

JUNE 13, 1968

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COMBO ISSUE

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The New Sounds of Canned Heat

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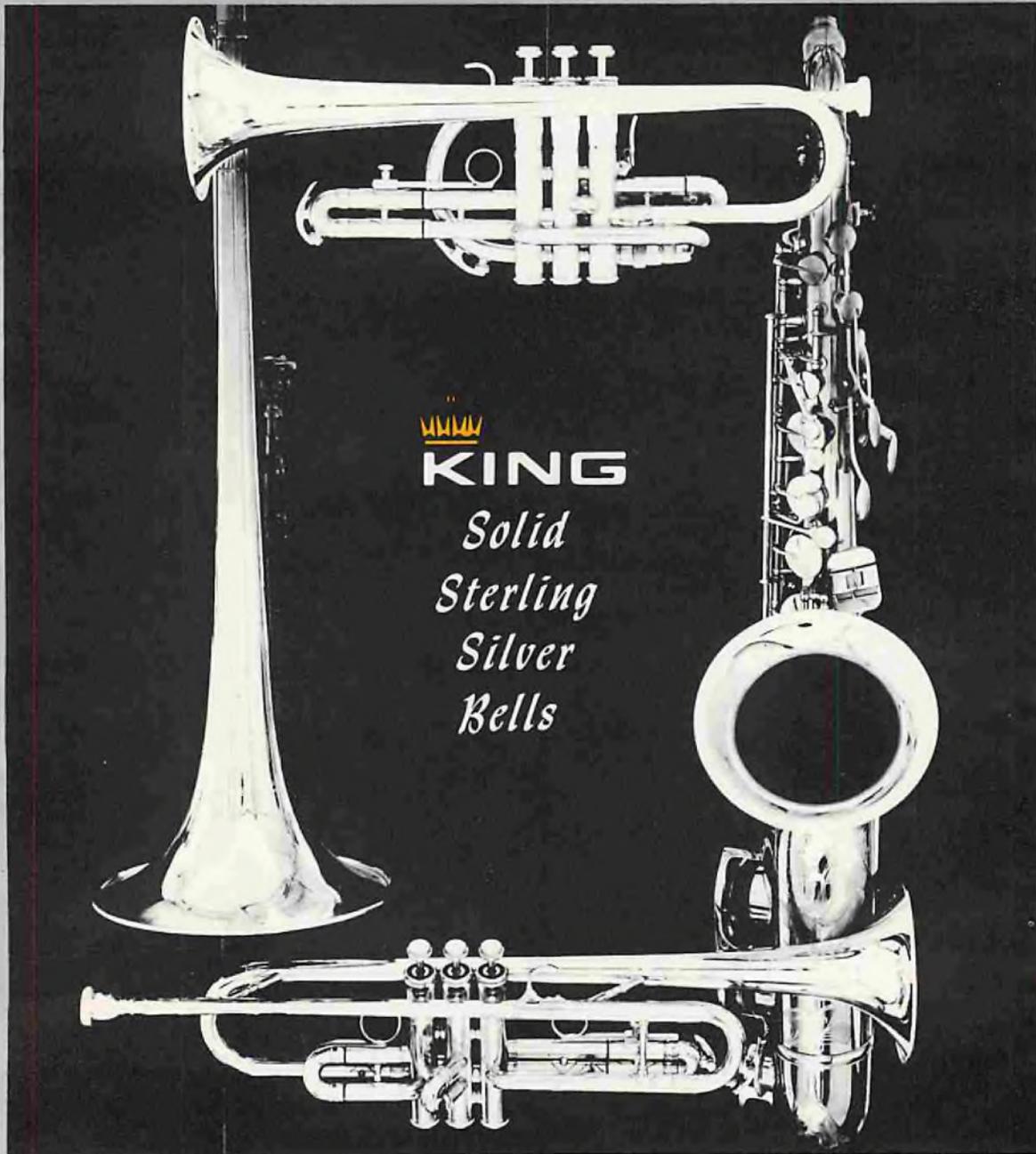
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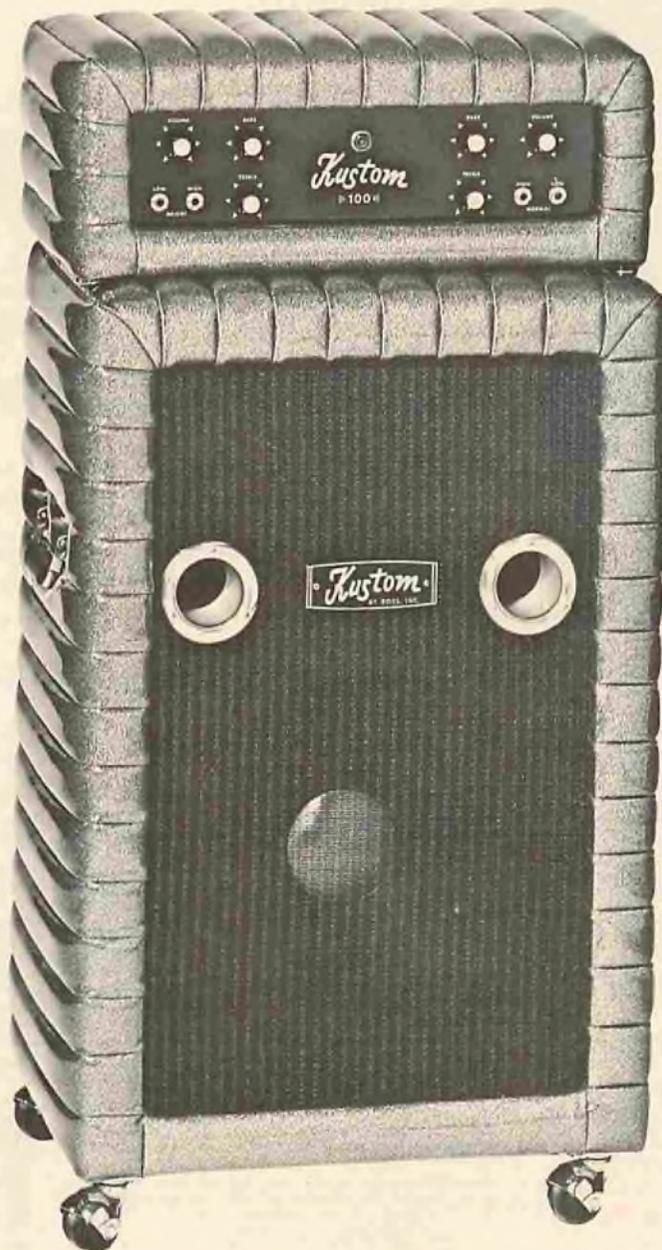
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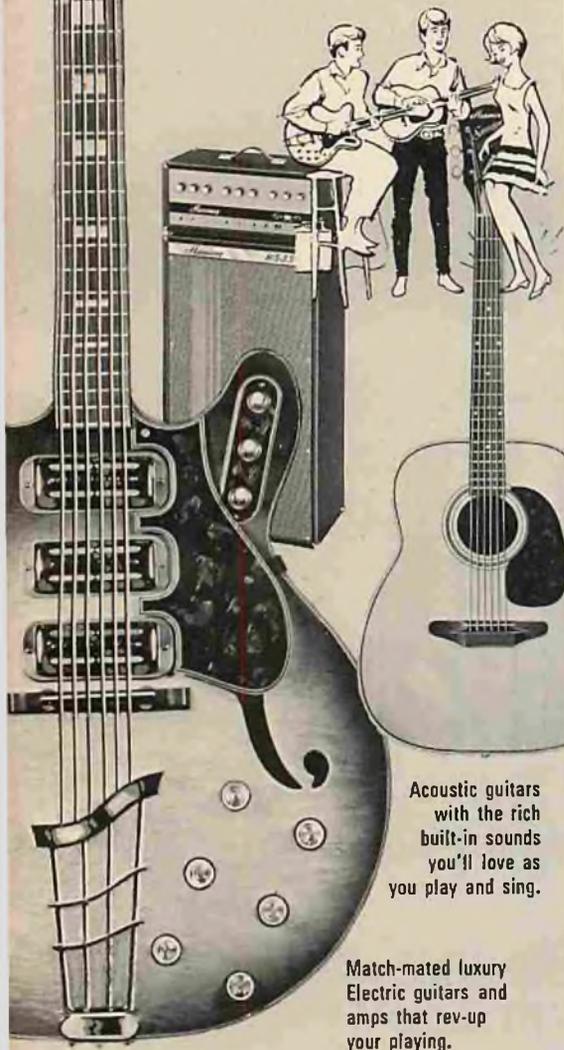


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down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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BILL QUINN
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IRA GITLER
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Gally, Advertising Sales. Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, Judith Gordon, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10019, PLaza 7-6111. Ira Gitler, Editorial. Charles Colletti, Advertising Sales.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Horne Dilemma

Just a short note to tell you how much Elliot Horne's column was enjoyed by all present when the latest issue of *Down Beat* arrived in the mail yesterday. Hope it can become a regular feature.

John Kroner
Kansas City, Mo.

Elliot Horne needs to be wrapped up again in his psychedelic corn husk and replaced (the column space, that is) by your most thoughtful critic—Michael Zwerin.

Fred O. Hirsch
Milwaukee, Wis.

Gosh!

Watching Bob Colomby perform is an awesome and totally captivating experience and seeing his beautiful smile on your cover could just possibly be leading contender for "Treat of the Year." The closest I have come to Beatlemiac-type squealing and screaming has been on the few occasions I have been lucky enough to witness Colomby making love to his drums. He is also the funniest man alive—where do I sign up for the Bob Colomby Fan Club?

I subscribed to *Down Beat* when a crippled war veteran came into my gravel-floored store on crutches selling magazines, and I remember him fondly every other week when my issue of *DB* arrives. Not only is *DB* a groove to read, I'm learning (gosh!), and my brother actually sits down and discusses music with me now.

Thank you for the article on Colomby—could we have something on the whole Blood, Sweat and Tears now? Their album is great and actually *does* have elements of whole new innovations in pop music.

Deborah Bien
Wilton, Conn.

You Said It

I recently read the review of Barry Harris' excellent *Luminescence* album (*DB*, Dec. 14). I have no argument with the review; the record has its weaknesses. But there seemed to be an attitude that the fact that Harris plays bop automatically detracts from his stature as a jazz musician.

Jazz seems to have taken a course in recent years where the musician is required to create a new style of playing in order to be acknowledged. It seems to me that a musician can be as exciting and stimulating while playing in an established idiom as a musician who explores new forms and new idioms. An obvious example is Earl Hines, who creates brilliantly inventive improvisations within a traditional style. Oscar Peterson is often criticized for

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playing in an "outmoded" style. Whatever Peterson's faults, and he has them, he is still capable of creating tremendously exciting music. Men like Harris (a truly underrated musician), Martial Solal, Lee Konitz, Kenny Dorham and many others continue to explore, and create unique and exciting jazz within basically established styles.

Jazz needs innovators, the many great musicians who continue to explore new areas and means of expression, but this is not to say that we have exhausted all the possibilities of established forms. We cannot afford to neglect, and we certainly can't afford to criticize those who continue to find excitement and beauty in any style. Perhaps if we stop analyzing and categorizing jazz, and spend more time listening to it with an open mind, it will have a better chance to survive.

William Sorin
New York City

Blindfold Reveals Blind Spots

In reading the most recent *Blindfold Tests* I have sensed a rather alarming quality among the well established jazz musicians. Ignorance. Ignorance primarily of each other's music, but ignorance also of the less well established, though certainly very talented younger jazz people.

It is inconceivable to me, for example, that Oscar Peterson was apparently introduced to Charles Lloyd's *Forest Flower* for the first time during his *Blindfold Test*. And what is even more astounding is that Peterson was not only unable to identify pianist Keith Jarrett, but that he also seemed repulsed by nearly everything Jarrett played on the cut. He was much more willing to accept Bobbie Gentry's efforts, on a purely musical basis, than Jarrett's. . . .

Similar examples of name jazz artists becoming entrenched in their own bags may be found in the Buddy Rich and Bill Evans tests. Rich was appalled by the playing of John Coltrane, and yet was not even able to criticize him by name, indicating the amount of time Rich has seen fit to spend listening to Coltrane's music. And Evans, in the May 2 *Blindfold*, could neither identify the Buddy Rich Orchestra, nor differentiate between the playing of Herbie Hancock and Horace Silver. Evans was also unable to say anything very meaningful about Clare Fischer's *Songs for Rainy Day Lovers*, an album which seems beyond musical question to me. He had never heard it before.

I am certainly not suggesting that these men listen to each other so that they might play like each other. What I am suggesting is that the well established artists owe it to themselves, and to the jazz audience, to listen just as intently to each other as they have to Art Tatum or Bird or Billie Holiday or Louis Armstrong. What is needed in jazz is unity of purpose, rather than further stratification; intelligence rather than ignorance. And this can come only through listening. Listening with the idea of understanding as fully as possible what the particular artist is trying to say.

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DICK REUDEBUSCH DIES

Trumpeter Dick Reudebusch, 42, died May 5 at St. Luke's Hospital in Milwaukee, Wis., two days before he was to have undergone heart surgery.

Reudebusch was born in Mayville, Wis. and began to play the trumpet in grade school. He played in a U.S. Army swing band during World War II, and after discharge, went to work for his father's farm implement business, also gigging with such local bands as Joe Gumin's Dixielanders.

After working several years for an auto agency in his home town, Reudebusch decided on a full-time musical career, formed a combo, and opened at the Tunnel Inn



in Milwaukee in 1957. He remained at the club for a six-year period.

One of Reudebusch's greatest fans was Woody Herman, and through the band leader's good offices, the trumpeter recorded for Jubilee Records, appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, and toured nationally with his combo.

In 1966, Reudebusch joined Herman's band, with which he was prominently featured. After leaving Herman, he returned to Milwaukee, where he appeared in local clubs and was featured at the Schlitz-sponsored jazz concert in Washington Park last summer.

Reudebusch often worked in a Dixieland format, but was actually a mainstream jazzman, influenced by Dizzy Gillespie as well as Louis Armstrong and Bunny Berigan. (In later years, he played a Dizzy-styled tilted horn.) A strong player with a bright sound and driving style, he never quite achieved the success many felt he deserved. His best recorded work can be heard on his first Jubilee LP, long out of print.

LIBERTY RECORDS SOLD TO TRANSAMERICA CORP.

Transamerica Corp. has entered into an agreement with Liberty Records Inc. under which the record company will become a wholly owned subsidiary of United Artists Pictures. Liberty will become part of Transamerica's leisure time division, which includes UA Pictures and UA Records.

The deal involves a transfer of stock representing a value of about \$24 million. Al Bennett, president of Liberty, will have a seat on UA's board of directors.

The purchase of Liberty is the culminating chapter in a long series of transactions that saw Liberty grow into one of the biggest of independent record companies. Founded in 1955, Liberty purchased Imperial Records in 1963, World Pacific and its subsidiaries in 1965, and Blue Note in 1966.

The event confirms the trend toward corporate ownership in the record industry, and follows by only five months the acquisition of Atlantic Records by Warner Bros.-Seven Arts.

INTERCOLLEGIATE JAZZ FEST SET FOR JUNE 20

Finalists from 15 colleges will compete at the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Kiel Opera House in St. Louis, Mo. June 20-22.

In the big band category, groups from Colorado State College, the University of Illinois, Los Angeles Valley College, Loyola University of New Orleans, Millikin University and Philadelphia Musical Academy will vie for national honors.

Competing combos will be fielded by Arkansas A. M. & N. College, Brigham Young University, Northwestern University, Philadelphia Musical Academy, San Francisco State College and Southern Methodist University.

In addition, there will be vocal groups from Cerritos College, Kansas State University and Ohio State University.

The panel of judges as announced by IJF is a distinguished one: trumpeters-band leaders Thad Jones and Clark Terry; pianist Marian McPartland, saxophonist Tom Scott, and Bob Share, Administrative Director of the Berklee School of Music.

The IJF will be taped by the Voice of America. TWA and Budweiser Beer are sponsoring the event.

ROUND TWO FOR LAUREL; TOP ARTISTS SCHEDULED

For the second year, fans in the Washington-Baltimore area will have a chance to see and hear a roster of jazz stars in the setting of the Laurel Race Course at Laurel, Md. The second annual Laurel Jazz Festival will differ from last year's

event in two major ways. Instead of being held on the Labor Day weekend for three nights and two afternoons, this year's affair will be a two night, one-afternoon presentation on Aug. 2 and 3.

Artists signed thus far include Miles Davis, The Fifth Dimension, Horace Silver, Count Basic, Dizzy Gillespie, and Joe Williams. Producers Elzie Street and James Scott are also negotiating for the talents of Wes Montgomery, Herbie Mann, Gary Burton, Thelonious Monk, Cannonball Adderley, and Aretha Franklin.

Plans include a 2:30 p.m. show for Aug. 3 for which the theme will be "Jazz vs. Soul." The producers said they hope to book James Brown for this afternoon session.

JAZZ FOR McCARTHY IS BIG DRAW IN NEW YORK

Eugene, the 2nd Avenue nightclub in Manhattan named for presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy and dedicated to raising funds for his campaign, held a jazz night in late April for just that purpose. Gerry Mulligan, ably assisted by pianist Bernie Leighton, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Marty Morell, made one of his rare club appearances and was in fine form. Then Haden and Morell backed the unique piano-and-song stylings of Blossom Dearie, who had just returned from a London sojourn. A third group consisted of Frank Owens, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; and Sid Bulkin, drums. Mulligan sat in with them, too.

Marian McPartland dropped in several times, between sets at the nearby Apartment, but never did get on the stand. It was difficult to get into the club. Jazz Night drew more attendance at the club than any other event McCarthy supporters had staged there, including an appearance by the senator himself. At presstime, not surprisingly, more jazz nights at Eugene were in the offing.

ERROLL GARNER SWINGS THROUGH BUSY SPRING

Busy Erroll Garner toured Europe during May, making concert, radio and television appearances in Switzerland, Austria, England, Denmark and France.

The tour included Garner's first appearance in Vienna, where he concertized at the Kongresshalle May 4. The pianist, accompanied by bassist Ike Isaacs, drummer Jimmie Smith, and Latin percussionist Jose Mangual, also taped a one-hour special for BBC-TV in London.

Prior to leaving for Europe, Garner taped another special in Toronto, for CBC-TV.

Garner returned to the U.S. May 24 to begin a three-week stand at the Tropicana



Louis Armstrong's April Latin Quarter engagement, his first at a New York club in several years, was a smash hit. Among the many friends who dropped in to say hello were Hello, Dolly star Pearl Bailey (center), hubby Louis Bellson, and singer Chris Calloway (Cab's daughter), flanked by Armstrong vocalist Jewell Brown and svelte-looking Satchmo himself, who has dieted down to a trim 145 lbs.



Phil Woods, who began his European stay with a successful month at Ronnie Scott's Club in London (March 26-April 24), has decided to settle permanently on the continent with his wife and children and is now making his home in France. The alto saxophonist is shown here with his new quartet (left to right: drummer Daniel Humair and pianist George Gruntz, both from Switzerland; Woods; and French bassist Henri Texier). The group was a hit at the Cameleon Club in Paris and has already made several concert and television appearances. Woods has also participated in two jazz workshops in Germany and is booked solid through 1968.

Hotel in Las Vegas, followed by two weeks at Byrd's Nest in Silver Spring, Md. starting June 17. On July 1, the pianist begins a two-week engagement at Lennie's on the Turnpike, near Boston, Mass.

POTPOURRI

The Martin Luther King Friendship Rally at the Hollywood Bowl, co-sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Urban League, brought together one of the biggest gatherings of talent ever to perform on one occasion. More than 15,000 persons heard Hazel Scott, Billy Eckstine, Lou Rawls, Calvin Jackson, H. B. Barnum, Jerry Fielding, Michel Legrand, Gerald Wilson, Oscar Brown Jr., the Clara Ward Singers, Nelson Riddle, Louis Bellson, Bill Cosby, Shirley Bassey, Don Costa, Lynn Murray, and the Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band.

For the second year, the Newport Jazz Festival traveled south of the border to Mexico, where concerts were presented May 23-28 in Puebla and Mexico City. Participating acts included the new team of Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan; the groups of Cannonball Adderley and Herbie Mann; Woody Herman and his Herd; the Newport All Stars with Ruby Braff and Buddy Tate, and singer Clea Bradford. The festival was co-sponsored by American Airlines and Asociacion Musical Daniel.

The owners of two of New York City's leading rock clubs, Bill Graham of Fillmore East and Howard Solomon of Cafe Au Go Go, presented a free concert May 5 at Sheep's Meadow in Central Park. A bonanza for rock and blues fans, the concert featured Richie Havens, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Jefferson Airplane, and the Grateful Dead.

As a warmup for his June 27-29 jazz festival at the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., producer George Wein brought the Elvin Jones Trio (Joe Farrell, reeds, flute; Jimmy Garrison, bass) and guests Kenny Dorham, trumpet, and Billy Taylor, piano to the school's campus May 4. The musicians gave a concert and conducted several clinics. "We broke it up," said drummer Jones.

Drummer Mickey Sheen, who has been doing a single in Europe and on an ocean liner, is now based in Miami, Fla. where he works with the Jackie Gleason Show orchestra and with trumpeter Don Goldie at the Hilton Plaza Hotel in Miami Beach.

Any reader in possession of the 78 rpm recording of Gene Ammons' *Dumb Woman Blues/A Touch of the Blues* is urged to contact Don Schlitten at Prestige Records, 203 S. Washington Ave., Bergenfield, N.J. 07621.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Louis Armstrong's Latin Quarter stint in April was so successful that he has already been booked for a return in 1969 . . . Jake Hanna led his own quartet in an extended gig at the Half Note. With the drummer was **Richie Kamuca**, tenor sax; **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Bob Cranshaw**, bass . . . Bassist **Herbie Lewis**, flat on his back with hepatitis, was the recipient of \$300 from a benefit concert staged by a host of his fellow musicians at Slugs'. Participants included **Milt Jackson**, **Freddie Hubbard**, **James Spaulding**, **Archie Shepp**, **Harold Mabern** and violinist **John Blair**. The affair was staged by the Jazz Musicians Association, which is now running Monday evening and weekend sessions at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn; Thursday "Voues Etes Swing" nights at the Blue Morocco on Boston Road in the Bronx with the **Ron Jefferson Choir** (not a choral group); and Friday through Sunday nights at **Pee Wee's** (Avenue A between 12 & 13 Sts.) with **John Blair's** trio . . . **Joe Farrell** has left the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** to concentrate on his role in the **Elvin Jones Trio**. **Seldon Powell**

took his place . . . **Milt Jackson**, with **Jimmy Heath** on tenor saxophone, was presented in concert at Club Ruby at the end of April. Vocalist **Joe Carroll** was also on the bill. **Benny Powell** doubled as trombonist and emcee . . . **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** bring their quartet into Shephard's May 30, remaining through June 15. The twosome also appeared at a Town Hall concert with comedian **Flip Wilson** . . . The Metropole, which had been alternating between rock and jazz, has decided to go all rock . . . Tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley** has joined the group that plays Fridays and Saturdays in the Playboy Club's Party Room and Sundays in the club's Living Room. **Walter Norris** is the pianist-leader; **Bill Crow** the bassist; and **Ray Mosea** the drummer . . . Fordham University held a jazz festival April 27 at the University's gym. Line-up included **Gary McFarland**, **Duke Pearson's** big band, **Gabor Szabo**, **Jimmy Rushing**, and the **Any Dee Trio** . . . Pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.** worked a weekend at Port of Call East with **Reggie Johnson** on bass, and did a Saturday session at Slugs' with tenor man **Harold Vick** and drummer **Leo Morris** . . . **Clark Terry** played a concert for the

International Art of Jazz, Inc. in Plainview, L.I. with **Don Friedman**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums . . . **Chico Hamilton's** octet held forth at the Dom in late April-early May . . . The **Free Spirits**, featuring the tenor saxophone of **Jim Pepper**, played at a party for the opening of the Visionary Architects exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and also did a weekend at the Fillmore East, both in April . . . Arranger **Ronnie Roullier**, head of the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra, is composing a jazz requiem in memory of **Dr. Martin Luther King**. It will be scored for 21-piece band and chorus. Plans are being made for a recording with all royalties from album sales going to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference Fund. The SCLC received the proceeds of a Jazz Interactions Sunday afternoon session at the Red Garter which featured drummer **Sonny Brown's** Ensemble . . . Later in April, alto saxophonist **Sonny Red** did a JI session with trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** and pianist **Cedar Walton** as members of his quintet . . . A trio of vibist **Ollie Shearer**, bassist **Martin Rivera** and drummer **Dick Berk** played a concert at Mary-

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THE VIEW FROM THE HYDRANT

By STANLEY DANCE

ENVY CAN EAT YOU UP, and I've been envious for a long time of those handsome columnists who get their photographs printed regularly with their writings. I feel it must be groovy to see your picture every week or month in the corner of your piece, like a postage stamp, as though you were a president or a monarch.

