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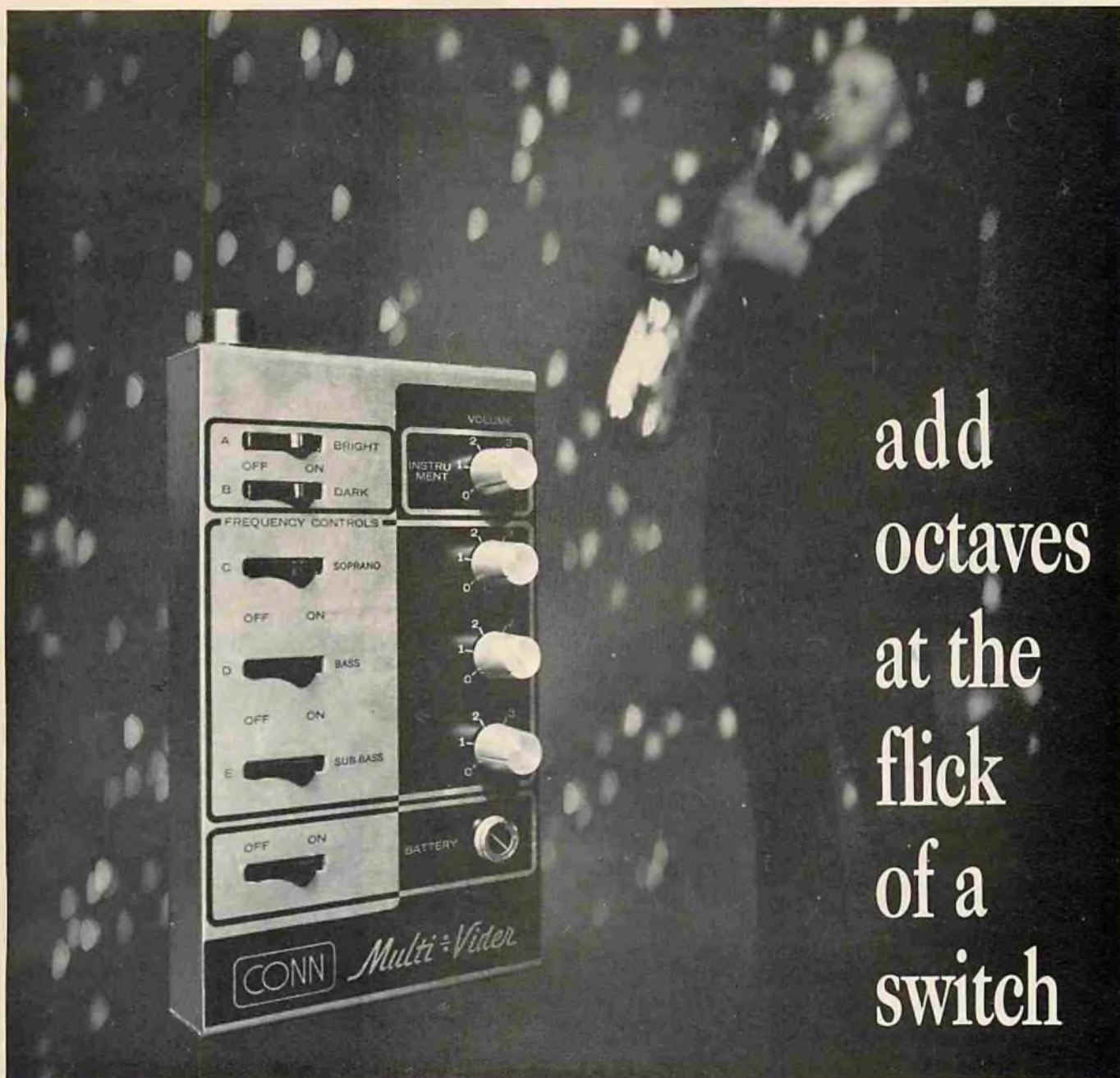
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

WITH THIS ISSUE, *Down Beat* enters its 35th year of continuous publication. But rather than extol and list our past triumphs (of which there were indeed many), or even boast of our present pre-eminence (like selling almost two million copies a year), let's set down what will be done in the issues and years to come.

There will be no radical changes. *Down Beat* will as always report and reflect the changes and currents in jazz, regardless of semantic confusion. *Down Beat* will continue to explain the professional musician and the music for which he stands to the general world of music and perhaps to himself. *Down Beat* must, and will, continue its role as jazz' first critic. And, of



course, *Down Beat* must give its readers in 142 countries the news and immediacy of the current music scene.

There is an area of music, however, where *Down Beat* will pay increased dues. Call it music education or call it by its proper title, the *Down Beat Music Workshop*, which by no coincidence will start in the next issue.

Our purpose is as clear as the need. We will provide to the ever-learning musician—the student, the adult amateur player, and the professional performer and educator—the music and methodology of our most creative jazz musicians. The *DB Music Workshop* will include, but not be limited to, off-the-record solos, arrangements, instruction columns, improvisational techniques, or anything that will make the *Down Beat* reader a wiser and better musician. Our purpose is not completely altruistic. We want each copy of *Down Beat* to become so usable as to be indispensable.

Just one more thing. *Down Beat* has always been, eventually, responsive to the needs and wishes of its readers. So tell us what you need to know—and if we can, we'll do it.

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COMMENT

from Carl Fischer
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BUFFET ARTISTS MAKING NEWS

Jimmy Giuffre, popular Jazz Clarinetist, has been awarded a Guggenheim grant and is working on his new symphony... Bernard Portnoy, classical soloist and teacher, appointed Music Prof at Indiana Univ... M. Daniel Delfayet, world renowned artist and Buffet's Clarinet tester, appointed to Chair of Professor, Conservatoire National Supérieur de Paris, the ultimate tribute... Marion Brown, Alto Sax artist attracting as much attention for his literary efforts in Holland... Richard Waller, First Clarinet, Cincinnati Symphony, added new credits to his classical rep when the Symphony World-premiered Dave Brubeck's new Oratorio.



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PRODUCT NEWS

New catalogue available: Wenzel Schreiber Bassoons, Clarinets, Recorders, Access, Ask for free copy... Highest sales records ever on Buffet, Evette Clarinets, Big-sellers are Evette E-10 (wood) and B-10 (plastic) only student clarinets with Internal Undercutting like big brother Buffet. (Difference is remarkable, try one at the local music store)... Free Buffet Reed offer a sellout! Now, let's hear your reaction. If your dealer isn't stocking the Reed, or Buffet Lubricants, send us his name. We'll send the message



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June 27, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 13

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On Newsstands Throughout the World

Every Other Thursday

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 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 \$1.50 for each year.

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POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT:
MUSIC '68: JAZZ REVIEWS:
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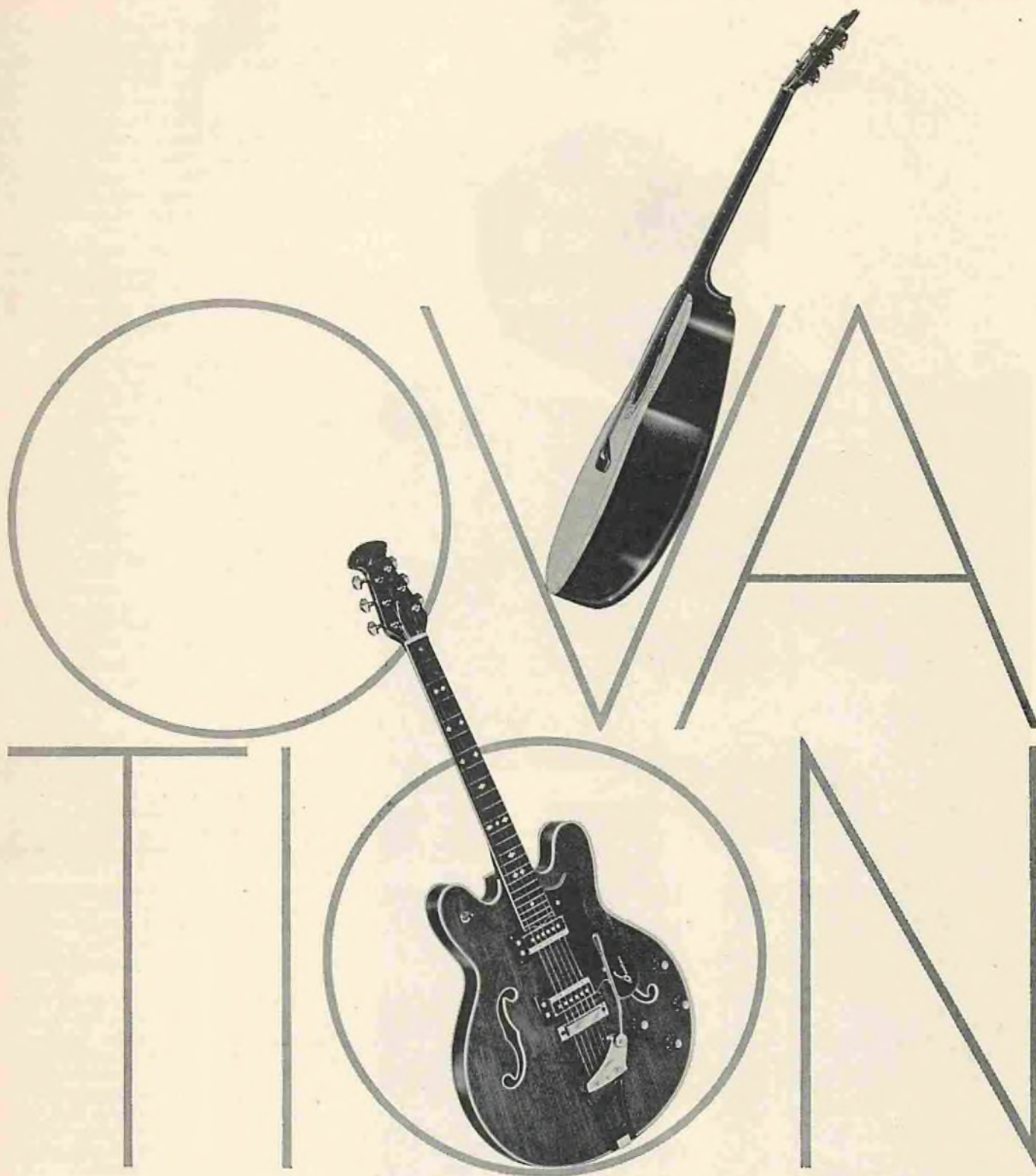
Drum Debate: Blackley Answers

In view of the long association that I have had with Sam Ulano, it came as no surprise when I read his reaction (*DB*, May 16) to the *DB* article (March 21), which appeared on my behalf. To differ naturally means a personal vendetta on his part, but his attempt to involve two other knowledgeable and respected gentlemen was the height of bad taste.

That he became irritated, that his Chinese cymbal began to quiver, and that he cannot comprehend my statement, "Reading is important, but I stress to my students that music can be made totally by the ear" is fully understandable, for while this man is involved in the teaching of drummers to play drums, I am involved in the teaching of music to students who wish to use the drum set as a medium for musical expression, and it is this involvement with music that makes the ear a prime requisite. He attempts to reason, "You can't do anything totally by ear, until you have learned your instrument and how to read. You can't write a story unless you know the English language," but these, to me, are statements in reverse, for I have heard choirs throughout the country whose members are totally unfamiliar with the written note come forth with music in abundance. I have been told the most imaginative stories by children who know nothing of the written word, and I have observed with wonder the verbal and intellectual development of the newborn child that stems from its communication via the ear.

With the lessons of nature so obviously surrounding our daily lives, it would appear to be a simple task to apply these principles to any mode of learning, but so far apart have the teaching of drums and the making of music become in many areas, that the ear, our main line of communication, is too seldom called upon to perform. To be sure, there are dozens of outstanding drum teachers throughout the country, but the numbers of teachers involving their students in conditions and attitudes comparable to on-stage performance is very low indeed. How many drum students during their studies have been involved in the following:

- 1: The study of form and structure as applied to modern music.
- 2: Direction in listening to the chord progressions and comping patterns of the piano player, and how to rhythmically compliment same.
- 3: Direction in listening to bass lines, and how to rhythmically compliment same.
- 4: The meaning of consonance and dissonance, and how this affects the drummer. (Listen to the work of Max Roach, Shelly Manne, Elvin Jones, Roy Haynes, Jake Hanna and Mel Lewis.) Max employed these principles magnificently in his solo work, so much so that one could walk in on a performance at any given time and tell which part of the chorus



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form he was in.

5: The difference between an arrangement written with a vertical line, and one written with a horizontal line, and how this affects the drummer, re conception, fills, set ups, etc. (Listen to the work of Mel Lewis with Thad Jones, Jake Hanna with Woody Herman, and Sam Woodyard with Duke Ellington.)

6: The importance of space in music, and how great tensions, color and intensity can be created by its use. (Listen to Duke, Monk and Miles.)

It has been my observation that the number of drummers involved in studies of this nature is very low indeed, and it is the absence of this type of musical involvement, that prompts me to the usage of the word "clinical."

With his Chinese cymbal still sizzling in the background, Ullano now takes issue with my comment "Too many drummers get all tied up in the chart and no music comes out," and again he attempts to reason: "Of course the beginner will get tied up in a chart, or a guy who does not have the playing experience." But strange as it may seem, it is often the highly seasoned pros, regularly involved in reading during performance, who unconsciously turn the ear off and allow their reading ability to dominate their performance. I have heard various drummers who play the chart superbly first time through, but with each successive playing they see (and I stress *see*) more and more to add, so that the finished product sounds like an extended drum solo.

It is for this reason that many fine musicians involved in regular studio work thirst for jazz activity, for they are fully aware of the importance of keeping the ear at a high level of participation.

Contrary to what has been suggested, I do not consider myself so much of an authority, but the conviction with which I speak stems not only from 20 years of teaching experience, but from the thousand times that I have lived and died and lived again, through good dues paid as a contributing musician in many quarters of the globe.

It would be wise for the young drummer to realize that unless his musical understanding and listening habits are nourished and developed to the fullest, great chops and the ability to read a drum chart at sight develop nothing more than a mechanical, unmusical performer. Irrespective of the profound facility of Buddy Rich, his phenomenal ear still remains his greatest weapon of defense.

I sincerely hope that these comments will give the young drummer a musical course to steer upon.

Jim Blackley
New York City

Correction

In reference to your recent article on the Woody Herman Orchestra (*DB*, April 18): I wrote the arrangement, but not the composition *In Between Heartaches* that is played by the band. Thanks for your interest.

Miller Brisker
Aretha Franklin Orchestra

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BREAKTHROUGH FOR JAZZ: U.S. GRANTS IN OFFING

A jazz committee has been added to the Music Panel of the National Foundation of the Arts. The Jazz Committee will submit recommendations for grants to the Music Panel, whose members have indicated that jazz will be considered as favorably as other forms of music. Final authority to approve grants rests with the National Council on the Arts and is subject to Congressional appropriation.

At the committee's first meeting, held in New York in late April, grants of nearly \$50,000 were voted. The members of the committee also voted to remain anonymous, as is the case with most similar advisory bodies, in order to remain free of outside influence.

The chairman, an internationally known figure in jazz who also serves on the Music Panel, told the committee: "For the first time, there is a very real possibility that the United States government will give active support to this American music, not overseas but in its own country. The members of the committee were therefore chosen with great care. . . . While I wanted the committee to represent many musical tastes and a variety of professional experience, I was careful to select members who would be unlikely to see in their committee roles any opportunity for personal gain."

The members include three respected professional musicians, a former college president who was a musician in his youth, a vice president of a professional music organization, a prominent jazz journalist-critic, and a man who is active as a counselor and advisor to the jazz community.

The committee will meet again in July. Requests for grants, with as full details as possible, should be addressed to the National Council on the Arts, 1800 G Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506. Both individual and group projects will be considered.

RESEARCH CONFERENCE AT RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

The Institute of Jazz Studies, founded by Dr. Marshall Stearns, was turned over to Rutgers University in New Jersey by the famous jazz historian shortly before his death. It is generally considered to be one of the best collections of jazz research materials in the world.

On June 15, the Institute will hold its first formal function under the auspices of Rutgers, a conference on discographical research. Papers on various topics, such as the goals and methods of discography, problems of dating recordings, and problems of identifying performers will be delivered by authorities in the field, including D. Russell Connor, Carl Kendziora, and Howard Waters.

Dr. Laura Boulton of Columbia University will discuss problems in the preservation and documentation of research materials. There will be a general and panel discussion, led by author-teacher Rudi Blesh, and pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith will give a recital.

Chairman of the program is Walter C. Allen, noted discographer. Curator of the Institute is Charles A. Nanry of the Rutgers faculty, also an official of Jazz Interactions. Registration for the conference, open to all interested parties, begins at 9 a.m. June 15 at Hickman Hall Patio at the New Brunswick, N.J. campus of Rutgers.

SWISS RESORT TO HOST SECOND JAZZ FESTIVAL

The Swiss resort of Montreux (near Lausanne) will be the pleasant setting for the Second Annual Montreux Jazz Festival from June 12 through 15.

The festival is unique in several respects.



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Bill Evans: Headliner

Sponsored by the Montreux tourist office, its main purpose is to select the best combo from a field of 15 groups chosen by the national broadcasting companies of their respective countries, including the Eastern bloc. First prize is an appearance at the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival.

In addition, top American stars have been invited to perform. Pianist Bill Evans and his trio, singer-pianist Nina Simone, and the Young-Holt Trio are this year's headliners.

The festival also features an exhibition of jazz photographs, an international record collectors exchange, a drum clinic with Kenny Clarke and Art Taylor, poolside jam sessions, and free access to the Montreux Casino.

K.C. JAZZ FANS MAKE MARATHON BASH A HIT

The Fifth Annual Kansas City Jazz Festival was held April 27 at the city's Municipal Auditorium before a crowd of

7,829. No less than 25 acts appeared between the hours of 2:30 p.m. and midnight, including Cannonball Adderley and Wes Montgomery and their groups; trumpeters Clark Terry and Bud Brisbois; trombonist Urbie Green, and drummer Bobby Rosen-garden.

Local talent included three big bands made up of ex-professionals; drummer Baby Lovett and his Dixielanders; the Bob Simes Octet; the Harold Tolliver Quartet; the Dave Zollar Trio, and singer Marion Love.

A special feature of the festival was a contest of high school and college bands and combos. Winning college combo was the New Directions Quartet from AM&N College, Pine Bluff, Ark. led by the bassist James Leary. The 25-piece big band from the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., directed by Lawrence Sutherland, was voted best college big band. High school winner was a group from Raytown High School in suburban Kansas City. The judges were Montgomery; talent manager (and ex-bassist) John Levy; John Hammond of Columbia Records, and Dave Cavanaugh and Dave Dexter of Capitol Records.

Harvey (Bud) Laner, head of one of the country's leading record rack jobbers, Recco, Inc., is president of the festival.

MAINSTREAM FARE FOR PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

The Second Annual Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival will be held June 23 at the Lancaster County Riding Club from 2 to 9 p.m. (in case of rain, the action will move indoors to nearby Franklin & Marshall College).

The lineup includes the Clark Terry big band; the Earl Hines Quartet; the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet; pianist-singer Bobby Troup, with guitarist John Collins; George Wein's Newport All Stars, and The Serenaders, a band from William Penn High School in York, Pa. which recently won first prize in an interstate competition held at Reading, Pa.

Proceeds from the festival will be donated to hospitals in the area.

POTPOURRI

The Fourth Annual Ragtime Festival will be held June 21-22 in St. Louis, Mo., aboard the historic Goldenrod Showboat moored at the banks of the Mississippi. Special guest will be pianist-composer Eubie Blake, 85, and other performers will include pianists Knocky Parker, John Arpin, Bob Wright, Tom Shea, and Trebor Tichenor. Singleton Palmer's band; the St. Louis Ragtimers; guitarist Edmond (Doc) Souchon; the Boll Weevil Jazz Band, and Mother's Boys, a Detroit group, will also appear. The festival

will commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of **Scott Joplin**, most famous of ragtime composers.

