

MAY 2, 1968

35c

down beat®

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

The Many Faces of New Orleans Jazz Today ● From Rock to ???—A Searching Look at the Pop Explosion ● The State of Collegiate Jazz: Reports from Notre Dame and Villanova ● Ornette Coleman's London Triumph ● Bill Evans Blindfold Test ●



PETE FOUNTAIN

ALBERT R RINGER
600 S THIRD ST
OAKLAND, MD 21550
-006-318176-5919950*

What Would You Expect To Pay For A Vox "Jaguar" With A 180-Watt, 3-Channel Amp? \$1,000? \$1,250? \$1,500? More?



You Can Get Both For Only \$598* If You Build Them Yourself During This Special Heathkit® Offer!

Yes, now you can get this famous professional combo organ with a versatile high-power piggy-back amplifier and matching speaker system for just a little more than you'd expect to pay for the "Jaguar" alone. How? By building them yourself the easy, money-saving Heathkit way. By ordering them now during this special offer that saves you even more! No special skills or experience are required. You'll complete the organ in about 35 hours, the amplifier and speaker in about 20 hours. It's fun to do, the savings are big, and the sound is great.

The Heathkit/Vox® "Jaguar" has these professional features: Solid-state circuitry for cool, solid sound that lasts. Two outputs, for mixed bass and treble or separated. Reversible bass keys for full 49 key range or separate bass notes. Bass volume control for accent. Contour control for changing tonal quality as you wish. Vibrato tab for warmth. Bass Chord tab for richness. Four Voice tabs . . . Flute for pure, clean sound . . . Bright for brilliant clarity . . . Brass for brash boldness . . . Mellow for soft, melodic sounds. Keyboard range C₂ to C₆ in four octaves. Each note is a mixture of several tones for that unique Vox organ sound you are so familiar with. Building it is easy . . . the parts mount on circuit boards that go together quickly . . . the keyboard and cases are factory assembled ready for mounting. The Heathkit/Vox "Jaguar" comes complete with all genuine Vox factory-fabricated parts, expression pedal, assembled keyboard, assembled organ case with waterproof cover, and assembled carry-

ing case for stand and cables. The "Jaguar" also may be purchased separately if you do not wish to take advantage of this Special Offer . . . you'll still save about \$150 from the assembled price.

The Heathkit TA-17 Deluxe Super-Power Amplifier & Speaker has these professional features: delivers 180 watts peak power into one speaker or a whopping 240 watts peak power into a pair of its matching speakers, 3 channels with 2 inputs each . . . one for your combo organ or bass guitar, one for lead guitars, one for mikes. Built-in "fuzz", brightness switch, bass boost, tremolo, reverb. Complete controls for each channel. Foot switch for tremolo and reverb. Two 12" heavy-duty speakers plus a special horn driver for better balanced sound. The amplifier and speakers are available in kit or factory assembled form and can be purchased separately or in money-saving combinations like these special offers. Any way you look at it, this system is the biggest value, the best buy in super-power sound, anywhere.

SPECIAL OFFER PRICES:

Kit System TOS-1, (TO-68 Jaguar organ kit plus TA-17 amplifier kit and TA-17-1 Speaker Kit), 240 lbs. **\$598.00**

Semi-Kit System TOS-2, (TO-68 Jaguar Organ Kit plus Assembled TAW-17 Amp. and Assembled TAW-17-1 Speaker), 240 lbs. **\$698.00**

REGULAR PRICES: TO-68 Jaguar organ kit, \$349.95; Kit TA-17 amp. \$175; Assembled TAW-17 amp. \$275; Kit TA-17-1 speaker \$120; Assembled TAW-17-1 speaker \$150. Kit TAS-17-2, amp. & two speakers, \$395; Assembled TAW-17-2, amp. & two speakers, \$545.

* If you prefer to build only the "Jaguar" and buy factory built amp. & speaker, the same system still costs only \$698!



NEW FREE 1968 CATALOG!

Now with more kits, more color. Fully describes these along with over 300 kits for stereo/hi-fi, color TV, electronic organs, electric guitar & amplifier, amateur radio, marine, educational, CB, home & hobby. Mail coupon or write Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.

HEATH COMPANY, Dept. 140-5
Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022
In Canada, Daystrom Ltd.

☐ Enclosed is \$_____, including shipping.

Please send model (s) _____

☐ Please send FREE Heathkit Catalog

☐ Please send Credit Application.

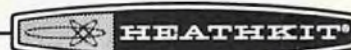
Name _____

Address _____

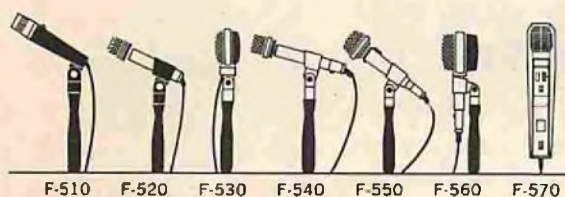
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Prices & specifications subject to change without notice.

TG-113

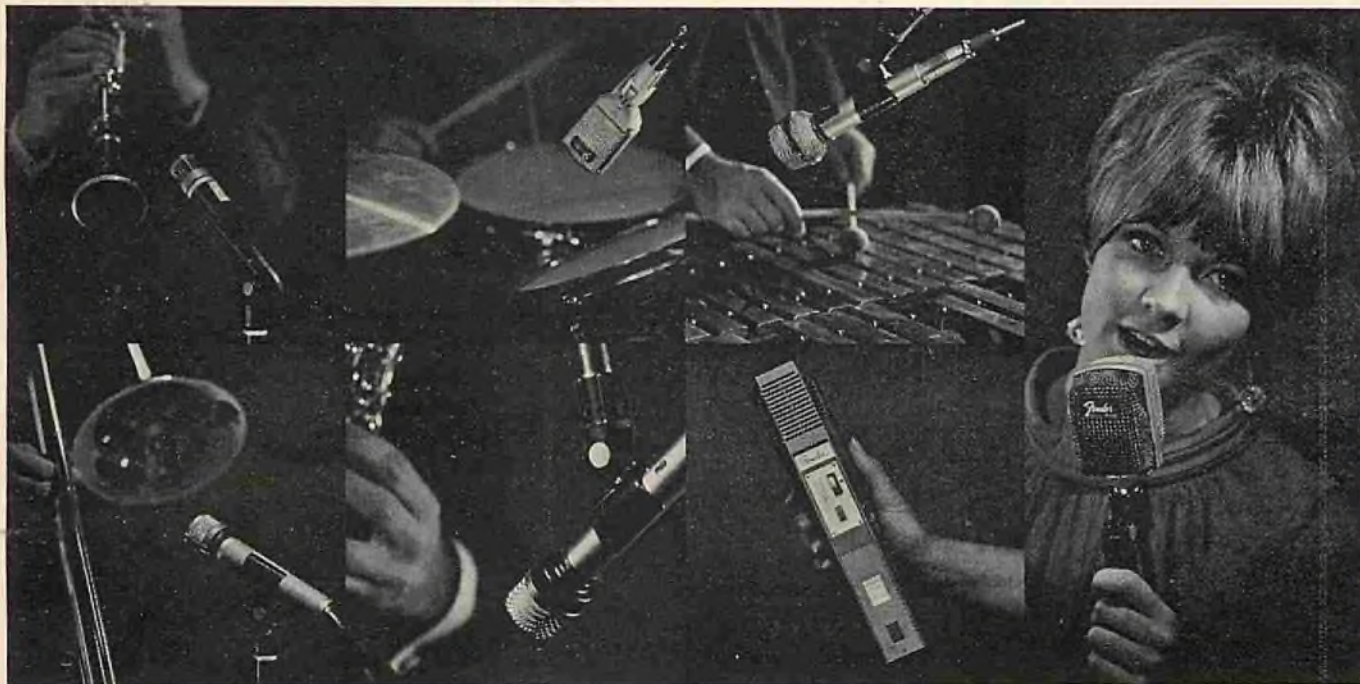


The Big Sound System for '68



Fender Mikes

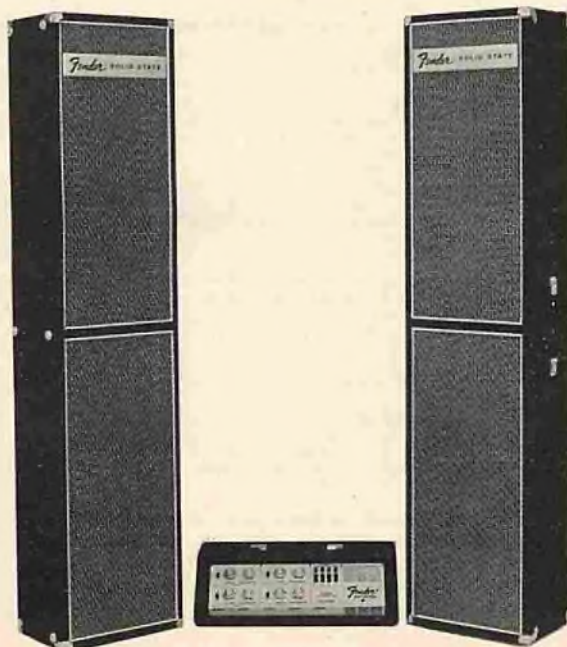
Fender's professional cardioid (uni-directional) dynamic microphones are recording and sound reproduction instruments of the finest quality. Fender microphones can be mounted on any standard microphone stand. Professional vocalists and instrumentalists will find a Fender microphone to suit every individual need. Write for free Fender Mikeselector.



Fender
P.A.



CBS Musical Instruments
Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.



The combination of elegant design and sophisticated quality gives the Fender Solid-State Public Address System its character and "demand" sound. This outfit produces dazzling sound that adds professional depth to any performing group ... in any atmosphere.

Features: Three-piece combination, silicon-type transistors, power stage cooled by convection, four high impedance inputs, each of four channels utilizes own volume control and tone control, individual pilot lights, switching and light identification panel, V.U. meter, echo switching panel. **BACK PANEL:** On-off switch extractor-type fuse post, two speaker input jacks, echo input, echo output, four microphone input jacks. "Tolex" covered with matching silver grille cloth.

FREE CATALOG & DEALER INFORMATION: Fender Musical Instruments, Dept. DB-58, 1402 East Chestnut, Santa Ana, Calif. 92701



Get in on the world of solid sound—the prestige sound of a Harmony guitar.

Listen to it soon at your music dealer's—you'll fall in love with it...And be sure to write for our full-color free catalog of 65 different models.

MADE IN AMERICA

SEND THE COUPON NOW!

THE HARMONY COMPANY

4804 South Kalin Avenue • Chicago, Ill. 60632 Dept. D 58

NAME _____ AGE _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____
 NAME OF YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC STORE _____
 STORE ADDRESS AND CITY _____ D-58

May 2, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 9

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World
 Every Other Thursday

READERS IN 142 COUNTRIES

PRESIDENT/PUBLISHER
JOHN J. MAHER
 EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN
 ASSISTANT EDITOR/DESIGN
HILL QUINN
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR
IRA GITLER
 CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
BARBARA GARDNER
HARVEY SIDERS
 VICE PRESIDENT
 ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
MARTIN GALLAY
 PRODUCTION MANAGER
GLORIA BALDWIN
 CIRCULATION MANAGER
D. B. KELLY

contents

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 10 News
- 13 Rapping It Up, by Elliot Horne
- 13 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 Background Music, by Burt Korall
- 15 Chasin' the Apple: A variety of Manhattan musical happenings, sampled by Ira Gitler
- 17 New Orleans: A Do-It-Yourself Jazz Festival: A look at the busy night life in the Crescent City. Photography by Jim Whitmore/Text by Charles Suhor
- 20 From Rock to ???: The Experimental Pop explosion could be the beginning of an entirely new music, suggests Harvey Pekar
- 22 Jazz Goes to College: Dan Morgenstern surveys the Villanova and Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festivals.
- 24 Johnny Guarnieri's New Bag: The pianist has developed a way to preserve his favorite composers' works and keep alive his idols' playing styles—with a new twist. By Leonard Feather
- 26 Record Reviews
- 30 Soul Stirrings, by Bob Porter
- 31 Blindfold Test: Bill Evans
- 32 Caught in the Act: Ornette Coleman • The Chambers Brothers • Gary Burton • Rufus Harley
- 46 Where & When: A guide to current jazz attractions

Cover photo: Jim Whitmore

CORRESPONDENTS

Baltimore, James D. Dills
 Boston, Bill Tannebrink
 Buffalo, James Kaloras
 Cincinnati, Louis F. Louscha
 Cleveland, Len Orcina
 Dallas, Ron Worlham
 Denver, Thomas Reeves
 Detroit, Bill McLarnay
 Indianapolis, Les Taylor
 Kansas City, Richard Chasmaro

Las Vegas, Pat Thompson
 Louisville, Dave Kaufmann
 Miami, Alan Rock
 Milwaukee, Bob Gruel
 New Orleans, Charles Suhor
 Philadelphia, Fred Miles
 Pittsburgh, Roy Kohler
 St. Louis, Phil Hulsey
 San Francisco, Russ Wilson
 Seattle, Lowell Richards
 Washington, D.C., Paul Anthony
 Argentina, Walter Thiers
 Australia, Trevor Graham

Central Europe, Eric T. Vogel
 Denmark, Finn Slumstrup
 France, Mike Hennessey
 Germany, Joachim E. Berendt
 Great Britain, Valerie Wilmer
 Italy, Ruggero Stassi
 Japan, Max E. Lash
 Netherlands, Hans F. Duffer
 Norway, Randi Hultin
 Poland, Roman Waschko
 Sweden, Dick Idestam-Almquist
 Toronto, Helen McNamara
 Uruguay, Arnaldo Salustia

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1968 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 710,407. Published bi-weekly. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$18 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.80 for each year.

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, Financial 6-7811. Martin Galloway, Advertising Sales. Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, Judith Gordon, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10019, PLaza 7-5111. Ira Gitler, Editorial. Charles Colletti, Advertising Sales.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028, HO 3-3208. Harvey Siders, Editorial.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3570 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT:
 MUSIC '68: JAZZ REVIEWS:
 N.A.M.M. Daily



CABLE ADDRESS DOWNBEAT



They laughed when I sat down to play the accordion



and then they heard the rich, warm sounds of a jazz organ; the throbbing beat of rock 'n roll; even the strains of a Hawaiian guitar.

I was in with the "in" group. And I couldn't have done it without my Cordovox.

That's because a Cordovox is the completely electronic instrument. It's more than an organ...more than

an accordion. It produces any one of a dozen different musical voices in a split second so that I can play any kind of mood music that the occasion calls for. And, it's amplified to give me a fuller range of sound for any size room.

If you're like me, an accordion player who wants in with the "in" group; if you're a guy who'd like to

make a small combo sound like a really big group or if you're in search of a whole new sound...why not try a Cordovox?

It's a heck of a lot more than just an accordion.

CORDOVOK

the exclusive choice of
Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians

Berklee

school of music

**A degree granting
institution offering
concentration in
American music.**

Degree Program majors in

- Music Education
- Composition
- Performance

Diploma Program majors in

- Arranging & Composition
- Performance

Summer Program

- Evaluation clinic
for high school
undergraduates
- Full credit 12 week
course

All majors include
instruction in modern harmony,
arranging improvisation,
ensemble.

For information & catalog
write to:

Dept. D

BERKLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

1140 Boylston Street
Boston, Mass 02215

For those who cannot attend
Berklee at this time . . .

a special CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

includes

- Modern Harmony
- Improvisation
- Dance Band Arranging
- Jazz Composition, etc.

For information write to:

BERKLEE PRESS PUBLICATIONS
DEPT. D

1140 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02215

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

From One Who Knows

I would like to say how much I enjoyed the article on Billy Higgins in the recent drum issue, and how important I think it is that young drummers read that article. There's a lot of valuable information there.

I meet many young drummers in my travels who ask me what they should study and who they should listen to, etc., etc. I think Billy tells them pretty much where it's at, and I recommend that all young drummers read and digest that article very carefully.

Horace Silver
New York City

A Feather In Her Cap

I was most interested in Bill Quinn's article on Max Roach (*DB*, March 21). Roach is a giant who has been too often unfairly neglected for his role as a soloist, composer and catalyst.

However, I found an error in the statement that "such albums as *Quiet As It Kept* introduced 5/4 time to jazz." I have in my collection a record on MGM entitled *Bass Reflex* and subtitled *Blues in 5/4*. Leonard Feather composed and recorded it in 1956, co-leading an orchestra with Dick Hyman. The record featured solos by Oscar Pettiford, Dick Hyman, Thad Jones and Frank Wess.

I am quite sure that Feather's composition, which came out two or three years before the Roach album, was the first 5/4 jazz work.

Rochelle Nemko
Hollywood, Cal.

Them Still With Us

In *A Winter's Tale* (*DB*, March 7), Alfred Aronowitz referred to "a now defunct" Irish group called Them. They are my favorite group, and they are not defunct. Their first album, *Them*, was a Golden Record seller, and their second, *Them Again*, is still selling.

Van Morrison (who wrote *Gloria*) has left Them and is on his own. He has been replaced, and Them are making a comeback. I hope that Them will continue as well as they have in the past.

Randall Whitaker
Bristol, Tenn.

Late Word From India

Thank you for publishing Pete Welding's article on the Beatles, *I'm Looking Through You* (*DB*, Jan. 11), in reply to Gabree's article *The Beatles in Perspective*, which was terribly biased and quite distorted. It would seem that he has got his facts (?) all confused.

I would like to read articles like Welding's; articles which are accurate and straightforward. . . .

"If you don't like our kind of thing, don't listen." (McCartney.)

Dennis Reardon
Madras, India

STRING Along with Fender


The string with the
snappy magnetic
response.

Made of the finest alloys
for prolonged playing
life—precision wound
for maximum resistance
to stretch and pull.
Every string is wound
with Fender Loving
Care . . . so go ahead
and pick on one!
Available at your nearest
music dealer.



CBS Musical Instruments
Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.
Santa Ana, California

PUT SPRING IN YOUR JAZZ

impulse! 



**ARCHIE SHEPP —
THE MAGIC OF
JU-JU** A/S 9154



**ELVIN JONES —
HEAVY
SOUNDS** A/S 9160



**BILL EVANS/ LIVE AT
SHELLY'S MANNE
HOLE** R/S 3013



**THELONIOUS MONK
PLAYS DUKE** R/S 3015



**MAX ROACH/BOOKER
LITTLE — DEEDS NOT
WORDS** R/S 3018



**MILT JACKSON
BAGS & BRASS** R/S 3021



**WES MONTGOMERY
TRIO 'ROUND
MIDNIGHT** R/S 3014



**GEORGE RUSSELL—
THE OUTER
VIEW** R/S 3016



**FATS NAVARRO —
GOOD BAIT** R/S 3019



**ART BLAKEY
UGETSU** R/S 3022



**JOHNNY LYTLE—
MOON CHILD** R/S 3017



**TWO HOURS WITH
THELONIOUS
MONK** R/S 3020X



**JOE ALBANY
THE LEGENDARY JAZZ
PIANIST** R/S 3023

BLUESWAY 



**B. B. KING —
LUCILLE** BL/S 6016

Also:

**JIMMY RUSHING —
MASTER OF THE
BLUES** BL/S 6017

**THE SOUL OF BONNIE
& CLYDE** BL/S 6018

a monograph regarding the holding of the flute

by Walfrid Kujala

Some good material has been available regarding proper techniques for holding the flute—but, as in any educational pursuit, there is always room for further study—further research—further reference. In this work, "The Flute: Position and Balance", Mr. Kujala has selected specific aspects on this subject that he felt needed greater emphasis. Music educators are welcome to add this brochure to their flute literature file—Copies are available through music dealers.

Walfrid Kujala, noted flutist, piccoloist and teacher, has been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1954 and is a member of the Northwestern University School of Music faculty.

To assist
the teacher...
to encourage
the student



Armstrong
The name to
remember in flutes
W. T. ARMSTRONG COMPANY
ELKHART, INDIANA
Makers of flutes and piccolos

"Will be a necessity to
anyone seriously interested
in the subject."
— WINTHROP SARGEANT

Early Jazz

ITS ROOTS AND
MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT

By GUNTHER SCHULLER.
Eagerly awaited in jazz and
music circles, this first study
of jazz by a trained musician
has a relevance and depth of
knowledge unmatched by any
other book on jazz. "A singular
book which probably only
Gunther Schuller could have
written, in its bringing know-
ing, informed, sophisticated
musicianship to illuminate a
fascinating mass of music."
— MILTON BABBITT. 150 mu-
sical examples. \$9.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

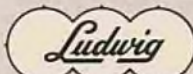
LUDWIG "BIG BEAT"

the completely adjustable,
heavy-duty hi-hat!

The "BIG BEAT" includes torque-
locking tilter; toe and heel spurs
to prevent movement; adjustable
spring tension; double post yoke
for added strength. See it at your
local Ludwig dealer today!



TOTAL
PERCUSSION



1728 N. Damen Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60647

Quinnspired

I can restrain myself no longer. Having been a *Down Beat* reader for a number of years, I have long admired your excellent reviewing staff. Together they stand like a row of tall pines amidst the scrub growth of competitive criticism. And yet among these towering conifers stands a veritable sequoia of penetrating analogy and metaphorical grace, Bill Quinn. Had his soul become carnate in another time or another place it would undoubtedly have taken the form of a professional wrestler, an Apache bowman, or a Polynesian pearl diver. For he is not afraid to wrestle with his typewriter and, in an attempt to accurately place an adjective on target, plunge into the depths of the English language in search of the verbal pearl. In each context he would have been considered an artist, be it with the warrior's bow or a full Nelson.

Now, the substance of the sentences he writes seems as explicit in the punctuation marks as in the syntax. His prose is marked by an irresistible, rococoistic canter which leaps and slashes at the reader like an expert fencer moving in for a touche. Quinn tosses off loose-limbed metaphors using them as pivot points like old Goose Tatum, dealing around his back, between his legs, and over his shoulder.

But just when it seems he has dealt himself a semantic jump ball, he vaults his grammatic obstacle like old Don Bragg going for 15 feet. Having negotiated this, he glides weightlessly across the page which, incidentally, has the activity of a freshly dynamited logjam. Inevitably his reviews end with the infinite logic of a well modulated metamorphosis.

It is refreshing to read a writer so obviously concerned with the use of the language—one who can so originally and so consistently rumble and stab to expressive summits. In sum, a highly original writer, though he owes an obvious debt to the likes of old Goose Tatum.

Donald L. Gerrish
U.S. Army

Queries

I am in the process of compiling a booklet about drummer Elvin Jones. So far I have nearly completed a discography. What I need are true, first hand stories about Elvin (past and present) and action pictures of Jones. . . .

I will return all photographs and any writing if the person wants it returned. If I use any of the materials sent me, the contributors would get a copy of the book, gratis

Sam Linde
15 N. Bassett
Madison, Wis. 53703

I am engaged in a study of the life and work of Eric Dolphy. Would anyone who has relevant information please send it to me? This could consist of personal recollections, observations about Eric Dolphy and his relevance to jazz and music history in general, Dolphy's conception of the musician, etc.

David Lauterstein
2 N. Ahwahnee Rd.
Lake Forest, Ill. 60045

What does a famous pro like Chet Atkins have that you don't?

The difference could be a Gretsch.

Top RCA Victor recording star, Chet Atkins, knows the importance of selecting the guitar to suit your personal style. We asked Chet what goes into the kind of a guitar a pro selects. Combining advanced technical craftsmanship with what he told us, we developed the Gretsch Chet Atkins hollow body series—the ultimate in professional electrics. The superb Country Gentlemen, the fabulous Nashville, the remarkable Tennessean. All hollow body electrics that let you play like you've never played before. Is it any wonder top professional groups around the world are choosing Gretsch?

So what are you waiting for? The "big" sound, the "now" sound, "That Great Gretsch Sound" is here in the beautiful Gretsch Chet Atkins hollow body electrics. And they're waiting for you at your Gretsch dealer now!



The Fred Gretsch Company, Inc.
60 Broadway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211

Please send me a copy of the full color
Gretsch Amplifier & Guitar Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

GRETSCH

BYRD ON FAR EAST TOUR FOR STATE DEPARTMENT

On April 1, guitarist Charlie Byrd began an eight-week tour of the Far East under the sponsorship of the Cultural Presentations Program of the U.S. Department of State.

For the tour, Byrd added flutist Mario Darpino to his group, which also includes his brother, Gene Byrd, on bass and Bill Reichenbach on drums.

Concerts are scheduled in Afghanistan, India, Nepal, Ceylon, Burma, Japan, Korea, Australia, and the Philippines. Among the major cities in which the quartet will



Charlie Byrd
In Sitar Territory

be heard are Beirut, Kabul, New Delhi, Karachi, Dacca, Kathmandu, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Sydney, Manila, Tokyo, and Seoul.

In 1961, the guitarist made a successful tour of South and Central America under the auspices of the State Department's cultural exchange program.

MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL AWAITS FINAL APPROVAL

Barring a highly unlikely state veto, the second annual edition of the Monterey International Pop Festival will be held June 21-23.

The Monterey County Fair board of directors voted eight to one to grant the festival's application, provided its sponsors meet certain conditions.

The board's decision came shortly after a Citizens Advisory Committee, appointed a week or so earlier by the board and the Monterey city council, voted 12 to two in favor of the festival, subject to certain

requirements. The committee held hearings at which proponents and opponents of the festival argued their cases vigorously.

Under the terms of the approval, festival promoters Lou Adler and John Phillips must deposit \$38,000 for police and fire protection, \$15,000 for sanitation facilities and provide camping space for at least 5,000 persons.

Adler and Phillips agreed to the conditions but asked that they be allowed to negotiate a possible reduction of costs with the city.

The 1967 pop festival grossed \$438,955 and netted \$220,129. A large portion of this, however, came from ABC-TV for exclusive motion picture and television film rights.

Phillips and Adler said \$95,000 of the net has been dispersed to various charitable causes, including \$50,000 for musical instruction of New York ghetto children and \$25,000 to a scholarship fund for Negro colleges.

As for this year's green light, the final hurdle is approval from the state. The fair grounds, while situated in Monterey, are California property and subject to state supervision. In view of the overwhelming approval by the fair board and citizens committee, it was believed that state officials would not exercise their veto power.

UNCLE SAM SLAPS RICH FOR INCOME TAX GOOF

Buddy Rich was fined \$2,500 and ordered to pay \$40,000 to the Internal Revenue Service in Federal Court in Las Vegas, Nev. March 22. The drummer-band leader was found guilty of failing to file an income tax return for 1961.

Under terms imposed by the court, Rich will be on probation for a period of five years, during which he must pay back tax liabilities of \$34,612, plus six percent interest for the years 1964-67.

According to his attorney, Roland J. Mestayer, Rich will be allowed to travel in the U.S. and abroad to perform, but must submit a monthly report to his probation officer.

Rich had been under the impression that his attorney and accountant had taken care of filing his 1961 tax return.