Although I have written columns in such publications as *Musical Journal*, *Jazz Journal*, *Jazz News* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, no editor has ever seemed eager to print my picture regularly. Many a morning, as I shaved, I asked myself why. As a sensitive person, my feelings were hurt, but I persisted—only to meet with new humiliations:

"Couldn't you grow a beard like Nat Hentoff's?"

"You don't look nearly so young as Leonard Feather."

"If only you smoked a pipe and came on debonair like Ralph Gleason."

"Your hair . . . It's not as virile as Mike Zwerin's."

"Maybe if you got a good night's sleep you would look more wholesome, more like Burt Korall."

"Too bad you don't have Martin Williams' dramatic intensity, and why do you

always have your pictures taken in bars?"

None of these upset me so much as the latest rejection from a *youthful* editor:

"Dammit, you look over 30!"

I suppose a lot of us mediocre writers were fired from *Jazz and Pop* for just that reason, or because we were not hairy enough, but doesn't it indicate a rather callous attitude on the part of the younger generation? Father O'Connor and Pastor Gensel will have to give their attention to this problem eventually. They're only too likely to meet it head on one night as they finger-snap their way through New York City's dark alleys.

Anyway, it's no secret that most jazz critics have someone to help them with their spelling, punctuation, typing, and record-listening. I am no exception, and my assistant is a very young fellow, so I said to the editor, I said, "Look here, sir, how about using the enclosed picture of my helper instead?"

"Who is it, or what is it?" he asked by return mail.

"It's a toy poodle," I replied. "His name is Missouri Kid, and you gotta show him."

I guess the editor was in one of his rare compassionate moods, for, to my surprise, he agreed. Or perhaps he thought Joe Glaser, who is very sympathetic to poodles—though not necessarily unkempt Missourians—would take a large ad. (The reason our assistant still has all his hair is Frank Zappa, whose picture he keeps in his armchair. "Don't put those shears on me," he growls, "until you've used them on that inventive Mother!")

Now before the Kid and I start to turn out some red-hot columns on topics of the day, I think you ought to know

how he operates as a critic.

He sleeps through anything with a rock-and-roll beat. He bites the hand that puts records by Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman on the turntable, and he howls dismally while their records play ("If those cats are expressing their feelings, so am I.")

When Lou Rawls sings the blues, he goes straight to the resort-and-travel section of Sunday's *New York Times*, which is kept handy for him in a far corner of the room. He refuses to consider any album that appears on *Billboard's* chart of best-selling jazz LPs. Whenever he hears Ella Fitzgerald and Ray Charles singing country-and-western, he throws up. He barks with no conception of time through all drum solos and bares his teeth menacingly at the first sound of bongos and congas. He considers the dummy sides of double-fold albums fair game when he cannot get enough of his normal diet of salami and flowers. This results in a certain amount of erroneous information appearing in our reviews, but he is, in any case, contemptuous of liner notes, mumbling about "garbage" and "sell-out" when compelled to read them.

He certainly has more dislikes than likes, but he has acute hearing, and Cat Anderson's higher transports set him dancing ecstatically on his hind legs, like one of Pavlov's own. Because Cootie Williams and Paul Gonsalves were the first jazz musicians ever to say a good word for and to him—when he was about 3 months old—he is convinced that they are the true giants of the business. He is also intensely chauvinistic. Count Basie and his men can do no wrong, for he is under the impression that they all come from Missouri.

"Were you ever in Kansas City, Kid?"

"No, I come from Potosi. But I dig that Missouri style, baby." 

JAZZ GOES TO SCHOOL

By Ira Gitler

WE HAVE OFTEN HEARD it said that jazz is not given proper respect or presentation, especially within the formality of our educational system. Since last October, however, two organizations—Jazz Interactions and Young Audiences—have been doing something to remedy this situation in the greater New York area.

At the end of last summer, Jazz Interactions received an unprecedented grant of \$11,250 from the New York State Council on the Arts to help in the implementation of an extensive program of jazz concert-lectures in elementary, junior high and high schools. It began its series Oct. 24 at Junior High School 38 in the Bronx, and through April 1968 had presented over 40 concerts in a 55-program series that is slated to run to the end of June. Groups under the leadership of Billy Taylor, Joe Newman, Benny Powell, Chris White, Jerome Richardson, Clifford Jordan, Roland Kirk and Burton Greene have appeared at schools in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens.

The leaders of the groups representing II work within a general format including a short history of jazz; examples of how jazz is used in different contexts; and demonstrations of musical forms and improvisation. At P.S. 6 in Manhattan, I attended an assembly program featuring a Billy Taylor-led group consisting of Sonny Red, alto saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

The young audience was electric. Tuned in. The arrival of photographer Raymond Ross with flowing hair and beard started them buzzing. When they sang *The Star Spangled Banner*, the children really did justice to the difficult high notes. After a little girl had recited *The Eagle* by Tennyson, and a brief introduction had been made by II's Gaitha Martinez, the music got underway. Taylor filled in the origins of jazz in the days of slavery. Then the group played a relaxed blues, *T&T*. Tate's rhythms captured the children's attention. On *Titoro*, a Latin number, the drummer used both mallets and hands. Taylor, an articulate man who talked neither down to or over the heads of his audience, placed the emphasis on jazz as a language—as different ways of talking.

Harmony was demonstrated in Burrell's rendition of *I Can't Get Started*, and the role of the saxophone was delineated by Sonny Red's treatment of *I Love You* in bossa nova time. *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free* traced Gospel music from its original form to contemporary jazz usage. The encore found Taylor playing in different styles: ragtime, stride, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum. Then, in an exposition of bebop, *Groovin' High* was played against *Whispering* to show how a new melody can be superimposed on identical chords. When the group played *Sunny*, the kids certainly knew the song.

A question period followed. Intelligent queries came from all parts of the auditorium. Perhaps the most appropriate was "Will you play another piece?" Taylor's men complied.

Drummer Horace Arnold, who in recent years has played with Hugh Masc-

kela, Miriam Makeba and Robin Kenyatta, heads the group which constitutes Young Audiences' jazz division. (The organization had previously only presented classical concerts in the schools.) Recommended to Bill Watson, musical director for the New York Committee of Young Audiences, by consultants Don Heckman and Chris White, Arnold's group did four concerts in October-November 1967 and were given the green light. Through mid-April, they had played 60 concerts in all five boroughs.

Arnold calls his program *Here and Now* and says that "it deals mainly with improvising." His basic unit consists of Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Kenyatta, reeds and flute; Reggie Workman, bass. (The latter took Bill Wood's place when Wood went to Africa with Randy Weston.) Vibist Karl Berger was a charter member and will rejoin the group.

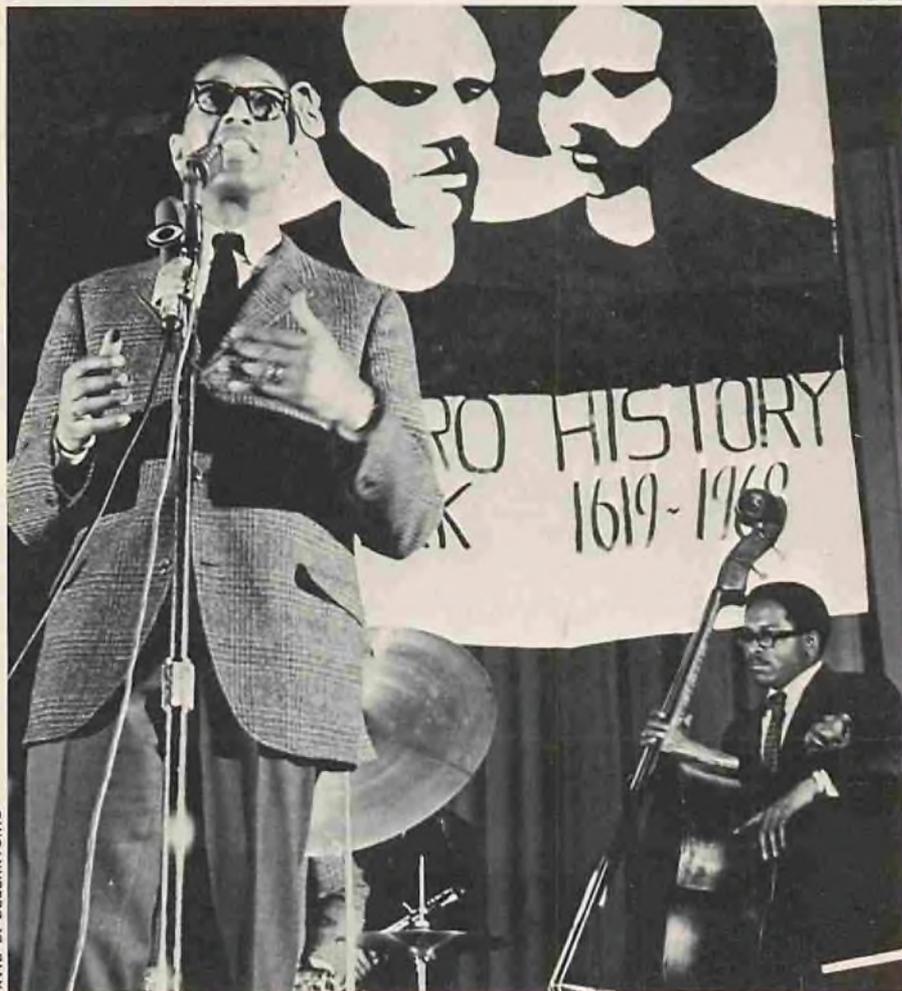
At Trinity School in mid-Manhattan, I attended a program by Arnold's quartet. Here the age spread was wider, since the school ranges from the lower grades through high school. Arnold, a warm, genial emcee, places more emphasis on audience participation and relates improvising to talking and acting. He asked two boys to come up on stage, engaged them in an extemporaneous conversation, and then showed how the horns talked to each other. To bring the student body "in" he had the group improvise on a song that the kids might be familiar with

—the Beatles' *Yesterday*. The audience was asked to identify the song. Then another student was brought up on stage. He was told that when he remained seated, trumpeter Lawrence would play the melody of *Yesterday*; when he stood up, Lawrence would improvise.

The intent was admirable, but the result was something else again. Lawrence's idea of improvising was not to enhance or embellish the melody but to play skittering runs that had nothing to do with *Yesterday*. When, in the next step of the process, Kenyatta played the melody on alto saxophone while Lawrence "improvised" against him, the trumpeter played the identical noise-element runs he had displayed a few moments before. If the purpose of the demonstration was to show that any child can "improvise", the point was made. But there is more to jazz than this. (Rhythm, an important factor, was never discussed.)

While *Here and Now* involved the audience in a commendable manner, there was not enough music played during the hour-long performance, and what was played was not always top drawer. Kenyatta's flute feature, *Reflective Silence*, went on too long. It called for less reflection and more silence. The program did not get across the essence of jazz.

Arnold states: "There is a need for more programs of this kind and for more sponsorship." I fully agree, but his presentation must broaden its concept. 



Billy Taylor at P.S. 271. Ben Tucker is the bassist

jeremy & the satyrs: potential unlimited

Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs assemble on a stage already awash with instruments, amplifiers, mikes. Steig is 25, short and lithe, with a moustache that forgot to grow in some spots and a tie that would have illuminated Times Square during the blackout.

The others: Mike Mainieri (vibes), who looks as if he stepped out of the pages of a mod fashion magazine; Adrian Guillery (guitar, flute, harmonica, tape recorder, et al.), who looks as if he just stepped out of the East Village; Donald MacDonald (drums), who looks as if he just stepped out of a cave; Warren Bernhardt (piano, electronic clavinet, other electrified keyboard instruments unnamed and perhaps unnameable) and Glenn Moore (amplified acoustic bass), who both look more or less normal.

"This is a great group," Steig says. "I just hope we can stay together—but we've been together 10 months now, working pretty steady: The Scene, L'Intrigue, the Village Vanguard, the Balloon Farm in New York and some other clubs. And these guys are all real musicians. Mike's got the most original sound on vibes going, and he's getting a set of electronic ones. That'll be something. He's really got the four-mallet thing down, you know? Gary Burton's a friend of mine—I dig him, you know?—but I think Mike's got it all over him.

"Warren is a pianist, man. He's got the touch, the education, knows the classical stuff and makes it work in a

jazz context. I don't know much about classical music, but I'm learning, and we want to work in—oh, everybody—Bartok, Bach, Hindemith, into what we play."

The Satyrs begin. They sound like a straight jazz group as they spin out Willow, Weep For Me: smooth bass solo by Moore, a swirling melody statement on vibes—Mainieri stretching out surprisingly, considering his conventional comping behind Steig's flute earlier—and the tune fades out. No; it segues into something else. Guillery turns some knobs on the panel behind him. The amps produce traffic sounds, roars, growls, white noise, and his guitar sings a formless but pretty melody above the effects. Then Steig takes over, weaving lines that Mainieri, and Guillery on flute now, imitate and produce variations on. Snakes in a basket; over, under, around and through, and Steig hits a bluesy riff and everybody picks up on it and then Mainieri drops out and then Guillery and then Steig and the riff keeps playing alone. Which is pretty terrifying, until you realize Steig has been using the loop echo on his amp. As the riff dies out, they fall in on another blues lick, Guillery on harp now, and they vamp until everybody's together. Guillery sings Hand Me Down My Walking Cane in a rough and ready blues voice, expressive though limited in range and technique.

"The group really has two roots, Warren and Adrian. Warren is sort of



By Alan Heineman

the jazz center—jazz and other stuff—and Adrian is the blues and rock center. And the movement is back and forth between them, you know? I'm learning a hell of a lot from Adrian, too, about blues and rock and r&b. And he's learning jazz, because he was pretty strictly a blues player before. Adrian and Warren make our tapes, too.

"See, the whole idea is to get a group that can do anything you ever want to do musically. All this stuff—blues, jazz, rock, classical—sometimes it sounds just beautiful all falling together. We're all in this to learn about music. But also, the idea is to make it look like we're not demonstrating anything. We're not, you know, but it can look like it. But labels, man . . . labels are ridiculous. Like, we play *music*. You know?"

"The versatility we have is amazing. Sometimes we all play flutes, or we all play rhythm—Adrian plays drums, too. Nobody has specific parts in the arrangements, which are pretty general, but you get to know tunes so well that one guy will play a line and everybody picks up on it immediately."

Green Dolphin Street. *A long, beautifully constructed Steig solo which manages to make the time-worn chestnut come alive. A pretty solo by Bernhard, although he stays conventionally close to the song's chord structure. Some mellow vibes and a striking bass solo, during which MacDonald turns the rhythm around unobtrusively, putting a kind of reverse background to the consistent rhythmic pattern of Moore. They finish; the audience, accustomed primarily to the jazz and rock bag, is nevertheless moved. There isn't a sound in the room—no applause, no shouts of appreciation, no peripheral conversation. It would not have been appropriate to the delicate mood created.*

"Sometimes that happens. You know, no applause. We get to people in different ways. I really like it when that's the reaction. Of course, sometimes they haven't dug it at all and the silence means 'So what' or something. But you can tell the difference."

They do a straight-ahead, hard-rocking blues: Let's Go to the Movie Show. The lyrics may be a put-on; they're humorously banal. ("Don't you love me, baby, don't you love me, honey child?/ Don't you love me, darlin'!/ Don't you know you drive me wild?") But the music swings. Steig plays the funkiest flute this side of Roland Kirk behind Guillery's vocal, humming in unison with the flute line a la Kirk, sometimes playing unison or harmony with Bernhard's bar-long lines, sometimes play-

ing little staccato rhythms that complement MacDonald's really first-rate drumming. Guillery takes a guitar break that is fluent and exciting, climaxed by an exhibition of behind-the-back guitar playing.

"Sometimes I lie down on stage when I'm playing; Adrian plays guitar behind his back; we all do things that look strange, I guess. But it's . . . I don't know, it's what we feel like doing, it's part of the music. It's not entertainment in that sense. At least that's what I think. I don't know about Adrian, but for me, it's just part of my thing. See, I don't think of myself as an entertainer. There's two ways of entertaining, you know? You can rap with the audience, lots of b.s., a few jokes, that kind of thing. Or you can get deeply involved in what you're doing, and get the audience deeply involved. That's the kind of entertainment we're after, if you want to call it that. Music is visual, too, you know?"

"Because I think of myself as a musician. I've been playing flute since I was 11. I have a whole set of Indian flutes I want to start using when we play. I'm getting an amp attachment that'll divide what I play into four octaves—I can only get two with the attachment I have now. That'll be nice. You know, acoustic flute is easier to play. Not easier, really—the embouchure and everything is the same as with electric, but you have to play better on electric, because everything you put down comes right out at top volume. Harder to fake it.

"I had that bike accident a few years ago. Really racked me up. I lost the use of the whole left half of my face. For a long time I had to play with a support in my mouth, but I'm getting some of the use back now and I don't use the support any more. That was sort of a crucial time, after the crack-up. It was harder than hell to start playing again, and painful, you know? And I could've made a living with art. I did the art work on both albums I've done. Had a show of pen-and-ink stuff in Hartford a year ago. I want to stay in art, because that's part of me, too, but I have to play music. That's all.

"I don't listen much to other flute players—mostly I don't like any of them. I don't want to put anybody down, you know, but very few jazz flutists know how to play the flute. Really.

"I'll tell you, though, I sure hope the new album [*Jeremy & the Satyrs*; Reprise] takes off. I think it was well produced, which is a switch. Boy, a&r guys are the worst people in the world, you know? I mean, some of them mean well, but most of them don't know a

damn thing about music and they still want to tell you what to play and how to play it. My first album [*Flute Fever*; Columbia]—man, that was a nightmare. I made it with Denny Zeitlin on piano. Denny can play. I like him. It was supposed to be my album, but John Hammond wanted to get some publicity for Denny, so he threw him in. We rehearsed for about three seconds and cut the album. I'd never met Denny before. So I think we both played some okay stuff, but it wasn't anywhere near together. Just a blowing session. That doesn't prove anything.

"This new one, though—there are a few cuts on it that might make the charts. Which isn't necessarily what we're going for—although the bread would be nice. It's very exciting trying to get the essential stuff of a tune into three or four minutes. That's a challenge. Man—I hope it goes. But we'll keep playing, no matter what."

Those who have heard the Satyrs had to be disappointed by the album. (See review, DB, May 2). Mainieri isn't on it, and the absence of his lyrical and complex vibes lines behind the group's blues tunes detracts from the genuinely different sound they get in live performance. The material is spotty, and Steig isn't featured as much as a soloist as gifted as he should be. Eddie Gomez replaces Moore on bass, and Gomez is a gorgeous player; his solo rendition of Canzonetta is by far the best thing on the album. (Gomez alternates with Moore on the Satyrs' gigs, depending on which of them is free. Moore is good; Gomez is great.)

But the chief problem is that the album is almost solely a rhythm-and-blues outing with jazz voicings. The group's forte is not r&b. Although they play it well, there are scores of r&b players of more interest. What has caused the excitement over their live dates is precisely that fluid interchange between musical media that Steig talked about. There is a sense of movement, flux, dynamism; some of the amalgamations don't come off, but mostly they make brilliant and startling sense, electronics, tapes and all.

One can only hope that the Satyrs will attract more attention from in-person playing, and that they will cut another, more representative album soon. Jeremy and the Satyrs are the only mainly jazz-oriented combo to attempt a jazz-rock synthesis and make it happen. (The Gary Burton-Larry Coryell sound is an original and superlative one, but it is jazz, with some rock and classical elements for leavening.) The Satyrs deserve attention and respect. They will have to earn it from the record-buying public.





SUN RA AND BUDDHA seem to have things in common.

Both have their own metaphysics and philosophies; complete conceptions of the universe.

Each is a teacher, not a preacher; each has his own ideas to express, and others are free to accept or reject them as they choose.

And the gentle Sun Ra—polite, soft-spoken—has a Buddha-like confidence that he is traveling the particular path that will take him to his destiny.

Buddha, of course, has a few more followers. Yet Sun Ra's disciples seem totally devoted to their leader; they apparently absorb his music through a sort of osmosis, with an intuitive feeling for the complex sound cycles he creates and the spatial vibrations in which he specializes.

Who is Sun Ra? What is his Solar Arkestra?

Sun Ra can be compared to playwright Harold Pinter in his reticence to talk about himself. Like Pinter, the information he deliberately withholds is probably more pertinent than the little he lets out. Unlike Pinter, whose plays are almost specific in their ambiguities, Sun Ra's music is concrete and complete, strong and surging, yet chilling in its complexities and startling in its sonorities.

"Ra means god in Egyptian," he explained. "I always called myself Sun Ra. I can't remember ever having any other name."

His origin he keeps purposely vague. He is a short, rotund, genial man who looks to be 40 or so, but all he will admit to is that he was born "in the month of May, arrival zone USA." When he says that, his round face crinkles into an enigmatic smile; he knows; we have yet to discover.

Some aspects of his early history, however, are verifiable. He grew up in Gary, Ind.; Washington, D.C., and Chicago, where he became known before moving to New York in 1961. In Chicago, he wrote the music for the shows at the Club De Lisa, then a showcase for such jazz luminaries as Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine (the place was reopened a few years ago as simply The Club). In the late 1940s Fletcher Henderson was one of the leaders in residence there, and Sun Ra played piano in his band. (Then, strangely enough, he was Le Sony'r Ra to all others, but Sun Ra to himself.)

"I was playing my own inversions of the chords the way I felt them," he once said. "It disturbed the band but it didn't bother Fletcher."

Later, in Chicago—sometime in the 1950s—he organized his own band and played around the city wherever he could get a gig. The music was called by many names—Solar,

Solar-Nature, Space—but orchestra was spelled "arkestra", then as today. And today in New York—where the band is now based, and from which location it has played dates around the country—the musicians and their conceptions are known collectively as The Space Music of Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra.

THE NUCLEUS OF the band is roughly a baker's dozen, although the ensemble has varied from a low of eight to a high of 22. More a family than an orchestra—most of the members left Chicago to make the move to New York with their leader, and several have been with him for 10 years or longer—they congregate around the Sun Studio in New York's East Village, a combination residence, rehearsal hall, studio, and space station where the master and his disciples "work things out."

As thickly congested with clothing and accessories as a jumble shop, the studio is spray-painted with such cheerful colors as bright orange, sparkling silver, and solid gold. Nailed to one wall is an interesting piece of legal paper—a charter of incorporation issued by the state of Illinois on April 10, 1967 for *Ihnfinity, Inc.*

"The idea of *Ihnfinity, Inc.*, is that everybody on this planet should have a share in the universe," Sun Ra explained. "We had to make it a profit-making corporation to get it stamped, and we wanted to make it profitable in a humanitarian way. So we did, and the state stamped it and gave us our charter. No one else has a charter to own space.

"Churches are always talking about immortality," he continued. "But for righteous people only. I want *everybody* to have immortality. It's too big for one nation, one people, or even one planet."

Immortality might just be too large a subject to be successfully handled by *anybody*. However, it is to Sun Ra's credit that he is at least making the attempt.

When Sun Ra discusses the more introspective aspects of his metaphysics, his eyes gaze benignly as his facial expression becomes serious, almost stately; his voice is muted and subdued, yet clear and articulate as the words march out in measured cadence and assemble themselves like his musicians for the enlightenment of your mind and the entertainment of your ears.

"I'm in tune with nature and nature's vibrations," he said. "But most people are not. They're getting all kinds of other vibrations from outer space, bad vibrations. The purpose of my music is to counter these bad vibrations. If any force from outer space were to attack this planet, they'd

by j.c.thomas



BILL SMITH

Sun Ra (at piano) and Arkestra members in orbit at Slugs'

do it with vibrations. My music counteracts these vibrations.

"The planet is in confusion, and so are the musicians. Music is part of some great source, yet most musicians are just tapping in on the line. Early jazz was happy music, and today it's anything but that. There's no more brotherhood; everyone's gotten so mercenary. Now, all the musicians talk about is doing their own thing."

IRONICALLY, SUN RA TOO is doing "his own thing." To add a further note of paradox, it has been essentially a "new thing" that he's been doing for the past two decades, yet his music is really never put in that particular bag. Artists like Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, Roswell Rudd, Ornette Coleman—and perhaps John Coltrane just before he died—are known as New Thingers, yet few include Sun Ra in this category.