Ella Fitzgerald has accepted the honorary chairmanship of the newly formed Martin Luther King Foundation, headquartered in Washington, D.C. The purpose of the organization is to accomplish educational projects in the field of race relations. Miss Fitzgerald has also recorded a song dedicated to Dr. King, *It's Up To You And To Me*, with words and music by the singer and arrangement by **Benny Carter**. All publishing and recording royalties from the Capitol single will be turned over to the foundation.

Reed man **Dave Pell**, whose octet made 24 albums between 1958 and 1960, recently reassembled most of the original group and has worked several Thursday dates at Donte's in North Hollywood. Pell, who is director of a&r at Liberty Records, lined up a two-string team, since many of the musicians are busy studio men and subs are the order of the day. With Pell on tenor saxophone, the personnel at present includes **Jack Sheldon** or **Don Fagerquist**, trumpet; **Bob Enevoldsen**, trombone; **Med Flory**, baritone sax; **Bob Florence**, piano; **Tony Rizzi** or **Tommy Tedesco**, guitar; **Ray Brown** or **Buddy**

Clark, bass, and **Jack Sperling** or **Frank Capp**, drums. The current book is the old one, but if the octet's revival becomes permanent, Pell will seek "a more contemporary image."

Alto saxophonist **Marion Brown**, whose European stay is lengthening to expatriate proportions, is studying classical guitar (an old love) at the Academy de Guitar in Paris. He has also appeared in concert in Norway, and recently performed at the Festival of Jazz Universitaire in Paris and for the Institute National Supérieure de Chemie in Rouen. Brown's current group includes vibist **Gunther Hampel**, bassist **Barre Phillips**, and drummer **Steve McCall**. Also back in Europe is drummer **Barry Altschul**, who is spending the month of June at the "J" Club in Brussels, Belgium with pianist **Scott Bradford** and bassist **Jimmy Woode**. Prior to this, he headed his own trio at the Jazz Galerie in Berlin, and appeared at a jazz workshop in Hamburg with **Phil Woods**, **Gato Barbieri**, **Slide Hampton**, and **Jimmy Owens**.

Norman Granz sold 25 of his 32 Picassos, believed to be the largest number of Picasso paintings ever sold at a single auction, in London for a total of \$1.2 million. The only comment that could be

obtained came from one of the impresario's assistants who said that Granz "likes to change paintings in his collection as he changes his attitude toward society. He feels a collection should be a living thing, not static." Apparently Granz' estranged wife felt the pictures were community property. She tried to share in the proceeds from the auction, but a British court intervened.

Composer **Ulysses Kay**, a nephew of **King Oliver**, has been appointed professor of music at Hunter College of the City University of New York, effective Sept. 1, at which time Kay will leave his long-time post as music consultant at BMI.

Trumpeter-composer **Cal Massey** headed an all-star band at the COCP Social Club in Brooklyn May 26, including **Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **Jackie McLean**, **Charles Davis**, reeds; **Milt Jackson**, vibes; **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Grant Green**, guitar; **John Ore**, bass; **Billy Higgins**, **Hornace Arnold**, drums, and **Cathy Griggs** and **Joe Lee Wilson**, vocals.

Congratulations are due new fathers **Ramsey Lewis** for his sixth (a boy) and **Down Beat** New Orleans correspondent (and drummer) **Charles Suhor** for his ninth (also a boy).



WHO'S PROMOTING WHAT?

Bystander

By **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

RALPH J. GLEASON pleaded recently in his syndicated jazz column that Musician A is underrated. And Mike Zwerin, in his jazz column in the New York *Village Voice*, agreed that Musician A is indeed underrated.

Zwerin continued with the plea that jazz itself is underrated. People keep telling him that jazz is on bad days, even that jazz has had it, he wrote.

Well, not many people tell me that. And I might suggest that if people keep telling Zwerin that jazz is becoming uninteresting, or jazz is in the doldrums, or whatever, it may be because Zwerin spends quite a bit on his column space discussing rock—enthusing about this that or the other rock group which has learned more than three or four chords, or which has been influenced by jazz, or discussing such and such a rock guitarist who has learned to read well enough to get calls for studio jobs. And it is also, I might guess, because Zwerin has lately been promoting the idea that some kind of coming amalgam of rock and jazz is going to produce a new style, or even new music. Zwerin doesn't say it in so many words, but I get the idea that after this great coming-together takes

place, jazz as such may disappear.

Maybe such talk implies a lack of faith in jazz? In any case, I'll bet you that if I were talking that way, people would be coming up to me and saying things about the doldrums jazz is in. (What people? People like rock musicians' press agents, promoters, managers, record producers, rock fans.)

Of course Zwerin should say what he believes. And Zwerin can talk about any kind of music he wants to, real or imagined, in his column. But if he tells us anything more about how wonderful the Byrds are, or how he was there when the latest rock idol got busted by the cops, or how they don't make hedonist jazz musicians like they used to, then I guess he should expect to have a few people sneer at jazz in his presence.

Actually, one trouble with jazz might be over-praise for someone like Musician A. Maybe he's not underrated. Suppose he's capable, competent, professional, accomplished, sometimes interesting, and often boring. Maybe I couldn't honestly ask anyone to listen to him for more than ten minutes. And if he's a loyal, available sideman, maybe he's dragging down the reputation of a major musician who is his leader. I know of a couple of cases where I'd say that's happening right now. In any case, let's not pretend it *doesn't* happen. As for the kind of indulgent, underdog psychology that so often goes with the constant bemoaning that so-and-so, or jazz itself, is underrated or unappreciated—well, later. . . .

There are two points of view on how writers should behave if the jazz audience shrinks, as the jazz audience some-

times does, and as I'm told it is currently doing. One point of view holds that everybody should look at the bright side, talk it up, praise Musician A's good qualities and overlook his bad ones. And above all, DON'T KNOCK!

As a corollary, this position holds that we should promote all the borderline performers and popularizers who are getting public followings, regardless what we think of them, because they are the ones who get the kids interested and bring new audiences to the music.

I don't agree. I dare say that there are always going to be popularizers around who attract crowds and introduce them to music. No one *needs* to talk them up. They are there and they are always going to be there serving their function regardless.

What jazz needs to survive in the late 1960's is the same thing it has always needed, and the same thing that any art, popular or fine, needs in any period: leadership—exceptionally talented people who have important things to say and who say them well. Capable followers will always come, and when they do come, they should be recognized for their good work. Popularizers, surely will always come. Audiences will be there in some size, sooner or later. But without artistic leadership, there will be no one to follow, nothing to popularize—in short, no music.

As long as jazz has that kind of leadership—and it has, from men now in their late 60s through men in their early 20s—the music is doing splendidly. And anyone who chooses to write about it has got his work cut out for him, it seems to me.



TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

DUKE ELLINGTON's second sacred concert was presented by CBS Easter Sunday as an hour-long color special, *Something About Believing*.

West Coast listeners had to set their alarm clocks for 8 a.m. in order to catch it. Even Easterners may have missed it, since it was scheduled for a mid-morning time when many were in church. They might better have stayed home, for in effect we were all in church with Ellington—specifically at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—when the program, taped at the Jan. 19 premiere of the work, was presented in part during this alternately inspiring and frustrating hour.

The music, barely 50 minutes all told, appeared to be in random sequence rather than having been excerpted progressively from the two-hour long concert. Accordingly, those who, like this viewer, had neither seen nor heard the work previously, which presumably meant the vast majority of the audience, had no opportunity to judge its form, evolution and structure.

Despite this handicap, the program was an admirable and inspiring attempt to condense this important work and render it accessible to a mass audience.

The most stirring moments were those that presented the singers. Alice Babs is an artist with a glorious sound and extraordinary range. Tony Watkins was never more impressive. There was a touching moment when the children's choir from St. Hilda's and St. Hughes' School recited the word "freedom" in some 15 languages.

Other segments included were *Praise God*, the stately opening theme featuring Harry Carney's noble sound; *The Shepherd*, with Cootie Williams evoking memories of his earliest years with the band; and a quiet, reflective interlude by Ellington himself, accompanied by Jeff Castleman's arco bass. Duke also made effective use from time to time of an electric piano.

The sound, in the notorious tradition of television shows built around music, left too much unheard, misbalanced or garbled. This may have been due at least in part to the poor acoustics of the cathedral itself.

The program began with multi-hued views of stained glass windows. The color work was splendid throughout; one was left with the sense that had as much effort been devoted to improving the sound, and had it been possible to present the concert in its entirety, this might have been the finest TV show ever built in honor of a jazz artist. Even as it was, I could think of nothing as impressive since Ellington's first color special, *A Drum is a Woman*, also on CBS, in the early days of compatible color (May 1957).

* * *

Jazz: The Intimate Art was the title of a Bell Telephone Hour presented on NBC April 26. (This time, Angelenos were even less fortunate; the program was preempted by a local charity ball and I got

to see it only by coaxing NBC into arranging a private screening.)

The premise of the hour was that jazz reflects the personality of the performer. To illustrate this point, four musicians were presented, in chronological order of their impact: Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck and Charles Lloyd. The swing era and the big bands were not represented, but in view of the program's objective this was excusable.

Shooting at half a dozen concert, studio and club locations, producers Robert Drew and Mike Jackson devoted considerable footage to tight close-ups of the four combo leaders in spontaneous mixtures of reminiscence and philosophy. The superb photography was generally matched, to my great surprise, by the sound quality.

Inevitably, this format left comparatively little time for representative demonstrations of the music. Not a single tune was played all the way through. Again one must bear the producers' aims in mind. By using a synthesis of music and personality investigation, they undoubtedly



Dizzy Gillespie

held on to a far greater proportion of the audience than would have been possible with a straight concert.

In the 1950s, most jazz specials were hopeless mish-mashes, complete with emcees of the now-here-he-is-folks stripe. Sure, they played tunes all the way through, but after it was all over, how many people were still watching, and how many knew any more about jazz and its creators than when the show had started?

If only for this reason, I felt the Bell Telephone Hour was a resounding success. Seldom, if ever, have any TV cameras and microphones offered a more penetrating portrait of Armstrong's personality. This was compensation enough for the fact that he played not a single number associated with his jazz success; it was all *Saints* and *Dolly* and a couple of other pop hits.

Next, we saw both sides of Dizzy, very articulate about the artist's attitude towards his music, then comically devastating in his "I did what any white, Jewish, Anglo-Saxon Black Muslim would do" routine, during a live performance. There

were spots of *Con Alma* and *Sweet Cadillac*, and glimpses of Moody and Red Mitchell and Mike Longo.

Brubeck, introduced by narrator Don Morrow as the man who reconciled jazz with the intellectual approach and campus appeal, was seen playing his final gig with the old quartet (last Dec. 26 in Pittsburgh); at home with his family in Wilton, Conn. (some beautiful shots of Mrs. Lola Brubeck), and introducing his oratorio at the University of North Carolina.

Charles Lloyd, in brown suede jacket, green scarf and bouffant natural, dressed to communicate, acquired a nature-boy image as he was shown walking along the beach at sunrise. He spoke of the day he acquired his first saxophone, of the bitterness of his bleak, black ghetto childhood, and of the need for a new world order. Playing *Forest Flower* at a college in Portland, Ore., he earned a standing ovation. It is impossible to imagine that Lloyd, as man or musician, could have been presented more persuasively.

The hour should have ended with brief summations from all four men. Instead there were statements from Dizzy (who said "Charles Lloyd will be the next great influence"), Brubeck and Lloyd, followed by an anticlimactic scene in a recording studio with Satch working on some new ditty. If it belonged anywhere, this should have been part of the first Armstrong sequence; in the context shown, it was used presumably as a lead-in to Gillespie's caper statement: "Without Louis Armstrong I don't think there would have been any of us."

It would be a splendid gesture of goodwill if the Bell System were to make this rare panorama available as a documentary to be shown at colleges, jazz festivals, civil rights benefits, and on educational television. There was too much of value seen and heard here for a one-shot screening. CB

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Whitney Museum's Tuesday evening music series was extended to five concerts with a performance by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** May 21 . . . **Howard McGhee** and his big band participated in a jazz worship service at the University of Hartford, Conn. McGhee played his *Bless You*, and the Rev. **John Gensel** officiated at the service, which was sponsored by the Hartford Jazz Society and the Activities Commission of the University of Hartford . . . **Duke Ellington's** septet (Cat Anderson, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Jeff Castleman, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums) began a six-week stay at the Rainbow Grill May 20, a repeat of last summer's successful engagement . . . The grey skies overhead on the weekend of May 11 didn't dampen jazz spirits. **Roswell Rudd's** *Primordial Jazz Septet* performed *Spring Song*, concerts of original compositions, at Washington Square Church Friday and Satur-

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RON HOWARD

The Thumb's Up or

*what the
view is like
from the top*

*by
bill quinn*

"Success is a big thing to me," conceded Wes Montgomery, "but not a great big thing."

"Everything relates to life," the guitarist continued, reaching for one of the biscuits that have made Gladys', a southside Chicago restaurant, a national shrine among soulful gourmets. "Some musicians might feel so personal about their contributions that they cut off the rest of the world to concentrate exclusively on their thing. I don't indulge in music to the extent that it destroys my interest in other things; with me, music is still a hobby."

Turning around suddenly, Wes held up his plate before the cute little waitress who, without recognizing the guitarist's face, was thoroughly grabbed by his personality. "Sweetheart, do you have a little gravy for this rice?"

"Just for you," she beamed, moving toward the kitchen with his plate.

Observing his way with people, I

remarked that he seemed to be a past master at the somewhat obscure art of making fast friends all around, his celebrated identity remaining unknown all the while.

"I don't know any strangers," he said. "When you attempt to get above other people, you have to make believe; when you make believe, you have to prove it."

For Montgomery, one of the brightest lights lit by the currents of the jazz idiom in recent years, the list of accomplishments is as long as the neck of his guitar. This, however, seems to rest as easily with the guitarist as the plate of food the smiling waitress was placing in front of him again—with plenty of gravy now added.

In addition to having been voted *Down Beat's* New Star Guitarist of 1960, he has won the Established Talent category on his instrument for five of the last seven years, and has been voted

the *Playboy* poll's all-star guitarist for six successive years. He has, in fact, won so much recognition in print that he possesses three dresser-drawers full of press clippings lauding his way with the fretted axe. One of the clippings must be regarded as unique, not only for a jazz-oriented instrumentalist, but for almost any musician in this country: when he was the feature attraction at a midwestern jazz festival not long ago, he received front-page coverage—complete with picture—in the Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*. He was the subject of recent profiles in both *Newsweek* and *Time* magazines. He was the recipient of *Record World* magazine's award as "1967 Jazz Man of the Year," *Billboard* magazine's award for all-time first place LP on its charts (*Goin' Out of My Head*), and the NARAS Grammy award for "Best Instrumental Jazz Performance of '67" (also for *Goin' Out . . .*). All this, and his star is still

in the ascendancy.

For this man from Indianapolis—who didn't pick up a guitar until his 19th year, who didn't seriously concentrate on becoming a full-time professional musician until a decade after that—much of his success stems from traceable sources, such as the fact that he came along at what he calls "the right time" for his sound. On the other hand, he finds the extent of his recognition among the "Now" generation something of a phenomenon.

"The kids, you know, they don't seem to go overboard for anything that bears the jazz label these days. 'Jazz,' the young layman usually says, 'I don't want to hear that stuff.' It's unfortunate for many musicians to be called jazzmen in this day and age, because the minute some people are identified with that strange term, the kids—the biggest market—are scared away before they hear whatever it is the musician is saying . . . and they may have loved it. No label should turn listeners off like that.

"I want to tell people—this is those who write about it as well as the public—not to worry about what it's called; worry about whether it pleases people. That's what it's all about anyway," he added. "People are the final judges."

To his latest—and greatest—successes, Wes feels that the addition of full bands and orchestras behind his solo lines have contributed much. "My a&rs men and arrangers usually work with me on the recordings. I accept their suggestions in numerous cases, sometimes even when I'm doubtful myself. So far, though, things have worked out better than I thought."

Of this thesis, some have been more than a little critical. Of Wes' *California Dreaming* album, a *Down Beat* record reviewer said: "Now that Montgomery has attained some measure of commercial success, I wonder if he'll ever make another good album." And further along in the same review, he expressed the hope that "maybe he'll record serious music again under a pseudonym."

The reviewer shares the sentiments of a number of purists (or die-hards, if you wish) who feel that the addition of strings and the relatively uncomplicated, melodically dominated improvisation characteristic of many of the more widely accepted jazz musicians are blatant heresy.

"In the first place," said Wes, seemingly not the least bit fazed by that brand of criticism, "people are not listening as well as they think they are, in all cases. I have changed my way of playing, just as many others have, to fit with the times. Lee Morgan, Horace Silver, and many others could have had the same doors opened for them that have opened for people like Jimmy

Smith and Ramsey Lewis—it seems to me that they just decided against it.

"Those who criticize me for playing jazz too simply and such are missing the point. When I first came up big on the *Billboard* charts they couldn't decide whether to call me a jazz artist or a pop artist. I think I originated a new category, something like 'Jazz-Pop' artist. There is a different direction on my records these days; there is a jazz concept to what I'm doing, but I'm playing popular music and it should be regarded as such."

WES, UNLIKE SOME OTHER musicians on whom fame and fortune have fallen, candidly answers a "qualified yes" to the question of whether or not his increasing popular successes have lessened the "esthetic content" of his efforts recently. But in an admirable display of common sense that defies criticism from all save those whose heads—with visibility cut to zero in a *columnus nebulosus* of sheer naivete—are above it all, Wes added: "It doesn't matter how much artistry one has; it's how it's presented that counts." (The remark would be viable in this economic system if it came from a mediocre musician; coming from a musician who has been hailed as "the man to give the most to the guitar since Charlie Christian," the man who literally invented the "round sound" of playing a line with the meat of the thumb, the only guitarist yet who can play melodies in octaves with any speed and consistency, one has no recourse other than to allow that this virtuoso has opted for reality.)

"I have seen what happened to people like Tatum and Coltrane. Though Coltrane died before his thing had been completely resolved, Tatum died at a time when he should have enjoyed all the benefits of being the greatest piano player in existence—but he didn't, you dig?" the guitarist says.

"I hear Buddy every night. (Buddy Montgomery, Wes' brother, is the group's pianist.) He's got a complete style of his own; he's fluent, clean, interesting, all of that. On the basis of his talent, I can't understand how he hasn't been recognized . . . but artistry is beside the point.

"It's too bad," he continued. "An artist has to believe in his own ability. He has to think he has sufficient artistry, has to be confident of his talent before he'll risk performing in public. Then, when he finally gets out there, he discovers that it doesn't matter what his technical ability is.

"The proof of what I'm saying can be seen in the quality of the television shows that go off the air and the ones that stay on. No matter how educational a show is, if the ratings are higher for something silly and stupid, the program

director will pull the other show off and leave the goofy one—just as long as the rating stays high."

THE LIKELIHOOD OF John Leslie (Wes) Montgomery's current station in the world of music was as improbable as many notable events that have become realities of 20th century history, and to the guitarist himself it must have seemed out of the question initially. When he began to play his instrument, he was already well past the age of any beginner he knew—except his brother Buddy, whose was an even later blooming talent than Wes'.

The guitarist verified the story that he stumbled onto his style more or less accidentally. "I started off practicing with a plectrum. I did this for about 30 days. Then I decided to plug in my amplifier and see what I was doing," he said. "The sound was too much even for my next door neighbors, so I took to the back room in the house and began plucking the strings with the fat part of my thumb. This was much quieter. To this technique I added the trick of playing a melody line in two different registers at the same time, the octave thing; this made the sound even quieter."