BIG SUMMER FESTIVAL SET FOR PHILADELPHIA

A Philadelphia brewery, C. Schmidt & Sons, is underwriting a 17-concert summer music festival in the city of brotherly love, starting July 3.

Nine of the concerts will be staged at the huge John F. Kennedy Memorial stadium, which will be equipped to accommodate a stage and some 55,000 spectators. Admission will be a low \$1. The re-

maining events will be held at recreation centers throughout the city, each with a minimum capacity of 10,000. These will be free.

Among the artists scheduled to appear are Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Judy Garland, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Dionne Warwick, The Who, Martha and the Vandellas, Mitch Ryder, Wilson Pickett, the Bee Gees, Jackie Wilson, the Temptations, the Spencer Davis Group, and the Magnificent Men.

FINAL BAR

Two veteran New Orleans jazzmen died last month. Drummer **Christopher (Happy) Goldston**, 74, began his career at 17 and worked with such famous pioneers of the music as Bunk Johnson, Jack Carey, Peter Bocage, and trumpeter Oscar (Papa) Celestin, whose Tuxedo Band he was associated with for 15 years. Goldston also played with young Louis Armstrong. He was given a traditional New Orleans funeral, with the Eureka Marching Club participating.

Drummer-cornetist-mellophonist **Monk Hazel**, 64, was born in Harvey, La. and raised in New Orleans. The son of a musician, he worked with the legendary Emmett Hardy in 1920, and later was associated with Abbie Brunies' Halfway House Orchestra, Tony Parenti, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. He led his own band on a Brunswick recording session in 1928, was in New York from 1929-31, and then went to Hollywood, where he worked with singer Gene Austin. In later years he played drums almost exclusively, enjoying a long affiliation with bands led by trumpeter Sharkey Bonano.

NEW ORLEANS SYMPHONY NIXES MILHAUD WORK

A composition by Darius Milhaud called *Music for New Orleans*, commissioned especially for the celebration of New Orleans' 250th anniversary celebration, was dropped from the March 12 concert at the New Orleans Symphony.

Conductor Werner Torkanowsky issued a statement less than a week before the concert to the effect that the French composer's work was "a disappointment." Referring to Milhaud as a "great artist" of "towering stature," Torkanowsky went on to say that the work "is simply not Milhaud at his best and the New Orleans Symphony does not propose to present him at his worst." In place of the new composition, the Symphony played Milhaud's famed 1922 work, *La Creation du Monde*, one of the first jazz-influenced works by a major composer.

If a strong reaction against the cancella-

LAWRENCE BHUSTAK

tion of the Milhaud premiere was expected, it did not materialize. *Times-Picayune* music critic Frank Gagnard candidly pointed out that reasons for such cancellations are usually "dignified, glossed over, or plainly lied about," and that Torkanowsky's action reflected "honesty and musical integrity."

POTPOURRI

Trombonists J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, who co-led one of the most popular jazz groups of the mid-'50s, will be together again—if only on records. Herb Alpert's A&M label has signed the dynamic duo to a long-term contract. Johnson is currently a staff arranger and

composer for MEA Music, Inc. in New York, while Winding operates his own production company in the commercial jingle field. A&M has also signed trumpeter Nat Adderley. Creed Taylor will produce.

The Saints and Sinners (Herman Autrey, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Rudy Powell, clarinet and saxes; pianist-leader Red Richards; bassist Danny Mastri, and drummer George Reed) recently toured Europe for the first time, appearing at the Frankfurt Jazz Festival, in Paris, and in Switzerland. The tour was preceded by a month-long engagement at the Cava-Bob restaurant in Toronto.

A one-night jazz festival will take place

at Fordham University in New York City April 27. Scheduled to appear are the Duke Pearson Big Band, guitarist Gabor Szabo's quintet, singer Jimmy Rushing, the Gary McFarland All Stars, and pianist Amy Dee and her trio. Bennett Morgan is producing the event.

Jazz Interactions celebrated its third birthday at the Red Garter in Manhattan March 24 with a mammoth jam session lead by vice president Joe Newman and his quintet.

Drummer Don Manning leads an unusual big band in Reno, Nev., dedicated to the music of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, with a book including classics by Tadd Dameron, Gil Fuller, and Tiny Kahn. The band boasts two bands-within-the-band of six and eight pieces. Personnel: George Graham, Dickie Mills, John Chech, Chuck Foster, Blaine Hales, Buzzy Mills, trumpets; Hub Houtz, Brad Smith, Dale Hampton, Bill Legan, trombones; John Pierce, Dick Mordenti, Foster Edwards, Harold Kuhn, Ted Parker, Bob Crandell, reeds; Frank Patchen, piano; Gene Englund, bass; Manning, drums, and two girl singers, Carol Moore and Bobbie Mills. The band's ambition, according to Manning: "To some day have the honor of accompanying the great Dizzy Gillespie himself."

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, which played the United Artists convention in Miami Beach during March, is taking off for California. They will appear in Berkeley April 20, then journey down to Los Angeles for a week at Marty's beginning April 22. The band is slated to record two albums for Solid State while on location at the club. One will be their second collaboration with singer Joe Williams . . . Teddy Wilson did two weeks at the Top of the Gate with Ron Carter, bass, and Al Harewood, drums . . . Benny Goodman appeared in a classical and jazz concert at Philharmonic Hall for the benefit of New York University Medical Center. Goodman played with the Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia and with a septet consisting of Joe Newman, trumpet; Lionel Hampton, vibes; Wilson, piano; Gene Bertonecini, guitar; George Duviver, bass; and Bobby Donaldson, drums . . . Hampton and his Jazz Inner Circle gave a series of concerts for young people in late March at Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Del.; New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N.J.; and Brian Menahon High School, Norwalk, Conn. Hamp's group also did a concert at Newark's Symphony Hall, with vocalist Pinocchio Jones featured . . . *A Mass for the Lenten Season*, a new religious composition by Mary Lou Williams, was sung every Sunday from mid-March until Easter by the Young People's Choir and the entire congregation at 11 o'clock Mass at St. Thomas the Apostle Roman Catholic Church, 118th St. and St. Nicholas Ave. . . . Also on the religion-jazz front, the Modern Jazz Quartet took part in a



By ELLIOT HORNE

RAPPING IT UP

With Nat Hentoff asking "Can Jazz Live in a World of Rock?" and the New York *Times*' Theodore Strongin wiggling at the put-ons of Il Gruppo and Frank Kofsky barely able to contain himself over Janice Joplin, jazz may be ready for a comeback by LeRoi Jones.

A few more tender words from Buddy Rich and they'll change the name of his album to *Big Swing MOUTH*.

You take a raga; I'll take a rag. The more sitar I dig, the more I'm convinced that the British should be glad they blew India.

Comeuppance Department: Don Ellis, in a recent *Down Beat*: "I was listening to tapes of Bird I hadn't heard before—funny how old-fashioned it sounds. It used to sound so daring and fresh, but that era has really passed."

Michel Legrand, commenting on Ellis' freshly recorded *Passacaglia and Fugue* in a recent *Blindfold Test*: "I like it very much, but . . . I wonder, is it an old album? It sounds as though it could have been something I heard a few years ago. There was a little touch of bebop in there."

(Ho. Ho. Ho.)

That *Playboy* All-Star Band sure is funny, but then so's the mag.

Biggest Eyebrow-Raiser of the Year: *Down Beat*'s Readers Poll listed 25 tenor men. Missing? Lucky Thompson.

The Buffalo Springfield's *Everydays* is

lovely in everyways. (Atco out and buy it.)

Note to Ralph Gleason: What interests me about Donovan is not that he sounds like Billie Holiday but that he's begun to dress like her.

Have Some Quotes On Me: From Nat Hentoff: "There is a new breed of musician—usually white—that moves easily between advanced jazz and the new rock. Guitarist Larry Coryell, for instance, was not too long ago part of the Free Spirits, a rock combo, and is now a member of jazz vibist Gary Burton's unit."

From Gary Burton: "I heard Larry Coryell playing in a rock group. It just wasn't his bag, so I brought him into my group."

David Himmelstein's liner note masterpiece for *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige) belongs in any Jazz Hall of Fame along with George Frazier's legendary Lee Wiley wail.

I hear the Strawberry Alarm Clock missed a gig the other day when it forgot to go off.

Is Candy Power fattening?

Want to read a writer whose prose rocks with all the psychedelic swing of today's pop scene? Dig Celine. His *Death on the Installment Plan* is a mind blower.

Talk about your flower music—if enough people hear Dizzy Gillespie sing *Something in Your Smile*, and dig it, war is through.

TWA may be the *Up, Up and Away* airline, but I'll fly Sonny Criss. His *Prestige* flight adds a deliciously zonky dimension to that marvelously infectious 5th Dimension rock classic.

With so many rock artists claiming they're "making love, en masse, to the audience," I'm hoping there are enough pills to go around.



WCBS-TV program, *A Gift of the Heart*, which launched the 1969 New York Catholic Charities Appeal. The MJQ played *The Spiritual and Little David Play on Your Harp*. The MJQ also performed *Spiritual and Jazz Ostinato* with the Utica Symphony at the Stanley Theater in Utica, N.Y. . . . The latest International Art of Jazz session at the Holiday Inn in Plainview, L.I. spotlighted the **Jerome Richardson Quintet** with the leader and his multifarious reeds; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Roland Hanna**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Grady Tate**, drums . . . The music department of the University of Vermont will sponsor a three-day Festival of Contemporary Music from April 23 through 25. Trumpeter **Ted Curson** will present an original jazz suite on the festival's final day . . . Trumpeter **Louis Ware** did two weeks at the Gold

Lounge (formerly Sugar Ray's) on 7th Ave. in Harlem with **Wilbur Brown**, tenor saxophone and flute; **Henry Pearson**, vibes; **Sonny Phillips**, organ; **Ben Dixon**, drums; and **Joe Lee Wilson**, vocals . . . Drummer **Ed Walsh** heads a group at the Hiway Lounge in Brooklyn, including ex-**Claude Thornhill** trumpeter **Jake Koven**; **Jules Reisfeld**, clarinet; **Jay Chasin**, piano; and **Dante Martucci**, bass . . . **Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble**, a big band, did the Sunday afternoon scene through March at Slugs' . . . The Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon series at Slugs' featured the groups of **Pharoah Sanders**, **J. C. Moses**, and **Sonny Murray** during the same month . . . **Jackie McLean** did two weeks at the Dom with **Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Lamont Johnson**, piano; **Scotty Holt**, bass; and **Eddie Crawford**, drums . . . *Record Notes:* Guitarist **Pat Martino**,

alto saxophonist **Sonny Criss**, organist **Don Patterson**, and alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson** each recently taped sessions for Prestige. With Martino were pianist **Eddie Green**, bassist **Ben Tucker**, and drummer **Lenny McBrowne**. **Tyrone Brown** filled in for Tucker on his own composition, *East*. Criss' accompanists were **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Bob Cranshaw**, bass; and **Alan Dawson**, drums; Patterson employed **Howard McGhee**, trumpet; Martino, McPherson, and Billy James, drums; and McPherson's date had Walton, Martino, bassist **Peck Morrison**, and McBrowne.

Los Angeles: The sign says "Closed for Remodeling," but in actuality, Ellis Island has had it. **Don Ellis**, who appeared there

/Continued on page 43



THE DELTA SWEETIE

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

THE DARKLY BEAUTIFUL Bobbie Gentry was the popular music phenomenon of 1967. Talked about, evaluated, fawned over, she was almost constantly in the public ear for the last five months of the year. Before July 10, for all intents and purposes, the Mississippi-born singer-composer-lyricist did not exist. Four weeks after her first hour-long recording session, during which her hit single *Ode to Billie Joe* was taped, she was the hottest artist in the country, the writer and performer of a song that told a story strongly and well.

As the year came to a close, the reaction set in. Trend seekers and burial specialists wondered aloud whether Miss Gentry had played out her string. "It's happened before," they said. "Why not with Gentry?" Make no mistake, this is the rule rather than the exception—anticipating death though the artist shows no signs of disease or decline. Popular music is a business. And businessmen do not relish finishing out of the black. Therefore, they are pulse-takers, symptom-seekers, always on the lookout for possible losers and continuing winners.

It is clear that success is but a beginning, not an end in itself. The pressure only begins with an enormous breakthrough; everyone from boxing champion to fashion designer realizes this truth. What about Bobbie Gentry? Where does she go from the top?

Logic points to her continuing to

create out of her own experience, bringing into play the acuity of vision that made *Billie Joe* such a telling study of neighborly indifference. Hit fever needn't affect her. Only if she veers from her course and is seduced by the easy or alien can Miss Gentry truly fail as an artist. It should be emphasized that it was as an *artist*, working out of her own bag, counter to the existing trend, that she made her impact. She played herself; there was no necessity for an extensive press campaign. As her Capitol records mentor and producer Kelly Gordon has pointed out: "Fifty per cent of my time is spent making an image of a singer or group, but with Bobbie, I just pushed the button and there it was."

Up from Mississippi, polished at schools and colleges in California, Miss Gentry had a variety of show business jobs, writing and performing, before *Billie Joe*. Yet, despite the changes in her life, she never lost touch with her roots in the Delta country or her home state. More important, the folkways and life style of Mississippi are so deeply embedded in her personality that they have provided not only a base and a set of realities on which she erects many of her songs, but an evolving, true vocal style, devoid of pretension and artifice.

"I don't sing white or colored," she explains. "I sing Southern." Because popular music has become a reflection of the entire country rather than of a few urban centers in the last decade, this approach is at last widely acceptable and understood for its intrinsic value. Certainly, if Hank Williams and Elvis Presley had not cracked the popular field with country and blues material and a close-to-the-earth approach in the 1950s, the Bobbie Gentry phenomenon would have been impossible.

The Southern-fried flavor of her delivery and the songs themselves are charming because they're real. But it is the content of her songs, their innards, that truly reflects Bobbie Gentry. She seems to understand emotions, feelings and human nature, both in rural or more cosmopolitan contexts. Whether

defining "Lazy Willie" who "gets up in time to go to sleep," the country girl who yearns to go to town to see people and buy a new dress, or the lonely sophisticated woman waiting for someone who never is going to come—the latter presented in abstraction in the song *Courtyard* in her second album, *The Delta Sweetie*—it is apparent that Bobbie Gentry externalizes experience and possesses insights beyond the ken of the simple country girl. Her songs are poetic; little stories, playlets which last long enough for the plot and characters to reveal themselves and for the author's point of view to be established.

Almost entirely an electronic reality, in that recordings have entrenched her with the mass audience, Bobby Gentry is best discovered via this medium. With no visual distraction to deflect your imagination, you can really get into her songs. The Gentry voice, languorous, soft yet firmly rhythmic, the antithesis of punchy, finger-snapping show business, helps you along. Only the manner in which she has been recorded—too far back within the arrangements—sometimes weakens the flavor.

The arrangements themselves, some by Shorty Rogers, most by Jimmie Haskell, are a decided asset. Skillfully wrought, they often lend additional depth to the country-wise, sometimes subtly sophisticated Gentry songs. As you proceed from the *Ode to Billie Joe* LP to her most recently released package, there comes the realization that this artist has grown in the few short months separating the two offerings, that she has only begun to mine the depths of her mind and imagination, that within this striking long-stemmed lady there is a poetess struggling to fully emerge.

Life started in Mississippi for Bobbie Gentry. The dirt farm roots remain, but life has gone on and carried her with it. The money people of music may ponder her future; however, they need not worry. If she stays in touch with her talent, she will inevitably take the people with her. Why? Because she sings and writes about things of import to us all. The every day, every night things.

BB

From the unupholstered sewers that pass for clubs to its great concert halls, the city of New York affords an unusual variety of opportunities to hear live jazz—even in this supposedly moribund period. This was brought home to me in recent travels around this Apple with a glossy skin, a big stem, a hard core and more than an occasional worm.

The Frammis is about as far from a sewer, upholstered or otherwise, as you can get. This relatively new club didn't really come alive until the appearance of Tal Farlow late in 1967. With pianist Johnny Knapp and bassist Lyn Christie, Farlow showed a lot of people how good his instrument can really sound in this day of the guitar. Concentrating on standards, he applied his magical facility to reshaping them as his own.

Tenderly's first chorus was done by Farlow unaccompanied, with shifting colors and accents that were gorgeous. When the others joined in, it became a lovely waltz. Farlow rewrote *My Romance*, his large, graceful hands seeming to operate with independent intelligence. *Moonlight in Vermont* (a bow to Johnny Smith) included a subtle interpolation of *Clair De Lune*—just a whisper of it. On numbers like *Tangerine*, *Taking A Chance on Love*, *There'll Never Be Another You* and *What A Difference A Day Made*, Farlow's fingers flew fantastically, fleetly fed from his fabulously fertile mind. On *Green Dolphin Street* he made use of his invention, the frequency divider, which allows him to negotiate swift runs in octaves. Later in the piece, he demonstrated his power as a rhythm guitarist with the groove he created in backing Christie's singing-bowing solo. Behind Christie's harmonizing with himself on *I Love You*, Farlow didn't play chords but effectively stated the bass line. Christie's bowing and singing here was very emotional, but I felt that this technique would have had more impact if he had not used it so often. Christie's attack, with its short, punching phrases, was more rhythmic than linear.

Knapp is a buoyant spirit who sometimes reminds one of Stan Getz's pianist of the early '50s, Johnny Williams. His composition *Mojo in Knappland* was one of the few originals the group played. It is a minor-key, atmospheric piece that built with a quiet kind of intensity, suggesting some of Bill Evans' moods. Farlow's right hand was a bird in flight, the fingers growing wings as they strummed. Knapp developed the theme beautifully, and use was made of interludes that bore a kinship to Morton Gould's *Pavanne*. In a swinging section Knapp became funky before serenity returned. A bowed portion by Christie was a Russian lament that melded into

PHOTO: JOHN LUKAS



LYN CHRISTIE,
JOHNNY KNAPP,
TAL FARLOW

Chasin' The Apple

by Ira Gitler

a chant-like portion punctuated by bass-slapping. The trio then fused with well-harnessed power, and finally all was again quietude.

Lullaby of the Leaves was perhaps a model of the group at its best. The interplay was relaxed and intuitive. Farlow quoted from *Taxi War Dance* and Knapp picked up on it and then quoted from *Johnny Come Lately*. As a climax, all three men hit a superb groove in what was the epitome of "down" trio jazz.

"Guitars and Trumpets" could have been the name of a concert at Carnegie Hall promoted by station WLIB's triumvirate of disc jockeys, Del Shields, Billy Taylor and Ed Williams. It proved one thing conclusively: there is a jazz audience and it does listen to WLIB. On that night, it filled Carnegie and was most attentive and enthusiastic. The opening set brought together guitarists Grant Green, George Benson, Attila Zoller and Bill Harris, backed by a rhythm section of Harold Mabern, piano; Chris White, bass; and Rudy Collins, drums. After an opening *Billie's Bounce*, the men did individual stints,

and each was successful in his own way. Green did *I Wish You Love* with a bossa beat and a rocking *Ode to Billie Joe*. His amplifier gives his tone a biting edge that sounds better on up tempos than on ballads.

Benson did *Willow Weep for Me* with much blues feeling, making use of a Varitone attachment. He used short bursts against long rushes of duplicated multi-note passages, and ended with a single line statement.

Zoller began a sensitive ballad with a long, unaccompanied intro. Then he did a minor-key swinger with an interlude. He showed a couple of Django touches and a lot of inventive thinking of his own along the way. Swinging is still a problem he must contend with at times, however.

Throughout the set, Mabern, an especially accomplished accompanist, was excellent. He deserves his own trio date. He can be "commercial" without forcing it.

The rhythm section then retired and Harris, unaccompanied on unamplified guitar, played an absorbing set consisting of *Cherokee*, *Shadow of Your Smile*

and *Django*. He delighted the audience, capturing their attention completely.

Lorez Alexandria was next, backed by pianist Wynton Kelly, bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Jimmy Cobb. The singer was suffering from a cold which may have affected her intonation; it was not of the best. Even with a cold her voice was powerful enough for her not to have had to shout *right* into the microphone.

Kenny Burrell opened the second half of the program with the Mabern-White-Collins rhythm team. His *Con Alma* on acoustical guitar suffered in comparison with Harris' earlier unamplified work, but when he switched to electric box on *The Jumpin' Blues* his great talent really lit up.

The trumpet portion began with Kenny Dorham and Blue Mitchell, doing Dorham's *Blue Bossa*. Mitchell had a little chop trouble but finished with a flourish. Dorham did with fingers and lip what some players need electronic help to accomplish. Mitchell's ballad feature—*Portrait of Jennie*—again found him ending better than he began. Mabern's solo was humorous, charming and light, the perfect complement to a brassman's stint. Dorham's ballad—*My One and Only Love*—contained well-placed growls in the melody statement and pure beauty in the explanatory section.

The next horn duo was Joe Newman and Clark Terry. (Terry was subbing for both Lee Morgan and Thad Jones.) Newman did *You Are My Sunshine* and showed himself to be another of the fine trumpeters from New Orleans. Without actually playing New Orleans style, he implies links to the Crescent City's musical tradition. Terry then was spotlighted on fluegelhorn for a rapid *Rhythm-a-ning*, solidly backed by White. Terry is a showman, but his fast-fingered runs generate a swing that goes beyond just show.

With Burrell, Mitchell and Dorham returning to the stage, a final blues was commenced. It started slow, but Newman soon doubled the time and did some inspired cooking, the three other trumpets and Burrell riffing strongly behind him. It ended too soon; it should have been begun earlier in the program.

ANOTHER CONCERT was held nearby, but in different surroundings—at Carnegie Recital Hall, opening the second season of the series entitled *Jazz—The Personal Dimension*. The basic unit here was a trio headed by pianist Teddy Wilson, and rounded out by bassist Jack Lesberg and drummer Don Lamond. Wilson was his usual impeccable self at the keyboard, and the trio was well-integrated, but the music did not always rise above

a merely pleasant, relaxed plateau until cornetist Ruby Braff made an appearance, as he did in each half of the concert. The music was still relaxed but took on a mellow bite whether Braff was playing in a bucket mute (as on *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*) or open (as *Ain't Misbehavin'*) or both (as on *Just You, Just Me*).

In the trio selections Wilson was light, urbane and sophisticated. From the opening *Stompin' at the Savoy*, he demonstrated that variation—melodic variety—was the name of the game. *Satin Doll* contained some of those ascending runs that have become a Wilson trademark over the years. In a medley of *Body and Soul* and *Moon-glow* he invested life, through his personal nuances, in a style that countless cocktail pianists have reduced to its lowest common denominator. On some of the up tempo numbers like *Undecided*, however, he was fleet but fluffy.

Braff and Wilson were an admirable team, working hand-in-glove on *You Took Advantage of Me*, *This Year's Kisses*, and a Kansas City-feeling blues over which the spirit of Lester Young hovered.

The evening ended with a spirited encore (*Sweet Georgia Brown*) brought about by the enthusiastic, insistent applause echoing in all corners of the intimate hall.

At Town Hall I heard—or didn't hear—a non-concert by the Paul Bley Trio. Because the concert was being taped, Bley's sounds went directly into the recording mikes and there was no trio blend for the audience. As a result, Barry Altschul's drums were the dominant force in the group. The first number began with a long bass and drums interlude. Bley played hide-and-seek, lighting his pipe in corners, and going off and on stage. In the second selection, with its Latin-jazz rhythmic base interestingly set up by Altschul, the drummer and Bley seemed to have their own interplay, leaving bassist Mark Levinson to posture at mid-up stage. Altschul's solo made wood meet metal and hide almost simultaneously. He made the drums sing along with Bley's piano.

Number three sounded as if Bley were putting on the wounded bird of Bill Evans. There were moments of beauty, but it soon became boring. Levinson's bass solo went nowhere on the sensitive brush carpet layed down by Altschul. Fourth was an up-tempo, comfortable, one-note theme. The bass again was a mumble-rumble. And why a bass solo on every number? Many trios are guilty of this, and if it ever was unwarranted, it was here.

Piece five had a pleasant, swinging

theme not too far from the pop-rockers, spurred by Altschul's off-beat rhythms. Piece six opened the second half of the concert with heavy boredom in the form of the amorphous ramblings of yet another bass solo. Seven sounded like something from the first half—romantically rolling along with the sentimentality of the mod ballad. More interaction was evident on the eighth song, in a funky minor. Even Levinson got more involved. Maybe it was because he tuned up *so* much before this number. (He tuned up before most of them.) His solo, however, was a lot of blues licks and little tricks and he really never got it all together. The encore was in a schmaltzy groove, sounding like *My Funny Valentine* in places. In some of its crevices there was heartfelt beauty.

Summation: Levinson—weak; Altschul—can swing a while, is inventive, has great potential; Bley—under-achievement.

Perhaps the oddest, or should I say most curious dual booking I've encountered in a long while was the Rainbow Grill's presentation of drummers Chico Hamilton and Ray McKinley and their groups.

McKinley, who hasn't been seen in these parts for quite some time, headed a sextet with a front line of Bernie Privin, trumpet; Lennie Hambro, alto saxophone and clarinet; and Ray Desio, trombone. His rhythm section companions were Lou Stein, piano; and Billy Cronk, bass. The music was mellow mainstream, with an occasional Dixieland piece like *At the Jazz Band Ball*, and the soloists were professionally relaxed. Privin did a touching *I Can't Get Started* and Hambro's creamy alto sketched *Laura* and *Stardust*. McKinley has lost none of his engaging personality, which showed through on such vocals as *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, *Hello Dolly*, and *Between 18th & 19th on Chestnut Street*. He did an impromptu *Celery Stalks at Midnight* in answer to a request.

McKinley and Hamilton were billed as music for dancing. The people danced to McKinley but they seemed to be non-plussed by the unusual Hamilton approach. Chico's piano-less ensemble consisted of Bill Campbell (subbing for Jimmy Cleveland), trombone; Jimmy Cheatham, bass trombone; Steve Potts, alto saxophone; Russ Andrews, tenor saxophone and flute; Hal Gaylor, bass; and Jackie Arnold and Ed Curry, vocals. The repertoire consisted of a mixture of originals (including Charles Lloyd's *Island Blues*), jazz standards (*Broadway* and *A Train*), ballads by Curry (*Day In, Day Out* and *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*), and current pops (*Ode to Billie Joe*).

Potts leaned toward the avant garde

/Continued on page 40

Jazzfest '68 will bring musicians like Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and Dave Brubeck to New Orleans during the week of May 12-19 for a celebration of the city's 250th anniversary.

But as one local jazz buff recently said, there's always a jazz festival in New Orleans. The revival of the late '40s marked the beginning of an increase in jazz activity that has culminated in the lively, multi-faceted jazz scene that is New Orleans today. In the Bourbon Street area alone almost 150 jazz musicians can be heard nightly, and every few months the city's musical temperature seems to rise.

Many New Orleans artists (George Lewis, Sharkey Bonano, Thomas Jefferson, Al Belletto, and others) will be featured in *Jazzfest '68* along with the imported stars, but visitors who program their own after-hours festival will find that a tour of the city's jazz spots is like an illustrated history of jazz, from its earliest forms to the avant garde.