To some ears at least, his music is strange. His space music, with its emphasis on extraterrestrial vibrations, seems more than music; spiritual, almost religious in feeling, as if something more than the waves from a pulsar star, many light-years removed from us in the outermost boundaries of unmeasurable space, is tuning him in to a cosmic consciousness.

Some of this music is available on record from the labels of Saturn, ESP and Delmark. But it is in New York that the sounds of Space Music are most frequently heard—in Central Park and Carnegie Hall, to name two settings for concerts he has conducted recently. (His two-nighter at Carnegie Hall last April saw the band backed up by a full-fledged light show—a perfect setting. But attendance was disappointing.)

The steadiest gig of all—and the place where he has been most consistently heard—is at Slugs' Saloon, just a few blocks away from the Sun Studio. A dark, murky, wood-paneled pub, probably dating from the days of Maxwell Bodenheim, Slugs' has a casual easy-going informality in its atmosphere that affords Sun Ra the maximum of musical freedom and "feelin' good" that he misses so much from the early days of jazz. Here, as he has for almost every Monday night for the past 18 months, Sun Ra and his musicians "tune in, turn on, and take over."

The men shamble on stage, almost single file, dressed in the wildest dreams of any upper East Side boutique—fur hats, flowing robes, African print shirts, beads and bells. Their instruments and cases spill out into the drinking area, so small is the bandstand. Sun Ra, who perhaps is the most unobtrusive leader in jazz, since he always is found at the rear of the band rather than in front, sits astride his instrumental trio of piano, clavinet, and something he calls the Spacemaster—an organ especially manufactured for him

by the Chicago Musical Instrument Co. that sounds like a cross between a theremin and bagpipes. Occasionally, he will play a one-stringed instrument he says is a Chinese violin.

His men tune up their instruments, which represent a veritable United Nations of sources. Chinese bamboo flute, bass clarinet and bassoon, Japanese koto, African koru, oboe and English horn, Sun Harp (a small harp designed like the golden rays of the sun that gives off beautifully resonant tones)—to name a few. Percussion, too, as every man doubles on at least one drum, and two or three are not uncommon—bongos, claves, maracas, conga, gongs, bells, and enough authentic African drums to equip a tribe.

The audience, as heterogeneous as the music that they'll soon hear, is quiet, respectful, and attentive. They may, however, become slightly restless during the next three hours—for that's the usual length of a set at Slugs', as the sounds of Sun Ra segue from one composition into another without stopping. His Space Music makes almost as many demands on his audience as it does on his musicians, and it's sometimes hard to ascertain who's the more exhausted after a night of six solid hours of music.

If Sun Ra speaks to the crowd, he will probably say: "I believe in beauty, and my music is happiness."

His music is also a "happening", in the more positive sense of that much-misused word. Like the best of jazz, it goes all the way back to the earliest blues, and moves forward through time as well as space to pick up multiple time signatures, tight ensemble voicings (especially in the reed section), brass fugues, constantly-changing harmonic variations and time signatures, atonal dissonances, and astringent melodies that splash upon the ears like vast tidal waves of sound, shifting and shading in volume and sonority; a sort of controlled chaos.

Through compositions titled *Angels and Demons at Play*, *Rocket No. 9 Takes off For the Planet Venus*, *Spontaneous Simplicity*, *We Travel the Spaceways* (which seems to be the band's theme, for the musicians flavor the tune with a cheerful vocal chorus about the delights of space travel), and a surrealistic setting of *King Porter Stomp*, the sounds are evocative, introspective, intuitive and expressive; played with power, drive, precision and joy. And with plenty of percussion.

There are such outstanding soloists as Marshall Allen, the man on alto sax, oboe and bamboo flute; the bursting baritone of Pat Patrick; trombonist Dick Griffin; and boss tenor John Gilmore. Bassist Bill Davis and drummer Clifford Jarvis drive the rhythm section right into outer space.

Judging by audience response, the music travels the inner spaceways, too.



CANNED HEAT IS a Los Angeles-based blues band. Its five members, all white and in their early or middle 20s, are exponents of the modern, electrically-amplified ensemble blues style that was developed by various Negro bluesmen in a number of urban centers immediately following World War II. In this, the band would appear to be little different from the literally countless numbers of like groups that have sprung up all over the U.S. in the last few years in the wake of the rock boom.

Canned Heat, however, is very different from these bands. First of all, it is probably the best band of its type in the world today, playing with a power and conviction, and generating an excitement which have been matched by only the finest of the Negro bands in this idiom. One would, in fact, have to go back to the great innovators of the genre—Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, John Lee Hooker, Elmore James, Little Walter, and the like—to find groups comparable to Canned Heat in mastery, ease, and inventiveness in the idiom. The idiom, to pinpoint it a bit more accurately, is early postwar urban blues, music primarily based upon the older modally-organized country blues styles of Mississippi (from which most of the great postwar bluesmen hailed) but which has been translated to small ensembles—anywhere from two to six pieces—of amplified instruments and drums.

Secondly, Canned Heat does not recreate various "classic" recordings of the genre, but rather creates its own music by following a process similar to that employed by the original shapers of the idiom. That is, they reinterpret old country blues, or various new combinations of elements from this older genre, in terms of the early postwar style, reanimating the past in the very same way that Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf, among others, did when they adapted and reinterpreted the music of their native Mississippi to the changed demands of the postwar Chicago blues scene. There is little if any difference, to my mind at least, between Waters' use of traditional materials in his music and the Canned Heat's like use of this material in theirs. The same dynamic recreative process is at work in both cases.

That Canned Heat is able to do this with such conspicuous success is due to the fact that all five members—vocalist Bob (The Bear) Hite, lead guitarist Henry Vestine, guitarist-harmonica player-vocalist Al Wilson, bassist Larry Taylor, and drummer Adolfo De La Parra—are thoroughly conversant with the numerous stylistic variations of the postwar blues idiom. Three of them—Hite, Vestine, and Wilson—are serious, knowledgeable record collectors with vast, almost encyclopedic knowledge of all phases of the idiom. Hite and Vestine collect both prewar and postwar blues recordings, while Wilson specializes in postwar discs. Hite, in addition, has a formidable collection of vintage jazz 78s. All three contribute regularly to discographical works, and Wilson has developed into one of the most erudite writers on blues style. His lengthy analytic articles on Robert Pete Williams and Son House are among the most significant con-



PETE WELDING

LOOK BACK TO THE FUTURE

An Interview with Canned Heat's Al Wilson

By Pete Welding

tributions to modern blues scholarship, representing the first important musicological analyses of blues style. Vestine was instrumental in the re-discovery of veteran bluesman Skip James, and most recently participated with Hite in the finding of the one-man blues band Driftin' Slim.

Canned Heat's music is on display in two albums recorded for Liberty records, *Canned Heat* (LST-3526) and *Boogie with Canned Heat* (LST-7541).

The following conversation with the band's articulate arranger, Al Wilson, took place in Los Angeles shortly before Canned Heat left on its second national tour.

When and under what circumstances was Canned Heat formed?

The first rehearsal was November, 1965. Of the people present at that rehearsal only two remain, Bob [Hite] and me. Within a couple of months, when we first

started doing jobs, we had gone through an intermediate drummer and lead guitarist, and then the third drummer was Frank [Cook] and the third lead guitar was Henry [Vestine]. And we worked for a full eight months with a different bass player named Stuart Brotman, who now plays in the Kaleidoscope. This version of Canned Heat continued through about August, but the situation was different then, and in Los Angeles at least, there was no interest in blues, and an actual fear of blues music by club owners. We hardly got any work whatsoever and folded up; one of the most ignominious economic failures of the year in the music business.

Then we started up again under our new management, which is the key to why we're being heard now and weren't before. There're two factors, one of which is an increased interest in the blues—40% of

the credit goes to that, I'd say—but more than half of the credit would simply have to go to excellent management. John Hartman and Skip Taylor—they saw us, they knew enough about music to realize we were playing in an exceedingly specialized area, but they felt the personality—the “Bear” schtick and all that stuff—would attract enough peripheral interest in the vast amount of the record-buying public that is interested in image and things like that to overcome the relative unpopularity of the blues. They've never put any pressure on us to change our music, not once, ever.

Also, although we didn't plan it at the time, the “Canned Heat” label was helpful. Of all the young blues bands, Canned Heat is the only title which does not mention blues. We didn't plan it that way, but we think this is actually an advantage, because the hip people know we play blues, and there's no word like blues to scare away the young girls who might look at Bob's picture on the cover and blow it, and pick up the album. Particularly on the new cover. I really have hopes for the new cover's helping album sales; I think it's really a good thing.

Skip and John heard us after we had been out of business for four months. There was one thing of minor interest that happened then that I'd like to relate: it was that Henry and I got involved in another band. We were called the Electric Beavers. What it amounted to was me and Henry, a different rhythm section, vocalist, and a horn section of very good guys. It lasted a short time on a rehearsal basis, and we just did Canned Heat arrangements. That's where we originally got the idea to use horns on those two songs [*Marie Laveau* and *An Owl Song* on the band's second LP]; it was 'way back then, the tag-end of '66. We cut some instrumental tracks—there were never any vocals added—with horns on two songs which eventually turned into the ones on the album.

John Hartman saw us in January of '67 and we signed up in February. At that time it was me, Henry, Bob, Frank, and Mark Andes on bass. Stuart had become committed to Arabic and various other ethnic musics. He wanted to play a wider variety of scales and things like that and so he has since worked with ethnic Armenian groups and also the Kaleidoscope, a young group with strong ethnic influences from all over the world. Then Mark Andes joined up for a couple of months but his interests proved to be in “rock 'n' roll,” or whatever it is, and he's really scored heavily on this new album he put out with the group Spirit. So ultimately the move was best for everyone concerned. Although at the time I regretted the loss of each, it did turn out that everybody wound up doing what they liked the best. And Larry [Taylor], who is the band's latest bassist, is sure right there in the blues—it's his interest.

Frank [Cook] decided fairly recently, just before the new album was cut, that his interest was primarily in jazz, and when we began to work a lot he found the blues too restricting. So, the economic question aside, he decided that he would



Canned Heat (l. to r.): singer Bob Hite, drummer Adolfo De La Parra, guitarist-vocalist Al Wilson, lead guitarist Henry Vestine, and bassist Larry Taylor.

rather get back into the music he was happier with, jazz. And once again it was to the benefit of everyone concerned. He's working around in jazz groups now, managing, and doing a bunch of things. And our new drummer, Fito De La Parra, is strictly interested in the blues. For the first time we have a situation in which there's no one whose commitment to the blues is not 100%, or at least 95%, in terms of playing.

What was the intention of the band at the outset?

Toward the beginning, my first thought was to try to combine the two diverse styles of postwar blues: single-string lead guitar, of which B. B. King is the daddy (T-Bone Walker you could argue, but I think B.B. is the daddy) and Kings Albert, Freddy, and Al, all the Kings and the rest of them—try to combine that thing, which almost exclusively had been done with horns as harmonic background, and to add it to the modal-type feeling of the more primitive style of Mississippi-born Chicago guys like Muddy Waters. In other words, basically it was playing Henry against myself in terms of the two-guitar setup. That was the original idea I had. Most of our early arrangements, and this is reflected in the first album, combine these two factors in the same song, whereas now we have become somewhat more of a blowing band, in person anyway. We still do a few of those older items but we do a lot more improvising now, and some looser structures. This would be like the boogie [*Fried Hockey Boogie*] on our second album, where everyone takes a solo.

We feel that recording blues can be approached successfully sometimes by using the tricks of the studio—over-dubbing, multitracking, and the like. At first we were very leery of this—except for

Larry. He, from the beginning, wanted to do this, and the rest of us were primarily very afraid that it would create a situation of nonspontaneity. What we discovered, however, is that it can actually create *more* spontaneity because there need be no concern by the soloist that if there's an excellent rhythm track laid down and his solo is sub-par the whole thing must be junked and done over again. Every aspect can be blocked off one at a time.

Also I find it difficult to argue against a system that allows one person to appear five or six times on a record if necessary. For example, on *On the Road Again* [second LP] I appear in six different capacities—three tamboura parts, harmonica, vocal, and guitar, all recorded at different times. The tamboura we had to work with was one of the poorest I've ever seen; it had no buzzing quality whatever. To put together a good drone it would not have been sufficient to play it once, so to get that buzz-type of drone that is characteristic of the instrument we overdubbed this low-grade tamboura two additional times to create the proper tinkling sensation. If we had done it only once you would have heard individual notes being plucked, which makes for a lousy tamboura drone.

At first I had a philosophical objection to playing harmonica at the same time I was singing, because that seemed unreal, but I was prevailed upon to try it and it certainly did come out better. Four Henrys appear on *World in A Jug* [second LP] at one time. Actually, it's three Henrys and one of me in certain sections. In this new album, generally speaking, Henry appears both in the rhythm track and in the solo. We found that the result was more spontaneous-sounding than was the case on the first album.

How has the band changed in the last

year-and-a-half? Has your conception changed in any way in that period, aside from the matter of recording techniques?

I think one of the main differences is that we became more concerned with making changes in songs than we used to. Before, we generally would use the lyrics of the original and we would change the instrumental part around to some degree, but not as much as we would now. And we usually add different words now, too.

How do you select, re-shape, and arrange the material you use? What criteria do you follow in this?

The unifying factor in many of our arrangements is a commitment to a strongly modal approach. What interests me in my capacity as arranger—I usually come up with the songs and the basic arrangement, like about 50% of them, and then there's lots of changes made by everyone else—what I'm looking for in starting the arrangements is to utilize any influence or any new sound, but using the modal patterns associated with the blues. This is why, although we use horns occasionally, we wouldn't consider adding them permanently, or a piano either, because these instruments tend to create a harmonic background which is not what our main interest is.

Let me put it this way: usually in the blues you get really exciting modal singing or instrumental work against a harmonic background, which we think of as the least interesting segment of it. Although we do some standard harmonically-ordered pieces, we try to use a large number of chord progressions other than the ordinary; on *World in A Jug* [second LP] we use only two chords instead of the usual three, although it's 12 measures long; and in *Rollin' and Tumblin'* [first LP] the chord structure is a little different—it follows a Delta pattern. Any changes we can do that way, we do, but what we're mainly interested in is the notes and modes, and then any new sounds that can be created, whether by overdubbing or by other means, such as the way Henry's changed his sound. He's totally changed his sound around to create all kinds of different tonal effects on the guitar but with few exceptions it's all based on those elementary blues scales, with key neutral or "blue" notes, and like that.

It might be thought by some that it's reactionary not to use the more modern chords and that our interest in the older things represents primarily an archaic type of thinking. But that is not true, because what we're interested in is any blues style of any period which relies on the modal feeling of the blues, which is what these old guys did supremely well. *Wouldn't the playing of modally-organized pieces be much more freeing than the playing of those which are harmonically-ordered?*

Yes. That's a key point. There's a strength and a problem in the modal approach. The strength of it is the intense vocal flavor this will impart to the music, because it must never be forgotten that the blues essentially is vocal, and various instrumental simulations of the same. Now, the problems. The obvious one is

the repetitional problem. You have to draw a fine line between the hypnotic and the merely repetitious. That is the one thing you constantly have to try to overcome—not to fall into repetitiveness. When you use that standard 12-bar progression all night, it can lead to a certain way of thinking which I sometimes call, in respect to certain very fast young guitarists, the methedrine mentality—which is to fill up this ever-recurring, unchanging structure with the mode notes but played with a speed which betrays a lack of concern with the vocal flavor of each note. I'm not saying all fast players do this, but I believe most do. Now, two people I could name who play very rapidly and do not do this, who feel the notes in a very vocal way, would be, on harmonica, Paul Butterfield, and on guitar, Henry. These are two who come to mind who can do that.

Would you characterize the difference between the older country blues and the postwar urban ensemble blues as primarily the older being more committed to a freer, modal approach and the modern (because it is ensemble) adhering to that strict 12-bar, harmonic pattern? Generally speaking, of course.

Yes, and the superiority of certain postwar groups—one might mention Muddy Waters as a good example—is that they did translate non-12-bar things into tightly organized ensemble pieces. Let's see, *Louisiana Blues* is one.

Yes, but that's a 12-bar structure with just three extra beats on the end of each four-bar phrase. It's recurrent in a regular way each time.

That's true, but the important thing is that it creates a different spatial thing, also because it does not use the characteristic changes. First of all, it's AAB, like the standard blues form we've been talking about, but within the AAB what they did was to use other harmonic things than the conventional progression, and to use irregular measures (which recur regularly, so to speak). A perfect example of that is *Meet Me in the Bottom* by Howling Wolf. All the way through, that's an AAB song, but it's on a different set of changes and though the irregularities are the same every time, it creates a different unit of phrase. Mixing these kinds of things up with the standard 12-bar items and then throwing in pure one-chord items can help break up this aspect of methedrine mentality.

Anyway, what I currently think of a lot in preparing arrangements is featuring Henry. Henry basically plays the same notes all the time—very well and with a vocal feeling, and what I try to do, say, on second guitar is to provide a different drone or modal-type harmonic background on each song to add a certain color, to take what Henry does and then add a different underlying color not based on a standard progression but on these partial chords and drone things—to create a different color for each song and then let Henry get it on over that.

How large is the band's repertoire?

At any given time we usually have 15 to 20 songs ready to play. That's a little

smaller than you might expect, but they're always changing. As we add new ones to the list, we drop old ones. I think we turn over songs faster than a majority of groups.

Is this primarily to maintain interest?

Yes. For instance, often what we will do upon adding a new item—this is thinking in terms of the rhythm guitar; played down the neck with open drone strings, it has a certain color in each key—if we add a new piece, say, a one-chord item in the key of E, the previous one-chord item in E will be dropped and we will play this new one for a period. And the same goes for the key of D; if we learn a new one we might drop the previous one we have in the same key. And then, whenever we can, we try to add totally new colors through new guitar tunings or whatever.

Are there still items from the original repertoire in the book?

Yes, *Bullfrog Blues* [first LP] is one of them. We've played it I don't know how many countless times, but there's just something about it that maintains our interest continually. Speaking in terms of the backgrounds, I think that would be a typical example: the background guitar in that, the drone more or less, is based on playing the major continuously and much of the minor in the guitar part, providing a lot of clashes between the minor and major, which creates an interesting drone that the soloist can go over. Now we'll be doing, particularly in the future, more of this kind of thing on record with the harmonica, when I can have two or three bodies, of which one can play guitar too. Like, *On the Road Again* doesn't have quite the flavor in person it does on the record, because I can only play one of the instruments at any given time.

I imagine that using older blues tunes and adapting them for ensemble style gives the band's work a freshness that wouldn't be possible if "standard" items of the modern blues genre were used as repertoire staples. The old songs can serve as points of departure, as vehicles for free expression in the modern style the band has evolved. It could lead to some interesting things, I should think.

Yes. That particularly applies to the earlier phase and only a few songs in the new album, but now we sometimes use an approach that is similar but a little different. This involves the taking of licks, exciting licks, from records which are perhaps not of the highest interest, and putting them together into new combinations. It's still the same process, except that it's not as tied to the concept of using one song.

Would an example of this be The Story of My Life on the first LP?

Yes, I guess it would. Yes, that combines ideas from two similar but different recordings, Billy Boy Arnold's *I Wish You Would* and Little Millet's version of the same type of thing—and then adding things that are totally original to that, a combination of factors.

Generally speaking, when we do a song it combines elements of a number of dif-

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"YOU GUYS ARE sure together," said clarinetist Albert Nicholas in Paris.

"They have got to be the best six-piece jazz band in the world today," seconded Bobby Hackett in Toronto.

"This is how jazz used to be," Budd Johnson summed up in Pittsburgh.

These were typical first-time reactions to the Saints and Sinners, a jazz group that has functioned as a unit since 1960. Based in New York, it is very rarely heard there, although the citizens of Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh and Toronto are quite familiar with it, and always ready to welcome it back. It made an appearance at the Museum of Modern Art jazz concert series in New York during the enlightened regime of this magazine's editor, and it is remembered when benefits are organized for its contemporaries, such as the late Pete Johnson, but it has yet to play the Newport or Monterey jazz festivals. This year, for the first time, the group went to Europe, at the instigation of Hans Mauerer of Karlsruhe, Germany.

"A lot of people tried to discourage him from bringing us over," said Red Richards, the group's pianist and co-leader, "but he wasn't sorry that he did."

They played in Antwerp, Paris, Di-

and Sinners played for just 20 minutes, and broke up the house. The significance of this did not escape the promoters, and a few days later they featured the group twice in the course of a similar event in Stuttgart. In Villingen, the SABA company quickly seized the opportunity of recording an album.

"Some people had expected just a group of old New Orleans guys collected for the tour," Richards said, "and they were flabbergasted by the togetherness of the group."

It wasn't just the members of the audience who were pleased to see them, either. In Paris, besides Albert Nicholas, musicians like Mezz Mezzrow, Bill Coleman and Memphis Slim came by to listen and wish them well. In Frankfurt, besides Jimmy Woode, they saw Detxer Gordon and Tony Scott. It was encouraging, and provided a breakthrough they had long hoped for and patiently awaited.

"It proved what can happen," Richards said wistfully, "if you can get the chance."

It proved that the Cecil Taylors and Ornette Colemans, for whom the public may or may not be ready, are not the only category of musicians with reason to complain of The System. That

idiom of the Swing Era. Their program, however, is never hackneyed. It includes Benny Carter's rarely heard *Blues in My Heart*, Duke Ellington's *Creole Love Call*, Budd Johnson's *A la Mode*, Louis Armstrong's *Someday*, Neal Hefti's *Li'l Darlin'*, Erroll Garner's *Misty*, Paul Barbarin's *Bourbon Street Parade*, and Fats Waller's *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, not to mention *Yacht Club Swing*, a piece by Waller and Herman Autrey, the group's trumpeter, and such originals by the co-leaders as Vic Dickenson's *I'll Try* and Red Richards' *T-Bone*.

The band's music is, in short, no contrived exercise in nostalgia, but the music of men playing the way they were brought up to play. Not that it is the only way they know, for each of them has met various other requirements in the course of his career, but in the end they deliberately returned to the form of expression they preferred. For those accustomed to gimmicks, frantic exhibitionism, eccentric behavior, and tension, their music may at first sound unexpectedly low-keyed and relaxed, but good taste, which is the essence of their presentation, is never out of season.

"I'd known Red Richards since the

THE SAINTS AND SINNERS GO



jon, Montreux, Baden, Stuttgart, Schaffhausen, Luebeck and Iserlohe. At the Star Club in Hamburg, they worked opposite two rock 'n' roll groups, and when they finished their second show, the crowd wouldn't let them off the stand. In the Swiss resort of Montreux, their success was such that a clubowner promptly sought to book them back for two weeks. In Limoges, a city with some of the continent's most enthusiastic jazz supporters, the audience demanded first one, then two, and finally three encores. At a Frankfurt jazz festival, after a Bulgarian quartet and expatriate bassist Jimmy Woode's group had played twice as long as scheduled, the Saints

the Saints and Sinners tour was such a triumph was an indictment of the present monopolistic set-up whereby a handful of agents, bookers and impresarios virtually dictate what the public shall hear, and thereby stifle the life and progress of jazz. It is no accident, of course, that so many dreary, over-promoted acts are rotated ad nauseam through the nightclub and festival scene.

The Saints and Sinners are not a Dixieland group, but neither are they in any sense avant-garde or far-out. They play occasional Dixieland numbers, but their material consists mainly of the better standards delivered in the

early '30s, when we both lived in Harlem," Vic Dickenson said. "He would go out and play piano as a single, but he and I used to sit down and talk about getting a group together, and the Saints and Sinners really began about 1960. Since then, that has been the main thing."

DICKENSON IS UNQUESTIONABLY the group's star, but, as its co-leader, he is not featured excessively, for that would be entirely opposed to the principles of this modest man. It suits him, too, that Richards should assume the duties of emcee. Yet the opportunities of hearing solos by a man recognized every-

where as one of the greatest trombone stylists the music has produced should alone make the little band an important attraction.

