

The Many Hats Of Herbie Mann

Special: Holiday Record Shopping Guide

Expatriates' Blues: Phil Woods and Al Heath Speak Out

Private Mainstream: Colorado Jazz Party

Sonny Criss: Blindfold Test



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Here's how Gary Gray's monograph begins: ''The flute is more closely related to the human voice than any other musical instrument. -Interesting/ He goes on-"While the strings may seem to be more closely related because of their ability to span wide melodic intervals without a noticeable

break, the mechanics of tone production on the flute are almost exactly parallel to those involved with the voice. Since no mouthpiece is placed in the player's mouth or against the lips (as with the cup mouthpiece), the player's control of breathing and air pressure is of prime importance for good tone production and endurance.'' When Mr. Gray was asked to prepare an essay of interest to the student flutist, he responded most capably by choosing "TONE PRODUCTION AND RESONANCE" as his subject.





BV CHARLES SUBER

RECENTLY, Variety, the show business trade paper, headlined that "Rock (was) Mating With Jazz," with a sub-head, "Freestyle Cues Musical Liberty." The feature article went on to point out that rock musicians were discarding the rather rigid forms of pop music, accompanied by cults of personality, in favor of freestyle (improvised) music akin to jazz.

I hasten to say that Variety should not be faulted for at last calling this musical transition to the attention of its readers. I congratulate the editors for giving a good, honest report to the entrepreneurs of American music, who must read it to believe it.

It does so happen, however, that Down Beat readers, and most with-it musicians have been aware of the rock/ jazz/pop/blues/soul conglomerate for quite some time. It isn't so much that "you read it here first," although it is quite likely you did, but that Down Beat readers are virtually all serious, learning musicians regardless of their age or level of accomplishment. And serious, learning musicians are first to sense changes.

That is what happens when music and its devils eat at your guts. That is what happens when you learn with joy and despair of how wide those horizons are. You know that music and you yourself have to keep evoluting. You know that you must continue to create music, and thereby add a little to what we know and hear, and add a little to what is you with little thought of labels.

Oh, there's really nothing wrong with labels that a little skepticism wouldn't cure. As a matter of fact, labels do make for a kind of shorthand in easing communication between people who know the ground rules. If one serious, learning musician tells another serious, learning musician that something is "in the Kenton bag," or "he did this Miles thing in the bridge," the communication is easy. The metaphors are mutually understandable. Breakdown comes when non-musical labels are substituted. "Nina Simone is a soul singer, not a jazz musician." "Louis doesn't play jazz." "Ornette is jazz." "Blues is where it's at; jazz is where it was." These are word games, one-liners from Thurber's Carnival or Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In. Good for laughs and conversation. Means nothing to or for the music.

If you must have labels or die, get with Andy Warhol and his Campbell Soup labels or John Cage's indeterminacy put-ons. If you opt for music, treat musicians with the deference due their talents. Call them what you like after you listen.

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BUFFET NEWSMAKERS

Mitchell Lurie, nationally known clarinetist, will be a featured performer at the Mid-West Band Clinic, Dec. 17-21 at the Sherman House in Chicago...Bob Snyder, Buffet Clarinetist at the Act IV in Detroit packing them in...Lenny Arnold, Clarinetist with Phil Wilson group got personal raves in the new Wilson disc. Lenny is also the major domo at Arnold's Music in Sharon, Mass. ...Watch for Billy Cobham and his HOLLY-WOOD TRONICDRUMS, playing with Horace Silver on a world-wide tour. They will appear in Spain, Denmark, Germany, England, Italy and France.

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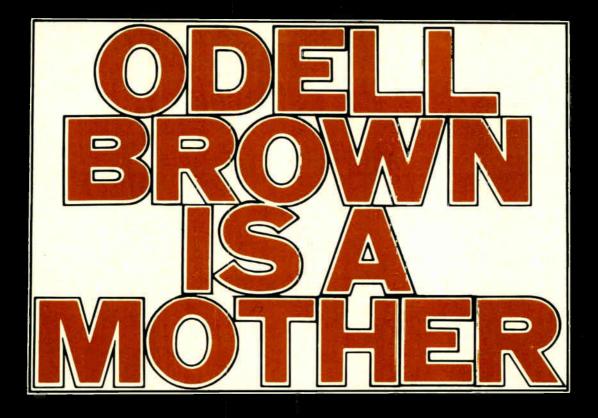
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_By Quincy Jones

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A Forum For Readers

Good Idea

Regarding the interview with Hampton Hawes (DB, Oct. 17): It's a shame that such a talented musician can be virtually ignored in his own country. Maybe a perceptive record producer will reunite him with Sonny Criss, who, like Hamp, is playing better than ever today. Nathan Hamilton

Los Angeles, Calif.

Kaleidoscopic Confusion

A few corrections of Pete Welding's *Caught in the Act* of the Kaleidoscope (*DB*, Sept. 19), which has come to my attention, are in order. First, the entire picture is mislabeled and should read:

Top Row (l. to r.): David Lindley, Beau Pikrek, John Vidican. Bottom Row: Solomon Feldthouse and Christopher Darrow.

Second, the edition of the Kaleidoscope pictured was during the recording of the first album. At the time of Welding's review, Stuart Brottman had replaced Darrow (who is now with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band) on bass, and Tempe Parcely had replaced me on violin. The new percussionist for the group is Paul Lagos.

Maxwell Budda Press Secretary, The Kaleidoscope Pasadena. Calif.

The identifications for the picture were provided by the company for which the group records. It's a wise label that knows its own artists in the Kaleidoscopically changing world of rock.—Ed

Country Girl

Since I am a traveling musician, I sometimes receive your magazine quite a few months late. However, better late than never to applaud Harvey Pekar on his fine article *From Rock to ???* (*DB*, May 2).

Although my "bag" is country-and-western music, I like to keep an open mind and an open ear to all fields of music. Pop music today has too often been regarded as something terrible that in time will pass, when it should be regarded as something new and something that will live for a long time to come.

I think Pekar's article had a lot to tell and I hope some of the narrow-minded musicians and readers learned something from it.

Karen MacDowell

Sheboygan, Wis.

Lunceford Eyes

I am happy to see you are continuing with good features such as *The Lunceford Legacy* by Stanley Dance (*DB*, Oct. 3).

Also, I appreciate *Strictly Ad Lib*, which I read as soon as I get the magazine (L.A. section especially).

Monterey Park, Calif.

John L. Brechler

Incident In 'Frisco

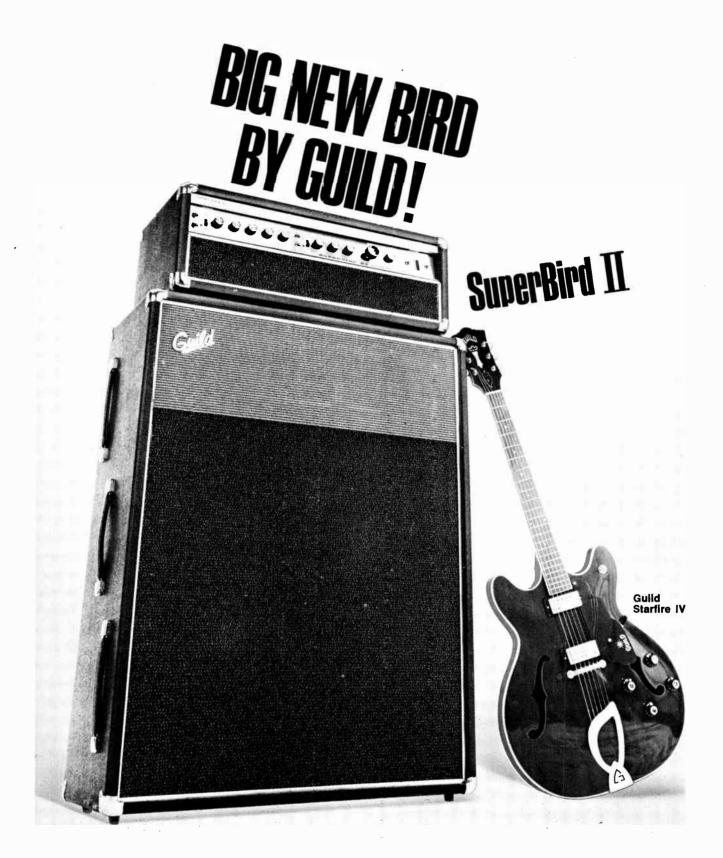
An incident at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco has prompted me, as an interested follower of local musicians and jazz in general, to write you concerning the stupidity, rudeness, and absolutely uncool nature of musicians' union officials in this town. During the course of a Monday night gig at the Workshop, a group called The Fourth Way was obliged between sets to display its union cards to an official who asked to see them. So far, so good. During the first tune of the second set, another union official came up to the stand, showed his card to the soloist who had just finished, and mentioned something to the effect that he would like to talk to the pianist. He then walked back to his seat. Everything's still cool. The first tune, an angular, up-tempo number, merged with the second, a ballad, by way of a cadenza-like bridge. The violinist again soloed and stepped to the side, jangling his bells, when who should appear-but the union official fresh from his beer! Again? He says something to the effect that he would like to talk to the pianist and the rest of the group. Now! Right Now! Well, like the man is into his solo. Could you possibly wait 'till the end of the tune? No! Do you think I have time to wait around all night? Let's go, kids! Let's go outside and talk about it. The set's over! Cut it! The pianist stops comping, the bassist looks up, the drummer halts his sticks before the cymbals-man, are you kidding me? There are people listening to this music. Like, we are right in the middle of a tune. Can't you wait? No, I'm not kidding. The set's over. Let's go. The group leaves the stand to the accompaniment of puzzled looks from members of the audience, not to mention the mixed astonishment and anger of the musicians. The club owner, appropriately, switches on a tape of somebody's muchtroubled blues. . .

The members of this above-named group were not amateurs trying to horn in on somebody's gig. They were professionals, at least three of whom have national reputations and the admiration of their peers. . . And what's more important for present purposes, they were union members. The above mentioned cretin wanted to argue about a minor matter concerned with the transfer of *one* musician's membership from New York to San Francisco, a transfer which had been requested some time before the date of this gig (which was *not*, by the way, a permanent gig in any sense).

I bring this incident to the attention of your magazine firstly because of its astonishing, pointless vulgarity, and secondly because of the lesson it illustrates for jazz musicians. You must throw out those union officials who are so debased as to ignore common courtesy in dealing with union members and replace them with officials who have the *members'* interests (and not the interest of their pocketbooks or their struggles for power) at heart. Brothers, you had best take care of business before business takes care of you. Ralph Dickey

San Francisco, Calif.

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LIFE TURNS SOUR FOR JAZZ SUITE VENTURE

As reported in *Down Beat* recently, the posh Beverly Hills experiment, The Jazz Suite, is in serious trouble. Add up the facts: band leaders of the caliber of Oliver Nelson, Stan Kenton and Gerald Wilson have had a hard time getting paid. Sheriff's deputies had to be called to expedite the payment of a liquor bill. Creditors occasionally outnumber patrons.

The club owners constantly feel the hot breath of the musicians' union. Louis Bellson, it was learned, is understandably reluctant to play the club. Booking policies have been so slipshod that advance publicity is next to impossible: there are times when it is not known from one day to the next who is coming into the club. And even when it has been known, the club has failed to advertise.

A recent five-hour summit meeting held at the club proved frustrating to a number of concerned musicians who hope not only to see the club continue, but also prosper. Kenton, Wilson, Neal Hefti, Leonard Feather and John Levy, among others, offered suggestions and made recommendations; some even volunteered to help defray outstanding club debts. Yet nothing was resolved.

Kenton reportedly has since washed his hands of the whole affair, and now the natives who chipped in thousands of dollars to launch the membership-only club are beginning to get restless.

At presstime, the club was still alive, but not well, and its celebrity-tinged list of clientele—the nucleus of the Los Angeles musical community—is beginning to wonder about the causes of the mismanagement.

PIANIST HAIG CHARGED WITH MURDER OF WIFE

Pianist Alan Haig, 46, was indicted Oct. 21 by a Passaic County, N.J. Grand Jury for the murder of his wife, Bonnie, 25, on Oct. 9, at their home in Clifton, N.J. Haig initially told police that he had found his wife sprawled on the living room couch with several empty bottles of sleeping pills beside her. An autopsy revealed, however, that Mrs. Haig had died from strangulation, and there were no signs of forced entry into the apartment.

One of the most prominent planists in the early days of bop, Haig played with Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Stan Getz and other leading figures until the early '50s, when he turned to work as a soloist, mainly in cocktail lounges. Occasionally, he would surface briefly for a jazz engagement.

At the time of the tragedy, Haig was working at the Drake Hotel in Manhattan, where he had taken over the late Cy Walter's coveted spot. No trial date had been set at presstime.

TATE GETS A LITTLE HELP FROM A FRIEND

For several years, drummer Grady Tate has been among Peggy Lee's favorite accompanists. When Tate recently branched out into singing (his first vocal album, *Windmills of My Mind*, was released by Skye this fall), Miss Lee got wind of this.

On her opening night at New York's Hollywood, Calif. Oct. 8. Copacabana, she suprised the audience by music for more than 200 inviting Tate to leave his drums and step with *The Great Ziegfeld* i front and center to do a vocal. His efforts the author of *Underscor* were so warmly received that Miss Lee text on movie composing.



made Tate's vocal turn a nightly feature of her act.

As a result, Tate opens a three-week engagement at the Riviera in Las Vegas Nov. 17, where he will share billing with Miss Lee and do a 20-minute spot of his own.

STRAYHORN SCHOLARSHIP FUND GETS BIG SENDOFF

New York City's Philharmonic Hall was SRO on the night of Oct. 6. The occasion was a gala benefit concert for the Billy Strayhorn Memorial Scholarship Fund at the Juilliard School of Music.

Duke Ellington and his famous orchestra played host to singers Tony Bennett, Lou Rawls, and Joe Williams; alumnus Ray Nance, who stopped the show with Satin Doll, and dancers Bunny Briggs, Geoffrey Holder, and Carmen de Lavallade.

Lena Horne sang several Strayhorn compositions, backed by a 24-carat quartet of trumpeter Joe Wilder, pianist Hank Jones, bassist George Duvivier, and drummer Chico Hamilton.

To round out the program, there were performances by comedian Timmie Rogers and the Mitchell-Ruff Duo.

FINAL BAR

Guitarist Don Winsell, 31, was killed in an automobile accident Sept. 28. A native of Kansas City, Winsell worked with Sammy Davis Jr., Anita Bryant, Julie London, Marilyn Maye, The Dukes of Dixieland, and many others. At the time of his death, he was with Kay Dennis and the Mike Ning Trio.

Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux,

84, died in Washington, D.C. Oct. 20. The founder of the Gospel Spreading Association of the Church of God, which staged spectacular annual revivals in the nation's capital, Michaux recorded a number of impressive sermons with Gospel singing in the '20s and '30s.

Frank Skinner, 69, one of the leading composers for films, died of cancer in Hollywood, Calif. Oct. 8. He scored the music for more than 200 films, beginning with *The Great Ziegfeld* in 1935. He was the author of *Underscore*, the standard text on movie composing.

Echoes Of Spring

EACH AND every fall, Chicago's Theatrical Cheer Club, an organization of veteran entertainers and musicians, puts on a gala show for members and friends.

This year, the event took place Oct. 19 at the Parkway Ballroom. Drummer Red Saunders' band played for dancing and then backed the show, which, not surprisingly, was conducted in a most professional manner.

It began with a fast-stepping chorus line from the fabeled Sunset Cafe, where Louis Armstrong first reached stardom in the '20s. The looks and vigor of the ladies belied what the calendar said must be true.

Stars of the show included pianist Lil Armstrong, a bundle of bouncing vitality; singer Lillie Delk Christian, whose recordings with Louis Armstrong, Jimmie Noone and Earl Hines are treasured collectors' items, and whose voice and style have mellowed with the years; comedian Billy Mack; the Woode Sisters, a song-and-dance twosome who charmingly recreated the aura of the '20s; Eloise Bennett Scott, Paramount recording artist, whose My Man O'War was a showstopper, and Edith Wilson.

Miss Wilson, who recorded prolifically for Columbia in the mid-'20s, often with trumpeter Johnny Dunn, was sensational. Her voice was rich and strong, her time firm, her style a model of the classic tradition. If ever there was a candidate for re-discovery, Edith Wilson is the one.

Among those present in the audience were such names as singer Lois Deppe, who discovered Earl Hines and introduced Without A Song in Great Day; band leader Ralph Brown, who had some amusing reminiscences about Al Capone; Alice Whitman of the famous Whitman Sisters, and J. Mayo Williams, talent scout and a&r man, who discovered Blind Lemon Jefferson, Pinetop Smith, and many other legendary artists, and played a key role in the saga of blues and jazz recording.

As the show closed with a grand march to the tune of *No Business Like Show Business*, I wondered if today's superstars would be able to put on such a show come A.D. 2008. I doubt it.

-Morgenstern

POST-SEASON BASEBALL NOTES

AS YOU READ THIS, the World Series is long over. 31-game winner (the first 30game winner since 1934) Denny Mc-Lain, the pride of Detroit, has appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, played two weeks at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas and may already have departed from Disneyland, the next scheduled stop for his Hammond organ and quintet.

McLain, cornered at a New York City press conference where he and Richard (Groove) Holmes demonstrated Hammond's new X-77 model, revealed that he started both organ and baseball at the tender age of eight. His father, a professional organist in Chicago night



clubs at the time, gave him his start in music. Since then, he has devoted equal time to music and sports.

"If the money situation were equal, I'd have a difficult time choosing between baseball and music," he says. "You might even say music is my first love. Besides," he adds, "I don't dig being away from home with baseball. In music, you can take your family with you." His wife, Sharyn, is the daughter of former baseball great Lou Boudreau. The McLains have two children, a girl and a boy.

At the press conference, Holmes played Over the Rainbow and Satin Doll, and McLain followed with Summer Samba and More. The muscular pitcher tends toward middle-of-the-road pop, but as he explained, with his quintet, which includes trumpet and tenor, he gets into jazz and rock too. When asked about jazz organists, he indicated a liking for Holmes, adding that Jimmy Smith was a little too wild for him. His album, Denny McLain at the Organ, was released by Capitol records last month.

The McLain meeting recalled another baseball and organ connection:

Several years ago, at a New York Mets' game, I was pleasantly startled when between the top and bottom of the fourth inning, the organist suddenly launched into a rendition of *Four*, a number most often associated with Miles Davis. It is definitely not a tune ballpark organists are likely to play, in the fourth inning or at any other time.

On subsequent visits to Shea Stadium, I listened attentively to the organ sounds. While there were no more jazz originals forthcoming, there was always a good selection of standards, played with a light, swinging touch, mixed with other varieties of musical fare usually heard at sporting arenas. The organist's name, I learned, was Jane Jarvis.

Earlier this year, I had occasion to meet Miss Jarvis. She was at the Half Note to dig one of her favorite saxophonists, Zoot Sims, who was nice enough to introduce us. After a conversation about two of my favorite subjects—jazz and baseball—Miss Jarvis invited me to take in a Mets game as her guest.

Before a game begins, Miss Jarvis plays a lengthy medley of about 25 songs while the teams are taking fielding and batting practice. During the game, she plays at the end of each half-inning or when there is a break in the action, such as a pitching change or a rain delay. Since what she is playing reaches her, slightly delayed, from the scoreboard speaker, Miss Jarvis really has to concentrate to take care of business. That she does. On my night at Shea, the assemblage was treated to such songs as The Lady's In Love With You; Cross Your Heart; Sing Sweet, Sing Low; Just One Of Those Things; Million Dollar Baby; So Rare; Secret Love; The Thrill Is Gone; Lilli Marlene; I Could Write A Book; Call Me; Summertime; Dream A Little Dream of Me, and Four (a request).

Because of the limited time she is allotted, each tune is delineated in about a minute. Miss Jarvis uses this well, however, with counter-melodies in the left hand and some recomposition that would do an Evans (Bill or Gil) proud.

She plays, as she puts it, "something for everyone. There are people of all ages at the ballpark." She pleases all: children and octogenarians; laymen and professional musicians; and the ball-players from whom she gets requests. Her fan mail comes from famous songwriters and people like organist Glen Osser, as well as the average Mets fan.

Although she does not generally comment musically on the events of the game, Miss Jarvis will occasionally slip in one like a swinging Whistle While You Work as the ground crew is wrestling with a soggy tarpaulin. When a pitcher is being taken out of the box, she accompanies the removal with one of her own compositions, The Pitcher's Lament or The Pitcher's Wail. She has also written Let's Go Mets and Hail to the Atlanta Braves. She was the Braves' organist for 10 years when they were still in Milwaukee.