After four years of fitting in practice time after his other obligations had been met, Wes went on the road with Lionel Hampton's big band. The guitarist recalls that Hamp paid him the ultimate compliment for his particular instrument: "He allowed me to keep my amp on during the entire length of the numbers we played, not just during my solos." This altered the sound of the band slightly, something which no other guitarist up to that time had accomplished with the hard-charging leader.

Big bands off the stand are nothing more than tightly knit groups of working guys who enjoy a laugh on one of their number as well as anybody. Hamp's '48 outfit, peopled by such luminaries as Charlie Mingus, Fats Navarro, and Milt Buckner, was a fun-loving group, to say the least. Because of Wes' tectotaling nature, which he maintains to this day, the bandmen quickly dubbed him "Rev."

"Rev" Montgomery enjoyed the life he led as a member of the band, but he sensed his duties to a then newly acquired wife and family in a larger way. "What I wanted to do didn't matter as much as what I had to do," he reflected, explaining why he returned to Indianapolis after only two years on the road.

The years following his barnstorming days with Hampton found the guitarist pursuing a nearly impossible schedule. In addition to holding down a job in an Indianapolis radio parts factory from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., he played a gig at a

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THE OCTOPUS RETURNS



JOHN P. LUKAS

Guitarist Tal Farlow's Comeback As Described By Mort Fega

It took about ten years of coaxing to get him to play an engagement in New York City, but when he finally made it, it was worth the wait. Tal Farlow hadn't worked in New York since the days of the Composer, a club that closed in 1958, and his absence from the scene plus the absence of any new recordings had resulted in a mystique developing about him.

Farlow, to the knowing, had become a legend in his own time. All we had to remind us of how much guitar he could play was a handful of albums recorded in the mid- and late-'50s.

Well, last October Farlow finally came out of the woodshed, and when he did, he turned everybody around. The setting for his re-emergence was a new club on Manhattan's East Side, the Frammis, and during the seven weeks that he and his trio appeared there, they had the town in their hip pockets. Originally, it was to have been a four-week stint, but because of the positive response, three weeks were added.

It didn't take very long for word to get around that the

guitarist was back in town, and people came from near and far to hear if the Farlow magic had been diminished by the passage of a decade. To a man, everyone agreed that, if possible, he was even more of a monster on his instrument than they had remembered. It was not uncommon, on any night of the week, to see a group of fellow musicians sitting transfixed at the foot of the bandstand as Farlow played what he calls a "skimmer"—something taken at an inordinately bright tempo. As a frequent observer, I can tell you that it was a very weird feeling to sit in the audience and watch people focus on Farlow's huge hands as they skated over the strings, extracting unbelievable things from a most demanding instrument.

A genuinely modest and self-effacing person, Farlow had been reluctant to come out of his semi-retirement because he felt that he should have something new to offer. He didn't want to come back with the same things he had been doing before. I say semi-retirement because Farlow had been playing occasional gigs during the intervening years, mostly in the summer and close to his home on the Jersey shore. It took considerable persuasion to convince him that he had been the undisputed champ when he quit the scene, and that since then no one had begun to approach his unique style, a style that had earned for him the highest reward, designation by many of his fellow musicians as the world's best jazz guitarist.

Farlow's greatest worry was that he might come back to New York and get only a lukewarm reception, in spite of all the mail he had received over the years urging him to make himself available again to the public. Midway through that opening night at the Frammis in October, all his fears and apprehensions were quelled by the enthusiastic response of a warm and appreciative audience.

As a matter of fact, that night (and most of the other nights of the seven-week engagement), the guitarist rarely had a moment to himself during the breaks between sets. As soon as a set was over he was besieged by fans, old and new, eager to learn how he did this or how he did that. Where had he been keeping himself? Where was he going to appear next? Was he going to make any new albums? Did he plan to make any overseas appearances? Was he available for a booking here or there? In the midst of all this adulation, Farlow was absolutely beautiful. Never, not for an instant, did he deviate from his natural, unassuming manner.

Because of a stupid New York City ordinance dealing with cabaret licensing, the Frammis was not permitted to include drums, horns or singers in any group. The club still doesn't have a full license, and in order to survive, the owner, ex-musician Mel Wolfson, has had to turn it into a discotheque, robbing New York of yet another jazz outlet.

Fortunately, the regulation didn't impose any great hardship on Farlow, who had been accustomed to working with only bass and piano. Much of the success of Tal's engagement at the Frammis was due to an uncanny wedding of skills among the members of the trio: pianist Johnny Knapp, whose talent has to be one of the best-kept secrets in the music business, and bassist Lyn Christie, an Australian physician, who since his arrival in the U.S. a couple of years ago has been very active in the music field.

From the very first rehearsal, at which I had the good fortune to be present, it was a case of instant mesh. After only a few nights on the job, when all kinks had been ironed out, it seemed almost unbelievable that this trio had

just been formed. The special brand of musical magic that poured from the bandstand at the Frammis was of a kind rarely achieved even when a group has been working together for a long time, let alone from a newly formed aggregation. One night early in the engagement I heard drummer Mousey Alexander say, "I'm hearing what they're doing but I really don't believe it." From a musician as experienced as Alexander, it was the ultimate compliment.


For his musical fare, Farlow dealt mostly from the standard bag, spicing his sets judiciously with excursions into the blues and jazz classics. Farlow had always undisputedly been the fastest man on his instrument, but his re-emergence made one much more aware of the colors and shadings in his playing. He seems to be more disposed towards ballads than he has been in the past, and in his ballad treatments his unorthodox use of harmonics was incredible. Lest this leads the reader to conclude that Farlow's dexterity has suffered, let me hasten to assure him that nothing could be further from the truth. He is still the Tom Swift of the guitar. My only complaint was his reluctance to showcase himself more frequently—a result of his desire to develop a solid group sound.

I would be remiss if I didn't dwell for a moment on the contributions of the other members of the trio. At one moment Knapp was fiery and percussive, in the next, lyrical and ethereal. He has at his command all the possibilities that the piano offers, yet he was always tasteful and always remained within the framework of what was being performed. Christie is something else. Blessed with impeccable intonation—the Achilles heel of most bassists—he won audiences over with his arco solos. Coupled with this talent as a soloist is his rock-ribbed time feeling, which was much needed in the absence of a drummer.

Farlow has always tinkered with electronics, and he unveiled an attachment of his own devising that acts as a divider, splitting a note in two—much as a computer would. He says it actually is a computer, and when he uses it as an adjunct, it creates another voice, as though another guitarist were playing in octaves with him. This attachment created great interest among Tal's fellow guitarists. He explains that the divider is very sensitive to touch, demanding just the right amount of pressure. "Otherwise it becomes confused and doesn't know what to divide," he says.

Another unusual device is Farlow's stool. Aside from affording him a place to sit, it houses his amplifier and a volume control. His foot-rest is built on a fulcrum, so that forward pressure increases the volume and backward pressure decreases it. Being able to control his volume by foot leaves his hands free to play at all times . . . and do they ever!

As a consequence of his appearance at the Frammis, during which he also recorded as a sideman on a Sonny Criss date for Prestige, Farlow has been booked to appear at the Newport Jazz Festival. This will be his first appearance at Newport, and his innate modesty has again made him somewhat apprehensive.

Happily, when he sits down to play, the octopus in him takes charge and the fears are cast out. I can't tell you who's going to win the World Series or who will be elected President, but I can tell you that on Saturday July 6 at Festival Park in Newport a lot of people are going to walk away with their heads twisted, wondering if what they heard Tal Farlow play really happened or was done with mirrors and a spooked amplifying system. 

In all the larger American cities there are jazzmen of stature whose names never appear in the popularity polls. Isolated from the studio centers, away from the road circuit, they subsist in various ways—playing commercial music, teaching, even doing factory work—and look forward to the occasional jazz gig where they can stretch out a bit. Many of them are bitter men, cut off from potential audiences, estranged from the mainstream of their art. But guitarist Bill Harris, of Washington, D.C., is not bitter.

Harris could justifiably bemoan the lack of opportunities to express himself in jazz, but he prefers to dwell on the positive aspects of his life. He philosophizes: "I'm too busy trying to keep myself together to sit around and brood over certain problems that are man-created. When I look around and see situations that have existed since recorded history began, I know there's only one answer: to forget all that junk and get out there and try to live and enjoy it while you're here."

Like most "underground" jazz artists, Harris has occasionally caught a ray or two from the national spotlight, but never as often or as long as his talents merit. His first EmArcy album, released in 1958, prompted Nat Hentoff to remark in *Down Beat*: "No record this year is likely to be as welcome a surprise as this one." The LP which surprised Hentoff was the first in a series of three which received uniformly good reviews and established Harris among the first musicians to adapt the Spanish guitar to modern jazz. (Some Harris partisans have credited him with being the first, but Harris, with his characteristic penchant for accuracy, points out that a similar record by George Van Eps hit the market one week before his.)

After this initial recording flurry, nothing more was heard from Harris until his 1965 solo LP, *Caught In The Act*. This record is a milestone in the career of Bill Harris, musician, and Bill Harris, businessman. The guitarist is among the growing number of players who have become concerned about the music business and have decided to do something about it. He sees no conflict in playing a dual role. "I do believe that a musician can think about business and at the same time be a good musician—not only good, but superb." Prior to 1965, he had proven his competence as a businessman by obtaining a retail guitar franchise and by operating the Bill Harris Guitar Studio, with some 60 students, in his home. It was only logical, then, that he should bring his business abilities to bear on his jazz aspirations.

Caught In The Act, recorded, produced, and distributed by Harris and a friend, Panos Lambru, was the first step in this direction. (The LP is available for \$5 from Jazz Guitar Records, 2021 Hamlin N.E., Washington, D.C.)

Harris the businessman realistically admits that "if we could release through a major company we could realize more money with less work." But here Harris the artist takes over: "I don't think proper consideration is given to the artist by the jazz recording industry. Would I rather be connected with an established company? With the proper deal, yes, but not just for the sake of prestige. I feel justified in producing my own records until the real thing comes along. The first thing in business that we musicians have to learn is 'control your product.' My product is music. I try to keep as much control over it as possible by not making just any record date, until somebody comes along who wants to produce my product."

Another aspect of the music business which gives Harris cause for concern is the night club scene. Club dates have been scarce for him in recent years. But unlike a number of disgruntled colleagues, he doesn't categorically view club owners as insensitive, uncomprehending plantation owners growing rich from the sweat of their musical slaves. In fact, he suggests that one possible solution to his employment problems would be to reach a working agreement, "based

BILL HARRIS: ACOUSTIC MAVERICK

by

bill mclarney



on mutual respect," with a sympathetic club owner. But he concedes that "it's difficult to get a musician and a club owner together, because that's labor and management. I would think that in the future more musicians would wind up owning and operating their clubs. Take Howard Rumsey and the Lighthouse people. They control their product, and they're successful."

At the moment, Harris' only opportunities to present his music to the public occur at occasional concerts, such as the one at Cafritz Auditorium which produced *Caught In The Act*. The record typifies the unique concert format currently favored by Harris: a recital of unamplified, unaccompanied jazz guitar. Equally typical of Harris is the broad range of material he chooses, ranging from *Cherokee*, on which he displays his Charlie Christian roots, through an original like *Where is Big Joe Williams Blues*, to Thelonious Monk's *Well You Needn't*.

Harris has mountains of tape from similar concerts—enough for 18 or 20 LPs, he judges. To date, *Caught In The Act* stands as the culmination on vinyl of a career which began with picking out the blues on a steel-string guitar in his native Nashville, N.C.

At that time, he emphasizes, "I was more of a singer than a guitar player. The guitar was more or less an instrument that I carried around to accompany myself." During his high school years he became interested in the drums—enough to build his own set and become fairly proficient. In 1943, still with no clearly defined career aspirations, he went into the service. The army, with characteristic perceptiveness, lost little time in making use of Harris' musical talents—as a bugler.

UPON HIS DISCHARGE, Harris moved to Washington and took advantage of the G.I. Bill by entering Washington Junior

College, where he majored in music. He also began studying the classical guitar under the capital's foremost teacher, Sophocles Papas.

At the time, Washington was a thoroughly Jim Crow town, and Papas was reluctant to take on a Negro student.

His skepticism soon turned to respect as Harris began to take over many of his problem pupils. Having discovered another natural ability, Harris became increasingly interested in teaching, and today it consumes a major portion of his time. When it was suggested that he was fortunate in being able to fall back on teaching to supplement his playing career, he replied, "I consider teaching a major part of my career, so I don't fall back on it, I stand on it."

In 1957, he wrote *The Harris Touch*, a self-teaching method for guitar, which has sold widely around the Washington area and is now in preparation for national marketing.

After receiving his junior college diploma in 1948, Harris became a full time professional musician, taking a job with the James E. Straight shows as guitarist, arranger and featured soloist with the traveling band backing Irwin C. Miller's Brown-Skin Models. His next move was to the Clovers, a highly successful rhythm and blues outfit. When *The Harris Touch* was published, he terminated an eight-year stay with the Clovers and settled in Washington to concentrate on jazz and teaching.

By that time he had, as he understates it, "grown musically somewhat" since his childhood days when "I figured Gene Autry and Roy Rogers and that bunch were pretty good guitar players." In the interim he had listened to a wide spectrum of guitarists and had found the gap he wanted to fill in that spectrum. He denies being influenced by anyone to attempt jazz on the Spanish guitar. "It's just one of those ideas I conceived. Upon hearing the classical guitar, I thought it would be nice if someone could play the full guitar jazzwise."

In fact, it is hard to pin down specific influences in Harris' very personal playing style. He has his favorites, however. In the jazz field he mentions Django Reinhardt, John Collins, Charlie Christian, Oscar Moore, and Wes Montgomery. Among classical guitarists his favorite, inevitably, is Andres Segovia, whom he describes as "soulful." The stylistic influence of these men may not be discernible, but they are the ones who inspire Harris to a routine of practice and study that begins at 6:30 a.m. with a self-imposed three hours of practice before breakfast. "We always get back to that classification: good, better, best," he says. "I don't care how we try to eliminate that, somebody's got to be the best. This is what I'm motivated by. I know that in certain areas there are people who are better than me. This is what makes me strive to attain the goal of being one of the better ones. If I felt that I was just as good a guitar player as everybody else, I would probably just remain at a certain point."

There are other influences, not directly attributable to musicians or music, which can be heard in Harris' work. On his second LP, *The Harris Touch*, there is a tune called *Spring* in which the guitarist tries "to get the feelings of a new spring coming in." Jazz musicians on the whole are a highly urbanized lot, not given to ruminating on the beauties of nature in their music, but the pastoral feeling of *Spring* courses through much of Harris' music.

He explains: "I've been fortunate, which is the story of my life, in being very near nature. I was always conscious of things like birds singing." Even in Washington, Harris is not hemmed in by concrete. His house lies near the crest of a hill, on a street lined with maples. With its large rolling lawn, well-tended rosebushes and wooded surroundings, the Harris residence is an oasis of tranquility just a few blocks off bustling Rhode Island Avenue.

The pastoral feeling comes through not only in Harris' unamplified work, but even when he plays the electric guitar.

He finds both instruments necessary to express himself properly under various circumstances. "I like to present the classical guitar in a concert atmosphere where people are able to hear the resonances and nuances and overtones. There are times when one forces the concert situation on the night club, but I pick my times for that. In a club, to reach the listener's ear you've got to have a certain amount of volume going, so you can blend with the other instruments. It would require quite a bit of forcing to do this on the unamplified guitar, but I don't like to force the instrument, because then it sounds vulgar."

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE hold for Bill Harris? More practice, for one thing. He regards proficiency as one of the chief means to his musical ends. "Take a scale. It's what a guy gets out of it. One guy can play a scale and it sounds terrible. Another guy plays it and it sounds like music. Kids come from all around the neighborhood and say: 'Mr. Harris, play some of those runs for me.' So I sit around for half an hour running down the guitar for them, simply because of what I get out of it. When I play it, I get music out of it because I know each tone represents something musical. It's not noise."

And of course the guitarist listens, "to a varied bunch of everything." A catholic listener, he is not an indiscriminate eclectic. He has, for example, rejected the bossa nova idiom.

"I like some of the tunes, but as far as the rhythms are concerned they remind me of the rhythms guys used to buck-dance and clap hands and beat turkey bones to."

He admires John Coltrane, and says Ornette Coleman has influenced him to "take more chances than I used to," although he has not adopted the banner of "freedom music." A recent Harris composition is called *Freedom*. "Eventually I'll use everything I know in that tune. It sounds free, but it's structured, built off a tonic chord. You can take it up and down the scale and play all those notes, and I'd still ask you 'Where's the freedom?' When somebody says 'I want freedom', I ask him what kind of freedom he wants and where it begins and where it ends. Who is free? Is LBJ free? Is Castro free?"

Harris also holds that much of what is labeled avant garde at any period in musical history is probably a reiteration of earlier music. "People say music develops, but if they'd had records back in the early stages of music, people would find that somebody was playing some of this same stuff then, but nobody thought enough about it to write about it." He defends his opinion by picking up a copy of Descartes. "He lived way back in 1596-1650. I read him and he has a solution to my problems. But you only know that he had that solution because it's written down."

In addition to practicing and listening, Harris will be teaching, composing, arranging, tending his roses, pursuing his new hobby of photography, and hopefully, playing some jazz. The opportunities for that still don't look bright, but Harris exudes his usual optimism. "There's a strange situation I think exists in all fields—good music, good art. You get a very low percentage of the wealth of America. I read the other day that a beer company is subsidizing the Newport Festival. In the future, perhaps more companies will subsidize jazz musicians. And groups like the Left Bank Jazz Society (with branches in Washington and Baltimore) are doing a great job for local musicians, inspiring them to do something. Certainly it's given me an opportunity to air some of my original compositions, so things are looking up. I feel that as jazz-minded people come into their stations in life and begin to control certain amounts of money, they will be able to throw more into the jazz pot."

If and when that prophecy comes true, Bill Harris will be ready. And in the meanwhile, he keeps far too busy to cry the blues.



FOUND: SLIM GAILLARD by Bob Horne



I WALKED INTO a small bar and restaurant named the Franciscan in the Bay Area town called San Jose, which is not exactly the jazz center of California. About seven people were seated at the bar, and another two or three at the piano bar in the center of the room. The light was good for drinking and the beer was 50 cents.

A piano, a pair of conga drums, and an amplifier with a guitar leaning against it waited on a raised platform within the confines of the curved piano bar.

As I started on the last half of my beer, notes from the piano broke loose in the room with a boogie beat. They built up, then leveled off to a rhythmic, flat clicking from the treble end of the keyboard.

I eased my bar stool around—and there he was, with those big hands hovering over the keys—Slim Gaillard. Eyes closed and a little-boy smile under the moustache, he looked not a day older than he had been at Birdland, Bop City, or Billy Berg's.

Standing behind the conga drums was a tall brunette, her hands at rest while she watched Gaillard play. The look on her face was one of respectful adoration—much the way people look at Louis Armstrong or Earl Hines when they're lost in the music. Her name is Marion Vee, and Slim confided later that "she brought me out of retirement."

Slim slid into *Cabaret*—his right foot pounding out the beat while two fingers tickled the high keys. The price of the beer went up to 60 cents, and the piano bar soon was filled. "Get the brass section cookin'," Slim said to no one in particular.

At the end of the number someone commented on Slim's red turtle-neck sweater. "Only certain guys can wear

them," he replied with feigned vanity.

Tiring of the piano, Slim reached back and picked up his electric guitar. He strums a few chords, grins at the patrons, and says "Si, si. Very goo-oo-d. Cha, cha, cha." And breaks into a vocal on *Three Little Words*.

The guitar seems to put him in a Spanish mood, and his attitude is different now as he runs through a few Latin numbers—more reflective than when he was at the piano. Then, suddenly, head and back stiffly erect, he toasts the audience—"Salud"—with a bottle of beer, the gesture *muy Espanol*.