Dickenson's scope as a trombonist is extremely broad. His humor, of course, has been given a great deal of consideration ever since its striking demonstration in Eddie Heywood's *You Made Me Love You*, where the comic, the mocking and the bawdy were marvelously commingled. His lyrical side has received less attention, but his approach to ballads is romantic without being sentimental. It has found expression, too, in original compositions such as *I'll Try* (recorded in Canada and Europe) and *What Have You Done with the Key to My Heart?* (recorded in New York for Europe). As he explained to this writer several years ago, he is basically a melodist. "I like to play the melody," he said, "and I want it still to be heard, but I like to rephrase it and bring out something fresh in it, as though I were talking or singing to someone. I don't want to play it as written, because there's usually something square in it." An artist he understandably admires greatly is Johnny Hodges. "Johnny plays melody," he continued, "but he makes such beau-

tiful melody because he plays it his own way. He's one of the best soloists I know. You've got to feel it, and Johnny does. He's the greatest alto, I think."

Beyond his soloistic ability, Dickenson is a musician with an unusually flexible ensemble sense, one developed during his years with the bands of Speed Webb, Zack Whyte, Blanche Calloway, Thamon Hayes, Claude Hopkins, Benny Carter and Count Basie. (His solo on Benny Carter's *My Favorite Blues* drew critical attention, but it wasn't until he joined Basie in 1940 that he found real public acceptance. There, he was alongside the equally

individual Dickie Wells, with whom he often duetted.) This period gave him valuable experience, a feeling for tempos, and a useful stock of ensemble devices. When the group recorded *Bourbon Street Parade*, he introduced a catchy background figure that came, he explained, from *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

"I contribute a little," he added thoughtfully. "We all get together, and I give a few ideas."

His partner, Brooklyn-born Charles (Red) Richards, is a mild-mannered individual who resembles Fletcher Henderson in appearance and has the rare distinction of sounding like a male Billie Holiday, especially on numbers associated with her such as *Easy Living* and *Fooling Myself*. Although he had had classical training for years, he turned to jazz when he met Fats Waller at a house party. His professional debut was with Skeets Tolbert, a saxophonist from North Carolina, now believed to be teaching in Texas. After 2½ years with Tolbert, two in the Army, and four with alto saxophonist Tab Smith at the Savoy ballroom, he played with many famous musicians, among whom were trumpeters Roy Eldridge, Bobby Hackett, Jimmy Mc-

international limelight. ("So many people in Europe remembered Herman from Fats' records," Richards said, "and they loved him.") When he recorded with his friend, the late Buster Bailey, in 1958, jazz enthusiasts were everywhere agreeably surprised to find that he was playing better than ever. [The record in question was produced by Mr. Dance.—Ed.]

Born in Evergreen, Ala., Autrey had had a great deal of experience before Waller first heard him in Charlie Johnson's band at Smalls' Paradise. He had played in a school band, a brass band, a dance band, a carnival band, and in a roadshow. Later, he worked with Fletcher Henderson, Claude Hopkins and Stuff Smith. After Waller's death, he led his own group before freelancing in and around New York.

The present context reveals more versatility in Autrey than did that of Fats Waller and His Rhythm. A Canadian-made Cav-a Bob record (obtainable from Coda Publications, P.O. Box 87, Station J, Toronto 6, \$5.00 post-paid), the group's best album to date, features him in engaging vocals on *That's Life* and *Foo Foo Blues*. When requested, he also does an infectious, Armstrong-like *Mack the Knife* over

MARCHING ON

BY STANLEY DANCE



Partland, Buck Clayton and Wild Bill Davison. Following a European tour with Mezz Mezzrow, he joined Muggsy Spanier for four years (1953-57), and then returned to freelancing until he and Dickenson formed their present sextet.

His soft-spoken announcements make him an effective emcee in intimate rooms, and his quiet, relaxed piano style—curiously individual—makes a striking contrast with the more exuberant approach of the horns.

Herman Autrey will always be associated with the late Fats Waller, but since joining the Saints and Sinners group in 1963 he has returned to the

shuffle rhythm. His open horn has all its forthright character, but with mutes he creates pleasing tonal variety and displays much sensitivity.

When Buster Bailey left the Saints and Sinners to join Louis Armstrong in 1965, Rudy Powell took his place. Like Autrey, he was associated with Waller in the '30s, but during that decade he also had had extensive experience with the big bands of Edgar Hayes, Claude Hopkins, Teddy Wilson, Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Cab Calloway and Lucky Millinder. His adaptability is indicated by the fact that he was subsequently associated with

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A LOT OF YOUNG PLAYERS in the new jazz and rock bags are interested in playing raga-style but don't want to commit themselves to all the details of Indian techniques. The essence of the method is the flower-like unfolding of horizontal lines that begin most gently and often end at a roar of intensity, with a certain loose and peaceful feeling maintained throughout. It's possible to develop this style without getting hung up in all the procedures of another culture. Let's see how it's done.

As is generally known, harmony is not so important here; in fact, you just don't get your effects by playing changes. Most soloists who have tried to play in this vein on repeating chord patterns get a boxed-in sound. This is because fixed chord cycles tend to make you think in short phrase lengths that are locked into the repeating *one two three four* pulse of the bar line. The sound needs to get stretched and loosened so you think in terms of 16 beats instead of four. Some musicians prefer to increase the length more, and will even run phrases over 32 beats or longer. But cracking the tyranny of the four beat bar-line is the first and most important step.

What happens is that you're suddenly freed from the 4/4 time, so you start playing phrases that seem to lift above the beat and then settle back into it. But the trick to remember is to always hear the beat in *one* as if you were playing against a matrix of equal time units like a graph paper. If you do this, you will never get lost, no matter how long you suspend a phrase above the time.

Getting free of the four-beat unit just naturally carries you into a way of thinking where repeated chord patterns take a back seat, because the logic is dictated from phrase to phrase by the energy dynamics of your line. You will tend to vary your line-lengths to a greater extent. This makes it difficult to play on changes, since their essence lies in the short fixed time values between statements.

For example, the chord of the fifth (G) followed by the tonic chord (C) won't sound like a change from one to the other if they are separated by too much space. And they won't sound like part of a pattern if the distance between them is varied from chorus to chorus. Thus the ear is naturally drawn to the energy contrasts flowing along the lines of varying duration. These contrasts also make use of variations in volume (dynamics, properly speaking), tempo and register in place of changes. So you might have a long, slow phrase played quietly on the bottom of the instrument, followed by a short, loud one played quickly higher up.

ONE OF THE striking characteristics of the Indian players is their clean, clear, simple sound. This helps give them that peaceful feeling. Many Western players find this difficult to duplicate, but it can be done

FRANK SMITH is a tenor saxophonist who has been associated with the New York jazz avant garde. He has written for various jazz and underground publications and is presently forming his own jazz-rock band.

HOW TO PLAY RAGA-ROCK

by Frank Smith



Smith

by limiting yourself to the notes of the scale you're in. This is a corollary of giving up playing on changes. It may seem like a great burden at first, but it's part of the key to playing in the raga-style. You gain the horizontal freedom from 4/4 time, and give up the vertical freedom of playing notes in other tonal areas. It's one way of putting the difference between horizontal and vertical thinking.

It is even good to limit yourself to five-note scales, instead of seven. This is a common procedure of the Easterners. Try it with the first five steps of the scale. This will teach you a great deal about the relative importance and meaning of the notes in the scale.

The main goal in raga-style, as mentioned earlier, is to build a solo from a point of low intensity into a sparkling waterfall climax. The main problem here is learning how to make the solo build. This is largely an intuitive matter, but there is a way to do it properly by a careful selection of contrasts in dynamics, tempo, register and scale division. First we'll summarize the general principles.

You begin to build tension by increasing the intensity little by little. Then, when it begins to feel the need for release, you let it drop off. This is where the intuition comes in. But you don't release all the tension, just some. Then you begin building again, this time storing up more

energy under a feeling of pressure, partly by carrying over what was left hanging in the first cycle. As the need for release makes itself felt, you ease off again, but don't release all the stored tension, only part of it.

You regard yourself as an electrical generator and engineer at once, so you must operate the machinery from within, a process otherwise known as intuition. Each build-up and partial release constitutes the breathing or cycles of the solo, until finally you reach the climax and release all the stored-up pressure with as much force as you can muster without blowing your cool. This is the climax of your solo.

NOW WE NEED some techniques for carrying off these cycles. You'll notice when listening to Indian musicians that they always start out quietly and slowly on the bottom of their instruments. These are three good words to remember: soft, slow and low. But it's necessary to break up these three dimensions of dynamics, tempo and register into categories, so the mind will have touch-points to move within the intensity cycles or units. We'll deal with the scale divisions a little later.

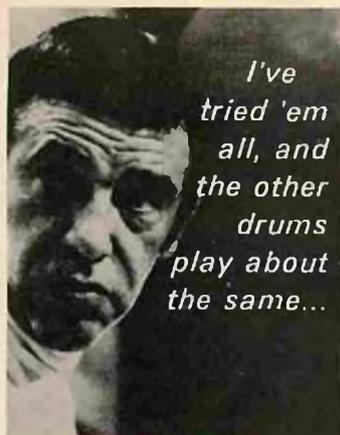
Since tempo is the clearest, we'll take that first. When the tempo increases on a raga record it isn't because its basic mode is changed. Each tempo has many different versions. You can have one beat to the bar for a given tempo. You can play twice as fast and have two beats, double that and have four, which is the basic and most common way of hearing. Then there are eight, fast, and 16, very fast. It's as if you're moving around a spiral race track where each revolution towards the center gets faster and faster.

To give a simplified example, you might play a five-cycle solo using each of these five different versions of one and the same tempo. You start out at one beat to the bar, then after a while you mix in two to a bar every now and then, until gradually a feeling of ambiguity enters and finally the feeling of two takes over from one. You have moved from very slow to slow. You continue in this fashion till you are playing four, medium, then eight, fast, then 16 beats to the bar like a whirling river.

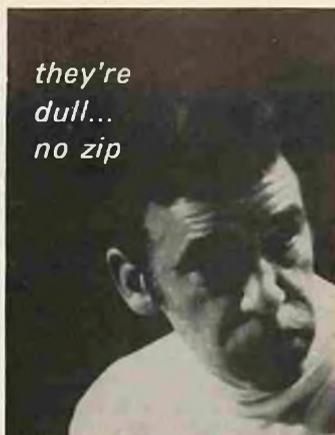
Each version of the tempo constitutes one cycle. It is the same tempo, because you go from one to the other by doubling or halving. The difficulty comes in learning to move gradually between them.

Dynamics or loudness also falls into five easy-to-hear categories: very soft, soft, medium, loud and very loud. Since the area separating them is continuous, it is easier to move from one to another, but not quite as easy to hear the distinction as in the case of tempo. It's good to train the ear by practicing each one separately, just as it's good training to practice tempo by *moving* between its versions. Starting off very softly is like the cool mist that floats above a mountain pool. Then you must follow it gently downhill as it gathers momentum and size, transforming itself gradually into a spuming waterfall of steam.

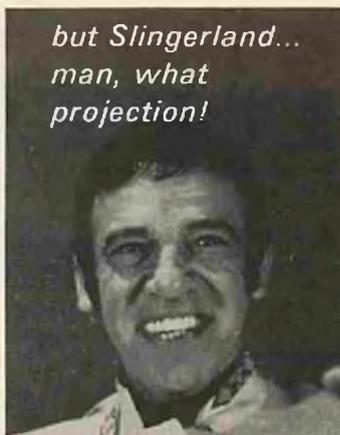
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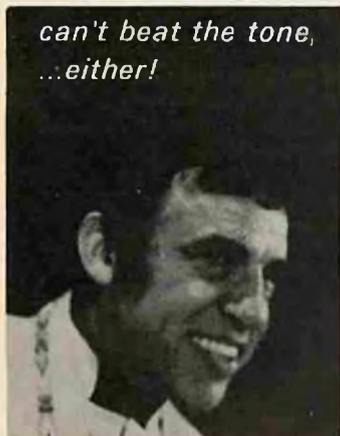
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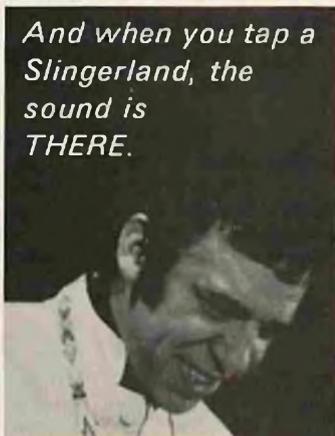
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Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

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FOUR MODERNISTS

Achie Shepp

IN EUROPE—Delmark DS 9409: *Cisum; Crepuscule With Nellie; O.C.; When Will the Blues Leave; The Funeral; Mik.*

Personnel: Don Cherry, cornet; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Don Moore, bass; J. C. Moses, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Pharoah Sanders

TAUHID—Impulse A-9138: *Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt; Japan; Aum; Venus; Capricorn Rising.*

Personnel: Sanders, tenor saxophone, flute, piccolo; Dave Burrell, piano; Warren (Sonny) Sharrock, guitar; Henry Grimes, bass; Roger Blank, drums; Nat Bettis, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Cecil Taylor

CONQUISTADOR!—Blue Note BST 84260: *Conquistador; With (Exit).*

Personnel: Bill Dixon, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano; Henry Grimes, Alan Silva, basses; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Albert Ayler

LOVE CRY—Impulse A-9165: *Love Cry; Ghosts; Omega; Dancing Flowers; Bells; Love Flowers; Zion Hill; Universal Indians.*

Personnel: Donald Ayler, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Call Cobbs, harpsichord; Alan Silva, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

A lot of people, for a lot of reasons, have nothing good if anything at all to say about the latter-day saints of jazz. At bottom, I believe, most of this criticism and apathy stems from selfish prejudices and fears. From time to time, every art form has faced—and gone past—the objections to its abstract manifestations. Not so jazz.

Over half a century ago, the New York Armory Show broke a path for everything up to and including the absurdities of pop art's worst protagonists. Kerouac, e.e. cummings and Jean Genet no longer cause traumas, either from the standpoint of style or content. Giacometti, David Smith, and those cats with the neon lights have all been survived. Ionesco, Brecht, and Le . . . yes, even LeRoi Jones have been digested without adding to the number of inmates at Charenton. But when it comes to that "way out music. . ."

If Andy Warhol has a Dunn&Bradstreet rating, Joseph Jarman should have a listing in *Fortune*. In this age of superjets, Lamborghinis, and Remington 30-06s; in this era of peace parades and poor marches; in this time of assassination politics and police versus students and napalm versus epidermis, *Pennies From Heaven*, even taken up-tempo, just doesn't seem to speak to the moment. Rather, that moment is more faithfully reflected in the febrile community of sounds inadequately lumped together under the heading of avant garde.

No one can say but the artists themselves that their performances are the conscious expressions of these contemporary elements of our existence. But the

screams, the bent, twisted, broken, cut and shot tones that leak and explode from their instruments are full of imagery from somewhere, and it's not merely the hip thing to do to hear them—there is value and reward in listening to these players, just as there was in listening to King Oliver.

Shepp's album, recorded in Denmark in 1963, is characterized by a blowing approach which seems, in retrospect, almost a conscious rebellion against the bebop influence. The front line remarks, knitted together by a straight-ahead rhythm unit, were somewhat influenced by the Ornette Coleman efforts which preceded this work by several years. Furious phrasing, loosely based on the heads, followed by abrupt stops; hiply out-of-joint bop lines done in haphazard unison, were all in the Coleman genre. But Shepp, Tchicai, Cherry, et al., were the original *New York Contemporary Five*, and, as such, influenced not only subsequent NYC's but a legion of instrumentalists from then till tomorrow.

The trumpeter's piece, *Cisum*, is an apt launching pad for his high-flying solo here. Tchicai, likewise, grinds exceedingly fine. Moses and Moore pace the group in a correctly unmerciful manner for the more than 11 minutes the track runs. Shepp returns, tit for tat, what the rhythm lays on.

The inclusion of Roswell Rudd's verbatim scoring of Monk's *Crepuscule* was no doubt due to Shepp's well-founded awareness of and respect for his heritage.

The rambling *O.C.* theme is quickly followed by solo Shepp, who sets a standard for eventful monologue.

When Will, by Ornette, finds Cherry right at home—except that his phrasing is much tighter and more confident today than it was five years ago. Tchicai, with good delayed-beat comments, a la Ornette, was competent; was one of the only players doing it then; but he too has come a mile or two since. Shepp, with snatches of *I Remember You*, etc., leads the horns into a melange of group improvisation to emerge alone.

Shepp's *Funeral*, dolorous, full of fine abstract sound elements, is graphic in its portrayal of pain, and fits its later purpose: acknowledgment of one of U.S. racism's many victims, Medger Evers.

Tchicai's *Mik* follows the 12-bar structure in common meter. The composer's solo is relaxed; Cherry's is original and Shepp's is unique.

Sadly, this album was recorded so long ago that much of it is no longer as interestingly spontaneous as it once was.

Happily, Delmark's Bob Koester saw fit to purchase it from its European owners and give it to us even at this date. It provides us with further history of the middle of the past decade's significant jazz activity. As such, it is valuable source

material, as well as good music.

Thanks to the insight (foresight?) of John Coltrane, another first-rank tenor is on the scene. Pharoah Sanders would undoubtedly have been overlooked for many years (if not entirely) as just another integer in the crowd, had Trane not included him in his last recordings. (That's no putdown of Sanders' abilities, just recognition of the mundane fact that it's not what you know, but who you blow with that counts.)

When exposed to him, many listeners found that Sanders did have more of a musical axe to grind than the average "promising player", as well as a uniquely forceful way of honing it. In fact, some of the jazz wags were saying—just before Trane's departure—that "Pharoah is saying it all, man; dig *Meditations*." (The criterion, hardly justified, was Sanders' stringency and stridency, comparatively more forceful than Coltrane's neo-lyricism at that point.)

But Sanders is here—with his music. His compositions, even the heads—uncookable, in the latter-day manner that many onlookers, critics and plagiarizing musicians find so annoying (they say "so jive")—are pillars of abstract continuity. They almost have to be played only by their composer because, as with so much of the best of the modern idiom, composition and exposition are inextricable; who else can sing *Strange Fruit*?

Lower Egypt is a rising bulge of sound—full of swirling piano, long reed swells, rattling temple blocks and bells—heaving with the powerful suggestion of birth, cresting subtly, then diminishing to a Grimes bowed passage. Sanders on piccolo is indebted to Sanders on tenor.

A rhythmic pattern, a montuna, emerges at a swift tempo to herald *Upper Egypt*. Against the regularity, Bettis places tricky percussion effects with, I believe, temple blocks or maybe boo-bams. A soaring Sanders enters on tenor. He builds away from the original line until, in less than a chorus, he finds ferocity. When the intensity subsides, he vocalizes with the rhythm.

Japan begins as gently impressionistic as a view of a Tokyo tea garden: little bells jangle against Sharrock's guitar, strummed like a Koto, and Grimes' soft harmony. There is a brief interlude of chanting by Sanders, more an impression than an imitation of the Japanese idiom.

Blank sets the tone for *Aum (Om)*, also the title of the last Coltrane album, and it is frenetic. Sanders, on alto, collides with Sharrock in a pitched battle, pushing all the silent places out of existence.

The leader takes to his tenor again on *Venus*. Initially, he carves a sylph-like melody with that painfully beautiful tone of his. Then he begins to twist the line,

fracture it, carve it up until it screams in torture. Burrell's tumbling chords and the rumbling bass and percussion behind him add to the dynamics and gravity of this segment. Grimes and Sanders interlace like shoestrings to climax *Capricorn*, and one is again reminded of the poetry in Sanders' tenor: the continuation of a song from joy through pain to peace.

A pianistic field holler begins *Conquistador*, the first of the Taylor album's two sidelong tracks, both the leader's compositions. The call is answered with a rush of horns and rhythm. Lyons' line, beginning on a level of intensity several notches below that of the violent ground-swell supporting it, is somewhat buried within the buttressing folds of agitation. Ultimately, however, like a mountaineer, Lyons matches the summits of exertion around him.

When Dixon enters, the energy diminishes and his long, held tones are intermittently slashed by Taylor's razor-edged chords. The tandem bass work is a dichotomy in arco and pizzicato.

Taylor's solo is a masterful montage of rhythmically dominated fragments, laced together with myriads of 100-watt arpeggios—little Miro figures swimming brightly.

The flip side, *With (Exit)*, opens with plastic skeins of music unwinding, unraveling to the puckering bow and exploding digits of Grimes and Silva. Again Dixon, with that haunted tone, slides whole notes across the air as if he were buffing antiques with a velvet rag.

Taylor's tumbling, whirling, strobe-light pianistics are again a Herculean display of dynamic and textural virtuosity. Like John Henry, he never lets up; his music, the driven steel of inspiration, turns white hot before it's over. His conception, admirably interpreted by the group gathered here, is thorny in perceptibility for some, since it has no fat couches on which the listener can lie and be entertained.

Intentionally or not, Albert Ayler ranks with the most sophisticated and satirical musicians of the decade, if one measures him by the "brevity is the soul of wit" equation. His best efforts, to this reviewer, are those of a genius because, in their simplicity, they tell the greatest of stories with a modicum of trivia attached.

Brother Donald has greatly improved over the last couple of years; either that, or his taste in recording companies has. The brothers' musical interactivity suggests images in a house of mirrors, magnified and multiplied in a kind of cubistic situation wherein all sides of the phrase at any given moment are played as near simultaneously as possible. The cumulative effect is one of continuous revelry.

All the pieces on this disc are the leader's. He apparently gave consideration to the possibility of airplay—if there are any imaginative and/or unrestricted deejays left in radioland. Each of the tracks on the first side is under four minutes long—some way under. Abbreviated versions of *Ghosts* and *Bells*, formerly waxed at epic length, strengthen this notion.

The title wedge, pure jubilation, is a call by the leader, echoed a second later by the trumpeter, in successive layers of ecstasy. Albert abandons his axe to chant the theme, as did Pharoah on *Japan*.

Dancing Flowers, featuring Albert alone

in front, begins with a parody of Wayne King's alto sound, tripping through the ricocheting vibrations of Cobbs' harpsichord and the pulsating rhythm unit. *Bells* retains its happy, ringing instrumental chant. The theme figure races up and down, working its way out of a maze.

Love Flower is a plaintive tapestry decorated with filigree of harpsichord and percussion. *Zion Hill* is characterized by little circular movements and angular trips within the forward motion of the piece as a whole. It is similar to but less volatile than Cecil Taylor's laminations.

Universal is a prolonged assault on apathy. Albert, proving kinship with Pharoah's approach, furiously overblows at the top of the horn. He seems to want another register at the upper end and, finding none, forces the top one to extend itself to those heights anyway. A bugling Donald brackets Graves' calibrated efforts and Silva's bowswoops, and dives to the returning onslaught of the front line.

These recordings are by four of the greatest and most diversified of the modernists. They are exemplary of the near past (Shepp), the present, and the future. Especially the future, because, though vilified by many "derriere-guardists", they provide the grapes from which much of the watered-down wine of popular American music is made. The sad fact is that while all these men have a somewhat greater following in Europe, in a number of cases, the U.S. Bureau of Artistic Acceptance still pays its hacks to copy the work of its artists and present it in spayed versions.

—Quinn

J. J. Johnson

THE TOTAL J. J. JOHNSON—RCA Victor LPM/LSP 3835: *Say When; Blue; In Walked Horace; Short Cake; Space Walk; Euro #1; Ballads; Little Dance; Euro #2.*

Collective personnel: Art Farmer, Snooky Young, Danny Stiles, Ernie Royal, Burt Collins, trumpets, flugelhorn; Ray Alonge, James Buffington, French horns; Johnson, Tony Studd, Paul Falise, Benny Powell, trombones; Phil Bodner, Jerome Richardson, Tom Newsome, Frank Wess, reeds, flutes; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Johnson's compositions here retain elements of *Poem for Brass* (written in the early 1950s, and the first work of his I heard), chiefly in their suggested modality (hardly any actual modality is to be found) and their homophonic use of the winds, which are made to sound very legato and are given frequent swells from *p* to *f*. The new ingredients are drawn from George Russell and Gil Evans, whom J.J. "holds in a regard he affords few others." (I quote from the liner notes.)

The Russell ingredients include a head-on no-nonsense use of blue notes, and the avoidance of fill-in composing. By fill-in composing, I mean the all too human but regrettable tendency of composers to insert a subordinate figuration between the end of one phrase of a theme and the beginning of the next. Russell's avoidance of this pernicious temptation is seen most dramatically in *Stratosphunk*; J.J.'s avoidance can be seen in *Space Walk* on this album.

The Evans ingredients are double-time figurations by the ensemble, the omission of the saxophone section, and the fre-

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gent use of three or four woodwind players often used with the brass (flute and muted trumpet in unison, flute doubling the first trumpet in ensemble passages—either in unison or an octave above, and so forth).