An Indiana girl, Miss Jarvis began on piano like so many organists, and studied in Chicago, where she did radio work before becoming involved with baseball.

As the game went into extra innings, I couldn't help but think that the umpires would run out of baseballs before she ran out of songs. Jane Jarvis may not be a 30-game winner, but in her the ninth-place Mets have a pennant winner. —Ira Gitler

World Radio History

POTPOURRI

Bob Thiele has resigned as director of a&r for Impulse and BluesWay records.

Dick Bock, head of World Pacific Records, suffered a heart attack in early October while in England to record the Buddy Rich Band. At presstime, he was reported in good condition at a London clinic.

Rev. Robert H. Owens, Chicago's famous "Night Pastor," will present his annual *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* Nov. 17 at St. James Cathedral at 3 p.m. Trombonist **Dave Remington's** big band, **The Night Pastor and his Seven Friends**, and many others are scheduled to perform at the benefit for the pastor's good offices.

Drummer and *Down Beat* contributor Ed Shaughnessy performed with the biggest band of his career, the 280-piece Texas Tech Field Band, at a football game in October, and reports that "we got to swinging real good." He also became the proud father of a second son, Daniel John Shaughnessy, on Sept. 24.

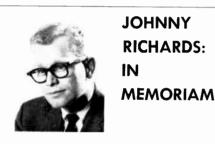
Charles Lloyd has been named musical director for *Lenny*, a stage presentation (with actors, film, sights and sounds) of materials by the late **Lenny Bruce**. Lloyd will compose and conduct the music for the production, slated to the debut on the college circuit Nov. 15. A late spring opening is planned for New York.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Thelonious Monk did two weekends at the Village Gate, one opposite Mort Sahl and one with Charles Lloyd. The pianist had his usual stalwarts: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Larry Gales, bass, and Ben Riley, drums. The saxophonist-flutist was surrounded by Keith Jarrett, piano; Ron McClure, bass, and Paul Motian, drums. Bill Evans, at the Top of the Gate, was accompanied by Eddie Gomez, bass, and Marty Morell, drums, Gordon Rose and The Generation Gap, a new group designed to "close the gap between the generations" did two split weeks at the Gate in October. Headed by composer-arranger-conductor Rose, the unit had Pat Rebillot, clavinet, Gibson organ; Ronnie Ball, piano, clavinet, organ; Paul Mctzger, lead and rhythm guitar; Joe Miller, lead guitar, distorted guitar, classic guitar; Russell George, bass, violin; Leon Rix, drums . . . Buddy Rich's big band was at the Riverboat through Nov. 6. Don Menza was featured on tenor saxophone . . "Saturday is Family Day at Town Hall," a series produced by Jack Bradley and Howard Fischer, and devoted to a variety of music, dance and theatre events, opened with a program featuring the Count Basic Alumni and a screening of rare jazz films from the collection of Ernest Smith. The band consisted of trumpeter Buck Clayton, tenor saxophonist Buddy 'Tate, pianist Nat Pierce, bassist Gene Ramey and drummer Gus Johnson. The films

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featured Basic, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Jack Teagarden and Louis Armstrong, among others . . . Later the same day, also at Town Hall, the John Eaton-Bill Smith Quartet gave a concert of "Free Electronic Jazz." With Eaton on Syn-ket and Smith on electrified clarinet were bassist Richard Davis and drummer Mel Lewis ... Plaza 9 (and All That Jazz) continued to jump with the Dorothy Donegan Trio and Toots Thielemans on harmonica and guitar. After the Dukes of Dixieland, Ahmad Jamal will be on hand through Nov. 24, with Jamil Sulieman, bass, and Frank Gant, drums. Mongo Santamaria takes over Nov. 26, with Dizzy Gillespie slated for a Dec. 10 opening . . . Singerguitarist Joao Gilberto and trumpeter Jonah Jones' quartet were the main attractions at the Rainbow Grill through most of October Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan and his Chicago All Stars played a concert at the Countee Cullen Library in Harlem. Charles Tolliver was on trumpet; there was a bass duet between Wilbur Ware and Bill Lee; and Ted Jonas read his own poetry dedicated to Lester Young and Charlie Parker after the band played D.B. Blues and Billie's Bounce . . . When



Background Music By BURT KORALL

JOHNNY RICHARDS was a friend of mine. I dug him because he always reached out in his music. I welcomed his friendship because he could see beyond himself and feel for other people. John was a gentleman in a business not known for its humanity or understanding. Cancer struck him down. One week he was in his New York apartment writing; the next, he was a hospital statistic. John never knew how truly ill he had become. In his case, the shortness of the bridge between life and death was a blessing.

Who and what was Johnny Richards? To those of us who have been around a while, his name is synonymous with tenacious integrity, uncompromising vision and mastery of craft. Composing and arranging for John were continuing exploratory and illuminating processes. Music was his home-a source of comfort, renewal and self-realization, but seldom an area of financial security. He wrote as he did, painting large, colorful, demanding orchestral landscapes, because he had to. He uncovered the romantic side of his nature in popular song for the same reason. He moved through a wide range in composition and arrangement, touching multiple musical bases because he literally exploded with

Maurice Brown was called out of town, Kenny Barron and Skip Crumby filled in for a concert at MUSE, the Bedford-Lincoln Neighborhood Museum in Brooklyn. Pianist Barron played with bassist Crumby and drummer Roger Blank, then Crumby shifted to piano, accompanied by bassist Duane Austin and drummer Alvin Hicks . . . Chico Hamilton's octet did a Sunday afternoon for Jazz Interactions at the Dom . . . After reed man-bagpiper Rufus Harley did a week at Slugs', alto saxophonist-flutist Robin Kenvatta came in with Fred Simmons, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Buck Clarke, Eastern percussion, and Rashied Ali, drums . Valve trombonist Marshall Brown did a Wednesday night at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . "Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon" continued at Slugs' with the Giuseppi Logan Quartet, the Harold Vick Quintet and the Vera Auer Quintet. With the Viennese vibist were Richard Williams, trumpet; Hugh Brodie, tenor saxophone; Bob Cunningham, bass, and Walter Perkins, drums . . . Eddie Bonnemere presented his mass, The Trinity, at St. Peter's Lutheran Church Oct. 20, with his own orchestra and the St. Thomas

facility and ideas.

It was his feeling that music, like life, could not be a closeted proposition. To hear John's music was to realize that he was unrelenting in the appliance of his concept. His goal always remained the same—to create interesting, stimulating, expressive music, not music of any particular type. He repeatedly said "there are so many wonderful sounds and rhythms in the world that we can make use of." His search went on until the end.

During his 56 years of life, John plied his talent in a variety of media. He scored motion pictures in Hollywood during the industry's so-called golden decade—1930-1940. He wrote for radio and television, for symphony orchestras, chamber groups and singers. His arrangements and originals for Charlie Barnet, Dizzy Gillespie, Boyd Raeburn and Stan Kenton set precedents. In his role of popular song writer, he created many an impressive melodic statement, the most widely-known being Young at Heart.

His dream, however, was to have a successful band of his own. The first Richards orchestra, which performed around the country from 1940-45, brought him to the brink of bankruptcy. More recent editions, formed in the 1950s and as recently as 1964, were impressive. His music was substantial; his players top-drawer. But the flood-tide of interest John sought for his orchestras never materialized. Yet he continued to feed his dream. The rehearsals continued. He recorded the orchestra, often at his own expense. The Richards orchestra played dates which brought little or nothing to its leader, just so that leader could hear his music performed.

Friends warned him that all his effort might well come to nothing. Some suggested that he forget the whole thing and try to become more deeply entrenched

Church Choir . . . Jack Reilly's Jazz Requiem Mass will be performed at St. Peter's as part of Rev. John Gensel's Jazz Vespers Nov. 17, with pianist Reilly's trio (Jack Six, bass, and Joe Cocuzzo, drums), tenor saxophonist Norm Marnell, vocal soloist Sheila Jordan, a choral group, and 25 strings. Reilly's trio album has been released by Poppy, an MGM subsidiary . . WHBI disc jockey Rubye Richards has been presenting "Jazz for Teenagers" at La Boheme every Saturday from 5 to 9. Benny Powell kicked off the series, backed by pianist Sonny Donaldson's trio, Trombonist Powell's regular engagement at the club was followed by a week featuring another trombonist, Bennie Green, Tenor man Brew Moore followed in mid-October . . . The duo of bassist Mary Hurt has been held over indefinitely at Luigi II in the village. Lou Montell is the pianist . . . Lyn Oliver has enrolled 130 musicians in his Autumn Jazz Workshops . . . Arranger Chico O'Farrill has joined the American Guild of Authors and Composers . . . Jaki Byard played for the Hartford Jazz Society on Columbus Day. . . . The Jazz Circle, a new group led by planist James Steven-/Continued on page 39

in commercial endeavors. Richards and his faithful, loving musicians averted their ears. When queried about the prudence of his course, John would smile and shrug and say: "I can only do what I can do."

At another time, it might have turned out differently. If bands were in demand??? But it must be faced. Business was not John's bag. He felt little rapport for the wheeler-dealers, the kingmakers in music. In fact, they made him uneasy and often angry. Far less gifted musicians parlayed minor accomplishments into major successes. John didn't know how to do that. He turned down certain kinds of work and sometimes failed to exploit openings fully. Moreover, Lady Luck eluded him. It occurs to me, in this time of sadness, that a few more Sinatra recordings might have turned the tide. Why Sinatra, a discerning man of commerce, never recorded any more Richards songs after the smash hit Young at Heart, remains a puzzle.

Yet, through good times and bad, John retained a kind of faith through music. He kept writing, trying; he created scores for Kenton, stage bands, symphony orchestras, smaller concert groups and for his own orchestra. He continued to write songs. He encouraged young musicians to seek the best in themselves at the numerous clinics he attended. Always John remained open, digging deeply for undiscovered parts of himself and music.

"We are just beginning to investigate all the possibilities of music," he'd often say, excitedly. The conversation would heat up. His eyes would sparkle, his voice would gather resonance. And one would realize that his life had been successful on his terms. He did his own thing. Johnny Richards told the truth as he felt it. I don't think you can ask much more of a musician, or any man, for that matter.

THE FAMILY OF MANN: herbie mann talks with ira gitler

Mann here has ideas—big ideas. The Mann is Herbie, flutist, band leader and a&r man, who has expanded into the fields of production and management with his newly formed production firm, Five Faces of Music, co-managed by John Gibbs, Theodore Bikel's former road manager, who also has managed the Bitter End and was head light man at the Village Gate at one time.

Five Faces will specialize in record production, management and publishing. Already under contract are reed man Steve Marcus, vibist Roy Ayers, and The Soul Flutes. The latter group is signed with A&M records, while Ayers is with Atlantic and Marcus with Vortex, an Atlantic subsidiary. Mann will continue to record for Atlantic while he wears his management and production hats. He oversaw the recently released Stoned Soul Pienic by Ayers, and Marcus' Count's Rock Band.

The week before he opened his initial presentation, "The Music World Of Herbie Mann," at the Village Gate (DB, Nov. 14), Mann told newsmen: "This showcase is a pilot—a wet dry run. I'd like it to be a hip version of the Fred Waring Show—every year go out with the package. At other times, it can be the package as is, or broken up into component parts."

The package included a Mann-led big band with strings, his quintet with vibist Roy Ayers, guitarist Sonny Sharrock, bassist Miroslav Vitous and drummer Bruno Carr, Ayers' sextet, Steve Marcus' Count's Rock Band, and a comedian.

On opening night, Mann's megillah got underway with the big band, strings and all. The band rendered three numbers from Mann's latest Atlantic release, **The Inspiration I Feel**, an album of tunes originally recorded by Ray Charles. ("He's the inspiration," says Mann.) Lonely Avenue was first, and the mike went dead on Mann's solo. Opening night blues!

The band followed with effective readings of I Got A Woman and Georgia On My Mind, but for the most part, the string men just sat around. It didn't seem right to keep these elderly gentlemen (there were a few younger gentlemen) up so late just to play a few drowned-out bars at the end of a number.

For Hold On, I'm Comin', all guitarists (amplifiers up), all drummers and all systems (including the nervous) were go, in an uninhibited display of cacophony unlimited. It looked like fun to do but wasn't very pleasant to listen to. The strings looked like they were going through an elaborate pantomime, and Sharrock proved again that you can con Edison. A girl a few tables away had her fingers in her ears. It got so bad that I wished I were in a discotheque. The Soul Flutes had been cancelled, and my ears were not up to an encounter with Count's Rock Band.

Several weeks later, I interviewed the organizer of all the decibels.

IG: How do you feel about the criticisms of the sound level on your opening night? I understand it was not typical, because of the usual opening-night difficulties.

HM: Well, knowing that in person the strings aren't going to sound that well, I had ordered microphones and amplifiers and speakers, none of which came. In the past, I used to do all this myself, look for the microphones, look for the stands, get the musicians, go to the bank, give them advances so that one of the good things about it was that Johnny Gibbs had all the trouble on his head and I could concentrate on playing. Otherwise I wouldn't have been as relaxed as I was opening night. The mike went out, you know. The second night and third night we had microphones for the strings and they could go into the big amplifiers, but still, it's not the same. IG: And the rock band did play?

IIM: Steve Marcus went on at the end of each night, because, even though I'd like to assume that everybody came to hear everybody, basically, people still are coming to hear me. One night, Steve's group went on earlier, and their sound level is pretty loud and it chased out a lot of people that weren't used to that much loudness. So I put them on at the end of the night, knowing that anybody who really wanted to hear Steve Marcus would know about it, and all the other groups would come in—the Chambers Brothers came in at the end of the night a couple of times to hear the band.

IG: What do you think about the generally loud sound level of many rock groups?

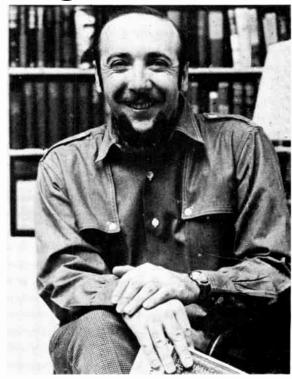
HM: I've spoken to some of the guys, and they say that this is what they're used to, they've always played this way, and they can't do their own thing, quote-unquote, unless it is this loud. It would be nice if I could find somebody that wants to play this music with the intensity of Bill Evans. That would be beautiful. That's one of the things I like so much about Donovan. It's that he goes on stage-last trip around he came here with a string quartet and a jazz group with a flute player-and you can hear a pin drop. People have asked me about amplifiers, and I question the complete validity in an amplifier; it seems to me that it has to be connected to something, and you just can't play loud and play badly. You should be able to play quiet simply.

IG: Or you should be able to adjust the amplifier to different levels.

IIM: That's it. I got some amplifiers for my flutes and I've tried, but none of them make it sound like a flute. It sounds like something else. I'm still enjoying finding new things for the flute, you know. I can't put the rock groups down, because if I didn't like them in the first place, I wouldn't have recorded them and signed them up. But it's a little foreign to me and I'm leaving myself completely open. IG: Steve Marcus certainly has had a variety of musical experience, though.

IIM: Sure. I heard him in Woody's band, and he was a bootin' tenor player in the Al Cohn-Stan Getz swinging school. But obviously, this is what he wants. One of my rules in producing records is that I try to let everybody do exactly what they want. A couple of years ago, everybody thought that all you had to do is get a good jazz player, get a Beatles song, add a conga player, and you had a hit record. Well, lots of guys tried making records that way, but none of them sold. You can't make a commercial entity out of something that's not completely you. The people who are successful commercially prob-





ably are doing what they *really* should be doing, and is their strength.

I never tell Roy Ayers what to play, and he's the one that comes over and says, "Let me record *Stoned Soul Picnic* because I think it's a good tune and I dig it." And he'll say, "Okay, let me do a great ballad." Once I tried to record Chick Corea, and I asked him would he play electric piano. He said, "No, it's not really my thing." You just can't make anybody prostitute themselves.

IG: Before we get into more things about your company, I'd like to know your feelings about today's rock musicians, and what you think is going to happen with them as regards jazz. You got into something at your press conference which I found interesting; making a parallel between the guys that were playing in rock bands, playing parts, and the musicians that did the same thing in the big bands of the '30s and '40s.

HM: Well, let's assume that when musicians start playing, they more or less know what they want to do-whether they want to be jazz players or symphony players. Then, it depends on what's surrounding them. If they're in New York, and they hear Latin music, and they start working with Machito, then they're going to feel the Latin thing, and they're going to improvise in that framework. When I was in high school, for all the guys who wanted to be jazz players there was no such thing as a jazz job. You'd go and play bar mitzvahs and weddings and sneak in two hot choruses of Bernie's Tune if nobody was looking. So now, for the jazz players there are only a couple of dance bands; primarily, the rock groups give the young guys, the young white musicians, the same chance to swing as the rhythm-and-blues bands gave the black musicians. Whether they're only playing backgrounds for some singer doesn't matter. At least they're swinging and that's it! They're playing rhythmic music. They play a couple of choruses a night, and secretly, when these guys finish working, they go and jam. Probably by the 1970s, there's going to be enough of these guys—already there are five more bands than there were two years ago playing rock music and improvising on it. The kids don't want to hear just the melodies anymore, with the straight rock bands, so they're beginning to look for guys that can improvise.

IG: Right, because so many of the rock groups without horns are made up of musicians that are really amateurish and are not really jazz-motivated at all.

HM: Sure! We played a concert outside of Boston with The Byrds, and they went on first, and the audience was loaded with college kids and very relaxed people, and I said, well, this is definitely their audience, and then when we got on, I found out that the audience was ours... IG: This was your quintet?

HM: Yes, my quintet. They wanted to hear us play the songs they grew up with. They wanted us to play our version of Norwegian Wood, and our version of Eight Miles High and Mellow Yellow. They know it but they want something more than just the melody. So by '70 or '71, there'll be enough of these bands that some enterprising magazine is going to say, "There's a whole new era now. There was the Dixieland era, the Swing era, the Bebop era, the Avant Garde era, and now the Jazz Rock era," or something like that. IG: Are you saying that in every era, the jazz musicians will find a way to improvise? . . .

HM: Right! Based on their life. Simple as that. It constantly changes. Both you and I were brought up loving Al Cohn and Zoot Sims and Stan Getz and the Four Brothers and that kind of thing, and Count Basie, and it's a very difficult thing to not shut yourself off and leave yourself completely open to what other people are doing, but I really enjoy some of the things, Some of them I hate. I can't carte blanche say I'm going to listen to everything. I find some of the pop groups write lots of great music. What they do with it-that I don't care for so much. Some of the groups are great. I saw the Beatles on the Smothers Brothers show. They did Hey Jude. It was a seven-minute thing and I thought it was a classic. It really knocked me out.

IG: Throughout your career, you've always had your finger on some kind of a pulse, and I think it's more like a personal pulse than that you necessarily knew what the public was going to like. When you went into your Latin bag, I think that was natural, because in the era you talked about growing up in, there was also a lot of Latin big band music.

IIM: The first record I ever heard was Esy Morales' Jungle Fantasy.

IG: But when you went into the Middle Eastern thing, there wasn't any real precedent for that. What made you do that?

IIM: First of all, in all the things I do, I would like to feel that I'm helping to start it rather than jump in on the wagon. When I formed my first group, it was just guitar, flute, bass and drums. The people liked it, but they couldn't really identify

too much with flute in jazz. This was '54-'55. The minute I added the conga drums and played the same tunes, they said, "Oh, yeah." So that made it much easier, and it opened up a whole area for me as well as making it very easy for me to be successful at first. All I did was have a band with six drummers and myself. I had the advantage in the beginning in being one of the first flute players, so that there wasn't really anybody for the people to compare me with. So I kind of B.S.'d my way through, and anytime I'd run out of ideas, the drums got it. But, finally, musically, this got to be a ball, and when I heard conga drums all over the placeeverybody was adding conga drums-I said. "That's it. I've gotta stop." I went down to Brazil and I heard the bossa nova . . . and it seemed to me to be a perfect way to leave the simplicity of Latin music-montuno on two chordswhich can be a bore harmonically. It may be great rhythmically when you're feeling good at a dance, or the band's swinging, but harmonically, how much can you play on those two chords? So the bossa nova was a rhythmic way for me to elaborate harmonically, and I slowly dropped out the conga drums, added a guitar player; I found a bunch of other guys that had been secretly playing bossa nova-Billy Bean, Don Payne, Willie Bobo-and Potato (Valdes) started playing tambourine, and we got into the bossa nova, and everybody at that point said, "Hey! It doesn't sound like you. It sounds different." I said thank you, because I didn't want it to sound like me. I have enough security in what I'm doing that I can constantly change and not have to stay in the same bag and be bored with it, and know that the people will be bored with it. When the bossa nova kept on going and everybody started playing it, I said, "Okay, I've got to be into something else." I added two trombones, then I added fluegelhorn, and Potato was with us all this time, and then he left to go with Willie Bobo who had formed his own band, and rather than bringing in another conga drummer and having everybody say, "Gee it doesn't sound like your own thing," I changed the whole thing completely and added Chick Ganimian.