I tried to catch Slim at the first break for a chat, but he spent the entire time on the phone, calling Las Vegas. He had been there a few weeks before, playing the Sahara, Thunderbird, and Riviera.

He's an elusive guy, and he can be equally elusive when it comes to playing requests. A lot seems to depend upon his mood. It's obvious that Slim feels his music, and he's either "with" his audience or extremely neutral. The really great moments come when everything is just right. In short, this is the same Slim Gaillard who goes back more decades than some of us care to remember.

Those of us who do may recall that Slim Gaillard's star first rose on the jazz horizon when his zany nonsense song, *The Flat Foot Floogie* (with the Floy-Floy) became one of the biggest hits of 1938. It was introduced and first recorded by the duo of Slim and Slam, the latter being none other than bassist Slam Stewart of bowing-singing fame.

Slim's main instrument then was the guitar, but he doubled piano, vibes, trumpet and tap-dancing. He was (and is) a master of the art of scat-singing,

but his mellow baritone would have more than sufficed for a career as a ballad singer, had his sense of humor not intervened. (His classic Billy Eckstine imitations testify to that.)

During the partnership with Stewart, the group expanded to four pieces, and later trumpet and saxophone were added to the basic rhythm section. A host of tunes emanated from Gaillard's fertile mind, including such minor classics as *Vol Vist Du Gaily Star*, *Matzoh Balls*, *Ding-Dong-O-Reeni*, and the tour de force, *Opera In Vout*, which included *Cement Mixer*. Stewart eventually left to concentrate on playing straight jazz (though his humor survived in his characteristic solo work), and was replaced by Bam Brown.

Gaillard has been immortalized in one of the best passages in Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*, and his place in jazz history would be secure for no other reason than his classic recording of *Slim's Jam*, a 1945 opus (still available on Savoy's *Charlie Parker Memorial*) which brought together Slim's regular group (tenorist Jack McVea, bassist Brown, pianist Dodo Marmarosa, and drummer Zutty Singleton) and Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Superbly relaxed blues playing interspersed with humorous conversation (including Slim's request for "a bowl of avocado seed soup") add up to a unique chapter in the recorded history of bebop.

The occasion for *Slim's Jam* and its session mates was a booking at Billy Berg's club in Los Angeles that introduced bop to the California audience. Gillespie's sextet, with Parker (later Lucky Thompson), Milt Jackson, Al Haig, Ray Brown, and Stan Levey worked opposite Slim's group, and the new music was less than warmly received by the patrons. Slim's use of Dizzy and Bird on his record date should dispel any notion of personal animosity between the musicians.

In fact, Slim's personal brand of hip humor went well with bebop as the new sounds established themselves, and he always had top modern jazzmen in his groups.

Cement Mixer was the first of his own songs that Slim played that night. Later on, he displayed his *Flat Foot Floogie*, which the over-40 patrons remembered and appreciated with resounding applause. For a novelty, he brought out his *Down by the Station*, followed by *Tutti Frutti*, another Gaillard opus, immortalized by the late Leo Watson, king of scat singers.

Off the stand, Slim is surprisingly shy, but our conversation finally came off. He's not a name-dropper, but the many important players he's been associated with flashed by: Parker, Gilles-

/Continued on page 48

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Mical, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, and Michael Zwerin.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

GUITARS, ETC.

Gene Ammons

LIVE! IN CHICAGO—Prestige 7495; *Scrapple from the Apple; Falling in Love with Love; Please Send Me Someone to Love; Sweet Georgia Brown; It Could Happen to You; Foot Tappin'; Jug's Blue Blues; Fast Track.*

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Eddie Buster, organ; Gerald Donovan, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded live some years ago (the notes suggest the summer of 1961), this offering differs somewhat from the Ammons studio sessions made around the same time. His work here is less deliberate, less careful than on his best studio dates of the '60s.

He takes *Scrapple*, *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Track* at very fast tempos and, though he does some coasting, plays fresh, complex lines. His playing on *Scrapple* and *Track* is generally relaxed despite the breakneck tempos, and he gives the impression of having something in reserve. On *Sweet Georgia Brown* he presses the accelerator all the way down, tearing along with gusto, and demonstrating his considerable technical facility in the process.

Foot Tappin', which proceeds at a loping, comfortable clip, finds Ammons in top form, playing inventively and building very well.

Jug's Blue Blues is another fine track; here Ammons turns in the kind of warm, earthy work that has so endeared him to his fans. He also contributes heartfelt playing to *Please Send Me Someone to Love*, and on *Falling in Love*, his work is infectious and exhibits his talent for getting into a swinging groove and riding it.

Buster, a solid, down-to-earth musician, solos with vigor and accompanies Ammons tastefully.

—Pekar

Chet Atkins

SOLO FLIGHTS—RCA Victor 9322; *Drive-In; Three Little Words; Autumn Leaves; Chet's Tune; Mercy, Mercy; Cheek to Cheek; Cindy, Oh Cindy; When You Wish Upon A Star; Music to Watch Girls By; Choro da Saudade; Gonna Get Along Without You Now; Georgy Girl.*

Personnel: Atkins, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

Atkins, Nashville's resident guitar virtuoso, is a demon of the strings, to be sure. He is an absolutely flawless technician who is greatly and deservedly admired by just about every guitarist. As he demonstrates throughout his work on these 12 pieces, he knows his way around the fingerboard. He's a monster finger-picker whose touch is feather-light but absolutely firm and sure. He wrests an awful lot of music from six strings, and does it with consummate ease.

The album title is not precisely correct: these are not unaccompanied guitar solos. On most of the pieces there is discreet support from brushed drums, occasionally from an electric organ (faintly heard) and even vibes (on *Autumn Leaves*), all

uncredited in the album liner. But it's Atkins' show all the way. The sound mix, even when there are other instruments on the track, puts the guitar sound way out front.

The rating is primarily for the album's jazz qualities (after all, this is a jazz magazine), which, as may be inferred, are not very great. Technical proficiency and lovely tone aside, Atkins is not much of an improviser, though he occasionally shows flashes of an approach that is modelled on Django Reinhardt, an influence most evident in the performances of *Three Little Words* and *Cheek to Cheek*. Moreover, the guitarist's rhythmic approach is rather foursquare and his harmonic conception somewhat unimaginative and dated. While all his voicings are correct, they are rarely very interesting to follow. For all its surface shimmer, this music, I find, just doesn't stick with me. It hasn't very much depth. It's polite rather than passionate. But for guitar music that's got just about everything except passion, Atkins here demonstrates that he's hard to beat.

The programming is certainly weird: the lovely *Choro da Saudade* by A. Barrios (here offered in a somewhat abbreviated version) is followed by the utterly fatuous (there's no other word) *Gonna Get Along Without You Now*, and it in turn by the bathetic *Georgy Girl*. The album is, if nothing else, a mixed bag.

—Welding

Chet Baker

BOPPIN' WITH THE CHET BAKER QUIN-TET—Prestige 7512; *Go-Go; Lament for the Living; Pot Luck; Bud's Blues; Romas; On A Misty Night.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the last of five albums recorded by this group in late 1965, probably in Detroit. There is not much variance between the individual albums, and the rating above is, I believe, an accurate appraisal of the entire series. In addition to comments on this record, I should like to include some on the series as a whole.

All the individual performances are consistent with the rating, but beyond that, the material here is vastly superior. *Lament*, *Romas*, and *Night* are all by Tadd Dameron, and the exposition and exploration of his melodies serve once again as a reminder of a tragic loss to jazz. Aside from Ellington, no jazzman approached Dameron's mastery of jazz composition. This is the first recording of *Lament*, a cryptically typical piece of Dameronia. Inclusion of this piece justifies the purchase of the album, since Baker demonstrates an understanding of the composer's purpose, and the results are beautiful.

Bud's hasn't been recorded in 20 years.

The original version stems from the remarkable Bud Powell-Sonny Stitt session of December 1949. This performance is perhaps the most outstanding in the set from a blowing standpoint.

From Baker's position, the set raises a number of questions. If Baker is still to be considered as a contributing jazzman, then this context is unquestionably right for him. His most recent outings have found him surrounded with corny strings or pseudo-Tijuana brass. To anyone who considers Baker a major trumpet voice, they must have been disappointing. If, on the other hand, Baker, as many people believe, is a "pop" jazzman (i.e. a jazz musician who for better or worse has given up his true calling), this album and its session-mates will probably be the last of their kind for him.

The flugelhorn suits Baker well, and I gather that he concentrates exclusively on that instrument these days. There are no vocals on any of these discs.

In sum, these are superior jazz compositions well played. Considerably more interesting than Baker's early work, they are a reminder of the artistic limbo in which a man who under different circumstances might not ever have needed to worry about Tijuana brass currently finds himself.

—Porter

Dennis Budimir

A SECOND COMING—Revelation 4: *Someday My Prince Will Come; For Every Man There's a Woman; Woody'n You; All the Things You Are; There Is No Greater Love.*

Personnel: Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock or Bobby West, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There's nothing like excellent musicians playing for each other, and that's why the music on this record is of such high order. It is to the point—that is, music reveling in its very being, a marvel not always apprehended or even comprehended by the players. The men on this record succeed in what they are doing because for the most part they do find the allusive treasure. The music plays itself.

Budimir is one of those unfortunates perennially pigeonholed as "promising." Well, I'm not sure what "promising" means, but I do know that Budimir is a good player and that he is not a great player, which really shouldn't make much difference to him or listeners. The warm, elastic music he creates is usually lean of limb, long of phrase, devoid of pretension or cliché. Each note is sprung free from the depths of his instrument, each phrase wrung dry, each chorus judiciously shaped by a keen sense of what makes music hang together. He also swings his Jim Hall tail off.

The strongest tracks are *Someday* and *All the Things*; the weakest is *Woody'n You*.

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On *All the Things*, the musicians indulge in one of those time-dividing games so dear to the hearts of the fraternity. The solo section consists of five choruses, each played at a different speed and meter (2/4, 3/4, 4/4, 3/4, 2/4) from its predecessor. The tempos of the five-chorus section break down this way:

This makes it appear as if the music's speed is being geared up and then down.

But they add an unexpected twist. The record starts with the half-note chorus, but the true speed is determined by the whole-note chorus, for that is the "normal" chorus and determines the speed at which the chord changes are made throughout. (The half-note chorus, then, takes only half as much time as one would normally expect because the chords that last a bar in the true tempo cover only half a bar in the half-note chorus. Okay?)

Despite such gymnastics, the musicians (particularly Budimir) manage to produce improvisation of excellence.

Peacock, whose level of creativity is equal to Budimir's, was playing like an angel in 1961 when the three tracks he appears on (*Prince, Woman, Love*) were recorded. His accompaniments, as well as his solos, are a joy to hear.

West (present on the other two tracks, which were taped in '63) and Goodwin do not quite match the pace set by the leader, but they deport themselves with honor. Each is a musician of knowledge, feeling, and imagination.

This record should be especially wel-

come in the homes of guitar lovers. If the local record shop doesn't have it, try Revelation Records, P.O. Box 65593, Los Angeles, Calif. 90065. The company is poor but honest. —DeMicheal

Donald Byrd

BLACKJACK—Blue Note BST 8429: *Blackjack*; *West of the Pecos*; *Loki*; *Eldorado*; *Beale Street*; *Pentatonic*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Sylvester (Sonny Red) Kyner, alto saxophone; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Sylvester (Sonny Red) Kyner is at least as responsible for the success of this LP as the leader. He contributes both fine alto work and good compositions to the date. It is Kyner who wrote the exciting *Pecos*; and also *Loki*, another effectively spare piece, and *Beale Street*, an easy-going, down-home tune.

Charlie Parker obviously had a strong influence on Kyner, but it's also clear that he has developed his own style. His playing is at once gummy and plaintive. Like the great clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, Kyner's tone seems to be made up partly of spit. His work is full of fresh and attractive melodic ideas, and well paced. He's an admirable musician—a jazzman whose playing is strong, imaginative and tasteful.

Byrd is heard to best advantage during the up-tempo *Pecos* and *Loki* on which he employs complex phrases and articulates crisply. On *Blackjack* and *Beale Street* he plays loud, powerhouse solos which, though fairly good, are not his forte. (Lyricism

and melodic inventiveness, not overwhelming forcefulness, are among Byrd's major virtues.)

On Mitchell Farber's *Eldorado*, a pretty piece reminiscent of some of the Miles Davis-Gil Evans collaborations, Byrd's playing owes too much to Davis.

Mobley is excellent on *Pecos* and plays some good, meaty passages on *Loki*; his other work here is merely competent.

Walton's single-note-line playing on *Pecos*, *Loki* and *Pentatonic* is brilliant. He also plays well, in a rather impressionistic manner, on *Eldorado*. Unfortunately, his work on *Blackjack* and *Beale Street* is full of commonplace, funky devices.

Higgins plays superbly; though never loud or heavy, he lights a fire. —Pekar

Charles Lloyd

CHARLES LLOYD IN EUROPE—Atlantic 1500: *Tagore*; *Karma*; *Little Anabid's Day*; *Manhattan Carousel*; *European Fantasy*; *Hej Da*.

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The spirit of John Coltrane pervades this album, recorded in concert at Aulaen Hall in Oslo, Norway. This influence is most evident, of course, in such selections as *Karma*, *Manhattan Carousel*, and *European Fantasy*, on which Lloyd plays tenor saxophone, but it colors virtually everything that's heard here. There's nothing wrong with an artist absorbing influences—it's a natural, generally helpful part of the process of artistic growth—but the point is that he should transcend them

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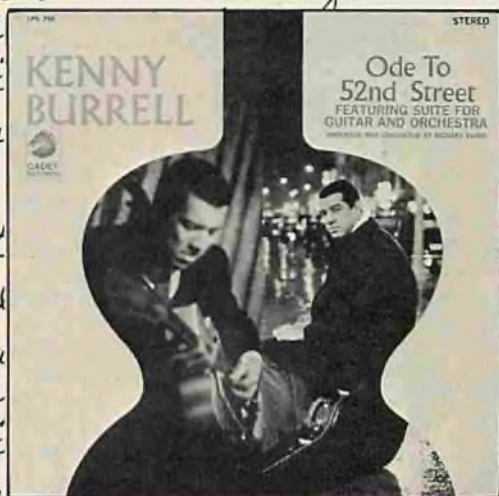
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in the fashioning of an individual aesthetic that uses the influences as a point of departure.

I do not find that Lloyd has learned a great deal from Coltrane. He has not learned—if this recording is a fair and just representation of the realization of his aesthetic (and since it has been released, presumably with his blessing, I believe one is entitled to make such an assumption)—how to build a solo that makes a real, coherent statement, that reveals a process of organic growth and unity from beginning to end; a solo that does not merely skitter, however attractively, across the music's surfaces. And the latter is pretty much what we get throughout this album, since it's very much Lloyd's show all the way, with only occasional bows in the direction of his co-workers.

The leader could learn a great deal from Jarrett, for example; the pianist's solos do possess that unity and flow. Would that there were more of his work on display here—the rating, for one thing, would have been conspicuously higher. As it is, most of the present rating is due to the attractive thematic materials and the splendid empathetic rapport the group develops. They can really play together—responding, anticipating, creating a beautiful fusion of minds and hearts.

But it's Lloyd they're responding to, and as he goes so goes the album. It's not that he plays badly—he doesn't—but, rather, that his eloquence is deceptive. The sheer loveliness and easy gracefulness of his oratorical style tend to spellbind one to the emptiness, the lack of message, of truly meaningful content of his solos. Clothing does not make the man, after all.

—Welding

Wes Montgomery

DOWN HERE ON THE GROUND—A&M 3006: *Wind Song; Georgia On My Mind; The Other Man's Grass Is Always Greener; Down Here on the Ground; Up and At It; Goin' On to Detroit; I Say a Little Prayer For You; When I Look in Your Eyes; Know It All; The Fox.*

Personnel: Montgomery, guitar; Hubert Laws, George Marge, Romeo Penque, flutes, oboe; Gene Orloff, Raoul Poliak, violins; Emanuel Yardi, viola; George Ricci, cello; Herbie Hancock, piano; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, Bobby Rosen-garden, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Like all jazzmen who've made it big, Wes Montgomery has a sound—hear that good, ye squealers and brayers—a lovely sound. Like all jazzmen who've made it big, he is a superb melodist—hear that, ye runners of tuneless runs—a singer. And like all jazzmen who've made it big, he swings—hear that, ye twisters of the time.

And not least, of course, Wes Montgomery is a musical personality; his own man.

You can't manufacture that, but you sure can market it, and one of jazz' most harmful myths is that if you do market it, and it sells, some mysterious essential change takes place; art is tainted by success.

Wes Montgomery is very successful these days, yet he is not one iota less the artist he was when only his fellow musicians and a few of the initiated knew that he was great. If anything, he is even bet-

ter, for it is a myth that the artist must suffer to create. Do you do your thing best when you are suffering? Is an artist not a human being?

This splendid album is, I guess, what the purists would call "commercial." That means, in the present case, that the selection of tunes is varied and tasteful, that the tracks are not overly long, that arrangements have been thoughtfully crafted, that excellent musicians have been provided to interpret them and back the featured artist, that the music has been carefully recorded and mastered, and that the packaging is handsome. (Take the opposite of almost all these ingredients and you'll have a pretty good description of what some people consider honest, untainted "art.")

At the risk of being labeled a middle-brow philistine, I'll take the commercial concept. You see, I believe in communication.

And so, apparently, does Wes Montgomery. His music, aside from the virtues already cited, has the additional positive qualities of logic, clarity, form and feeling—feeling that communicates directly, without the ambiguity that is so much in fashion everywhere today, and which so often simply hides inability to feel and inability to think.

But I don't want to make of this album a brief of beliefs it happens to confirm while losing sight of the subject itself. It is a most pleasant subject. Though the selections aren't long, almost every moment is the soloist's. The arrangements—all but two by Don Sebesky, and a third probably a "head"—are there to enhance his work, and almost always do.

The strings, in number and instrumentation, equal the classic string quartet, and no better sound for strings has yet been devised for intimate contexts. (That sound is best represented on *Eyes*, but is always the antithesis of that cloying schmaltz that marks commercial string writing at its most common and worst.)

Flutes and oboe are used with tasteful discretion. The flute trio on the bossa nova *Know It All* is delightful, and the solo oboe on Lalo Schiffrin's *The Fox* is superbly played (by Penque or Marge?). Mainieri's vibes add coloristic touches—only the chromatics on *Fox* are a bit trite, but that's not his doing.

As for the rhythm section—just read the names, please. Hancock, though he doesn't solo, adds many fine touches. On *Georgia, Ground*, and *Know*, he's particularly apt. Carter is merely one of the best, and his sound records wonderfully well. Tate is felt rather than heard, which is just right under the circumstances. When more presence is called for, as on the romping *Greener*, he's in there.

My own favorites (no track is less than very good) are *Greener*, a good tune; Wes' own two blues, the slow *At It* and the medium *Detroit*; *Georgia*, hauntingly nostalgic; *When I Look*, a tranquil ballad, and the title tune, a fine melody by Schiffrin, which I'd like to hear Carmen McRae sing—provided the lyrics are good, too.

Though this is not a blowing session, there is plenty of blowing. Wes flies on

Greener, and stretches out on *At It*, hypnotically repeating a phrase, kneading it into you, and later echoing his own octave riffs on single string (not fake echo; the real thing). His brief unaccompanied passages on *Look* sound as full as a harp, his theme statement of *Georgia* is glowingly golden, and his two opening notes on the blowing section of *Detroit* startlingly trumpet-like.

But these are sketchy details. Let your ears fill in the gaps, and be glad that Wes Montgomery has made it big—good and big. To give due credit, the album was produced by Creed Taylor. As they say in the trade, it's a superior package.

—Morgenstern

Bill Plummer

THE COSMIC BROTHERHOOD—Impulse 9164: *Journey to the East*; *Pars Fortuna*; *The Look of Love*; *Song Plum*; *Arc 294*; *Lady Friend*; *Antares*.