What I like most about Johnson's pieces is his harmonic procedure, which I find rich and appropriate, and his sense of space, by which I mean his ability to let things alone when they need to be let alone. At his best he is not a busy composer. What I like least about his pieces is their sameness, a quality to be found not only between different pieces but within single pieces as well. This sameness is mercilessly corroborated by the recording here, which covers everything with a thick blanket of reverb, thus making all the instruments sound more like each other than they ought to.

The performance of the works is generally good, by the standards of ad hoc groups (with which we are all hobbled, alas). Hank Jones is particularly felicitous in his accompaniment to J.J.'s solo on *Blue*. Ron Carter plays well, especially on *Space Walk* and *Blue*, although he is badly under-recorded throughout the album. Except for *Short Cake* and the two sections from the *Euro Suite*, the wind ensemble comprises nine players (three trumpets; three trombones; three woodwinds), and they perform with a vitality approaching hubris. The intonation in the trumpets is sometimes less than acceptable

and the flute (as played in ensemble passages) tends to be flat.

The liner notes are written in the curious hippy (not hippie) journalese of 10 or 15 years ago, which serves to put the writer (Steve Cagen) in trouble, added to which is some imperfectly understood technical language. "*Euro #1* is basically an ensemble piece. It is a scoring tour de force leaving just enough room at the edges for some trombone coloratura." (More than half of the piece is taken up by the trombone solo, which is anything but coloratura.) "The premise is a chord pattern sustaining its interest with orchestration." (What the writer means to say, I think, is that a given chord progression which is used frequently in the piece is orchestrated in a variety of ways; but this is not so and I can only conclude that his meaning is even farther from his words than it appears to be.) —Russo

Herbie Mann

THE WAILING DERVISHES—Atlantic SD 1497: *The Wailing Dervishes; Norwegian Wood; Flute Bag; In The Medina; Armenian Lullaby.*

Collective Personnel: Mann, flute; Hachig T. Kazarian, clarinet; Rufus Harley, bagpipe; Chick Ganimian, oud; Esber Koprucu, zither; Oliver Collins, piano; Roy Ayers, vibes; Reggie Workman or James Glenn, bass; Steve Knight, electric bass; Bruno Carr or Billy Abner, drums; Moulay (Ali) Hafid, dumbek.

Rating: ★★½

Here is another result of Mann's relentless search for exotica. All the tracks are marked by the influence of Near Eastern music. Even Harley's bagpipe playing on

Flute Bag, the selection on the LP closest to the jazz mainstream, has a Near Eastern or Indian flavor.

There's little profundity here, but the record is fun to listen to. The rhythm sections do a good job of establishing a groove, and there's some nice interplay between the section members.

The soloists generally play buoyantly. Ayers is the most impressive of them; his solos flow gracefully and hang together well. Mann has some nice ideas on *In The Medina* but generally his work is disappointing. He seems satisfied to play energetically and invest his work with an exotic quality (Latin American, Near Eastern, etc., depending on the occasion). Playing cliches doesn't seem to bother him much. He's played imaginatively in the past, but doesn't seem to have been particularly interested in doing so in recent years.

As a result, this is merely entertaining background music. —Pekar

Jackie McLean

NEW AND OLD GOSPEL—Blue Note BST 84262: *Lifeline (Offspring; Midway; Verzone; The Inevitable End); Old Gospel; Strange As It Seems.*

Personnel: Ornette Coleman, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Lamont Johnson, piano; Scott Holt, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

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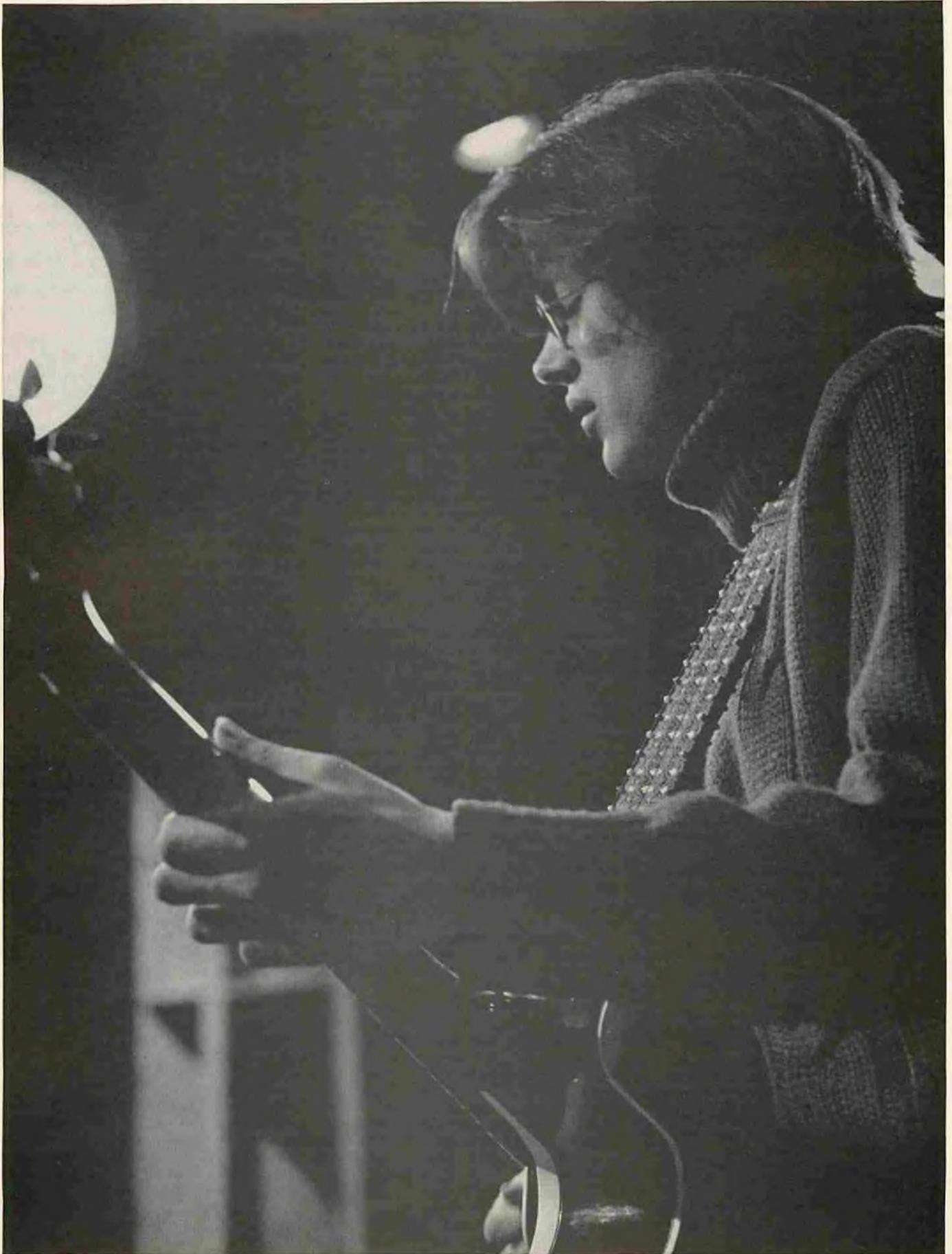
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finite nor rateable—I prefer to be a sport. I'd rather be guilty of giving a star too many than a star too few; lack of enthusiasm, it seems to me, has harmed jazz far more than its opposite.

This is not an apologia for giving *New and Old Gospel* the full count—quite the contrary. My intention was only to point out that I'm aware of the relativity of the rating system, and its limitations in the case of an unusually worthwhile record—such as this.

Elsewhere in these pages, in the *Blindfold Test*, Miles Davis talks about Ornette Coleman “_____ up” the horn. Miles is, of course, entitled to his opinions (besides, he wasn't even hearing a Coleman record, though he didn't take back what he'd said). There are also people, including most musicians, who say that only musicians should be critics.

I'm not a musician, but I disagree with Miles. I fully anticipated *not* to like Ornette Coleman's music when I first heard it live in November 1959—time flies—but I did, and I've gotten to like it better and better as the years went by; as it changed, as I changed, and as the world around us changed. Talk about soul—Ornette's got it.

I'm not ashamed of what I wrote about Ornette's music shortly after that first time, before it really got through to me. Especially not of having said of it that “the essence will be distilled and merge with the basic current of jazz.” Even those who belittle Ornette have partaken of his ideas and discoveries, consciously or not. They have seeped into the jazz language, which still, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, is a common one. You can hear some of Ornette's licks even in so-called Dixieland, to take an unlikely example.

And now comes Ornette's first record as a sideman, and it's Jackie McLean's date. Jackie plays alto, and Ornette plays trumpet. There's a piano. And Billy Higgins, whom both Jackie and Ornette love to play with. And a good young bass player. It's a happy scene.

This is, to me, a very beautiful record, both for what it is and for what it shows. It's a free and open record; a jazz record. It is one of those things—call them signs—that come along unexpectedly now and then, when they're really needed, to give a little boost to faith: faith in the future of jazz and its continuing greatness; as itself, not as something other. (Which, let it be understood, doesn't preclude that something other coming along—but not as a replacement.)

This is a free record, and a jazz record. Freedom is a function of necessity (in the Garden of Eden there is neither). Music is played, and thus is a game, no matter how serious and meaningful a one—as is all art worthy of the name. And to play any game you must decide on some rules; without them, you swing so freely that nobody else might be able to swing with you, and make you swing more than you ever can hope to alone.

This music is hip to that. I could say a lot about it, for there is much variety here, both in form and content. I could say that *Old Gospel* is one of the strongest and freshest jazz statements made in some time, and one of the happiest. It expresses

the essence of something that much of the music of our time—be it jazz, r&b, blues, Gospel, rock, whatchamacallit—lays claim to. It is an essence that can only be expressed in a positive way, because it is a celebration of existence.

As Ornette is quoted in the liner notes: “. . . There are a lot of good memories in that piece, and none of the bad ones. *Old Gospel* is not about being good or being bad. It's about *being*.” (I'm quoting out of context; the whole statement should be read.) Like all living things, it *moves*, and if it doesn't move you—later.

Jackie's *Lifeline* is in four contiguous parts—there are some interesting program notes by the composer, but he doesn't call it a “suite”, or label it at all. It's lovely music, very melodic, soulfully played, with remarkably intimate communication between the horns. I especially liked *Midway*, but the whole piece is attractive.

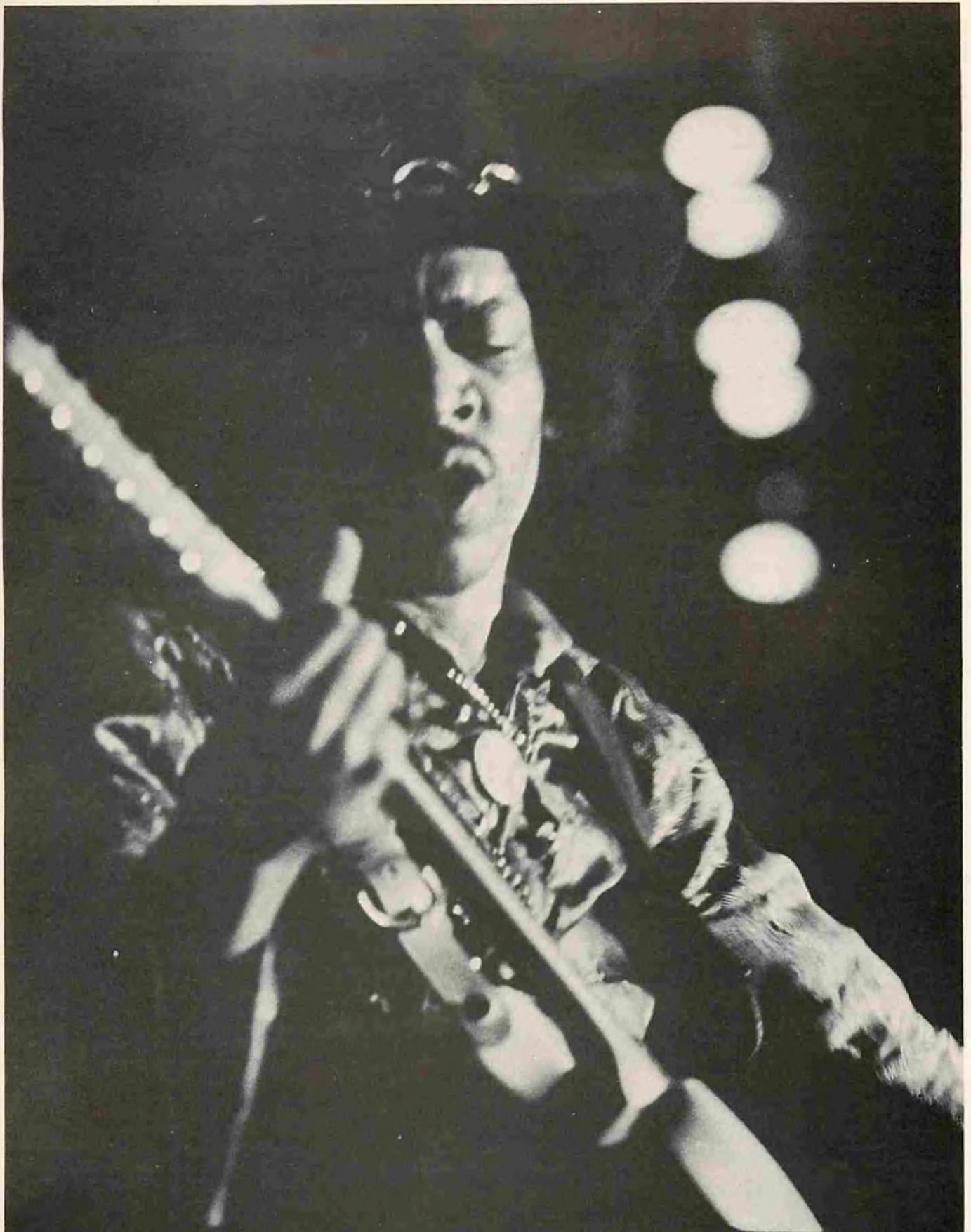
Ornette's *Strange As It Seems* is very different from *Old Gospel*, but it also has serenity. It is haunting, and from another point of view, a unique and splendid kind of collective improvisation.

Jackie McLean has always been a seeker. His extraordinary talent would have made it possible for him to settle in any one of many possible grooves, but he's not that kind of musician. He is a gambler, as all real winners must be, and sometimes he has lost a game. Here, he has found a new one he is at home with. He's often played great, never better. He sings, and his sound is a sound indeed. Even when he shouts and screams (he grabs himself some notes on *Gospel*) it is a good sound, a real sound; not forced, but free. It's the kind of playing nobody can do all the time, and when it's captured, as it rarely is, it's something.

Ornette is on trumpet. He makes music on the horn. Sometimes, he plays the loveliest and most unexpected phrases and melodies, and he plays his own kind of what Louis Armstrong called “second parts” when he was with King Oliver. Jackie implies in the liner notes that some trumpet players came down rather heavily on him for using Ornette. His explanation is beautiful, but after the music, it is only a forethought. These two get into each other's music, which is what counts. (Ornette, by the way, does some gassy things with a harmon mute. *He* doesn't need to put anybody down, verbally or musically.)

Billy Higgins is a joy throughout. He knows what time is all about, and he's got big ears, which he keeps open as few drummers do—even those who try. Lamont Johnson is an interesting pianist who hasn't quite found his style yet, but then, he's in some heavy company. (During Ornette's *Gospel* solo, dig how the trumpet works its way out of feeling boxed in by the piano's chords, and then proceeds to make them work for it.) On the whole, Johnson handles his difficult role very well. He has a sensitive ear, and his solos have content. Holt is at the service of the group, and has something to contribute.

This record could not have been made at any other time than now. Yet the music is ageless. As they used to say before everybody got so hip, it has the message. Pick up on it. —Morgenstern



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MILES DAVIS/BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 1

Four years ago, the last time Miles Davis was blindfold-tested, I remarked that he was "unusually selective in his listening habits." The only record that drew a favorable reaction was one by Stan Getz and Joao Gilberto, which brought a five-star rave. Everything else was put down in varying degrees: Les McCann, Rod Levitt, Sonny Rollins, Eric Dolphy, Cecil Taylor; even his early favorite Clark Terry and his idol Duke Ellington.

Looking back at earlier interviews with Miles, I am reminded that he was not always such a tough sale. In his first test (Sept. 21, 1955) he gave four stars to Clifford Brown, four to a Metronome All-Stars track, and five to a record featuring Louis Armstrong, Bobby Hackett and Jack Teagarden. Ellington elicited a 25-star rating—or at least, the wish that there were such a rating. (He now abstains from using the rating system.)

Recently, visiting Miles in his Hollywood hotel suite, I found strewn around the room records or tape cartridges by James Brown, Dionne Warwick, Tony Bennett, the Byrds, Aretha Franklin and the Fifth Dimension. Not a single jazz instrumental. More about this in the next installment. Meanwhile, here is the first half of a two-part test.

—Leonard Feather



BILL ABERNATHY

1. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *On the Que-Tee* (from *Bocklash*, Atlantic). Hubbard, trumpet, composer.

I don't dig that kind of —, man, just a straight 32 bars, I mean whatever it is. The time they were playing was too tight, you know. It's formal, man, and scales and all that. . . . No kind of sound, straight sound—no imagination. They shouldn't even put that out.

Freddie's a great trumpet player, but if he had some kind of other direction to go . . . if you place a guy in a spot where he has to do something else, other than what he can do, so he can do *that*. He's got to have something that challenges his imagination, far above what he thinks he's going to play, and what it might lead into, then above *that*, so he won't be fighting when things change.

That's what I tell all my musicians; I tell them be ready to play what you know and play above what you know. Anything might happen above what you've been used to playing—you're ready to get into that, and above that, and take that out.

But this sounds like just a lead sheet.

Feather: Do you think he's capable of more than that?

Davis: Yes, if he's directed, because he must have other imagination, other than this. I wouldn't even put that — on a record.

2. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Bach Feelin'* (from *Live at the Village Vanguard*, Solid State). Jones, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone, composer; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

It's got to be Thad's big band I don't understand why guys have to push themselves and say "wow! wee!" and all that during an arrangement to make somebody think it's more than what it is, when it ain't nothing. I like the way Thad writes, but I also like the way he plays when he writes. I like when he plays his tunes, without all that stuff—no solos, you know. It's nothing to play off of.

Feather: There was a long tenor solo on that.

Davis: Yes, but it was nothing; they didn't need that, and the trombone player should be shot.

Feather: Well, who do you think wrote that?

Davis: I don't really know, but I don't like those kind of arrangements. You don't write arrangements like that for white

guys . . . (*humming*). That ain't nothing.

In the first place, a band with that instrumentation — up an arrangement—the saxophones particularly. They could play other instruments, but you only get one sound like that. On that arrangement, the only one that rates is the piano player. He's something else. And Richard Davis. The drummer just plays straight, no shading. I couldn't stand a band like that for myself. It makes me feel like I'm broke and wearing a slip that doesn't belong to me, and my hair's combed the wrong way; it makes me feel funny, even as a listener.

Those guys don't have a musical mind—just playing what's written. They don't know what the notes mean.

Feather: Have you heard that band much in person?

Davis: Yes, I've heard them, but I don't like them. I like Thad's arrangements, but I don't like the guys pushing the arrangements, and shouting, because there's nothing happening. It would be better if they recorded the shouts at the end—or at least shout in tune!

3. ARCHIE SHEPP. *The Funeral* (from *Archie Shepp in Europe*, Delmark). Don Cherry, cornet; John Tchicai, alto saxophone; Shepp, tenor saxophone. (Recorded 1963.)

You're putting me on with that! . . . I know who it is—Ornette, — up the trumpet and the alto. I don't understand that jive at all. The guy has nice rhythm on saxophone.

People are so gullible—they go for that—they go for something they don't know about.

Feather: Why do you think they go for it?

Davis: Because they feel it's not hip *not* to go for it. But if something sounds terrible, man, a person should have enough respect for his own mind to say it doesn't sound good. It doesn't to me, and I'm not going to listen to it. No matter how long you listen to it, it doesn't sound any good.

Anyone can tell that guy's not a trumpet player—it's just notes that come out, and every note he plays, he looks serious about it, and people will go for it—especially white people. They go for anything. They want to be hipper than any other race, and they go for anything ridiculous like that.

Feather: Actually, you got that one

wrong—it wasn't Ornette. It was an Archie Shepp date with John Tchicai on alto and Don Cherry on trumpet.

Davis: Well, whoever it is, it sounds the same—Ornette sounds the same way. That's where Archie and them got that — from; there sure ain't nothing there.

4. FIFTH DIMENSION. *Prologue, The Magic Garden* (from *The Magic Garden*, Soul City). Jim Webb, composer, arranger.

That record is planned, you know. It's like when I do things, it's planned and you lead into other things. It makes sense. It has different sounds in the voicing, and they're using the stereo—they can sure use stereo today, coming out from different sides and different people making statements and things like that. That's the way you should record!

Yeah, that's a nice record; it sounds nice. I liked the composition and the arrangement. It's Jim Webb and the Fifth Dimension. It could be a little smoother—they push it too hard for the singers. You don't have to push that hard. When you push, you get a raggedy edge, and an edge gives another vibration.

I liked the instrumental introduction too. We did things like that on *Porgy and Bess*—just played parts of things.

I told Diahann Carroll about an idea I had for her to record, based on things like that. There are certain tunes—parts of tunes—that you like, and you have to go through all that other — to get to that part—but she can just sing that part. She could sing it in any kind of musical form—18th century, today's beat, and she can say the statement over and make the background change the mood and change the time. They could also use her as an instrument; instead of the strings under her, she could be *in* the strings, and have her coming out from each side of the stereo. She told me to set it up for her, and I was trying to do it for her.

Jimmy Webb would be great for her. I think Wayne could do it for her, too; but I told her to get a guy like Mel to put the story together.

Feather: Which Mel?

Davis: Mel Tormé. And you could have the music in between, to change the mood to whatever mood she wanted to sing in. She was interested, and insisted that I produce it, but I don't want to get involved in that end of it. [25]

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Performed at Berkeley's open air Greek Theatre, the University of California's Second Annual Jazz Festival had its ups and downs, its excitements and disenchantments. Nothing really unexpected. No wooden horse trundling on, apparently innocent, yet full of surprises.

Financially, it was a success. An audience as thick as locusts on the Mormons' wheat was on hand for the Friday and Saturday evenings' concerts, filling the slope of the amphitheatre and thickly fringing the grass verge at the top, outside the walls. But only halfway respectable crowds attended the Piano Workshop on Saturday afternoon.

A Jazz Film Festival Week preceded the musical action: Bessie Smith's *St. Louis Blues*; the French *Frantic*, with a Miles Davis score; *The Connection*, *All My Life*, with a background by Ella Fitzgerald and the Teddy Wilson Orchestra; *Jammin' The Blues*; *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; a Bill Evans educational film, and KQED-TV's documentaries on Duke Ellington and Monterey 1967.

And an inquisition on jazz and rock—panclists Leonard Feather, Ralph Gleason, Leroy Robinson (Tom Scott didn't make it) and Billy Taylor on Friday afternoon, a few hours before the first of the concerts, and a lecture by Lalo Schiffrin on

jazz writing and scoring on Saturday afternoon, after the Piano Workshop.

The scaling of the walls commenced on Friday evening with the Cecil Taylor Unit, listed as a quintet—Eddie Gale, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons, alto sax; Taylor, piano; Alan Silva, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums—but with Frank Wright added on tenor, making it a sextet.

Taylor, one of the gods of the avant garde, threw his bolts for nearly an endless hour. Atonal lightning flashed and dissonant thunder rolled round our heads. The rhythm cartwheeled in different directions and it would have taken a Doctor Doolittle to decipher the animal noises of the front line. Gale preferred squeals to lyricism and occasionally knocked claves together, irregularly of course. Wright would stay for minutes on end in the two-note range of an angry donkey, Lyons bleating away at his side. Cyrille indulged in circus rolls and cymbal smacks that made your ears ring. Silva plucked and fingered well and went his own sweet way listening to a distant drum and piano. Technically Taylor has it all, which makes the waste all the sadder. The entire keyboard can pass under his fingers like cards through the hands of a magician, and there were a few occasions when he unleashed a metronomic atonalism that had staggering impact. But these fragments of form were quickly submerged in chaos.

The music Taylor played was the first two parts of a composition called *Oba*, written for the dance.