TEXT/CHARLES SUHOR
PHOTOS/JIM WHITMORE



NEW ORLEANS: A DO-IT-YOURSELF JAZZ FESTIVAL



Top: Pete Fountain's French Quarter Inn is the most popular Dixieland club in town. The clarinetist, shown with bassist Oliver "Stick" Felix, changed the format of his combo last year by adding a four-man brass section and bringing in tenorist Eddie Miller and drummer Nick Fatool as regulars. Above: The city's two kitty halls are centers of the current traditional revival, which has brought dozens of early jazzmen from retirement and spawned an international cult of admirers. This scene from Dixieland Hall shows dancers Skeet and Pete and the Papa Celestin Band, with trombonist Wendell Eugene, clarinetist-singer Joe (Cornbread) Thomas, drummer Louis Barbarin, pianist Jeanette Kimball, and banjoist Albert (Papa) French. Right: trumpeter Jack Willis joins the band.





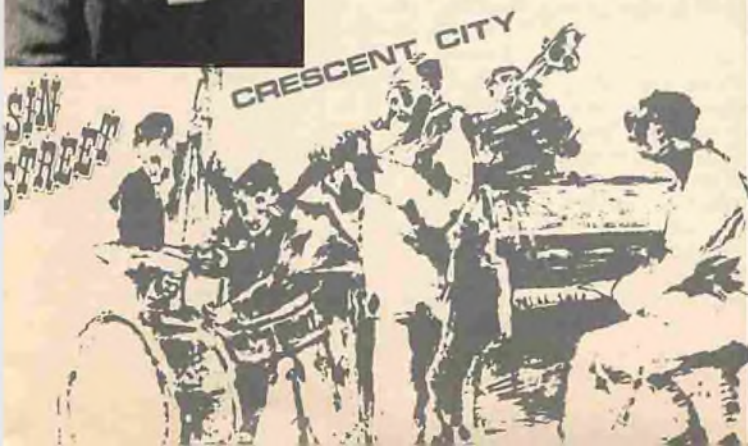
RAMPART ST

Top: Armand Hug, rated by many as one of the greatest living ragtime pianists, plays a single at the new Touche Lounge of the Royal Orleans Hotel. The intimate, dungeon-like room also features a striking collection of jazz paintings by Noel Rockmore. **Left:** Trumpeter Armin Kay and clarinetist Bill Theodore complete the front line of trombonist Santo Pecora's neo-Dixieland combo at the Famous Door. The Door was one of two clubs that launched the revival of the '40s, and Pecora's smooth sound and clean ensemble style marked him as the most distinguished trombonist of that movement. A veteran of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Pecora is credited with influencing Jack Teagarden and a generation of early New Orleans trombonists. **Below:** The Bistro on Tulane Avenue features a jazz-for-dancing policy, but when vocalist Betty Farmer is on, the only appropriate response is to look and listen. The singer and pianist Ronnie Dupont's quartet have attracted sophisticated audiences to this out-of-the-way lounge and given it the atmosphere of a showplace. With Dupont and Miss Farmer are drummer Reed Vaughan and electric bassist Bob Tassin.





Opposite: Alto saxophonist Al Belletto helped to popularize modern jazz in the New Orleans-Gulf Coast area with his well-oiled sextet of the '50s. As entertainment director of the Playboy Club since 1961, he has brought in gifted local modernists like James Black, Fred Crane, Bill Huntington and Ellis Marsalis. Pictured here with bassist Richard Payne, Belletto was also the first leader in New Orleans to use an integrated combo on a steady engagement. **Below:** Willie and the Souls, who appear frequently at the Ivanhoe on Bourbon Street, are making a mark both as a blues group and as an avant garde combo. The Souls, composed of guitarist George Davis (not shown), drummer David Lee, organist-vocalist Willie Turbinton, and alto man Earl Turbinton, so impressed Cannonball Adderley during his recent New Orleans engagements that he personally sponsored a recording session for the group. **Left:** Illinois pianist Ronnie Kole took root in New Orleans after an extended engagement at Al Hirt's Club. Obviously bidding for national attention as a stylist in a Peter Nero vein, Kole mixes jazzmanship with showmanship in a manner that has won his trio a wide following at Kole's Corner, the pianist's club in the Old Absinthe House.





GEORGE HALL



FROM ROCK TO by harvey pekar

WHILE ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO adults complained that the corrupting influence of the Beatles would bring about the fall of the republic, and teenagers worshiped them, the past year or so has seen an amazing reversal of positions. *Time* (Sept. 22, '67) said in a laudatory article on the Beatles: "... they are creating the most original, expressive and musically interesting sounds being heard in pop music." Establishment intellectuals and other young to middle-aged adults gobbled up the *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* LP, but most of it soared above the heads of the pre-college set.

What's it all about? Why the change? The answer lies in the phenomenon called experimental popular music.

Experimental pop music is actually a rather misleading term, since experimental music has rarely been popular. The Beatles, riding on the crest of a popularity wave, can cut almost any kind of record and it will sell. But many of the experimental groups—Country Joe and the Fish, for example—are not well known.

What we may be witnessing is the creation of a new, as yet unlabeled form of music, as America around the turn of the century saw the development of jazz. Jazz grew from the synthesis of several forms: European popular and Afro-American folk musics; marches; ragtime, etc. A similar synthesis is now taking place in "popular" music. Among the elements being melted down are blues, country and western, near Eastern, Indian, and baroque forms. Increasingly important is the technique of producing novel, exciting effects by using the potential of tape. Music is altered by changing the tape's speed or playing it backwards; performances are spiced with non-musical noises and effects. (Even recorded statements by President Kennedy have been inserted into a pop selection: the Buckingham's *Foreign Policy*.)

There has also been a revolution in lyric writing. The new pop songs deal with a variety of subjects, including politics and drugs, and are often severely

critical of middle-class society. Experimentation involving the use of great literary works as a source of lyrics for pop tunes has occurred. The Byrds' *Turn, Turn, Turn*, for example, contains passages from the Book of Ecclesiastes. (The music and adaptation on *Turn, Turn, Turn* are Pete Seeger's.) Also, when they deal with love, many modern pop lyricists express much more hard-bitten, cynical views of the subject than did their earlier counterparts.

Logically enough, the new groups have found that limiting their recorded selections to three minutes or less, as pop performers have traditionally done, is not necessary on LPs, and have begun to cut longer performances which allow them to "stretch out." The Mothers of Invention have recorded satirical oratorios, and Chad and Jeremy's light, ironic *Progress Suite* occupies one whole side of an LP.

To appreciate the evolution of the new music it is necessary to go back to the early '50s and follow the various streams of pop music as they have risen, converged, and separated.

AROUND 15 YEARS AGO, pop music in America was in a deplorable state. Sentimental or trivial records by people like Eddie Fisher, Patti Page, Teresa Brewer, and the Four Aces consistently cornered the Hit Parade. One of the few hopeful portents was the success of Johnnie Ray, an impassioned singer whose work had been influenced by jazz and rhythm-and-blues artists.

However, the winds of change were blowing. White teenagers, perhaps tiring of the pap they were asked to swallow, began listening to Negro popular music. Some of the hit records by Negro performers such as the Platters (who were influenced by the Ink Spots), Frankie Lymon, the Crows, and the Penguins seem tamer now than when they were issued, but Lymon's *Why Do Fools Fall in Love* represented a healthier tradition than did Miss Page's *The Doggie in the Window*—and it caused a sensation.

Also important was the success of Bill

Haley and his Comets, the first popular white rock 'n' roll group. Haley had been working in the country and western field, but his records employed "hip" lyrics (e.g. "crazy, man, crazy") and a raucous instrumental sound that appealed to urban youngsters. His most striking performance, *Rock Around the Clock*, was used for the soundtrack of *Blackboard Jungle* and remains the most memorable thing about the film to many who saw it.

By the mid-'50s the pop music form known as rock 'n' roll had become firmly established and was being fed by two sources, Negro and country and western.

Among the Negro rock 'n' rollers, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and Little Richard are particularly notable.

Berry, singer, song writer and guitarist, came from the St. Louis area. A live-wire performer, he played many of his selections at a medium or fast tempo. He was a talky lyricist who could pelt the listener with a machine-gun barrage of words. His facile solo guitar and busy, relentless rhythm sections added excitement to his performances.

Bo Diddley, another singer-guitarist-composer, was an earthier, more "down-home" performer than Berry. Harmonica work is evident on his recording of *I'm a Man*, made in 1955. (At that time, the instrument was considered an anachronism by many young Negro musicians.) He is a powerful, flexible vocalist whose *I'm a Man* is a wonderful example of defiant braggadocio. Diddley's guitar playing deserves more attention than it has been given. Here was an electric guitarist who really exploited the electronic characteristics of his instrument. His tone had an unusually heavy quality compared with the sound of most guitarists of 10 years ago, and he made good use of echo effects.

Little Richard, who epitomized the frantic, shouting rock 'n' roll singer of the '50s, had sung in church as a teenager and is important because of the gospel influence he brought to pop music.

Country and western artists made a less important but still significant contribution to the rock mainstream. Elvis Presley, though he was influenced by Negro artists, was basically a hillbilly-type rock 'n' roller and a good one. Carl Perkins and Buddy Holly were other fine c&w rockers, but the most important artists in this vein were the Everly Brothers. Many of their best records are marked by a mournful, hound-dog-sad quality, yet they could turn in excellent medium and up-tempo performances (*Bye Bye Love*, *Wake Up Little Susie*, *Claudette*). The Everlys were masters at singing in harmony.

B. B. King, a Negro performer who has been virtually ignored by white audiences, is known mainly for his earthy blues singing, but it is as an instrumentalist that he has made his major contribution. King's guitar playing sometimes has an almost vocal quality due to his subtle use of vibrato and bent tones. He is one of the greatest influences on today's avant-garde top guitarists.

By the late '50s, the quality of pop music seemed to be declining. Almost as

soon as rock became popular, people began to emasculate it. Puerile northern white singers such as Fabian and Frankie Avalon attained commercial success in droves. (Dion, of Dion and the Belmonts, was one of the few popular northern white vocalists whose work had power and, despite the triviality of many of the songs he recorded, some emotional depth.)

Another tendency that seemed disturbing at the time was the popular folk music movement. Vocal groups like the Kingston Trio—groups that watered down songs from all over the globe so that they all sounded alike—received wild acclaim from high school and college kids who'd never heard a Leadbelly record.

The outlook for popular music in America seemed grim in the late '50s and early '60s. But there were forces at work beneath the surface that would break through and lead to one of the greatest eras of creativity in the pop music field that the USA (and England) had ever witnessed.

One of these forces was Ray Charles. Charles, a magnificent vocalist, fused blues and gospel elements into a highly original style. His approach influenced a generation of outstanding artists whose popularity re-emphasized the vitality of the Negro musical tradition to white audiences. Sam Cooke, James Brown and Jackie Wilson, who attained popularity about the same time as Charles, were also influenced on some of today's young Negro pop singers. (A full discussion of Negro pop music, which is currently in a golden age, lies outside the scope of this article.)

Perhaps it was partly due to the popularity of Charles that rock 'n' roll became popular in Great Britain during the early '60s. At any rate, a host of combos sounding like the American rockers of the '50s proliferated there. They weren't startlingly original at first, but their work had guts and swagger.

Many of the British combos—the Yardbirds, the Animals, the Dave Clark Five, the Rolling Stones—attained great popularity, but the most successful group, aesthetically and commercially, was the Beatles.

The Beatles in their formative stage were strongly influenced by Chuck Berry and the Everly Brothers. They had a good guitarist in George Harrison and better-than-adequate vocalists in John Lennon and Paul McCartney, who owed much to Negro singers but did not ape them.

Lennon and McCartney were also responsible for most of the writing, and it was in their compositions (though Harrison later also demonstrated composing ability) that the group's strength lay. Early Beatles records contained a number of melodies reminiscent of mid-'50s rock but these usually had character; they were well-resolved and infectious. The Beatles' arrangements also merit praise; their vocal voicings were often fresh and tasteful.

Even in their early days, some of their material was not typical of the rock 'n' roll of the previous decade. They have had lovely ballads in their repertoire for years. One of their best early ballads,

Yes It Is, is performed in a particularly warm manner on the *Beatles VI* LP. Neither is their version of *Till There Was You* typical rock 'n' roll; it is underlain by a Latin beat and contains a fine bossa nova-style guitar solo. Around the time they made their initial, smashing impact in America and were denounced by some as being barbarous and unmusical, the Beatles were already hinting at future excellence.

While English rock 'n' roll was creating a sensation, significant developments were taking place in American pop music. The pop-folk idiom had given rise to a movement called folk-rock. Many young people, having been exposed to the Kingston Trio and others, were stimulated to look more deeply, to listen to authentic American folk music. Some even formed jug or bluegrass bands and then, not being satisfied with imitating authentic folk artists, went on to create their own hybrid idiom. They adopted electric instruments and more hard-driving styles of playing and singing from rock 'n' roll. Hence their music was called folk-rock.

The best known of the folk-rockers—though he started in the pop-folk area—Bob Dylan, is an interesting, runty-tough (though his toughness sometimes seems affected) singer, but it is as a composer that he has been most influential. *Blowin' in the Wind*, almost an anthem of the civil rights movement, is and probably will remain his best-known composition. Dylan recorded *Blowin'* in the early '60s and his arrangement of it was in the pop-folk style. (He is, however, a more intense, individual vocalist than most pop-folk singers.)

More typical of the folk-rock idiom is Dylan's relentlessly building *Like A Rolling Stone*, in which he ruthlessly puts down a girl who "used to laugh about everybody that was hangin' out" but has since fallen to "scrounging (her) next meal."

Dylan is important for his political and social commentary, though his lyrics are sometimes sentimental and over-romantic. His "protest songs" and compositions deal perceptively and wittily with street life and were very influential. The Beatles are said to have been inspired, after hearing his work, to write more profound, philosophical lyrics. Dylan, with Ray Charles and the Beatles, must be considered one of the major forces in the pop music of this decade.

Donovan, a subtle, insinuating vocalist, has some qualities in common with Dylan but there are obvious differences. His hit singles—*Sunshine Superman* and *Mellow Yellow*—fall into a (currently) hip vein. But Donovan sometimes seems to be a throwback to the minstrels of the Robin Hood era. He loves lyrical language; some of his selections, such as *Three King Fishers* and *Legend of a Girl Child Linda* are poetry set to music. He is also interested in the myths and legends of England's romanticized early medieval history, and has recorded a few selections (*Guinevere*) that make reference to Arthurian times.

Ferris Wheel, on which the minstrel influence is present but less obvious than

on his more archaic selections, is one of Donovan's best performances. His vocal has a wistful, updated Alan-a-Dale quality but is looser than his singing on *King Fishers*; and *Wheel's* lyrics are less precious than *Linda's*.

Possibly the most important group in the folk-rock genre is the Lovin' Spoonful. Their work is often warm and relaxed (love music) but has considerable variety, ranging from *Do You Believe in Magic*—the melody (though not the lyrics) of which is similar to those employed by singers of the modern Negro school—through *Nashville Cats*, a humorous but sincere tribute to c&w guitarists, to *Did You Ever Have to Make up Your Mind*, an amusing, old-timey selection. Perhaps their greatest effort is *Summer in the City* which, like some of Dylan's work, might be considered an urban folk song.

The word *eclectic* often has a pejorative connotation, but the eclecticism of the Spoonful is healthy. They adapted ideas from a variety of idioms to suit their needs, rather than blatantly imitating specific performers. They borrowed, but maintained their individuality. With them, eclecticism is almost a style in itself.

Like the Spoonful, the Fugs sometimes show a c&w influence in their music. Their selections are often raucously and irreverently funny, and they deserve credit for being among the first experimental pop performers to deal explicitly with sex and drugs and to draw on great literary figures such as William Blake in their work.

The Byrds are, perhaps, the most popular of folk-rock groups. They have had a couple of smash hits and are also well thought of by a good portion of the "serious" students of rock.

The Byrds' performances are often subtle and warm, but I sometimes find them rather bland. Their *Eight Miles High*, an impassioned, irresistibly building performance, is, unfortunately, not typical of their work.

The back-to-the-roots movement of the early '60s that saw young white Americans exploring folk music and blues in depth led to the formation of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, which was influenced by the hard-driving Chicago (urban) blues style. Butterfield, a singer and harmonica player, seems mainly concerned with emulating Negro blues artists. Most of the things he's done have not demonstrated a particularly original over-all concept, but his group is important because it re-emphasized instrumental work. The band's finest recorded selection, *East West*, contains no vocal and is highlighted by the guitar improvisation of Mike Bloomfield, a brilliant musician who subsequently left Butterfield to form his own group. It is an atypical Butterfield performance; a hybrid in which the influence of Indian classical music (the music of Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan) is apparent.

Bloomfield's contribution to rock is probably more significant than Butterfield's. With several others, Bloomfield

/Continued on page 39

JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE

RECENTLY, I HAD the pleasure of attending the latest editions of two of the oldest and most respected college jazz festivals: the eighth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Villanova University, held Feb. 23-24, and the 10th annual Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame, held March 8-9.

Last year, at Miami Beach, the first National Intercollegiate Jazz Festival took place. It will be repeated this coming June in St. Louis, and brave efforts are being made to attract nationwide attention to the event.

Since last year, Villanova has been one of several regional festivals associated with the IJF. On the basis of this year's showing, this has had both positive and negative results.

On the plus side is the fact that the winning big band, combo, and vocal group (the latter a shoo-in, since it was the sole entrant) will be competing in St. Louis; and that the entire finals (all three hours of 'em) were televised by 13 educational stations in the east.

On the debit side were the restrictions resulting from the regional structuring of the IJF festivals. In former years, Villanova has played host to some of the best groups from all over the country. Now, it can only draw from the east, and there can be no question that this has resulted in less interesting line-ups.

Notre Dame, on the other hand, has retained its independence, and in terms of musical variety and level of performance, this paid off. Also, the IJF festivals give only first-place awards to groups, and no prizes to individual talent, while Notre Dame had quite an abundance of such awards. In this realm as elsewhere, bigness has its disadvantages.

Villanova has always been notable for its efficient staging, and this year was no exception. Waits between acts were at a bare minimum, and there were no backstage hassles.

In fact, especially during the televised finals, the proceedings were almost antiseptically professional, down to the student emcee who had adopted the delivery and mannerisms of the radio pros (Stan Kenton was the on-screen commentator, hidden from audience view backstage).

The music, on the other hand, was not on this slickly professional level. With the exception of the winning big band and combo (both from the same school, and with overlapping personnel) it was mainly amateur night.

THE WINNERS WERE the Philadelphia Musical Academy Jazz Workshop, directed by Evan Solot, a 16-piece ensemble of considerable quality. It stood out in a field of seven big bands by virtue



Mike Brecker and Randy Sandke

of its jazz feeling, among other things. It was the only *relaxed* big band in the festival, and the only band with soloists who grasped the essentials of how to construct and present a musical statement that made sense in its own terms and was related to the arrangement within which it took place.

This question of big band solos was a thorny one at both festivals. Far too many players with basically good equipment offered solos devoid of shape, meaning, or relation to the piece on which they were supposedly based. Often, they seemed to be played at a different tempo than what had come before and what followed—mere bar-rages of notes, poorly placed and signifying nothing save confusion. The meaning of improvisation apparently has not been grasped by many leaders who seem quite capable in terms of whipping sections into shape, producing adequate intonation, etc. A good idea for all these folk would be to listen to some records by the old Count Basie Band (the one with Lester Young) for an object lesson in how to launch and sustain a big band solo statement.

The Philadelphians had that aspect under control. The band's first-string soloists, not surprisingly, were saxophonist (tenor, soprano and lead alto) Mike Pedicin Jr. and fluegelhornist-trumpeter Steve Weiner, who also comprised the expert front line of the winning combo, the Mike Pedicin Jr. Quintet.

But the big band showed its mettle and impressed the judges by coming up with another good tenor soloist and another good solo trumpeter. In addition, the drummer, James Paxson, who worked with the combo as well, was a superb timekeeper and a tasty musician.

The band's repertoire included such jazz classics as *Milestones*, well arranged by reedman Ed Etkins; *C Jam*

Blues, in Gary McFarland's setting, and *Blue Monk*, scored by Joe Seidman.

Its tour de force, however, was a composition and arrangement by leader Solot, *Bacchanalia*, which had considerable variety of moods, colors and rhythms and was a much better piece of music than most showcases for bands are apt to be.

It must be noted here that the Philadelphians are from a music school—one of the few competing in either festival. Thus, one would have expected them to be above average. But they were good enough to surpass these normal expectations.

The other bands were notches below. A good showing was made by the MIT Concert Jazz Band, a perennial contestant. Made up entirely of budding scientists for whom music is an avocation, and led by the more than capable Herb Pomeroy (who used to have quite a professional band of his own), this outfit (which also played at Notre Dame) was also among the few with a grasp of that key essential—jazz feeling.

Besides, it was a band with a sense of humor (sadly lacking in some quarters, or awfully strained in others), and was visually distinguished by the greatest variety of hair styles and sartorial fashions displayed by any band at either festival—as befits scientists, mad or otherwise. In tenor and soprano saxophonist Dick Carter and especially trombonist Richie Orr the band has two outstanding soloists, and if it keeps growing as it has in recent years, it may someday outsmart the pros and cop a first prize.

Orr and Carter, by the way, also headed up the second-best combo at Villanova, the MIT Concert Jazz Quartet (which also performed at Notre Dame). But all its offerings were cast in essentially the same modal mold, and the solos could have been shorter and

more succinct.

THE PEDICIN QUINTET, however, was beyond competition. The leader is an accomplished player with plenty of fire and drive, good tone and control (he projects like few young players do), swing, and a steady flow of ideas. I especially enjoyed his soprano work.

Weiner, his front line cohort, was perhaps the most finished musician at either festival. He has it all together, gets a lovely sound (especially on the fluegelhorn), never falters or rushes, and though still a wee bit derivative (Miles) has his own tasty story to tell.

A fine rhythm section worked hand-in-glove with these two. We have already mentioned drummer Paxson, who knows where it's at. Bassist Ron Gilotti and pianist Steve Friedberg (a good writer, too) also made significant contributions.

What else? The Combs Dance Band was undistinguished except for a well-rehearsed brass section and a leader, trombonist Fred Joiner, who, though a student, is a foxy old pro and who soloed well in a J.J. Johnson bag. The Case Institute Concert Jazz Ensemble emphasized concert rather than jazz, especially in their best effort, two movements from Richard Peaselee's *Stone Henge*, a suite originally composed for the orchestra led by Bill Russo in England in 1963.

It was a demanding score, well executed, but less impressive at second hearing. (This band, like most of the others, had nothing new prepared for their appearance in the finals.)

Fredonia College's Jazz Workshop was a nice clean band with a very powerful trumpet section and pleasantly varied material, but they also repeated their semi-final program, note for note. Outstanding was a student arrangement and composition by 18-year old Allen Gumbs, the band's pianist; a charming bossa nova, *Dante*. Tenorist Charlie Nero played well on this.

For the record, the winning vocal group was the Ohio State U. Jazz Quartet, two boys and two girls plus rhythm section. They are a nice Las Vegas lounge act.

Space precludes details of other groups, but all need to woodshed. The judges were trumpeter Jimmy Nottingham, making his debut in this capacity; alto saxophonist Phil Woods; educator-drummer Clem DeRosa; writer Stanley Dance, and yours truly.

At Notre Dame, the pace was more relaxed. Stage waits sometimes seemed very long (unlike Villanova, there was no curtain), but this was partly due to the privilege granted each big band of setting up the way it preferred.

Here, there were nine big bands,

eight combos, and no vocal groups. The stage waits were serenely passed in the company of emcee Willis Conover, a past master at handling such chores.

The winner of best big band (as last year) and best over-all jazz group (top prize: a Schlitz-sponsored trip to the Newport Jazz Festival) was the University of Illinois Jazz Band, a remarkable organization led by John Garvey, an accomplished classical string player and a more than accomplished unclassical band leader and conductor.

The school has an expanding jazz program, and Garvey draws his personnel from a pool of 28 players. Not all are present at all times, but there are always a lot of musicians on stage, and they work. The band's most engaging characteristic is its original blend of musicianship and showmanship. There is never a dull moment. Change of pace is a concept that might have been invented by Garvey.

Among the highlights of two brilliant sets, seemingly longer than those of other bands, but timed to the split second (one ran some two minutes over, but a lot of that was applause time) were a ballad showcase for the mature and moving tenor saxophone playing of Ron Dewar, *You're My Thrill* (or was it *The Thrill is Gone*? I've lost my notes, but it was a thrill, one way or the other); the pretty *Medley*, composed and arranged by fluegelhornist Jim Knapp and probably the outstanding student score of the festival (Ladd McIntosh, who deservedly won the composer-arranger award, is, strictly speaking, no longer a mere student); *Muddy Water*, a blues romp featuring the vocal talent of Don Smith, a most engaging singer (he also plays flute); a partly atonal setting of *Yesterdays*; and the climax of the band's final set, *The Lunceford Touch*, a George Duvivier chart which brought back happy memories to those who knew, and made others just plain happy (drummer Charles Braugham did remarkably well at the Jimmy Crawford 2/4 beat, and the brasses did remarkably well at hat-wafting—a lost art). A fine band, and a happy one. Bravo, maestro Garvey and all hands.

THE ONLY RUNNER-UP in this heavy game was McIntosh's powerhouse crew from Ohio State University, a band with remarkable musicianship and ensemble precision. This was the band that went on to victory at the IJF finals last year, edging out the favored North Texas State Lab Band.

Good as it was this year, there was nothing in the new all-McIntosh repertoire to compare with his remarkable *For Ever Lost In My Mind's Eye*, though *Of Heroes, Gods and Demons* was a most effective piece.

It was the perhaps less ambitious *Variations on a Rock Tune* that best impressed this listener, though the band was somewhat thrown off its stride by pre-performance amplifier feedback problems that took a long time to solve. Nonetheless, the series of variations on *Goin' Out of My Head* were attractive, interesting, and very well played.

Among the other bands, one that didn't make the finals in retrospect perhaps should have: the youthful Memphis State Statesmen, directed by Thomas Ferguson.

A 22-piece band with a four-man French horn section, brightly adorned in red band jackets (which made them look even younger), this Tennessee bunch was perhaps a more conventional band than others at the festival. The repertoire consisted mainly of stocks, albeit well-chosen ones (*Whirly Bird*; *I Got It Bad*; several segments from Manny Albam's *Soul of the City* suite).

The band swung, had good intonation and blend, and several excellent soloists. (Two of these, clarinetist Buddy Skipper, who played *Bad* with a pretty tone and considerable fluency, and trombonist Danny Hollis, who has a big sound and an explosive attack, received individual awards.)

A band that did make the finals was the Michigan State University Lab Band, much more impressive the first time around. It was probably the showcase for the band's superior lead and solo altoist, Andy Goodrich, which made the band place. On *'Round Midnight*, Goodrich played like the old pro he is (a bona fide, registered student, but with many years of playing experience); with an airy yet penetrating tone and impressive fluency. He easily won best alto. Trumpeter Danny Jacobs was also a good soloist.

