Richards, percussion. According to Kellaway, the group is getting further away from jazz and gravitating toward classical idioms . . . The Playboy Club continues to keep the jazz fraternity happy. Mavis Rivers did two weeks there along with Red Norvo and his quartet (Mike Wofford, piano; Ralph Pena, bass; Tom Albering, drums). The following two weeks saw another double booking: Marlana Shaw in the Playroom; the Les McCann Trio in the Living Room . . . Sergio Mendes brought his *Brasil '66* to the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium for a one-nighter . . . The Three Sounds have filled in many of the Monday and weekend gaps at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . The Pilgrimage Outdoor Theater will be presenting a double program on June 2: the Roger Kellaway Quartet and the Sound of Feeling. The following Sunday, June 9, will feature Stan Kenton and his orchestra . . . One of the better-known Dixieland drummers in the area, Walt Ventre, has

passed away. He had been quite active in traditional jazz groups in Southern California . . . Guitarist Ron Anthony resumed his series of intimate concerts at the E'Questre Inn in Burbank. The effect is like the 18th century musicales, but the sounds are strictly contemporary. Personnel for the opening concert: Tommy Flanagan, piano; Gene Cherico, bass; Bobby Morin, drums . . . The Clara Ward Singers were featured at Disneyland during Easter week. Mahalia Jackson was at the Forum at the same time . . . Jonah Jones has been signed for a three-week gig at the Hong Kong Bar starting July 17 . . . Harry James launched a string of 42 one-nighters . . . Leonard Bernstein is toying with the idea of using the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra for one of his CBS-TV concerts next season . . . Anita Kerr made her nitery debut at the Troubador with a one-week engagement . . . Michel Legrand just finished scoring the film *Thomas Crown Affair* . . . Johnny Williams was signed to score a new ABC-TV series, *Land of the Giants*. It will make its bow in the fall . . . Frances Faye was featured for a two nighter at San Diego's Gaslight Club . . . Bud Brisbois sat in with Mike Barone's band at Donte's . . . Max Bennett subbed for Chuck Domanico, and drummer John Baker sat in for John Guerin as Jack Sheldon brought his group into Donte's for a one-nighter. Also with the group: guitarist Jack Marshall . . . Louis Armstrong follows his Latin Quarter gig in New York with three weeks of shooting *Hello Dolly* here for 20th Century Fox. During the filming, Satchmo will sneak in a one-nighter at the San Diego Convention Hall . . . Shelly's Manne-Hole featured classical Indian music for four Sunday afternoons, but at night, the familiar Western sounds gissipated the lingering incense: Ahmad Jamal was followed by T-Bone Walker and Mose Allison for one week each before Jimmy Smith came in for two frames . . . One of the rhythmic rocks of Gibraltar will be keeping a different kind of time for the next couple of years: Steve Bohannon, who played drums with Don Ellis' big band, and organ with Howard Roberts' quartet, as well as leading his own combo, has been drafted.

Chicago: Stan Kenton's scheduled two-nighter at the Plugged Nickel was one casualty of the April disturbances here, which closed down all entertainment on North Wells St. for several days. Herbie Mann, with Roy Ayers, vibes; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Miroslav Vitous, bass, and Bruno Carr, drums, opened at the Nickel as scheduled. Odell Brown and the Organizers shared the stand with Mann. They were followed by Cal Tjader. Wes Montgomery, his brothers (pianist Buddy and bassist Monk) and drummer Billy Hart hold forth through May 26; singer Joe Williams comes in for a week May 28 to June 2; Latin jazzdom's Willie Bobo will be featured June 5 to 16; and Horace Silver's new group makes its first Chicago appearance June 19-30 . . . Buddy Rich's projected one-week stand at the Club Laurel was shaved down to four nights due to the curb on nightlife . . .