IG: Well, what made you decide to go Middle Eastern?

HM: There are all kinds of musics all over the world that use flute and rhythm instruments. Flute is the second instrument, drum is the first, string instrument the third. I have recordings from all over the world of different things, and this seemed to fit. At the time, there was all kinds of talk that white musicians shouldn't really be playing the black man's music, because you really can't identify with it. So I said, "Okay, you all. I'm playing Middle Eastern music, and if I can't identify with Middle Eastern music, nobody can." So we did for a while, but Chick really didn't enjoy playing with jazz groups too much, because there was too much change.

IG: What do you mean by change?

IIM: Well, with jazz groups you constantly change: the soloists aren't always the same; the length of the tune isn't always the same; and he preferred to have

a little more organization than that. So we did a concert at Village Theater, on the eve of the war, and I jokingly told everybody that the reason why I wouldn't do Middle Eastern music anymore was that Chick Ganimian found out I was Jewish. But that's really not it, just that we decided to go back and do something else, and when Miroslav Vitous joined the band, we started going in a different direction. Miroslav is a very talented bassist and he was very involved with Miles and Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter, and at the same time Sonny Sharrock joined the band. IG: Where is he from originally?

HM: Sonny is from Ossining, N.Y., but I first heard him with Byard Lancaster. Lots of people again say that this doesn't sound like me. Well, if I wanted a band to sound like me completely, I'd do what George Shearing has done and find a bunch of people that play exactly the same way constantly. It seems to me that if you have a band, the leader should know that every musician who joins the band should make the band sound different, without being worried that you're going to get lost, because it still is your band. So every time somebody joins my band, I say to them, "Do your thing." You know, my band is like a smorgasbord, or like bouillabaise. Everybody adds a different ingredient, and Sonny's thing is completely different from any other guitar player I ever heard.

IG: Well, the thing that gets me about Sonny is not the fact that he is different, though that style he plays is certainly original, but that I find he's the same from performance to performance.

HM: Well, that's only because he's playing on music I've selected. I just recorded Sonny and his wife singing, and it's a brand-new special thing. He wrote some music; it sounds very African—like what Olantunji should have been doing. It sounds like a freedom band from Nigeria, or South Africa. And his wife sounds like an African Janis Joplin. It really is wild. IG: I would like to talk about Roy Ayers a little bit, too, because to me he is one of the top improvisers, not only in ideas but also in spirit.

HM: Oh, no question about it.

IG: When he plays, he gets you going.

IIM: That's it. You know, he came in when we were out in California, he's a friend of Jimmy Owens. So Jimmy said, Roy Ayers wants to sit in ('cause Jack Hitchcock was playing vibes and trombone). I said okay. Went to Japan, he hadn't sat in yet, 'cause he was working with Gerald Wilson's band. We came back, we were at the Lighthouse, and he brought his vibes all the way out and said, "I want to sit in." He played one tune; I said, "You're hired! That's it." This was '66, I guess. You know, to find somebody who wants to play as much as he does, and who also is open enough to accept somebody else's advice (I don't tell Roy what to play, but I try to give him my experience about the business), makes me think Roy is going to be a big star. He's going to have his own group and be very, very successful. I've seen lots of players, and we've played lots of concerts with lots of people, but when Roy gets on stage, you can forget about everybody else. Somebody once asked me how Roy plays. I said, "He plays vibes like Jimmy Smith plays organ." We've talked about this a while, and eventually Roy is going to have his own thing. When we were at the Gate, he was getting all this applause, and I said, "Well, soon you'll be ready." He said, "Don't rush me. I'll be ready when there's enough work for me to make as much money or more than I'm making now. I'm perfectly happy now, working steady, getting the applause, and not worrying about the gigs." Which is very, very mature. Also, he has the advantage that when we're not working I'm booking his group.

IC: Well, that leads us to the Five Faces of Music.

HM: The basic concept was this: I, as a player and as a band leader, always come in contact with good talent, young talent. What used to happen in the past is that I'd get a performer and he really would be very exciting and some guy would come over and say, "Listen. Why don't you leave this band. Go out on your own. You're going to make a million dollars." So he goes out on his own, works six weeks in a club in New York, and dies. I thought that rather than worrying about their leaving me, the ideal thing would be to sign these people up, to manage them, produce their records, and when it's right for them to leave and form their own group, they'll know they're going to have their own group. And in the meanwhile, they know that they have their steady work. In this way, I hope that by next year Roy will have his own band, Sonny will have his own band-because there'll always be newer people. I'd like to get down to doing one concert a week, because I don't enjoy six hours a night. I practically don't play any clubs any more.

IC: Well, you've been doing it a long time.

HM: I've been playing in clubs since 1955. IG: When were you with Mat Mathews? HM: That was 1953, and I've been to all those exotic cities, and I've seen those Wednesday nights in the clubs when a quintet outnumbers an audience 21/2 to 1. Fortunately, now we're a concert attraction, and I can do my one or two nights; my band is on a guaranteed salary. They have lay-off money. They make comparable to a week's salary in town for one concert. So they have their security; they can also do their own things in between. I would like eventually to do just one night a week, which would be very nice. This way I could enjoy myself musically. All summer long we did three nights and that was all right: Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I eventually would like to have my own record company and be in charge of it. Basically, I found that nobody is as interested in me as me: no other agent, no other record company, no other manager. I enjoy being in full control of everything. I just signed up with Ashley-Famous. I haven't been signed with an agency in about six-seven years. I've done everything with just managers and myself.

IC: Why did you make this move?

HM: Because, first of all, with all the different agents calling me up for concerts, sometimes we cross wires. And we undercut, and we don't get our prices together. I want to give the agency the opportunity to see what they can do by themselves for a year, but also, their organization is going to book the Soul Flutes and Steve Marcus. This is part of the deal, because you need a big organization to book new groups. I'd like the Steve Marcus group and the Soul Flutes group to work constantly, and money is not the problem right now. We'll work for bottom, just so we get the exposure.

IG: You said that you'd like your own record company some day. Do you think it's going to happen when your contract runs out with Atlantic in September, 1969? HM: What may happen is that I may set up a distribution deal with Atlantic. I don't want to get involved with pressing records and calling up the distributors and asking where's my money. It's very great to say you've got your own record company, but unless you have a little strength and a big catalog, the distributors are doing very well. I'd be very interested to see what Skye records is doing with its bills. I know they make good records, and it's nice that three guys got together and formed their own company [Cal Tjader, Gary McFarland, Gabor Szabo], but it would be one headache I'd rather wait for. If Sinatra and Ray Charles can start off by having a distribution deal with a record company, I think I can. I'm not even anywhere near their position. Then, let's say it worked out well on a distribution deal, all I'd have to do is find some backers and form my own company. Or, something like that with another label. But right now my relationship with Atlantic is perfect. They give me all the freedom I want-which is a rarity in this business, because most companies won't accept mistakes. But Atlantic is a record label oriented to the "Black" market and they know that records should not be "perfect." As long as they've got that thing, and they swing, and they have a groove, you sometimes let out records that are imperfect but very honest.

IG: How did you happen to make an album in Memphis?

HM: I'd been trying to do it for about two years. Finally Tom Dowd said, "Okay, let's go down." The first couple of days, it was just Larry Coryell and Roy Ayers and myself with their rhythm section.

IG: Who else was on the date?

HM: The people in Memphis; the rhythm section that does all of Aretha Franklin's and Wilson Pickett's and Otis Redding's things. And then the last couple of days I added Miroslav and Sonny, plus their guitar player. My basic idea was to do a rhythm-and-blues extended version of what the Cream does; the long tracks, but those things to me primarily sound white. I don't really consider myself a white player. We've got a 10-minute version of Hold On, I'm Coming. Those guys down there are fantastic. All they want to do is play rhythm and time. They don't want to do anything else. I've got the tapes here, and whew! I never will attempt to do another r&b record or something aimed at the pop market anywhere but in Memphis. The New York musicians who do pop dates all think that they're doing you a big favor, because really, secretly, they're jazz players and just doing it for the money, and they

don't like the idea. But they do it because they're not doing anything else. Down there, those guys love it, and that's all they do, and their attitude is completely different. There are lots of guys around New York whose attitude kills so many record dates, because they go into the studio and sav. "We'll, what is this crap I'm playing? I'll do it because there aren't too many of us drummers, or organ players, or Fender players around, but that doesn't mean I have to dig it." And that's the way it sounds. That's why record companies go to Memphis and get guys that only do their one thing, and do it well. I may make some enemies here in New York, but-I'm not worried about that. I've never worried about it before, so I shouldn't worry now. The concept of Five Faces is something that I think other musicians should do. It seems to me that there are a lot of guys around now who are making a lot of money playing.

IC: I think you mentioned them in a press conference—Jimmy Smith and Cannon-ball? . . .

HM: Well, you know, Jimmy Smith, Cannonball, Ramsey Lewis: they all are, in their little way, trying to help out. They have the ability and the desire to help out other people. I'm not saying that this is philanthropic work, because I'm going to have returns for it. But the government certainly isn't subsidizing jazz players. Big business is there, in a few instances, through George Wein and the different jazz festivals. But how else can the young guys be heard and work if somebody like myself doesn't say okay? When the opportunity presents itself, if you want me to come into your club, I will, even though I'd rather not, but I'd like my other musicians to be heard. How else can it happen? The jazz clubs don't want to book anybody but names. I can't blame them. The names don't want to work the jazz clubs if they become concert attractions. So the only alternative is to develop new concert attractions in names and to use your power and strength to do it. Maybe some people don't have the time or the desire.

IG: Well you have to be, I think, built a certain way, and I think you happen to combine an artistic side with a business side, and this way it is natural to you.

HM: I think there are a lot of successful people who are still very insecure about their playing. People say to me, how can you let Bob Yancey play flute, and bring David Newman up to play flute? What has that got to do with the price of eggs in Rumania? If Fathead plays flute, and Bob Yancey plays flute, and they get applause, great! I'm not worried about my own. . . . I've got enough confidence for all of them, otherwise I wouldn't be doing it. I just feel that there's something else in this life, and in jazz, than just making money for yourself. Eventually you have to start doing things for other people. I've tried to tell guys that they've got to do things for themselves, and stick together, and enough of this cutting, because if they don't develop a community spirit in helping out one another, nobody else is going to do it for them. I'm showing them that it can be done. They just have to understand and try to develop themselves. લિઝિ

EUROPEAN WINDOWS An Interview with Albert Heath and Phil Woods By Lars Lysted



Happiness can be many things. A warm puppy, a security blanket, or Lester Young playing 'Tickle 'Toe. But for many, many jazz musicians, be they American or European, happiness is the annual jazz festival in Molde, Norway. This thriving little town, generally referred to as "The Town of Roses and Fjord Panorama," is situated on the Norwegian west coast in a sheltered position on south-facing slopes, "warmed by the gentle currents of the Gulf Stream," as the travel folder has it. Art Farmer summed it up succinctly during his recent visit when he stated: "This town must be next to heaven!"

The Molde International Jazz Festival. now in its eighth consecutive year, this summer boasted the usual impressive array of names: trumpeter Don Cherry and the New York Total Music Co.; pianist Kenny Drew with Danish bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, a mainstay at the festival; singer Jon Hendricks; tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson; the Steve Kuhn Trio; drummer Albert Heath; singers Monica Zetterlund and Karin Krog, and altoist Phil Woods.

Kuhn, Woods and Hendricks are three of the newest additions to the growing colony of American jazz artists in Europe. Woods and Heath hit it off immediately, their gig in Molde preceded by two stupendous weeks at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, with Drew and Red Mitchell. Since Albert (Tootic) Heath returned to the U.S. in late October, after more than three years in Europe, while Philip Wells Woods, on the other hand, left the States in the spring of 1968 to settle in France, it seemed logical to have them compare their decisions to change scenery. The following views are excerpts from informal conversations that took place during the Molde Jazz Festival.

LL: Albert, would you care to elaborate a bit on your reasons for going back to the States?

All: I feel that I've done everything I can do here in Scandinavia and in Europe. I don't see anything new happening for me, any more than just going along, you know. I don't see any progress in my career, or whatever you want to call it. There are a few more opportunities in America as far as I'm concerned.

LL: Has your decision anything to do with the common feeling among Americans that they will "lose touch" if they stay in Europe too long?

All: In a way I do feel like I'm out of everything. It's not a matter of lack of work. I've been working almost every night. At the Montmartre in Copenhagen, and in Stockholm. When you play with a guy like Phil, who's just come from America, you feel a little refreshed because he's doing what I know about, what I'm more familiar with. So, I get a little injection every now and then of what's happening. Festivals, they come here, but they're mostly bad. I miss the music. I can't go and hear the people I'd like to hear. **PW:** You miss the scene.

AII: Yeah, I miss it. I think it is time for me to go back. I have lost all my fears about the U.S. and I can understand the whole situation a little better now.

LL: You mean you've got a new perspec-

tive on things?

AII: Yes, I've learned a lot here. It was like going to college to come here, because I was kind of messed up then.

LL: Several musicians who are leaving the States to settle in Europe have very sound reasons for doing so. Scarcity of work, the everpresent race issue, and the proverbial "rat race" in New York and other cities. How does that apply in your case, Phil? I know that many people, Leonard Feather for instance (DB, July 11), were quite upset by your decision to leave the U.S. PW: I felt like Tootie must have felt when he split the States. I had to go and change my life a little bit. Had to dig the European thing. And I wanted my children to especially see other societies. I don't think I can stay here forever. I'm not turning in my passport. I am an American, you see. My country needs people like Tootic Heath. It needs people like me and my children. But we have to go away from our country to become something. To really dig it in perspective.

AH: I agree. Some people need that, you know.

PW: You've got to take time off. I did studio work for 11 years. It was a gig, but I've come to Europe to play music. I played two weeks in the Montmartre, and it felt good!

AH: Yeah, it was fantastic!

LL: But don't you have the same opportunities in New York? I mean, you must be one of the most sought-after musicians on the east coast?

AH: I can answer that for you, Phil. You see, Phil Woods has been labeled. This happens to people. Just like we are all labeled as "jazz" musicians. You get a label, and when they need an alto player to play in Slug's, or something, they don't call Phil Woods. Not because Phil doesn't play the kind of music that they want to hear in Slug's. It has nothing to do with his race or religion, it's just that he has been labeled as a lead alto player.

PW: Studio man!

AII: And that's it! They would never call Phil Woods to play an alto solo in a symphony orchestra, because he's a jazz musician, regardless whether he could play the music or not, which I'm sure he could. They put a tag on you.

I'W: Yes, you develop a career for so long, and you develop it in one country, and this country produces the best jazz on the scene. I've often thought about this, while I wondered about settling in Europe. And I miss the cats already. But you've got to take time off to find yourself as a musician.

AH: Right! And as a person, too. Compared with Phil, it was easier for me to make the decision. I wasn't married, I thought I had the world, but I didn't have anything. Plenty gigs and record dates, but . . . I don't want to be called a "jazz' nothing. I don't like that word, "jazz." I think it's a drag. I don't want to sound like Martin Luther King, but I have a dream. I'd like to get together with some young guys and make some music, and not have it called a jazz group or a "beat" group. I'd like to play everything we can play. I don't feel I can do that here, because everybody is so occupied. All the good musicians here are so very busy,

and in New York there're good guys walking around, doing nothing, because of the situation. As a matter of fact, I can sing, too. I just want to try it.

PW: You're gonna fight a good fight, eh? **All:** Yeah, as long as they don't put us into little boxes, so to speak. It's a wonder they don't stamp "jazz" on your passport, to classify you in a certain way.

PW: You know, it's a bad word, "expatriate." It's a terrible word.

LL: You mean it sounds like you've been deported?

PW: It sounds like you don't *dig* it no more, and actually the only reason you're here in Europe is because you *love* it so much. Messed up as our country might be, it can be reorganized into something. It can be changed, because that's the roots, where we came from. When you see the country I was raised in, it's in such a turmoil, man! Al, I know you have some feelings about this. You want to go back to take part in something, maybe?

AH: Yes, it's a revolution happening there, and I want to be part of it. If it blows up, I don't want to be here watching it. Because I have relatives and people there that I love, and I'd like to be there. You know, if they blow up Federal Street in Philadelphia, that's where my mother lives, I'd like to be around. Maybe I can do something. It's not a nice feeling being here anymore. I feel like I'm hiding, I may go there and go completely crazy, but I have to go. Just like I came here. I had to come here. I'm taking my wife and child. She's ready for whatever is happening, and I am. The only thing that can happen is that you can die. And when that happens you don't have nothing to worry about anymore. It's not worthwhile living if you can't do your thing.

PW: Talking about revolution-I look at the cities, I look at the ghettos, I look at New York, and they have ripped out 48th Street-48th Street with all the music stores, Jim 'n' Andy's where you could get a check cashed, repair your head, take your messages, get your horn fixed, buy some reeds. They've ripped that down. And they are building an Esso building and a Texaco building on each side of the street. New York is becoming a day-worker's town. People work from 9 to 5 in the city and then they go back out to suburbia. And they have their lovely homes, a freezer, two cars; very fantastic materialistic things. And they leave the ghetto behind. The ghetto stays there, all day, all night. This can't continue any longer. I'll tell you, I was cool at home. Had a lovely home in New Hope, Pa., a convertible car, an acre of land, four children. They could not understand why I had to come here. And I said: We must. We must leave. That would boil down to your personal identity, your personal responsibility towards a family unit, which is very important. But society, at least in America, seems to be going blindly on a destruction course. They don't think about what we speak of, you see. Just a few people are aware of it. I was in the Mid-West doing a concert somewhere, and some fantastic things happened in Vietnam. On the front page in the Sunday paper there was a football score. A foot-/Continued on page 39

WAILIN' AT VAIL: COLORADO'S JAZZ PARTY

WEST OF DENVER lies the village of Vail, a Shangri-La nestled in the massive mountains. For the second consecutive year this was the site of the annual by-invitationonly Jazz Party given by Maddie and Dick Gibson of Denver.

With warmth and generosity, the villagers united to make welcome and comfortable the 400-plus musicians and guests from all over the U.S. With typical largesse, the Gibsons had again rented the entire barn-sized Casino Vail chalet for the party.

Starting in the late afternoon on Friday, Sept. 13, the sessions continued afternoon and night until 5:30 Sunday afternoon.

On hand were trumpeters Buck Clayton, Bobby Hackett, Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield; reed men Bob Wilber, Zoot Sims, Matty Matlock, Phil Woods, Bud Freeman, Al Cohn and Peanuts Hucko; trombonists Lou McGarity, Carl Fontana, Vic Dickenson and Urbie Green; pianists Dave McKenna, Teddy Wilson, Dick Hyman and Ralph Sutton; guitarists Howie Collins and Barney Kessel; banjoist Clancy Hayes; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Joe Venuti, violin; bassists Jack Lesberg, Milt Hinton, Eddie Safranski and Bob Haggart; drummers Don Lamond, Mousie Alexander, Gus Johnson, Cliff Leeman and Morey Feld, and vocalist Maxine Sullivan. Eddie Condon attended but did not play.

This was the sixth and largest Jazz Party, the dimensions of the Casino allowing for a longer guest list than the old Jerome Hotel in Aspen (site of the early parties). The huge upstairs room of the Casino, with parallel opposite balconies, has inherent acoustical problems which this year were solved by near-perfect sound engineering.

Vic Dickenson's growl came floating through the night air when I arrived late on Friday. The room was alive, with Clayton, Matlock, Dickenson, Wilson, Norvo, Collins, Safranski and Leeman on the stand playing a relaxed and gentle Yesterdays. Collins soloed, the inflections and stresses of his notes coming out with jewel-like brilliance. On Sweet Georgia Brown, with Safranski a powerhouse, Norvo got into a long, driving solo, and Barney Kessel, standing in the crowd, began chuckling, his face aglow.

As in past years, there was a frequent sorting of musicians into various size groups and the effect was often telling. Joe Venuti, with Sutton, Lesberg and Feld, played a stiff and seemingly calculated *That's A Plenty*, but on *Body and Soul* he was a model of the relaxed jazzman. Bud Freeman, with Sutton, Haggart and Feld, was honking and explosive on *Just One of Those Things*. Yank Lawson and Buck Clayton, with the same rhythm section, traded ideas on *St. James Infirmary*.