Other pleasant bands were the Indiana State U. Stage Band, with a comely lady lead altoist (there were more female musicians at this festival than I've ever seen before, and I'm not complaining), a nice, clean dance-band feeling, and a first-rate drummer (voted best big band drummer), Jim Gauduglia.

The Tufts University Concert Jazz Band had a distinguished leader, saxophonist Charlie Mariano, and interesting material. But it lacked ensemble polish and precision. Most impressive was its *Blues for Coolie*, composed by and featuring trumpeter Sam Alongi, a former member of the MIT band who has opted for a musical career.

In the combo category, there was a surprise—no first place award was given. Going into the finals, a late addition to the festival roster, trumpeter

(Continued on page 36)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI'S NEW BAG

If a jazz student enters the scene in the late 1960s—after being attracted by the records or concerts of Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Charles Lloyd, and the like—and does his homework, he'll discover some of the innumerable artists whose contributions made possible the sounds of today. What is true of jazz applies also to popular songwriting.

The study process, however, is made more difficult for the young fan as he finds endless contradictions in books written by members of various critical factions. He remains unaware of—or is bemused by—countless errors, of sins of commission and omission. In short, there is little hope that he will acquire a full, accurately balanced view of the scene.

All this is a preamble to an attempt to place in correct perspective the life and times of a brilliant musician named Johnny Guarneri.

Because he has made virtually no records for many years, has been living in almost total obscurity, and is all but ignored in most history books, Guarneri by 1967 was a forgotten man. Living in Hollywood since 1962, he had been playing jobs unworthy of him, out of keeping with his distinguished background as a name-band sideman in the

1940s and successful studio musician in the '50s.

One day I received a letter from Tom Matthews, a local fan and friend of Guarneri's, suggesting that an investigation was in order. The pianist, said the letter, was experimenting with a new idea that deserved exposure.

A few days later I found Guarneri; it turned out that he was living just five minutes from my house in North Hollywood. A little heavier than in the early years, he is now a stubby, moon-faced man, amiable and garrulous, who peers through strong glasses. Though neither aggressive nor arrogant, he is self-confident about his musical convictions.

During an hour or more at the piano, demonstrating his concept and chatting about it, he revealed that he had been working on it for about three years, but had never demonstrated it in a jazz club for a sophisticated audience.

A couple of weeks later he played a series of gigs at Ellis Island, a new club in the neighborhood. The barrier was now broken, for he elicited an excellent audience reaction.

Briefly, Guarneri explained the background of his concept:

"I have always been greatly concerned with the preservation of works by the great popular composers—the Gershwins, Youmanses, Kernses, and many others, who have passed on. In the jazz field, nobody did more to glorify these works than Art Tatum.

"After he died, there was no great race between any heirs apparent to the

throne. There just was no replacing him; it was the end of an era. As the years went by after his death, we missed his beautiful pianistic arrangements of these standard tunes. Oscar Peterson plays a lot of them, of course, and is in the mold of Tatum; but there were very few exceptions.

"I hated to see a world develop in which there was no concern any more for Kern or for Tatum. I felt that at the rate we were going, a hundred years from now they would be nothing but little indexes in a book of names.

"So, for the past three or four years, I've been using this great heritage of songs, playing them in a certain unorthodox way but without announcing in advance what I was doing. After I got through with, say, *Someone to Watch Over Me* or *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, people would be startled and enthusiastic. They'd say, 'Gee, that was wonderful but there was something different about it. What did you do?'

"Then I'd tell them.

"I'd been playing all these tunes in 5/4 time."

Of course, as Guarneri well knows, 5/4 is not new in jazz, but previously it had almost always been used for original instrumental works by the leaders of various groups. However, as a steady ploy to re-educate the average listener and give him a new slant on an old theme, it is an idea that surprises most listeners, whether or not they are aware of what is being done.

The role of the pioneer is one with which Guarneri has long been familiar. In 1940 he became the first keyboard artist to record a genuine jazz harpsichord solo, as a member of the *Gramercy 5* contingent of Artie Shaw's band. Eight tunes were waxed at two sessions, the best remembered being *Special Delivery Stomp* and *Summit Ridge Drive*. Three years later, Guarneri was part of another group that made history when he played in Raymond Scott's orchestra at CBS, the first racially integrated radio staff band.

BORN IN NEW YORK CITY on March 23, 1917, Guarneri logically might have been expected to take up the violin, since he is a descendant of the famous Guarnerius family of violinmakers. But he took to the piano at 10, and not long after graduation from Roosevelt High School, landed his first name-band job, with George Hall, in 1937.

"I remember once we played opposite Claude Hopkins in Brooklyn, and we were very thrilled when the guys in Claude's band told us that we had one of the best rhythm sections in the business. It was, too, with Tony Mottola, Nick Fatool and Doc Goldberg."

After an interlude with Mike Riley's

Guarneri and Jim Faunt



BY LEONARD FEATHER

combo, Guarneri rejoined Hall for a while and then jobbed around in local clubs until, in December, 1939, he auditioned successfully for Benny Goodman, replacing Fletcher Henderson. ("For at least two months after I'd joined the band," Guarneri said, "Benny kept calling me Fletcher until he finally got to remember my name.")

The Goodman job was, as he once recalled in the book *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, "a fulfillment of a beautiful dream. It was what I had lived and worked for, and, because I was a sober individual and wasn't involved in rivalries, drinking, narcotics, money problems, and such, like some of the other musicians, I enjoyed every minute of it. It was all very vital and absorbing, including the traveling."

The pleasure, apparently, was not entirely mutual. In the early days of their association, Goodman assured Guarneri that he was the worst piano player he had had since Frank Froeba. Apparently it escaped Goodman's ear that Guarneri was aware of important modifications taking place at that time in the role of the piano in the rhythm section.

"Benny wasn't too happy with me, because instead of a steady four, I'd comp differently, using punctuations," Guarneri said. "But I was lucky; Lionel Hampton and Charlie Christian encouraged me, told me I swung, and influenced Benny to keep me in the band."

During this period, Guarneri spent many of his nights off taking part in afterhours sessions uptown, often visiting Minton's with Christian and sitting in with Kenny Clarke's group. He feels now that had he not shifted into the studio world a few years later, he might well have become an integral part of the early bebop movement.

When Goodman became ill and disabled temporarily in mid-1940, Guarneri joined Shaw. Early in 1941, inspired by the presence of Cootie Williams in the Goodman band, he rejoined Benny, but later that year was back with Shaw.

Guarneri took part in several historic Goodman Sextet recordings. He is especially proud of *The Sheik* (a track that is now available only on a European LP) and of his solo on *Poor Butterfly*.

After a time with the Jimmy Dorsey Band in 1942, he spent a memorable year at CBS with Scott, whose sidemen at one time or another included Emmett Berry, Billy Butterfield, Ben Webster, Hank D'Amico, Cozy Cole, and bassist Billy Taylor. For a while he and D'Amico and Cozy moonlighted as a trio on 52nd St., accompanying Billie

Holiday at the Onyx Club.

"After leaving Scott, I got my own little group together and worked on staff at WMCA. I did a lot of recording for the NBC Thesaurus library—about 100 sides with June Christy among other things."

The late 1940s were incredibly busy years, especially in the recording studios. In proportion to the total quantity of recording that was taking place, one might say that Guarneri was the Hank Jones of his day, participating in jazz and pop sessions of every kind.

He led several small groups, one of which (on Savoy) featured Butterfield, D'Amico, Lester Young, guitarist Dexter Hall, Cozy Cole, and bassist Billy Taylor. Some sessions, including a 1946 date on Majestic, included his brother Leo on bass.

Having used John as a sideman on several dates, I recall with particular pleasure a group, under the nominal leadership of Slam Stewart, also featuring Red Norvo, Morey Feld and Bill DeArango or Chuck Wayne. These 78s, on Continental, were later transferred to an LP under Norvo's name. A highlight was *Honeysuckle Rose*, in which Guarneri played and sang so much like Fats Waller that he fooled many a *Blindfold Test* subject.

Always an eclectic, Guarneri explained that he played in the styles of Waller, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson and other giants of the day because they represented the ultimate in jazz piano and because he felt he could devise no better or more attractive style. Greatly respected by his contemporaries, he played on dates with Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins.

As studio work took up more and more of his time, Guarneri faded from the jazz spotlight, though several times he had risen as high as third in the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* polls. The 1946 readers' poll in the latter had him trailing only Tatum and Wilson.

In 1954, Guarneri joined the staff at NBC, where he endured eight years of stability and anonymity. For a while he was on the equivalent of the *Tonight* show, when it was called *Broadway after Dark*.

"I enjoyed that program when Jazzbo Collins was handling it, because he gave us a chance to do something," he said. "I also did the *Today* show many times with Dave Garroway.

"During all that time I wasn't really as much away from jazz as you might think, because there was always someone to play with. Any time we found a loose five minutes around, we'd use it—I'd trap guys into jamming with me: Don Lamond, Eddie Safranski, Mundell

Lowe, Clark Terry, and some of the other jazz-oriented staff men."

The decision to move west was motivated by a combination of events, mainly marital problems and a desire to write for motion pictures.

"I thought I could make enough money to subsidize myself and become an honorbound kind of writer, doing only what I believed in. I wanted to play, too, and practice and enjoy myself, and along with this I thought I could get some good writing contracts. Well, I soon found out that contacts are not as easily followed up as I at first imagined. There's so much competition. It was a whole new world, and things were much rougher than I'd expected."

THE ONLY ACTUAL SCORE Guarneri got to do was one commercial for which he wrote, arranged and played, leading a sextet. Finally, willing to settle for a weekly paycheck, he worked as a soloist from 1963-5 in the bar of the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. It was the wrong room with the wrong clientele; but he put the time to good use.

"I was faced with the eternal problem of no bass and drums, so I turned to the Tatum style. I worked on doing things with the left hand alone. Since my hands are not large, and I could never play those big chords with the right hand, I started to compensate by making the left hand so complete that the piano would be almost like a stereo instrument."

At the same time, he began to develop an idea that had its roots in the NBC sessions with Safranski & Co.

"I had written a lot of 5/4 pieces in the '50s and early '60s, but I found a new concept: I could use this meter not just to write originals, but to keep some of the great songs alive, and also to give a new twist to the styles of those idols whose ideas I'd emulated through the years," he explained.

"I kept on developing this feeling until playing any tune in five became second nature to me. I also found that I could play like Basie in five, like Teddy, like Tatum, like Fats.

"After the Plaza, I started doing two things. Every time I performed anywhere, I would either play my music in 5/4 and announce it ahead of time, or I'd go right ahead and do it without telling them. The difference was ironic. When I announced it in advance, the reaction would always be, 'Well, you can't dance to it,' or, 'Why do you want to fool around with something that's already intrinsically good?'

"But when I didn't announce it, and the people would revel in it, they'd ask me why somebody didn't do something

/Continued on page 41

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Bill Quinn, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, Mark Wolf, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.
Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

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

Lester Bowie

NUMBERS 1&2—Nessa N-1: *Number 1*; *Number 2*.

Personnel: Bowie, trumpet, flugelhorn, kelp horn, steer horn, etc.; Roscoe Mitchell, alto and soprano saxophones, flute, clarinet, recorder, gourd, bells, gong, etc.; Malachi Favors, bass, kazoo, etc. Track 2: Add Joseph Jarman, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet, bassoon, bells, etc.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

The recent San Francisco *Oracle* quotes Carl Rogers in an article on the future: "Intensive group experience is perhaps the most significant social invention of this century. Whatever forms will proliferate out of these groups in the coming decades, men will discover new bases of intimacy which will be highly fulfilling. There will be experiments with ways in which a whole person will communicate himself to another whole person. We will discover that security resides not in hiding oneself, but in being more fully known."

In this music I hear the musicians making themselves fully known to each other. But the means are new. "This recording," say the liner notes, "describes a realm predicted but unexplored by the first masters of the new music: Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Coltrane, Albert Ayler."

In the old days, musicians used themes, rhythmic and harmonic inventions, expressive coloring, as the language of group play. These aspects are still present, but other work is done in other ways. The most important of these let us call *agreement*. The quality of agreement has always been a factor in making group music. Now, however, this aspect has become the illuminating aesthetic of contemporary music.

How is the new agreement new?

First, the new agreement is not *about* the music. It happens *above* the music, and the music flows on down from it.

Second, the new agreement can change polarity and intensity with astonishing frequency.

Concerning the agreement being above, not about the music, little can be explained. It occurs beyond the pitches, and is a tuning-in process (but not to individual musicians). It's a condition of life, not art; its artistic expression comes only *after* its realization in the life of the musician.

The music on this record is the audible expression of the musicians' states of agreement. But the agreement itself cannot be heard; it must be wholly felt, wholly experienced. Like Rogers said, whole persons are communicating themselves to other whole persons, and the sounds they make as they do so are in some sense peripheral. Nevertheless, they are available at the market (which is weird enough to not discuss) and can be fulfilling for other men.

About the second point—the changeability of the agreement—more can be

said. In older forms, one of the principal expressions of group agreement was the harmonic progression, and this was called, in fact, "the changes." Did you know them? Knowing the changes was in some sense knowing the rules of the jazz community.

In Bowie's music, the agreement can be pictured as having a shape, and this shape goes through changes. If the agreement is optimum, imagine the shape as an infinite sphere, in the center of which the group is. (This rarely happens—usually in flashes less than a second long.) At the other extreme is no-agreement, imagined as a vacuum in the center of which there is the no-group.

Between these two extremes lie all imaginable shapes succeeding each other in every imaginable combination. The shapes themselves do not (yet) structure the music. Their quality of change, however, is the music to a large extent.

In contemporary free music the changes in the shape of the agreement are what to listen for. If the music is good, the musicians are being true to the changes in shape, even if the changes are rapid (several per second) and extreme. Bowie's players can flow from all-agreement to no-agreement like Bird took chromatic changes.

Bowie's music is whole, and that means that every shape is *available* at any time. The players make sounds which occur to them from their position within the given agreement. In *Number 1*, the players are so fully true to this that the entire idiom seems suddenly to have a little brighter clarity.

Everything on the first side seems to be right. Every musical gesture is made with the full weight, even the tiny ones. There is virtually no denial (this seems to be the Chicago school's contribution to the art). The music is extremely efficient and uncluttered; everything is functional, nothing is wasted; they travel (like soldiers) light; and over all there is extreme fidelity to the *given* shape.

Number 2 is less together. It seems to be dramatic outside the music, and the players' theatrical impulses are less perfect than their musical ones. The music has the quality of speech: of *telling* (not being). There is a long, eager passage of relative chaos which sounds old-fashioned and out of touch in this context. But other long passages fly.

It's pleasing to keep being reminded that there are only three players (playing many instruments) and that each is his own drummer. Due to the excellence of the ensemble, individual excellence can be assumed; no player stands out. They agree. You will too. At least one listening is highly recommended.

If the store doesn't have this, the mailing address is Nessa Records, 5875 North Glenwood, Chicago, Ill. 60626. —Mathieu

John Coltrane

OM—Impulse AS-9140/A-9140: *Om*, Part 1; *Om*, Part 2.

Personnel: Joe Brazil, flute; Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison and Donald Garrett, basses; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Coltrane was a musician with ears as big as the world. His work influenced the "new thing" jazzmen and he, in turn, was influenced by them. One might say that at the end of his career he had joined their camp. This album certainly falls into the avant-garde category and is among the better ones in this genre that I've heard.

It derives its title from the Buddhist chant, "Om mani podme hum," the first word of which is intoned at the beginning and at the end of the record.

Coltrane's work on *Om* is impressive. He blows multi-note lines, honks and screams and still manages to play intriguing melodic ideas.

Sanders produces a variety of fresh colors and textures here, screeching and bellowing. I wonder if he isn't limiting himself a bit too much, however, by concerning himself excessively with color and texture. His playing isn't nearly as interesting melodically and harmonically as Coltrane's.

Tyner's slashing, Coltrane-influenced solo is a highlight of the album, and his section work is excellent.

Brazil contributes some eerie whistling and moaning. Like Sanders, he seems mainly concerned here with color and texture.

Lennie Tristano wrote in 1947 that the "highest development of the single line would probably not occur in collective improvisation." I agree with Tristano, who made this observation in comparing bop and Dixieland, and feel that it applies to today's avant-garde jazz. I would generally rather hear a good modern jazzman accompanied by a rhythm section only than in a collective improvisation context where he must adjust his playing to that of other front-line musicians.

That being said, I must admit that the collective improvisation on this LP is good, the participants doing a fine job of staying off each other's toes and sometimes producing a fascinating tangle of sounds.

Summing up—the last few years of Coltrane's career were similar in some respects to Coleman Hawkins' during the bop era. Just as Hawkins had the ability and flexibility to learn from the boppers and play with them, Coltrane was able to

fit in with the current avant-garde.

Coltrane's greatest and most influential work was done with the Miles Davis groups and with his own quartets including Jones and Tyner. But he had the ability, as Hawkins did, to play music with a younger generation of jazzmen; to play it, in a sense, in their ball park, and to equal or surpass their performances in the process.

—Pekar

Lou Donaldson

MR. SHING-A-LING—Blue Note BST 84271: *Ode to Billie Joe*; *The Humphback*; *The Shadow of Your Smile*; *Peepin'*; *The Kid*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Donaldson, alto sax; Lonnie Smith, organ; Jimmy "Fats" Ponder, guitar; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Many jazzmen were attracted to *Billie Joe* when it first came out, but this performance is a mistake. Donaldson is a very straight player—few glisses, smears or bent notes—and for this reason, his version doesn't make it. In Bobbie Gentry's hands, it was the story that carried the tune, and Jimmy Haskell's arrangement embellished that story. Here the arrangement is properly sparse, but Donaldson just wasn't feeling the tune.

Pretty much the same thing can be said about *Shadow*. The saxophonist sounds bored, and the routine Latin rhythm doesn't help.

Harold Ousley's *Kid* is the best of the originals. In general things don't go anywhere. Smith sounds particularly uninterested in the proceedings and is much less a sparkplug than he was on Donaldson's previous date, *Alligator Bogaloo*.

Ponder is new to me and while he performs capably he doesn't seem to have anything special to offer at this point.

Mitchell plays Blue Mitchell, which is always good, but he can't do the job by himself.

A disappointing record, but in view of previous evidence probably just a bad day in the studio.

—Porter

Eddie Harris

THE ELECTRIFYING EDDIE HARRIS—Atlantic SD 1495: *Theme in Search of a Movie*; *Listen Here*; *Jodie's Theme*; *Sham Time*; *Spanish Bull*; *I Don't Want No One But You*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3 & 6: Harris, tenor saxophone, Varitone saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Richard Smith, drums. Tracks 2 & 5: add Joe Wobletz and Ray Barreto, Latin percussion. Track 4: add Mel Lastie, Joe Newman, trumpets; King Curtis, David Newman, tenor saxophones; Haywood Henry, baritone saxophone.

Rating: ★★★★★

Over the years, Harris has developed a uniquely homey style of writing and playing that has great ear appeal, mainly because of its honesty and simplicity.

On this album Harris works extensively with the Varitone saxophone, achieving a broad range of effects. His abilities with this electronic device are particularly impressive on *Listen Here*.

He socks it to 'em with his down home original, *Sham Time*, which—predictably—is a currently popular single.

The tenorist applies warm hues to the portraiture of *Jodie's Theme*. The rhythm section makes itself felt more than usual on this one.

The ostinato-based original, *Spanish Bull*, is an exploratory probe into the

mode chiefly associated with the late John Coltrane. Harris' playing, though somewhat less dynamic than Trane's, contains great emotion and inventiveness. The overtones heard during Christian's solo lend a mystique to the proceedings.

I Don't Want No One But You is an easy-swinging waltz. The rhythm section functions well, providing a compatible mobile for Harris' ideas.

One would be amply rewarded for investing in this album. Harris' well-rounded program on this date shows that he continues to grow and consummates the "Harris Sound."

—Johnson

Joe Henderson

THE KICKER—Milestone MSP 9008: *Mamamita*; *The Kicker*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *If*; *Nardis*; *Without a Song*; *O Amor en Paz*; *Mo' Joe*.

Personnel: Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Grachan Moncur, trombone; Henderson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a solid, intelligently produced LP. The selections are varied, ranging from a dreamy version of *Chelsea Bridge* to the charging, up-tempo *Mo' Joe*. Aside from *Mamamita*, each piece has something to recommend it.

Henderson demonstrates here, if anyone is still in doubt, that he is one of the most versatile tenor men on the scene. He plays with considerable restraint and warmth on *Chelsea Bridge* and with bull strength on *Mo' Joe*. He paces himself very well during his *If* solo, subtly increasing the intensity of his playing until he's got up a full head of steam. His *Nardis* spot contains interesting ideas but, unfortunately, isn't particularly well organized. The lightness of his work on *Amor* may surprise some listeners; at some points on this track his work has an almost Getzian quality.

This is the first time I've heard Lawrence play and I'm impressed by him. He's a hot, driving soloist with a style that seems influenced by Freddie Hubbard. He doesn't sacrifice good taste while playing with intensity (a considerable accomplishment), is inventive, and has a rich tone and good range.

Moncur, one of the better trombonists to come to the fore in recent years, is not in good form. His solos here don't get off the ground. However, Barron, whose playing on a recent Atlantic LP (*You Had Better Listen*) cut by his and Jimmy Owens' quintet was very disappointing, is near the top of his game. His graceful solos on *Song* and *Mo' Joe* recall his brilliant work with James Moody and Dizzy Gillespie.

Hayes does a fine job in the rhythm section; his drumming is crisp and authoritative.

—Pekar

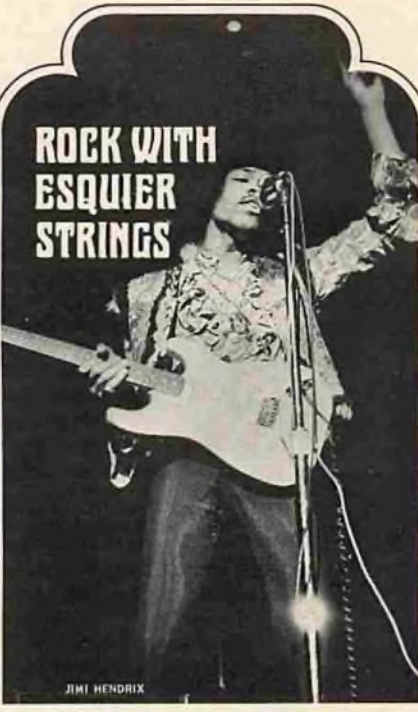
The Jimi Hendrix Experience

AXIS: BOLD AS LOVE—Reprise 6281: *EXP: Up from the Skies*; *Spanish Castle Magic*; *Wait Until Tomorrow*; *Ain't No Telling*; *Little Wing*; *If 6 Was 9*; *You Got Me Floating*; *Castles Made of Sand*; *She's So Fine*; *One Rainy Wish*; *Little Miss Lover*; *Bold as Love*.

Personnel: Hendrix, guitar, vocals; Noel Redding, bass guitar; Mitch Mitchell, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

This record is truly "psychedelic." The



ROCK WITH ESQUIER STRINGS

JIMI HENDRIX

The string with the snappy magnetic response. Made of the finest alloys for prolonged playing life—precision wound for maximum resistance to stretch and pull. Available at your nearest music dealer. For Free String Catalog write V.C. Squier, Dept. DB-5, 427 Capital Ave. S.W., Battle Creek, Mich. 49016

V.C. **SQUIER**
Since 1890



PASHA!

Great new cymbal sound.

You'll like the sound. You'll like the price. Compare with the ones that cost far more.

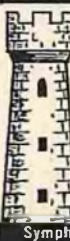
Brilliant. Resonant. Responsive.

See your favorite dealer.

TROPHY MUSIC CO.

1278 West Ninth Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44113

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RECORD CLUB



with a Special Membership Plan...

Featuring JAZZ

Also, Popular, Folk, Classical, etc. No purchase obligations—No list price purchases. Virtually all labels and artists available. Choose from catalog of over 25,000 albums. Write for free details...

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

Symphonette Square Dept. D, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

**MAY 16 ISSUE OF
DOWN BEAT
ON SALE MAY 2**

word can mean a fully emotional experience, or a weird sound or series of sounds performed, in the case of rock, electronically. Among jazz "psychedelics" are John Coltrane, Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Elvin Jones, and a few others representing an elite minority. It is harder to discern something that is *really* psychedelic in rock.

Hendrix is psychedelic.

The Experience is psychedelic.

The three musicians in the group play beautifully, as soloists and together. Hendrix is all over the guitar, finding the wildest (and most psychedelic) sounds imaginable. He is a fast player, who makes good use of the effects possible with electronic attachments for the guitar: the "wa-wa" (cry baby), the fuzz, and feedback. He is probably the most exciting rock guitarist around (including Eric Clapton of Cream).

Noel Redding plays the eight-string bass with fantastic skill. (This bass, made by the Hagstrom Guitar Co., has the four regular strings, plus four strings an octave higher. The strings are positioned as on the 12-string guitar, allowing the player to play one note plus the note an octave higher simultaneously.) Redding's best work is his good solo on *Floating*, and his walking figures behind Hendrix's vocal on *Skies*. He wrote *Fine*, the only song on the album not by Hendrix, and sings the vocal, demonstrating both his good, mellow voice, and his writing talent.

Mitch Mitchell is a fantastic drummer, both rock-soul (*Tomorrow*) and jazz (listen to his tasty brush work on *Skies*, the first single release from the album).

Hendrix has the kind of voice that could be commercialized to money and back, but he has decided to use it as the beautiful instrument it is. He sings soulfully (*Spanish*), sweetly (*Skies*) and comically (*Tomorrow*).

EXP uses electronic sounds exclusively, except for a short dialogue. In stereo, the sounds formed through feedback, reverb, echo, and just plain playing are tossed back and forth between the two speakers to form a freaky collage of sound. The excitement is there on every track of the album.

—Wolf

Blue Mitchell

BOSS HORN—Blue Note 4257/84257: *Millie*; *O Mama Enit*; *I Should Care*; *Rigor Mortez*; *Tone for Joan's Bones*; *Straight Up and Down*. Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Julian Priest, trombone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton or Chick Corea, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Duke Pearson, arranger.

Rating: ★★☆☆ 1/2

While there's nothing particularly new or earth-shaking here (if novelty is one's criterion of contemporaneity, that is), there's some heavy music in this set. The personnel should tell you what to expect: strong, blues-rich, swinging, emphatic mainstream-bop. Not much in the way of subtlety, but music that is earthy, full of humor and joy, spontaneous, alive, and generally familiar in its contours.