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The **Soulful Strings**, a 14-piece strings-and-rhythm ensemble directed by bassist **Richard Evans**, will make its first public appearance at the London House for four weeks starting June 12. The ensemble has been a big success on Cadet records . . . Folk singer-guitarist **Arlo Guthrie** did a single at Orchestra Hall April 19 . . . **Mel Torme** broke it up at Mr. Kelly's in April. **Spanky and her Gang** open at the Rush Street emporium for a three-week frame May 29 . . . The **Old Town Players**, located at 1718 North Park, will present the **Richard Abrams Ensemble** (**Leo Smith**, **John Jackson**, trumpets; **Anthony Braxton**, alto sax; **Maurice McIntyre**, **John Stubblefield**, tenor saxes; **Leroy Jenkins**, violin; **Abrams**, piano, reeds; **Charles Clark**, bass; **Alvin Fielder**, drums; **Sherri Scott**, vocals; **Rosetta Ewing**, dance) in concert May 19. Sunday concerts of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians at Abraham Lincoln community center, halted in early April, resumed in early May . . . **Philip Cohran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble**, reported to be temporarily out of its home (*DB*, May 16), the **AFFRO Arts Theater**, is back in action with its full program of music, dance and drama every Friday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m. . . . **Wayne Cochran** returned to the **Happy Medium** April 30, by popular demand, as the saying goes . . . **Bob Crosby** and the **Bobcats** did a month at the Conrad Hilton Hotel's Boulevard Room, with **Yank Lawson**, trumpet; **Cutty Cutshall**, trombone; **Matty Matlock**, clarinet; **Bob Wilber**, tenor sax; and **Dave McKenna**, piano, in the lineup. Pianist **Billy Maxted's** band followed.

New Orleans: Jazz will dominate the New Orleans Pops programs this season. **Mel Torme** will open the series June 21-22. The June 28-29 program will spotlight pianist **Ronnie Kole** and his trio, and on July 4-5, **Pete Fountain** will be featured . . . Tenor saxophonist **Alvin Tyler** underwent surgery in April for a lung ailment, causing him to cancel his appearance on *Jazzfest '68*. Drummer **June Gardner**, co-leader of a combo with Tyler at VIP lounge, called in tenor man **James Rivers** to substitute . . . Trumpeter **Porgy Jones** is playing afterhours sessions at the Birdland on weekends . . . April brought a major shuffle in bands on Bourbon Street. Organist **Willie Tee** and the **Souls** moved into the Dream Room, replacing blues vocalist **Ernie K-Doe**. Trumpeter **Roy Liberto** took his band on the road for a month while veteran trumpeter **Dutch Andrus** filled in at the Famous Door . . . The Paddock brought in tenor saxophonist **Ernest Holland's** quasi-Dixieland group in place of trumpeter **Thomas Jefferson's** jazz combo. Jefferson had recently acquired drummer **Fred Kohlman** . . . Elsewhere in town, **Joe Burton's** modern trio left the plush Top of the Mart lounge. Clarinetist-guitarist **Paul Guma** and his combo stay on . . . Pianist **Stan Mendelson** took a leave of absence from the Outrigger to play a duo with bassist **Bill Porter** at the San Antonio Hemisfair. Both are alumni of the **Dukes of Dixie-**

land . . . Drummer **Joe Morton** joined alto saxophonist **Don Suhor's** combo at the Sho' Bar after a brief engagement with pianist **Pibe Hine** at the Jazz Casino . . . A high school stage band festival was scheduled for May 12 at Kennedy High School Auditorium under the sponsorship of the Loyola University Stage Band. According to conductor **Joe Hebert**, bands from five schools were to participate . . . Popular WYLD deejay **Groovy Gus Lewis** made his debut as a vocalist recently with a series of singles for a local label . . . Trombonist **Nick Gagliardi** cut an LP with his group, **Nicky's Jass Band**, on White Cliffs Records. The combo is a frequent substitute at Pete Fountain's club when the clarinetist is on tour. Fountain and **Louis Armstrong** were honored last month when a dubloon was cut with their pictures on either side in connection with New Orleans' 250th Anniversary Celebration . . . The April meeting-concert of the New Orleans Jazz Club was dedicated to the late **Buglin' Sam Dekemel**. Dekemel's horn was presented to the Jazz Museum the following day by his widow . . . Composer **William Grant Still** conducted the New Orleans Symphony in several of his works at a McAllister Auditorium concert sponsored by Dillard University . . . Dr. **Edmond Souchon** addressed the American Association of Anatomists in April on the anatomy of jazz. Souchon and **Al Rose's** book *New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album* was awarded the Louisiana Library Association's annual literary award.