Carmen McRae came on as a balm: a songstress mentioned as the new "first lady" of jazz. (If Ella sung cracked notes all the way from here to the bower she has still served a noble term in office. Jazz aficionados—and critics—resemble Lucifer and his cohorts: they become satiated with perfection and like a bit of a change. That said, if they pass on the title to Carmen it's to something.) She is a lodestar for diction and delivery, on a fervently jazzy bash, a casual romp, or ballads (in which coyness flickers an occasional eyelash).

Norman Simmons, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Severino, drums, and Carmen's new husband, Francois Vaz, on guitar—"I needed a guitarist, so I got married"—all pointed in the same supple swinging direction. *On A Clear Day*, *Wonder Why, It's Not Going That Way* all went well. *Easy Living*, poignantly slow; *Day By Day*, fast, with sudden swoops and the McRae lustre at a high sparkle; *Alfie*, nicely plaintive; *He Loves Me*, very fast Latin: subtle nuance and the unexpected fitting twist were always there.

Simmons' piano glided capably through a couple of choruses on *Elusive Butterfly*, Severino's tambourine tinging behind the vocal, and Carmen left big gaps in *Satin*

Doll for Red Mitchell's bass to fill brim-
mingly. *I'm Always Drunk In San Fran-
cisco* was taken at the same smooth tilt.
The last two numbers, *Georgia Rose* and
My Very Own Person, were on the pen-
sive side, blue in mood and color.

The rhythm was a perfect cushion for
Carmen's particular glow. In *Vaz*, she's
married a good guitarist. That was very
evident in his discreet and expert placing
of chords on *Easy Living*.

The tents of Cecil Taylor, which had
mercifully folded under the McRae ap-
proach, were raised again by the Miles
Davis Quintet in *Agitation*, *Footprints*, and
Nefertiti—a lovely exception being Davis'
variations on *'Round Midnight*. The pegs
weren't driven in quite so hard, the pen-
nants fluttered less fiercely, but they still
fluttered. But the sirocco that blew through
most of the set was tempered by Herbie
Hancock's piano—he can sound sane do-
ing almost anything—and by Wayne Short-
er's virile tenor.

In *Agitation*, the title fitted. Shorter's
tenor, coarsely assertive, interrupted by
drum rolls like an army of ninepins going
down, then resuming a long solo; some
Hancock piano; Davis joining Shorter for
a brief duet, then Davis on his own, less
coarse and a lot less assertive. In fact, a
fair amount of fluffs. The rhythm churned
up a froth behind him; the bass, near the
close, going into well-plucked repeat fig-
ures taken quite slowly regardless of the
foot-hard-down efforts of the others.

Footprints was even more schizophrenic
in mood. There were a few heartwarming
spots when the rhythm (Marshall Hawkins,
bass; Tony Williams, drums) really touched
fingers and moved together, but like star-
crossed lovers with the fates breathing
down their necks they went their separate
ways. Hancock's piano playing was an
oasis. Trumpet and drums went all out,
Davis unsteady as a drunk on the fast
runs. Segments of this, fragments of that,
shavings of 4/4; a good deal of ordered
confusion, some of it listenable.

Davis was at his best in his wistful in-
terpretation of *'Round Midnight*, gently
feeling his way along the forlorn mood of
the piece, adding his own refined sadness.
Hancock was his only accompaniment, a
gentle background to the horn tapering
off in melancholy. This is the musical
stratum that Miles moves most freely in;
contours well learned, perhaps, but worth
exploring.

Shorter's tenor sounded like a foghorn
mellowed by mist on *Nefertiti*, a long
surge and drop of a melody line. Han-
cock shone through a blanket of loud
cymbals and drum rolls. Davis duetted
with Shorter in the theme's rise and fall,
and then took his own fog-drenched solo,
his lines hazy.

During the entire Davis set the Gil
Evans Orchestra, already assembled, had
been sitting on stage, still and shadowed
like Spanish inquisitors. Now they took a
well-sculptured hand in things.

For the opener, a slightly surprising
one, Evans' inimitable pen had been dipped
in *Mother Ganges*, using three stringed
instruments—an amplified guitar, a mando-
lin, and a Hawaiian guitar—to squirt out
long, throbbing notes, reproducing the

sitar-tamboura atmosphere, enforced by
the cunningly employed reeds and insistent
Tony Williams cymbals. Tommy Vig's ma-
rimba, which softly embroidered all three
Evans offerings, weaved delicately through
the exotic Eastern pulse which later
slowed, but was still inherent. Davis' lines
were long manicured fingers that reached
and expertly flexed inside the silken glove
of Evans' subdued orchestration.

Shorter's solo was more iron-fisted but
still kept within seams. Mainly in 5/4,
untitled, with leavenings of 7/4 and other
time signatures, the raga feeling was in-
genious and tingling. Don Ellis was subtly
scooped. One almost expected to see the
incense drifting across the stage.

Aretha Franklin's *You Make Me Feel
Like A Natural Woman*, in 3/4, was sec-
ond, with the brooding quality of the
original, a touch of quiet thunder from
the tuba and French horns. Joe Skufca's
oboe and Vig's marimba were heard in
clear, dappled passages. Hancock's piano,
Hawkins' bass, and Williams' drums were
restrained and all the more fluent for it.

Between this and the orchestra's third
and last number, the Davis quintet sand-
wiched *Gingerbread Boy*, another feverish
saturnalia with everybody at the same
high temperature. Davis had the first solo,
his pulse unsteady again; Shorter showed
he could move out of his robust mold into
liquid coherence; Hawkins' tearaway bass
and Williams' explosions were subordinate
to a swinging beat. Hancock's swirling di-
minuendos and crescendos were exalting,
his rapid, left hand tattoos a delight. Davis'
solo horn on *Midnight* excepted, this was
the best of the quintet's offerings.

Wayne Shorter's *Antigua* was the or-
chestra's last say: a gently swaying 4/4
with more good marimba in the back-
ground, a chameleon change of colors,
and the rare orchestral ascension and out-
burst. Davis and Shorter duetted, Davis
soloed, then they duetted at the close. All
good stuff, beautifully backed.

That climaxed the Friday evening con-
cert, and therein lay the disappointment:
the sparseness, in quantity, of this new
collaboration between Evans and Davis.
There was a hint, in the svelte instrumen-
tation that backed the quintet—Esther
Mayhan, Arthur Frantz, French horns;
Howard Johnson, tuba; Dick Houlgate,
Bob Richards, bassoons; Anthony Ortega,
flutes, soprano sax; John Mayhan, flutes,
bass clarinet; Skufca, oboe, English horn;
Herb Bushler, electric bass, guitar; John
Morell, guitar, mandolin; Jeff Kaplan,
guitar; Vig, percussion; Suzanna England,
harp—that Evans wouldn't be showing
filed teeth. But it's one of his major talents
that he can induce excitement without re-
course to brassy props or blithe saxes.
This showing punched no holes in his
reputation as a supreme orchestrator. He
is the Boswell to Davis' Johnson: illustrat-
ing journeys, underlining anecdotes, re-
vealing Davis' personality in full.

Saturday afternoon's Piano Workshop
had weather as pleasant and warm as the
previous evening's had been cold. (The air
nipped less at Saturday night's concert,
but it was chilly enough; some musicians
complained of horn trouble.)

Billy Taylor produced, directed and

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opened the event, sprinkled his own playing through several styles, prefaced the sets of the other pianists with lucid comments, and sat in on the closing set. He was a pleasure, whether talking or playing. Of the other four scheduled pianists, Thelonious Monk didn't make it. Willie (The Lion) Smith, in a bevy of modernists, was an addition that paid off.

Taylor did a take-off on Art Tatum, comparing his arpeggios to Coltrane's "sheets of sound", and on the Tatum-inspired *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* showed how Tatum's glissandos and rapid-fire runs pointed to the future.

Then came a melange of 2/4 ragtime and a bow to Earl Hines and Fats Waller, explaining that Fats wasn't limited to 4/4 and using Waller's *Jitterbug Waltz* to show how far back the jazz waltz reaches.

I Wish I Knew How It Felt To Be Free, a Gospel song, went through several variations: the simple structures played in a Baptist church; a strong pedal version; an introduction of modern rhythm and harmony into the piece—Red Mitchell's bass and Donald Bailey's drums joining him—and then a frisky blowing on the changes.

The climax was a polyphonic *There Will Never Be Another You*, left and right hands stressing different melodies. Taylor, Mitchell and Bailey danced through this, light as a trio of ballerinas.

The Lion came on, a reincarnation of the '20s: red vest, jaunty grey bowler hat, cigar puffs like dangerous Indian signals; a back still straight as a Guardsman's after nearly six decades of piano. *Relaxin'* was just that: easy, effortless piano, with Mitchell and Bailey still backing. On his second piece, he showed a flowing left hand, making wily changes with the right, shifting harmonies and tempos. Moves performed with the crafty accuracy of a chess master had Mitchell and Bailey stumped, uncertain when to enter—the Lion yelling at them: "I'll tell you when." The cat-and-mouse game ended when a recognizable *Georgia* emerged from Smith's complex forms. The bass and drums swept in with relief, before the guessing gates closed again.

Tea for Two had a modern-sounding dragging of the beat, "off-color" harmonics, spicy tempo changes and a swaggering stride finish. As well as good piano, there was good humor, a quality being successfully ironed out of much modern music.

Taylor's introduction to the next pianist ("I used to visit him at his parents house in Chicago. He was 16 then. Questioning me about how I played a certain piece, he would ask 'Like this?'—and swish through a number I had to scuffle to play") brought on Denny Zeitlin.

He played three numbers: *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*, *'Round Midnight*, and an original, *Total Free*—all interesting. The first, in 4/4 and 7/4, had a bossa nova feel in parts. After the Latin figures, Zeitlin went into his own peculiar strays. Plenty of good cymbal work, both on tempo and used for coloring from Oliver Johnson. The bass was Joe Halpin.

'Round Midnight, in the Davis translation on the previous evening, had been forlorn. Here it was austere, and even on a

sunny Saturday, eerie. Stark piano lines in the opening, center, and closing sections, with light-as-clouds touches, in texture if not in mood, in between. Then Zeitlin was under the piano lid, two tympani sticks in one hand, thrumming on the strings, the other hand on the pulse of the keyboard.

Zeitlin, explaining his original, said it embraced his more recent explorations and was totally improvised and spontaneous. A good half of it was a wild jagged ride, Zeitlin up and down peaks of dissonance at a helter-skelter tilt, bass and drums arm-in-arm with him. Quiet periods when Dr. Zeitlin would check on the patient: under the piano lid with the tympani sticks, mallets, and reflex hammer. The piano, perhaps stunned, never budged. Zeitlin also tuned in on a transistor radio

there was a return to the leisurely Latin theme and then left hand blurs of speed that emerged in attractive clarity. Hawkins' bass expertly echoed the piano's closing melody line. A yet untitled original, this one shouldn't rest until it's nestled in the recording studio.

Just In Time and *Cantaloupe Island* were both frescoes of 4/4, dark harmonic chords and lightly swinging melody lines skillfully drawn against a fluid rhythm. *Time* all ripple and rapport, *Island* bluesy, a hint of atonalism, the right hand laying a hypnotic four chord groundwork, the left in long melodic streamers.

The set was a revelation of good piano.

The other Taylor, Cecil, again. He, bassist Silva and drummer Cyrille all similarly hatted, the only togetherness there was. It was a repetition of their opening

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Miles Davis and Gil Evans: Johnson and Boswell

and used a melodica to produce miniature organ notes. Moving to the climax, the drummer, left-handed on cymbals, shook maracas with the right, the bassist practically kicked his instrument to get big notes out of it, and Zeitlin, satisfied that the patient was healthy, gave the piano a two-fisted pummeling.

Hancock had Marshall Hawkins on bass and Bailey on drums. Glancing into the piano, he called after Zeitlin, "You've left some of your medical implements in here," and then removed his watch before playing: "I've got a weight problem." There were no others. His set was far removed from the complex kick the Davis quintet indulges in. Hancock said that for the past six months he had been concentrating on simple melodic lines and rhythms, with the interest centering on different and subtle harmony. He swung through a bossa nova-type intro and into the best combination of simplicity and eloquence of the afternoon. Short unusual flights and harmonic twists which always landed beautifully, with suspensions and breathing-spaces potent in themselves. Midway,

set, sans horns.

Silva, on passages of bowed bass, squeaked like the tightening of a rack; drummer Cyrille rolled and crashed in delirium. Taylor, like Zeitlin, went under the piano lid, mating the strings with maracas; sounding less successful than Zeitlin, perhaps because of lack of medical background. A sad sight was Cecil uttering weird shrieks, like a mad muezzin calling the insane to prayer. The only resemblance to form in this music is in its anger, perhaps a railing against the sicknesses of society, which in turn, can also be a sickness.

The finale was a game of musical chairs. Willie (The Lion) at one piano, Zeitlin and Billy Taylor at the other. Billy dropping out, Hancock sitting in, Billy joining again, the four pianists all on *Yesterdays*. They didn't always mesh, but they never grated. Some nice cooking, but a case of too many cooks.

Perhaps the word "workshop" kept the more sensitive away. Only the front sections of the amphitheatre were filled. All in all, those that missed it were the losers.

There was an angry caterpillar of cars on the road up to the Greek Theatre on the Saturday evening—the locusts all winging in again—so I missed a good half of the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet. They had already played two Hutcherson originals and were midway through Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*, with only a fast *One For Nina* to go. The quintet had been included as an aperitif, a warm-up, but they would have served well anywhere. They were straight and simple in the better senses. Hutcherson's vibes swung sensitively, Land's horn was the first in an evening with good tenors, and the rhythm section (Joe Sample, piano; Al Stinson, bass; Doug Sides, drums) was powerful but unobtrusive.

Those who consider a big band the apex in jazz excitement reached the heights with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

Lowdown started lazily, a gently swinging hammock with the saxes snugly relaxed and the brass giving an occasional wriggle. Jones blew a long, strong solo that got stronger, exciting the saxes to an eager edge while the brass spilled out with a crash.

Richard Davis' bass came up front for the Bob Brookmeyer arrangement of Fats Waller's *Willow Tree*. The reeds were softly ripe, two flutes and a clarinet with the saxes. Davis' slow vein thickened into powerful strumming. Jones came in on fluegelhorn, matching the orchestra's easy swing, Davis still sending out powerful waves. The mood was generally smooth; a few brass bursts, a brief torrent of overflowing rhythm behind Thad's solo, the sections on a unison blend at the close.

Once Around showed how beautifully the band combines firm discipline with the relaxation of an off-duty harem. Long blithe-spirited solos, the first from trumpeter Danny Moore, cut cleanly through the resounding clamor of swirling saxes and glowing brass, fanned into flaming bursts by the gusty rhythm. Pepper Adams' swelling baritone adapted itself to all environments: grunting low, fathoms deep, riding easily in the roll of the orchestra, or winging high above the commotion. Canny use was made of a void in which soloist Adams moved, the orchestra inactive. One could sense the band, poised behind Adams' choruses, curling up and finally breaking in with a crash of exhilarating spray. The same effect was used in pianist Roland Hanna's solo—and, later, behind other soloists: it always struck. Lewis' solo, except for the drum roll leading to the climax, was a delicate concentration on cymbals rather than a merciless karate attack on the skins.

The rhythm made the first move in Hank Jones' *Ah! That's Freedom*, Hanna's piano schizophrenic with an atonal right hand, a melodic left. Trombone solos, pigeonholed at the concerts up to now, flew out with Garnett Brown. A tone as full-bodied as a vat in which fermented rapid-fire licks, comically varied by a quasi-march effect with a quizzical strut to it; more sparkling velocity, some object lessons in slurs, a return to humorous swagger, and a settling down to a merry chase, the band baying behind him.

Even to ballads like *Willow Weep For*

Me, a Brookmeyer arrangement that kept to the character of the piece, the band brought a lift, an introspective swing. Brookmeyer played warmly within his own well-chiseled sculpturings. Jones had a short say. Bowed bass gave a mournful edge to the reproachful mood.

The band's closing number, before its backing of Joe Williams, rocked along in a superb jazz sense, the soloists carving out sure footholds on the orchestra's climb to brassy peaks. Seldon Powell cut deepest, stomping his way through "dirty" tenor regions, honking up octaves, with swinging runs in the right direction and a few dashes at "freedom", peppered by twin-barreled blasts from the brass. Mercurial reeds did their part in keeping up a steady head of steam which built up until the whistle blew.

The fine-grade oil of the rhythm section kept the heaviest of brass passages from locking. The liaison between the sections—Snooky Young, Danny Moore, Richard Williams, Randy Brecker, trumpets; Brookmeyer, Brown, Jimmy Knepper, Benny Powell, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Adams, Powell, reeds—is first rate. The top drawer is bulging with good soloists, Thad's horn as good as any. The ballads were cleverly voiced, and in the heat of up tempo the orchestra in full armor is impressive. They are beautifully versed in big-band dogma, with Jones and Lewis as full professors.

Backing Williams, they were every bit as competent. Behind his phalanx of a voice they unrolled a soft carpet of colors or brassily spiked beat numbers and blues.

Williams and the band were exuberant on *Fly Me to the Moon* and *If I Were A Bell*, with a Brookmeyer snippet on *Moon*. *People* had a heavy crust of sentimentality, but *Ol' Man River* was spry, the saxes carrying most of the muscle behind Williams, with some lefts-rights from the brass. A ballad which Williams handled well, *Did I Ever Really Love?*, had that special swing the orchestra can induce into slow numbers.

Williams' once brawny grip on the blues has lessened to some extent, but he still mined the vein successfully. On *Nobody Knows The Way I Feel This Morning*, *Get Out Of My Life, Woman*, and *C'mon To Me, Baby*, he brought up his nuggets of sound, the band sparkling back. He tripped a little on scatting—which might not be as easy as it sounds—on *It Don't Mean A Thing*, but regained his poise, admirably bolstered by needle-sharp brass.

Even though he played many of his "pop" favorites, *California Dreaming*, *Going Out of My Head*, *Windy*, and *Bumpin' On Sunset*, the foot Wes Montgomery has placed in that camp was abruptly withdrawn, and he stood four-square in jazz territory. The simple melodic themes developed into high-voltage jazz lines that hummed with power. Brother Buddy Montgomery had a nimble solo on *Buddy's Tune*, his own composition, but after that the lion's share went to Wes, and a beautiful job he made of it. Accents faultlessly placed, hypnotic repeats in a narrow range that never became clichés, and a deeper trance of jazz variations; an unraveling of ideas spun out at breathtaking speed, and

always lucidly clear. His "questions" and "answers" on *Buddy's Tune* and *Going to Detroit* were to the same point. Simply: he was great. Buddy, other brother Monk Montgomery on electric bass, Billy Hart on drums and Alvin Bunn on conga were lively eddies around Wes' graceful passages.

Thelonious Monk's quartet climaxed Saturday evening's concert and the festival. There were salutary bows from all hands in their solos: Monk; Charlie Rouse, tenor; Larry Gales, bass, and Ben Riley, drums. Monk was less of a mystic than he has been. Relatively simple, even delicate, beautifully played piano that always swung. Very much on the fleet side in his solos with a minimum of chordal wrenchings, though his work behind Rouse's tenor had some of the old piquant flavoring.

The quartet's three numbers, *Hackensack*, *Light Blue*, and *Rhythm-a-ning*, were all straightforward. Gales' bowed bass solo on *Hackensack* was the best of its kind at the concerts. His bow work wasn't just used for effect or codas; it sung sweetly. Riley, on his drum solos, kept up a steady 4/4 cymbal ring. A comely rhythm was maintained behind Rouse's outstanding tenor, Monk sometimes in the thick of things, sometimes, skull-capped and over-coated, standing by at the piano.

There was one of the small injustices that occasionally occurs at jazz concerts: some Philistines started filing out while Rouse swung through chorus after chorus, never at a loss for telling phrases or fully realized ideas. A wholly adequate evening that began and ended with good tenor.

Bouquets, measured by crowd applause, went to Carmen McRae at the Friday concert, to Willie Smith at the Piano Workshop, and on Saturday evening to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Joe Williams, and Wes Montgomery, all of whom drew encores.

—Sammy Mitchell

Archie Shepp Sextet

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Shepp, tenor saxophone, piano; Roswell Rudd, Grachan Moncur, trombones; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone, tuba; Charilo Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

Since Coleman Hawkins recorded *Body and Soul*, and even before, jazzmen have been plagued by that segment of the audience which attends live performances for the sole purpose of hearing a musician's recordings regurgitated.

While one can easily sympathize with the artist who is irritated by this, one also should expect his live performance to measure up to his recorded output.

Having followed the music of Archie Shepp since his first recordings, and never having heard this collection of great jazz artists perform together live, I approached this concert with great expectations.

But the tight ensemble work, interesting voicings and unrestraining discipline of Shepp's recorded music, or the exciting solo potentials of Shepp, Rudd and Moncur were not heard here.

The concert consisted of two 50-minute segments of continuous music. The first half was led off by Haden, who threw himself into a fantastic solo only to be cut short by the entrance of Johnson,



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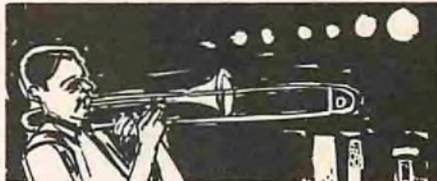
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playing a series of directionless runs on baritone sax. Then, one by one, Harris, the two trombonists, and Shepp entered playing.

Johnson switched to tuba, and all four hornmen began wandering around, playing some interesting figures in a sea of wasted notes and chaos. Haden's bass, Shepp's infrequent piano playing and some of Moncur's trombone work were almost completely inaudible. Shepp, performing far below his capacity, was content to just growl through his horn, tossing in a sloppy run on occasion. Rudd and Johnson spent



a great deal of time blowing loud, unconvincing brass blasts.

Harris played very exciting but very loud drums in an Elvin Jones bag and a bit beyond, shifting rhythms and sliding into different pieces at Shepp's command.

After some 45 minutes, Shepp cued the band into a funky theme on the order of *Mama Too Tight*, to close the first set. This small bit of ensemble work approached and implied the great voicings and charts that proven, talented arrangers like Rudd and Shepp might have worked up for the interesting and unique tenor-tuba-two trombone front line.

After a short intermission, Haden reappeared to support a recitation of one of Shepp's characteristically vivid and penetrating poems. Then Moncur entered into a magnificent duet with Haden, which was the highlight of the entire concert for this listener. The bassist and the trombonist, whose voices were swallowed up inside the total group sound by the heavier members of this sextet, here expressed some beautiful ideas. Haden, leaping and running all over his instrument, acted as a foil for the smooth, romantic style of Moncur. Alas, the procession soon began again until all six musicians were involved in another free-form marathon.

What apparently was intended to be collective improvisation and interplay instead became six-dimensional cacophony by talented players wallowing in musical self-indulgence.

This final set culminated on a very humorous note with Shepp's tongue-in-cheek version of a traditional march which he calls *Dem Basses*.

The small number of uninitiated jazz listeners present found the concert rather shocking. The ultra-hip set loved it, or at least felt they should love it. This writer, a serious listener and admirer of all the musicians concerned, found it dishearteningly boring.

The tendency to experiment or unwittingly engage in one's own esoteric musical concerns on stage is the characteristic *harmartia* of many jazz musicians; Shepp is not alone. And for that very reason, more listeners are spending their nights at home with a good stereo system rather than at a concert or in a club. Shepp's *On This Night* recording could give one tenfold the fulfillment that this concert offered.

—Michael Cuscuna

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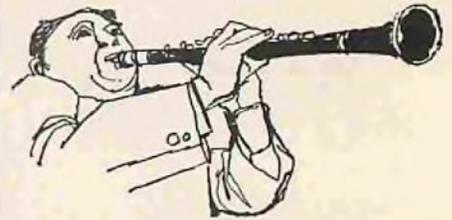


SAINTS & SINNERS

(Continued from page 25)

Eddie South, Red Allen, Charlie Ventura, Jonah Jones, Jimmy Rushing and Ray Charles. He began his professional career on violin, which he studied for many years, but he switched to saxophone and clarinet when the instrumental trends of the '30s showed little opportunity for violinists. Today, he blows clarinet in the Dixieland numbers—and essays *High Society* upon request—but his alto and tenor playing adds a great deal to the ensemble on standards of more recent vintage. His clean-cut theme statements, moreover, add variety and take some of the responsibility off the other two horns.