What makes this set outstanding is the obvious thought that went into its preparation. The arrangements Duke Pearson has furnished are inventive, nicely varied, full

of colors and rhythms—rich tapestries of sound against which to pin the soloists' efforts. The album has, as a result, plenty of variety and contrast going for it. It is never dull, thanks to the shifting backdrops which Pearson has so knowingly crafted. There's a real sense of motion and dynamics to the music, a witty play of the spontaneous and the planned, of light and dark, of humor and sobriety that is simply joyous. And totally, effortlessly effective. The effortlessness is, of course, deceptive—a tribute to the skill and urbanity of Pearson's handling of the materials. The genre, after all, does not have to be constricting, his arrangements seem to say.

The playing throughout the set is yeasty. None of the solos—even those of the featured Mitchell—are overlong; the music as a result benefits from compression, from the mental editing the soloists do in their improvising. Everyone on the date plays well and one would be hard pressed to single out any one soloist for special mention. This album is, more properly, a group effort; the interaction is excellent, unflawed, total.

The tunes are well chosen, reinforcing the sense of variety and intelligent contrast that suffuses the charts. I particularly liked Corea's *Tones for Joan's Bones* and the well-named *Straight Up and Down*, both of which must be groovy pieces to blow on; certainly that's the impression one gets from the solos, which are meaty and into it. Mitchell's Latin-styled *O Mama Enit* is full of exuberant good humor, as is Dave Burns' wryly-titled *Rigor Mortez*, its bouncy, fervent bluesiness being quite the opposite of the suggested moribundity. In a similar vein is Pearson's zesty blues *Millie*, added impetus being furnished by the surging, springy attack of the rhythm section, led by Cedar Walton. The most lyrical piece in the set is the much-recorded *I Should Care*, which Pearson's sensitive arrangement gives a new lease on life.

All told, a happy, unpretentious, and totally alive set of performances by a group of men committed to and capable of bringing bristling conviction to this far from moribund musical genre. To these ears the style hasn't sounded so vibrantly alive in a long time. Hats off to Duke Pearson for making it happen. A lovely set, indeed.

Anyone who says that this isn't where jazz is at can't hear. The music on this album is where the best jazz has always been.

—Welding

Chico O'Farrill

MARRIED WELL—Verve 5085: *Hip Hug Her*; *Reza*; *Descarga Numero 1000*; *South of the Border*; *Maiteca*; *Georgy Girl*; *Llora Timbero*; *Trumpets Fiesta*; *A Man and a Woman*; *Frenesi*. Personnel: unidentified brass; Seldon Powell, Lennie Hambro, reeds; Sonny Osacar, electric harpsichord; Frank Anderson, organ; Don Arnone or Sonny Henry, guitar; Bobby Rodriguez, bass; Grady Tate or Don Lamond or Herbie Lovelle, drums; Patato Valdes, Candido, conga drums; Chino Pozo, bongos; unidentified vocal group; O'Farrill, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is more than a mere marriage—it's polygamy. O'Farrill—whose very name conjures up a cultural coalition—has wedded Harlem to Havana, Nashville to

Nairobi, and Motown to Mexico, and he has done it by blending the primeval pulsations of congas and bongos with high-voltage Varitones and an electric harpsichord.

The concoction is predictably spicy. Aside from a hyperactive rhythm section, what gives it the most bite are five trumpets and five trombones. They're heard to best advantage on *Reza*, *Trumpets Fiesta*, *Hip Hug Her*, *Frenesi*, and *Border* (the last teased by a plunger-muted trombone over a refreshing guaguanco rhythm).

The use of voices adds to the Spanish Harlem flavor. They are just as crisp as the brass. Contrastingly, the Varitones' suboctave has a muddy quality.

Accolades to O'Farrill for tightening up *A Man and a Woman* so that its opening phrases fit into two measures—not 2½.

Because the album is such an admixture, it was difficult to assign a convenient rating. The three stars mean it's good for what it is. But don't ask what it is. It's not really in a bag; it's in a blender.

—Siders

Buddy Rich

THE NEW ONE—Pacific Jazz ST-20126: *Away We Go*; *Machine*; *The Rotten Kid*; *New Blues*; *Something for Willie*; *Standing Up In a Hammock*; *Chicago*; *Luv*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Group Shot*; *Diabolus*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 11: Yoshito Murakami, Charles Findley, John Sotile, Russell Iverson, trumpets; Jack Spurlock, Sam Burtis, Robert Brawn, trombones; Ernie Watts, Charles Owens, Pascal Lalbarbera, Jay Corre, Frank Capi, reeds; Russ Turner, piano; Dick Resnicoff, guitar; Ronald Fudoli, bass; Rich, drums. All other tracks: Murakami, Findley, Sotile, Oliver Mitchell, trumpets; Brawn, Jim Trimble, John Boice, trombones; Watts, James Mosher, Corre, Robert Keller, Meyer Hirsch, reeds; Ray Starling, piano; Resnicoff; Jim Gannon, bass; Rich.

Rating: ★★★★★

The third and best album by that drummer's new band. In spite of (or because of?) the many personnel changes, the band is getting tighter and is beginning to assume its own identity—aside from the always unmistakable presence of the leader.

There is a fine variety of material here—more than on either of the previous LPs by the band. The 11 charts represent work by no less than nine arrangers, ranging from Allyn Ferguson's complex *Diabolus* to Don Rader's simple *Chicago*. My own favorite is Bill Reddie's *Machine*. (It was Reddie who crafted the memorable *West Side Story* triptych for Rich. Good as that was, it had a show-biz flavor; here Reddie shows that he can write fresh and vital big band jazz without frills, and from the way the band bites into this chart, he must be an expert at scoring things that lie just right for the players.)

Donall Piestrup's pretty *New Blues*, Bill Potts' Basieish *Hammock*, and Dave Bloomberg's moody setting of the classic *Started* are also excellent, and from within the band comes trombonist John Boice's moving *Willie*, dedicated to the late Willie Dennis and featuring the composer's warm, Bill Harris-inflected horn.

Tenorist Corre was the band's only outstanding soloist in the early days, and he continues to impress with his work on *Kid*, *Away*, *Started* (his showcase in a no-nonsense ballad vein) and especially, *Blues*. But others have arrived. Trumpeter Findley is much more relaxed and assured now,

and his frequent solo spots here are all first-class, with a fine fire.

Also fiery is Watts, notably on *Shot, Diabolus*, and in an exciting chase sequence with fellow altoist Owens on *Rot-ten Kid*. The latter track is also distinguished by some fine Gillespie-flavored trumpet section work, and a bit of unison singing from the band a la Woody's *Your Father's Mustache*. (At the end, you can hear Buddy's emphatic "Nice kid!")

Without straining to be different, the band appears to have found its own fresh groove within the traditional big-band format. Touches like voicing guitar with saxes or a prominently walking electric bass (*Machine*) add a contemporary flavor, but the "nowness" of the band is a matter of spirit and drive rather than specific details.

The instigator, of course, is the leader. He doesn't spare himself, and expects his men to give their all to the music as matter-of-factly as he does. This doesn't always work, of course—not many musicians are built that way—but when it does, it's something to hear.

On this set, there are no solo showcases for Rich a la *West Side* or *Bugle Call Rag*, but he makes his presence felt every bar of the course. And there are brief, brilliant solo spots scattered throughout the album. (For a play-by-play, see Don DeMicheal's excellent liner notes.)

Diabolus is a tour de force, with Rich in great form. He negotiates the complex shifts from 9/8 to 6/8, from slow 5/4 to fast 3/4, with the surefootedness of a high-

wire walker, and never ceases to swing.

He not only drives the band, but conducts it from the drums, cueing in sections and soloists, backing everybody's spots to the hilt, adding shade and color. He's always there—enhancing what is well done, covering up what is imperfect—the heartbeat of the band, his band. He is a phenomenon; not just for his incredible speed, co-ordination, control, and command, but for his dedication to the music. To some, that music may not be the thing, but that's their problem, not his. It merely deprives them of the singular joy of experiencing a master at work.

—Morgenstern

Jeremy Steig

JEREMY & THE SATYRS—Reprise 6282: *In the World of Glass Teardrops; Superbaby; She Didn't Even Say Goodbye; The Do It; The First Time I Saw You, Baby; Lovely Child of Tears; (Let's Go to the) Movie Show; Mean Black Snake; Canzonetta; Foreign Release—the Satyrs; Satyrized.*

Personnel: Steig, flute; Warren Bernhardt, piano, organ, vocal; Adrian Guillery, guitar, harmonica, vocals; Eddie Gomez, bass; Donald McDonald, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There are probably those who have been waiting for this LP with great hopes, thinking that if gifted jazzman Steig worked in a rock context the results might be startling. They may be let down by this effort, which isn't bad, but leaves much to be desired.

Some of the selections are surprisingly commonplace hard-driving rock with little attempt at originality. *Teardrops* is sup-

posed to be a lyrical piece but is merely pretentious; its lyrics, which are printed on the back of the album, are trite and disconnected.

There are some good things about the LP. Most of *Satyrized* is a drag, but the track has a lovely pastoral ending. Gomez's solo work on *Canzonetta*, his feature, is poignant. Steig's playing ranges from plaintive to buoyant on *Release* and there's sensitive interplay between him and Gomez on the track. Significantly, *Release* has little rock influence and *Canzonetta* is not a rock selection, yet these are perhaps the best tracks on the album.

Guillery's singing is strained and clumsy but he's a strong, fluent, earthy guitarist, as his work on *Mean Black Snake* indicates.

The LP is somewhat disappointing, but its bright spots lead me to believe that Jeremy and the Satyrs may have a promising future.

—Pekar

Charles Tyler

EASTERN MAN ALONE—ESP 1059: *Chalacy's Out East; Man Alone; Le-Roi; Eastern.*

Personnel: Tyler, alto saxophone; Dave Baker, cello; Kent Brinkley, Brent McKesson, basses.

Rating: ★★½

This album, recorded Jan. 2, 1967, would have had greater impact if it had been released sooner. Now, however, the sound seems a bit dated and monotonous for what the music is trying to achieve. One of the most beautiful sounds in jazz is used on this record: alto saxophone and



THE AMERICAN BREED'S FOR BALDWIN

The American Breed plays Baldwin instruments exclusively. And they're one of the hottest groups around.

Just listen to their smash hit, "Bend Me, Shape Me." This is the electrifying sound of quality we build into every Baldwin instrument.

You can see them all at your Baldwin dealer or write for a free copy of our groovy new catalog.

Baldwin Piano & Organ Co., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

Baldwin guitars, amps, harpsichords, brass, banjos and combo organs.

Be sure and look for the American Breed's new album, "Bend Me, Shape Me" on the Acta label.

Don't Buy an Amp Before You Try **SUPRO** Super Sound



When choosing your amplifier, be selective. There's a SUPRO Amplifier to fit your requirements, with an unlimited range of tone variations.

Ear-test SUPRO Super Sound before you select your amplifier. Get the feel of massive design with power and performance to match, at your command.

A full range of SUPRO Amplifiers and Accessories are waiting for you at your SUPRO dealer. So stop in and try SUPRO Super Sound. You'll be glad you did!

FREE GUITAR CATALOG VALCO GUITARS, INC.

2201 WEST ARTHUR AVENUE
ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILL. 60007

☐ Please send your new free full color Guitar Catalog to:

Name

Address

City

State Zip Code

VALCO GUITARS, INC.

2201 WEST ARTHUR AVENUE
ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILL. 60007

cello (arco) in unison. The quartet swings (in the free sense) with a straight beat that can be felt. Drums would only clutter the recording (A hard thing for a drummer-reviewer to admit!!).

Tyler shows very definite influences, among them Coleman and Ayler. The music, however, is more of a neo-bop type than avant garde. Baker, now a professor at Indiana University, will be remembered for his trombone work with George Russell some years ago. He is very inventive, and solos well on all songs, especially on *Le-Roi*, his own composition. The two basses are difficult to tell apart, but both perform admirably, keeping a solid beat yet allowing certain freedoms—for the soloists, and as soloists themselves.

The music is not as "far out" as much that has been recorded in the name of avant garde, but it is pleasant listening for those experienced in free form, and a good introduction for those who still close their ears.

—Wolf



SOUL STIRRINGS

BY BOB PORTER

Presenting Isaac Hayes (Enterprise S-13-100)

Rating: ★

Freddie McCoy, *Beans & Greens* (Prestige PR 7542)

Rating: ★★

Shirley Scott, *Now's the Time* (Prestige 7440)

Rating: ★★★½

Jimmy Smith, *Open House* (Blue Note BST 84269)

Rating: ★★★½

Hayes is a pop composer of some success. Here he sings and plays piano, accompanied by bass and drums. He doesn't really sing, however—rather, he moans and wheezes. A lot of jive talk, replete with hip sexual references, done in a style which

approximates early Nina Simone, makes for a very dull record which probably should never have been issued. When Hayes mumbles something about his "love come down," one can only yawn and say, so what?

The polite funk of Freddie McCoy must be making some noise somewhere since he records regularly. There is little to add to the remarks I made about his last date, *Peas 'n' Rice*. He is very bland, can't play a ballad well, and functions much better with the two-trumpet backing he gets on some tracks. The production isn't very good. There is a bad goof in the credit box (I don't think Wally Richardson, fine guitarist that he is, has taken up organ) and the personnel is not broken down track by track. It's a shame that trumpeter Dud Bascomb doesn't get a chance to play—I suspect he could have shaken a bit of life into the proceedings. Being a vibist, McCoy has problems in projecting his sound with an organ in the group, and I can't think of any solution to his problems. But so long as he sells records, I imagine we shall be hearing more of him.

From the eternal fountain at Prestige comes another Shirley Scott album. Some of these tracks, all appearing for the first time, go back as far as November 1958. The organ-bass-drums format prevails for four tracks but with the exception of a bathetic *Ebb Tide*, these are good. *Now's the Time* swings hard and has a good spot from guest vibist Lem Winchester. Husband Stanley Turrentine is present for some sterling work on one track, and the team of Joe Newman and Oliver Nelson also appears once. Despite the fact that the album is an obvious mish-mash of leftover tracks from previously issued sessions, the variety in instrumentation tends to break up the monotony on many of Miss Scott's dates. For collectors who are fond of Miss Scott with horns, this LP will no doubt please.

The Smith LP dates from March 1960 and, as the title implies, is an attempt to follow up the highly successful format of *The Sermon* and other earlier Smith blowing sessions. The fine trio of Smith, guitarist Quentin Warren, and drummer Donald Bailey is augmented by Blue Mitchell, Jackie McLean, and the late Ike Quebec for two extended funk exercises. The two remaining tracks are ballad features for Quebec and McLean respectively. Of the longer tunes, Smith's *Sista Rebecca* is better than the title track, which utilizes a vamp very similar to *The Sermon*. Mitchell performs well on *Open House*, but McLean seems content to let Smith lead him around and Quebec's solo falls apart after a promising Jugish start. *Rebecca* is better all around.

McLean plays a lackluster *Embraceable You*, but Quebec turns on *Old Folks*. His ripe, rich-sounding tone really gets into this tune, which up to now has been associated primarily with Bird. A problem with many posthumous releases is that the listener often blames himself for not having appreciated the man who has just opened his eyes. This will happen to many people when they hear *Old Folks*. If there is more unreleased Ike Quebec of this quality at Blue Note, please get it out soon. **BB**

BILL EVANS / BLINDFOLD TEST

Bill Evans, in the context of the 1968 musical scene, is something of an anachronism. His music (both as pianist and composer) relies on introversion and innate beauty, at a time when the trend is toward detonation, reverberation and exaggeration. Of course, a statement of this kind invariably leads to some such question as "How do you define beauty?" For the definition, I would refer the questioner directly back to Evans' recordings.

His attributes—the spun-glass delicacy of his articulation, the respect he shows for a melodic line, the subtlety of his harmonic embellishments—do not connote a corresponding or exclusive taste for the same approach in other musicians. He has a keen ear for the developments in every idiom, and a rare facility for expressing his views with clarity and honesty. The points he has made in reviewing the first record below (concerning content vs. concept) are particularly cogent.

His last appearance in this department ran to two installments (*DB*, Oct. 22 and Nov. 5, 1964). Now as then, he was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather

JAN PERSSON

1. DON ELLIS. *Open Beauty* (from *Electric Bath*, Columbia). Ellis, composer, trumpet, with loop delay echo chamber; Mike Lang, electric piano.

The most interesting, obvious aspect of that music was the electronic quality of the sound. It would seem that a lot of tape manipulation was used; either instrumental sounds perhaps speeded up with echo, or perhaps sometimes slowed down, and sometimes the natural sound.

That, of course, is what pulls one's attention. After that, I began to listen to the musical content, asking myself, where is the music leading me? Where is it going and what is it saying? In this respect, it was a little weak. However, the overall concept is so imaginative and unique that this might excuse, to some extent, the lack of content.

It's possibly the Don Ellis Orchestra, but that doesn't matter. I would give it about four stars for imaginative sound adventure in music, and perhaps 1½ stars for the actual musical content.

To me, of course, the musical content is always primary, and although this is something that can attract one's attention immediately, in 20 years' time it's not going to mean a thing as far as novelty is concerned, and the musical content will be the only thing that matters.

2. CLARE FISCHER. *I'm Beginning to See the Light* (from *Songs for Rainy Day Lovers*, Columbia). Fischer, piano, arranger; Duke Ellington, composer.

That, I think, is just very pleasant writing and arranging; not in any way particularly having a marked identity or any kind of unique stylistic quality, but it is very professional. Of course, the only soloing we hear are two very short sections by the pianist. I don't know who it is, but judging from those sections, I don't think he got a chance to get into his bag too much. I would like to hear him stretch out on something a little more, and it sounds as if he might very well have a quality of his own as far as the lines and the general feeling for structure.

So, on the basis of this record alone, I'd say one star, but I'd be interested to hear this pianist in more extended improvisation.

3. DUKE PEARSON. *Scrap Iron* (from *The Right Touch*, Blue Note). Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano, composer.

There's not much to say about that except that everybody involved is obviously a good solid experienced professional jazz player with a good relaxed feeling. The solos are good—the tenor, of course, is the main solo. This music I can listen to with involvement—or almost without involvement, but always with enjoyment. So, for just good traditional jazz with a good feeling, I'd have to give it three stars.

4. FRIEDRICH GULDA. *Prelude* (from *Ineffable*, Columbia). Gulda, piano, composer.

It sounds like it's a piano piece played by a jazz pianist who's also a composer. On the other hand, it could possibly be improvised by someone who has a broad enough knowledge to handle this sound area spontaneously.

I think it was quite interesting from that standpoint. It sounds to me more like a pianist-composer who has a rather broad outlook and experience that encompasses jazz as well as other piano literature.

I don't know how to rate this. If it were improvised, I'd rate it much higher than if it were a composition. Therefore, I don't think I'll rate it. It is interesting, though, and I'd like to hear more of this person's work.

5. BUDDY RICH. *Standing Up in a Hammock* (from *The New Onel*, Pacific Jazz). Jay Corre, tenor saxophone; Ray Starling, piano; Rich, drums; Bill Potts, arranger.

It's always good to hear a tight, big band. This particular arrangement and attack—it seems modeled on Basie, but it's such a bright number, I just get the feeling like I'm back in the Paramount or the Apollo, and this is the curtain swinging open, and here they go!

It always strikes me as such a tragedy that so few big bands can sustain themselves, and this is just like tying or cutting an artery in the blood stream of jazz, because this is such an inlet as well as an outlet for all sorts of talent, especially writing talent. Let's face it, most of the writing talent that matures and becomes really outstanding in a broader way has started out with the big band writing.

It's just a shame. So much credit goes

to, I think, Basie and Maynard Ferguson and Woody and Duke for somehow being able to sustain big bands in this era when there's so much discouragement in that direction. There's just nothing quite like that socking sound of the big band.

On that record, that was very well played. Obviously the band has been together somehow. It's not Basie, I know, but it possibly could be Maynard. Four stars.

The tenor player was strong, the piano was nice, too. I was just impressed overall, that's why I didn't mention the soloists initially. I was impressed by the tightness of the band.

6. DICK HYMAN. *Up, Up & Away* (from *Mirrors*, Command). Hyman, piano, organ (organ overdubbed).

Again, that's very listenable, and obviously they're all good musicians. That little exchange section between the piano and the organ I thought was nice. But, either the vehicle or the tune itself, or something, takes away from the groove; it almost sounds a little forced. I've enjoyed jazz organ much more at times. I'd like to hear perhaps a little groovier kind of tune with these same musicians before I could establish a real opinion of their abilities. It's such a short improvised section, and as I say this tune is one of those Broadway type tunes. Two stars.

7. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Cantaloupe Island* (from *Empyrean Isles*, Blue Note). Freddie Hubbard, cornet; Hancock, piano, composer.

I like that very much, particularly because it reminds me of Horace (Silver's) whole approach and his type of writing and his idiom. I've been an ardent fan of Horace's all the way through. I love to hear him play any time and I love to hear his band and his writing.

If this was Horace, it's not perhaps the best example of his playing I've heard. It could be someone playing like Horace, however. Nevertheless, I just take this opportunity to speak about Horace. The trumpet player could have been one of three or four who have played with Horace. It was just fine, right-down-the-middle playing, so for this particular record, perhaps not the top rating, but for the reflection of Horace, his approach, composing and playing—five stars. **(25)**

JAN PERSSON



Ornette Coleman: Complete Honesty

Ornette Coleman

Royal Albert Hall, London, England

Personnel: Coleman, trumpet, alto saxophone, violin, musette; Charlie Haden, David Izenzon, basses; Edward Blackwell, drums; Yoko Ono, voice.

I suppose that it's only by calling it "classical" music that a singer can get away with simulating an orgasm on stage! Theater managements generally move in at the slightest suggestion of the erotic ultimate at rock 'n' roll shows, yet on Feb. 29, in London's most austere setting, Miss Yoko Ono contrived to yell and moan through the premiere of Ornette Coleman's *Emotion Modulation* in a manner that I'm certain never occurred before in Queen Victoria's antique arena.

Coleman, who promoted his own concert in company with two expatriate American music lovers, Daniel Richter and Tony Cox, was making history by appearing for the second time on an English stage without the mandatory reciprocal exchange of musicians demanded by the local Musicians Union and the AFM. Phrasetex Productions won work permits for the quartet by classifying Ornette as a "classical performer," an unprecedented occurrence.

Miss Ono, the quartet's Japanese guest, started the proceedings accompanied by a loose trumpet obbligato from the leader. For a moment, her wordless vocal was

rather reminiscent of early Ellingtonia, but not for long. The voice, supported by staccato trumpet blasts, turned into a moaning plea, Blackwell's drum exploded and Miss Ono screamed out her climax.

Coleman switched to violin for the remainder of the piece, playing long sweeping lines and descending figures behind the now subdued singer, and then underlined her final sighs with muted trumpet while the two basses ground majestically to a halt. Interesting enough, but hardly world-shaking, let alone jazz. (But of course it wasn't meant to be!)

Having proved his "classical" qualifications, as it were, Coleman jumped back reassuringly into his jazzman's bag, picking up his saxophone and swinging into a march-type theme in response to an evocative roll on the snare. From then on, he never let up in his throbbing quest for the good sounds. He looked into every alley and explored every highway, accompanied by the indefatigable Blackwell and the alternately merging and contrapuntal threshing of the two basses.

Everything that Coleman does smacks of immediacy, even though jazz has reached a stage where his music no longer shocks as it once did. You feel, in spite of the hours of rehearsal that went into this particular concert, that every idea you hear is being expressed for the

first time. Coleman *is* jazz, a living reminder of the immediacy and impact that turned you on to the music in the first place.

Throughout the concert, the quartet had to compete with the hall's notorious acoustics and, after Miss Ono's emotional modulations, there was a rather disconcerting surge as half the audience got up and moved noisily to the part of the auditorium where the echo was not overpowering. Coleman did not appear to notice this, however; his mind was on the music.

During the first half, Haden's bass was almost inaudible from where I sat, but even though you couldn't hear his actual notes in the ensemble, his out-and-out walking was strongly felt on several occasions. The contrasting styles of the two bassists have provided much interest during the past year, and their generous contribution on this night was no exception. Haden makes his solos really *heavy*, his jazz chops well in evidence. When Izenzon surges ahead, usually with bow in hand, he does so with a definite flavor of the academy. His self-assured dexterity turns more heads, for he's a beauty to watch, but the way the introspective Haden grabs those big fat notes from his bass-fiddle really gasses me.

The best music of the evening came

after the quartet had settled down, yet the major revelation of the concert had been evident from the start: Blackwell's almost terrifying rapport with the leader. Everything that Coleman plays contains many tempo changes within already varying tempos, yet the drummer can follow the subtlest turn of feeling or speed with an understanding that is uncanny.

On the beautiful *Lonely Woman*, Coleman's alto was really singing. He slurred on and on into an incredible pizzicato Haden solo which, now that the bass mike was turned up, brought the house down. There was a complete change of mood when Coleman gave us his impression of *Haight Ashbury*, complete with handbells shaken by his sidemen. This was, incidentally, the only occasion when they were subjugated to this role, shoring up an inspired and memorable solo excursion from the leader.

For the self-explanatory *Buddah Blues*, Coleman played the musette, which sounds like an oriental oboe. He really dug into his own kind of blues on this piece, running up and down, in and out, then back to the beginning and roundabout, Haden plucking big, fat, wailin' blues sounds from his instrument, Blackwell propelling the whole, and Izenzon using his bow like a man possessed.

For the last offering, *Three Wise Men and Sage*, Ornette turned his attention once more to the violin. His work on this instrument leaves me cold, unlike his much improved trumpet playing, which

now sounds lucid and reasonably well-constructed. On violin, his approach is very abstract, but in a rather haphazard way, although he did manage some crazy, entirely personal double and triple stops before heading back into tempo for a cymbal-crashing coda.

By this time, both performers and listeners were satiated and feeling good. The maverick saxophonist and his fellow trail-blazers had bared their souls with complete honesty for one of the most stimulating concerts of contemporary music I've ever heard. Ornette's ecstatic followers emerged from the enormous Albert Hall absolutely gorged on his music. I'm happy to have been part of such an exciting event.

—Valerie Wilmer

The Chambers Brothers

Club 47, Cambridge, Mass.

Personnel: Joe Chambers, Willie Chambers, lead, rhythm guitars; Lester Chambers, harmonica, tambourine, cowbell; George Chambers, electric bass; Brian Keenan, drums.

This is one of the most exciting rhythm-and-blues groups around. For years a sort of legend around Cambridge, its members only recently have begun to receive national attention. (Their first two albums, badly recorded and not representative, sold poorly; their recent Columbia LP seems to be doing well and deserves to.)

Each of the brothers can play and sing with style and feeling, though Lester on harp is the only virtuoso. Keenan is all right as a time-keeper but lacks subtlety

and any sort of jazz feeling: 1-2-3-4 or back beat with no letup. A few jazz-oriented (pardon the bias) accents on cymbal would add more variety to an already loose and together group.

Although r&b is their bag, the material is heavily tinged with Gospel (their theme song, *People Get Ready*, is pure Gospel) and, occasionally, modern rock (*Time Has Come Today* sounds in part like what the Rolling Stones of three or four years ago wanted to sound like and couldn't).