Personnel: Tom Scott, reeds; Lynn Blessing, vibes, bells; Mike Lang, piano, harpsichord; Ron Anthony, Dennis Budimir, guitars; Plummer, Hersh Hamel, Ray Neapolitan, sitars; Jan Steward, sarod; Hamel, Steward, tambouras; Plummer, string bass; Carol Kaye, electric bass; Maurice Miller, Bill Goodwin, drums; Milt Holland, tabla; Mike Craden, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

The more you listen to this ambitious project, the more you'll come to accept the group's name as definitive. Theirs is a rhythmically vital ecumenicism that embraces exotica from the East, funk from the West, and rock from the fountain of youth, laced with a contemporary brand of jazz from today's swingers, unafraid to tap any source for inspiration.

Two of the more adventurous amalgams—poetry reading over raga-time (*Journey to the East*) and Eastern free-form (*Antares*)—don't quite come off, but the rest of the album is a ball. Plummer has tossed a winning combination of instruments and a compatible ensemble of instrumentalists into a highly spiced salad.

The best moments come when the foreign and domestic elements merge. The resulting jam session moves with the conviction of an East-West scrimmage. *Arc 294* and the non-poetic portion of *Journey to the East* are the finest examples—especially the saxophone and flute work of the amazing Tom Scott and the vibes statements of Lynn Blessing, wailing over a twangy cushion of three sitars and related Indian percussion.

294 has no overt pulse, but the overall rhythm—like the dynamics—rises and falls in intensity. *Pars Fortuna*, a way-up jazz waltz, provides an excellent vehicle for Scott, plus an all-too-brief piano solo by Mike Lang.

In *Look of Love*, the bent tones of the sitars, the drone of the tamboura, and the melodic lead of the harpsichord over rock drumming imbue this harmless ditty with an international flavor that Burt Bacharach never thought of. *Song Plum* threatens to go off in many harmonic directions at once. It boasts an unusual, expansive, modal melody over a clashing background that finds bossa nova set against a raga in 5/4. The delightful, tingly sound of vibes, flute (harpsichord?) and percussion that opens *Lady Friend* conjures up Christmas in New Delhi.

On *Antares*, Plummer takes a fine

plucked solo and then, via overdubbing, solos arco in a very unmusical search for effects, ending up sounding like a hinge in desperate need of oiling.

—Siders

Johnny Smith

KALEIDOSCOPE—Verve 8737: *Walk, Don't Run*; *Old Folks*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *The Girl with the Flaxen Hair*; *My Foolish Heart*; *By Myself*; *Sweet Lorraine*; *Choro da Saudade*; *Dreamsville*.

Personnel: Hank Jones, piano; Smith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

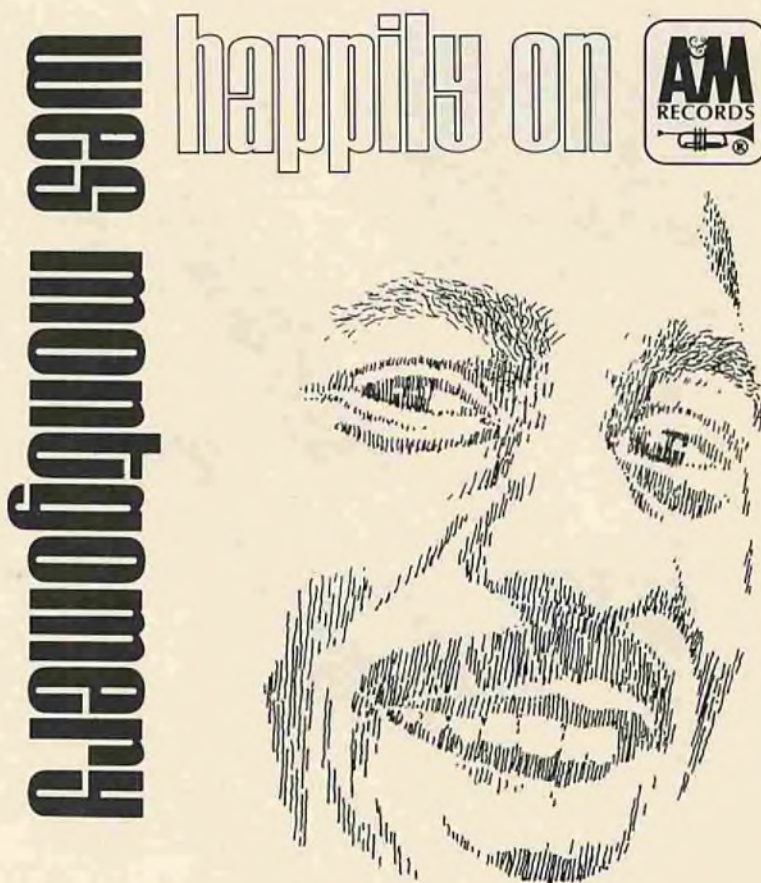
Rating: ★★½

The very profusion of guitarists today makes it the more imperative that geniuses such as Tal Farlow, George Van Eps, and Johnny Smith be kept in the forefront as

much as possible. We always need the masters, and this album—though it has flaws—demonstrates why Smith is among that elite.

Smith's uncanny skill at chordal voicing and his tasteful weaving of single line improvisation are alternated throughout. When both are deployed in an unfettered atmosphere of rubato, Smith is untouchable. Thus his unaccompanied portrait of the lady with the *Flaxen Hair* is pure, shimmering poetry. So is the first chorus of *I'm Old Fashioned* (also unaccompanied), with its gossamer passing tones.

Other highlights occur on *Old Folks*: the occasional segue into the land of funk; the fine bowing of Duvivier; the unex-



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pected modulation to the out chorus, and Smith's quote from the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* in answer to Jones.

By *Myself* contains the best writing: interesting lines for piano and guitar, taken at the brightest and best tempo. *Wine and Roses* and *My Foolish Heart* are the prettiest ballads, *Wine* a smooth-floating bossa nova. *Heart* contains some of Jones' most tender moments. Jones' most relaxed jazz can be heard on *Sweet Lorraine*—a moderate up-tempo swinger. In that same vein: *Walk, Don't Run*, with Smith unfolding a semi-serious plagal cadence at the end.

Saudade and *Dreamsville* seem to go nowhere. The grooves could have been better used for more up-tempo excursions. The album—as beautiful as it is—is too low-keyed. And as confident as the accompanying trio is, there is an occasional inhibition in the flow of the pulse. If the four had worked together for a week or two, then recorded as the culmination of their efforts, the session would have swung with more abandon.

But that doesn't prevent the album from being strongly recommended. A Johnny Smith is as rare nowadays as a Pocahontas. —*Siders*

Gabor Szabo

WIND, SKY, AND DIAMONDS—Impulse 9151: *San Franciscan Nights; A Day in the Life; Twelve-Thirty; To Sir with Love; White Rabbit; Guantanamo; Saigon Bride; The End of Life; Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds; Are You There?; W. C. Fields.*

Personnel: All tracks—Szabo, guitar; Bill Plummer, sitar; Mike Melvoin, piano, harpsichord; California Dreamers, vocals. Tracks 1, 2, 8, 11—Dennis Budimir, Louis Morrell, guitars; Carol Kaye, electric bass; Emil Richards, percussion; John Guerin, drums. Tracks 3, 5-7—Budimir, Herb Ellis, guitars; Kaye; Richards; Jimmy Gordon, drums. Tracks 4, 9, 10—Howard Roberts, Morrell, guitars; M. Pohman, electric bass; Victor Feldman, percussion; Gordon.

Rating: ★

This is one colossal mistake. Not just because it misuses a true talent, that of Szabo (and for all I know it might have been his idea in the first place), but more importantly because it epitomizes what happens when a Captain Now! messes with a music (or a generation) he really doesn't understand.

In the New Pop field, this record parallels Paul Whiteman's efforts in the jazz arena: trying to make a lady out of something wrongly disrespected by imposing another music's standards, values, and methods.

Here we have honey-voiced singers mouthing the inane lyrics of these insipid melodies (a couple of exceptions to that remark) with hackneyed bastards-of-eighth-notes accompaniment, plus guitar solos (and two dreadful recitations) marked by shallowness and affectation that add absolutely nothing to what had been, up to this point, an honorable reputation, despite its bearer's penchant for supporting only what fits his purposes at the moment.

The vocal parts are voiced "well" and "interestingly," the harmonies are just a little richer than one expects to hear with these kinds of tunes—in other words, every effort (and thought, young man, *thought*) was expended to make this "bad" music "good" (whatever *that* is). The result: music assumedly born honest is, in the

process of being made "respectable," turned into whored music.
—DeMicheal

Various Artists

TRIBUTE TO CHARLIE PARKER—RCA Victor 3783: *Buzzy*; *Now's the Time*; *Father O'Connor's Comments*; *Wee*; *Embraceable You*; *Old Folks*.

Personnel: Howard McGhee, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Sonny Stitt, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Max Roach, drums; Father Norman O'Connor, emcee (tracks 1-4); Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Lamont Johnson, piano; Scott Holt, bass; Billy Higgins, drums (tracks 5-6).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album consists of material from two completely different settings. The major portion comes from the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival set described in the title. This jamming conclave is notable for some impassioned Stitt tenor that shook the walls of Freebody Park; some highly-activated Johnson; and the inspiring Roach at his most puissant.

McGhee begins delicately on *Time* and builds to harder wailing. Stitt is a power-



house, with Roach cooking him on into the relentless tide of emotion he is capable of flowing out with.

Johnson is both facile and involved on *Wee*, and the other horns again come through strongly. Roach's solo, utilizing a "mop mop" figure to bring us back to 52nd St., is short but all man.

I've mentioned specifics, but the important thing here is the spirit. All three numbers are a gas.

The two McLean selections were done at a studio session. They were tacked on to fill out the album, and do not fit the mood, but not because they are ballads. McLean was a logical choice to fill out a tribute to Bird, and had he been recorded live, it might have made it.

On *Embraceable*, McLean, like *Desafinado*, is slightly out of tune, but he is a player who reaches your heart. It may not be his best, but there's something to hear. Johnson's piano interlude is boring.

On *Folks*, Johnson's comping is intrusive, and I find his bluesy, chorded style vapid. Holt sounds like a plodding Paul Chambers. It is little wonder that McLean's contribution is passable but uninspired. I heard this group at the Village Vanguard once, and they can play much better than they did here.

An added fillip is the interview by Father O'Connor of the Newport contingent on the subject of Parker. There is also a well-intentioned sermon by the good Father, who sounds like a high school coach addressing the Jaycees. But dig Stitt—what he has to say and what he has to play.
—Gitler

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MILES DAVIS/ BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 2

1. THE ELECTRIC FLAG. *Over-Lovin' You* (from *A Long Time Comin'*, Columbia). Barry Goldberg, Mike Bloomfield, composers.

Who was that? Leave that record here, it's a nice record. I like guys that get into what they're supposed to be singing, and the guys that play behind it really get into what *they're* doing—when the mood changes they go right in it. It makes the record smooth; makes it mean something.

It's a pleasure to get a record like that, because you know they're serious no matter what they do. . . . I liked the rhythm on that. I mean, if you're going to do something like that, man, you've got to do it. You know what I mean? If you're going to play like that, play like that—good—but don't jive around.

I like to cop myself—I don't like to miss. I like to get into the meat of things, and sometimes it don't happen and sometimes it does; when it does, it feels great, and it makes up for the times when it doesn't. But if you know it's going to happen one night, it keeps you going.

2. SUN RA. *Brainville* (from *Sun Song*, Delmark). Dave Young, trumpet; Sun Ra, composer. (Recorded in 1956.)

That's gotta come from Europe. We wouldn't play no _____ like that. It's so sad. It sounds funny to me. Sounds like a 1935 arrangement by Raymond Scott. They must be joking—the Florida A & M band sounds better than that. They should record them, rather than that _____. They've got more spirit than that. That ain't nothing.

Why put that on record? What does that do? You mean there's somebody around here that feels like that? Even the white people don't feel that sad.

Feather: Do you think that's a white group?

Davis: The trumpet player didn't sound white. . . . I don't know, man. You know, there's a little thing that trumpet players play to make a jazz sound, that if you don't have your own sound, you can hear an adopted jazz sound, which is a drag, especially in the mute. I mean you can tell when a guy's got his own thing.

People should have good friends to tell them, "Man, that ain't it, so don't play trumpet," you know what I mean? Or "Don't play drums, 'cause you don't have anything." I'd rather have that said to me than to go on playing trumpet when it doesn't sound like I want it to sound. I know he doesn't want it to sound like that, so he should work at it, or play another instrument—a lower instrument.

When an arrangement's tight like that, you have to play every chord, because the background parts when they record, like they play them single, instead of making it smooth—and it's hard to play like that. You have to play each chord, then play the other chords or you never connect anything, and in between it's just blank.

To me it's just like canned music. Even canned music sounds good sometimes, but not _____ like this.

3. DON ELLIS. *Alone* (from *Electric Bath*, Columbia). Ellis, trumpet; Hank Levy, composer.

Who's that supposed to be? It's too straight, man. You know, you'd be surprised, this trumpet player probably can play, he sounds alright, but with a strong

rhythm like that—if you have a straight rhythm like that, the band has to play against the rhythm, because the rhythm is never gonna change, and that's very hard to do. The best way to do that is for the rhythm to play real soft.

You don't need a trumpet in something like that. It was just one of those major, minor, major. . . .

It's a kind of mood tune. I would play it slower, and have the band way down, so they could have got some kind of feeling into it. You could tell they don't feel like playing this. Somebody was impressed with 5/4 time, but what difference does that make? What's so great about a whole number in 5/4? In our group we change the beat around and do all kind of things with time, but not just to say "Look at me, I'm playing 5/4!" There's nothing there, but I guess the critics will have something to write about.

Feather: It was Don Ellis. Have you ever heard him?

Davis: Yeah, I heard him. He's no soloist. I mean, he's a nice guy and all that, but to me he's just another white trumpet player. He can't play in a chord, can't play with any feeling; that's the reason I guess they use all that time _____.

Anybody can make a record, and try to do something new, to sell; but to me a record is more than something new, and I don't care how much it sells. You have to capture some feeling—you can't just play like a _____ machine. You can't even turn on with any kind of dope and get any feeling to play if you don't have it in your heart. No matter what you do, it won't make you play any better. You are what you are, no matter what you do. I can be loud and no good, soft and no good, in 7/8 and no good. You can be black and no good, white and no good. . . . A guy like Bobby Hackett plays what he plays with feeling, and you can put him into any kind of thing and he'll do it.

4. AL HIRT. *Goin' to Chicago Blues* (from *Live at Carnegie Hall*, RCA). Hirt, trumpet.

It's Al Hirt. I think he's a very good trumpet player. For anyone that feels that way, I guess he hits them. He's a good trumpet player, but that's some corny-ass _____ he plays here.

They want him to be fat and white and funny and talented, but he ain't. They want something that looks good on television; fat, with a beard, and jovial and jolly. He's like a white Uncle Tom. And he's a nice guy; it's a drag. You know, white folks made Negroes tom a long time ago by giving them money. To do this in front of some white people, to pay you to have that kind of personality, like him, it's tomming. I can't see why a guy like Al Hirt. . . . I guess if he was thin he wouldn't do it.

Harry James is a good trumpet player, and he never did tom or no _____ like that. Harry had some feeling.

For a guy to shake his unattractive body and think somebody thinks it's funny—it ain't funny, it's disgusting. He can't entertain me like that; he can entertain some corny ofays, but all the colored folks I know would say, "Oh, _____! I don't want to hear that!"

As I pointed out in the first part of this test, Miles Davis' hotel room was cluttered with pop vocal records. Why? There are several explanations, but the simplest and most logical, it seems to me, is that when you have reached the esthetic mountaintop, there is no place to look but down.

Instead of judging other artists in terms of their own ideas and ideals, Miles looks for every other trumpet player, every other combo leader, to achieve what he has achieved.

Clearly this must lead to disappointment, for not every pianist today can be a Herbie Hancock, not every drummer a Tony Williams or every saxophonist-composer a Wayne Shorter. Finding nothing that measures up to the standards he has set and met, Miles turns to other idioms. He relies on pop music for entertainment and classical music for serious listening.

There is nothing unprecedented about this. Walking into Charlie Parker's apartment, you were more likely to find him listening to Bartok than to some contemporary saxophonist. Similarly, there was nothing Art Tatum could learn from other pianists.

The taped interview was slightly censored; otherwise it represents Davis' precise comments on the records, about which he was given no information.

—Leonard Feather



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Intercollegiate Jazz Festival

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The first in an intended annual series of college jazz festivals took place April 19 and 20 on the picturesque Quinnipiac campus at the foot of the Sleeping Giant Mountains. Its success was very much due to the energy and enthusiasm of the Costanzo brothers (Dom and Sam), who were aided by a devoted, turtlenecked staff.

Alumni Hall, where the performances were given, previously had no suitable stage or proscenium, but this major obstacle was overcome by ingenious structural improvisations. Capacity was around

three of each as anticipated. This decision was somewhat facilitated by the inability of the Mike Pedicin Quintet, which had impressed everybody Friday night, to appear in the finals.

To no one's great surprise, the New York College of Music Jazz Ensemble was awarded the Sero Trophy as best big band. Although it played the same three numbers as in the semi-finals (always a cause for reservations in judicial minds), its material, internal balance, continuity, and overall performance level were superior. The arrangements by its director, Dr. Joseph Scianni, were well suited to the resources, and soloists Steve Bernstein



The victorious New York College of Music Jazz Ensemble, directed by composer-pianist Joseph Scianni. Kenny Dorham is the trumpeter at the extreme left in the section. The tenor soloist is Steve Bernstein.

700, and a big crowd was present Friday night. The afternoon semi-finals on Saturday were, as is customary at events of this kind, not well attended, but at night over 200 people were reportedly turned away from the packed hall.