Baltimore: The recent disturbances in Baltimore forced a number of cancellations, but there were some compensations. The Jazz Society of Performing Artists, which has been dormant since its activities at the Forest Manor in Forest Park stopped some time ago, has revived and regrouped at the Alpine Villa on Harford Road. Concerts will be held on Monday nights. On April 8, the Society brought in **Lee Morgan**, **Curtis Fuller** and **Clifford Jordan**. Also in the group were Baltimore pianist **Donald Criss**, bassist **Mike Seymour**, and drummer **Jinhimi Johnson**. The Alpine Villa is also back to a jazz policy, and early in April featured the **Young-Holt Trio** . . . Bandleader-composer **Hank Levy**, who has been playing concerts around town with his Towson State Band, took the group to compete in the Lycoming College jazz festival in Williamsport, Penn. at the end of April . . . **Diahann Carroll** and the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra** were booked for May 4 at the Civic Center.

London: Singer **Jon Hendricks** was held over for another month after finishing his March stint at Ronnie Scott's Club. He shared the bill with **Phil Woods**, who appeared from April 1-20 before leaving for Holland, where he hopes to live with his wife and children "indefinitely" while working in Europe. Following Woods into Scott's was tenorman **Hank Mobley**, who shares the bill until May 18 with London-based vocalist **Selina Jones**, who was

known as **Joan Shaw** in New York . . . Two other expatriate New York ladies sang at the London Playboy Club in March and April respectively, **Joy Marshall** and **Sylvia De Sayles** . . . Recent Americans in London included tenorist **J.R. Monterose** and drummers **Rashied Ali**, **Barry Altschul** and **Stu Martin**. Ali recorded an album with fellow drummer **John Stevens** during his stay, which will be released on Island Records' new avant garde Hexagram label. Stevens, acting as unofficial a&r man for the label, used his own homemade drumset for one track while Ali played a very small, 9" wide snare and undersized cymbal. For the rest of the session, their roles were exchanged. "John really has another kind of set!" exclaimed Ali. The rest of the personnel was **Evan Parker**, soprano; **Trevor Watts**, alto; **Dave Holland** and **Peter Kowald**, basses. Stevens, Watts, Holland, fluegelhornist **Kenny Wheeler** and guitarist **Derek Bailey** also appeared at a Berlin art gallery April 26-29 during an exhibition of British paintings . . . Altschul swung for one night in March alongside **Louis Moholo**, the incandescent drummer with the **Chris McGregor Band**, before leaving for gigs in Holland with vibist **Dave Pike**. McGregor, whose band opened a new Portsmouth jazz club April 22, also took part in an Africa Center tribute on April 17 to the late South African playwright **Todd Matshikiza**, whose *King Kong* launched **Miriam Makeba** to stardom . . . **Andre Previn** has been appointed principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra . . . **Count Basie** tours with **Georgie Fame**, Britain's most truly soulful singer, from April 20 . . . **Dexter Gordon** played April 11-14 at Manchester's Club 43.

Toronto: **Earl Hines** and his trio appeared at the Colonial for a two-week date. With him were new singer **Marva Josie** plus regulars **Budd Johnson**, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; **Oliver Jackson**, drums . . . **Cannonball Adderley** was slated for The Town but, like all union musicians, had to bow out when it appeared that the bartenders' strike which began in late February would continue . . . The **Brian Browne Trio** is back at Castle George . . . The Club Embassy has announced that it will feature **Louis Armstrong** in May . . . The **Junior Wells Chicago Blues Band** was at the Riverboat for two weeks . . . The **Wild Bill Davison Jazz Giants** engagement at the Colonial was so successful that the band has been re-booked for two months in the summer.

Japan: Four of the five **Blue Comets** rock group, including leader **Jackie Yoshikawa**, suffered serious burns April 8 when a dozen balloons blew up in their faces during a photography session for a weekly magazine. Yoshikawa, **Tadao Inoue**, **Kenji Takahashi**, and **Hirayoshi Oda** were burned about their faces and hands. The fifth Blue Comet, **Tsunaki Mihara**, escaped injury. The Comets, third-ranking "group sound" contenders, had just returned from the U.S. where they appeared