The rhythm section is completed by bassist Dan Mastri, a native of Coraopolis, Pa., who gained some of his first jazz experience in Pittsburgh nightclubs with Coleman Hawkins and Roy



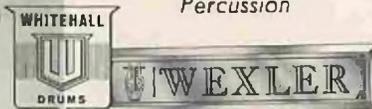
Eldridge. Following several USO tours overseas, he sat in with the group one night in the Penn-Sheraton's Riverboat Room in Pittsburgh, and shortly thereafter became a regular member. Like drummer George Reed, he regards his role as primarily that of an accompanist, but *Old Devil Moon* is a showcase that admirably displays his mastery of the bass. Reed is a New Yorker whose professional skills were developed during two years at Harlem's Baby Grand, and then with such leaders as Wilbur De Paris, Red Allen and Max Kaminsky. His consistency gives a firm, unobtrusive foundation to a sextet that is first and foremost a unit.

It is an unusual unit by today's standards—unusual in its integrity, style and program. Given its obvious popularity in Canada and Europe, it is more than ironic that it should be so little honored in its own country. But dissatisfaction with what is happening to jazz, with what is being done to it, is rife in today's audience, as several small straws in the wind now show. It is time it bestirred itself. It pays the piper and should call the tune, but it has been permissive—or submissive—far too long. Not that its attitude has been without parallel in the other arts. Segovia referred to it in the *New York Times* recently as cowardice—"cowardice of public, of artists, of critics." The result, as he saw it, was that "they do not dare to react sensibly."

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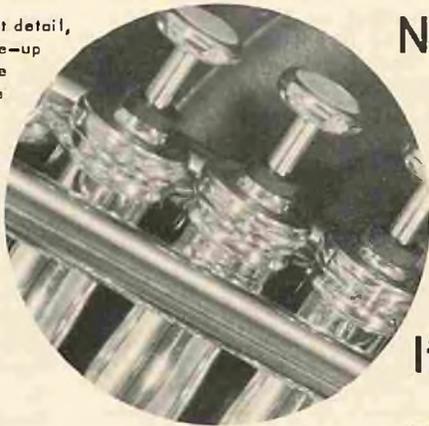
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CANNED HEAT

(Continued from page 23)

ferent versions with things added to that which are completely new. On *Rollin' and Tumblin'*, for example, the words are from Elmore James' version, the guitar part takes after the various individuals who do it in open-G [tuning], but then it has certain licks in it that are in none of these versions. Elmore's was in open-D; you see, that creates a different climate of sound than ours or any of the open-G ones. So, it's different aspects of the various versions that have appeared previously added together with new ideas. I could probably cite five or six songs that would work into our piece *The Road Song*. The rhythm guitar has a [John Lee] Hooker flavor. The words come from various sources; Howling Wolf, Floyd Jones, and so forth.

Do you feel that the success the band currently enjoys is due to increased interest in blues, or is it attributable to other factors, such as intelligent management, good booking policies, stage presentation, promotion, and such things? Or is it a combination of the two?

I would say it's about equal. What I said was that 60% of our success was due to the management, which implies a knowledge of the appearance factors, staging and so forth. That's tied in; in other words, they utilize the appearance factors, and make suggestions. They do make, and we do accept, suggestions concerning the band's appearance and presentation, matters like that, but they don't interfere with the music.

Now, for the other 40%. I think Butterfield's *East-West* album—as Barry Hansen pointed out, and I have to agree with him—was probably the most influential album ever on young "rock" musicians covering a broad spectrum of pop styles. It created a broad-based interest in the blues among many originally interested in the album for the raga thing [the long performance which gives this album its title]. The success of the album seems to have helped the whole blues field out and also, in the other direction, that *East-West* song appeared to influence a bunch of guys like Jerry Garcia [guitarist with The Grateful Dead] and all of the people who play that way. I think that album, alone, had a tremendous amount to do with popular acceptance of blues, or at least music labeled as "blues."

It would appear that the blues market is now large enough to sustain one group at premium prices—Butterfield; maybe four to eight blues bands in a comfortable but lower category—that would be us and a number of other bands such as Junior Wells, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Cotton, and groups like that; then on the third level there's a vast number of groups who are just getting by, and hopefully the market will expand to include them too—groups who now get occasional jobs, just about scrape by. We've had somewhat of a head start on this group of bands because our album was released before nearly all of the others in this third category,

and we've been together longer. We're hoping that this new album, particularly with the improved production element, will widen that top bracket to include us, and then in turn create more interest in the blues so that there will be room for more and more groups that can make some money. I honestly fear that the interest in the blues is not likely to last more than a year or two in terms of a broad-based, commercial, people-going-out-and-buying-records type scene. Pop music seems always to go through these phases, but I hope I'm wrong and that in 10 years people will still be buying what we put out.

Is the blues audience distinct from that (or those) for rock, folk-rock, art-rock, and other experimental popular music genres?

Yes, musically and economically. Let's put it this way: if you go into two homes and in one the first album you see is by the Jefferson Airplane, then there is a fairly good chance that you will also find a copy of *East-West* or another Butterfield album, a smaller chance that you'll find a Canned Heat album, and the possibility that you'll find, though this is less likely, a Charlie Musselwhite LP. But if you walk into a house and find a Musselwhite album you can be almost certain there will be a Butterfield album or two, and a far greater likelihood of a Canned Heat album than in that other pad. And probably the Airplane album wouldn't be in that place with Musselwhite's. That's why, economically, I think there is a blues-buying public. I think that the people who are exclusively interested in rock would only own Paul Butterfield albums, of those blues LPs currently available. We hope that the average person with the Airplane record will buy our album too. That's what we're hoping for—to get out of the specialized economic area labeled "blues" and into an area of more widespread acceptance.

There is somewhat more overlap with various British groups. Of course there are very good blues players in England who do not fall into this market because it's not their preference. I refer to, say, things like the recent Cream album, *Disraeli Gears*, which has two or three strong—at least I thought they were strong—blues selections, but it's obviously not their main interest. And so these are very good blues cuts that are bought by a large percentage of the people who buy the Jefferson Airplane. And John Mayall—that's definitely in the more specialized sales area that has not become a chart phenomenon like Eric Clapton [of Cream] or Jimi Hendrix. The blues influence on Hendrix did result in one really neat straightforward blues cut in the British version of his first LP [the selection, *Red House*, was not issued on the American edition of the Hendrix LP *Are You Experienced?*] that indicates that he can do more well, but it's not his interest. I believe the essence of the situation is that these are guys who started out playing the blues and who now prefer to play a blues-influenced music, admitting many other stylistic influences as well. Happily for them (and they certainly are deserving of

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their popular success—their records are really quality pop items), their new interests proved to be more universally acceptable by what you'd call the rock (that most ephemeral of terms) public. In what kinds of places does the band work?

There are two or three categories. First, clubs, where you play two or three sets a night for a week, five or six nights. Then there would be the psychedelic emporia, which would include the various places in San Francisco and their imitations elsewhere, such as the Blue Law in Los Angeles. And the third category would be one-night concerts, generally college-affiliated concerts, which we have been playing increasingly lately. Those are the basic categories, in terms of acoustics and the presentation of material. You can combine the psychedelic halls and the college jobs, because they are played in large places. The psychedelic places generally are more echoey, but they're basically similar to the college concert halls. In a small club, on the other hand, harmonica and bottleneck (guitar) are at a premium as opposed to the lead guitar. Henry, at any rate, prefers and remembers most fondly the jobs we play at large places because then he can turn up [the guitar amplifier] and get those notes to sustain the way he wants without completely shattering eardrums, whereas he has to restrain himself in a small club. On the other hand, the problems of amplifying a harmonica—it's definitely touch-and-go in the largest places, whereas in a small club it's easier to come up with effective harmonica sound. So our repertoire and what we play does change with the type of hall. We would use fewer harmonica songs in a large location than we would at a smaller club.

Most of these clubs are primarily folk clubs now or have had past histories as folk clubs and have been converted, but there is a small category of places that you associate (in appearance, in what is served and what you pay, and in the general outline of how they are run) with folk clubs, except that they have been started recently and have always hired rock bands. But they're in a minority; most of these places have a folk-club history.

How would you characterize the audiences to which you play?

I would say we get a trifle older crowd than the rock acts, with a higher percentage of knowledgeable people who have a prior commitment to the blues, in college concerts and club dates, perhaps most at college concerts at, say, Eastern schools. There you get really interested, attentive audiences of a large size, whereas in the psychedelic emporia we have a case of more younger people who are more rock-oriented or who go to the place, those more likely to go to the Fillmore than to hear the band there. Also at small clubs it varies widely, but certain locations such as the Ash Grove in Los Angeles or the Club 47 in Boston pull in a high percentage of people with a specific blues interest who come to hear the group playing that night and not just to go to the Ash Grove or the 47.

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By Art Hodes



Jimmy and Dick McPartland

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Jimmy McPartland was doing the talking. The car moved along at a good rate. Young Bill Hanck, my trombone man (for the weekend gig), drove steady. You could talk. Almost from the beginning of the ride McPartland felt like talking. No one wanted to interrupt.

Occasionally Granato (Jim, the clarinet man) would interject some remembrance which would give McPartland a fresh

start. The bass player, Al Horvath, hardly said anything. Of course I wanted Jim McP to talk; I'm always after a story. "See, we lived on the west side (Chicago), and it was rough," he said. "You didn't know I took violin lessons? Yeah."

Mattoon, our destination, is a good 175 miles by car from Chicago. We had this gig at a night spot and an afternoon session the next day. Actually, McPartland had come from New York to do a television shot with me on WTTW. And Jimmy had brought Pee Wee Russell with him. We'd been knowing one another for a long time. Gee, it was good to see their faces; we're so spread apart. You know,

when we met at the studio there was emotion in the air. I have a deep feeling for Jim, and Pee Wee and I have played so many scenes together.

That rehearsal—oh, I wish somebody had taped it. I'm sure it could have been greater than the show. The asides between Jim and Pee Wee—the guys in the control room were breaking up. We'd been playing this "library" for years; no sweat. And almost immediately Jimmy and Pee Wee felt real pleased with the rhythm section. Harry Hawthorne (my favorite rebel) was drumming, and my close companion, Rail Wilson, was at the bass. We had the pros. Tell 'em what you want done; they'll remind you. It was loose.

The show itself was with audience but taped. Any trepidation felt by the "staff" disappeared by closing time. That's what I love about money players. As Mezz would say, "Coming on with the come-on." Jazz players aren't ordinary. Sure, they're mortals; but this business and this life gives you so many happenings to pick yourself up off the ground that many of us "strengthen."

Look at Pee Wee. He's had so many things hit him. So, about the time you begin to feel for him he turns around and takes up painting (of all things). And Jimmy. He never let on the whole time we were together. Although I knew when I called him to make the show that it wasn't pink-cloud time. "Funny, you calling and asking about Pee Wee," he said. "Just got through talkin' to him. He's kinda lonesome. So, I'm going into town and spend the night with him. Then I'm bringing him out to the island [Long Island] to spend a few days with me—we got this ocean." Jim never mentioned that he, too, could be lonesome.

"Yeah, I was in the big war," he said on the way to Mattoon. "You know, I could have gotten some easy berth. Many guys were in bands, and I was asked. But for some reason I felt this. So I was one of the guys that hit the beach. Yeah, got all the action I wanted.

"I got a funny story to tell. You know, goin' over [from America] on this big boat it got kinda tight there, subs being around, and I was asked by my commanding officer to do a little somethin' and help the morale. So I organized, and we put on a show. I played. A captain came up to me, and he said, 'You know, you remind me so much of Jimmy McPartland'. Well, from then on in I was in; he got me moved into his berth, and I had all the booze I wanted. Man, I had a ball. And when we landed in Scotland, I was so loaded. I stood on a piece of land and took out my horn and blew a Scot ditty, and it was quiet, and that pretty melody reached out, and people came up from everywhere and stood and listened. From then on 'til we hit the beach I had it made."

We reached Mattoon and found the Office, the place we worked. Now I've had this happen many times with some New York greats I've worked with. Bechet would do it, for instance. It could be your gig, but he would work as hard and carry on as much as if he was leader.

Jim "sold" that job. Played, sang, talked to the people. So, I could be "the musician"; close my eyes when I felt like it and lose myself. And, man, the people there—just wonderful. They love traditional jazz; they sit and dig and drink and applaud. The owner is also a drummer. And he loved Monte Mountjoy, our drummer, who had driven in from Decatur to play the gig. We had a ball. There was only one cloud. After we finished, we were hungry, and at 1 a.m. the town is closed. Imagine having to drive 28 miles each way to get a bite to eat. A waiting line at a truck stop. But McPartland knew how to operate, and we got fed. But we'll remember Effingham.

Now the next afternoon had been and gone. We came, we played, and we were returning. This band, too, had pleased Jim. He'd been able to play; no bring-downs. Now he was a bit tired, and the conversation lagged. Horvath, who is the silent type, spoke up: "Your brother played guitar? I worked for him." That broke Jim up; Horvath waited 'til he'd played the jobs and didn't trade on "I knew your brother."

Now Granato picked up the lag and reminded McPartland about "way back" in New York. The trip back always seems longer. And McPartland had picked up a nasty cold. Well, he'd agreed to stop in at this spot in Chicago Heights where I was running sessions every Sunday. What I didn't tell him was that I'd arranged a surprise party for him. I just told him there'd be food there. There was. Plus a roomful of people and Georg Brunis; Frank Chace, clarinet; Red Saunders, drums; Rail Wilson; Whitey Myrick, trumpet, blowin' up a storm. McPartland just couldn't say no. He got up and blew. He and Red Saunders held a reunion. "How's Vi?" (That Red's wife; she was a dancer.) Jimmy had been to the De Lisa, where Red reigned for years. Old home week; we left in the a.m. What a short visit.

SO I'M LEFT WITH my thoughts and remembrances. This year has been just great; thanks to Chicago's WTTW policy. And a couple of guys there doing a job—Bob Kaiser and Jack Sommers. They've made it possible for me to see and play my music with old friends. Like Barney Bigard. Came in all the way from the West Coast. Man, he not only plays, he's people. How lightly he lays himself down. He's a giver. So I got to re-remember that Village gig Pee Wee and I got off the ground, the Riviera Lounge. We had the back room, which we retitled Pee Wee and Art's Back Room.

There was this one night Tony Parenti was blowing with us, and the tune was *High Society*. Now you know the chorus all New Orleans clarinetists play. It's a hand-me-down that no N.O. clarinetist would be found without. Tony plays it fluently. About this time Barney, who was a guest, had his clarinet out and started blowing. Only he's blowing a harmony part to Tony's solo, and if you think it wasn't something—note for note. Don't think I didn't remind Barney when I saw him. But you know, he comes right back

and hands you something. "Yeah, that was some place. Man, you was gone; you and Willie the Lion [Smith] bumpin' heads every night." Willie and his style of piano—when he knew a tune, he knew it inside out and backwards. I never really knew about verses 'til I heard the Lion. He embroiders it, beautifies it; makes a whole production; comes to life. Meanwhile, he's moving it, and the room is alive. Playing opposite Willie is an education. And I had to follow him.

Thinking about this chorus on *High Society*, there's one thing I wish. I wish that Pee Wee would record his version. Man, that broke me up. He tackled that tune one night like he plays any other bit. You describe it. But if he ever does

record it, I hope he gets Monk to play it with him. That would be somethin'.

That's one thing our age seemed to produce: individuals. One of my regrets is the many who got away—gone. Don't think we're not noticing the growing list.

What shows we could have done on TV with Red Allen, Muggsy Spanier, Edmond Hall, et al. But if TV can catch those who remain, they don't have to be actors, and they don't even have to talk. Their actions speak. Of course, you leave it to commercial TV, and many times it doesn't come off so good. We're sure fortunate to have such a thing as educational TV. I heard Bob Crosby say it once: "All you have to do is let these guys play. They tell the truth." 

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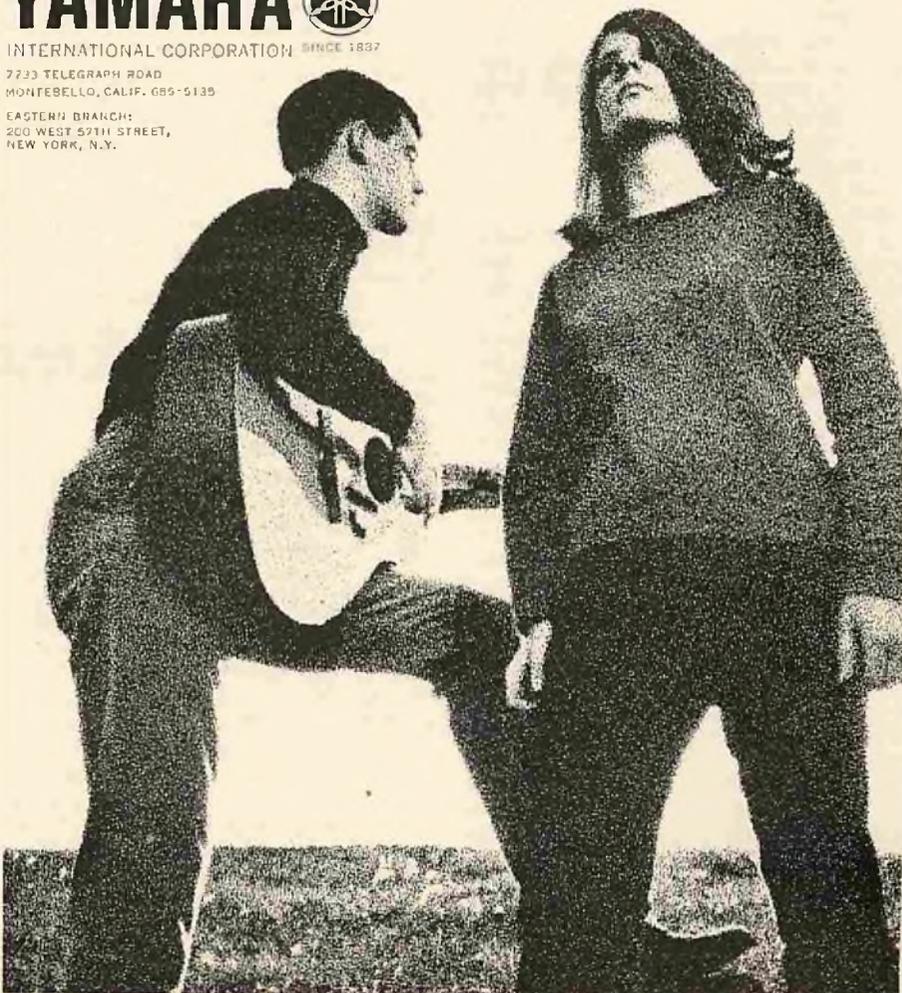
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

mount College . . . Another trio, which consists of pianist **Benny Aronov**, bassist **Hal Gaylor**, and drummer **Don Michenls** and calls itself **Trio '68**, has been working at El Caribe in Brooklyn . . . Organist **Sonny Phillips**, who played with **Eddie Harris** in Chicago, is ensconced at the Three Aces on Columbus Ave. in Manhattan with **Ben Dixon**, drums . . . *Record Notes*: Verve has released **Oliver Nelson's Jazzhattan Suite** as recorded by the Jazz Interactions Orchestra under the direction of **Joe Newman** . . . RCA has recorded the original cast album of the new Broadway production of the controversial rock musical **Hair** . . . **David (Fathead) Newman** recorded on alto and tenor saxophones and flute, backed by strings, for Atlantic. Arrangements were by **Bill Fischer**, who is currently working on a major **Herbie Mann** LP for the same company. Atlantic has also recorded reed man **Yusef Lateef** in an album with "all the blues trappings."

Los Angeles: **Sammy Davis Jr.** sponsored a cocktail party at the Playboy Club in honor of a local city councilman. **Bill Cosby**, **Lou Rawls**, **H. B. Barnum** and singer **O. C. Smith** were on hand . . . A benefit has been arranged to keep the only movie theater in Watts solvent. Organizing the affair, scheduled to take place at the Wilshire-Ebell Theater June 1, is **Dan McKenna**, cousin of pianist **Dave McKenna**. Slated to appear, as of this printing, were **Ray Brown**, **Bob Cooper**, **Herb Ellis**, **Frank Capp**; a group led by **Joe Pass**; **Shelly Manne and His Men**; and **Benny Carter**. **McKenna** had no difficulty at all in lining up talent. In fact, **Carter** called him . . . Another benefit—this one for the American Civil Liberties Union—took place in Pacific Palisades, and here they were again: **Herb Ellis**, fronting **Bob Cooper**, **Ray Brown**, and **Frank Capp**; also the **Tom Scott Quartet**; the **Roger Kellaway Quartet**; a group led by **Chet Baker**; and, in solo capacity, **Les McCann**. Actually, **McCann** is never alone: he's usually beside himself. He proved that with a vengeance at the Playboy Club recently. Comedian **Sammy Shore** was going through a routine in which he imitated a Baptist preacher. It was near the end of his last show on a Saturday night. **McCann**, who was working in another Playboy room with bassist **Leroy Vinnegar** and drummer **Donald Dean**, was between sets, and had come upstairs to watch **Shore**. At crucial moments in the comedian's routine, **McCann** shrieked, "I believe, brother, I believe." A lesser comedian might have been completely shattered, but **Shore** cleverly worked **McCann** into the act, although, in the end, he came out second best to the pianist. Everyone in the room was focusing attention on **McCann**, who has shed 84 pounds. The Playboy was offering another of its multi-jazz billings. **McCann Ltd.** was on the first floor; **Marlena Shaw** was on the second backed by **Mike Wofford**, piano; **Gerry Fried-**

man, bass; **Robby Robinson**, drums; and on the third floor were **Clare Fischer**, piano; **Ralph Pena**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums . . . **Marty's** offered a crowd-pleasing double bill for a week: **Joe Williams**, backed by the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra**. Opening night found the band two members shy—**Bob Brookmeyer** and **Pepper Adams**—because of Los Angeles' baffling freeway system. They made it for the second show. **Carmelo Garcia** made a return visit to **Marty's**, following the **Williams-Jones-Lewis** package . . . **Donte's** went through its first live recording session, and at the same time had the biggest crowd ever—both distinctions belonging to bassist-sitarist **Bill Plummer's** group, the **Cosmic Brotherhood**. **Bob Thiele** flew in to produce the session for **Impulse**. Personnel in the group included **Tony Ortega**, reeds; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Mike Lang**, piano, celeste, moog synthesizer; **Jan Steward**, Irish harp, tamboura; **Ray Neapolitan**, sitar, bass; **Hersh Hamel**, sitar, bass, tamboura; **Wolfgang Melz**, electric bass; **Maurice Miller**, **Mel Telford**, drums and percussion; **Milt Holland**, tabla; **Paul Beaver**, controls. The last named indicates the direction jazz is taking. If a group is going to make it, they need an engineer. In terms of contrast, that was the week that was at **Donte's**: the **Afro-Blues Quintet Plus One** preceded the **Cosmic Brotherhood**; **Jimmy Rowles** and his quintet followed; then **Mike Barone** had his 17-piece band in for its usual Wednesday session; the **Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet** was next; **Joe Pass** and his quartet played the weekend and **Al Viola** brought in a quartet to launch the following week . . . The most recent meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club of California featured local Dixielanders for its monthly orgy of traditionalism. The band consisted of **John Finely**, trumpet; **Jack Booth**, trombone; **Tom Kubis**, tenor sax; **Cecil Gregg**, piano; **Hal Groody**, banjo; **Lane Vifinkle**, bass; **George Kubis**, drums . . . The high-priced package of **Duke Ellington**, **Tony Bennett** and comedian **Jack E. Leonard** played three west coast concerts—each in a hall so big that local critics complained about bad acoustics. The concerts were at the Anaheim Convention Center, the Forum in Inglewood, and the Coliseum in Oakland . . . All the receipts from **Ray Charles'** recent SRO concert at Florida A&M University in Tallahassee were divided between the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation and an annual music scholarship at the university. Receipts from other **Charles** concerts will also be donated to the Sickle Cell Foundation. **Charles'** tour will last 56 days and cover 31 cities. As **Charles**—National Chairman of the Research Foundation—put it: "It's nice to be able to give a little something back." **Charles'** tour winds up in Anaheim June 4 . . . **Henry Mancini** signed an unprecedented contract for the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. Opening May 28, he will get \$50,000 a week for two weeks. Of course, he must furnish the musicians, singers and another act. On May 19-20, **Mancini** was at Albert Hall, London for two concerts. Starting June 25, he'll begin

a three-week gig at the Sahara-Tahoe. Last year, **Mancini's** gig at Tahoe set an all-time attendance record for the state of Nevada . . . **Red Norvo** and his combo just finished two weekends at **Johnny Catron's Volksgarten** in Glendora. Following the redhead, **Catron** brought his own band back to the room . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet** recently completed a college tour in Colorado. Behind the co-leaders: **Joe Sample**, piano; **Albert Stinson**, bass; **Doug Sides**, drums . . . Pianist **D'Vaughn Pershing's** new group, **Aggressive Action**, just played four Monday night concerts at the Golden Bull, in Sherman Oaks. With **Pershing** were **Al Vescovo**, guitar; **Whitey Hoggan**, bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums . . . The **New Art Jazz Ensemble** and the **Jazz Corps** were presented on successive Mondays at the Ice House in Pasadena by **Ray Bowman**. **John Carter**, on reeds, fronts the **New Art Jazz Ensemble**; **Bobby Bradford** is on trumpet; **John Williamson**, bass; and when he's not giving tennis lessons, **Bruz Freeman** on drums. The recruits in the Corps, headed by **Tommy Peltier**, cornet and flugelhorn, are **Freddy Rodriguez**, alto and tenor saxes, flute; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Bill Plummer**, bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums . . . **Jimmy Smith** followed **Mose Allison** into **Shelly's Manne-Hole**. With **Smith** were **Ray Crawford**, guitar; **G. T. Hogan**, drums. **Les McCann** followed the organist into **Shelly's** . . . **Cal Tjader** brought the crowds into the Lighthouse. He was followed by **Bola Sete** . . . **Sweets Edison** is back at his accustomed stand at **Memory Lane** . . . **Della Reese** is currently on a Far East tour. As soon as she returns she'll host a syndicated TV Christmas special for **Four Star Productions** . . . **Stan Kenton** and his orchestra played for a special fundraising dinner for the Los Angeles chapter of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, put on by **ASCAP**, at the **Beverly-Hilton** . . . **Billy Eckstine** will get his turn to do a good deed June 15. He will sing at the annual charity bash of **Marbarry Medical College** in Nashville to raise tuition for needy Negro students . . . **Gary Burton** and his quartet played a matinee at the University of California at Santa Barbara . . . **Ramsey Lewis** followed **Oscar Brown Jr.** into the newly re-opened **P.J.'s** . . . The **Terry Gibbs Quintet**, with **Ray Brown** on bass, will be heard at the **Pilgrimage Theater** June 16 as part of Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation spring jazz festival. On the following Sunday, June 23, **Shelly Manne and His Men** will be featured . . . **Mike Melvoin** was signed by **ABC-TV** to create musical promos for the **ABC** daytime tear-jerker **General Hospital**. **Melvoin** is still active as the musical director for the syndicated TV variety show, **The Woody Woodbury Show** . . . With the **Gerald Wiggins Trio** at the **Club Casbah** is a vocal duo with the name (are you ready?) **I.C. Two**. You can see the five Thursday through Sunday . . . Vocalist **Sam Green** has been added to the bill of fare at **The Bill of Fare**, along with the house group, the **Dave Holden Duo** . . . **Jesse Davis** and the **Art Graham Trio** followed **O. C. Smith**

and the Jack Wilson Trio at the Pied Piper . . . Ralph Green is now with the Kenny Dixon Trio at the Parisian Room.