Singer Maxine Sullivan, backed by Hyman, Lesberg and Alexander, was a jolting surprise to just about everyone. Married to pianist Cliff Jackson, she has been only sporadically active in recent years, and one did not expect much more than a few nostalgic songs. Her voice, with a texture similar to Billie Holiday's, combined with an elegant conception not unlike Lee Wiley's, and a warm, appealing stage manner, made her set the outstanding one of the evening. On *I'm Coming Virginia*, singing both chorus and verse, she was absolutely enthralling. The veteran singer assumed a stunned "Who, me?" look when the prolonged applause and clamor for "more, more" came at the end of the set.

Lawson, Clayton, Wilber, McGarity, Green, Sutton, Collins, Haggart and Feld began jamming *Chinatown*. In other years there had generally been a pleasing mesh of the horns in ensemble improvisation; this year, with some notable exceptions, there was a good deal of aimless doodling, contrived frenzy and insensitive shrillness. A portion of the audience always likes blaring noise and so it was here.



Bud Freeman: coherent lines

The solos, however, were a different matter. Clarinetist Wilber, backed by some marvelous trombone riffs, began to flash some firebolts. He has begun to move into the front ranks as a jazz instrumentalist; his passion and assurance now are undeniable, and it is a joy to hear him.

Lou McGarity and Urbie Green played a jaunty In A Mellotone in alternate unison, harmony and counterpoint lines, and got ringing applause. McGarity, who seemed particularly affected by the untimely death of Cutty Cutshall, his teammate at the Gibson sessions since the first year, managed in spite of this to play consistently well throughout.

Al Cohn, with Hyman, Hinton and Lamond, got into a good groove on *If I Had You*. Bobby Hackett and Carl Fontana, with McKenna, Lesberg and Leeman, had problems making things jell. Hackett customarily shines in a group like this, but he lacked his usual bite and sting. Some constitutions do not adjust quickly to Vail's high altitude, and Hackett played much better the following days.

The Saturday afternoon sessions were ragged and desultory, with some wildly beautiful playing at times. Lawson, Matlock, Freeman, McGarity, Sutton, Haggart and Johnson went through a faceless blues, but on *Royal Garden*, Ralph Sutton, heeding vocal encouragement from Freeman and Haggart, turned in a crisp, rocking solo. Haggart played his *What's New* solo, but an unaccompanied bass simply cannot do justice to the excellent harmonic changes of the song.

In the early afternoon, Phil Woods, who was flown in from Oslo, Norway, arrived and joined Sims, Hyman, Hinton, Kessel and Alexander for a set. Barney Kessel, who plays as if his ideas are instantaneously conceived, was exhilarating on *There'll Never Be Another You*. On *Perdido*, Al Cohn and Bob Wilber joined the group, and, in spite of an all around effort, particularly from Cohn, the playing was too disjointed to be completely successful.

Buck Clayton, with McKenna, Collins, Lesberg and Lamond, played a notable set, getting in several masterful choruses on St. Louis Blues. Clancy Hayes, remarking that going out to perform "was like being fed to the lions in the arena," went out and announced that he would sing Parson City, Kansas Blues in honor of Clayton's home town. Backed by Sutton's boogie woogie piano and Dickenson's gutty trombone, the tune somewhere along the way became the plain old Kansas City Blues, and was a rollicking, wholly satisfying performance. The crowd would not let the group off the stand, demanding several encores.

Butterfield, Lawson, Wilber, Freeman, Fontana, McGarity, Sutton, Haggart and Feld went through a roily Jazz Me Blues ensemble, made interesting by some trombone riffs seemingly developed spontaneously, which gave a good base for the other horns. This trombone rapport was carried through to *Three Little Words*, where McGarity and Fontana began trading fours—the two really rocked this group.

Teddy Wilson, with Lesberg and Alexander, began his set routinely with a pleasing but not engaging *Shiny Stockings*. *Take the A Train* had more guts, but it wasn't until Norvo joined the group for *When You're Smiling* that the pianist began to demonstrate the astonishing power that much of the time lies just under the surface.

Norvo, looking like a European painter with cowboy boots, was in superb shape, but, in retrospect, was simply using the afternoon to warm up for the night session. On the stand his whole aspect changes. He constantly exhorts the others to play, and when he himself solos he throws his whole self—physical and mental—into the task. [A few years ago, Lalo Schifrin explained to me why he thought that seeing jazz musicians play was important. I never really agreed with him or even knew what he was talking about until watching Norvo and Milt Hinton at these sessions—these two catalysts sent out vibrations that were almost tangible.]

Woods, Sims, Cohn, Green, with Hyman, Hinton, Kessel and Alexander played an up tempo tune, with Kessel, framed from my angle against a flaming stained glass window, again outstanding in his solo.

The night session was black tie as in previous years; a convention insisted upon by the host that has largely a beneficial effect. The whole atmosphere is changed, and with it the emotional disposition of the musicians.

Clayton, Matlock, Freeman, Dickenson, McKenna, Lesberg, Collins and Leeman were relaxed and freewheeling on S'Wonderful. Tenorist Freeman, looking like a medieval warrior defending the battlements with his axe, was thrusting and fierce in his solo. If tapes of any of these sessions are issued publicly, I believe that careful listening to his ensemble work will show that he alone among the front line horns is always trying to develop coherent lines, always listening to the others.

Wilson, Norvo, Kessel, Hinton and Lamond moved onto the stand for one of the finest performances of jazz played anytime, anywhere. On an extended Avalon, Norvo began his series of choruses by playing the most marvelous things with an impish grin, as if perpetrating some giant hoax. Pushed by the great drive of bassist Hinton and drummer Lamond, the vibraharpist was at the top of his ability.

Wilson, with Hinton and Lamond, followed with *Love*. Wilson may or may not have been stung by the increasingly common critical opinion that he has become nothing more than a good cocktail pianist, but he played as if he finally wanted to set the matter straight. The air was already charged with excitement from Norvo's stunning achievement. Two years ago in Aspen, Wilson overwhelmed everyone with this tune; this time, in faster tempo, he did the same thing, his unfailing emotional symmetry hidden in the nonchalance of his delivery. How this man played!

After these tours de force, Barney Kessel wisely changed the pace, playing an earthly *Watch What Happens* in medium tempo, his phrases skittering in all directions.

Maxine Sullivan, with Hyman, Lesberg and Johnson, and cornet obbligatos by Bobby Hackett, came on next. *Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now* was followed by *Loch Lomond, Love Is Just Around the Corner*, and, again, *I'm Coming Virginia*, with Hackett's velvet horn helping Miss Sullivan make the tune glitter. She slowly paced the stand, singing like a princess. She hesitated at just the right places, then let the swelling resonance of her voice float out over the room. There was not an inch of contrivance or sham—this lady simply wanted to sing. It was like watching the morning star in a cloudless sky.

Hucko and Venuti, with Sutton, Haggart and Feld, warmed up with Sweet Georgia Brown, then heartily traded fours on Honeysuckle Rose, Venuti playing some gutty alley fiddle. On After You've Gone, Hucko, who has great command of his instrument, was roundly applauded for his fast, wailing passages. Bob Wilber, with Sutton, Lesberg and Leeman, turned in a faultless Old Fashioned Love on his curved soprano saxophone. "That looks like a toy," muttered a man behind me, "but it sure doesn't sound like one."

Ralph Sutton played Fats Waller's Viper's Drag, getting the stride rhythm to rock in joyful motion. The night ended with Hackett, Lawson, Wilber, Freeman, Fontana, McGarity, McKenna, Lesberg and Feld romping through I Ain't Got Nobody and South Rampart Street Parade.

The Sunday session opened with an odd mixture of musicians—Butterfield, Matlock, Woods, Green, Hyman, Haggart and Lamond—who surprisingly turned in the best ensemble playing I heard at the sessions. The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise flew lightly, the horns playing with great empathy instead of vying to see who could fill the holes with the most notes. On Cherry, Urbie Green played gorgeous trombone smears that sounded like they came straight from Georg Brunis. Green played the verse and chorus of Stardust, staying close to the original melody and showing off his remarkable tone.

Teddy Wilson, with Hinton and Johnson, proved that the triumph of the night before was no fluke. Playing four old standards in a quick medley, he then went into One O'Clock Jump at a medium-fast tempo. Anyone who thinks that the 12-bar blues form has been exhausted as a vehicle for fresh jazz expression will have to spend some time with the tape of this set. Echos and re-echos of Earl Hines and Jess Stacy, Mary Lou Williams and Albert Ammons kept appearing in a long sequence of choruses, and remarkably, while the sound was moving in a great diminuendo arc, the phrases grew more sparse and the emotional intensity thickened. It was artistry of the highest order. When the tension was finally broken and the piano went into the familiar riff at full sail, it was like the sound of an orchestra.

Clayton, Lawson, Wilber, Freeman, Mc-

Garity, Fontana, Sutton, Lesberg and Feld played a *Limehouse Blues* that had a long and effective trombone introduction and a slashing duel between Clayton and Lawson. Lawson then sat down next to Clancy Hayes and blew some marvelous trumpet while Clancy sang the blues. The two were as natural a combination as red beans and rice.

Sims, Cohn, Green, McKenna, Lesberg and Leeman played Lester Young's Tickle Toe, with McKenna and Sims, especially, playing with immense drive. Leeman's drumming, a deep bed-rock drive, was notable. Phil Woods soloed on Here's That Rainy Day, his remarkable intonation enhancing the beauty of his conception. Hucko spoke a very moving tribute to the late Cutty Cutshall, and got a standing ovation with his dedication of A Closer Walk With Thee to the trombonist's memory. Dick Hyman played an extended composition with jagged avant garde touches, displaying considerable skill. Sutton followed with a lovely Willard Robison ballad and Fats Waller's Ain't Misbehavin'. At this point I had to leave.

Several comments should be made. The workhorse rhythm men, the drummers and bassists, did a collectively superb job. Not once was the beat anything but crisp and flowing, and the music simply could not have been as good as it was without them. Next, the crowd—there were many more younger faces this year—is improving. In earlier years, a good many guests would pack off around midnight. Not anymore. The room, if anything, was more packed for the final evening set than it was during the openers—a mark of honor for the music and the musicians.

Vail was once again the meeting place for a short weekend of a group of mortal musicians and listeners; but to anyone present, it was like a repast of Olympian gods, an experience priceless beyond measure.



Teddy Wilson: One O'Clock Jump was a triumph

HOLIDAY SHOPPING GUIDE, Part 1: RECORDS

CLASSICS:

- Louis Armstrong: Rare Items, Decca 9225: Story (4 vols.), Columbia CL 851-854
- Count Basie: Basie's Best, Decca DX 170 (2 records)
- Sidney Beehet: Bechet of New Orleans, RCA Victor LPV 510; Blue Bechet, RCA Victor LPV 535
- Bix Beiderbeeke: Story (3 vols.), Columbia CL 844-846
- Chu Berry: 1936-40, Epic 22007
- Clifford Brown: I Remember Clifford, Mercury 20827
- Charley Christian: Story, Columbia CL 652
- John Coltrane: Blue Train, Blue Note 1577; Giant Steps, Atlantic 1311
- Miles Davis: Birth of the Cool, Capitol T-1974; Bags' Groove, Prestige 7109; Greatest Hits, Prestige 7457
- Johnny Dodds: Johnny Dodds, RCA Victor I.PV 558
- Duke Ellington: The Ellington Era, Vol. 1, Columbia C31.27 (3 records); The Ellington Era, Vol. 2, Columbia C31.39 (3 records); Daybreak Express, RCA Victor LPV 506; At His Very Best, RCA Victor LPM 1715; In A Mellotone, RCA Victor LPM 1364
- Dizzy Gillespie: Dizzy Gillespie, RCA Victor LPV 530
- Benny Goodman: Small Groups, RCA Victor LPV 521
- Coleman Hawkins: Body and Soul, RCA Victor LPV 501
- Fletcher Henderson: Study in Frustration, Columbia C4L19 (4 records); Fletcher Henderson, Vol. 2, Decca 9228
- Woody Herman: The Thundering Herds, Columbia C3L25 (3 records) Johnny Hodges: Hodge Podge, Epic
- Johnny Hodges: Hodge Podge, Epic 22001; Things Ain't What They Used To Be, RCA Victor LPV 533
- Billie Holiday: The Golden Years, Vol. 1, Columbia C3L21 (3 records); The Golden Years, Vol. 2, Columbia C3L40 (3 records); Lover Man, Decca 9702
- Jimmie Luneeford: Lunceford Special, Columbia CL 2715
- Modern Jazz Quartet: European Concert, Atlantic 1385-6 (2 records)
- Thelonious Monk: The Unique Thelonious Monk, Blue Note 1510-11
- Charlie Parker: All Star Sextet, Roost 2210; Essential, Verve 6-8409; Jazz at Massey Hall, Fantasy 6003
- Bud Powell: The Amazing Bud Powell, Blue Note 1503-4
- **Django Reinhardt: Best** Of, Capitol T-10457-8 (2 records)
- Sonny Rollins: Saxophone Colossus, Prestige 7326
- Bessie Smith: Story (4 vols.), Columbia CL855-58
- Art Tatum: Piano Starts Here, Columbia CS 9655; This Is Art Tatum, 20th Century Fox 1362-3 (2 records)
- Jack Teagarden: Jack Teagarden, RCA Victor LPV 528
- Fats Waller: '34-'35, RCA Victor LPV 516; Valentine Stomp, RCA Victor LPV 525
- Chick Webb: 1937-39, Decca 9223
- Lester Young: At His Very Best, EmArcy 26010
- Jazz: A History, Folkways 2001-11 (11 records)

CONTEMPORARY:

- Cannonball Adderley: Why Am I Treated So Bad?, Capitol ST 2617
- Albert Ayler: In Greenwich Village, Impulse 9155
- Count Basie: Basic's Beat, Verve 6-8687 George Benson: Giblet Gravy, Verve 6-8749
- Lester Bowie: Numbers 1&2, Nessa 1
- Dave Brubeck: At Carnegie Hall, Columbia C2S826 (2 records); Compadres (with Gerry Mulligan), Columbia CS 9704
- Kenny Burrell: Guitar Forms, Verve 6-8612; Ode to 52nd Street, Cadet 798
- Gary Burton: Duster, RCA Victor LSP 3835; In Concert, RCA Victor LSP 3985
- Jaki Byard: With Strings, Prestige 7573
- Don Cherry: Symphony for Improvisers, Blue Note 4247
- Ornette Coleman: Town Hall Concert, ESP 1006; At the Golden Circle, Vols. 1&2, Blue Note 4224-25
- John Coltrane: Crescent, Impulse 66; Expression, Impulse 9120; Meditations, Impulse 9110
- Sonny Criss: Up, Up and Away, Prestige 7530; Sonny's Dream, Prestige 7576
- Miles Davis: My Funny Valentine, Columbia CS 9106; Miles Smiles, Columbia CS 9401; Miles in the Sky, Columbia CS 9620
- Duke Ellington: Far East Suite, RCA Victor LSP 3782; And His Mother Called Him Bill, RCA Victor LSP 3906
- Don Ellis: Electric Bath, Columbia CS 9585
- Booker Ervin: Space Book, Prestige 7386; Blues Book, Prestige 7340
- Bill Evans: At Town Hall, Verve 6-8683; Undercurrent, Solid State 18018.
- Erroll Garner: Now Playing, MGM 4335; Up in Erroll's Room, MGM 4520
- Stan Getz: Sweet Rain, Verve 6-8693. Dizzy Gillespie: Jazz For A Sunday
- Afternoon, Solid State 18027-28.
- Dexter Gordon: Go!, Blue Note 4112. Barry Harris: Luminescence, Prestige
- 7498
- Coleman Hawkins: Today and Now, Impulse 34
- Illinois Jacquet: Bottoms Up!, Prestige 7575
- Keith Jarrett: Life Between the Exit Signs, Vortex 2006
- Elvin Jones: Puttin' It Together, Blue Note 84282
- Thad Jones-Mel Lewis: At Village Vanguard, Solid State 18016
- Roland Kirk: The Inflated Tear, Atlantic 1502
- Lee Konitz: Duets, Milestone 9013
- Robin Kenyatta: Until, Vortex 2005
- Yusef Lateef: The Blue Lateef, Atlantic 1508
- Charles Lloyd: Forest Flower, Alantic 1473
- Herbie Mann: Monday Night At Village Gate, Atlantic 1462; Windows Open, Atlantic 1507
- Jackie McLean: Action, Blue Note 4218; New and Old Gospel, 4262
- Charles Mingus: Wonderland, Solid State 18019; Mingus, Mingus, Mingus, Impulse 54; At Monterey, Fantasy
- Thelonious Monk: Underground, Colum-

World Radio History

bia CS 9632

- Wes Montgomery: Best, Vols. 1&2, Verve 6-8714, 6-8757; 'Round Midnight, Riverside 3014
- James Moody: And the Brass Figures, Milestone 9005
- Buddy Rich: Big Swing Face, Pacific Jazz 20117; The New One, Pacific Jazz 20126
- Sonny Rollins: Alfie, Impulse 9111
- Pee Wee Russell: Ask Me Now, Impulse 96
- Wayne Shorter: All-Seeing Eye, Blue Note 4219; Adams Apple, Blue Note 4232
- Horace Silver: Serenade to a Soul Sister, Blue Note 84277
- Jimmy Smith: Greatest Hits, Blue Note 9901 (2 records)
- Cecil Taylor: Conquistador, Blue Note 4260
- **POP, BLUES, VOCAL:**
- Chuck Berry: From St. Louie to Frisco, Mercury 61176
- Big Brother & Holding Co.: Cheap Thrills, Columbia KCS 9700
- Blood, Sweat & Tears: Child Is Father to the Man, Columbia CS 9619
- Booker T. & MGS: Doin' Our Thing, Stax 724
- James Brown: Sings Out of Sight, Smash 67109
- Paul Butterfield: In My Own Dream, Electra 74025
- Canned Heat: Boogie, Liberty 7541
- Leroy Carr: Blues, Columbia CL 1799
- Chambers Bros.: Chambers Brothers, Columbia CS 9522
- Ray Charles: A Man and His Soul, ABC 590X (2 records)
- Country Joe & the Fish: Together, Vanguard 79277
- Cream: Wheels of Fire, Atco 2700 (2 records)
- Fats Domino: Fats Is Back, Reprise 6304 Bob Dylan: John Wesley Harding, Co-
- lumbia CS 9604
- Electric Flag: A Long Time Comin', Columbia CS 9597
- Jose Feliciano: Feliciano, RCA Victor LSP 3957
- Ella Fitzgerald: Best, Verve 6-8720; Ella & Basie, Verve 6-4061 Aretha Franklin: Lady Soul, Atlantic

Buddy Guy: A Man and His Blues, Van-

Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland, Reprise

Jefferson Airplane: Crown of Generation,

Robert Johnson: Delta Blues, Columbia

B. B. King: Live at the Regal, ABC 509;

Magie Sam: West Side Soul, Delmark 615

Rolling Stones: Satanic Majesties Request,

Steppenwolf: Steppenwolf, Dunhill 50029

Muddy Waters: Electric Mud, Cadet Con-

Junior Wells: Junior Wells, Delmark 612

Decade of Golden Groups, Mercury SRM

Eighteen King-Size Rhythm & Blues Hits,

લેણું

Wilson Piekett: Best, Atlantic 8151

Carmen McRae: Portrait, Atlantic 8165

Otis Redding: Immortal, Atco 33-252

8176; Now, Atlantic 8186

RCA Victor LSP 4058

Lucille, BluesWay 6016

London NPS 2

2-602 (2 records)

Columbia CS 9467

cept 314

guard 79272

6307

CL 1654







Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding. Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ yood, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Benny Goodman

Benny Goodman AN ALBUM OF SWING CLASSICS—Classics Record Library (Book-of-the-Month Club) SRL 7673: Don't Be Tbat Way: Rose Room; Between tbe Devil and the Deep Blue Sea; Body and Soul; After You've Gone; Slipped Disc; On the Alamo; Just One of Tbose Tbings; Blue and Sentimental; Airmail Special; I Found A New Baby; As Long as I Live; Flying Home; 'Deed I Do; Avalon: Memories of You; Stompin' at the Savoy: If I Had You; Sing, Sing, Sing; Lady, Be Good; Slairway to the Stars; Honeysuckle Rose; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Rosetta; Mean to Me: Sbine; Nigbt and Day; One O'Clock Jump; Goodbye. Personnel: Ruby Braff, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Goodman, clarinet; Paul Quinichette, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Perry Lopez, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Bobby Donald-son, drums. Rating: ★★★★

Rating: * * * * *

Recorded during a series of 10 weekend engagements at New York City's Basin Street East and filed away for 12 years, the music has been issued in a three-LP boxed set by the Book-of-the-Month Club's record division, 345 Hudson St., New York. Mono and rechanneled stereo sets are available to the general public for \$9.95 and \$11.95 respectively by mail order.