on the *Ed Sullivan Show* . . . At least two major Japanese recording companies are after the rock-blues band, **The House Rockers**, composed entirely of Americans. Cutting hinges on approval from U.S. military authorities, a necessity under the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty. American servicemen are not allowed to compete for jobs with Japanese, but The Rockers have no competition in their specialty, currently being the only rock-blues band in the entire country. Leader is tenorist **Richie Gigger**, who also leads the U.S. Army Japan military band. The other much younger members are drummer **Delmar Burge**, a Detroit native now studying at Sophia University in Tokyo; pianist **Al Bemis**, electric organist **John Brinson**, and vocalist **Joe Pierre**, all from New Orleans; bassist **Joe Munoz** from New York, and vocalist **Chet Fortune** from Washington D.C. With the exception of Burge, all the House Rockers are Army or Air Force bandmen . . . In what has become almost an annual event, a package of name drummers from the U.S. was scheduled to tour Japan for two weeks ending May 2. This year's stars were to be **Max Roach**, **Joe Morello**, and **Jo Jones**. Roach was with the first such drum package here in 1964, with **Roy Haynes**, **Shelly Manne**, and **Philly Joe Jones** . . . An early April jazz concert at Shibuya Public Hall in Tokyo featured alto man **Sadao Watanabe** and his quintet and **Nobuo Hara** and the **Sharps & Flats** big band. The concert came in the middle of a 17-day, four-shows-a-day gig for the Sharps & Flats at the U.S. Department of Agriculture-sponsored American Festival, a U.S. food product trade fair, at Tokyo's Harumi Pier. Shakuhaichi virtuoso **Minoru Muraoka** was also featured with the band on one number . . . The U.S.-owned **Nicola's Restaurant** now features **Tommy Palmer** as house band. Palmer alternates with groups headed by alto man **Sandy Simms**, pianist-vibist-drummer **Paul Galloway**, and trombonist **Roger Dennison** . . . **Kuni Sugano**, a jazz pianist and former leader of his own trio, has settled into the cocktail piano routine at the Hilton's Lipo Bar. Sugano shares 88 chores with **Ken Sugino**. Kuni worked most of the time with clarinetist **Tony Scott** during the latter's residence here a few years ago. Later he joined tenor man **Sleepy Matsumoto** and remained with Sleepy until taking on the Hilton cocktail hour chores some months ago. Sugano plans to go to New York late this year when his father, a leading Japanese trader, opens a New York branch office.

Norway: The Molde Festival will take place this year from July 27 to Aug. 3. The first three days will be devoted to Norwegian poets, painters and classical musicians, and the remaining dates to jazz. Set at presstime were **Phil Woods**; German trumpeter **Manfred Schoof's** group; the trio of **Kenny Drew**, **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** and **Al Heath**; and a local avant garde trio led by **Svein Finnerud** . . . **Art Farmer's** visit here was a great success. As previously mentioned, he was reunited with pianist **Steve Kuhn**, and also appeared with Swedish singer

Monica Zetterlund . . . Altoist **Marion Brown** was scheduled for an April concert at Trondheim, with tenorist **Jan Garbarek**, bassist **Aril Andersen**, drummer **Jon Christensen**, **Kuhn** and **Miss Zetterlund** also on the bill, followed by dates for **Brown** in Oslo, Bergen, and Tonsberg . . . **Miss Zetterlund** and **Karin Krog** duetted at the Sogn student jazz club with such good results that the ladies may team up for future engagements . . . Pianist-composer **Dollar Brand**, in Stockholm in April, was expected to work the Oslo-Bergen-Tonsberg circuit following **Brown's** visit . . . The Norwegian Jazz Forum's first spring concert featured trumpeter **Rowland Greenberg**, with prize-winning pianist-composer **Tor Hultin**, bassist **Knut Ljum**, and drummer **Svein Christiansen**; a band co-led by trumpeter **Atle Hammer** and tenorist **Mikkel Flagstad**; **Svein Finerud's** trio, and trumpeter **Per Borthen's** Swing Department Ltd.