Detroit: Two multi-instrumentalists appeared at Baker's Keyboard in recent months: Roland Kirk, backed by pianist Ron Burton, local bassist John Dana, and drummer Henry Duncan, and Yusef Lateef, with his quartet of former Detroiters (Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Brooks, drums). Bassist Dick Wiggington and pianist Kirk Lightsey sat in with Roland . . . Regular pianist Teddy Harris returned to replace Will Davis in bassist Ernie Farrow's quintet at the Drome, but troubles soon beset the group. First, trombonist John Hair was struck by a car in front of the club and hospitalized for several weeks. Then drummer Bert Myrick suffered a recurrence of an old back injury (his replacement was Johnny Cleaver). At the end of April, the group yielded the bandstand to the organ sound of The Expressions. Farrow continues to work in the Detroit school system with the husband-and-wife team of harpist-pianist Dorothy Ashby and drummer John Ashby while searching for a new home for his group . . . The Ron Brooks-Charles Moore Quintet (Moore, cornet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums) can now be heard afterhours Friday and Saturday nights at the Fifth Dimension in Ann Arbor. Brooks, Henderson and Spencer also joined forces

with pianist Kirk Lightsey as the In Stage, inactive for over a year, came back to life with a concert May 7 at Community Arts Auditorium on the Wayne State University campus. The program, sponsored by the Association of Black Students, also featured the Ziggy Johnson Dancers and the Concept East theater group . . . Gleneagles Lanes, which housed the Tonga Bar, long-time home of organist Charles Harris' trio, was the victim of arsonists. Harris scarcely lost a beat, however, as he and his men (Marvin Cabell, reeds; James Brown, drums) moved up the street to the new Morrie Baker's . . . A recent concert at Masonic Temple featured pianist Hornce Silver's quintet (with Bill Hardman on trumpet and former Detroit Benny Maupin on tenor), vocalist Gloria Lynne (with pianist Bobby Timmons and drummer Jack DeJohnette) and guitarist Grant Green's trio. Eddie Harris and his quartet were also slated to appear, but the tenorist was injured in an accident on his way to Detroit and was unable to play.

New Orleans: Production Occident, a French film company, was in New Orleans gathering materials for a documentary called *The Influence of African Music on American Music*. With the consultant services of Tulane Jazz Archivist Dick Allen, films were made of the Morning Star Baptist Church Congregation, Louis Cottrell's jazz band, Sister Idell Williams' Gospel Singers, blues singer Babe

Stovall, harmonica player Percy Randolph, and creole singer John Brunios. The documentary is being sponsored by the French government . . . A series of modern jazz concerts was initiated at the Farhad Grotto Hall in early May. The Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society, led by jazz buff George Zenan, presented Willie Tee and the Souls, Ronnie Kole's trio, June Gardner, Germaine Bazzile, and a number of other modernists. The recently organized club plans to feature local artists like Porgy Jones, Ellis Marsalis, James Black, Alvin Batiste, Mike Serpas, Ronnie Dupont, and others in future sessions . . . Over 2,000 students benefited from a late addition to the *Jazzfest '68* activities. A youth concert on Saturday morning, May 18, offered music by the Olympia Brass Band and the Frankfurt, Germany, Barrelhouse Jazz Band. Speakers on the program, which was presented in connection with the federally-funded Genesis cultural project, were Danny Barker, veteran guitarist and assistant curator of the Jazz Museum; and Dr. August Staub of the Fine Arts Department at LSUNO. The Barrelhouse band was also part of a series of international jazz combos that were imported for the evening programs. The other foreign groups were Kid Martyn's Jazz Band from England and Papa Bue's Viking Jazz Band from Copenhagen . . . Pianist Pibe Hinc took his trio into the Lamplighter, a private supper club, after a brief engagement at the Jazz Casino in the French Quarter . . . An open house party



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at the YWCA recently featured trumpeter Alvin Alcorn and his traditionalists. Bassist Jay Cave and drummer Lee Johnson joined trumpeter Warren Luening's quartet at Pete Fountain's Storyville Lounge . . . Pianist Dave West is playing Sunday nights at the Bistro . . . Pianist Ronnie Kole opened a new club, Cozy Kole's, on the West Bank. Kole will feature his trio and guest instrumentalists in Sunday afternoon sessions at the club . . . The Riverbend Players, an entertainment troupe from Southern University in Baton Rouge, La., went on a USO tour of the Northeast Command. New Orleans clarinetist Alvin Batiste, currently doing graduate work at Southern, was among the musicians on the tour . . . Nicholls State College at Thibodaux, La., was the site of a concert by folk singer Josh White, Jr., last month . . . Al Hirt's absence from the Jazzfest '68 program was explained by his manager, Jerry Purcell, as a recognition of the fact that "Al is no longer a jazz musician" and that "it would be dishonest as well as incongruous to present him in a festival devoted to jazz." In an interview with New Orleans States-Item columnist Thomas Griffin, Purcell went on to say that Hirt "no longer has a trombone in his orchestra which, as you know, is vital to jazz." According to Purcell, Hirt "now plays contemporary music with the Nashville Sound." While jazz fans pondered Purcell's statements, Hirt was set to make one of his rare appearances at his Bourbon St. club with his new tenor saxophonist, Orleanian Tony Monjure.

Philadelphia: The Arena added a giant revolving bandstand in the center of the floor in order to make more front seats for the giant Mother's Day Show produced by Herb Spivack and Shelly Kaplan. Featured were Hugh Masekela, Buddy Rich, Carmen McRae, Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley and Redd Foxx. Dionne Warwick cancelled both shows of a sell-out concert at the Academy of Music due to the untimely death of her 21 year-old brother, Mance, in an Orange, N.J. auto accident April 26. She was to be featured in a co-billing with the Herbie Mann group. Promoters Spivack and Kaplan rushed in trumpeter Masekela as a last minute replacement. Concert-goers at that show were asked to hold onto their stubs for an extra bonus: they will gain free admittance to the big Philadelphia Newport Jazz Festival road show to feature Miss Warwick at the John F. Kennedy Stadium. Spivack and Kaplan are to co-host this spectacular June 22 along with Newport promoter George Wein. Others to star on this program are Dizzy Gillespie, Mongo Santamaria, Jimmy Smith, Art Blakey, Ramsey Lewis, Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley, Eddie Harris, Herbie Mann, Horace Silver and B. B. King . . . Andre Previn is slated to conduct the Houston Symphony at Franklin & Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. May 3 . . . Richard Seltzer, a new young guitarist from Reading, Pa., has been creating a sensation among local musicians and fans . . . Organist Wild Bill Davis has been playing weekends preparing for a summer season

at Grace's Little Belmonte in Atlantic City . . . Coatesville Harris, the Philadelphia bandleader and drummer who once played with the Louis Armstrong Band, has been hospitalized for some time with an enlarged heart condition and recently was transferred to a hospital in his old home town, Coatesville, Pa. . . . Drummer Harry (Skeets) Marsh is playing at the 23 Skidoo Club in Cherry Hill, N.J., and recently made a recording with the band there . . . Groups slated for one-week stands at the ShowBoat Jazz Theater were Carmen McRae (May 13), Art Blakey (May 20), Eddie Harris (May 27), Miles Davis (June 3), Mongo Santamaria (June 10), Ahmad Jamal (June 17), Hugh Masekela (June 24) . . . Peps Musical Bar has been the home base for Al Grey and his combo featuring Joe Johnson, organ; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Johnny Royall, drums, and a recent added attraction, trombonist Benny Green. The group recently backed singer Etta Jones . . . Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine replaced Irene Reid at the Aqua Lounge in West Philly, with Yusef Lateef scheduled to follow . . . Ben E. King and his orchestra were featured April 20 at a cabaret at Trenton's Civic Center Armory . . . The Stardust Inn in Chester, Pa. has recently featured Don Gardner, Willis (Gator Tail) Jackson, Jimmy McGriff and B. B. King . . . Eddy Arnold had his Country and Western Show at the Academy of Music for two days April 19 and 20 . . . Two local rooms that seem to change very little are the Red Garter and Mickey Finns. Both are banjo and Dixieland-type houses. The Garter leans slightly towards a Philly string band sound at times, while Finns sometimes presents well-known local jazz artists . . . Singer Joe Walson has brought his own sound system, complete with echo, to the Sahara Desert room. Joe is backed by alto saxophonist Jimmy Vass and an organ group . . . The Jazz East Trio has been backing vocalist Nina Bundy at the Gay Paree in North Philly for a number of weeks . . . Vibist-guitarist Tommy Steele, a popular local musician, is recuperating from a bad auto accident. It is said that his car was struck from behind by a vehicle involved in a police chase . . . Jazz societies seem to be growing in popularity in the East Coast area. This correspondent spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon with the New York Hot Jazz Society recently listening to Zoot Sims, Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton and Mousey Alexander. It is hoped that the Abundant Sounds Swing Club, which has been inactive in recent months, will soon be active once again. One of its first activities will be a trip to a future NYHJS concert.

St. Louis: Buddy Rich performed at a Drum Clinic for the Phil Hulsey-Bob Kuban Drum Shop and completely gassed a crowd of 500. The drummer had had practically no sleep and no breakfast after

driving all night in his Jaguar—which was trailing smoke due to a mechanical problem. He answered questions, signed autographs, and visited with awe-stricken local drummers for a few hours . . . The **Marksmen** have reorganized twice in the last few months and are currently rehearsing new material for an engagement at the Top of the Strip at the Dunes in Las Vegas. The group includes **Mark Lieberstein**, trumpet, bass; **Greg Bosler**, cordovox; **Pat Pastore**, drums, and **Sherry Drake**, vocals . . . **Dave Brubeck** was scheduled to make an appearance at Kiel Auditorium May 18, with **Gene Wright** on bass and **Joe Morello** on drums. Just like old times, except that **Paul Desmond** was to be replaced by **Gerry Mulligan** . . . Former **Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey** drummer **Tom Widdicombe** is featured with saxophonist **Jack Calvey's** trio (**Jim Stepphans**, organ; **Terri Andre**, vocals) . . . **George Wein** will bring his touring festival show to Kiel Auditorium Aug. 10, with the groups of **Cannonball Adderley**, **Herbie Mann**, **Wes Montgomery**, **Gary Burton** and **Thelonious Monk**, and singer **Dionne Warwick** . . . Saxophonist **Fred Washington** is back in town after a stint with **Mongo Santamaria** . . . Mr. "C's" **La Cachette** has changed from a full-time jazz policy to a weekend jazz set up. Pianist **Dave Venn**, joined by **Harold Thompson**, bass; **Art Heagle**, drums, and vocalist **Ernie Simpson**, holds forth on Fridays. On Saturdays, vocalist **Jean Trevor** is backed by pianist **Jim Becker**, bassist **Thompson**, and drummer **Gary Dinkelkamp** . . . The **Drivers 3 Plus 1** are currently featured at the Garage in the Mansion House Center. Bassist **Bob Stout** fronts **Dave Lewis**, tenor sax; **Paul Gunther**, piano; and **Howard Thompson**, drums . . . **Peanuts Whalum** continues to please the customers at the Spanish Door.

Baltimore: Several Baltimore jazzmen, including vibraphonist **Jimmy Wells**, organist **Greg Hatza**, vocalist **Ruby Glover** and the **Jazz Invaders** and bandleader-composer **Hank Levy** with the **Towson State Jazz Ensemble** played a Sunday afternoon concert April 21 at the Poly-Western High School Auditorium, sponsored by Lodge 1923 of the American Federation of Government Employees. The proceeds went to the group's Kennedy Scholarship Fund to aid needy college students . . . Jazz tap dancer **Baby Lawrence** appeared in early May at Henry Baker's Peyton Place with a group headed by pianist **Maurice Williams** . . . **Billy Taylor** and his trio were at Coppin State College April 29 for a lecture and concert . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society brought in pianist **Wynton Kelly**, tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson**, bassist **Paul Chambers** and drummer **Jimmy Cobb** for their Sunday concert April 21. The following week the LBJS featured the **Elvin Jones Trio** with reed man-flutist **Joe Farrell** and bassist **Jimmy Garrison** . . . The groups of organist **Jack McDuff**, multi-instrumentalist **Yusef Lateef**, and organist **Shirley Scott** (with tenor saxophonist **Stanley Turrentine** and drummer **John Callander**), played succeeding weeks

in April at the Alpine Villa. Bagpipist **Rufus Harley** played a Monday night concert at the same spot for the Jazz Society of Performing Artists . . . The **African Jazz Quintet**, led by pianist **Donald Criss** with tenor saxophonist **Mickey Fields**, vibist **Donald Best**, bassists **Mike Seymour** and **Carver Trust**, and drummer **Jimhimi Johnson**, with vocals and narration by **Pasha**, taped two half-hour television shows on the Evolution of the Black Man in Jazz for WJZ. The second show will be seen June 1 at 12:30 p.m.

Toronto: **Bud Freeman** arrived at the Golden Nugget Tavern after a five-year

absence from Toronto. This time he appeared with pianist **Don Ewell** and drummer **Buzzy Drootin** . . . Ewell's partner, **Henry Cuesta**, meanwhile moved down to the Colonial Tavern with his own quintet, which includes **Ron Peck**, vibes; **Jimmy Coxson**, piano; **John Amadio**, bass; **Mickey Shannon**, drums, and featured banjoist-guitarist-vocalist **Marty Grosz** . . . Blues pianist **Sunnyland Slim** and bassist **Willie Dixon** were featured for two weeks at George's Kibitzeria . . . Toronto is enjoying a revival of traditional jazz with **Mike White's** band at the Famous Door; **Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers** at the Cava-Bob Restaurant, and various bands at La Maison Dore.



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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

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Duke Barlow, wknds.
Apartment: Ray Starling, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Arthur's Tavern: unk.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Rufus Harley to 6/2.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey'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.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: unk.
El Caribe (Brooklyn): Don Michaels, tfn.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russa Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): 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 Ulano, 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: Zoot Sims to 5/31.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): unk.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Freddy Cole, 6/11-7/21.
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.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Brath. Sessions, wknds.
007: Horace Parlan, Ernie Banks.
Pellicanes Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effe.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Charlie Mason.
Pookie's Pub: unk.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Duke Ellington to 6/20.
Rx: Cliff Jackson.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepherd's: unk.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon. (members of Duke Ellington band).
Sully (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.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Slam Stewart.
Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: Bill Evans to 6/2. Billy Taylor 6/4-30.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Modern Jazz Quartet, Herbie Mann to 6/1.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Whitecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.

LOS ANGELES

Apiks: Joe Loco.
Bill of Fare: Dave Holden, Sam Green.
Carribbean: Janelle Hawkins.
Carousel Theater (West Covina): Hugh Masekela to 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 Lake): Hobby Troup, Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Circle Star Theater (San Carlos): Ray Charles to 6/2.
Club Cnsbah: Gerald Wiggins, I.C. Two, Thur.-Sun.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Mike Barone, Wed. Brass Night, Thur. Howard Roberts, 5/31-6/1.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): O. C. Smith, 6/26-7/14. Jonah Jones, 7/17-8/4.
La Concha (Mexico City): Calvin Jackson to 6/18.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Carmelo Garcia to 6/9. Big Black, 6/4-23. Mose Allison, Red Mitchell, 6/25-7/7. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Melodyland (Anaheim): Wes Montgomery to 6/2. Ray Charles, 6/4-9.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweet) Edison.
Mickle Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
940 Club: Stan Worth.
Palms Cafe (Glendora): Teddy Buckner, Thur.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: Jesse Davis, Art Graham.
Pilgrimage Theater: Sound of Feeling, Roger Kellaway, 6/2. Stan Kenton, 6/9. Terry Gibbs, Ray Brown, 6/16.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Redd Fox: Slim Jackson, hb.
Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
Reuben's Restaurants (Newport/Tustin/Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Gabor Szabo to 6/2. Cannonball Adderley, 6/4-16. Yusef Lateef, 6/18-30. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Wishire Ebell: Watts Theatre Benefit: Ray Brown, Frank Capp, Benny Carter, Bob Cooper, Herb Ellis, Shelly Manne, Joe Pass, 6/1.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Name groups, Sun.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
Peyton Place: Maurice Williams.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

NEW ORLEANS

Birdland: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours.
Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Dave West, Sun.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
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: Murphy Campo, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Farhad Grotto: modern jazz sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Peto Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.

544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Al Hirt to 6/8.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Lamplighter: Pibe Hine, tfn.
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, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
VIP: June Gardner, Germaine Bazzile, 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 Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 6/9. Soulful Strings, 6/12-7/10.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens, Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Spanky and Our Gang to 6/15.
Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Joe Williams to 6/2. Willie Bobo, 6/5-16. Horace Silver, 6/19-30.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiras, 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.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn.
Brave Bull: The Marksmen, Sherry Drake, tfn.
Celtic Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Wed., Fri.
Clayton Inn: Don Schroeder, Joe Byington.
Club Interlude: Bunky Parker, Wed.-Sat., tfn.
Colony Room: Jack Calvey, Terri Andre, tfn.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Eldorado: Don Cunningham, tfn.
Mainland: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. O's LaCachette: Dave Venn, Fri. Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Sat.
Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Rolan, Thur. Gretchen Hill, Fri.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Stork Club: Roger McCoy.
Top of the Tower: Sam Malone.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.
Wreck Bar: Joe Byington, Don Schroeder.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: George Shearing to 6/4. Name groups, weekly.
Morrie Baker's: Charles Harris.
Hundi's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Drums: The Expressions, Fri.-Sun.
Fifth Dimension (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Charles Moore, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Frolie: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Dome (Troy): Ken Rademacher.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Nordia (Battle Creek): Dick Rench, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Shadow Box: Bub Foster, Fri.-Sat.
Spiro's (Lansing): Les Rout, Sun.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Joe Burton, Sun. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

TORONTO

Ascot Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Colonial Tavern: Wild Bill Davison, 6/3-28.
George's Kibitzeria: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.
O'Keefe Centre: Jazz Festival, 6/5-8.

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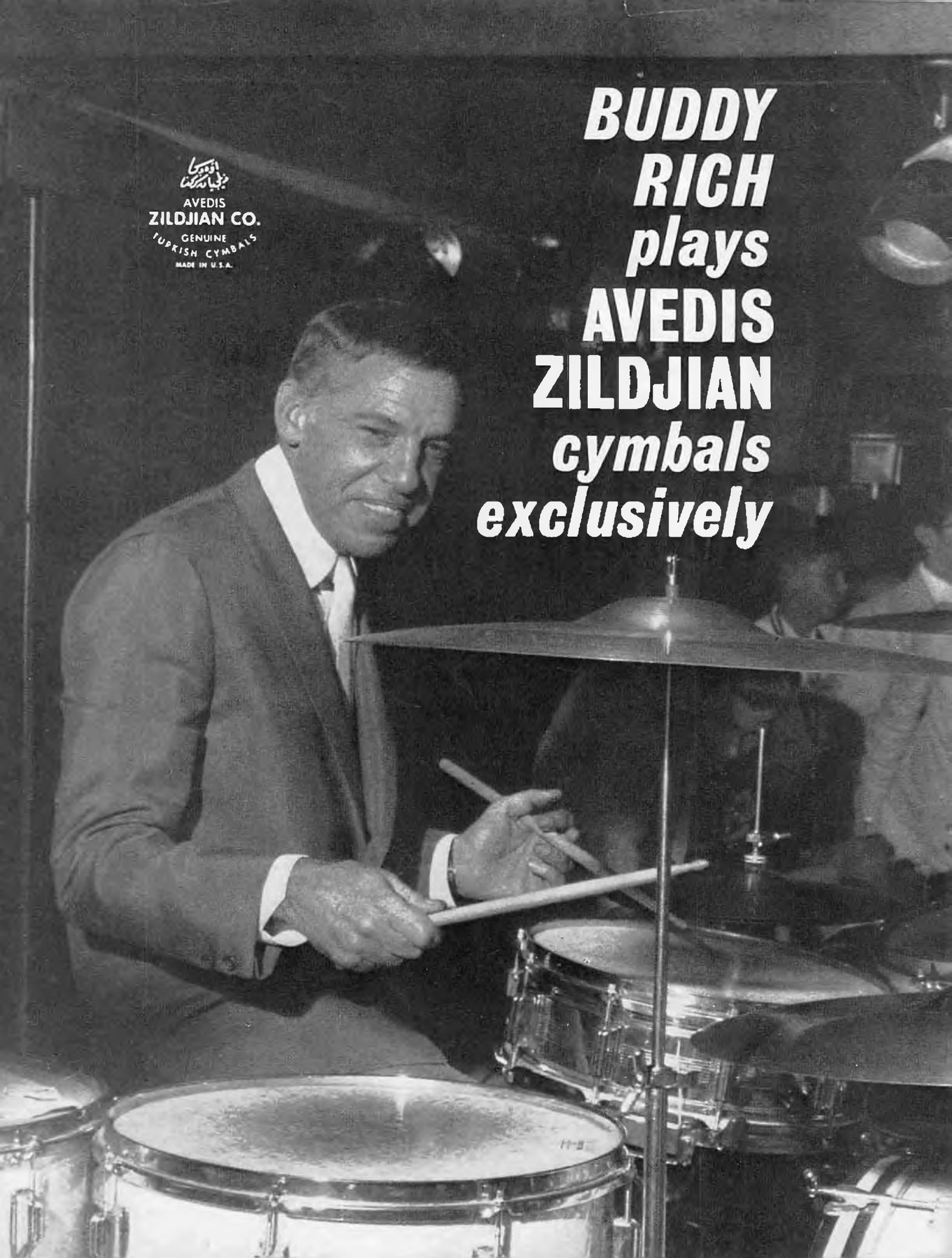
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