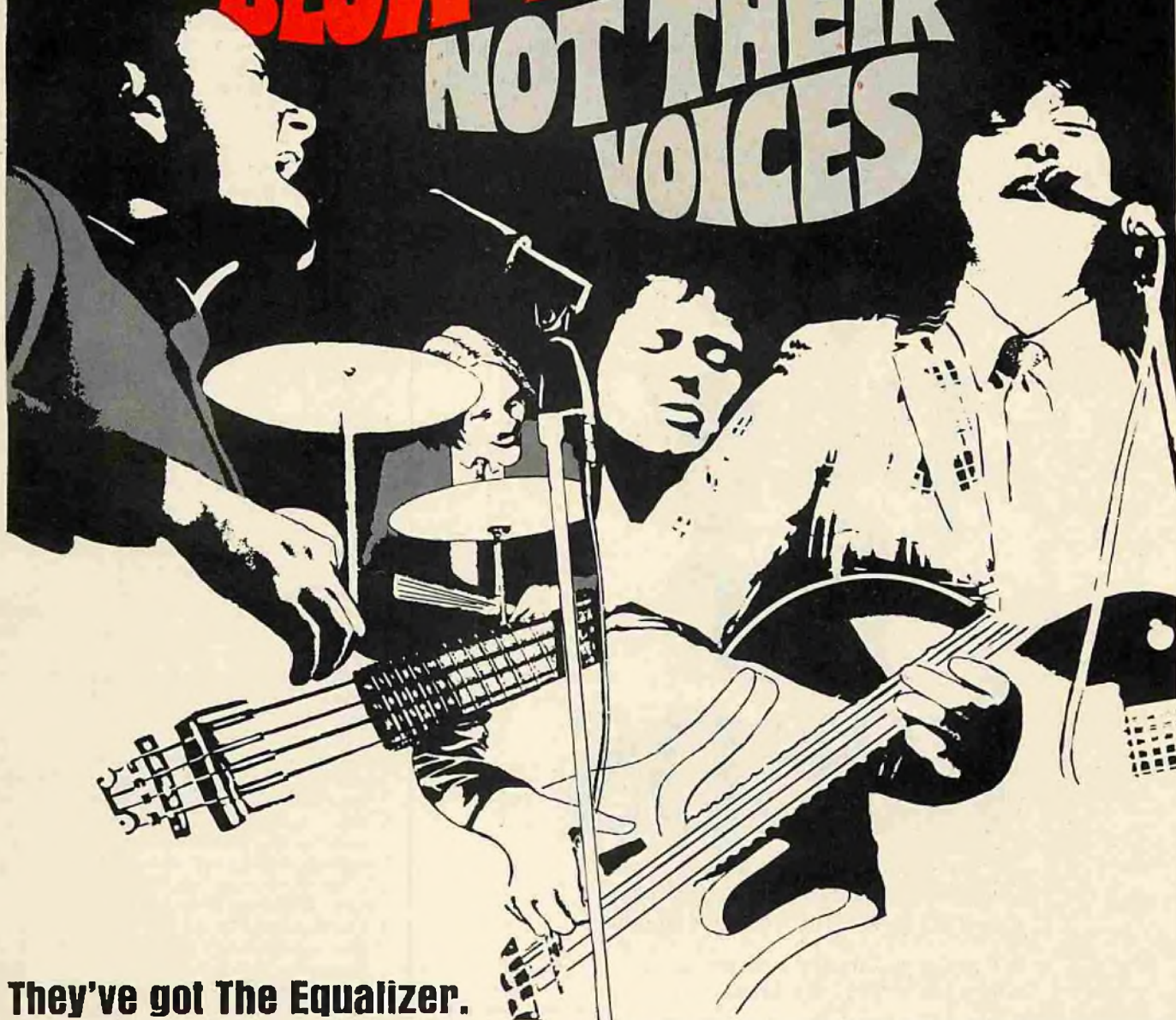
The music ranged from the decidedly amateurish to a wellnigh professional level. An advantage of localized festivals of this kind is the fact that the not-so-talented are less reluctant to expose themselves than in the all-out competition of, say, Notre Dame. As judge Bob Share remarked afterwards, they hear what other, superior groups are doing and are not only inspired by them, but are prompted to return to their own colleges with requests (or demands) for increased support.

As usual, the competition was keen among the big bands, and the judges wisely decided that the finals should feature four bands and two combos, instead of

(tenor saxophone), Pete LaBarbera (vibes) and Glen Walker (trombone) related to the whole intelligently. On *Florence in July*, none other than Kenny Dorham (a student on his way to a degree) was featured advantageously to accompaniment by the two bassists and drummer. His positive, unhurried articulation and thoughtful construction must have communicated a valuable message to many aspiring young trumpet players.

Second place and Selmer's Benny Goodman Trophy went to the M.I.T. Concert Jazz Band directed by Herb Pomeroy. The trumpet section had an exciting, hungry sound, and the band played with considerable drive, but the total reliance on the excellent Richie Orr (trombone) and Dick Carter (tenor saxophone) as soloists implied limitations, especially since both were also heard extensively in the context of the M.I.T. Jazz Quartet. Coltrane's

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Moment's Notice, as arranged by Pomroy, made an effective but exacting closer. Generally, there was a welcome reduction in band flagwavers at this festival. Perhaps contestants are beginning to realize that what causes a wild audience reaction may well leave experienced judges cold. For example, The Swingsters from Heidelberg College, Ohio, would surely have been better off without the vain-glorious *Malaguena*.

The Kent State University Band from Ohio, directed by Dr. Walter Watson, played arrangements by Alan Bell of *Dirty Kid* and *Sunrise, Sunset*. (In the semi-finals, it had played J.J. Johnson's *El Camino Real*.) It was strong in individual talents. Trombonist Garney Hicks was ad-

judged the festival's outstanding brass player (Dorham having withdrawn from competition), Don Kamel won one of three awards for outstanding percussionists, and Berklee scholarships were awarded trombonist Bob Dodge and lead trumpet Dennis Johnson. Although the brass overshadowed the reeds in terms of volume and class, there were also capable saxophone solos by George Doviak (alto) and Curt Torrey (tenor).

The fourth band in the finals, the University of Buffalo Jazz Ensemble, played three contrasting numbers, beginning with a light, swinging *Dear Tessie*, followed by waltztime in *Morphology*, and Latin rhythms in *Tumblin' Tumbleweeds*. The soloists were either nervous or not in-

spired, the audience reserving its chief applause for a drum solo by Bill Thiele.

Among the individuals who shone in the other bands was Roy King of Heidelberg, who received the first of the three percussion prizes. William Mintz, with the N.Y. College of Music, won another. Don Grolnick, with the Tufts University Jazz Band, won a Berklee scholarship and was, indeed, the most accomplished pianist of the festival. As a rule, the pianists seemed to have as their models soloists who have never demonstrated any real ability to fit into a big band or a small group with horns. The Tufts band, from Medford, Mass., was directed by Charlie Mariano. Despite Grolnick's best efforts and two bassists (one of them a girl), it was weak rhythmically. Sam Alongi on trumpet and the use of clarinet doubling in the reed section were among its enjoyable features.

The two combo finalists caused a dilemma for the judges, and ultimately a tie was declared between Kent State's Trombone Septet and the New York Jazz Composers Octet. Here was an interesting example of how, when points have been tallied for intonation, creativity, rhythm, precision, dynamics, arrangements and interpretation, a subjective, stylistic preference will tip the balance. For this writer, the Kent Septet made the most refreshing music of the entire festival, but a judge cannot think in terms of pure pleasure alone.

The four Kent trombones and rhythm played well together on Jackie McLean's *Das Dot*, swinging at a relaxed tempo with a good beat. Garney Hicks blew an open solo with striking authority, and Bob Dodge complemented him with plunger in one that was notably better constructed than its counterpart in the semi-finals. For Kai Winding's *Michie*, a switch from their afternoon program, the 'bones opened in cup mutes. Hicks showed his versatility in a subtle muted solo, and Dodge this time took his open. The set ended with a well-paced climax where all four horns blew strong.

The Jazz Composers Octet opened with a rather heavy-handed excursion in soul arranged by baritonist Stan Schwartz. *How Insensitive* featured Howard Leshan's tenor, and while no attempt was made at stressing the more obvious bossa characteristics, Leshan told his story attractively. *Little Dave* showcased Ed Silk on trombone, *Waltz for Hene* pianist Fred Thaler. The arrangements by Jeff Hest, leader and alto saxophonist, displayed considerable originality, a fact recognized by the award to him of a Berklee summer scholarship.

Of the other combos, the M.I.T. Quartet was notable for the soloing of Richie Orr and Dick Carter, the former winning a scholarship to Berklee, and the latter a Mancini award as best woodwind player. A sextet from Fairfield University came up with the festival's most novel instrumentation—two pianos, two basses, and two drums. Each bassist alternated in playing pizzicato against the other's arco, and the leader, Jim Gatto, employed mallets in dramatic contrast with Frank Fortney's sticks. Unfortunately, the pianists' conception owed more to Ferrante and Teicher than to jazz, and an interminable version

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of *Nature Boy* became tiresome through thematic repetition. The Jazz Quartet from New York's City College also had original ideas in instrumentation, but despite doubling on violin, clarinet, and flute, their *Summertime* and tribute to Ravi Shankar were rather lacking in substance.

The absence of a vocal category, incidentally, was a distinct relief, but has it occurred to any of the directors that the inclusion of a vocal *chorus*—perhaps by solo voice or trio, as in the Lunceford pattern—might add considerably to the impact of their presentation?

The formidable panel of judges consisted of Fr. Norman O'Connor, Clem DeRosa, Johnny Richards, Robert Share, Ed Shaugnessy and Clark Terry, the last five of whom conducted a clinic for high school and college students Saturday morning. Quinpiac's own concert ensemble, directed by Dom Costanzo, executed a neophonic divertimento during the final deliberations. —Stanley Dance

Freddie Hubbard Quartet

Carnegie Recital Hall, New York, N. Y.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; Kenny Barron, piano; Lawrence Ridley, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

It had never occurred to me before that there might be a similarity between Bobby Hackett and Freddie Hubbard, outside of the fact that they both play trumpet. Between Hackett's gently graceful arabesques and the bite of Hubbard's crackling attack there seemed to lie such a stylistic gulf that they might be in two different musical worlds. Yet, by the end of the concert by Hubbard's quartet at Carnegie Recital Hall, the fourth and last of this season's series of *Jazz: The Personal Dimension*, the bland repetition that built up during the program was producing much the same effect as a full evening of Hackett.

The basic reason was a monotony of sound and viewpoint. Everything was approached on the same level. There was scarcely any use of dynamics. And the solos, in one piece after another, began to sound the same.

At the root of this monotony was Hayes' relentless drumming. There was one brief, wonderful minute or two when Kenny Barron moved into *Body and Soul* unaccompanied, when the whole texture and color of the performance suddenly changed. But as soon as the rhythm section returned, it was back to the old hammer and tongs.

Barron succeeded to some extent in rising above Hayes' perpetual drum solo. Working with Tatum-like runs, mixed with strong, driving chords, he played with a churning force that often made a listener wish he could escape from the constant presence of his accompaniment.

Hubbard's ripping figures and hard-edged lines cut through that backing but, for all their potential electricity, they stayed at one emotional level. It was a situation that called for variety, for some change of pace to move the musicians out of the groove into which they had dug themselves. But they seemed content to grind it out, capably but impersonally.

—John S. Wilson

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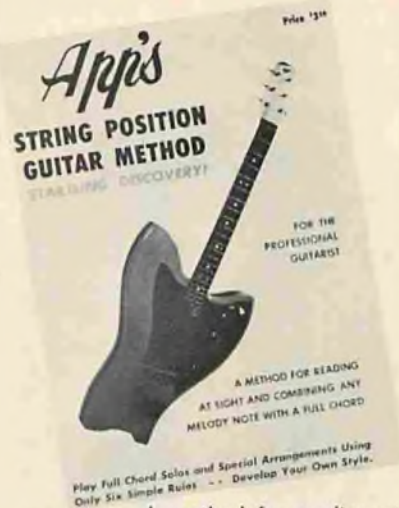


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Jefferson Airplane/Grateful Dead

The Carousel, San Francisco

Personnel: Jefferson Airplane: Grace Slick, piano, organ, vocals; Paul Kantner, guitar, vocals; Jorma Kaukonen, lead and rhythm guitar, vocals; Marty Balin, guitar, vocals; Jack Casady, bass, acoustic guitar; Spencer Dryden, percussion. The Grateful Dead: Ron (Pig Pen) McKernan, organ, harmonica; Jerry Garcia, lead guitar, vocals; Bob Weir, rhythm guitar, vocals; Phil Lesh, bass; Bill Sommers, Micky Hart, drums.

The cream of San Francisco rock—the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead—got together here for the first time in many months. Following a three-month Pacific Northwest tour, the Dead and the Airplane had returned as partners to open their own ballroom, the Carousel, in competition with Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium and Chet Helms' Avalon Ballroom.

The Dead had not played for either Graham or Helms in nearly a year, because they opposed the way most dance-concerts are conducted.

Both bands did two sets, each lasting more than an hour. Though the Airplane has by far the biggest national reputation, the Dead proved to be the stronger musicians.

Balin, in the group's early days, nearly carried the Airplane on the strength of his powerful vocals. And though the repertoire now is structured around the exceptionally versatile voice of Miss Slick, there are signs that this approach is wearing a bit thin.

Solos are longer than ever before, limiting the role of the lyrics, but the quality of playing has improved markedly. Casady is one of the finest bass players in rock—

perhaps the finest—and his solos will surely wake up other groups to the fact that the bass can be more than just decoration for the lead guitar.

On one song, Casady played acoustic guitar and Balin played bass, an indication that the group is going in for more versatility.

But it was the Dead's second set that made the evening particularly important.



It was one of the best sets the group has ever done in this city, and the light show, by underground filmmaker Ben Van Meter, caught the rhythm perfectly, turning the event into a total sensory experience.

In the first set, the Dead had indicated it was into something quite different from what it was doing even six months ago. At that time it was, like the Airplane, still dependent on lyrics as the basic ingredient of its songs.

Now it is the music that is important.

It's more jazz than rock and aims at a peak experience instead of just a good time. On one song, McKernan, who also does fine vocals on Junior Wells' *Good Mornin'*, *Little Schoolgirl*, launched into a kind of formless Joycean chant. As another forceful sound, it complemented the instruments.

The Dead has added a second drummer, Micky Hart, son of drummer Roy Hart, and new worlds of dynamics have opened up. Hart joined several months ago in New York. Sommers still seems to carry the weight in the drum solos, but Hart has excellent control.

Garcia is one of the unacknowledged greats of the rock guitar. He can make it sound like a horn and always plays as if entranced, his shaggy head wagging, his fingers fretting and picking as if they had a life of their own.

The set ended with fireworks and smoke-bombs that, in the hands of most groups, usually come off as a cheap gimmick. Not this time. Solos had built crescendo upon crescendo like layers in a foundation; each note had been wrung of the last drop of emotion. Something had to explode, and it did—literally. There followed a brief and incongruous bidding of goodnight, sung by the whole group in choir-boy fashion.

The Dead again proved that it is probably the tightest band in rock, despite the fact that there is now more improvising in its playing than ever before.

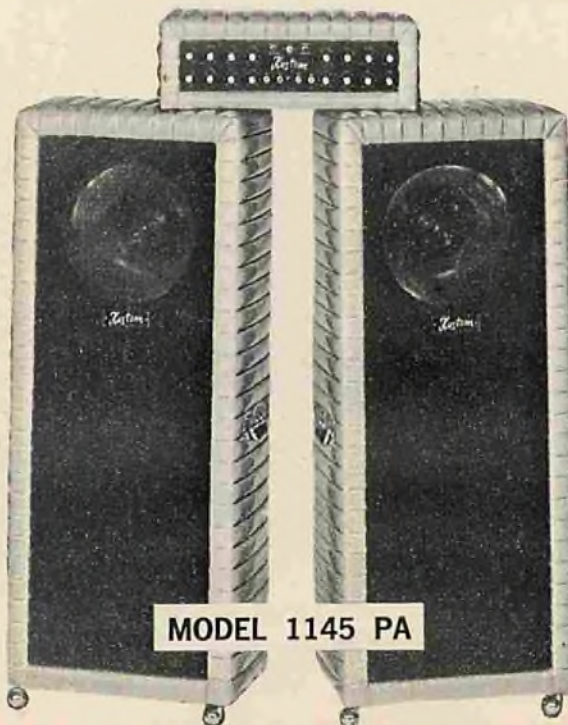
—Geoffrey Link

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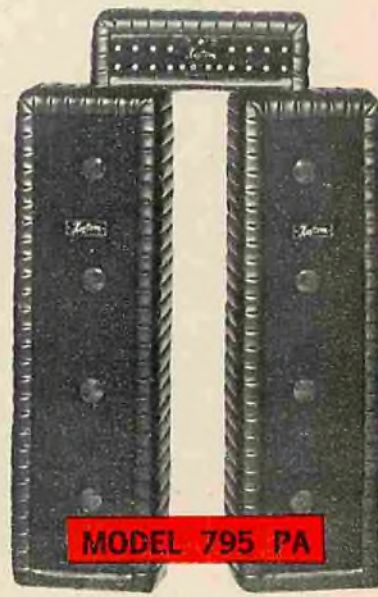
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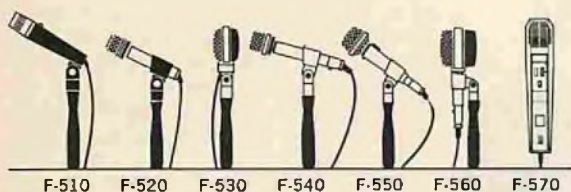


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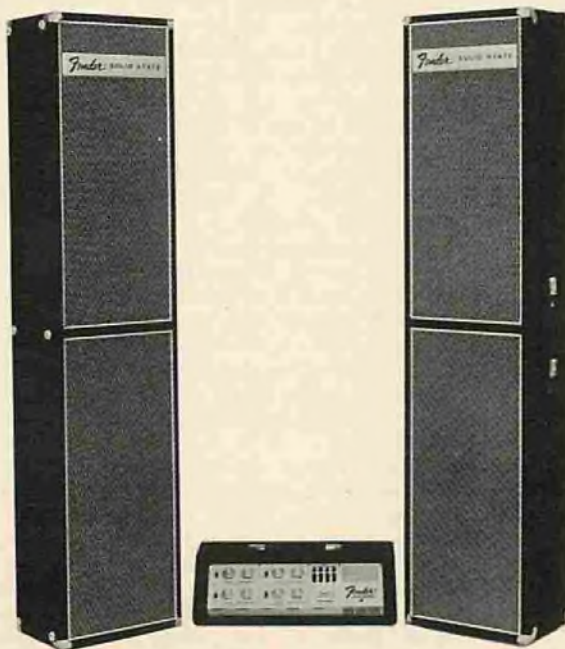
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HOW TO PLAY RAGA-ROCK

by Frank Smith



Smith

*(This is part two of a two-part article
which began in the June 13 issue of Down
Beat.)*

THE NUMBER OF registers varies from instrument to instrument. On string instruments, each string can be considered to constitute a register, because going from one to another will give a definite change in sound. The registers can usually be derived in more than one way for a given instrument, but the only thing we're interested in here is having a group of categories along the various musical dimensions so that the mind has different stopping-off places in constructing its mounting energy patterns.

On the tenor saxophone the first register goes from low A₂ concert up to E, the next continues from F to the following E, next from F to high E₄. Then you get one above that by overblowing with your lip, and a second by overblowing with your teeth, if you're really adventurous. These can be subdivided or varied in other ways also.

The drums present an interesting pattern because of the dichotomy created by the cymbals and the skins. This can be bridged by using the rims. In addition, each cymbal and each drum can be thought of as a different register, going from low to high by decreasing size. Even though the pitches are not definite on this instrument, distinct registers still exist. As each of these dimensions of dynamics, tempo and register move upward, they

create a natural increase in intensity. And playing in the higher registers can make you feel like you're soaring above the earth with angels.

IT'S BETTER NOT to fix the number of cycles in a solo before you play, just as it's better not to associate any one of the categories listed above with a single phase of it. Don't try to associate the tempo of one beat to a bar with the whole length of your first tension unit. You may not even want to start that slow, but if you do, the whole point of the five tempo categories is to provide stopping off points in your thought.

In playing, you try to build gradually till you feel the tension needs to be released. Always let the emotional energy within be your guide, not the external concept. That's like a road you stay on, but stop, start, turn, and speed up when you want. The possibilities of mixing different tempos, volumes and registers in various ways in each breathing phase and version of a tune is where all the freedom comes in and makes that peaceful feeling possible.

It's also not necessary to limit yourself to two contiguous categories in a given cycle. If your basic tempo is a medium four beats to the bar, you can still mix in some phrases with one and 16 beats besides using those with two and eight beats to the bar. Mastery of these more difficult tricks allows greater contrast and control, and marks the excellent player.

Besides the 15 or so categories discussed under the three dimensions of tempo, dynamics and register, there are many more conceptual areas that can serve as pivotal points in constructing the growing intensity units of a solo. The most important dimension of all is the scale. Its categories are formed by the way we choose to break it up, and the most basic division is in the size of the interval.


Most Indian music is built on the one-step, meaning a single-scale step of a major or minor second. (The term *one-step* is employed to emphasize movement within a scale.) This is the fundamental interval of melody building. Different scales have different melodies because the places where the major and minor seconds occur differ from scale to scale.

A lot of music can be played by using only the one-step. By keeping to a rhythmic pattern of [] [] [] [] [] you can play a different melody on each step of the scale going up, down or changing direction. By varying the time pattern, the possibilities grow beyond the reach of our grasp. It is generally best to start a solo's first cycle with seconds—soft, slow and low on the instrument—and then build up by mixing. This will put you on a solid foundation.