Apply what standards you wish to this album, and it still comes out as one of the finest series of performances Goodman has yet nailed down in his long and often spectacular career. No musical frontiers are probed here, mind you, and not even any new material is offered. But as in all the best jazz in the swing vein, there is an open excitement generated here, and Goodman is the main sparkplug.

Yet this is not the Goodman of 1937. His tone is more mellow and controlled. His lines have less of a tendency to jab at the listener. The old tenseness, though still evident, has been mitigated by a floating quality that occasionally reminds of Lester Young. (Listen to Goodman tongue his notes in the first chorus of Shine.)

For pure, pulse-pounding fury, however, the prize goes to Airmail Special. After a familiar opening ensemble, Quinichette and Braff come on for two choruses each, the Vice Prez carrying out the musical policies of his mentor with vigor and force.

Then BG breaks in, briskly but with unshakable calm, for a chorus. The noose then begins to tighten until by the third chorus we are in the midst of a controlled frenzy. Then, when only the closing formalities seem to remain, we are shaken by a blazing glissando that Goodman rips from his horn to signal yet another roaring climax. An impressive performance.

Hearing familiar numbers like New Baby and Avalon, one is genuinely impressed with Goodman's capacity for inventiveness and his ability to find new slants to tunes he must have played thousands of times.

One also can delight in hearing Goodman simply meander flawlessly through medium-tempo pieces such as Honeysuckle or Slipped Disc. His lines are loose and casual and bounce along without ever losing coherence-and there are no long notes stretched out for two or three bars while he tries to come up with an idea. Here, his solos are fresh and never stray into musical dead ends.

Donaldson provides the group with a light and supple rhythmic cushion, with just enough fire in the right places to stir a little abandon. Wilson's dry elegance is as impeccable as ever. Lopez contributes a workmanlike piece of guitar work, though Les Spann remains the most interesting guitarist with whom Goodman has worked in recent years.

It has been suggested that this set might have been tightened up somewhat by eliminating some of the deadwood tunes. True enough. Little of importance is added by the likes of Memories of You, If I Had You, or the octet's version of Sing, Sing, Sing (which is strictly a big-band showpiece and sounds anemic when played by combos.) Yet there is enough meat here to justify the top rating. Also, there are no vocals.

Another minor flaw should not go unnoticed. Admittedly, little preparation went into these dates in the way of arrangements and special material, so Goodman contented himself with a few simple ensemble sketches as frameworks for the solo byplay. The fact is, however, that they do little but get in the way. Hearing the band thump out a unison chorus of Flying Home, among others, is inappropriate to the smoothly flowing motion of most of the album. It's like putting square wheels on a Stingray.

As an afterthought, it is worth mentioning that Goodman's attitude toward such record-club releases is highly favorable. He recently expressed to this writer considerable impatience with the way in which record companies pour large quantities of releases into stores every month without proper promotion. 40 or 50 albums hit the market every month from the major companies alone, he said, and too many get lost in the shuffle. He likes the established market that a club can offer and the fact that bulletins are sent out to keep members informed on what's available.

-McDonough

Harold Land

THE PEACE-MAKER—Cadet 813: The Peace-Maker; Stylin'; 40 Love; Angel Dance; Time-table; Imagine; The Aquarian; One for Nini. Personnel: Land, tenor saxophone, flute (track 2); Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Joe Sample, piano; Buster Williams, hass; Donald Bailey, drums, harmonica (track 2).

Rating: * * * 1/2

I've always liked Harold Land's music. He has a personal, masculine sound based in the blues, and a flowing swing. Like Bird, he conveys a constant spontaneityafter one chorus you know that Land is really improvising.

Land has a good group here, but there are some drawbacks. The presence of both piano and vibes clutters up the rhythm section and seems unnecessary since Hutcherson is an excellent accompanist. The recording balance unduly favors the bassist, a habit that many engineers seem to have adopted. I'd sacrifice some of that "high fidelity" for an attempt to recreate a group's in-person sound.

Except for Imagine, the tunes are written by Land, and they all seem to scale the same modal mountain. Wondering at the sameness of approach, I got out Land's first album, recorded 10 years ago (Harold in the Land of Jazz, Contemporary) and discovered that it contained two excellent standards and five interesting originals, each of which projected a different mood. Lack of variety is an extremely subjective judgment. I think, for example, that Coltrane's goals demanded an unvaried, single-minded assault, but a similar approach doesn't suit Land as well, even though he has successfully assimilated some of Coltrane's techniques.

This album contains some very good playing-listen to Land's blues roots on Peace-Maker and Hutcherson's dancing patterns on Love-and if you like Land, you'll want it. I hope that Cadet continues to record him, and that the next time Land chooses a more varied program. -Kart

Mongo Santamaria 🔳

Mongo Santamaria SOUL BAG—Columbia 9653: In the Midnight Hour; Badby What You Want Me To Do; Sitting on the Dock of the Bay; Hot Dog; Cold Sweat; My Girl; Respect; Up, Up and Away; Green Onions; Groovin'; Chili Beans. Personnel: Louis Gasca, trumpet; Sonny For-tune, alto and baritone saxophones; Hubert Laws, Mauricio Smith, tenor saxophones; Hubert Laws, Mauricio Smith, tenor saxophones; Hutes; Rodgers Grant, piano, organ; Victor Venegas, electric hass, Bernard Purdie, drums; Santamaria, con-ga; Stephen Berrios, timbales; Chihuahua, per-cussion; Ray Maldonado, percussion, trumpet (tracks 1 & 6). Rating: **±** ½

Rating: # 1/2

Latin jazz is one of my least favorite musical forms, consequently the rating might be a little harsh. On the other hand, much of the entertainment value of Santamaria's groups is visual; they're bound to come off less well on record than in person. Moreover, Latin soul is a different breed entirely from its black American counterpart; Santamaria, here, has neither assimilated the chiefly Motown spirit of the originals nor translated it into another, more congenial idiom. Thus, most of the tunes remain in a sort of soul limbo.

A prime example: Onions. As originally cooked by Booker T and the MG's, it's a straight-ahead, hard-driving blues. Marty Sheller's arrangement for Santamaria emphasizes the triplets, not the 4/4. Presto: instant ennui. Ditto Beans, whose arrangement consists mainly of an endlessly re-

peated and undeveloped riff.

Only a couple things on the session are worth a second hearing: the arrangement of Respect, which is such a strong tune that it retains its character despite the Latin idion, is one. Sheller was wise enough to include in the chart a translation of Aretha's "R-E-S-P-E-C-T" (played by Laws on tenor) and the response of her back-up group, "Sockittome sockittome sockittome sockittome" (chanted by the brass and reeds). The other good things are Laws' flute and tenor solos at moments when he's able to transcend the arrangements. He uses some nice stutter-phrasing on tenor on Hot Dog and throws in some tasteful fills on Dock. And there's some interesting percussion interplay on the intro and out chorus of Sweat.

Santamaria's fans will doubtless want the album. No one else I can think of will-least of all, devotees of the mainland -Heineman soul sound.

Sound of Feeling-Oliver Nelson-

Leonard Feather South of reeing-Unver Nelson-South Of FEELING AND THE SOUND OF OLIVER NELSON-Verve 8743: Side 1 (The Sound of Feeling): My Favorite Tbings; Waltz Witbout Words; Who Knouws What Love 15? Phases: Circe Revisited. Side 2 (Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia of Jazz All Stars/Oliver Nelson): Ricardo's Dilemma: Turcher Tone Blues; Sidewalks of New York; Greensleeres. Personnel (Side 1): Nelson, soprano saxophone (except track 5); Gary David, piano, vocals, leader (Marxophone, track 5 only); Ray Neapoli-tan, Chuck Domanico, basses; Dick Wilson, drums; Alyce and Rhae Andrece, vocals. (Side 2): Ernie Royal, Burt Collins, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets or fluegelhorns; Nat Adderley, cornet (tracks 3 & 4); J. Johnson, Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland, Tony Studd, tromhones; Phil Woods, Ferry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Zoot Sims, Danny Bank, reeds; Al Dailey, piano (Hank Jones, tracks 3 & 4); Eric Gale, guitar: Ron arter, bass: Grady Tate, drums; Phil Kraus, percussion (Bobhy Rosengarden, tracks 3 & 4); Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: $\star \star \star \star \frac{1}{2}$

No better name could be devised for this vocal-combo-with-rhythm than Sound of Feeling. It describes the unique, wideranging voice quality that emerges from the only front line in the business that reads the same left to right as it does from right to left: twin sisters Alyce Rhae Andrece and Rhae Alyce Andrece. (It is not only the "sound of feeling," but also the "look of stereo.") Aided at times vocally by Gary David, their mentor and comper (what a temptation to insert something about non compos mentis!), the Los Angeles-based alto-to-soprano twins produce the most exciting tonal, atonal and microtonal singing in jazz today. As much a visual experience as it is an aural delight. The Sound of Feeling has been successfully captured in this recording because the essential quality they bring to their performances has been preserved: spontaneity. Leonard Feather, presenting this album in conjunction with his Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties, describes their ad libbing as "ESP." Indeed, there are moments when they seem to anticipate each other's vocal detours with an uncanny precision. And when it is done, separated by two octaves, the resultant blend is electrifying.

Their forte is wordless intonation-from a deep-throated huskiness to a piercing falsetto-that serves as their distinctive substitute for scat. It lacks the passion or a swing by instrumental-proxy that scat

can evoke, but it is an original, dynamic, emotionally-heightened sound. This is undeniably the sound of inner feeling.

In their half of the album, they are joined by (and inspired by) Oliver Nelson. His soprano saxophone fits in with them so appropriately that the group should seriously consider the permanent addition of a horn. Of course, Nelson is as highpriced as he is compatible, but one can't help speculating on the possibilities that could arise from the multi-reed talents of Tom Scott.

The nasal drive of Nelson contrasts most effectively with the mellifluous Andreces on My Favorite Things and Waltz Without Words. However, the two tracks should not have been consecutive: the tempi are exactly the same; and the charts for both have the twins climbing intervals of thirds and fourths-a device they show a particular fondness for. In a sense, Waltz picks up where Favorite ends, but that does not in any way diminish the intrinsic value of each. Who Knows What Love Is? is an original by David: a tricky, witty, relaxed swinger in five. This tune shows the clarity of diction and phrasing when the girls sing unison. Neapolitan and Domanico set the freedom pace for Phrases; Wilson sets the rhythmic pace: way way-up. The three singers "try out" various phrases on each other while Nelson contributes his statements based on a tone-row.

At the conclusion, Nelson sustains a bell-note from which the three travel through a fascinating time tunnel and emerge in the 16th century with a very correct, very proper madrigal highlighted by angelic phrasing, pear-shaped tones and beautiful counterpoint aided by fine bass bowing. It is so pretty and so precise that it transcends camp.

Another excursion into the land of the free, but not as musically satisfying as Phrases ends the side. Circe Revisited, the only track minus Nelson, features David on Marxophone: a microtonal autoharp that produces a near-human sound.

On side two, Nelson does not solo, but his personality is just as indelibly impressed via his writing. Ricardo's Dilemma is a lively jazz waltz that features an excellent soprano saxophone solo by Jerome Richardson. Equally outstanding is the driving rhythmic support of Tate and Carter. Twelve-Tone Blues, a Feather original, is mistakenly listed as Patterns For Orchestra on the record jacket. Nelson has given the jagged melodic line full-bodied reharmonization. Instead of separating the layers of sound sectionally, he has voiced the theme using the entire orchestral texture. Result: a loose-flowing feeling with tight clusters. Solo highlight: the cornet of Nat Adderley.

The solo highlight of Sidewalks of New York is the solo highlight of the album: the dependable tenor of Zoot Sims, who swings so effortlessly, yet so meaningfully.

The beautifully re-harmonized Greensleeves finds modal clusters sandwiched around a sensitively swinging solo by Brookmeyer and ending on a two-againstthree coda anchored by a probing bass clarinet. It's a fitting end to an ambitious undertaking; an encyclopedic look at the -Siders '60s in microcosm.



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Judy Lynn



Larry Coryell

Gabor Szabo



Various Artists 🔳

Various Artists TRADITIONAL-THE GREAT JAZZ MEN, VOL. 1-Dot 25878: At The Jazz Band Ball/ Tbai's A Plenty (Eddie Condon); Just The Blues (Louis Armstrong); This Nearly Was Mine (Bob Crosby Bobcats); Pee Wee's Blues (Pee Wee Russell); Genlemen's Blues (Bud Freeman); Battle Hymn of the Republic (Red Nichols; vocal by Armstrong); Livin' With The Blues (Batbara Dane and Earl Hines); Oh, I Can't Sit Dourn (Crosby Bobcats); Bring On The Band (Willie The Lion Smith); Clarinet Marmalade/ High Society (Condon). High Society (Condon).

Rating: $\pm \pm \frac{1}{2}$

CONTEMPORARY—THE GREAT JAZZ MEN, VOL. 2—Dot 25879: Tbruway (Manny Albam); Blues For An African Friend (Tony Scott); Prisma (Jan Johansson Trio); Down For Double (Larry Sonn); Dot Cats (Don Bagley Quintet); A Little Eye Opener (Albam); Annabelle (Eddie Costa); Exuberance (Paul Horn); Marianne (Red Norro): Lewyć Lewb (Scon) Norvo); Levy's Leap (Sonn).

Rating : ★ ★

KEN NORDINE-THE BEST OF WORD JAZZ. VOL. 3-Dot 25880; My Baby; Down The Drain; Yon're Getting Better; Outer Space; Miss Cone: What Time Is It?; The Sound Museum; Reaching Into In; Mr. Big; Adult Kinderzarten; Bury-It-Yourself Time Cafsules; Faces In The Jazzmatazz. Collocing Personal: Paul Horn Ken Soder.

Faces In The Jazzmatazz. Collective Personnel: Paul Horn, Ken Soder-blom, Victor Vallenari, woodwinds; Fred Katz, cello; Dick Marx, piano; Richard Campbell, piano, vibes; John Pisano, John Gray, guitar; Jimmy Bond. Harold Gavlor. Emer Frazier, John Frigo, bass; Chico Hamilton, Red Holt, Bob Frazier, Jerome Slosberg, drums.

Rating: see below

Why do you suppose Dot went to the trouble of releasing this shabby series of reissues? Did someone feel that there was deathless jazz in Dot's vaults? While some of these performances, issued under the heading "The Classic Collection", are entertaining and interesting, none is an especially vital addition to what is otherwise known of these players. The least implausible explanation is that Dot's present owners put out these jazz collections in an attempt to update the company's image.

But such records! The obfuscation on the sleeves indicates that the Dot people know very well what this material is worth. Does the presence of Armstrong and Nichols tempt you to buy Vol. 1? The Armstrong piece is two choruses long, one minute and 43 seconds of pure Hollywood blues, and except for a couple of aptly turned phrases, it is heavy-handed enough to suggest that Louis was playing it from a score. The Nichols piece sounds like a Bob Crosby band, the trumpet lead is dull, conventional Dixie, and in the middle the tempo drops in half as Louis scats in the background for eight measures.

More confusing billing: Earl Hines is listed as co-leader on the Barbara Dane piece. It may be Hines leading the band, but despite the build-up in the diplomatic liner notes, his piano is heard only momentarily in the intro and functionally thereafter. There are no solos at all, but this track is nonetheless interesting for the contrast between the seriousness of the set-up (including thoughtful obbligatos by Benny Carter, trumpet, and Plas Johnson, tenor) and the frivolity of Miss Dane's Dinah Shore-like vocal, not to mention the incomprehensible lyrics.

Among other items in Vol. 1, there is a delightful vignette by Willie The Lion Smith, just a few short choruses of urgent stride piano accompanied by unnecessary bass and drums, and two late-blooming Bob Crosby tracks, totally stylized and musically uninteresting. Peanuts Hucko's instant clarinet solos here are vastly different from his musical playing on the Condon items.

The two Condon tracks include three trumpets, two clarinets, and four classic bores for songs, all in loud, hectic performances, yet the results are rather likeable. This is because: 1) at no point does everyone play at the same time; 2) clarinetists Hucko and Herb Hall, both light and attractive, are featured throughout; 3) Rex Stewart and Bud Freeman are plainly audible in some of the ensembles.

Russell and Vic Dickenson create very calm, sensitive solos in Pee Wee's, which compares quite favorably with other Russell versions of it. In fact, this is the one track on the record which maintains a sustained high level of performance throughout (and of the others, six run less than three minutes!), though Freeman and trumpeter Dick Cary mount a measure of excitement in their Gentlemen's solos.

Five respectable tracks out of 10 make up Vol. 1, then. With Armstrong, Hines. Carter and Nichols named on the front cover, you might expect this to be the best LP in the series, and indeed, Vol. 2 is, if anything, a step downhill.

For instance, three tracks present West Coast-style jazz in its lingering terminal condition. One has flutist Horn piping away over a bloodless brass section, another is two minutes and 22 seconds of the unforgettable sound of French horn, alto flute and rhythm, and the third is Red Norvo playing some flowery tripe. The four big band pieces (one by Bob Brookmeyer, three by Albam) suggest little beyond early-'40s Goodman, solos are professional and modish, and essentially this is more nice dance band music. Prisma's presence is only to remind us that one of the odder fads of the 1950s was the brief, indiscriminate popularity of Swedish jazz.

Scott's Blues, played before an enthusiastic crowd, opens with an effective guitar solo by Kenny Burrell, who then accompanies the other soloists tellingly. Trombonist Jimmy Knepper and clarinetist Scott come across rather like low-grade Dickenson and Russell, which seems to have been Scott's original intention.

Annabelle, finally, is interesting as an example of the late Eddie Costa's sense of drama. Rhythmically and melodically uneventful, this piece is nonetheless lively and spontaneous because of its variety of harmonic textures-which are in themselves not so much unusual or imaginative as they are strikingly related. This approach has its pitfalls-Roger Kellaway, for one, has made a career out of these pitfallsbut this Costa solo is highly alert, with occasional surprises of harmonic wit.

As for Vol. 3, the jazz qualities are less than negligible. Nordine's dry little monologs work best when they are most consciously far-out (You're and Miss Cone are amusing conceits). Otherwise, once you get the joke, the narration loses interest.

If Dot is serious about making jazz records, it might be pointed out yet again that today's jazz audience is large, is hungry for music, and that a remarkably large number of the important musicians of the past quarter-century, active players all, are not getting any opportunities to record. A

few LPs by some creative Swing players (the Prestige-Swingville series is sorely missed), or some collections of free jazz, or, in fact, any conscientious attempt to get some of today's living music before the public would be so much more welcome than these collections of throwaways, called Classic or not. -Litweiler

Booty Wood

Booty Wood HANG IN THERE—Master Jazz Recordings 8102: Hang in There: New Cambridge Blues: Easin' on Down Picadilly; Sunday; Snowstorm; Blues in Bones; Obso; Our Delight. Personnel: (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 7): Harold Baker, trumpet; Wood, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ram Ramirez, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. (Tracks 4, 5, 6, 8): Wood, Dickie Wells. Vic Dickenson, trombones; Hodges; Sir Charles Thompson, piano (chimes, track 4); Bell; Jackson. Bell; Jackson.

Rating: $\star \star \star \frac{1}{2}$

Mitchell "Booty" Wood, a veteran of many bands, leads two groups on this recording: an Ellington-oriented one with Baker, Hodges and Gonsalves, and a group that features Hodges with three trombones.

The first date might have been more than good if Ellington had been at the piano since his accompaniments can make a series of solos into a compositional whole. Ramirez is a good musician, but his support doesn't always suit the soloists-he tries to turn New Cambridge, a gentle Baker-Hodges blues, into After Hours.

The late Harold Baker's purity of sound went beyond craft into genius. He seemed to be totally at peace with the instrument, and, while his is not the only way, everyone should be aware of the beauty Baker could produce. (If you can find it, get the record he made with Bud Freeman on Prestige-Swingville.)

Gonsalves is one of jazz' great rhapsodists, and, like Baker, he has developed a magnificent sound. His solo on New Cambridge is very good.

On both dates, Hodges also seems to have been concerned with sound. His playing is, for him, not very adventurous, but his tone in the upper register is unearthly.

Wood is a good band soloist, a man who can be depended upon to play a swinging chorus within an orchestral conception. On his own, however, he is not in the same league with the other horns. Even though he is the leader, it is a little annoying that, on the trombone date, he solos three times while Dickenson solos only once. (On Snowstorm and Bones, Wells is followed by Wood. On Delight, Wood is preceded by Dickenson.)

Wells has always been a sardonic player, but now this quality threatens to shape every solo, overriding other elements. While I miss the grandeur and emotional range of his earlier playing, he still has much to say. Dickenson, however, is in no way a diminished soloist. He is probably better now than he ever was, and his Armstrong-like continuity on Our Delight is a joy (Thompson also plays well on this track). Hopefully, someone will record the group that Dickenson now coleads with Bobby Hackett.