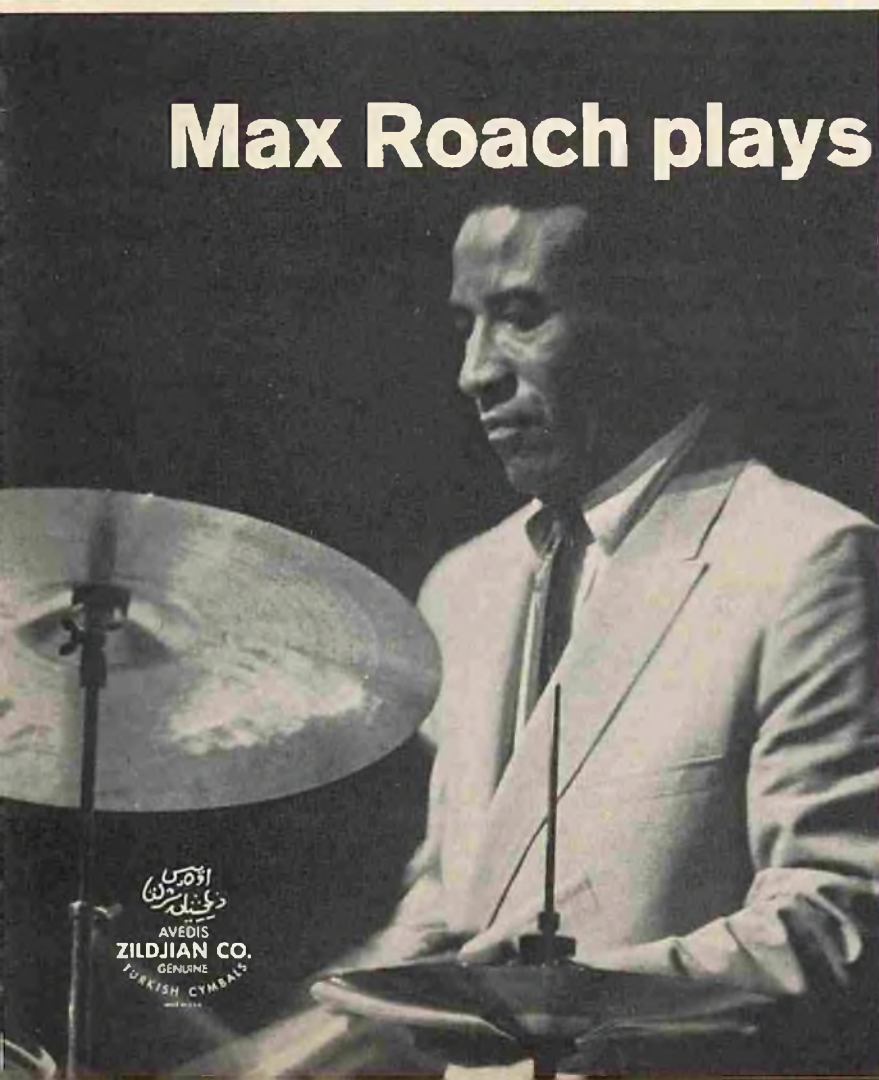
The intimate room and hip Harvard Square audience afforded the brothers a perfect atmosphere to turn loose, and they did.

After a slow-rock version of *Summertime*, with Lester's sinuous harp line weaving around Willie's lead guitar, which alternated four- and six-accent bars to lovely effect, they charged into Betty Mabry's *Uptown*. Lester, whose cowbell virtually upstaged the drums with its insistence, shouted lead over the other brothers' chorus—the man can really belt—Keenan played a long, decent drum solo, and Willie and Joe went in and around each other with rhythmic chord series before they took it out.

Lester again took the lead on *Knock on Wood*, in which he managed to sing "baby, baby, baby" for a whole chorus and "Oooo" for 16 bars without lapsing from musical sense or good taste.

They demonstrated ability to build a number with *Call Me*. Joe, who has a deep, rich, sensuous bass voice, sang lead

Max Roach plays Avedis Zildjian Cymbals exclusively!



... and so does Louis Bellson and Roy Haynes and Billy D. Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich and Shelly Manne and Pete Mousie Alexander and Dave Bailey and Ray Bauduc and Larry Bunker and Roy Burns and Frank Butler and Frankie Capp and Kenny Clarke and Cozy Cole and Rudy Collins and Jimmie Crawford and Joe Mann and Joe Cusatis and Alan Dawson and Barrett Deems and Jack De Johnette and Tony De Nicola and Bruce Philip Dunlop and Nick Fatool and Vernel Fournier and George Frank Gant and Sonny Greer and Sol Gubin and Hand Jo Chico Hamilton and Lionel Hampton and Jake Hanna and Billy Hart and Louis Hayes and Lex Humphries and Sonny Iggoe and Gus Johnson and Jo Jones and John Rufus Jones and Connie Kay and Irv Kluger and George Stanley Krell and Don Lamond and Jim Kappes and Pete LaRoca and Cliff Leeman and Stan Levey and Roy McCurdy and Sonny Payne and Ben Riley and Dannie Richmond and Ed Shaughnessy and John L. Zutty Singleton and Alvin Stoller and Jack Sperling and Grady Tate and Paul Ferrara and Jim Vincent and George Wettling and Tom Widdicombe and Jimmie Sam Woodyard and Ronnie Zito and Carmelo Garcia and Johnny Blowers and Les DeMerle and Jimmie Richmond

AVEDIS
ZILDJIAN CO.
GENUINE
TURKISH CYMBALS

You can train to be an announcer or D.J.!



Our Free Voice Analysis Tells You Whether You Have The Talent To Become A Broadcast Personality!

IMMEDIATE DEMAND - Radio-TV stations everywhere need both men and women to take over important good-paying jobs right now. **NATION-WIDE PLACEMENT SERVICE** at No Extra Cost.

TRAIN AT HOME OR IN ONE OF OUR STUDIO SCHOOLS - You can study broadcast techniques at home, in your spare time, or in one of our many studio schools throughout the country under the supervision of our Directing Faculty of 10 famous Broadcasters. Accredited Member National Home Study Council and National Association of Trade and Technical Schools.

Approved for Veterans' Educational Assistance Benefits ("G.I. Bill")!
Check coupon for special information

Send to CAREER ACADEMY's division of famous broadcasters for free booklet, record and voice analysis details!

CAREER ACADEMY

825 North Jefferson Street • Studio 173
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202

I want to know if I have broadcasting aptitude worth developing. Please rush more information.

name _____ age _____

address _____ phone _____

city/state/zip N40:5-2/68

☐ I am interested in ☐ Home Study

☐ School Study ☐ G. I. Bill

LIPS SORE? FASTER RELIEF

Blistex for COLD SORES
FEVER BLISTERS

Helps promote fast healing. Early application aids in preventing unsightly cold sore-fever blister formation. Effectively curtails irritation of nose-mouth-chin cold zone area.

FOR DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS

A most highly medicated lip balm. Quick healing combats infection. Keeps lips smooth, soft, moist in wind, cold or sun. In plastic case.

BLISTEX-BLISTIK

HERE NOW! and NEW!
"MAYNARD FERGUSON"
MOUTHPIECES

For Trumpet, Cornet, and Flugelhorn.
From all Dealers

FERGUSON, BELL LIMITED
(Directors: Jack Bell, managing/
Maynard Ferguson, technical)
BRADFORD 1, ENGLAND

against Lester and Willie. After a series of crescendo choruses, he went into "call me," repeated with many variations. Then came a drum solo—with some imagination to it—at the climax of which the brothers went into a hysterically funny dance routine, beginning with all four doing their own boogaloo followed by a high-kicking routine in unity, with complexities that might have shamed the Rockettes.

There was more of the same high quality in the next set. *Baby, Please Don't Go* which segued with musical and verbal logic into *I Can't Stand It*. Willie did lead honors in the latter, and in *Reconsider, Baby*, adding the lyrics of *Stormy Monday* without changing the melody line.

Lester's harp in the last two songs was exemplary. As with his vocals, he knows how long to repeat or hold a phrase and when to release it.

The climax of the evening was *Time Has Come Today*. It began with Joe half-chanting the lyrics over Lester's appropriately clocklike cowbell and the other three chanting "time" on every other fourth beat. A guitar interlude followed, and then all hell broke loose—almost literally.

Lester and Willie started shouting, and Joe started to laugh and laugh bizarrely (shades of *Murat/Sade?*), and the lights started to flash, and Lester doubled the accents on cowbell, and tripled them, until it truly sounded like a clock gone mad. Interludes of chorded guitar followed and then there was free playing: noise; out of rhythm, into rhythm, then they slowed down, had the crowd chant "time" with them, clowning a little, nearly breaking the mood—then back to the free thing, Willie scrapping the guitar strings on the mike stands, Joe bending and reverberating notes. And out.

Out for much of the crowd too. They weren't bored—just exhausted and unable to submit themselves to more excitement. When they left, a line of 30 or 40 persons waited outside in the cold to catch the last set. It was probably worth the price; the brothers usually are. —Alan Heineman

Gary Burton

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York City

Personnel: Burton, vibes; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bobby Moses, drums.

This Feb. 23 concert was the second in a series of four events sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corporation in association with the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University.

Contrary to the image that someone has taken great pains to create, this band is not playing jazz-rock. But the alleged connection with rock seems to have paid off, because the sell-out crowd consisted largely of the young folk-rock patrons. A very important quality of this group is youth, with all its enthusiasm, its lack of embitterment and its love of the new and the spirited.

The quartet is a tight unit with an interesting new sound created by the blending of Burton's shimmering vibes with Coryell's acid guitar sound and the music's strong country-and-western flavor that Ornette Coleman so often approached in the past. The band carries an outstanding and varied book of originals by Mike

Gibbs, Carla Bley, and the musicians themselves.

Burton has improved tremendously in the last few years. His performance at this concert was superb. With amazing technical control of his instrument, he creates waves of notes with the sustaining pedal, bends notes like a saxophonist, and strikes staccato notes to great effect. His greatest flaw, as evidenced by this concert's first ballad, *Sunset Bell*, has been his cold, unimaginative, and continually rhapsodic approach to slow numbers. But his moving, sensitive work on Carla Bley's *Mother of The Dead Man* proved that he is rectifying that situation rapidly.

Above all, what makes Burton an excellent musician is his ability to work the elements of a tune into his solos. Like a cowboy on a bronco, he rides the melody and the changes with a careful, rolling rein.

Coryell seems to have a fresh approach, although references to the voicings of Wes Montgomery and Gabor Szabo, the fragmented phrasing of Paul Bley, the sound explosions of Sonny Sharrock and the hard blues of Eric Clapton are often made. Basically an economic soloist, Coryell nonetheless gives the listener the impression that he is holding himself back and that he places as much importance on intensity as he does on substance.

On Mike Gibbs' *Blue Comedy*, he turned in a very interesting chordal solo, and on *Walter L* his restraint gave way to some strong, blazing blues-rock work, continually rising in intensity.

Swallow's inspiring, soaring support is the work of a veritable monster; this man's playing is not to be believed. Burton wisely gives Swallow a great deal of solo space, and Bob Dylan's *I Want You* is all Swallow, all genius. With the band's quiet support, the bassist stated the theme and launched into a fantastic, leaping, singing solo rich in melodic content and executed with a beautiful, full-bodied tone. He is the foundation and inspiration of the group.

Drummer Moses, on whose shoulders rests the gigantic task of filling a chair previously occupied by the remarkable Stu Martin and Roy Haynes, falls short of his predecessors. His drumming is often stiff, unimaginative and uninspiring. If he is adequate, unobtrusive and functional, he contributes little to the music. His tediously long mallet solo on *1, 2, One, Two, Three, Four* was uneventful, although the audience loved it.

The band's treatment of Duke Ellington's exotic, elegant *Fleurette Africaine* was very interesting. The principal soloist was an eccentric but thoughtful Burton.

The group displayed a new aspect with Carla Bley's moving dirge *Mother of The Dead Man*. Burton was particularly sensitive. Swallow, having played the music of Miss Bley with groups led by Art Farmer, George Russell, Paul Bley and Jimmy Giuffrè, is probably the best interpreter of her material.

The quartet really opened up on *1, 2, One, Two, Three, Four* which contained some free, furious solos, amplifier feedback, and beautifully chaotic counterpoint. This was the most exciting performance of the concert. At its conclusion, Burton

announced that the final piece would be Steve Swallow's *General Mojo Cuts Up* and began a recorded tape of the tune over which he improvised alone. He then dismantled his vibes while Coryell played some tongue-in-cheek rock cliches and Moses began to take down his drum set. Burton and Moses made a large pile at center stage of the components of their instruments. Swallow and Coryell then deposited bass and guitar at the foot of the pile, and all four walked off stage as the taped music played on. Admittedly this was a very "show biz" ending, but it was an effective and amusing climax to a very good and exceptionally well-received concert. —Michael Cuscuna

Rufus Harley

Left Bank Jazz Society, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Harley, bagpipe, flute, tenor and soprano saxophones; Oliver Collins, piano; James Glenn, bass; Bill Abnee, drums.

Harley is primarily an entertainer, in the best sense of the word. And through the simple expedient of doing what hardly anyone else does, i.e. playing the bagpipe (in an African outfit yet) and explaining what he's doing to the audience, he is an original and an engaging one.

Harley relied mainly on standards, which he played on flute and saxophones, mixed with originals on the bagpipe. He opened the set with a straight-ahead *Up, Up, and Away* on soprano, which lapsed into an Eastern motif and ended with Shepp-like shrieks, plus plucked chords by pianist Collins.

Who Can I Turn To featured Harley's big, raw-boned tenor style and a lengthy, well-constructed solo by bassist Glenn, the sequences thematically linked by the same



pair of repeated notes.

"That takes it as far as Sonny and Coltrane left us—after they put it through the horn, wasn't much any of us could do but get another instrument," announced Harley, getting out the bagpipe and explaining its history which, he said, began—in Africa, as a matter of fact—long before the instrument made its way to Scotland. Harley played a flute introduction to *Eight Miles High* and then, with a shrill, keening wail, cut loose on the bagpipe. His solo

amounted to more sound than substance.

But on *Bagpipe Blues*, things started to pick up. The pipe opened with a traditional Scottish tune that soon developed into a driving blues reminiscent of *Blues March*. Collins, who was using block chords a great deal in his solos, threw in a little bar-room stride piano, and then the group closed with the highland air again.

The second set Harley announced as "our tribute set." *Ali* featured Harley's flute, driving and forceful and Roland Kirkish at times; *Coltrane* carried echoes of *Giant Steps*; and finally, while the rhythm section vamped in the background, Harley blew up his bag and launched into *Windy*. (Harley would seem to be somewhat limited in his choice of tunes, mainly because of the restricted range of the bagpipe. What appeals to him about it is its sound-sustaining qualities. Also, having studied Eastern musics, he is no doubt intrigued with the three drones.) At any rate, *Windy* turned out to be the perfect combination of material and instrument and brought the crowd, which had been enthusiastic but not demonstratively so throughout the afternoon, to its feet.

Harley played some standards in the third set, including a fine version of *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* (another apt choice for the bagpipe), but the crowd wouldn't let the band off the stand without playing *Windy* one more time. Harley obliged, and as the lights came up, happily stood signing autographs like—well, like the only jazz bagpiper around.

—James D. Diltz

IN 1968 KUSTOM WILL OFFER THE PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN MORE THAN EVER IN UP-TO-DATE SOUND EQUIPMENT

Here are 3 reasons why Kustom is the best amplifier for you:

1. PERFORMANCE
2. APPEARANCE
3. GUARANTEE

NEWLY DEVELOPED PRODUCTS FROM ROSS, INC.

K 400A SERIES PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS

A completely new series of more powerful public address systems called the K 400A SERIES feature 400 watt peak power, 20-20,000 CPS frequency response and 8 microphone inputs.

KUSTOM C1295 ORGAN

A new Kustom organ featuring 4 matched 12" heavy duty speakers. Amplifier and speakers are completely self-contained.

WATCH FOR IT!!

YOU'LL BE AMAZED!!

Write for free color catalog and name of your local authorized KUSTOM dealer.

ROSS, INC.

1010 WEST CHESTNUT, DEPT. C2

CHANUTE, KANSAS, 66720



Kustom is
ROLLIN'



Zyn LONG LIFE—GREAT VALUE TODAY'S CYMBAL SOUND

From PREMIER dealers throughout the world

down beat

is sold on newsstands

in 50 states in the USA

and throughout

the world

There is nothing like it!

COLLEGE JAZZ

(Continued from page 23)

Randy Sandke's septet from Indiana University was the almost certain favorite.

In the semi-finals, this group, sparked by the leader, tenor saxophonist Michael Brecker, and drummer James Nelson, had given a remarkable performance, by all odds the most original, creative and stimulating combo jazz heard at the festival, avant-garde but together.

Sandke, a trumpeter with great promise combining a fine, bright tone and flawless execution with real musical intelligence, and Brecker, a very strong soloist with a charging temperament and remarkable control of the upper-and-outest regions of his horn, created exciting music.

BUT IN THE FINALS, the group chose to dip into its experimental rock bag, presenting a 12-minute version of Duke Ellington's *Warm Valley* that began with an absolutely straight reading of the pretty melody, out-of-tempo, by second tenorist Bruce Nifong, then went into an all-percussion segment (cowbell, tambourine, etc.) that continued almost to the breaking point, and ended with what seemed like an eternity of sound effects—Brecker setting up a sustained, loud drone on combo organ, the guitarist whining, and the two tenorists howling away (yet barely audible above the electronic din).

It was startling, and not without merit, but at the abrupt ending of the piece, the group walked off stage, though it still had eight minutes of allotted time. It was a rather flabbergasting performance, disappointing to those who had been moved by the group's earlier appearance.

Unfortunately, the two other finalist combos made less impressive appearances as well. A quartet led by flutist Mark Gridley, which had seemed pleasantly inventive, performed in an uninspired and sluggish manner, not redeemed by the leader's good tone and facility (he won best flutist award), and bassist Jim Kaye's excellent musicianship.

Nor was the Dominic James Quartet, a sassy five-piecer culled from the Illinois big band, really up to par. In the semi-finals, soprano (and occasionally tenor) saxophonist-leader James Cuomo, fluegelhornist Jim Knapp, and a decent rhythm section of guitar, bass and drums, had impressed with a sprightly piece (*Hey, What Day Is This?*) by guitarist Mike Hennes, and a somewhat frivolous but entertaining and venturesome happening involving a digital computer, titled, in full, *Those Old Stock Pavilion Blues, or Will the Big*

Bands Ever Feed Back?, for five prepared jazzmen and 2-channeled tape, in 3 movements, played without interruption: *Allegro, Collage, and Tango*.

With the beeps and bleeps, there were some cute musical ideas, and the blend of Knapp's warmly mellow rotary-valve fluegelhorn and Cuomo's sweet-toned curved soprano was at times delightful. Both hornmen also soloed nicely.

But on their final set, the hornmen, while good in ensemble passages (as on a nice boppish arrangement of *Donna Lee*) seemed to flounder and meander aimlessly in long solo excursions, Knapp fluffing too many attempts, and Cuomo going out of tune too often, while Hennes' solos seemed to lose track of either the beat or the changes.

Thus, the judging became a dilemma. Some of the judges (the panel was arranger-composers Oliver Nelson and Gerald Wilson; bassist Ray Brown; Berklee School of Music Administrative Director Bob Share, and this writer) wanted to give first place to the Sandke group on the basis of the afternoon performance, but since this award was to be given specifically on the basis of the finals, this was overruled by others, who felt that a poor precedent would be set by rewarding an essentially non-jazz performance at a jazz festival.

On the other hand, there was no real basis for giving the award to either of the other groups, as judged in the finals. And so—no combo prize. (In later discussion—very friendly, by the way—some judges were made to realize that it was inexperience, not bravado, that was behind the Sandke experiment, along with imperfect understanding of the fact that they were to be judged as a group on the final performance only.)

Sandke won best trumpet award; Brecker outstanding instrumentalist; and Nelson best combo drummer, so there were consolations. The decision also pointed up the increasing difficulty of categorizing music.

I shouldn't close without having mentioned best trombonist Dave Pavolka, who played a beautifully expressive *Chelsea Bridge* with an otherwise dull quintet; a young lady, Laura Fisher, who played interesting keyboard bass with a somewhat experimental trio led by a tenorist with potential, Paul Zipkin; and a musical if derivative (Miles and Bill Evans) trio in the unenviable lead-off spot: Welch Everman, trumpet; John Hipps, piano; Dennis Gardino, bass. One group that worked hard but didn't make it was the Bob Lab Sextet, which featured two cellos (amplified), some good ideas, and a total absence of rhythmic flow. But it was indicative of the overall excellence of Notre Dame's 10th that even the failures were interesting.



ROCK

(Continued from page 21)

can be credited with creating a new school of guitar playing. He derived devices from blues, rhythm-and-blues, and rock 'n' roll guitarists, extending some of them, and was also influenced by jazz guitar players and Indian musicians like Shankar. Rhythmically his work is varied and unpredictable. He has a thick tone reminiscent of B. B. King's, and sometimes achieves a screaming effect with his high notes.

The Blues Project's work is, like the Butterfield Band's, more notable for its instrumental than vocal content. One of the Project's most important recorded efforts is a 10-minute-plus performance of (*Electric*) *Flute Thing* done at a Town Hall concert. *Flute Thing* represents a synthesis of several musical elements. A jazz influence is easily discernible in the theme and in much of the solo work, and there is a delightful section which is reminiscent of the English folk songs of centuries ago. Electronically-amplified flute effects plus Danny Kalb's guitar playing (he is one of the most technically accomplished of the rock guitarists) lend the performance a psychedelic flavor.

Back in England, the Beatles had been moving ever farther from conventional rock 'n' roll since the days of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. During their *Rain* the tape recorder is used as a musical instrument. George Harrison plays sitar on *Norwegian Wood*. The lyrics of *Nowhere Man* indicate a new profundity in the group's work: The title character "Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to, isn't he a bit like you and me?"

On the beautiful *Yesterday*, chamber music accompanies the vocal, demonstrating the Beatles' interest in the classical idiom.

Then their brilliant *Revolver* LP was released. On *Revolver* eclecticism becomes a style; the album is a collage of music. *Taxman* is critical of high British taxes ("If you take a walk I'll tax your feet"). Tape recorder music is a feature of *Tomorrow Never Knows*, and sitar playing of *Love You To*. *Good Day Sunshine* is an old-timey, good-timey tune. The dissonance on *I Want to Tell You* is reminiscent of early modern classical music. *Yellow Submarine* has been said by some to contain a veiled reference to drugs, but has also been called a children's song.

The greatest of the selections on *Revolver* is *Eleanor Rigby*, which describes the empty, pathetic lives of two of the world's "lonely people," Eleanor Rigby and Father McKenzie. She "waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door" while he is "writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near. . . ."

While *Revolver* was still causing excitement, the Beatles released their marvelous single of *Penny Lane* and *Strawberry Fields Forever*. *Lane* portrays humorously and nostalgically the trivial daily occurrences in a lower middle-class neighborhood and contains baroque-fla-

vored instrumental passages; *Strawberry Fields* projects a feeling of gauzy, drifting uncertainty which can almost blow the mind of the listener without the aid of hallucinogens.

The selections on the Beatles' next LP, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, are also diverse. The most impressive (and depressing) of them, *A Day in the Life*, derives interest from its contrasting themes; one about a man who "blew his mind out in a car," another describing a fellow hurrying to work. The last words on the selection, "I'd love to turn you on," are followed by a crescendo building to a chord that is sustained for about 40 seconds before fading away. The *Sgt. Pepper* LP also contains *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, a gorgeously vivid recorded hallucination (Lucy, Sky, Diamonds=LSD) about "rocking horse people," "newspaper taxis," "plasticine porters with looking glass ties," and a "girl with kaleidoscope eyes."

It would be difficult to overpraise the Beatles. They pioneered in bringing classical forms, tape devices, and the Indian influence into pop music. They have contributed attractive melodies of every description to the pop repertoire. Their lyrics over the past two years have been of consistently good quality and often quite meaningful and/or lovely.

After the Beatles had "broken on through to the other side" in 1965-66 a number of groups followed. Currently the pop scene is wide open, with experimentalists taking many directions.

The Rolling Stones are considered by many to be the second best group in England. They are closer to the mainstream of Negro music than the Beatles, but their repertoire is a mixed bag. On perhaps their best number, *Paint It Black*, a near Eastern-flavored composition, the singer wants to immerse the world in the gloom and despair that afflict him ("I see a red door and I want to paint it black"). Among other fine Stone tracks are *2000 Light Years from Home*, a chilling, psychedelic piece, and the melancholy ballad, *Ruby Tuesday*.

The Stones hold nothing sacred; brash humor is their strong suit. Sheer jeering crudity makes *Stupid Girl* one of their freshest tracks. *Lady Jane*, a parody of 18th century drawing room music, is, on paper, not particularly clever. However, Mick Jagger, the group's featured vocalist, projects such a wholesome disrespect for conventional politeness on *Jane* that it becomes a winning performance.

Despite the "advanced" techniques they sometimes use, the Stones are memorable mainly because of their youthful unruliness. They are modern equivalents of the brawling apprentices of Elizabethan England.

The music of the Cream could accurately be described as both traditional and innovative. The group's work is often earthy in the manner of "down home" Negro performers—they have recorded compositions by such Negro artists as Muddy Waters and Robert Johnson. Some of their vocal arrangements, however, are quite original. On *Dreaming* and some of *I Feel Free*, the singing

projects a floating, ethereal feeling. The group has, at times, also used far-out lyrics ("You've got that rainbow feel, but the rainbow has a beard").

The instrumental offerings of the Cream are at least as stimulating as its vocal efforts. The unit's drummer, Ginger Baker, not only plays powerfully but gets a fine variety of colors from his set. His colleague, Eric Clapton, constantly at work developing new playing techniques, is an economical, slashing guitar soloist; one of the very best among modern pop guitarists.

The Who's exciting use of feedback has created considerable interest. Their work ranges from frantic to gently humorous. Some of it has a surrealistic quality.

In Keith Moon and Peter Townshend the Who has gifted instrumentalists. Moon is one of the most highly regarded rock drummers; his work is complex and often violent. Guitarist Townshend is a fine chordal player.

The Who's rhythm section is one of the very best in rock; it is so good that one sometimes finds himself listening to it instead of to the vocals.

Vocalist-guitarist Jimi Hendrix's trio may seem to have some qualities in common with the Cream, but their similarities should not be made too much of. Unlike most experimental pop performers Hendrix is Negro, and his singing is influenced by the currently popular post-Ray Charles genre rather than by earlier Negro styles. Most of the Negro-influenced white singers in experimental groups draw on pre-Charles idioms.

Hendrix's songs (*Manic Depression*) often have a tortured, neurotic quality. He makes creative use of electronic "freak effects" in his guitar solos (he is an outstanding guitarist). One of his most ambitious performances, *Third Stone From the Sun*, contains psychedelic guitar work and electronically-produced or distorted noises. A repetitive rhythmic foundation holds the composition together.