Poland: *Jazz on the Oder*, a student festival, took place in Wroclaw March 8-10. Groups and soloists from 10 student centers participated. The jury, with tenor saxist-composer **Ptaszyn Wroblewski** as chairman, awarded first place prizes to the **Old Timers** (traditional group); **Paradoks** (modern group), and singers **Marianna Wroblewska** and **Wojciech Skowronski**. Seminars, poster exhibits, etc. were also held . . . The well-known Rumanian pianist **Jancy Korossy** appeared in Poland with his quartet recently . . . **Krzysztof Penderecki**, a leading contemporary composer, is writing his first jazz piece for German pianist **Alexander von Schlippenbach**. It will be premiered at the 1970 Donaueschingen festival . . . The **Manhattan Percussion Ensemble**, touring here, appeared with a Polish jazz group in Warsaw . . . A new Polish jazz star, blind pianist **Mieczyslaw Kosz**, appeared with his trio at the International Jazz Festival in Vienna . . . **Hagaw**, a trad group, was at the Nurenberg jazz festival in Germany . . . The vocal quartet **Novi** appeared on TV in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, and has recorded for the German SABA label, which is very popular here. The American ESP label also has a big following . . . Top Polish vibraharpist **Jerzy Milian** frequently writes for Belgian radio, and recently recorded his suite for vibes and big band, *Realities*, there.

Czechoslovakia: The Four Freshmen toured here in March, and presented an outstanding concert in Bratislava. Solos by multi-instrumentalist **Bob Flanigan** were a highlight, as was **Bill Comstock's** guitar work . . . The **Gustav Brom** big band played a concert at the Brno radio April 1 with guest artists **Hans Koller**, tenor sax, from Vienna, and **Peter Herboltsheimer**, trombone, from West Germany. Two days later, the visitors participated in a jam session at the Ornis jazz club with American drummer **Bill Moody**, and local musicians **Jaromir Hnilicka**, trumpet; **Mojimir Bartek**, trombone; **Josef Andes**, baritone; **Josef Blaha**, piano, and **Imre Mozi**, bass.

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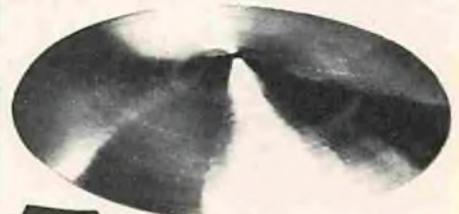
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WHERE WHEN

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

Allibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Duke Barlow, wknds.
 Apartment: Ray Starling, Luba Lisa, Charles DeForest, tfn.
 Arthur's Tavern: unk.
 Basie's: unk.
 Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Pucho to 5/19. Rufus Harley, 5/21-26.
 Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
 Cassey's: Freddie Redd.
 Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
 Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
 Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
 Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie & Vicki Barnes.
 Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
 Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
 Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
 Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
 Don: unk.
 Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
 Fish's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
 Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Dave Rivera to 6/16.
 Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Toomey, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
 Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
 Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Utano, Ray Nance.
 Gladstone Pushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
 Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
 Half Note: Ruby Braff to 5/19.
 Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): Ed Walsh, Fri.-Sat.
 Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
 La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
 Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
 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.
 L'Intrigue: unk.
 Little Club: Johnny Morris.
 Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
 Metropole: unk.
 Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
 Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
 Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
 007: Horace Parlan, Ernie Banks.
 Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
 Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Welss, Effie.
 Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Charlie Mason.
 Pookie's Pub: unk.
 Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
 Rainbow Grill: Ella Fitzgerald to 5/18, Duke Ellington, 5/20-6/29.
 Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
 Shepherd's: The Teachers to 6/2.
 Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Sports Corner: Brew Moore.
 Starfire (Levittown): Al Williams, Fri.-Sat., tfn.
 Guest Night, Mon.
 Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
 Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
 Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
 Tomhawk Room (Roslyn): unk.
 Tom Jones: Otto-McLawler Trio to 5/26.
 Top of the Gate: Teddy Wilson to 5/19.
 Travelers (Queens): unk.
 Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart, Stan Hope.