The most unusual track is Sunday, a Kenny Graham composition, on which Hodges is backed by the trombone choir and Thompson on chimes. It is a moving performance which, like Ellington's Come Sunday, projects a poignant mood of vearning.

The rhythm section, particularly on Snowstorm, is not all one could wish for, but, even though the album was recorded eight years ago, originally for European release only, the soloists' best moments are timeless.

The album is available only by mail for \$5 from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021. -Kart

Mike Wofford 🔳

SUMMER NIGHT—Milestone 9012: Summer Night: Nimrod; Sleep, Sweet Child; In Walked Monk: Slap That Bass; I Mean Yon: Make Some-one Ilappy: Nosey Neigbbors; Bird of Paradise. Personnel: Wolford, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Wofford is the sort of pianist to whom it is easy to apply the Miles Davis-Bill Evans brand of paradoxical pairs of modifiers: delicately strong, subtly swinging, tough-mindedly lyrical. Too easy, delicate. subtle and lyrical he is, but strong and tough-minded he is not, and his swing is marginal.

The former three virtues are enough to make the album pleasant and sometimes lovely, but Wofford has yet to emerge with a recognizable personal style. A little Tatum, a little Evans, a little Peterson, and a very little Powell. Technically, he's firstrate-with both hands, praise God-but the spark hasn't caught yet. It may be that Wofford's been on the West Coast too long.

The best thing about the album is the repertoire. Some of the originals, especially Nimrod and Neighbors, are very nice indeed, and the standards are certainly listenable. The supporting cast is good, too, particularly Guerin, who, unlike Wofford and Budwig, gets out of his West Coast bag frequently, most notably with his skin work-the cymbals, for the most part, staying west of the Rockies. Budwig is a strong, sympathetic accompanist, but seldom a major soloist. (Exceptions: Bass and Neighbors; on the latter he sounds like he's walking out of his solo eight bars early, then ends it with an intelligently understated, syncopated final eight.)

Wofford does very nice things with melody statements: Clare Fischer's Sleep is delicately phrased with sensitive use of spaces; Bird balances effectively between bossa and jazz time; Happy's first eight bars interweave the tune (perhaps unintentionally) with It Never Entered My Mind; and Neighbors, a catchy line, paraphrases Try a Little Tenderness. The most unusual "melody statement" is a first-rate imitation of Monk on In Walked; Wofford captures the choppy stride, the slightly askew trills and the staccato bass chords at the ends of phrases very well, though he doesn't quite pick up the rhythmic eccentricities so central to Monk's work. (Oddly, there's barely a hint of Monk on Wofford's I Mean solo.)

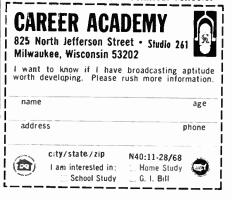
The latter and Nimrod are the best tracks. Nimrod employs overdubbing by the pianist in which the lead piano plays horn-section type riffs, and the second piano line acts as rhythm section-an interesting quasi-big band feel. -Heineman d Radio

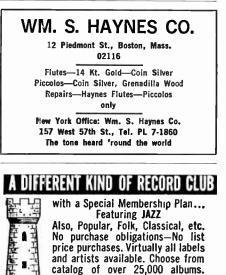
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Rating: * * 1/2

Rating: 1/2

Rating: see below

Most of the pieces, even those adhering to blues changes, are in rock style, are buttressed by horn arrangements (generally of little originality), and find Wells adopting a jivey, mock-tough vocal delivery, a la James Brown. Unfortunately he hasn't the presence, style or—dare we say?—charisma of Brown, with the result that most of his efforts in the genre come off as pallid imitations, capturing only the superficial aspects of Brown's galvanic style.

It's not a bad album, however. After all, there is some fine Wells' harmonica shot through the proceedings, plus a couple of nice pieces like Where Did I Go Wrong? and Messing with the Kid—but in the final analysis, it's just trivial. Wells is not nearly tough enough—here, at any rate.

The music of singer-pianist Otis Spann and the Muddy Waters Band (which backs him on the BluesWay set) represents modern mainstream Chicago blues style—that is, not as contemporary as Guy or Delmark's Magic Sam but quite a bit more modern than Waters' early postwar style.

Spann is a superlative pianist and a good singer, but this album is not nearly as appealing as his earlier one on this label (*The Blues Is Where It's At*, 6003).

The chief troubles here are the band's heavy-handed disorganized playing and occasional out-of-tuneness; Waters' obtrusively excessive guitar parts; George Buford's uninspired harmonica work, and a general lack of excitement, as though all involved could work up little enthusiasm for the project.

The material is sometimes a bit contrived, giving the impression that Spann might be scraping the bottom of the barrel. (Incidentally, *Diving Duck*, credited to Spann, is by Sleepy John Estes.) This is the pianist's most expendable album.

Sandwiched between the posturing and joking that mar much of the *Super Blues* meeting of Waters, the late Little Walter, and Bo Diddley in Chess' Chicago studios is some fine music.

The ensemble really cooks on most numbers, and there is occasionally some good singing from Waters and Diddley, as well as fine harmonica from Walter, who is somewhat underrecorded. The group generates quite a bit of rhythmic power, and the performances, despite their obvious and occasionally grotesque nature, are not unrepresentative of a lot of the music one hears in Chicago blues clubs, where many performers seem to be trying to recapture past glories rather than working with a viable form.

By any standards, the Encore Chicago Blues set on the Spivey label is a maverick. Of the 16 performers featured in these scraps from other sessions, only eight might be considered Chicagoans (10 if you include Big Joe Williams and Roosevelt Sykes). The Muddy Waters Band track is a throwaway; Koko Taylor's I'm Looking for a Man is merely tepid; Memphis Slim's Chicago to Paris is an undistinguished piano-accompanied vocal; the late J. B. Lenoir's Korea Blues is but a dim reflection of his original recording of this song; Washboard Sam's instrumental Chicago Rock is at best merely pleasant; Willie Dixon's Brooklyn Going to Be My

hfsa

Home is a bit of coy insignificance; John Henry Barbee's truncated Six-Week-Old Blues offers only a slight suggestion of his capabilities (in all fairness, it should be noted that he was quite ill at the time); and Homesick James Williamson's Somebody's Been Talkin' is labored and dull.

Williams and Sykes offer a pair of routine efforts, while there is the obligatory performance by producer Victoria Spivey (*T.B. Blues*), a listless unaccompanied *Woman's Lament* by Olive Brown, a moderately interesting *My Brown Is a Mistreater* by New Orleans singer-guitarist Babe Stovall, a pleasant Big Bill Broonzy imitation by Michigan singer-guitarist Harvey Hill, and an undistinguished See, See *Rider* by Viola (Miss Rhapsody) Wells.

In these pallid circumstances, even blues-

nik John Hammond Jr.'s Squeeze My Lemon sounds good—that will give you an idea of the dismalness of this set. Most of these performances should never have been issued; they do none of the artists or Miss Spivey credit.

There is some excellent music on Chess' Heavy Heads album (Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Bo Diddley and John Lee Hooker are represented by some of their finest performances), but every one of the selections is available in LPs by each of the artists, as well as in some of the The Blues anthologies on the Chess subsidiary Argo, a fact which seriously impairs its value for blues collectors. The reprocessed stereo sounds okay but doesn't improve the music—just makes it more echoey.

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November 28 17 29

SONNY CRISS/BLINDFOLD TEST

The story of Sonny Criss offers a variation on an ancient cliche: he is a prophet without honor in his own state.

Criss, though born in Memphis, is generally considered to be a Californian, having lived in Los Angeles since he was 14. While still in his teens he worked with many name bands of the day, among them those of Johnny Otis and Gerald Wilson, and the combos of Billy Eckstine and Howard McGhee. He admired Charlie Parker but says: "I don't want to be shackled with a Bird image. I just recorded an album of all modal things. I think I have my own bag."

During the 1950s he saw the so-called West Coast jazz school rise to prominence while he himself remained in comparative obscurity. He toured with Buddy Rich in 1958 but was rarely heard in the East and made very few records.

The 1960s have emphasized the prophet-without-honor angle. Criss spent three successful years in Europe (1962-65) doing concert, film, radio and TV work in France, Belgium and Germany.

Since returning home he has enjoyed his only notable successes making East Coast record dates for Prestige and appearing at the Newport Festival, where he drew a standing ovation last July. He has never appeared at Monterey and is generally neglected by California clubs. He remains one of the most fluent neo-bop alto players on any scene. —Leonard Feather

1. EDDIE HARRIS. It's Crazy (from Plug Me In, Atlantic). Harris, amplified saxophone, composer.

It sounds like something Eddie Harris would do. If it was Eddie, I've heard better; the solo was not too good. The composition wasn't outstanding.

As far as I'm concerned there's nothing to discuss about amplified saxophone, because I just don't dig it. I think it's a joke; at least it is for me. I guess it's okay if you want to do that kind of thing. I'm a purist in the sense that I like to hear the natural sound of the saxophone, as natural as you can possibly get. I'm not too crazy about any electrified instrument—that goes for organ too. The only one that I think I can tolerate is the guitar, and if the amplifier is turned way up, I can't tolerate that either.

I just have nothing to say about amplified saxophones. It makes no sense to me, because the most important thing in jazz, I think, as far as an instrumentalist is concerned, is the sound, whether you are a drummer, pianist, bassist—sound . . . personal sound, an identifying thing. You hear one or two notes and you know who you're listening to. I don't have to hear 12 bars of Johnny Hodges to know it's Johnny Hodges, or Benny Carter or Ben Webster. Sometimes it's not the notes they play that's so important.

I realize that this electrified thing is in vogue now, but as the music changes, I think one has to choose the best and let the rest go by. It's even difficult to rate this. According to the standards I've held over the years, I'd rate it two stars.

2. DOROTHY ASHBY. Soul Vibrations (from Afro-Harping, Cadet). Miss Ashby, harp.

That sounds like music for a movie background. I don't get anything from it; I wouldn't rate it at all. It's pleasant, but there's nothing particularly outstanding about it.

I don't know who the harpist is. Seems to me I've heard . . . does this group have a hit record out? But I really don't think it's worth commenting on. No rating.

3. JOHNNY HODGES. Doll Valley (from Swing's Our Thing, Verve). Cat Anderson, trumpel; Buster Cooper, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Hodges, alto saxophone; Earl (Fatha) Hines, piano; Sam Woodyard, drums. What can I say? The only one J'm positive of is Hodges. The drummer sounded like Sam Woodyard; then at times it sounded like Buddy Rich, although he doesn't have nearly the facility that Buddy has. I think it's Woodyard. The pianist I didn't recognize. Maybe it was Lawrence Brown on trombone. The clarinetist I didn't recognize, nor the trumpet player.

The overall record had a good feel to it; I liked it. The important thing here, referring back to my previous comments about the sound, is that I recognized that it was Hodges right away; even playing in the ensemble, I could hear his sound.

I'd rate that four.

4. ERIC KLOSS. I'm Glad There Is You (from Love & All That Jazz, Prestige). Kloss, alto saxophone; Richard (Groove) Holmes, organ.

Beautiful! I would take a guess and say it was Phil Woods, except that I've never heard him record with organ before. Beautiful sound; I like the saxophone player very much. I like the way it was recorded, too. I would have liked it more, I think, if they'd stretch out a little; he stuck pretty close to the melody. But sometimes that's very difficult to do and still maintain interest.

For the saxophone player, I'd rate it four stars, and the accompaniment was adequate. But the thing that impressed me most was the sound—the saxophonist's sound.

5. BUDDY RICH. The Rotten Kid (from The New One, Pacific Jazz). Sam Burtis, trombone; Ernie Watts, Charlie Owens, alto saxophones; Jay Corre, tenor saxophone; Rich, drums; Dick Grove, arranger.

A good ensemble band; they played very well together. The arrangement and the composition were just mediocre; nothing special about them.

The soloists—I thought they were putting me on! I didn't hear anything there, solo-wise; I thought they were joking, but I guess they weren't. I'll take a guess and say it was either Buddy Rich or Thad Jones. I'd go along with Buddy and say it was him. I'd have enjoyed it more if the soloists had gotten into something. And the arrangement had so many different styles. I heard something borrowed from Dizzy Gillespie's big band, something from



Basie's band, something that sounded like from Duke's band; just a mixture of a lot of things. I couldn't rate it over two stars.

6. CHARLES McPHERSON. Nusstalgia (from Bebop Revisited!, Prestige). Carmell Jones, trumpet; McPherson, alto saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Fats Navarro, composer.

There's a line from someone—it may have been Bird's line . . . I didn't recognize any of the soloists. I liked the planist best, because I got the feeling that the trumpeter and the alto player were having a little trouble. They didn't really seem to be getting into it.

I liked the line—it's a line I used to play years ago, and I don't remember who wrote it. Three stars.

7. ORNETTE COLEMAN. Zig Zag (from: The Empty Foxhole, Blue Note). Coleman, alto saxophone, composer; Charles Haden, bass; Ornette Denarda Coleman, drums.

Hmn. Some of the things I've heard by Ornette I've liked very much, but that wasn't one of them. I didn't get anything from it at all. The few times I've had an opportunity to hear Ornette in the last year or so, I've enjoyed the things he does when he's playing in a very slow tempo. He's got a lot of feeling, a lot of passion, a lot of fire in his playing. But the fast things he does, I can't get with that at all.

I don't know whether it's one of his older records or what, but it just didn't reach me. I felt this way about the whole thing, including the rhythm section. I didn't feel they had it going. I heard them a couple of years ago when they were playing here in Los Angeles, and during the course of the concert, they played two or three things I liked very much. I liked the bassist-Izenzon-marvelous musician. I think Ornefte is a fine musician, too-on some things-and I like most of his compositions, as everybody does. But sometimes his playing just leaves me cold, and on that particular record I didn't get the message. And the drummer, I didn't get anything from him either. In fact, I've heard the group when they've sounded much better than this.

As far as rating is concerned, it's difficult for me to really discuss Ornette's music. I could only give it two.

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VALERIE WILMER

Randy Weston, Bill Wood, Edward Blackwell, Niles Weston: Juicy Stew

Randy Weston

The American School, Tangier, Morocco Personnel: Weston, piano; Bill Wood, bass; Edward Blackwell, drums; Niles Weston, percussion; Pamela Weston, vocals.

Randy Weston, the loping giant from Brooklyn, is one of the purest non-commercial composers on the jazz scene. He doesn't win polls—never even figures in them, especially now that he makes his home in Morocco—yet his is the kind of music that never ages. Everything he writes is unique and beautifully conceived, just as his piano playing is delightfully creative and moving. He is always the first to admit that Monk and Ellington have spiced his cooking, yct Weston remains the chef.

At the end of the summer, he played a USIS concert in Tangier and told the people what jazz cuisine is all about.

The Moroccans love jazz and that suits Weston fine. His intention is to remain in North Africa and play his music there, but not only that. Through his own musical and personal example he hopes to re-interest the people in their rapidly diminishing musical heritage. Incredible though it may seem, most Moroccan folklore was banned here, after independence and until a few years ago, in an ill-conceived attempt to woo the West.

Debonair and personable, yet "down with it" at the same time, the pianist explained that his first selection, *Marrakesh Blues*, was based on Berber themes he recorded in the Village of Imn Tanout. "Berber music," he explained, "is the purest minor blues," and sure enough, the insistent blues theme that the four men developed seemed as native to Mississippi as to Marrakesh.

Featured on the blues was Weston's bassist, Bill Wood. Born in North Carolina and raised in Detroit, Wood has worked

with Kenny Dorham, Elvin Jones and other giants, and has been with Weston for several years. His opening mood was rather spoilt by the noisy audience, but Weston's magisterial piano, striding slowly into the melody, quelled the noise for a while.

Wood is one of the unsung bassists; an exciting young player with a tough, unorthodox approach to his instrument. He moves, and following an exciting passage with Weston's son Niles, 17, on conga, he stretched out into his own thing. Niles, his face stony as a granite mask, insistently tapped out the rhythm while Weston returned for a brief piano interlude. Wood, playing almost percussively along with the conga, swapped ideas with the pianist before taking the piece out.

Weston turned out the lights for an eerie Night In The Medina, a beautiful slow melody evocative of the mysterious old quarter of a Moroccan town by night. This, he said later, was his first attempt at playing a slow number in Africa. The response was fine and the audience kept quiet. Blackwell sat this one out while Niles carried his conga down among the people; and spearheaded by Weston's lyrical keyboard work, the three men kept the listeners spellbound down to the final almost inaudible tap on the conga.

But the highlight of the concert was Weston's adaptation of Bobby Benson's Nigerian highlife number, *Niger Mambo*. This frenetic up-tempo hunk of rhythm featured that maelstrom of percussion Edward Blackwell. The drummer, who had fractured his left shoulder in a motorcycle accident three weeks before the concert, played partially encased in plaster. But no matter; as his proud wife, Fran, quipped later: "Blackwell usually sounds like four men; tonight he only sounded like three!" When Blackwell started the rhythm going on cowbell, the crowd gave an astonished shout as they realized he would solo one-handed. Weston rumbled in the bass, Wood strummed feverishly, and then Blackwell took it away, socking it to the people with a simple pattern that alternated from cowbell to tuned side drum. Blackwell is one of the alltime great drummers. Switching from tuned side drum to bass drum to snare, he made the skins shout and set up a polyrhythmic conversation with himself that drove the crowd over the edge. Africa *is* drums and the people love them; Ed Blackwell *is* drums and the people loved him.

Caravan followed intermission and featured Weston's son playing a huge Watusi drum. Weston gave the familiar Juan Tizol theme a flowing interpretation, giving new lite to an aged warhorse. Niles played with his big cat-skin covered drum held horizontally and balanced precariously on a school desk while his father comped behind him, keeping the backdrop mobile. Niles was playing the drum for the first time, yet, in a lengthy solo that developed into myriad percussive patterns, he displayed an entirely experienced style. Blackwell spurred him on.

Hi-Fly is probably Weston's best-known composition and he used it to illustrate how a song can develop from a simple rhythmic pattern such as one he heard on his first visit to Africa in 1961. Firstly, Niles played the rhythm, then Randy took it up on piano, adding the melody and extemporizing for some time. He demonstrated how a single-note melody can be developed by changing the harmonies beneath it, avoiding monotony. Then the rhythm section entered for a few choruses in swinging 3/4 time. Weston added some loping stride piano, and then introduced his daughter Pamela, making her debut. Miss Weston sang Jon Hendricks' lyrics in a still, small voice, skipping lithely along and showing how a sophisticated Western song can grow out of a simple African drum rhythm. Then she told it slowly, ballad style.

African Cookbook, said the pianist, "contains all the vital spices of African music." It has humor, vitality, fire and spirit, and is full of the sweet-and-sour rhythms of the continent, merged in the most succulent of pepper stews.

A stylish piano introduction, reminiscent in part of Ellington, led into Wood's excruciating pleas. Wood flails at his instrument as if it were human, begging it to bend to his will, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. This time he made it, slowed down the attack and strode meaningfully into a heavy 6/4 rhythm. Everyone had a big helping of the stew, but it was the bassist who grabbed the most for himself. He lulled the audience into a trancelike state with a hypnotic, drone-type solo, then plucked at the strings so hard they nearly came loose. At times he sounded like a classical player, and for someone who admits to paying scant attention to orthodoxy, this was surprising. But Wood, like the rest of the trio and like the African continent itself, is forever full of surprises.

Gradually, the four came home to Cookbook's theme, and behind it all was the happy chef, Big Daddy Weston himself, waving his greasy spoon and stirring his juicy cookpot. They don't make stews like that any more. —Valerie Wilmer

Ella Fitzgerald

Venetian Room, San Francisco

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; Ernie Heckscher Orchestra.

Once, in each of two sets, Miss Fitzgerald launched into her long wordless allegory of jazz, dipping into the swing and bop bags for bustling riffs and phrases garnered through decades. The first venture was relatively flat. The second, by some quirk in alchemy, had an exhilarating lift, a sure weaving through a labyrinth of scat, beginning with One Note Samba and some percussive tongue clicking, the rhythm veering between bossa nova and 4/4.

But for all the kicks contained in this, moving among the flickering torches of ballads is more Ella's forte. She was imprisoned in the scat stocks for too much of the time before this magnificent message broke out. It's So Nice To Have A Man Around the House and Have You Met Miss Jones were both beauties; a gently swinging Watch What Happens was poetic bossa nova.

