

NOVEMBER 14, 1968 35c

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

Janis Joplin—Queen of Rock
An Intimate Talk

Monterey Festival Marred by Poor Sound:
Eckstine, Carmen McRae and Torme Star

Rare Treat For British Ears:
Lennie Tristano in England

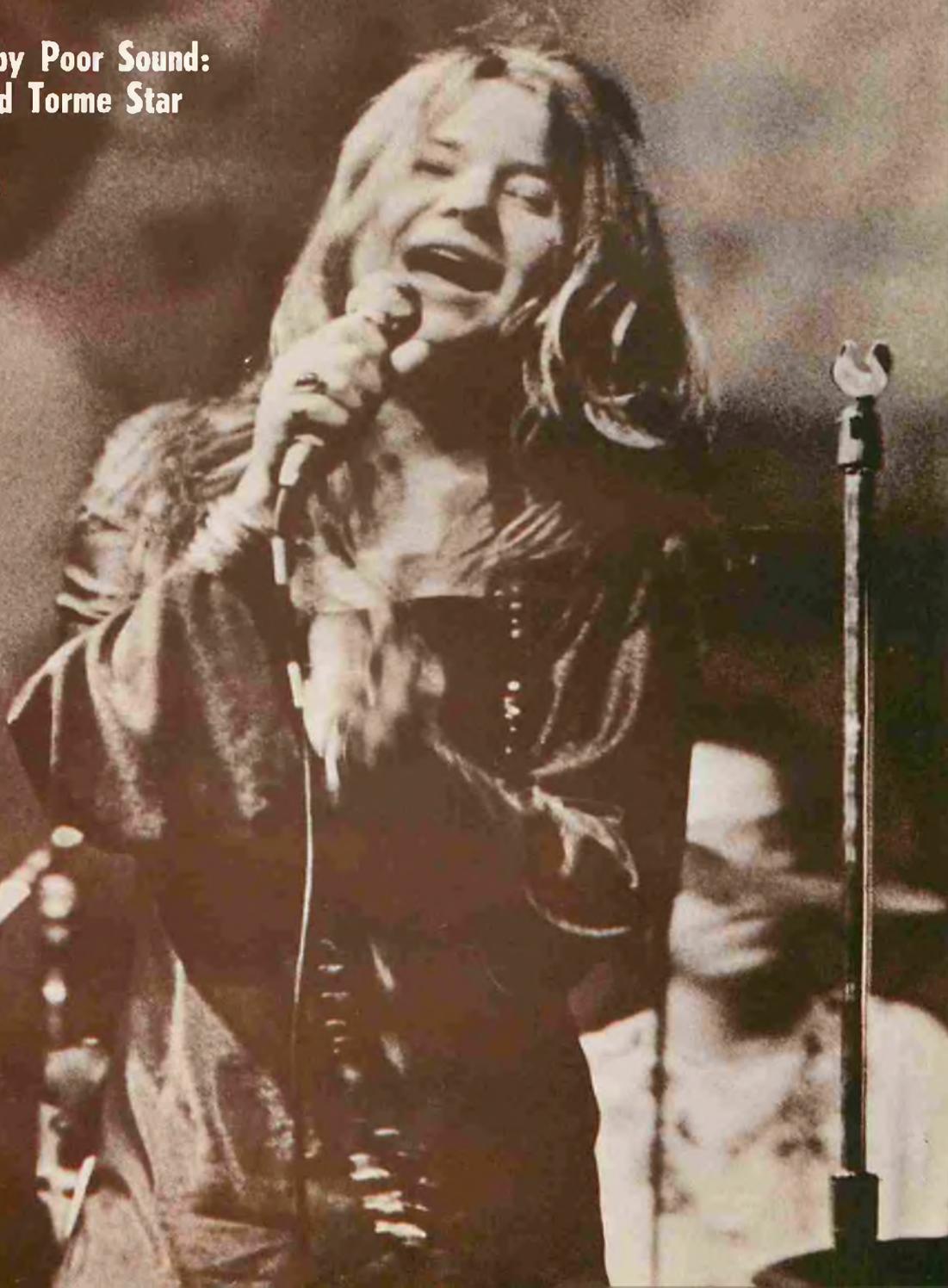
Marlena Shaw:
Basie's Bright New Voice

db music workshop

Hints For Pianists
on McPartland

in Brian Mode
in Bartosz

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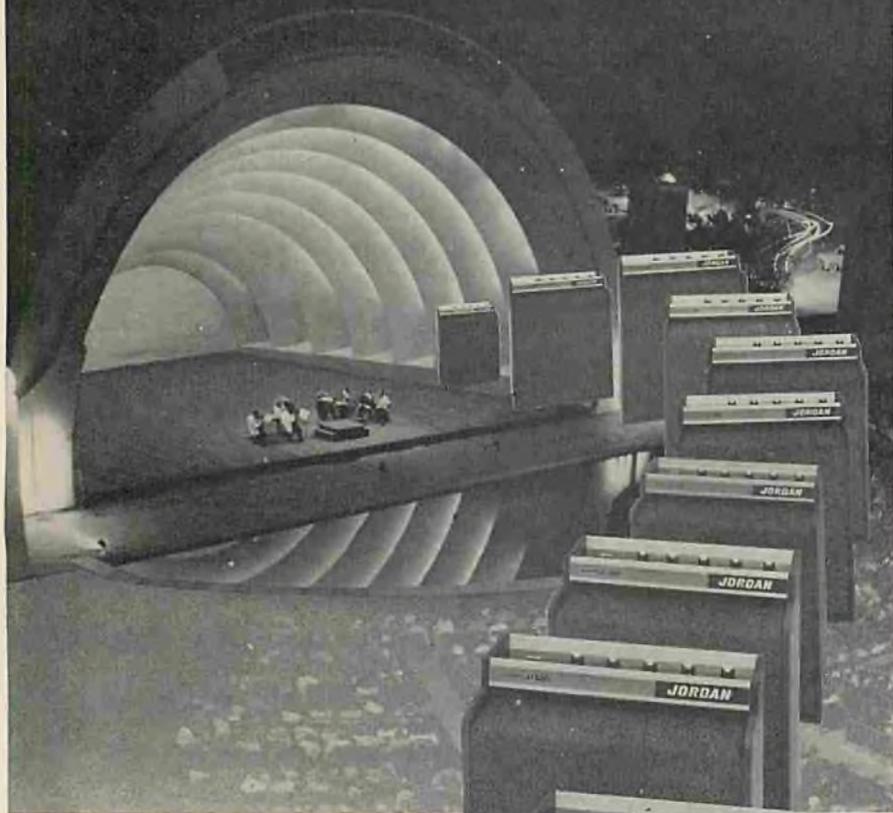
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

SINCE DOWN BEAT has been adding at least 1500 new subscribers every issue for the past year, we feel it necessary, every now and then, to restate some editorial positions which may be repetitious to some readers.*

The problem for today (and tomorrow and tomorrow) is that word puzzle, jazz. To those of us who must wrestle with words (their meanings and associations) and music (its meanings and associations), it is a constant challenge to explain jazz with all its meanings and associations. *Down Beat* editors have been dealing with the evershifting nuances of the word and the relative abilities of its practitioners for almost 35 years. And despite the continuing success of the magazine, we have never been satisfied, nor have our readers, with any definitions or system of classifications.

Janis Joplin, our cover girl, is a "blues-rock" singer. So says she and most of her listeners. But there is something in her or about her—a turn of phrase, an emotional involvement, a life style—that evokes other descriptions such as "jazz singer" or "best since Billie Holiday" or whatever. We've even heard some throwbacks call her "funky." The point is that, in our judgment, she rates a *Down Beat* cover regardless of definitions.

Because this issue is largely taken up with singers, or, if you prefer, vocalists, there is another question raised. "What is vocal jazz? Isn't jazz strictly an instrumental thing? Obviously we don't think so. Artists Carmen McRae, Billy Eckstine, Marlena Shaw and Mel Tormé—all featured in this issue—continue to create and interpret music in a manner and style we call jazz. If you prefer other words (blues/pop/soul) use them. Just do everyone a favor, don't put these artists, or any others down for crossing you up on labels. If you think someone is a great anything, don't leave him because he may be merchandised as something else. Too often a record company executive or other talent merchant, in the name of progress, comes up with a dictum: "Jazz is dead." In the market place this is translated as "All existing talents heretofore described as jazz are declared null and void."

Don't go that way. Go your own way with what and whomever you like. If you feel comfortable and communicative with your words and your definitions, use them. Let the music and the artists do any necessary translations. 

*(*DB*, Aug. 22, 1968): "When and if jazz can be easily defined it will have ceased to be a continuously creative music. The basic character of jazz is its dynamism. The basic appeal of jazz is the many emotions it evokes in so many people. Place any artificial—or reasoned—boundary on jazz and you inevitably set limits for its growth."