Hendrix's work is uneven but full of exciting possibilities if he can extend and better pull together some of his ideas and purge his lyrics of the sophomoric qualities that sometimes mar them.

The "underground oratorios" *Absolutely Free* and *The M.O.I. American Pageant* by the Mothers of Invention are among the major achievements of experimental pop groups. The Mothers draw on a large number of sources for their music. They are competent rock musicians, as the building *Invocation and Ritual Dance of the Young Pumpkin* demonstrates. However, it is their humor, their satirical gift, that makes the Mothers' two oratorios notable. *America Drinks and Goes Home*, a selection from *The M.O.I. American Pageant*, for example, is a marvelous parody of closing time at a less than classy night club ("Oh, *Bill Bailey*? Oh, we'll get to that tomorrow night. Yeah. *Caravan* with the drum solo? Right. Yeah, we'll do that.").

The nice thing about the Mothers' humor on the two oratorios is that it is open and democratic rather than aimed at any specific inside group. In fact, when I first heard it, their humor reminded me

of Woody Herman's wild First Herd rather than of another rock group.

Some of the things by Country Joe and the Fish and the Jefferson Airplane might be called folk-rock; other things they've done go beyond this idiom. Country Joe has written about politics and drugs. His *Superbird* is viciously anti-Lyndon Johnson ("It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a man insane, it's my President, L.B.J.").

At times the performances of his group can be restrained and highly lyrical. Joe wrote the pretty waltzes *Happiness Is a Porpoise Mouth* and *Janis*. The background effects and exquisite guitar playing on *Grace* are reminiscent of Chinese and Japanese music, a source that pop

experimenters might look into more deeply in the future. One of the Country Joe group's finest efforts, *Grace*, also has poetic lyrics.


The Jefferson Airplane is well stocked with gifted instrumentalists and vocalists. They achieve rich, distinctive colors and textures flavored by the strong, torchy singing of Gracie Slick.

Because they have performed a number of love songs, the Airplane's music has been dubbed "love rock." Their *After Bathing at Baxter's* LP indicates, though, that they are evolving and broadening their scope. The instrumental selection, *Spare Chaynge*, contains some sensitive collective improvisation. *A Small Package of Value Will Come to You, Shortly* is a

babble of conversations with instrumental accompaniment. It ends with the comment, "No man is an island—he's a peninsula."

THE GROUPS AND PERFORMERS discussed above are by no means the only capable modern pop performers. There are many others, indicating that the new music may have an excellent future. A number of roads have been opened for musicians. However, there is no certainty that they will be investigated. Fresh directions signalled in jazz by Bix Beiderbecke and later by Lennie Tristano were not explored as they should have been. The experiments of some of the young pop musicians, such as Hendrix, while intriguing, have often been far from completely satisfying. Other men, such as Butterfield, despite being thought of as belonging to the avant garde, are often too traditional in approach.

Even if the new pop musicians fade away they will have accomplished much. The Beatles have not only experimented, they have produced some great works of art. Work by other performers such as the Cream and Bloomfield has been far better than we have any right to expect pop music to be.


Whether such work will be considered superior pop material or early examples of an as yet unnamed form remains to be seen. The times they are a-changing. 

APPLE

(Continued from page 16)

and one had the feeling that in another context he might have left the bounds of good taste. He showed some good ideas but his tone was thin. Andrews was more conventional, but did get into something when the rich backgrounds urged him on. Campbell was a surprise on trombone. The little solo work he was given sufficed to reveal an incipient talent worth exploring. Gaylor, as always, was a great aid. When there is no piano, the bassist had better be taking care of business. Gaylor did.

Hamilton used the two vocalists as instruments, in addition to their straight singing. Strayhorn's *A Train* found them wordlessly blending with the instruments to produce a unique, airy sound. Curry has a rich baritone voice and the poise he displayed indicated that he knows his way around a bandstand. Miss Arnold, a Bostonian, looks like a sleepwalking pixie or a gamin Virginia O'Brien. She finally smiled on the last number of a set during the course of a hip, humorous scat job. Her intonation suffered when she was called on to employ words instead of sounds.

With Hamilton's drums riding herd on the variegated ensemble, this group was one of the most ear-piquing units heard hereabouts in recent months. And, after all, there are well over 8,000,000 sounds in the naked apple. 



12-String Pickup

- For flat-top guitars • Easy to attach and remove • Fingertip volume control
- Model 1200: 12-foot cable with special end pin • Model 1200C: quick-disconnect cable with side-mounted plug.

model 1100

- For arch-top guitars • String output individually adjustable • Volume and tone controls • Instant switch from solo to rhythm • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable • Chrome or gold-plated.

model 55-FB-12

- Convert your arch-top into a built-in • Fingertip controls for tone and volume; blender control brings in one or both pickups • Strings individually adjustable • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable.

model 56

- For flat-tops • Individually adjustable string output • Magnetic type retains true tones • Volume and tone controls • Distortion-free coil design maximizes output • Quick-disconnect 12-foot cable.

AVAILABLE FOR ARCH TOP GUITARS AS MODEL 55

Set Your Guitar Free With **ROWE DeArmond** The World's First and Finest Attachable Guitar Pickups

Made in America—Sold at fine music stores the world over.

These and all other Rowe DeArmond pickups are covered by our TWO-YEAR GUARANTEE.

ROWE INDUSTRIES, INC.

1716 AIRPORT HIGHWAY, TOLEDO, OHIO 43609 • (419) 382-5666

GUARNIERI

(Continued from page 25)

about exploiting it. I would tell them that I just hadn't been lucky enough yet to find somebody who believed in it."

A session around the Guarnieri keyboard is an extraordinary experience.

"Play *Penthouse Serenade* the way Erroll Garner would do it in five," I would say.

Or, "Play *Honeysuckle Rose*, and sing it, the way Fats would have done it in five."

Next, "How about *Liza a la Teddy Wilson*, or *Flyin' Home*, Tatum style, in five?"

Unhesitating, Guarnieri would respond as if to the meter born. The five-beat feel, after three years of dedication to the point of obsession, is second nature to him now.

Even such antiques as *Tiger Rag* came out fresh, wild, and wonderful in a 10/8 stride. Waltzes, too, were converted to five through the uncanny Guarnieri blend of cultivated instinct and technique. Each number gained a delightful new dimension; none seemed awkward or bent out of shape, though in the course of the interview I decided to act briefly as devil's advocate.

"Isn't it true," I asked, "that multiples of two are endemic to a vast mass of music, and particularly to traditional jazz, which is required to swing? If a tune is written in quarter and eighth notes, how do you manage to stretch it so that it fits logically into a five-beat format? Isn't it an unnatural and synthetic thing in some cases?"

"No," said Guarnieri firmly. "First of all, if we take a simple melodic track of any tune that was ever written, play it on the piano without anything under, and then put the top line on tape, you should be able to play three against that top line, or four, or five, so that it comes out exactly right. By the way, I'm not interested in doing any work at the moment in any other time valuation except 5/4, because I can foresee 5/4, within the next few years, sweeping the world completely."

"We'd better get on the ball, because Brazil already has a good start on us, with songs like *A Man and a Woman*; in fact, I believe they've got 75 per cent of their current crop of writers turning out 5/4 music. I heard from Southern Music—they handle a lot of music from Brazil—that volume after volume of manuscripts in 5/4 is coming up from Rio."

"I don't mean that everything except 5/4 is dead or dying. Sometimes I prove my point by playing, for instance, a three- or four-chorus version of a Jerome Kern melody, playing the first

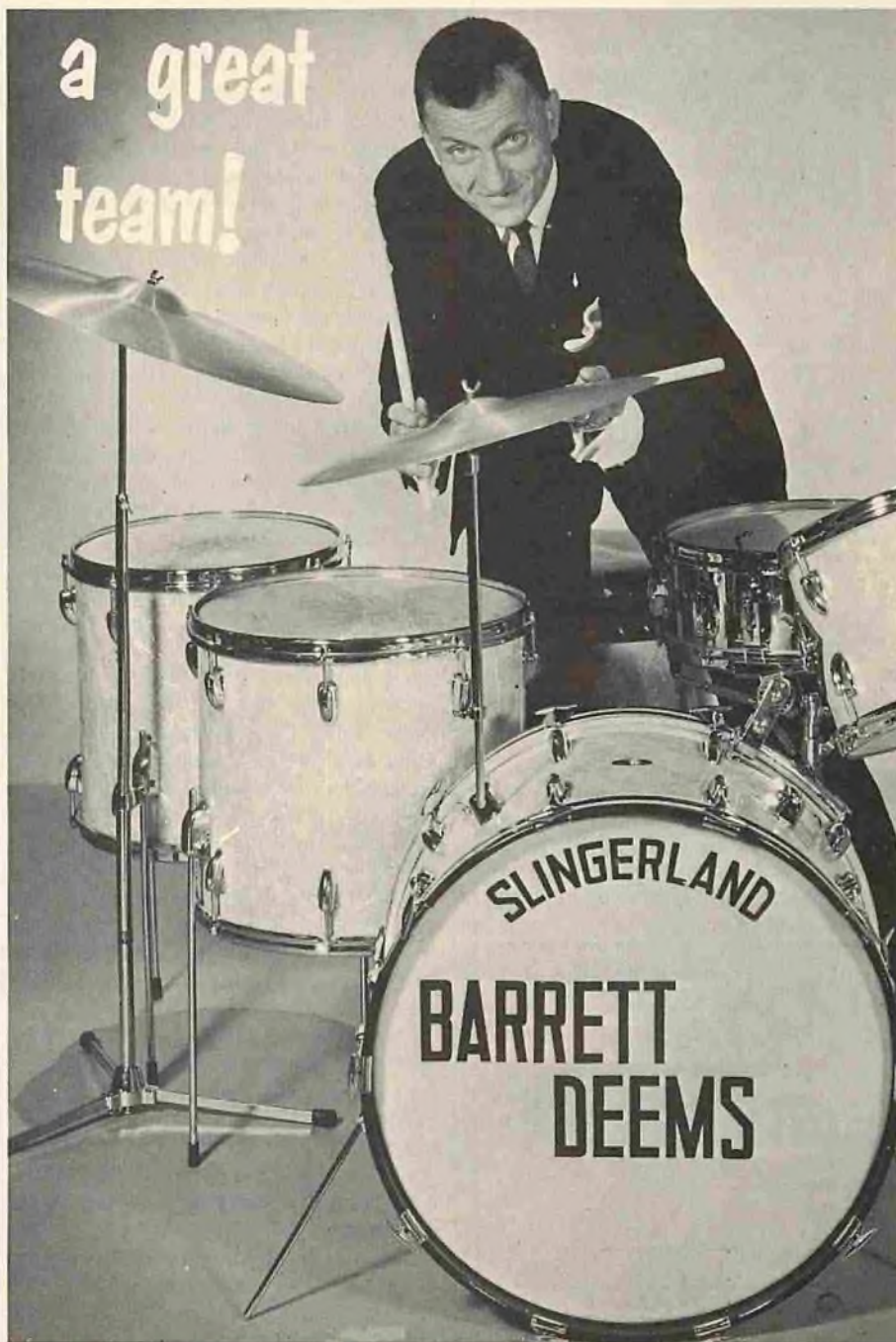
chorus as well as I can in four. Then I play the second chorus in five, yet basically the same way, with the same general direction and feeling, thinking in terms of pretty changes, because the harmonic element still has to remain vitally important, no matter what meter you're in.

"In the third chorus I'll switch back and forth between five and four. People hear this, and they collapse! It's not something I learned, really; I just stumbled on it, then developed it little by little.

"I have a theory that too many of our dance orchestras through the years

knocked themselves out to maintain rhythm sections that would overaccentuate the strict tempo. They were so crazy about keeping that one-two-one-two going, they became so basic that the sheer simplicity of the music tended to destroy it. Now when we get into the rock 'n' roll era, and to a great extent the destruction of the melodic form, what are we hit with? The tempo, just the beat, and as much electrical wattage as can possibly be consumed. This was like the final desecration, with everybody being sure to accent the one-two-three-four, and very little left at the top.

"The new framework, the new dress,



Slingerland

the Foremost in Drums

6633 N. Milwaukee Ave., Niles, Ill. 60648

Student Musicians

Apply Now!

DOWN BEAT SUMMER SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM

Down Beat magazine, in an effort to assist young student-musicians in determining the extent of their talent and career potential, is making available a number of scholarships on a non-competitive basis. These scholarships will be awarded to applicants who are between the ages of 15 and 19.

The scholarship fund consists of ten \$200 scholarships and twenty \$100 scholarships to the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass., where summer courses are held June 10 (12 weeks) and July 8 (7 weeks). All applications must be received by May 3, 1968. Write for your official application now.

How to Apply:

To receive the official application form, fill out the coupon, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Down Beat Music Scholarships, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606. In support of your application, you will be required to submit a tape or disc recording of your playing (if you are an instrumentalist) or of a group in performance of your original composition or arrangement (if you are a composer-arranger). Write now, as all applications must be received by May 3, 1968 to be eligible.

Down Beat Music Scholarships
222 West Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois 60606

Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1968 Down Beat Music Scholarships for the summer of 1968.

Please print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

has this value: it gives the good music of the past several decades a flow, a rhythmic flow of its own. I'm convinced that by employing this medium, many artists will be able to reactivate a lot of the music that hasn't been played too much lately.

"To me, this is an experience of a lifetime—like the unraveling of a great mystery. Each day I find a new device, a new way, a new tune, something different that goes into this 5/4. When I run into people who knew me years ago, and find that I can't win them over, I tell them that anything I ever did in the past which they found meritorious, I will not just duplicate but improve on; and sooner or later I win them over."

HOW COULD HE EXPLAIN or rationalize the translation into 5/4 of such styles as those of Tatum, Waller, and others who had never in their lives (or at least, never publicly) played a single chorus in five?

"What I play is simply an extension of their original ideas. I'm sure if some of those men were alive today, they would have changed considerably, not only by experimenting with meters but in other ways. Fats Waller, for example, would probably have incorporated a lot of Erroll Garner into his style, because of the strong element of humor, which is natural to Erroll and would obviously have appealed to Fats.

"Tatum, had he lived, would probably be doing some fantastic things in five today—not as a steady diet, but just once in a while. As for Basie, he may not feel it, but I can still play his style the way he would sound if he *did* feel it. So could Dick Hyman, by the way. Dick is a fantastic musician. I'm sure he could do everything I'm doing with five, but he would do it just to prove a point; I'm doing it because it's all I believe in and am wrapped up in."

Guarnieri has not experimented with 7/4, 7/8, 9/8 or any of the exotic rhythms with which the names of Dave Brubeck, Don Ellis, and others have been associated.

"I haven't studied them," he said, "and I'm really not interested in other time dimensions. As a musician I might become interested in them theoretically but not to play myself. I'm too firmly convinced that five is the next graduation point for everybody in the world of music."

Except for the solo jobs at Ellis Island, Guarnieri has not yet exposed his unique repertoire-cum-technique to the public. However, since the news of his work came to light, he has had two or three offers from record companies. He will undoubtedly have an album on the

market in the near future.

"Don Ellis and Emil Richards, who have both experimented so successfully with new meters, have been very helpful to me," he said, "especially in the matter of finding musicians to work with me. I've been trying out some ideas with a bass player named Jim Faunt, who's been working recently with Don's band. He's phenomenal! He can pick up on these harmonically complex tunes and play them without hesitation in five just as naturally as most bass players can in four. I've also been rehearsing with a drummer, Joe Procaro, who has the same kind of ability."

Though his involvement with the professional rat race has brought him more than his share of misfortune, Guarnieri is neither bitter nor pessimistic. On the contrary, he feels that the tide has now turned. His enthusiasm seems boundless as he expresses his gratitude for all he has learned in music.

"I'm very grateful for my talents, and I consider myself a very lucky man, because I've been around people from whom I could learn so much. Even though I've been just a musician for hire, I think I've remained pretty honest, trying to do the right thing at the right time.

"I want to make five a commercial universally successful thing. I think it will help to save music—the great music of yesterday. It isn't a question of today's music being superior or inferior to yesterday's; it's just that the great musical works of yesterday, in *any* idiom, should become accepted as the classics of today.

"Within the last 20 years—I can't state this as a fact, but I'm sure ASCAP could provide a detailed tabulation—you find a continuous slackening off in the performances of the great writers. Take a great Kern or Gershwin standard; compare the numbers of performance credits in 1938 against 1948, 1958, 1968. The champions of these works are disappearing. Very few of the younger artists, whether they be singers or instrumentalists, are concerned about building up a real repertoire of this caliber. I'm not saying they don't like the tunes; whatever the reason, they don't play them."

The Guarnieri theory has a dual objective: to preserve the songs that deserve to remain a part of the next century's musical legacy and to revitalize them through this process of metric innovation.

To those two aims perhaps a third should be added: The theory should bring a new, prosperous and musically gratifying lease on life to the patient and gifted artist who dreamed it up.



AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

on Mondays, consistently drew well, but competition from Donte's—just a short distance away on the same street—could not be surmounted. Meanwhile, in South Los Angeles, the It Club and the Intermission Club are still padlocked. Turning to places where the faith is being kept: **Thelonious Monk** brought his quartet into Shelly's Manne-Hole, and while his combo swung in its same groove, Monk seemed completely subdued . . . At the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel, a double jazz bill for a change: **June Christy**, backed by **Byron Olsen**, piano; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Cubby O'Brien**, drums; alternating with the **Page Cavanaugh Trio** (Cavanaugh, piano and vocals; **Gerry Pulera**, bass; **Warren Nelson**, drums) . . . Organist-vocalist **Perri Lee** played a political rally at Marty's-on-the-Hill (for a local Congressional candidate) and shortly afterward, **Carmen McRae** delayed her opening at Marty's to play a benefit. Backing Miss McRae were **Norm Simmons**, piano; **Francois Vaz**, guitar; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Frank Severino**, drums. Shortly after the opening, Brown had to delay his appearance at the club in order to join **Michel Legrand** and **Shelly Manne** at the second Neophonic concert of the season, which had some problems. **Stan Kenton** was touring with his regular band and tried unsuccessfully to have **Duke Ellington** substitute as conductor. **Benny Carter** was also considered as guest conductor, but was recuperating from a recent illness. Finally, **Legrand** and **Hugo Montenegro** split conducting chores. Another change in plans occurred when brothers **Pete** and **Conte Candoli** were unable to appear together as soloists in a new work by **Chick Sponder**. Pete's studio commitments were prohibitive, but Conte managed to play the concert . . . **Terry Gibbs** and his *Operation Entertainment* band were featured at the Factory for a recent Sunday jazz session . . . **Della Reese** was backed by **Nelson Riddle** for a *Salute to Youth* sponsored by the Optimist Boys Club at the Los Angeles Sports Arena . . . **Arthur Prysock** was featured in a one-night affair at the Bill of Fare, after his gig at Memory Lane, where he was followed by the **Three Sounds**. Regulars at the Bill of Fare are **Dave Holden**, organ; **Mike Spry**, drums . . . The **Gerald Wiggins Trio** followed **Dolo Coker's** group into the Club Casbah. With the pianist are **Joe Comfort**, bass; **Bill Douglass**, drums. They back singer **Rita Graham** . . . Drummer **Gary Wayne** replaced **Wayne Robinson** with the **Perri Lee Duo** at the Raffles. Miss Lee interrupted her Raffles gig for a three-week engagement at the posh Hong Kong Bar . . . **John Carter's** quartet (**Bobby Bradford**, trumpet; Carter, reeds; **Richard Taylor**, bass; **Bruz Freeman**, drums) made two appearances recently: at Occidental College in Pasadena, with **Oscar Brown Jr.**; and at the Sports Arena for a *Dollars for Scholars* show . . . The **Ellis Jackson Trio** replaced the **Kirk Stuart Trio** as **Redd Foxx's** house band . . . **Clifford Scott** con-

tinues in residence at Marty's (with **Art Hillery**, organ; **Robbie Robinson**, drums). At the Parisian Room, same instrumentation: **Red Holloway**, tenor sax; **Henry Cain**, organ; leader **Kenny Dixon**, drums) . . . **Tony Bennett**, scheduled to work in San Francisco in mid-July, insisted on adding **Louis Bellson** to his band (led by musical director **John Bunch**) before signing the contract . . . Trumpeter **Dalton Smith** has done a series of clinics for Conn, using jazz bands on various campuses to illustrate certain aspects of playing and writing. Commented Smith: "I tell the kids the very same thing their band directors have been saying, but but when it comes from a working musician, they react as if they're hearing it for the first time." Others "clinically" involved: **Bud Brisbois**, for Getzen; and **George Roberts**, for Olds . . . Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the outdoor Pilgrimage Theater in Hollywood Hills resume April 28 with the **Ellis orchestra**, followed by the **Jazz Crusaders**, **Teddy Buckner's** Dixieland combo, **Clare Fischer**, **The Sound of Feeling**, **Emil Richards**, **Dave Mackay**, **Stan Kenton**, **Shelly Manne**, and others. The Los Angeles County Music and Performing Arts Commission sponsors the free concerts . . . **Gabor Szabo** was followed by **Roland Kirk** at the Lighthouse . . . **Jack Costanzo** opened at the Golden Sails Inn, in Long Beach . . . **Eddie Cano** is now at the Pasta House . . . **Nina Simone** did two weeks at the Troubadour and was followed by the **James Cotton Blues Band** . . . Guitarist **Ron Anthony** resumed his informal concerts at the Equestrian Inn, in Burbank, with **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Gene Cherico**, bass. Anthony is also at the Smokehouse with the **Bobbi Boyle Trio** . . . **D'Vaughn Pershing** launched his new quartet, **Aggressive Action**, during a couple of Mondays at the Golden Bull, in Studio City. With pianist Pershing: **Al Vescovo**, guitar; **Whitey Hoggan**, electric bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums . . . **Count Basie** and his band were joined by **Lena Horne** at the Ambassador Hotel for a special one-nighter benefiting an athletic program for underprivileged boys . . . It was SRO at one of Donte's most recent guitar nights, actually a sitar night: **Bill Plummer** brought his **Cosmic Brotherhood**, and the group includes three sitars among its doublings: **Tony Ortega**, reeds; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **D'Vaughn Pershing**, piano; **Ron Anthony**, guitar; **Ray Neapolitan**, **Hersh Hamel**, bass and sitars; **Wolfgang Melz**, electric bass; **Bill Goodwin**, **Maurice Miller**, drums. The **Herb Ellis Quartet** was featured the previous week, with **Bob Cooper**, reeds; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Frank Capp**, drums. **Chet Baker** was one of the recent Thursday Brass Night attractions, fronting a group including **Phil Moore**, piano; **Al Stinson**, bass; **Nick Martinis**, drums . . . **C.A. Shears** replaced **O.C. Smith** at the Pied Piper while Smith is on tour. Female trumpeter **Clara Bryant** is featured there on Sunday afternoons . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet** did a concert at the Pasadena Art Museum . . . Band leader **Johnny Catron**

did four weeks at the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk. He also changed the name of his own club from **Glendora Palms** to **Volksgarten** (**Teddy Buckner** was the first attraction at the re-christened club.) Catron's band included **Mickey McMahan**, **Max Cramer**, **Phil Lensburg**, trumpets; **Bob Pring**, trombone; **Jack Roberds**, **Poli Polifroni**, **Benny Davis**, **Ethmer Roten**, **Bill Fritz**, saxes; **Al Koster**, piano; **Lou Costello**, bass; **Kenny Farrar**, drums . . . The Lighthouse decided to resume Sunday matinees in mid-April with Latin combos . . . **Tommy Peltier's Jazz Corps** played two concerts under **Ray Bowman's** direction at the Century City Playhouse and the Ice House in Pasadena . . . Latest emigre to sunny California: **Cannonball Adderley** . . . **Ray Charles** has been signed for a week at the Circle Star Theater, in San Carlos, from May 25 to June 2 . . . **Billy Eckstine** is "down under," filling an engagement at the **Chevron Hilton** in Sidney, Australia . . . **P.J.'s** is undergoing a \$100,000 face-lifting, and was scheduled to reopen in mid-April. Under new ownership, the room will open with rock acts, then bring in the **Buddy Rich Band** . . . **Sergio Mendes** and his **Brasil '66** received a *Disco d'Oro de Hollywood* from the Spanish-language magazine *Eventos Latinos* as the best Latin-American musical group in the United States in 1967. Mendes recently did a benefit at Los Angeles' **Fairfax High School** for the *School to School* program sponsored by the Peace Corps. **Nancy Wilson**, backed by **Donn Trenner's** combo, sang at the Annual Inaugural Ball of *Variety Tent 25* at Century Plaza. Proceeds went to the **Variety Boys' Club** of East Los Angeles . . . **T-Bone Walker** performed at **Schoenberg Hall** as part of **UCLA's Chamber Jazz Series**. He was backed by the **Good Timers' Sextet** . . . **Kim Weston's** one-nighter at the **Cocanut Grove** proved to be an excellent showcase, sponsored by **MGM records**. The singer was backstopped by **Marty Paich**, who also did the arrangements. The team will participate in the independent film *Changes*: Paich will score; Miss Weston will sing the title tune . . . **Johnny Williams** has been named musical supervisor and conductor for the new musical version of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* . . . **Dave Grusin** will score **Universal's A Man Called Gannon**. **Michel Legrand** will not only tune up the film *Thomas Crown*; he will also sing in it . . . **Quincy Jones** is scoring **Sidney Poitier's** latest assignment: *Love of Ivy*, and also collaborated with lyricist **Bob Russell** to write the theme for **Columbia's Dandy in Aspic** . . . At press-time, **Lalo Schiffrin's** cantata, *They Shall Not Learn War Any More*, was set for a premiere at Los Angeles' **University of Judaism** . . . **Don Costa** has been signed to arrange and conduct two albums for **Columbia**: one for **Barbra Streisand**; the other for **Patti Page** . . . If you hear a swinging organ sound on **Schlitz'** new radio commercial, you're hearing **Brother Jack McDuff** . . . **Henry Mancini** is off on another extensive campus tour that will include **Grand Rapids Jr. College**; **Notre Dame**; **University of Michigan**; **Ferris Institute**, and **Indiana University**. He will

conduct the Pittsburgh Symphony, June 11; the Minneapolis Symphony, June 17-18; and the Cleveland Symphony, June 21-22.