A bravura Come To the Cabaret opened both sets, followed by a catchy Shiny Stockings with some of Basie's phrasing. Just One of Those Things and Sweet Georgia Brown were somewhat mechanical swingers, enlivened by pert phrasing at fast tempo. Ditto the medium paced Don't Get Around Much Anymore, and the faithful but worn retainer that climaxed the sets, Mack the Knije. The best of the ballads, and the best of everything, was a langurous, moody Willow Weep For Me that demonstrated what an amazon of song Ella is. She took it very slowly at first, then with an octave lift and a slight increase in tempo.

The breathtaking *Willow* owed a lot to young De La Rosa's bass solo in the spaces between vocal choruses, displaying smooth execution and beautifully full and rounded notes. Until he joined Ella, he was a light hiding under the bushel of Don Ellis' percussion.

There were no chinks in the armour of veterans Flanagan and Thigpen. Their tapestry behind Ella was a constant joy.

And behind them, the houseband of Ernie Heckscher. Between Ella's appearances it had to ferry to-and-fro across a River Styx of requests, between a syrupy *People* and patent-leather Arthur Murray tempos on the far dark side, but on *Things* and *Georgia* it showed a nice bulge in brassy muscle, and, on several other numbers where it augmented the trio, good flute and trombone touches.

-Sammy Mitchell

Archie Shepp

Slug's, New York City

Personnel: Shepp, tenor saxophone; Wilbur Ware, bass; Leroy Williams, Mohammed Ali, drums.

Although Shepp was nominally in charge on this night, there was no question from the first note that the *real* leader was Wilbur Ware—blowing like fire in the wind.

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The first tune I heard was *It Could Happen to You*. This was Shepp at his best for the evening—like Sonny Rollins on a weak night—sarcastic, tearing into the flesh of the song, then turning around and goofing on it. Shepp was bored but tough; Ware was solid as a rock. The tune was played at 1956 Miles Davis bounce tempo.

After the set-break, Mohammed Ali was added on a second set of drums (neither drummer did anything of note all evening). The group slipped into a medium blues, again with shades of Rollins.

Ware's music has always been unromantic—witty, inventive and tough. He's all over the bass and so powerful.

Shepp moved over for some bad piano —"impressions of barrelhouse" plus "advanced" neo-classical harmonies, then right into *The Man I Love*, Ware laying down the melody straight in his special hard, grainy tone. What a contrast with Shepp's jive, corny, 1930s-type "revolutionary" poetry, and his heavy-handed neo-Brubeckian piano. With a horn in his mouth Shepp can be a powerful musician. Without it, he can be a poseur.

Ware's playing, on the other hand, is



Wilbur Ware Essential Force

all one could wish for. In the tradition of Rollins, Monk and early Miles, it is austere, symmetrical, full of suggestive silences and space.

Wilbur Ware is an essential force. Shepp is theater, sometimes sensuous and potent, and sometimes (as on this night) lame. The band closed with *I Can't Get Started*— Shepp noodling a bit. There was a mighty cadenza by Ware.

The comparison running through my mind all night was between this band and the trio (with Elvin Jones) on Sonny Rollins' live recording at the Village Vanguard for Blue Note. On this particular evening, the contrast between Ware's total lack of pretension (and his deep and breathtaking art) and Shepp's tiresome pretentiousness was altogether unlike the meshing of great classical sensibilities on the Rollins date.

I think part of the problem was that Shepp at his best is highly romantic manly, passionate, and rich in lush harmonies. On this night he seemed to sense what was required to swing with Ware's kind of music, and, being unable to adjust, brought out some of his shabbier routines. It's an obvious truth that two fine musicians, in a music as personal as jazz, can sometimes clash when placed together. In this case Ware survived the clash better than Shepp, but both are nonetheless capable, in other contexts, of contributing to beautiful performances by well-integrated groups. —David Rosenthal

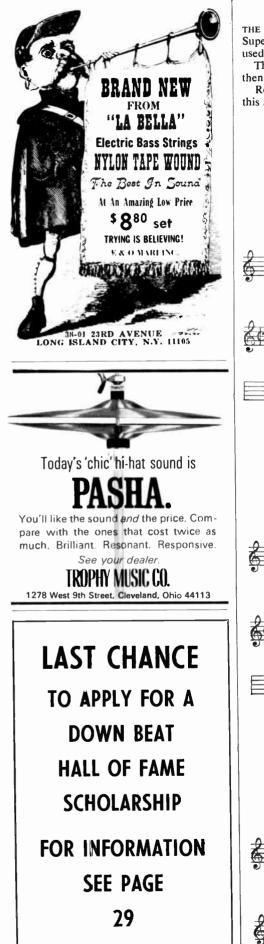


34 DOWN BEAT



B.N. BLUES By Herbie Mann





CHORD STUDIES by Joseph Viola

THE FOLLOWING material, extracted from *Chord Studies for Saxophone* by Joseph Viola, Supervisor of Woodwind Instruction at the Berklee School of Music, may be effectively used for any instrument. Simply make octave adjustment wherever necessary.

The examples should first be played in the order in which they are presented, and then practiced in all keys. If possible, do this without writing out the transpositions.

Refer to the Oct. 3 issue of *Down Beat* and future issues for additional variations in this approach to chord studies.

C major







C minor



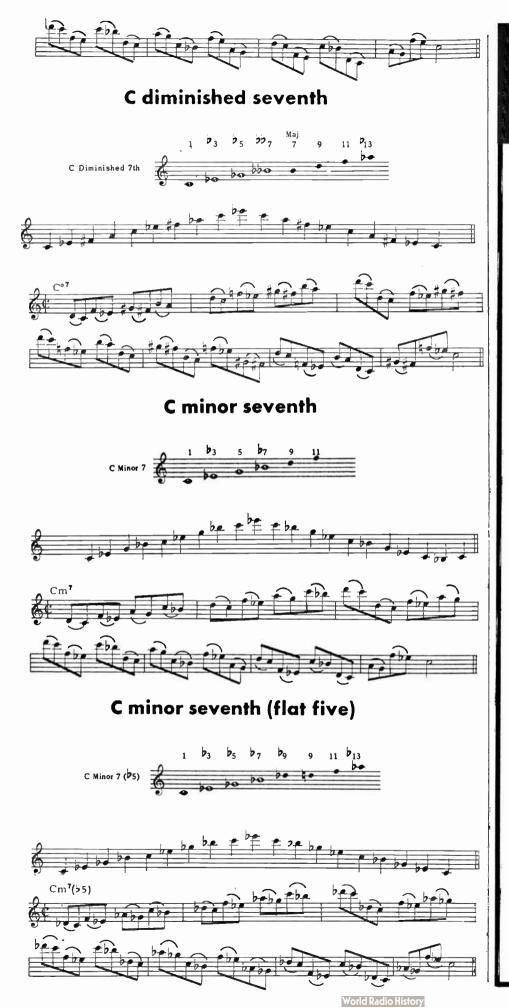




C seventh 1 3 5 b7 b9 9 # 11 #11 b_{13} 13 C Dominant 7 be = be = be = be



36 DOWN BEAT





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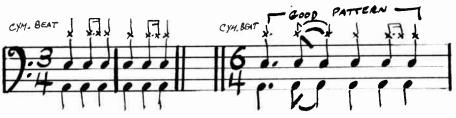
By Ed Shaughnessy

THERE HAVE BEEN requests from readers to explain some rhythmic devices; one used on the Jimmy Smith recording of *Walk On The Wild Side* (Verve 6-8474) made a few years ago. It was the author's privilege to be in that rhythm section which included the great George Duvivier on bass—a long-time buddy and favorite section-mate. Oliver Nelson, who arranged the album, told us to "get into something" after the slow part of the *Walk On The Wild Side* theme. What we did was to take the eighth-notes of the slow 12/8 section and make them into quarter notes, with the feeling of a fast jazz waltz. On paper it would look like this:



The effect of this rhythmic change is like a complete shift of gears—from cruising to high speed—but still related to the basic tempo. After some fast cooking, we returned to the basic 12/8 pulse.

The author has a particular fondness for "odd-meters"—and finds 6/4 to be a great kick when the chord structure and bass patterns are right. To clarify the difference between 3/4 and 6/4:



Basically, 6/4 has a "longer" feeling, since the feeling of "one" comes further apart than in 3/4. Yet there is still that ebullient feel of triple pulse throughout. The same description applies to 9/4, if it is played with a feeling of 3 groups of 3 beats. Another common way of writing and playing 9/4 is a grouping of 2-2-2-3, which is highly effective in a different way:



On the Jazzhattan Suite album (Verve 6-8731), Oliver Nelson wrote a fine piece in 9/4 using the 2-2-2-3 pattern. We all enjoyed playing it very much. Hope this answers those readers' questions. Glad to hear from you.

Here's a great hand developer for all drummers—beginners to advanced. It's important to keep a rock-steady tempo when moving from group to group. Each measure should be played at least 20 times before the next. Play very evenly . . . no accents . . . don't pound, but play a good forte! A good tempo would be: b=120 M.M.



Gradually increase practice speed. Advanced drummers should strive for double the above tempo, but this is a long distance goal for most drummers, and gives you an excellent *specific* goal toward which to strive. My students have had very good results —you will too.

EUROPEAN

(Continued from page 19)

ball score on the front page! Back on page eight it says: "280 people killed in a bombing." That and many other things settled it. I said: My country is crazy. My children must go see other things, become something else.

AH: That's beautiful.

PW: I still think it was very difficult for them. For Baird, for Gar, for Aimee. They probably won't dig this move for years. And they might say: I think you've made a mistake, or whatever. But I had to say: Split! One day I was sitting in my apartment and I said: "Chan, let's go. It's not happening." And I have played more jazz here than I ever had a chance to do in the U.S. . .

At this point, the conversation began to circle around a trees avant garde German group that didn't go over too well with some of the musicians participating in the festival.

PW: I play with everybody. I tried to play with them, and Don Cherry too. It's so easy to play "freedom." In a way. To be that free is like being choked to death. That's not freedom. That's self-gratification in public.

AH: In 10 years those cats may be the most fantastic musicians you've ever heard. PW: I doubt it. I think they're going to blow themselves up before they're 35. I wouldn't be here if I didn't believe in doing whatever you want to do. But music is something on the human level, and these cats do not have that human warmth. It's the communication that I miss very much. I can't dig it.

AII: Well, you're in the wrong place, then, 'cause you're going to run into a lot of that in Europe. And the same thing is going on in New York. I remember when Ornette Coleman opened in the Five Spot. **PW:** Ornette is a *musician*.

AH: All the great musicians came down, and he was even slapped in his face and called all kinds of idiots. Oh, man, they couldn't stand him, and he caused so much controversy, and now he's even God, almost. Because he refused to stand up and imitate Charlie Parker or whoever it was before. It's hard for people to accept a thing that's a little out of the usual. I think he's a genius, to come along and stand there and have things thrown at him while people laughed at him.

PW: There are ways of changing things through the human system. I want to change too. And I'm so much on those Germans' side that I would like to say to them: *Think* a little more. I've never thought music was a reflection of the way life *is*. I've always thought music was a reflection of what you'd *like* it to be. I'm an old bebopper, and Bird didn't play total reality. He just played music as it was to him then. That's enough. All musicians from the beginning of history have been *people*. And if you have to negate the value of people to become a musician, then I'll say: music ain't worth it.

AH: It makes me nervous to hear, let's say, an hour of this type of music, but they should have the right to play the way they want to. **PW:** Sure, but that doesn't mean I have to dig it! I believe in progress, but I'd just put my horn away if I had to express music the way life is. The only way you can go forward is to look backwards.

LL: Phil, you were quite active in an educational position as musical director at the summer school in Ramblerny, Pa. (DB, Sept. 21, '67). Won't you miss that part of it?

PW: I'd like to do something similar in Europe. I miss my school very much. My school failed because of apathy on the part of society. I wrote to all my "big time" friends and said: Please send money so I can keep my school going. But I couldn't get enough money to keep it going. It lasted five years, and it was a fantastic place, formerly the Maynard Ferguson School of Jazz. I spoke to young people about playing jazz, and there was ballet, modern dance, and musical comedy. My music students met other young people interested in other art forms that are just as important. It gave a well-rounded approach to the young student. And that was the beauty of it. It was not just a jazz school. It was a performing arts school.

LL: Have you found anything like that in Europe?

PW: There are a few indications that it is beginning in Europe. The Valdekilde High School in Denmark and the Institut für Jazz in Graz, Austria.

LL: How would you judge the future possibilities in that field?

PW: I see a big vacuum here for jazz education. Many young players are confused, judging from the music I've heard from some of them. They are going out into a philosophical world, a world of revolution and change. But I say, let's change together. There are some old cats that feel the same way that you young cats, so if we exchange ideas and we talk of this thing, between us, we can maybe do something. Alone, I don't think we can do anything because there will always be a generation revolting. But when jazz musicians are coming over here to do jazz festivals, they might as well appear at jazz schools too. George Wein, do you hear me?

LL: Speaking about revolution, you were in France when it happened, weren't you? **PW:** I was standing in the middle of Boulevard St. Michel with my family the day it started. And I left the States to get *away* from this. Why don't they buy more saxophones instead of bombs?

LL: You have a regular quartet there, and you've been working in London and Paris? **PW:** Yes, I have George Gruntz, piano; Henri Texier, bass, and Daniel Humair on drums. We've been contacted to tour America next year. And I couldn't get *arrested* with my own quartet in America before. Which shows that there's no clear way of going; this way or that way. At least I never have to worry about work. I didn't need much. My family is always with me. We eat. A loaf of bread, some milk, a bottle of wine. That's enough! LL: Phil, you're a born European!

PW: Well, I'm not. But it's straight ahead, as far as I'm concerned. I know one thing. I have a bunch of kids, and I want them to go right straight ahead too. I don't know if I have the answer for them, but I will sure try. All: We have children, and all you can do is to give them a little direction and then you have to turn them loose. Because nobody owns anybody. That's where it's at.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

son, who doubles Indian flutes, will perform in concert at Spencer Memorial in Brooklyn Heights Nov. 30, with Travis Jenkins, tenor sax; Gene Perla and Perry Lind, basses; Bobby Moses and Ron King, drums.

Los Angeles: Paul Horn is on a quiet kick. His recent gig at Donte's-one of his first since returning home from India--gave ample proof of this. He used Lynn Blessing, vibes; Paul Moer, piano; Dave Parlota, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums; Cielle Kollander, vocals. Big bands continue to flourish on Sundays at Donte's, Recent Sabbath swingers included Clare Fischer, Don Piestrup and Bobby Bryant . . The second concert in the series Jazz At UCLA featured Carmen McRae, backed by Norman Simmons, piano; Francois Vaz, guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass, and Frank Severino, drums. A special guest was Benny Carter on alto saxophone . . . George Shearing returned to the Hong Kong Bar for three weeks with one newcomer in the group: Andy Simpkins, bassist for the Three Sounds. Others were regulars Charlie Shoemake, vibes; Dave Koonse, guitar, and Bill Goodwin, drums . . Drummer Dick Berk has left Gabor Szabo's group. Reason: too much traveling. Berk is staying around Hollywood, working weekends with Bobby Troup at the China Trader. And he worked a Guitar Night at Donte's with Herb Ellis and John Gray, plus Ray Brown . . . Cannonball Adderley did a benefit at the california Institution for Men at Chino. A special committee has been set up by the inmates for the purpose of aiding a young boy in the area who needs a kidney transplant . . . Buddy Rich and his orchestra played a new club in Norwalk, the Gold Room, which is trying out a name policy on weekends-mostly non-jazz names . . . Bill Plummer has left Impulse records and is looking for a new label to accommodate his Cosmic Brotherhood Sitar Band. On a regular basis, the combo plays at the Golden Bull in Studio City on Tuesday nights and at the Brass Ring in Sherman Oaks, starting at 6 a.m. Sunday and on Monday nights . . . Eddie Harris returned to the Manne-Hole for two weeks, more amplified than ever, but with the same group he brought a few months back: Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Richard Smith, drums . . . Anita Kerr, who is not only comfortable in a man's world but manages to function with equal ease in jazz, pop, rock and country, has been booked into the Los Angeles folk emporium, the Troubador, for one week beginning Nov. 19 . . . Joe Masters was soloist in his own Jazz Mass at Golden West College in Huntington Beach, under the baton of that school's music director, Jerry Schroder . . . Ray Charles is back, following a highly successful 22-day European tour. Next year, he'll bring his show

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back to Europe for a more logical twomonth tour . . . The Trio (Marilyn Spencer, piano; Buddy Matlock, guitar; Bob Molina, drums) was held over at Charley Browns, Marina Del Rey, for another three months. This marks the second time their options were picked up . . . A strange double booking greeted Angelenos recently as Sarah Vaughan opened at the Westside Room of the Century Plaza and Ella Fitzgerald opened at the Cocoanut Grove on the same night. Their club appearances here are rare enough, so it seemed a shame that neither opening could boast SRO. Behind Ella, Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass, and Ed Thigpen, drums, were blended into Freddy Martin's houseband. But Herb Mickman's trio was the only backing for Sarah, while Al Pellegrini's houseband sidemen just sat there listening . . . Charlie Persip dropped into town following the Monterey Jazz Festival, where he appeared with Billy Eckstine. Persip takes advantage of every opportunity he can get to swing, so he sat in with the Jazz Crusaders at the Lighthouse, and also planned to do a concert clinic at Henry Grant's Music Center, using Grant's youth band . . . Veterans galore at the most recent meeting of the Southern California Hot Jazz Society. On hand for the two-beat orgy: Teddy Buckner, Mike De Lay, trumpets; Joe Darensbourg, Barney Bigard, clarinets; Alton Purnell, Ed Garland, and George Probert, one of the original members of the Firehouse Five Plus Two . . Billy Daniels was held over at the Jazz Suite, where he worked with his musical alter ego, pianist Benny Payne, During the gig, he managed to coax two other singers to sit in: Damita Jo and Lorez Alexandria. Lorez moved from Memory Lane to the Jazz Suite after Daniels closed,

Teddy Buckner and his Dixieland band also appeared at the Jazz Suite during Lorez' stint.

Chicago: Freddie Hubbard's quintet (Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Junie Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums) was in top form during a week of Chicago engagements. Their itinerary, fashioned by impresario Joe Segal, presented the group at Old Town's Firehouse Oct. 13, on the south side at Robert's Penthouse Oct. 15-16, and at the Tejar Supper Club, south of the loop, Oct. 17-20. While they were in town, Hubbard and his associates taped an appearance on Daddy-O Daylie's TV show, For Blacks Only. After an Oct. 21 concert in Rockford, Ill., the group headed back to New York . . . Clark Terry played a weekend date at Lurlean's, accompanied by drummer Vernel Fournier's trio . . . Earl Hines' quartet at the London House had regulars Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Bill Pemberton, bass, and Oliver Jackson, drums. There were some new numbers in the repertoire, and Pemberton sported an Ampeg bass. Riehard Evans and his Soulful Strings followed Fatha Oct. 23 on a Wednesday-through-Sunday schedule, with Eddie Higgins' trio on Mondays and Tuesdays. Dizzy Gillespie was set to open a three-week stint Nov. 12 . . . Roscoe

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Mitchell's trio (Lester Bowie, trumpet, percussion; Mitchell, reeds, percussion; Malaehi Favors, bass, percussion) appeared in concert Oct. 18 at the Illinois Institute of Technology. For this latest in their musically eventful concert series, the trio was joined by Joseph Jarman, reeds and percussion . . . Pianist Larry Luchowski's quintet (Frank Gordon, trumpet; Milton Cannon, tenor saxophone; Mark Ellicott, bass; Charles Williams, drums) gave a concert, the first in a projected series, at Jane Adams Center Hull House Oct. 20. Luchowski heads a new jazz guidance course at the Hull House Music School . . . Franz Jaekson's Jass All Stars were booked into the Showboat Sari-S in October . . . Traditionalists had a bonanza when veteran bassist Pops Foster and New Orleans clarinetist Raymond Burke joined Art Hodes at a special Tuesday session at the Edge Lounge Oct. 22, an outgrowth of a weekend gig for the threesome in Minneapolis. They also recorded for Bob Koester's Delmark label. The regular Edge Lounge Sunday afternoon sessions, conducted by Pauline Alvin, recently featured George Brunies, with Nap Trottier, trumpet; Gordon Krause, clarinet; Jean Rasbury, piano, and Monte Mountjoy, drums. Trumpeters Marty Marsala, George Finola, and Smokey Stover have been among the sitters-in ... Marsala is one of the Union regulars appearing at the weekly Jazz at Noon amateur sessions at the Showboat Sari-S. Others include guitarist Marty Grosz and drummer Wayne Jones. The Friday sessions are now well into their second year.