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November 14, 1968

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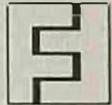
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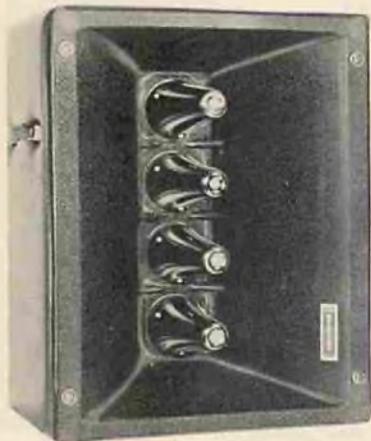
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A Forum For Readers

A Lulu From Honolulu

To whom should happen to read:

I for one can say that without restraint as most of my life has been spent (being very busy I assure you) without time or whatever moments to read articles and enjoy others' ideas, today that happened to me.

The magazine*****Down Beat*

The title----*Art Is Craft (DB, Sept. 5)*

The writer for *Down Beat*----Don DeMicheal

The enjoyed ideas----Gene Lees'.

Anita O'Day

Honolulu, Hawaii

Picking On Gitler

I was reading Ira Gitler's account of the Newport Festival (*DB, Sept. 5*) and came across this comment: "Kessel, for all his harmonic and technical sophistication, is still fundamentally a funky-butt Oklahoma guitar picker." This comment stirred up a controversy among some local guitar players in this town. The remark was a slam against one of the best progressive guitar players of the past two decades. Tal Farlow, while great on single lines, is weak on chordal voicings. Jim Hall is another single-line guitarist. The guitar is a chordal instrument, and to play it fully you must use chordal lines. How about George Van Eps? He is without peer among guitarists: the guitarist who, when he records, has an audience of top-flight guitarists raptly listening. Van Eps' knowledge of harmony on the guitar is unequaled by anyone. I wonder how Gitler would rate him?

Furthermore, Kessel has been influenced by the West Coast school, so I don't see where the Oklahoma guitar picker stamp fits. Most of your writers on guitar favor the single-line stylists which shows a preference for reeds and horns which are incapable of playing chords at all, except in section work. While single-line playing is admirable, if done well, it is not complete guitar. The classic guitarist comes on stage with just his guitar; no rhythm section to boost him along and fill in the big gaps. He is a complete guitarist, capable of playing the different voices on the one guitar. . . .

Fred Noyes

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Gitler replies:

I meant it as a compliment, not a slam—with all his refinements, Kessel has not lost the basic feeling. Kessel helped *form* the West Coast school, and he's an Oklahoma guitar picker because that's where he grew up and did his early playing. I do dig George Van Eps.

Garner Fans Please Note

Thank you for your recent item (*DB, Sept. 19*) on the library of arrangements for symphony orchestras belonging to Erroll Garner, which was lost in shipment from Chicago to New York. We are still

education in jazz

—by Robert Share

In the ten years that "Education in Jazz" has been appearing in these pages, many knowledgeable people have had many good things to say about Berklee.



Robert Share,
Administrator
Berklee School
of Music

We are deeply indebted to Quincy Jones, Stan Kenton, George Wein, Johnny Richards, Dave Brubeck and many others for their enthusiastic and encouraging comments.

While most of these columns have dealt with the consequences of a Berklee education, I'd like to use this

one to explain some of the inner workings of the program of study here.

First, some attitudes that shape our thinking:

1. *Music education must relate to the existing world of music.* In addition to providing a stimulating environment and instilling a current and continuing awareness of the "joy of knowledge," a realistic education must equip the student with the tools and skills needed to meet the demands of the professional world.

2. *Music must be heard to be understood.* A theoretical study of music is no more valid than a theoretical study of language. Both must be articulated and heard. All students at Berklee *hear* all written assignments. To accomplish this, there are over two hundred regularly scheduled ensemble meetings each week.

3. *Music as a profession demands versatility.* It is totally unrealistic for the student to think in terms of becoming a narrowly stylized performer. The demands of the professional world are many and varied. All programs at Berklee include comprehensive instruction in arranging, harmony, orchestration, composition, etc., in addition to private instrumental instruction, courses in improvisation, and ensemble experience in a wide variety of musical idioms. Included in the twenty-one arranging courses currently offered are Film Scoring, Jazz Arranging for large and small ensembles, Commercial Arranging for large and small ensembles, Arranging for Show and Theater Orchestra, Writing Radio and Television Commercials, Arranging in "Pop-Rock" Idiom for Large and Small Groups, Arranging in the Style of Duke Ellington, Arranging in Blues Styles (Tonal and Modal Techniques), Choral Arranging, Scoring for Strings, Scoring for Full Orchestra.