Philadelphia: Trombonist **Al Grey** has a lively little organ group that has been active recently playing many rooms in this area. **Eddie McFadden** plays guitar and **Johnny Royale** is on drums. Grey uses a new Conn Multivider trombone at times. The group also forms the nucleus of a new Al Grey Big Band featuring **Johnny Lynch**, **Joe Techner**, trumpets; **Joe Steinberg**, **Clarence Watson**, trombones; **Billy Root**, **Arthur Daniels**, **Lenny Huston**, **Buddy Savitt**, reeds. The band gets a unique sound from organ-and-guitar voicings. It has played at the Arena and is booked for a show at the Philadelphia Hotel . . . **John Lamb**, former **Duke Ellington** bassist, is studying at the Philadelphia Academy of Music and playing with the **Johnny Walker Trio** and singer **Bobby Brookes**. The group played Baltimore for a week recently, did a set at the Bohemian Caverns in Washington, and subbed at the Aqua Lounge when a scheduled group failed to show . . . The Stardust, in Chester, Pa., featured the **Melba Liston Band** with trumpeter **Johnny Coles**, bassist **Lamb**, and a number of players from the Washington, New York and local areas. Other big bands booked for the room include **Lionel Hampton** and **Woody Herman** . . . Pianist **Demon Spiro** of the Jazz at Home Club WDAS radio program recently led his trio at the AFM Local 274 clubroom, which is the place to go for music and drinks on Sunday nights—its license allows it to be open while other clubs are closed. Singer **Kid Haffey** is host and **Slam Stewart** was a recent Sunday guest. The bassist was presented with an award after playing with pianist **Beryl Booker** at an afternoon concert . . . **Billy Knehl** is now closed and vacant. The clarinetist-owner retired after 27 years as bandleader at the room, and it was taken over by a chain of banjo houses, Your Father's Mustache. Evidently beer and peanuts did not draw . . . The March 23 **Charles Lloyd** concert at Town Hall also featured **The Nazz**, a rock group backed by the promoters of the concert . . . **Diana Ross and the Supremes** plus the **Motown Show** played Villanova University in March . . . **Johnny Lytle** and his quartet appeared with **Nancy Wilson** at the Academy of Music March 16, with **Sid Mark** of **WHAT-FM** emceeing . . . **Grant Green** was featured at the Cadillac Club, where **Illinois Jacquet** and **Milt Buckner** also appeared recently . . . **Mose Allison** was at the Showboat Jazz Theater for a week . . . The Aqua in West Philly had the **McCoy Tyner Trio**, following the **Muhammed Habeebalah Quartet**, which was joined by **Blue Mitchell** and **Jimmy Heath** . . . The **Afro Brothers Blues** March at Town Hall March 10 included **Jackie McLean**, **Woody Shaw**, **Roy Brooks**, **Robin Kenyatta**, and the **Visitors**, an exciting new group . . . **WHYY-TV** filmed a one-hour show starring banjoist **Elmer Snowden**, with **Cliff Jackson**, piano; **Tommy Bryant**, bass; **Butch Ballard**, drums, and

singer **Kid Haffey**. The program, produced by **Sterling Scott** and hosted by **Chris Albertson**, was in color, will be shown on other educational stations throughout the country, and may spawn a series . . . **Jack Warfield** and **Jerry Batoff** will again produce concerts at Town Hall this season. **The Lettermen** will appear May 25 to be followed a week later by **Carmen McRae** and comedian **Dick Davey**. On June 23 **Charles Lloyd's** quartet is scheduled. This writer will be doing sound chores, as usual . . . **Billy Paul**, whose recent LP has been getting airplay locally, left for a booking with his trio in Atlanta, Ga. . . . The 421 Sportsman's Club, once the site where all jazz attractions played, is presenting live music again after many years. **King James** and his band are the current incumbents . . . **Pep's Musical Bar** is also slowly returning to jazz. The room's new owners had been featuring rock, but recent attractions have included singer **Jean DuShon**, drummer **Johnny Williams'** group with tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Oliver**, and **Al Grey's** quartet . . . The owners of the Showboat Jazz Theater, **Herb Spivack** and **Shelly Kaplan**, have opened a huge, new rock palace complete with lights and everything that goes with it. It's called **The Electric Factory**, and a recent attraction was **The Peanut Butter Conspiracy** . . . Local jazz fan and concert promoter **Sid Karp**, who assisted **September Wrice** in producing the **John Coltrane Memorial Concert** at the University of Pennsylvania last fall, was recently seen acting in a **LeRoi Jones** play at the Theater of Living Arts . . . Popular comedian-vocalist **Ernie Banks** has been working in New York recently . . . The Latin Casino has featured singers **Frankie Lane**, **Tony Bennett** and **Ray Charles** in recent months. **Al Martino** is in through April 21 . . . **Dap Sugar Willy** (of North Philly), the comedian, is quite proud of the big spot he had recently on the **Joe Tex** rock 'n' roll show at the Uptown Theater . . . **George T. Simon's The Big Bands** is being serialized in the *Philadelphia Daily News*, the paper that carries the bulk of local nightlife and music news.

Pittsburgh: Trumpeter **Charlie Shavers**, a great favorite with Pittsburghers since his gigs with the **Deuces Wild** combo at the long-vanished **Miller's Cafe**, made a one-week appearance at **The Encore**. He seemed to charm both the mainstreamers and the young moderns who usually comprise the **Encore** audience. Helping **Charlie** to make the big smash were **Martin Rivera**, bass; **Bill English**, drums . . . The **Blue Falls Lounge** in **Bloomfield** has a weekend winner in the **Iconoclasts**, rapidly becoming one of Pittsburgh's most exciting jazz groups, especially followed by the black culture cult. Instrumentalists include **Wade Powell**, trumpet; **Kenny Fisher**, tenor sax, composer; **Jesse Kemp**, piano; **Yusef Nafees**, leader, bass; **Billy Jones**, drums . . . The **Wooden Nickel** in **Monroeville** continued its jazz policy featuring **Tommy Lee**, flute, and **Lou Schreiber**, alto for four weekends in March . . . **Crawford's**

Grill got plenty of audience action in March, starting with **Horace Silver** and continuing with trombonist **Al Grey** in mid-month. Both were 10-day gigs . . . Bassist-vocalist **Harry Bush** has joined **Bobbie Koshin**, piano and **Jimmy Spaniel**, drums to enliven the **Holiday Inn** in **Monroeville** . . . Guitarist **Grant Green**, featuring organist **John Patton**, kept the **Centre Avenue** residents digging the big sound at **The Hurricane Bar** . . . Veteran musicians have been going out of their way to dig the unusually fine bass being played on weekends at **The Tender Trap** by **Scotty Hood** of the **Reid Jaynes Trio**.

Las Vegas: Duke Ellington trumpeter **Cootie Williams** was forced by illness to miss the band's opening at the **Flamingo Hotel**. **Cat Anderson** took over his solo spots and covered beautifully for him . . . **Sarah Vaughan** visited the **Sahara** to catch **Billy Eckstine** during his recent engagement there, and also stopped at the **Flamingo** to hear the **Ellington band** . . . **The New Jazz Orchestra of Las Vegas**, directed by **Tommy Hodges**, presented a musically successful, well-attended concert at the **Sahara**, emceed by radio-TV personality **Joe Delaney**. Proceeds were donated to the **Max Baer Heart Fund** . . . **The Tommy Vig Orchestra** played a recent 3 a.m. concert in the **Tropicana's** series of presentations, with the vibist-leader's arrangements featured. Personnel included **Louis Valizan**, **Dick Albers**, **Wes Hensel**, **Jim Strnad**, and **Herb Phillips**, trumpets; **Archie LeCoque**, **Dan Trinter**, **Hoot Peterson**, **Gus Mancuso**, **Dave Wheeler**, trombones; **Charlie McLean**, **Rick Davis**, **Raoul Romero**, **Tom Hall**, **Lou Corona**, reeds; **Moe Scarazzo**, bass; **Karl Kiffe**, drums; **Roger Rampton**, percussion. Singer **Mavis Rivers** was in the audience and was persuaded to sing, with rhythm section backing, to enthusiastic audience response. **Kiffe** joined the **Si Zentner Band** briefly to back singer **Helen O'Connell** during her date at the **Tropicana's Blue Room**. He is the regular drummer with the **Al Alvarez** house band at the **Frontier Hotel** . . . Pianist **Bob Rosario** has recently taken over as musical director for **Bobby Darin**, who appeared at the **Frontier** for an exciting four-weeker . . . The contemporary sounds of the **Las Vegas Soul Band**, directed by tenorist-arranger **Rick Davis** and featuring the vocals of **Leticia**, were heard in the most recent of the **Tropicana's** weekly concert series. Showcasing the arranging talents of **Davis**, the band created a variety of modern jazz moods. Personnel was **Bob Shew**, **Carl Saunders**, **Louis Valizan**, trumpets and flugelhorn; **Eddie Morgan**, **Bill Rogers**, trombones; **Ted Snyder**, tuba; **Charlie McLean**, **Dick Bussey**, **Kenny Hing** and **Davis**, reeds; **Ron Feuer**, piano; **Moe Scarazzo**, bass; **Santo Savino**, drums. This concert series continued with the bands of **Bob Shew** and **Jimmy Cook**, and **Abe Nole** and the **Boneheads**.

New Orleans: The **Animals** played a concert at **City Park Stadium** late in March. The **British** group also made an

appearance at Jamie's lounge on Canal Street, where several out-of-town rock bands have been brought in recently . . . Sweet Emma Barrett, still recovering from a stroke, sang at a Heart Fund benefit jamboree with trombonist Jim Robinson's band . . . Pianist-singer Laverne Smith closed at the Follies when the club switched to a policy that promises to be the most interesting flop of the year: Go-Go Boys . . . Tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller took a leave of absence from Pete Fountain's club while his wife underwent surgery in California . . . Skitch Henderson was guest conductor with the Loyola University Concert Band in a recent concert . . . Dizzy Gillespie will be at the Al Hirt Club for the second half of April. Hirt's was recently the state of homecoming appearances by Fats Domino and the Dukes of Dixieland . . . Blues singer Irma Thomas returned to the Peacock Club on Bourbon Street when French singer Pierre Lebon failed to show for an engagement . . . Pete Fountain's Half-Fast Marching Club has gone philanthropic: the club recently donated two Mandrill baboons to the Audubon Park Zoo. The Jefferson Buzzards, one of the oldest marching societies in the city, held a warm-up march before Mardi Gras led by the Riley-Williams Tulane Brass Band. The Tailgate Marching Society of Grand Rapids, Mich., made a pre-Mardi Gras trip to New Orleans, and their combo, the Tailgaters, played a jam session at Dixieland Hall . . . Banjoist Emmanuel Sayles is back in town after a three years' stint with the house band at Chicago's Jazz Ltd. club.

Baltimore: Rufus Harley played a concert at the end of February for the Left Bank Jazz Society. The following week the LBJs brought in Dizzy Gillespie and James Moody. Baltimore pianist Albert Dailey was on the stand with the Woody Herman Band early in March, and on March 17 a nonet consisting of trumpeter Richard Williams, trombonist Julian Priester, flutist Hubert Laws, tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, baritone saxophonist Charles Davis, pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Bill Lee, drummer J.C. Moses and conga drummer Chief Bey played the LBJs Sunday concert . . . Sonny Stitt did a week at Henry Baker's Peyton Place early in March with organist Don Patterson and drummer Billy James . . . Dionne Warwick and Hugh Masakela were booked at the Civic Center March 24.

Cincinnati: Dave Brubeck appeared with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in March in the world premiere of his oratorio *Light in the Wilderness*. A full house and favorable reviews led to a second presentation of the work in the regular concert series. Additionally, Brubeck gave a concert with the symphony featuring his own and George Gershwin's compositions . . . Pianist Lee Stolar, with bassist Bud Hunt and drummer Ron Enyeart, is working at the Buccaneer Lounge. On weekends, his trio is joined by vocalist Francine Griffin . . . The Woody Evans Trio (Ed Con-

nelly, bass; Phillip Paul, drums) played at the Living Room in March. Also appearing at the club recently were Woody Herman and Wes Montgomery . . . The Ed Moss-Jimmy McGary Quartet has been playing at Love's Coffee House. Bassist Burgoyne Denny and drummer Teddy Wilburn assist pianist Moss and tenorist McGary . . . The John Wright Quartet is proving that jazz can still be profitable all week long at Herbie's Lounge . . . The University of Cincinnati Stage Band presented a jazz concert at the University's Conservatory of Music.

Toronto: Wild Bill Davison arrived at the Colonial Tavern for a three-week date with an outstanding band: Benny Morton, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums . . . Jimmy Smith played to capacity crowds at the Town for a week . . . Olive Brown has joined the Don Ewell-Henry Cuesta Duo at the Golden Nugget . . . Organist Art Ayre, who leads a trio at George's Spaghetti House, will marry TV comedienne Bonnie Brooks . . . The third concert in the *Jazz at the Symphony* series featured the Modern Jazz Quartet with the Toronto Symphony conducted by Seiji Ozawa in performances of William Smith's *Interplay* and John Lewis' *Jazz Ostinato*. A week later, Stan Getz guest-starred with the orchestra conducted by Howard Cable and his group (Chick Correa, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Roy Haynes, drums). The fifth concert featured Nancy Wilson and her trio.

Holland: Ornette Coleman and his quartet appeared at Den Doelen in Rotterdam . . . Art Farmer and Jimmy Heath gave two concerts here with a Dutch rhythm section . . . Alto saxophonist Marion Brown has become a regular on the local jazz scene . . . The Mothers of Invention were expected to make their second appearance at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam this spring . . . Don Cherry was scheduled to do a concert for the Arnheim jazz club de Buik . . . Drummer Han Bennink has been awarded the Wes Icken Jazz Prize (2000 guilders and a piece of sculpture). On the night he received the prize, Bennink played with no less than three avant garde groups. One included John Tchicni and Willem Breuker, saxophones and Misja Mengelberg, piano; the other had his brother, Peter Bennink, on alto and bagpipe, and the third had J.F. Duffer, tenor; Kees Maxvoet, piano, and Arjen Garter, bass. Bennink and multi-instrumentalist Breuker have formed the Acoustical Swing Duo and have recorded an LP for their own label . . . Trumpeter Nedley Elstack, his trio and voice did a free concert at the city museum of Amsterdam . . . Soprano saxophonist Theo Louvendie recorded a trio album with bassist Maarten van Regteren Altena and drummer Johnny Engels . . . Baritone saxist Henk van Es has returned home after a three-month stay in France . . . The Dutch group De Maskers has changed its style from rock to modern jazz.

Classified Ads

65c PER WORD — MINIMUM CHARGE \$10.00

DEADLINE: 30 days prior to "on sale" date of issue.

Remittance must accompany copy
Count Name, Address, City and State

MISCELLANEOUS

30,000 PROFESSIONAL COMEDY LINES! FORTY BOOKS
TOPICAL GAG SERVICE. CATALOG FREE. SAMPLE
SELECTION, \$5.00. ORBEN PUBLICATIONS, 3536
DANIEL, BALDWIN, N.Y. 11510.

HARRY JAMES COLLECTOR wants air checks, transcriptions, pictures, posters, information, anything.
Maher, 81 W. Tiaford St. Long Beach, Calif. 90805.

RECORDS & TAPES

FAST RELIABLE JAZZ record service—many rare items
—foreign orders welcome—send for FREE LP sale
list. HARRY FROST, Box 4935—4930 DELMAR, ST.
LOUIS, MO. 63108

DONATE JAZZ LP's FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BEHIND IRON CURTAIN. JAZZ-LIFT, BOX 980, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO STUDY

PLAY JAZZ thru the Polytonal Rhythm Series. Call or write: Emilio De Casmo, 1611 Kennedy Blvd., No. Bergen, N.J. 07047. (201) UN 4-4073, (201) UN 5-3362.

Stanley Spector writes—

"Most experts believe that a drummer must develop a technique through the perfection of steps i.e., stick grips, physical manipulation of the hands, rudiments, reading, independence, etc. which, when adequately mastered, will eventually be able to express his feelings and ideas. Really? Does the child growing in the womb first develop a perfect right elbow, then a perfect left toe nail, then a perfect brain? Of course not, for in birth everything grows at once. Is not the drummer, in an act of rhythmical improvisation, in effect seeking this feeling of rebirth? Is this act of being reborn and different from natural birth?" Some drummers have discovered a way of practice in which everything grows at once through the program of study offered at the

STANLEY SPECTOR SCHOOL OF DRUMMING

200 West 58th Street (at 7th Ave.) Dept. 185
New York, New York Phone: CI 6-5661

HOW CAN A GOOD DRUMMER GET TO PLAY BETTER? For further information about our recorded Home Study Course, write to the above address. Foreign inquiries are invited.

MUSIC SECRETS OF THE TRADE NOW REVEALED

Learn to play your favorite CHORD instruments, Organ, Guitar, Piano, etc. THE EASY WAY! LEARN the SECRETS in my illustrated book, "Scales, CHORDS & PROGRESSIONS." Beginners and professionals alike will benefit from this simple, A. B. C. method. A unique device designed by the author will enable you to process a scale, locate all related chords instantly and automatically, with a simple "lick of the wrist." This exciting, new book is "Jam Packed" with formulas, short cuts, and secrets of the trade NOW REVEALED for the first time. The new CHORD-MASTER, designed to extract related chords, and a TRANSPOSING CHART are FREE with each book. Order YOUR copy TODAY! Satisfaction guaranteed. All for only \$2.98 PPD.

STEVE BATES, Local 730

3543 Stuart Ct., D Ft. Myers, Fla. 33901

MAY 16 DOWN BEAT

THE REED ISSUE

on sale

MAY 2

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: Marian McPartland, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Willie Bobo to 4/21.
Thelonious Monk, 4/23-28. Horace Silver, 4/30-5/5.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie & Vicki Barnes.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: John Handy to 4/21.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenney Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flush's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Dave Rivera, 4/24-6/16.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaalight (Elizabeth, N.J.): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Gaalight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Flushingbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun., tfn.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Jake Hanna to 5/5.
Highway Lounge (Brooklyn): Ed Walsh, Fri.-Sat.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Ted Curson.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Latin Quarter: Louis Armstrong to 4/30.
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: Doc Severinsen to 5/7.
Metropole: Charlie Shavers, tfn.
Missa Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
007: Horace Parlan, Ernie Banks.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Mann and the Dukes to 4/30.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Charlie Mason.
Pookie's Pub: unk.
Port of Call: Jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: George Shearing to 4/27. Ella Fitzgerald, 4/29-5/18.
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.
Small's Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norrell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Tom Jones: Otto-McLawler, 4/30-tfn.

Top of the Gate: Monty Alexander to 4/21.
Teddy Wilson, 4/23-5/19.
Travelers (Queens): The Phillips Bros.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Steve Wonder to 4/21. Carmen McRae, 4/26-27.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Wincellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Mon.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. John Klemmer, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
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.
Highland Park High School: Bunky Green, 5/1.
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: Leroy Jenkins, 4/21.
London House: Modern Jazz Quartet to 4/14.
Tamba 4, 4/17-28. George Shearing, 4/30-5/26. Ramsey Lewis, 5/28-6/9.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur. Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
Midas Touch: unk.
Mister Kelly's: Mel Torme to 4/28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: unk.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Harold Harries, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name groups.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: The Diamonds to 4/28.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dream Room: Ernie K-Doe, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Libertio, hbs.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Dizzy Gillespie to 4/27.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, 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 Luenig.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Jimmy Smith to 4/28. Miriam Makeba, 5/3-11. Modern Jazz Quartet, Laurindo Almeida, 5/17-25.
Bop City: sessions, afterhours.
Both/And: McCoy Tyner to 4/21. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee.
El Matador: Paire Extraordinaire to 4/20. Wes Montgomery, 4/22-5/4. Juan Serrano, 5/6-18.

Gabor Szabo, 5/27-6/8. Merl Saunders, 6/11-22.
Greek Theatre (U.C., Berkeley): Miles Davis, Gil Evans, Carmen McRae, Cecil Taylor, Wes Montgomery, Thelonious Monk, Joe Williams, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, 4/19-20.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
It Club: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jazz Workshop: Thelonious Monk, 4/22-27. Ahmad Jamal, 5/7-26.
Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
Latitude 38 (Sausalito): Merrill Hoover, Mary Stallings, tfn.
Little Caesar's: Mike Tilles, tfn.
New Hearth: Rurt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Swinging Lantern: sessions, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Trident (Sausalito): Jack Sheldon to 4/28.

LOS ANGELES

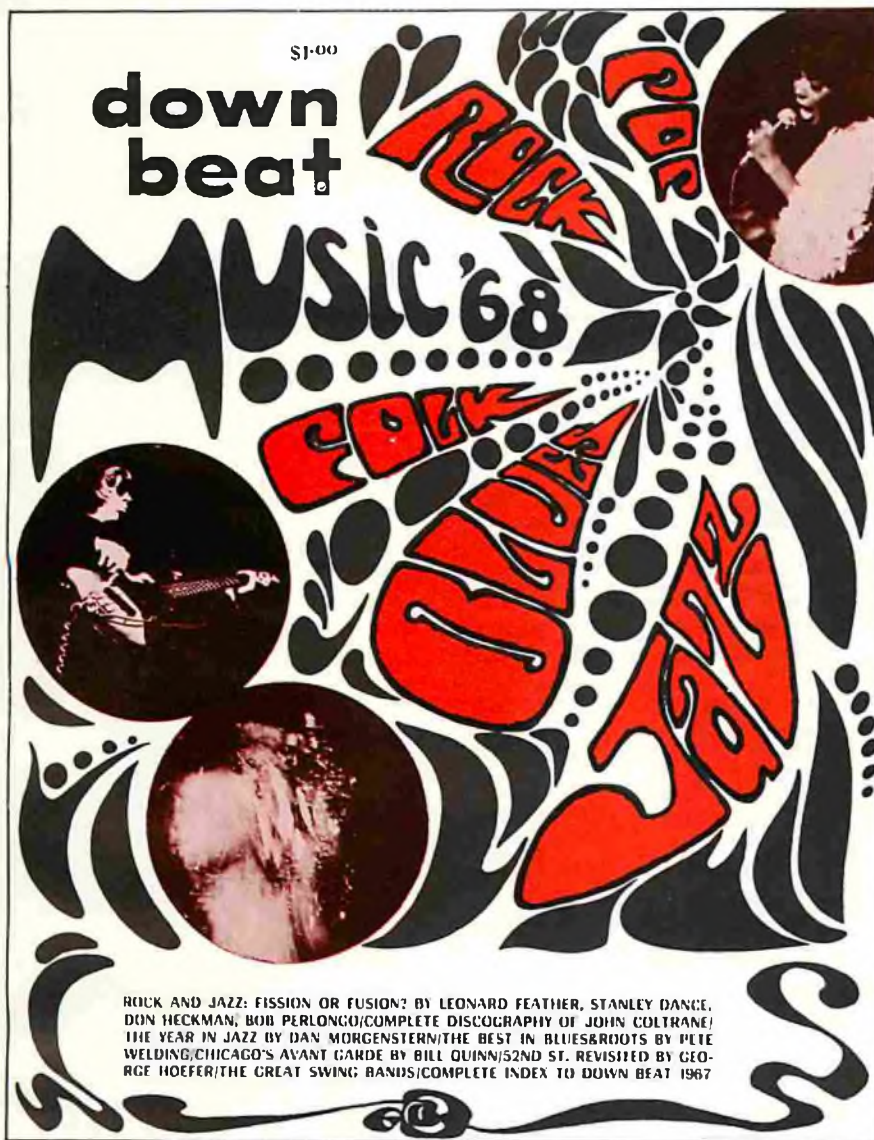
Bill of Fare: Dave Holden.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Richard Dorsey. Sessions, Sun. 6 a.m.-2 p.m.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Julian Lee, Sun-Mon.
Circle Star Theater (San Carlos): Ray Charles, 5/25-6/2.
Club Cnabuh: Gerald Wiggins, Rita Graham.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Jimmy Rowles, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Brass Night, Thur. Various groups, wknds.
Embassy Club (Sherman Oaks): Mary Kaye.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Roaring '20s Ragtime Band.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
Green Hotel (Pasadena): Ken & Beverly.
Half-Way House (Torrance): Suzanne & Dave Miller.
It Club: closed, tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cal Tjader to 4/28. Bola Sete, 4/30-5/12. Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land, 5/14-26. Latin groups, Sun.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: Special guests, Mon. Clifford Scott, hb.
Memory Lane: The Three Sounds.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
940 Club: Stan Worth.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Clara Bryant, Sun.
Pilgrimage Theater: Don Ellis, 4/29. Jazz Crusaders, 5/5.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Les McCann to 4/21. Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Redd Foxx: Ellis Jackson.
Riviera (Palm Springs): Joe Masters.
Reuben's Restaurants (Newport/Tustin/Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat.
Saddleback Inn (Norwalk): Calvin Jackson.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: T-Bone Walker to 4/21. Jimmy Smith, 4/23-5/5. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Sterling's (Santa Monica): Joyce Collins, Mon.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard, Richard Dorsey, Tue., Sat., Sun. afternoon.
UCLA (Schoenberg Hall): Gary Burton, 4/20.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Phil Woods, 4/21. Clark Terry, 4/28. Jimmy Guiffre-Bobby Brookmeyer, 5/5.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatan, wknds.
Peyton Place: Thomas Hurley.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells.

TORONTO

Ascot Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Beverly Hills: unk.
Club Aphrodite: Billy Rueben, hb.
Colonial Tavern: unk.
George's Kibitzeria: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
Royal Hunt Lounge: Herbie Helbig, tfn.
Stop 38: Hagood Hardy, tfn.



down beat's 13th YEARBOOK

116 colorful pages, loaded with information articles, rare photographs, and valuable reference material.

Read about today's controversial music scene—jazz, rock, pop, blues and folk—as surveyed by Leonard Feather, Stanley Dance, Don Heckman and Dan Morgenstern ■ Let expert Pete Welding guide you through the best available recordings in the broad field of the blues and its off-shoots ■ Study the first complete John Coltrane discography, a detailed listing of every record made by this giant of modern jazz ■ Brush up on your jazz history with a trip to 52nd Street, and a nostalgic look at the great big bands of yesteryear. ■ consider the problems of the jazz avant garde with Bill Quinn ■ Take a surprising trip through the Texas night with Gus Matzorkis ■ Enjoy Ira Gitler's zany jazz humor ■ Dig Jazz Casual, a photo essay on musicians off the stand ■ Use the handy complete index to Down Beat's 1967 issues ■ Peruse Cream of the Crop, a listing of the year's best records. And then some . . . ■

ALL FOR ONLY \$1.00. At your newstand now or . .

**This Coupon
will bring
you the
music bargain
of the year.**

Mail to:

DOWN BEAT—MUSIC '68
222 W. Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois 60606

5 2

I enclose \$_____ (check or money order) for _____
copies of MUSIC '68 at \$1 each to be mailed to:

Please print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Not responsible for mailing of cash.
Sorry, no charge orders.

FOUNTAIN
HIRT
DEFRANCO
Candoli
MALTBY
Shavers
Ruedebusch
MARTERIE
CARNEY
ELDRIDGE
HAMILTON
HERMAN
Spitalera

Listen. Every Leblanc sound has someone's name on it. Every Leblanc artist sounds only like himself. This is because of Leblanc Wedded Tone: tone wedded to the

individual's style, tone made to receive the signature that is his sound and no other's. Listen. You can always tell the player without a program if he plays a Leblanc.

*For more information, write G. Leblanc Corporation, Leblanc (Paris)
Division, 7019 30th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.*



LEBLANC 
Music's most respected
instruments: Leblanc (Paris), Noblet,
Normandy, Vito, Hallan, and Jeffrey