The two-step is the next scale category. It consists of major and minor thirds played by skipping every other note in the scale. This gives a completely different kind of music from the one-step. We Westerners use this much more than the Easterners do. Overuse of it creates that cloying feeling, but anyone like Stan Getz or Ornette Coleman, referred to as *melody* players, are quite expert at using two-



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steps or arpeggios. (They are called arpeggios in their aspect of being chord notes strung in a line instead of sounded together.)

PLAYING IN THIRDS gives a very pretty sound compared to seconds, but lacks the feeling of solidity the latter has. The smoothest way to connect the two is by playing a one-step line very fast, then letting it take off into thirds by skipping a note every now and then, until finally you're playing all thirds. Or if you play seconds very fast and accent every other note, they'll turn into thirds in sound as you gradually let the odd notes fade into silence. This also provides a method for mixing the two.

The next category of the scale contains the intervals greater than a second or third: big-steps. This lumps fourths, fifths, sixths, sevenths and larger steps together because no single one is as important as seconds or thirds, but as a group they present a lot of possibilities.

If the seconds are solid and the thirds sing, the bigger steps are the powerhouse intervals. One of the best ways to use their strength is with trills. This will be found to sound best at special places in certain keys on each instrument, e.g., on the tenor a lot of beautiful music can be played in A_b concert by using the trill from low A_b to the E_b above it, an interval of a fifth. These are often difficult to play, but some of the most advanced music being played by new jazz players lies in this broad interval bag.

A very good technique for wide interval playing is to practice trilling on all seven chords in a scale. (The tonic, fourth and fifth are major, the seventh is diminished, and the second, third and sixth are minor.) This will give your ear a clear idea of the different music to be found in each. Chord trills also provide a good modulation from playing on two-steps to big-steps through the rapid connection between the third and the fifth, e.g., you trill C to E, then C,E to G, then C to G. There are a lot of ways to move the sound around with this technique, especially if you change the chord. John Coltrane had this more together than anyone, but there's still a lot of music to be played on it. Needless to say, this is some of the most intense music on any instrument and should be saved for climactic points of a solo.

Returning to more basic categories, we have the tonic chord considered as a dimension of the scale. Since it only has three notes to an octave, you can play them all across the registers without sticking to the arpeggio sequence. This gives more possibilities and the chord still keeps a clean distinct sound of its own.

IT'S VERY DIFFERENT from playing on all the thirds in the scale in sequence, because the limitation to three notes gives a purer sound, and the possibility of wide interval jumps opens it up. Its being on the tonic makes it the most singingly beautiful chord in the scale. Many grand-sounding Dixieland solos are built on just these notes. After playing in the low register, by first alternating one-step and two-steps and then mixing them, a very

powerful and pure effect can be had by playing across all the registers on the tonic chord.

This gives four categories under the dimension of scale: seconds, thirds, larger intervals, and the tonic chord. As you can see, there are many more possibilities, and the creative player will soon find his own classifications to serve as guidelines in his improvising. These more obvious ones are meant to provide the basic outlines for building organic raga-style solos.

Also, you'll notice that the tonic chord is really a subdivision under thirds and not a naturally more intense category than big-steps. In all the other dimensions, the categories given increased naturally from low to high intensity, but in breaking up the scale there are lots more possibilities, and therefore a more arbitrary and personal element enters. The scale provides a dimension of meaning rather than intensity. Now we have some 20 categories under the four dimensions: dynamics, tempo, register and scale. In building a raga-like solo of growing intensity cycles you'll find it easiest to start out playing seconds soft, slow and low. But once you begin, no fixed answer can be given as to how to mix these categories, because their great value lies in considering them as pivotal areas providing a palette for building a sound-painting according to your own varying needs.

With melody we get into more personal and complicated matters, so just a word will be said. You might try writing a tune making use of each of the four categories listed under the scale dimension. This would give you at least one phrase or melody built on seconds, one on thirds, one on the larger steps and one on the tonic chord.

The song or tune you use provides the greatest emotional anchor for any performance since it crystallizes the mood of each piece. Connecting it to the scale categories in the manner suggested will open up the very heart of the song by allowing you to weave its phrases in and out of the various energy cycles of each performance. In fact, you might try the Indian technique of not playing the tune when you begin. Then introduce its phrases one by one in the different intensity units of your solo, saving the integrated statement for the end. The key to some very strong music lies here, but space does not permit further discussion.

The trick to being a powerful improviser is knowing just when to change the direction of energy so that a contrast comes off with great clarity and force. If we consider the listener to be standing at the center of the circle of music, we might say all these different categories are points on the circle.

The good player knows how to move quickly, clearly and smoothly from any one point to any other so that the music seems to move around the listener at first, then surround him more and more in gentle inundations of sound, till finally he feels himself bathed in a musical spray from all the circumference at once, singing, "He who has eyes to hear, let him hear."



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MONTGOMERY

(Continued from page 18)

club called the Turf Bar from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. That left him just enough time to hotfoot it over to the Missile Room, an afterhours joint, to play the 2:30 a.m. to 5 spot there. He didn't go through that routine just before Christmas to pick up extra shopping money, but every week for over six years.

"Working three gigs all that time was not the worst thing that could have happened to me," he said. "From all that scuffling I learned a lot about discipline as an entertainer. I don't go overboard now—maybe because it was a long time coming."

Wes' first LP was a World Pacific release on which he sat in with his brothers, pianist Buddy and bassist Monk, both with his current quintet, but then co-leaders of the Mastersounds, a group with a solid but unspectacular reputation. Nothing much happened for Wes as a result of that date, and the group dissolved in early 1960.

In Wes' estimation, however, it was the wax—and a little help from some friends—that ultimately made the difference. "As far as I'm concerned, Cannonball (Adderley) opened the door for me," he said. "He called Riverside Records once, when he was in

Indianapolis, and just raved about me to Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews. Two days after Cannonball had left Naptown, I got a call from Keepnews. He had never heard me, but on the strength of Cannonball's recommendation he guaranteed me a record date. I told him that it was just fine with me but, for everybody's sake, I thought that he should come out and hear me once himself just to be satisfied.

"He was satisfied."

FROM THEN ON, it was mostly coasting to the good things for the guitarist, especially when one considers what he had previously been through. But though Wes has been among the headliners at festivals all over the U.S. and in London, Madrid, Brussels, Lugano and San Remo, and has been the leader on more than a score of top hit LPs, three of which are currently on the *Billboard* best seller lists, he is the last one to see his good fortune as overwhelming in any sense of that word.

"When you start to make it slightly, everyone talks like you're a millionaire. But let's not forget that this isn't the Beatles or somebody—nobody ever makes it *that* big in jazz. I can't retire for some time yet," he clarifies.

Considering his uniquely appealing instrumental approach, one might think that Wes could have an armload of

those lucrative television commercial contracts that sometimes accrue to even the most anonymous musicians, but such is not the case. There are several commercials now making the rounds of video that utilize the dulcet octave guitar sound so pointedly reminiscent of The Thumb, but only one is actually his—the rest are commendable copies from which the inventor garners no royalties. "I don't mind," he said with a smile. "It lets me know they're thinking about me, anyhow."

Plumbing the murky depths from which spring the sequoias of success, someone recently asked Wes how—in the face of all the electronic effects, oscillation, tremolo, feedback, etc.—he managed to retain his place in the market with such a comparatively "straight" approach. His answer, he reported, had been that he observes all of these developments. "Nothing new," he emphasized, "gets by unnoticed. While some cats turned up their noses at Elvis Presley and the Beatles, I tried to find out what was best about what they were doing and incorporate it into my thing—without duplicating their stuff."

"We just finished a new album, for instance, that is done with a Baroque influence on every track. We're doing things like *Fly Me to the Moon*, *Green-sleeves*, and *My Favorite Things*. There's a mixed bag of instruments on the dif-

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ferent tracks—a string quartet on some, woodwinds on others—but everything is done in the Baroque style."

Today, if one walks into a club to hear Wes Montgomery's quintet, one hears some of the most irresistibly swinging music—call it jazz, pop or even rock—that exists anywhere. After two martinis—or whatever his poison—the reader is hereby defied not to pat his foot to the proceedings. Part of the reason for this circumstance is that the group is just one big rhythm section. Part of the reason is also that this rhythm section is composed of uninhibited swingers who have nothing against having fun while they work—and it's contagious.

In addition to Buddy, whose pianistic abilities have already been cited; and Monk, a double threat on either Fender or upright bass; there's conga drummer Alvin Bunn, who anchors the pace to the nitty-gritty at all costs, and, last but not least, the irrepressible metronomics of drummer Billy Hart, a musician who is obviously as gassed by the act of playing his axe as is his leader.

When the unit kicks off into any of the two dozen or so numbers with which most of the audience is familiar, and the chorus of approbation goes up, "Yeah," he advised that one of jazz' greatest public relations men is at work—he is talking to both square ears and round.

Facing a summer with George Wein's traveling cornucopia of jazz a la Newport, and the waxing of an album of Christmas presents, Wes seemed thoroughly satisfied. "You know," he said, as we left Gladys' place, souls as full as stomachs, "I never consciously tried to get to this position in life, so now that I'm there, I'm not afraid of falling off the ladder."

Consequently, it is a self-assured Wes Montgomery who says: "I found out a long time ago that you've got to appreciate life first, before you can do anything else. At one time, when I was young, I was exposed to a lot of things: whisky, dope, etc. I had seen a lot of it, heard a lot of guys say that those things would help me project myself. But I knew it wasn't true. From a very early age, I could see that the mind would function no better than when it was clear. A lot of times, when my head was clear, and another cat's wasn't, I'd hear him talking and I knew he thought he was making sense when he wasn't."

"I'd like to pass on the fact that you don't need the influence; you'll learn faster, produce more. A lot of cats want company when they use narcotics," he added, "because it's not pleasant to use them solo—but let 'em."

Clearly, though being top guitar means taking a lot of trips, Wes Montgomery is not goin' out of his head. **AS**

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GAILLARD

(Continued from page 23)

pie, Milt Jackson, Miles Davis, Percy Heath, Al Kilian, John Lewis. He shifted easily to talking about Billy Berg's, where he discovered Frankie Laine, and played for a long stretch. And he also recalled his discovery of singers Kay Starr and Dorothy Collins.

It was like nostalgic music to hear Slim recite and recall the clubs he played: The Blue Note, Three Dueces, Onyx Club, Leon & Eddie's, Famous Door, Club 18, Kelly's Stable, and many more. He told of how he played piano for Jane Wyman's fashion shows at the May Company, and at cocktail parties for the Goldwyn Girls. And made movies with Olson and Johnson (*Hellzapoppin'*), the Harlem Globetrotters (*Go, Man, Go*) and several others.

He mentioned some of his recordings—*Slim's Jam*, and the album *Slim Gaillard Rides Again*. "I want to record again, as soon as I get the right group together," he said. "I'm writing again, and I've got a song or two about to pop."

The versatile musician revealed more facets than a Kohinoor diamond. He speaks eight languages, the first being

Spanish, which he picked up in Cuba, where he played vibes in local bands. He has been a professional cook, flies his own plane, and was a merchant seaman, which boosted his linguistic abilities. He builds hi-fi sets, and when I mentioned that I couldn't get the UHF channels on my television set, he offered to come over and add the necessary components.

Slim has a Class A rating in ASCAP, and has granted honorable ASCAP awards in 1966 and 1967.

When asked about Marion Vee bringing him out of retirement, Slim said he'd met Miss Vee about two years ago, at a small club in Los Altos, Cal. He wanted somebody who could yodel, and Marion volunteered—although she wasn't sure she could. She had been a Gaillard fan ever since she had been a teenager standing outside Birdland. "She has range of voice from flute to trumpet," Slim claims, and they have been appearing together for more than a year.


One of their specialties is to take a business card from a ringside patron and turn it into a spontaneous, jazz-flavored commercial. In fact, they have recorded a number of such commercials for radio in the Los Angeles area.

Slim had a few terse statements to

make about the music of today: "Rock 'n' roll has peaked, and a song doesn't last as long today as it used to—two months, maybe. Not like *Mood for Love*, or some of those." He believes that music is "going back to original things—jazz and Latin."

To back up his belief in jazz-Latin, he is rehearsing for a television special at station KGFC-TV in San Jose, with a group that he considers "slightly progressive." Using his dancing skills, he is also doing the choreography. If this special "flies", he hopes to do more. He recently appeared on Steve Allen's syndicated TV program. Though he is past 30, his special kind of musical and topical humor is ageless, and there is no reason why it should not appeal to today's youthful audiences.

Slim chuckled when he mentioned that *Flat Foot Floogie* was buried in a time capsule at the 1939 World's Fair in New York. "I get a royalty from the State of New York every year for that underground floy-floy, and I intend to be around when they open the capsule," he said.

I found out later that this won't happen until the year 6939 A.D. Who but Slim Gaillard could have cooked up a royalty deal that pays off for 5000 years? 

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(Continued from page 16)

day. This was the third program in the Survival Music group series and featured **Alan Shorter**, fluegelhorn; **Perry Robinson**, clarinet; **Charles Davis**, saxophones; **Lewis Worrell** and **Richard Youngstein**, basses; **Marvin Patillo**, drums . . . Club Jost Us sponsored a program by the **McCoy Tyner Quintet** at Brooklyn's Studio 0 . . . In *A Sunday Evening of Jazz* at the West Side YMCA pianist-composer **Robert Greene**, with **Victor Sproles**, bass, and **Arthur Lewis**, percussion, performed several original compositions, including a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King . . . **Stan Kenton** and his orchestra were featured on WCBS-TV's *Dial M for Music* . . . Vibist **Vera Auer's** quintet played at the Lenox Lanes . . . On May 12, cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** and the **Giants of Jazz** (**Benny Morton**, trombone; **Herb Hall**, clarinet; **Claude Hopkins**, piano; **Arvell Shaw**, bass; **Buzzy Drootin**, drums) were presented by the New York Hot Jazz Society at the Half Note . . . Earlier in the month, **Elvin Jones** and his trio appeared for one week at the Village Vanguard, followed by **Freddie Hubbard** and **Roland Kirk**. The multi-instrumentalist also played a May concert at the University of Bridgeport, Conn. . . . The recent lineups at the Village Gate have included **Carmen McRae**, **Nina Simone**, **Miles Davis**, **Herbie Mann** and **Eddie Harris**, while **Teddy Wilson** and **Toshiko** have been holding forth at the Top of the Gate . . . Jazz Interactions' series of Sunday matinees at the Red Garter presented a performance by pianist **Andrew Hill** with guest artists **Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Robin Kenyatta**, reeds, flute; and **Richard Davis**, bass . . . Slug's was a thriving base of operations for many different groups during May. **Pharoah Sanders'** quartet, the **Charles Moffet Quartet**, and **The Substructure**, a group featuring tubaist-baritone saxophonist **Howard Johnson**, appeared at the Saturday sessions. The **Yusef Lateef Quartet** and **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** were at the club for one week's stay each. Pianist **Weldon Irvine's** 17-piece band held forth on Sundays, and on May 20 the Sanders group and the **Barry Harris Quartet** with **Charles McPherson** were featured . . . Also in the East Village, bassist **Steve Tintweiss** and the **Purple Why** gave a concert at Tompkins Square Park. The event was part of the park's Spring Art Festival . . . Up in the Bronx, the Cafe Deluxe has instituted a weekend jazz policy. The **Jazz Peace Brothers**, with **Richard Grando**, tenor and multi-reeds; **Danny Mixum**, organ; **Emmett Scroggins**, drums, opened for an indefinite stay . . . **Louis Bellson** brought his big band into the Riverboat for two weeks in early May (**Pearl Bailey** and **Cab Calloway** sat in on opening night) . . . Bassist **Jimmy Butts**, who for 11 years was teamed with pianist-singer **Juanita Smith**, has formed a new trio (**Doles Dickens**, piano; **Eyde Byrde**, vocals, cocktail drums) and is appearing at the Holiday Inn in

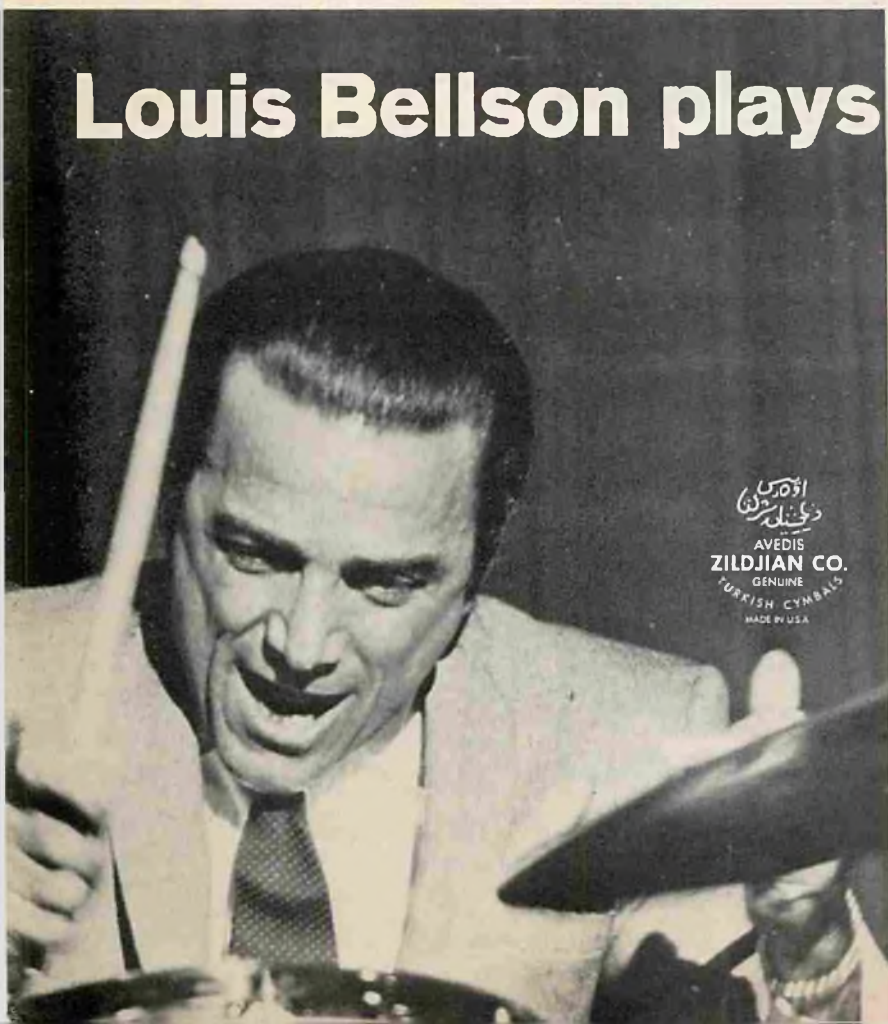
Jersey City . . . Drummer Joe Coleman's Big Four, with pianist Monte Alexander, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and vibist Harry Sheppard are at the Starfire Lounge, Levittown. Guest at the Monday night sessions have included Roy Eldridge, Arnie Lawrence, Frank Foster, Jimmy Nottingham, Seldon Powell, Zoot Sims and Clark Terry . . . Drummer Dick Berk, who moved to Los Angeles this month, made his last appearance in the East at a concert held by the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore. With him were Ted Curson, trumpet; Nick Brignola, baritone; Larry Willis, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass. Berk told *DB* that he felt the opportunities were better on the musical scene in California, and added: "If I have to play commercial music, it might as well be some place where I can take a swim."