Village Gate: unk.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
 White Plains Hotel: unk.
 Winecellar: unk.
 Zebra Club (Levittown): Bobby Layne, tfn.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun.
 Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. John Klemmer, Wed.
 Cat's Eye: Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
 Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
 Earl of Old Town: Terry Collier.
 Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
 Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
 Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reihardt.
 Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
 London House: George Shearing to 5/26. Ramsey Lewis, 5/28-6/9. Soulful Strings, 6/12-7/10.
 Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens, Mario Aracri, Fri.-Sat.
 Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
 Mister Kelly's: Spanky and Our Gang, 5/29-6/15. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hrs.
 Mother Blues: various blues groups.
 Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
 Old Town Players: Richard Abrams Ensemble, 5/19.
 Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Inco, hrs.
 Plugged Nickel: Wes Montgomery to 5/26. Joe Williams, 5/28-6/2. Willie Robo, 6/5-16. Horace Silver, 6/19-30.
 Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
 Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
 Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
 Scotch Mist: unk.
 Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Hill of Fare: Dave Holden.
 Caribbean: Janelle Hawkins.
 Carousel Theater (West Covina): Hugh Masekela, 5/28-6/2. Nancy Wilson, Buddy Rich, 6/11-16.
 Center Field: Richard Dorsey. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.
 Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
 China Trader (Toluca Luke): Bobby Troup, Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
 Circle Star Theater (San Carlos): Ray Charles, 5/25-6/2.
 Club Casbah: Gerald Wiggins, Wed.-Sun.
 Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
 Donte's (North Hollywood): Gulltar Night, Mon.
 Mike Barone, Wed. Brass Night, Thur. Howard Roberts, 5/17-18, 24-25, 5/31-6/1.
 Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
 Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
 Fisherman's Wharf (San Diego): name groups, Sun.
 Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
 La Concha (Mexico City): Calvin Jackson, 5/23-6/18.
 Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land to 5/26. Carmelo Garcia, 5/28-6/9. Big Black, 6/4-23. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
 Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
 Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon.
 Melodyland (Anaheim): Wes Montgomery, 5/28-6/2. Ray Charles, 6/4-9.
 Memory Lane: Jazz, nightly.
 Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
 940 Club: Stan Worth.
 Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green, Rita Graham. Celebrity night, Mon.
 Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
 Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson, Clara Bryant, Sun.
 Pilgrimage Theater: Clare Fischer, Dave Mackay, 5/19. Mike Lang, Emil Richards, 5/26.
 Sound of Feeling, Roger Kellaway, 6/2.

Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
 Ruffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
 Redd Foxx: Slim Jackson, hb.
 Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
 Reuben's Restaurants (Newport/Tustin/Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Les McCann to 5/19.
 Gabor Szabo, 5/21-6/2. Cannonball Adderley, 6/4-16. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
 Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
 Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
 Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
 Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.

NEW ORLEANS

Birdland: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours.
 Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
 Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
 Dream Room: Willie Tee & the Souls.
 Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
 Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberty, hrs.
 Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
 Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland, 5/13-25.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Municipal Auditorium: Jazzfest '68, 5/16-19.
 Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
 Storyville: Warren Luening.
 Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
 Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
 VIP: June Gardner, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

AFM Local No. 274: jazz, wknds.
 Aqua Lounge: jazz, Mon.-Sat.
 Cadillac Club: jazz, Mon.-Sat.
 Club Harlem (Atlantic City, N.J.): name groups. Johnny Lynch, hb.
 Latin Casino (Camden, N.J.): name groups.
 Peps Musical Bar: Al Grey, Mon.-Sat.
 Show Boat Jazz Theatre: name groups, wknds.
 Stardust Lounge (Chester, Pa.): name bands.

WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: unk.
 Bohemian Taverns: Les McCann to 5/26.
 Byrd's Nest: Modern Jazz Quartet to 5/18. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/20-25. Earl Hines, 5/27-6/1. Charlie Byrd, 6/3-15. Erroll Garner, 6/17-29.
 Cellar Door: unk.
 Embers: Al White, May Ward.
 Left Bank Jazz Society: concerts, Sun.
 Mr. Henry's: Roberta Flack.
 Monocle: Frank Hinton, hb.
 Ed Murphy's: unk.
 New Thing Art Center: Jazz Workshops, Tue.
 Silver Fox: John Eaton, hb.
 Three Thieves: Frank Zarba, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Modern Jazz Quartet, Laurindo Almeida, 5/17-25.
 Bop City: sessions, afterhours.
 Both/And: Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land to 5/26. Big Black, 6/22-30. Monty Waters, Ryler Jones, Sun. afternoon.
 Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy.
 El Matador: Juan Serrano to 5/18. Gabor Szabo, 5/27-8/8. Merl Saunders, 6/11-22.
 Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
 hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
 Jazz Workshop: Ahmad Jamal to 5/26.
 Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
 Latitude 38 (Sausalito): Merrill Hoover, Mary Stallinga, tfn.
 Little Cesar's: Mike Tilles, tfn.
 New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
 Pier 23: Bill Napier, wknds.
 Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
 Trident (Sausalito): unk.

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