London: Jazz Expo '68 kicked off a week of concerts at Royal Festival Hall Oct. 19 with Dave Brubeck featuring Gerry Mulligan and the local Don Rendell-lan Carr group. The remainder of the concerts took place at the Hammersmith Odeon and included Art Blakey, Elvia Jones, Sunny Murray, Horace Silver, Earl Hines, Muddy Waters, Max Roach, John Lee Hooker, Count Basie, Gary Burton, and a big band led by Dizzy Gillespie. Burton's combo had just completed a 10-day stint at the New Ronnie Scott Club. Red Norvo and Ruby Braff followed Burton for the week of Oct. 14-19, and vocalist Salena Jones came in Oct. 21 . . . Pianist Chris McGregor, whose Polydor album Very Urgent has proved one of the strongest-selling local products, is currently writing material for Ronnie Scott's band and working on a new LP . . The Oscar Peterson Trio toured here during October . . . Vocailist Cleo Laine appeared at the Scott club Oct. 20 accompanied by husband John Dankworth and his full orchestra. She will also give a one-woman show at the Belfast Festival for a week, starting Nov. 25, while the Dankworth Seven will back Jon Hendricks at the festival Nov. 20 . . . Tenor man Hank Mobley was set to play Manchester's Club 43 Oct. 17-20 . . . Philly Joe Jones recorded his own date Oct. 1 with trumpeter Les Condon and tenorist Peter King, among other stalwarts. King, who recently subbed for Buddy Terry in the Ray Charles Band, turned down an offer from Charles to join the band on a permanent basis. Alto saxophonist John Tchicai

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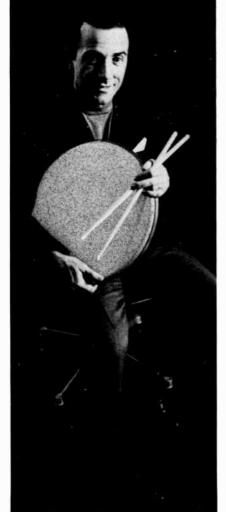
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REMO, INC. / NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 42 DOWN BEAT and his Cadentia Nova Danica played a concert sponsored by the Royal Danish Embassy at London's Wigmore Hall Oct. 1, and repeated their performance at Manchester's Free Trade Hall the following day.

New Orleans: Les Danseurs Africains, a troupe of musicians, dancers and singers from Mali, performed at Kennedy High School Auditorium here in October. The award-winning ensemble recently completed a European tour and appeared in New Orleans under the sponsorship of the local branch of Southern University . . . The Greater New Orleans Federation of Churches sponsored a Duke Ellington sacred music program in mid-November. The concert is the final musical celebration of the year connected with the 250th anniversary of New Orleans . . . The annual Live Music Week festivities here brought a large number of local groups to free public concerts. Pianist Ronnie Kole's trio, clarinetist Tony Mitchell and his quartet, and guitarist Frank Federico's Dixielanders were among the groups featured. The week culminated Oct. 20 with the Dance of the Year, a continuous music affair with Pete Fountain's combo, the Loyola University Stage Band, the Lloyd Alexander Band, and rock group the New Error . . . Alto saxophonist Don Suhor's combo played for a United Fund banquet at the Sheraton-Charles Hotel . . . Singer Lloyd Washington was the first import at the new supper club in the Warwick Hotel . . . During Louis Armstrong's recent illness, the Dukes of Dixieland filled in for the trumpeter on an engagement at the Disneyland Mickey Finn show . . . Trumpeter Al Hirt did a TV spot on a recent Jonathan Winters Show . . . Trumpeter Ben Smalley is conducting the Tulane University Stage Band . . . The Olympia Brass Band played a concert last month on the Steamer President . . . Detroit folk duo The Princess and the Frog appeared at the LSUNO student center recently Fats Domino is back at Al Hirt's club for one of his frequent three-week engagements . . . Rock performer Donovan did a concert in Municipal Auditorium.

Philadelphia: After The Ball is Philly's new breakfast club, a restaurant with live jazz, open from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. A great idea for insomniac jazz fans and late workers looking for a place to stop after the job. From the way local musicians are talking, they may be waiting in line to sit in . . . Mickey Collins and Kenny Lowe are playing at the Queen Mary at 22nd and Walnut Sts. for dancers and listeners . . . The third Quaker City Jazz Festival was slated for Oct. 20 at the Spectrum with Dionne Warwick, Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, Ramsey Lewis, Mongo Santamaria, B.B. King, David (Fathead) Newman and Buddy Rich . . . Stan Getz cancelled his engagement at the Show Boat Jazz Theatr and was replaced by local saxophonist Byard Laneaster. The Visitors were also featured. Presidential candidate Dick Gregory drew a large crowd at the Show Boat when he appeared in a cobilling with the Arthur Hall Afro American Dance Ensemble . . . Ernie Banks, popular vocalist, was featured on local TV

and has landed a part in a Sidney Poitier movie now being filmed here. He is playing the part of a minister . . . The Leslie Uggams show, Her First Roman, made use of a number of fine musicians during its run here. Wilmer Wise, trumpet; Clarence Watson, trombone; Mike Goldberg and Frank Tiberi, reeds, and a number of others were heard from the pit . . . Vocalist Betty Green has been at the Sahara for an extended stay. Miss Green was backed by the Gerald Price Trio . . . Drummer Coatesville Harris is back at work again after a long stay in the hospital. He recently did a Black Book TV show on WCAU with Beryl Booker and Slam Stewart . . . The Birdland Lounge in Germantown offered the Freedom Jazz Sextet Oct. 11-12, and Rufus Harley Oct. 18-19 . . . Bassoonist Dan Jones has started a series of Sunday sessions at his studio. Byard Lancaster, Bill Lewis and a quartet led by Jones were featured at the opening session . . . West Philadelphia's Aqua Lounge offered Johnny Hartman, Yusef Lateef, Johnny Lytle and Les McCann on succeeding weeks in October . . . Dap Sugar Willie from North Philly recently subbed for Richard Pryor at the Apollo Theater in New York on a show with Gladys Knight and the Pips . . . The local Kiwanis Club held a citywide peanut sale for charity recently and AFM Local 77 supplied bands to play on many center city street corners for this affair. Trumpeter Joe Techner had a swinging group featuring tenor saxophonist Buddy Savitt. There were bands of all types, including rock and Dixieland. Local 77 also furnishes groups for the annual Old News Boys Day charity drive, and live music is frequently heard at noontime in parks and on sidewalks as a result of such events . . . Pianist Joe Scussa is featuring Al Greco (Buddy's brother), on tenor saxophone, with his group at the Honey Dew Lounge in Oaklyn, N.J.

Detroit: Two great drummers were set to appear in Detroit in October. Art Blakey and the current edition of the Jazz Messengers (Bill Hardman, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Billy Harper, tenor; Ronnie Matthews, piano; Lawrence Evans, bass) went off on schedule for their first engagement at Baker's. A guest with the group was Woody Shaw, visiting relatives in Detroit . . . Max Roach was not as fortunate as Blakey. His Oct. 12 concert at the Art Institute was cancelled due to insufficient attendance. The concert was also to have featured local pianist Kirk Lightsey's trio and magician Ishag Hammed. Lightsey did get to concertize the previous night at Flint Junior College in a quintet led by Flint drummer Greg Williams. Other members wer Flint tenorist Arnold Moore and Detroiters Doug Halliday, trumpet, John Dana, bass . . . In addition to the rock-oriented Premiers, afterhours sessions at the Rapa House have featured the jazz rhythm section of pianist Harold McKinney, bassist Rod Hicks and drummer George Davidson. When Hicks left for another tour with singer Aretha Franklin, his replacement was Ernie Farrow. McKinney's trio also appears at the Breakers. There, Hicks' replacement was Ron Brooks . . . Meanwhile, Farrow was

busy at the Ivanhoe with pianist Marian Devore's trio, who replaced reed man Larry Nozero's quartet. Rounding out the group was guitarist Frank Santi. Farrow's first love, his own quintet (John Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor; Teddy Harris, piano, and Bert Myrick, drums) again helped clubowner Mary Odom celebrate her birthday at Odom's Cave. Other musicians on hand for the occasion included trumpeter Little John Wilson, trombonist James (Chips) Outcalt, tenorist Wild Bill Moore and bassists Dedrick Glover and Willie Green . . . Before moving to the Ivanhoe, Miss Devore did a one-nighter at the Hayes Bar with reed man Clyde Stringer, pianist Keith Gale and bassist George Vandewalle, went into the Hayes on a regular basis . . . The Drome continues to experiment with old and new, local and out-of-town, famous and unknown groups. For example, two recent back-to-back bookings featured the avant-garde sounds of The Dimensions, led by trumpeter Dave Ferguson of Kalamazoo, and veteran organist Wild Bill Davis' trio (Eddie Thompson, guitar; Kalil Madi, drums) . . . Jazz came to suburban Taylor as pianist Bu Bu Turner opened at Nello's. With Turner were his perennial associates, tenorist Jimmy Stefanson and bassist Robert Allen, plus Bud Spangler or Paul Ambrose, drums . . . Pianist Roger Kerber is now at the Eden East, backed by electric bassist Billy Burrell (guitarist Kenny's brother) and drummer Wally Johnson . . . Since Doug Hammon's departure, a number of drummers have appeared with trumpeter-tenorist Dezie McCuller's organ trio at the Visgar Inn in River Rouge. Among the recent participants were Charles Johnson and Johnny Cleaver.

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: South Florida has swung into the big leagues of jazz with the recent series of concerts at the Miami Marine Stadium. Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie and the Jimmy Smith Trio have appeared here in the last few months, with Cal Tjader and Grady Tate among those scheduled for the future . . . The Ira Sullivan Four continue as the mainstay of Miami jazz, going into their third year at the Rancher. With trumpeterreed man Sullivan are Chuck Stevens, piano; Steve Gillmore, bass, and Jimmy Chapic, drums. A Brazilian trio, Los Dexitos, is featured opposite them . . . The Charlie Austin Quartet continues at The Hampton House . . . Pianist Monty Alexander recently closed at Jillys, where he was supported by Bill Fry, bass, and Red Hauley, drums . . . The Buddy Lewis Quartet signed on for another year at the Biscayne Plaza . . . In Ft. Lauderdale, the big band of bassist Chubby Jackson continues to pack The Bonanza of Jazz every Sunday afternoon. Nightly, the Bonanza features trumpeter Billy Butterfield's group, which hosted Bobby Hackett for a week. Charlie Ventura was the next scheduled guest . . . Flip Phillips recently closed a long run at the Copy Cat; with him was pianist-composer Wally Cirillo . . Johnny Carson sat in with The Threesome recently at Casey's, Lauderdale's most popular jazz club . . . Dizzy Gillespie's pianist, Mike Longo, was greeted by many home-town friends when the group was booked at Fazios, where other jazz attractions in recent months have been

Buddy Rich and Woody Herman bands . . Multi-instrumentalist Bill Prince has left the solo trumpet chair in Rich's band to assume a teaching position at Florida Atlantic University.

Baltimore: Henry Baker's Peyton Place, which had built up a substantial audience during Miles Davis' recent appearance, brought in Horace Silver's quintet the first week in October. Then a bus strike hit Baltimore, which hurt the turnout for pianist McCoy Tyner, who appeared in mid-October . . . Al Hibbler played two weekends at the Alpine Villa . . . Wyn-



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ton Kelly, with tenor saxophonist George Coleman, bassist Ron McClure and drummer Jimmy Cobb, played a Sunday concert for the Left Bank Jazz Society late in September. They were followed on successive Sundays by the Freddie McCoy Quartet, the Jackie McLean Quintet and, Oct. 13, by a quintet composed of altoist Charles McPherson, tenor saxophonist George Coleman, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Peck Morrison and drummer Roy Brooks . . . Pianist Donald Criss performed his concert-narration of The Evolution of the Black Man in Jazz in mid-October for the Young Audiences, Inc., and is now embarked on a twice-a-week series of school concerts for the Baltimore Department of Education.

BOOKS

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

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.

Apartment: Charles Derorest, Kay Staring Baby Grand: unk. Basue's: name groups. Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): unk. Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon. Cafe Deluxe: unk. Casey's: Nico Bunink, Herb Brown, tfn. Ceasar's Table: unk. Charlie's: sessions, Mon. Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon. Fri.

- Charlie's sessions, Mon. Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.

- Wayne. Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri.-Sat. Club Baron: sessions, Mon. Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun. Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.

Dom: unk.

- Dom: unk. Electric Circus: unk. Encore (Union, N.J.): unk. Perryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jimmy Hamilton. Fillmore East: Country Joe & The Fish, Terry Reid, 11/15-16. Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, 11/22-23.
- Forest Hills Inn: unk.

- Forest Hills Inn: unk.
 Forum Club (Staten Island): Pat Trixie, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
 14 and 10: name pianists.
 Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
 Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
 Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
- Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun. Half Note: unk. Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): unk. Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPart-land, Fri.-Sat. Lake Tower Inn: unk. Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): The Page Three, Bob Jennings, tfn. L'Intrigue: unk. Little Club: Johnny Morris. Luigi 11: Mary Hurt. Mark Twain Riverboat: unk. Misk Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.

- Miss Lacey s: Area Layar Thur.-The. Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn. Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds. Nevel Country Club (Ellenville): Bobby Johnson,

- Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pelli-cane, Joe Font, Peter Franco. Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.

- noon.
 Playboy Club: Teddy Wilson to 11/14. Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie, Al Haig.
 Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
 Plaza 9: Ahmad Jamal to 11/24. Mongo San-tamaria, 11/26-12/8, Dizzy Gillespic, 12/10-22.
 Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat, Rainbow Grill: unk.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
 The Scene: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Shepheard's: unk.
- Shepheard's: unk.

- Slugs: Frank Foster, Nov. (Sun, afternoons). Smalls Paradise: sessions. Sun, afternoon. Spencer Memorial (Brooklyn Heights): The Jazz
- Spencer Memorial (Brooklyn Heights): The Jazz Circle, 11/30.
 Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
 Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom O'Neil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
 Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stall-worth, Wed.-Sat.

- worth, well-sat. Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn. Tom Jones: unk. Top of the Gate: unk. Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan
- Wilige Doi township, Prof. Irwin Corey, Hope.
 Villayc Gate: Miles Davis, Prof. Irwin Corey, 11/15-16. (harles Lloyd, Corey, 11/22-23. Dick Gregory, Herbie Mann, 12/6-7. Modern Jazz Quartet, Slappy White, 12/13-14, 20-21.
 Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.

NEW ORLEANS

- Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Mon.-Sat. Dave West, Frank Rico, Sun. Blue Room: unk
- Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.

44 DOWN BEAT

Rapa House: The Premiers, Harold McKinney,

Soul Expression: jazz, nightly. Tehia: Charlie Gabrial, hb. Sessions, Sat. Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Soul Messengers, Wed.-

Twenty Grand: Nu-Art Organ Quartet, Thur .-

Visger 1nn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Mon.-Sat., Sat. afternoon. Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Steven-son, Mon.-Sat.

LOS ANGELES

Miller. Carribean: Leon Haywood. Chadhey's (Sherman Oaks): Ray Malus. Charley Brown's (Marina Del Rey): The Trio. Charter Oak (Mar Vista): Marty Harris, Thur.-

Sun, China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon. Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Sam Fletcher, Thur .-

Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb. Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Vocal Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big

Bands, Sun. Empire Room (Culver City): Tommy Bush. Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland. Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing. Cosmic Brotherhood, Tue. Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Buddy Rich

to 11/30. Jazz Suite (Beverly Hills): Big Bands, combos,

Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon. Joe Kirkwood's Bowl (Studio City): Page Cav-

anaugh. Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cal Tjader to 11/24. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon. Bobby Bryant, Mon.-Tue. Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly. Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison. Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland. 940 Club: Stan Worth. Eddie Cano, Sun.-Mon. Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Pied Piper: Jessie Davis, Karen Hernandez, Wed.-Sat. Clora Bryant, Betty Haywood, Sun., Tue.

Wed.-Sat. Clora Bryant, Betty Haywood, Sun., Tue.
Wed.-Sat. Clora Bryant, Betty Haywood, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saun-ders, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Pomona Valley Inn (Pomona): Frankie Ortega.
Reuben's Restaurant (Newport, Tustin, Whit-tier): Edgar Hayes, Tue-Sat., tfn.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Thelonious Monk to 11/17.
Mose Allison, 11/19-12/1.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle. Dave Mac-kay, Mon. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Troubador: Anita Kerr, 11/19-24.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woollev's: Jimmia Hamilton

BALTIMORE

Alpine Villa: Mickey Fields, Tue.-Sun. Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Har-ris, Fri.-Sat. Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Jimmy Heath, 11/17. Pharoah Sanders, 11/24. Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane, wknds. Peyton Place: unk. Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Don-ald Bailey.

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden, Hadda Brooks Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Cosmic Brother-hood, Sun Mornings, Mon. Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne

Fri.-Sun., afterhours. Roostertail: Terry Harrington, hb.

Sat.

Tue.

Miller.

Sun.

nightly.

anaugh.

Sat

Woodley's: Jimmie Hamilton.

use

ZIP CODE

- Club 77: James Black, afterhours, wknds.
 Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, tfn.
 Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
 Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
 Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri-Sun.
 Downs Lounge: Buddy Prima, tfn.
 El Morrocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
 Fairmont Room: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
 Farous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig, hbs.
 Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
 544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
 Al Hirt's: Fats Domino to 11/23.
 Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
 Hurricane #2: Porgy Jones, wknds.
 Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Municipal Auditorium: Duke Ellington, 11/15.
 Off Limits: David Laste, wknds., afterhours.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol

- Praddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Rendevous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
 Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
 Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
 Sterco: Roger Dickerson, Jerri Hall, wknds.
 Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
 Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
 Vancresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claiborne.

CHICAGO

- AFFRO-Arts Theater: Philip Cohran, Fri.-Sun. Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri-Sat. Don Ben-nett, Wed.-Thur. Electric Theater: unk.
- Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.

- Tue.
 Tue.
 Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun.
 Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
 London House: Dizzy Gillespie to 12/1. Oscar Peterson, 12/3-22. Eddie Higgins, 12/23-26.
 Kirby Stone Four, 12/27-1/26.
 Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
 Mill Run Playhouse (Niles): Spencer Davis, The One-Eyed Jacks, 11/17. H. P. Lovecraft, 11/24.
 Mister Kelly's: The Pair Extraordinaire, Marty Brill, 11/25-12/8. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs. hbs.

- hbs. Mother Blues: various blues groups. Pigalle: Norm Murphy. Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs. Pluggcd Nickel: Lou Donaldson to 11/17. Three Sounds, 11/20-21. Pumpkin Room: unk. Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicago Footwarm-ers, Sun. Scotch Mist: unk. Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat. Tejar Club: various name groups.

hours.

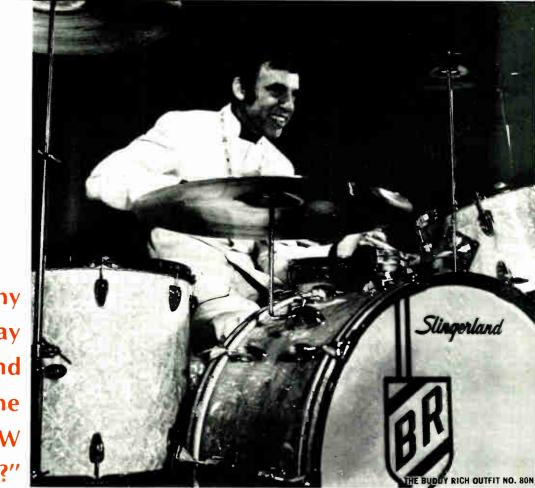
DETROIT

- Act 1V: Bob Snyder, Mon.-Sat. Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue-Sat. Baker's Keyboard: Three Sounds to 11/20. Quar-tette Tres Bien, 11/21-24. Les McCann, 11/24-12/2. Barry Harris, 12/12-15. Bandit's Villa: Steve Booker, Fri.-Sat. after-

hours. hours. Bob and Rob's (Madison Heights): Lenore Pax-ton, Tue.-Sat. Brenkers: Harold & Gwen McKinney, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha Concert Jazz Quartet, Tue.-Sun. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat. Capitol Park Motor Hotel (Lansing): Norv Hill, Paul Cullen, Fri.-Sat. Casino Royal: Rudy Robinson, Thur.-Sun. Drome: Sonny Stitt, 11/22-12/1. Eden East: Roger Kerber, Mon.-Sat. Frolic: George McGregor, Fri-Sun. Golden Horseshoe (Petoskey): Levi Mann. Hayes Bar: Ted Linderme, Clyde Stringer, Tue.-Sat.

Hayes Bar: Ted Linderme, Clyde Stringer, Tue-Sat. Ivanhoe: Marian Devore, Tue-Sat. Living End (Flint): Flip Jackson, Wed.-Sat. London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.

Nello's (Taylor): Bu Bu Turner, Wed.-Sat. Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.



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