Los Angeles: At the urging of Larry Bunker and his wife, a Musicians for McCarthy Committee has been formed here. Among its members: Alan Bergman, Dave Grusin and his wife, singer Ruth Price, Bobby Helfer, Quincy Jones, Shelly Manne, Oliver Nelson, Johnny Williams, and Mike Wofford. Shelly's Manne-Hole devoted a recent Monday night to the McCarthy campaign. With comedian Carl Reiner hosting, an all-star contingent kept the bandstand occupied all night: Gary Barone, Ray Brown, Monty Budwig, Bunker, Conte Candoli, Carmelo Garcia's Latin-jazz combo, Grusin, Manne, Joe Mondragon,

Nelson, Miss Price, Howard Roberts' combo, Barbara Ruick, Jack Sheldon, Trombones Unlimited, and others not in a jazz bag. Among the interested spectators was Jean-Louis Ginibre, editor of France's *Jazz Magazine* . . . Donte's has dropped Brass Night and inaugurated Piano Night on Tuesdays, leading off with Jimmy Rowles' trio. Guitar Night is still flourishing, with John Morrell, Joe Pass, George Van Eps and Herb Ellis appearing in that order during May. Singer Geraldine Jones, a member of the Clara Ward Singers for nearly seven years, made her solo debut at Donte's, backed by the Bob Harrington Trio (Harrington, piano; Ted Hughart, bass; Maurice Miller, drums). Oliver Nelson was scheduled to bring in a quartet. Throughout May, guitarist Howard Roberts held down weekends with Tom Scott, reeds; Grusin, organ, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; John Guerin, drums. The club is back on a seven-night schedule, and recently presented Clare Fischer's big band, with Steve Huffstetter, Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, Larry McGuire, and the leader's brother, Stewart Fischer, trumpets; Gil Falco, Charlie Loper, Dave Sanchez, Maurice Repass, trombones; a six-man reed section with Warne Marsh (getting active on the Los Angeles scene), John Lowe, Bill Perkins, Tom Scott, Gary Foster and Kim Richmond; Fisher, organ, electric piano; Chuck Domanico, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums. Fischer hopes to take the band on occasional cam-

pus concerts . . . Don Ellis took his band on the road for a six-week tour including a one-nighter at Fullerton Junior College; three nights in San Francisco; a week in Europe; and on the way back, the Newport Jazz Festival. The backbone of his large orchestra, drummer Steve Bohannon, was drafted recently and has been replaced by Ralph Humphries . . . Roy Maxwell has become Roger Kellaway's personal manager, with ex-bandleader Shep Fields as Kellaway's personal representative in the booking end. Maxwell once played with Fields' all-reed band, circa World War II. He has also signed a 14-year old prodigy, Craig Hundley, who plays classical and jazz piano. The youngster recently won a \$1,000 classical piano scholarship. On the jazz scene, Hundley fronts a trio including J. J. Wiggins (Gerald Wiggins' 12-year old son), bass, and Gary Chase, 14, drums. Hundley is also busy with an acting career . . . Billy Brooks and his skoonum (double-bell trumpet) ran a recent gamut from a Knights of Pythias dance to a Mothers' Day show at the Cocoanut Grove to a movie sequence. The Mothers' Day gig was with Preston Love's Motown band. The movie is *Hello Dolly*, and the band that will be seen in it includes Brooks; Don Cook, trombone; Jake Porter, leader and contractor, clarinet; Jimmy Allen, Roger Spotts and Eddie Davis (not Lockjaw), saxes; Jimmy Bond, Leo Davis, violins; Otis Hayes, piano; Harper Cosby, bass; Jimmy Kirkwood, drums

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. . . Ron Myers and J. R. Monterose have left for Sweden to join a sextet to be co-led by trumpeter Lars Fernlor and Myers. Already on the agenda are four European festivals, plus the strong possibility that Steve Kuhn might be the group's pianist. Trombonist Myers plans to study with George Russell in Stockholm . . . Trumpeter Bobby Bryant will have his leg in a cast until the beginning of July, thanks to a separated Achilles tendon in his right foot. He made four out of the six record dates he was called for during the first week following surgery . . . Calvin Jackson's Mexico City gig was changed from La Concha to the Bonemia. Jackson will be south of the border through June, with bassist Carson

Smith and drummer Jack Granelli . . . Pianist Kellie Greene appeared June 11 as soloist with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Guest conductor for the engagement was Jimmie Haskell . . . The Coconut Grove and the Hong Kong Bar have announced future bookings. Ray Charles opens at the Grove July 16; Tony Bennett, July 30; Nancy Wilson, Sept. 17. Freddy Martin's orchestra will return as the Grove's houseband. The Hong Kong Bar has plenty of names but few dates: Four Freshmen, O. C. Smith, Jonah Jones, Joe Pass, Joe Williams, Oscar Peterson, Wes Montgomery and George Shearing . . . The Collegiate Neophonic of Southern California presented a special concert at Cerritos Col-

lege in Norwalk, with Stan Kenton and Jack Wheaton sharing the podium. Works were chosen from the repertoire of the "senior" Neophonic. The Collegiate Neophonic is seeking funds to underwrite participation in the College Band Directors National Convention at the University of Tennessee next February . . . Mongo Santamaria brought his septet into Memory Lane for two weeks. Only two of the original members are still with the group, pianist Rogers Grant and bassist Victor Venegas. Others: Louis Gasca, trumpet; Sonny Fortune, Maurice Smith, reeds; Steve Berrois, drums, timbales . . . Pianist D'Vaughn Pershing, who is regularly featured at the Golden Bull in Studio City, put on a special series of Monday concerts during the month of May. For the first, he used his quartet, called *The Aggressive Action*, with Al Vescovo, guitar; Whitey Hoggan, electric bass; Maurice Miller, drums. For the other three concerts, he led a trio with Bill Plummer, bass, sitar; and Miller, drums . . . Hazel Scott has been signed for a straight dramatic role in *Trilby*, a two-hour telefilm for NBC.

Chicago: Pianist Ken Chaney has joined the Young-Holt Trio . . . Trumpeter Norm Murphy, with Danny Williams, trombone; Joe Johnson, piano; Truck Parham, bass, and Tony Bellson, drums (brother of Louis Bellson) is approaching the six-month mark as houseband at the Pigalle, a Rush Street topless emporium . . . The University of Chicago Folklore Society presented its third annual rhythm & blues festival May 16, with singers-guitarists Johnny Young, J. B. Hutto, Johnny Shines and Buddy Guy; singer L. V. Johnson and his Mustangs, and harmonica virtuoso Big Walter Horton. Guy broke it up with his B. B. King-styled guitar and a band, including two tenor saxophonists. Tenorist Maurice McIntyre sat in with Hutto, who recorded during the same week for Delmark Records with pianist Sunnyland Slim. Country blues artist Skip James concertized for the Society May 18 . . . Trombonist Dave Remington is rehearsing an all-star big band . . . Altoist Sonny Cox and The Three Souls returned to the Hungry Eye, while Odell Brown and the Organizers hold forth Mondays and Tuesdays at the Pussycat . . . Art Hodes' final program for the season on WTTW-TV starred trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, clarinetist Tony Parenti, and Eddie Condon—playing banjo for the first time in some 30 years—with trumpeter Smoky Stover and bassist Rail Wilson . . . Tenorist John Klemmer's second album, *And We Were Lovers*, which includes selections with string backing, has been released on Cadet . . . Multi-instrumentalist and leader of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians Richard Abrams cut his first LP, *Levels and Degrees of Light*, for Delmark. Poet David Moore reads from his works on the album . . . James Brown dynamited Soldier's Field for a one-nighter May 29 . . . Wayne Cochran brought forth a number of Brown-like ditties in a mid-May engagement at the Happy Medi-



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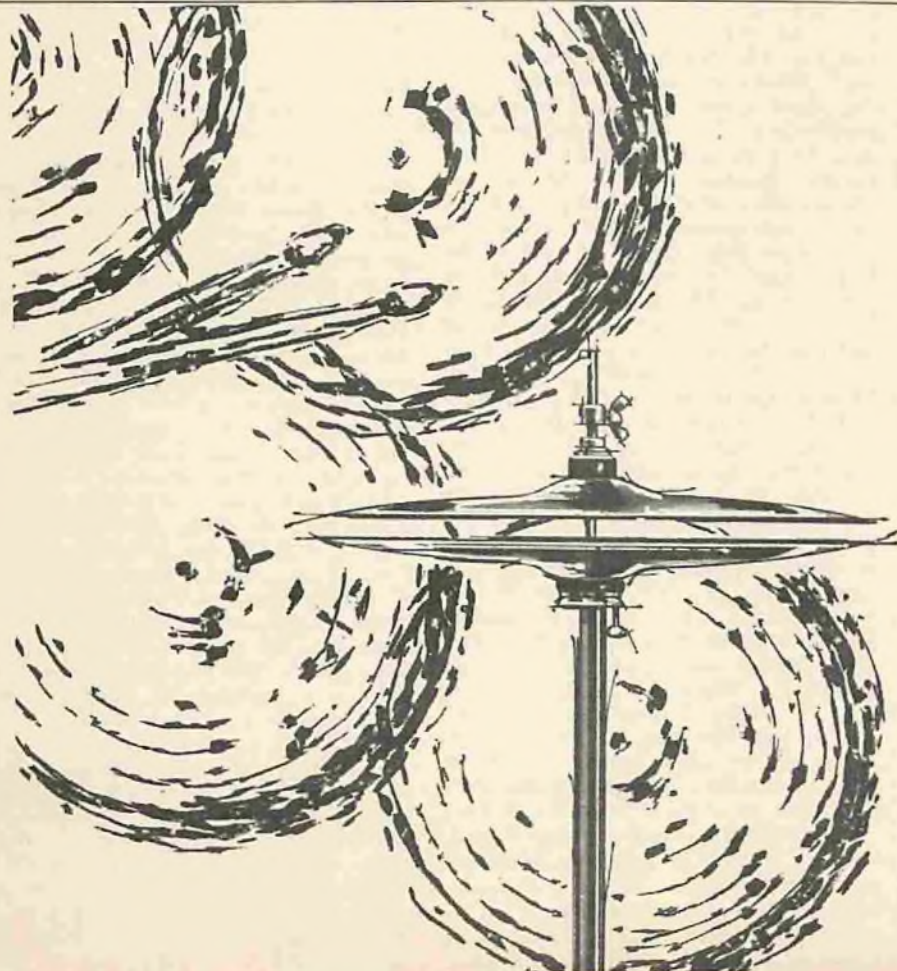
um . . . Miriam Makeba and Hugh Masekela teamed up for a one-nighter with Cannonball Adderley's fivesome at the Opera House May 19. Nina Simone and comic Flip Wilson held the Opera House stage the preceeding night . . . Reed man Roscoe Mitchell held two farewell concerts at the University of Chicago in mid-May before departing for an indefinite stay in San Francisco. Mitchell's drummer at one of the concerts, Alvin Fielder, also stated plans for leaving the windy city in the near future to assume family responsibilities in Mississippi. He intends to keep working as often as his new situation permits . . . Pianist Lil Armstrong was interviewed on WTTW-TV by writer-musician Studs Terkel. During the show Mrs. Armstrong performed examples of the music made famous during her days with her ex-husband Louis Armstrong's Hot Five.

Detroit: Baker's Keyboard presented a double attraction recently: vocalist Letta Mbulu and pianist Monty Alexander's trio. Both Miss Mbulu and Alexander were accompanied by bassist Reggie Johnson and drummer Ray Mosea. Miss Mbulu's supporting cast also included Detroit pianist Harold McKinney and conga and bongo drummer King Errison. Alexander was also heard in a less familiar role, playing electric bass at a very "free" session which developed at the Bandit's Villa. Other participants were pianist Kirk Lightsey, drummer Doug Hammon (recently returned from several months in

Florida) and trumpet-fluegelhornist Stuart Aptekar . . . Marty Kallao, best known for his guitar work, is the new bassist in reed man Terry Harrington's house group at the Villa, replacing Nick Fiore . . . Farr and Farr (bassist Ernie Farrow and disc jockey Lou Farrell) presented *A Jazz Spectacular* May 5 at the Art Institute. The feature attraction was an all too rare appearance in a small group context by vibist-pianist Terry Pollard. Miss Pollard also surprised the audience by making her debut on melodica. Backing her were pianist Kenny Cox, bassist Will Austin, and drummer Art Smith, subbing for ailing Bert Myrick. Also on the bill was Harold McKinney's quintet (Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Wendell Harrison, tenor; Sam Scott, bass, Robert Ballard, drums) . . . For their engagement at the Drome, the Expressions expanded to a quintet by adding guitarist James Ullmer of Columbus, Ohio. Other members of the group are trumpeter Gary Chandler; saxophonist Sam Sanders; organist John Collins; drummer Ike Daney . . . The bassist and drummer with pianist Kirk Lightsey's group at a recent concert at Wayne State were not Ron Brooks and Danny Spencer, as reported, but John Dana and Doug Hammon. The group became a quintet with the addition of trumpeter Pat Williams. Spencer bowed out to join pianist Matt Michael and bassist Danny Pliskow at the Playboy Club. Upstairs at the Playboy, two local musicians, bassist Will Austin and drummer Bill Steen,

joined pianist Norman Simmons and guitarist Francois Vas in backing singer Carmen McRae . . . The latest entry in the big band field in Detroit, Lannie Austin's crew, composed largely of graduates of the University of Michigan Jazz Band, debuted June 3 at El Matador. Among the soloists were trumpeters Ross Mulholland and Stuart Aptekar; reed men Tom Ploeger and Orrin Ross; pianist-organist Bob Budson, and bassist Dick Wigginton. Featured on the same bill was vibist Jack Brokensha's group (Bess Bonnier, piano; Dan Jordan, bass; Dick Riordan, drums; Ursula Walker, vocals). Miss Walker was also heard in a week-long engagement with trumpeter John Trudell's big band at the Moon in late May . . . Since his release from the hospital, drummer Jim Nemeth has been heard with a variety of groups. First he split the chores with Ted Linderme in backing vocalist Joy Vitan at the Showboat (Marian Devore, piano; John Dana, bass); then he joined pianist Howard Lucas' trio at Menjo's. Most recently he has appeared with pianist Lenore Paxton and bassist Dick Wigginton at Bob and Rob's.

Philadelphia: Saxophonist Red Prysock has formed a new group, featuring pianist Jimmy Golden, to go into the Blu-North Club. Golden, who once worked with such greats as Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Billy Eckstine, Dizzy Gillespie and others, has remained quite active, working a number of suburban cocktail



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lounges and restaurants. Red's brother, Arthur Prysock, was slated to follow Carol Sloane and the Kenny Lowe Trio at Peps Musical Bar for one week . . . The week of May 13 was a week for singers, with Johnny Hartman at West Philly's Aqua Lounge and Carmen McRae at the Show Boat Jazz Theater . . . The Harry James Band was slated for a one-nighter in this area, at Pottstown's famous Sunnybrook Ballroom . . . Billy Krechmer's Ranstead Street Club has opened once again with Go Go A Lunch O. advertised in place of jazz. The room is now called the Opal Room, and the new proprietor claims that he may eventually include music. Billy's friends and fans still come up the little street looking for the jam sessions that were held there for over 27 years . . . Richard (Sonny) Driver, popular publisher of *Scoop USA*, opened his new First Nighter Supper Club May 15. The room will feature live entertainment . . . Don Gardner and Dee Dee Ford were booked for a Mother's Day show and dance at the Venango Ballroom . . . Singer Betty Green went into the Dreamland Musical Bar in Lawnside, N.J. with drummer Johnny Williams' trio featuring Jimmy Oliver, tenor sax, and Betty Burgess, organ. This was Miss Green's first appearance since her recovery from three months of illness . . . The young Afro-jazz group The Visitors has been working weekends at the Gay Parce in North Philly . . . Trombonist Al Grey says he will be going to Canada soon with singer Jimmy Rushing. Grey and his group have been working a number of local clubs recently, including The Stardust in Chester, Pa., Drews Rendezvous, and the Tioga-Quaker City Golf Club in Philly. Trombonist Benny Green has been featured with the group on a number of occasions . . . The Furness Brothers, recent attractions at Sciollas, did another weekend at the Musicians' Club housed in AFM Local 274 . . . Singer Betty Carroll and the Hollis Floyd Organ Trio were held over at the 421 Sportsmen's Lounge . . . Buddy De Franco was slated to bring the Glenn Miller Orchestra to Cozey Morley's Club for a May 9 one-nighter. Singer Bob Eberley was booked to follow on May 17-18 . . . Trumpeter Conrad Jones, once featured at the Metropole Jazz Corner and at Billy Krechmers, is working with the Pete Fountain group after a long stay with Billy Maxted . . . WHYY-TV is taping a *Soul Music* series on location at various local clubs. Lauretta's Hi-Hat Club in Lawnside, N.J. was first to host the production crew, headed by Sterling Scott and Clark Santee . . . Trumpeter Clyde McCoy was slated for a short engagement at Capriotti's in Mt. Ephraim, N.J. . . . Billy Harner has been busy playing both The Mug in Somers Point, N.J. and The Elbo Room in Margate, N.J. on the same evenings (some guys can't even get a gig on New Year's Eve) . . . The Rufus Harley group recently returned to the Off Broadway Playhouse in Camden, N.J. . . . Camden, N.J. gave Cindy Birdsong, the young local girl recently signed with the Supremes, a big celebration complete with keys to the city.

Cincinnati: The Charles Lloyd Quartet played a concert at Wilson Auditorium at the University of Cincinnati, the group's first appearance in this city . . . Count Basie and his orchestra teamed up with Tony Bennett for a May concert at Music Hall . . . Good music prevails at the Living Room Supper Club. Among those who have worked the room recently are Oscar Peterson, Jack McDuff, Jimmy Witherspoon, Woody Herman, Arthur Prysock and Hugh Masekela . . . Vocalist King Pleasure has been working at local clubs . . . After an extended gig in Puerto Rico with Bobby Hackett, the Dee Felice Trio opened at The Living Room in early May . . . A big band under the leadership of drummer Carmen DeLeone gave a Sunday concert at the College Conservatory . . . Pianist Gordon Brisker, bassist Alex Cirin, and drummer Ron McCurdy have opened at New Dilly's, initiating a jazz policy at the Mount Adams club. Working a Sunday evening jazz gig in Mount Adams, which has evolved into a sort of artists' community, is the Eddie Sears Trio with Lou Lausche, bass, and Ron Enyeart, drums. The trio does its thing at Mahogany Hall Bistro . . . Herbie's Lounge, one of the mainstays of Cincinnati jazz, is still featuring the ever-improving quartet of tenorist John Wright . . . Reading Road still has its share of good jazz at a club known as the Buccaneer, which features the Lee Stolar Trio and vocalist Francine Griffin. But the Whisper Room, a neighboring club, has dropped a jazz policy which lasted several years.

Toronto: The local jazz scene never looked better. In June, George Wein is presenting a four-day jazz festival at O'Keefe Centre. On the program are Gary Burton, Horace Silver, Ahmad Jamal, Herbie Mann, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and Miriam Makeba . . . Meanwhile, Gillespie brought his quintet to the Colonial for a two-week date, following Joe Williams' appearance there with pianist Ellis Larkins, bassist Gary Binsted, and Toronto drummer Andy Cree . . . The jazz policy continues at the Golden Nugget, where Bud Freeman will return in July. Upcoming stars will include Eddie Barefield, Bobby Hackett, and Pee Wee Russell . . . Actor-singer Don Francks will wed the American entertainer Lili Clark, who has been appearing in the London company of *Sweet Charity* . . . Benny Goodman attracted a capacity crowd of 2800 to Massey Hall for the final concert of the *Jazz at the Symphony* series. Next year, the series will continue with Duke Ellington, Ramsey Lewis, Cannonball Adderley, Wes Montgomery and Henry Cuesta. Texas-born Cuesta, who was leading his Goodman-style quintet at the Colonial, met and heard Goodman for the first time at the concert. Goodman later visited the Colonial to hear the Cuesta group . . . Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberley appeared at the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel. The singers didn't know they were appearing together until they arrived . . . Billy Eckstine came in a week later for one week.

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