Berklee offers a Degree Program with majors in Music Education, Composition or Applied Music and a Diploma Program with majors in Arranging and Composition or Instrumental Performance.

If you would like a copy of our current catalog and more information about Berklee School of Music, please write to me at the following address:

Robert Share

Administrator

Berklee School of Music

1140 Boylston St. Boston, Mass. 02215

hopeful it will turn up.

We have had several reader responses, and are writing to thank everyone for their interest, and also to correct one misconception which, from the readers' letters, I gather is extant. None of Garner's own piano parts were written—it was the music for the rest of the orchestra. Garner improvises his piano work in all performances, including those with the orchestra. For those readers who asked about whether his arrangements have been transcribed—please be advised they have not. One of these decades, we may get around to such a project—but Garner is so busy writing and performing new things, we haven't caught up.

Since *Down Beat* readers are so alert, we would like to mention that we are beginning the arduous compilation of a picture history of Garner, and are interested in photos of all types (black and white and color, and from way back to the present time). We would be pleased to hear from readers who have anything good in photographic material on Garner. We also are continuing work on his discography and have been lucky enough to unearth one recording by Garner done in his mid-teens.

As always, we would be pleased to hear from college newspaper editors and college radio stations (Ditto, high school editors) re publicity material or recordings by Garner for campus use.

Again, thanks to *Down Beat* for helping us in our search for the missing Garner library. We will let you know if it turns up, and a reward is offered—no questions asked.

Martha Glaser
Personal Representative

520 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10036

Shaughnessy Forever

. . . May I say that I was overjoyed to see (Ed Shaughnessy's) section in the Sept. 5 *DB Music Workshop*. I hope it goes on forever, as it appears to be just what I need, and for the fact that I have long enjoyed his drumming on records and the *Tonight* show. . . .

I am 16 years old and like big band jazz best. I play four or five instruments, so I like to think that I partially understand other musicians' problems regarding drummers.

David Clements
Ft. Worth, Tex.

Diggin' Diz

Dziekujc! Your latest affirmation of Dizzy's talents is salutary when so many reviewers put him down over here. I liked Ira Gitler's touch about the galaxies. No doubt in 10 years time our reviewers will give themselves another puff by confessing disenchantment with Charlie Parker!

A. Kozlowski
P. Williams

Birmingham, England

Short And Sweet

Long live the Craig Hundley Trio!!
Dan Randolph
Atlanta, Ga.



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ARRANGERS RICHARDS, WILCOX DIE IN N.Y.

Composer-arranger Johnny Richards, 56, died Oct. 7 of cancer at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City.

Born John Cascales in Mexico Nov. 2, 1911, Richards began his musical training at home in Schenectady, N.Y., where the family had moved in 1912. His mother, a professional pianist, had been a student of Paderewski. The boy first played violin and banjo, later added trumpet, and made his debut in vaudeville at the age of eight as a member of the act *The Seven Wonders of the World*.

At 17, Richards was a saxophonist and house orchestrator in the pit band at the Mastbaum Theater in Philadelphia. He



Johnny Richards
Dedicated Artist

received his BA from the Crouse Music School at Syracuse University, and went to England in 1932, where he began to write scores for British Gaumont, then a major producer of film musicals. Later in the decade, he settled in Hollywood, where he worked as a musician and composer-orchestrator under Victor Young at Paramount.

During this period, he acquired a masters degree from the University of Southern California, where he studied under Arnold Schoenberg and Darius Milhaud. From 1940 to 1945, Richards led his own dance band, playing trumpet, tenor saxophone and clarinet. His sidemen included pianist Paul Smith and two men who later became famous arranger-composers, Pete Rugolo (piano) and Bob Graettinger (baritone saxophone).

In 1946, Richards embarked on a ca-

reer as a free-lance arranger and began to attract attention in jazz circles with his advanced and interesting scores for the bands of Boyd Raeburn (*Prelude to Dawn; Soft and Warm*), Stan Kenton, Charlie Barnet, Dizzy Gillespie and others. He also wrote scores for Mexican films.

In 1952, Richards moved to New York City, where he continued to free-lance, writing for singers (Sarah Vaughan, Helen Merrill), jazz instrumentalists (Gillespie, Sonny Stitt), professional and student orchestras, films (*Kiss Her Goodbye*), commercials, etc.

Richards' passion, however, was writing for and leading his own big bands, and most of his income from various sources became fuel for this avocation. Periodically, he organized star-studded bands for recording sessions, night club engagements, and concerts, but he was unable to realize his dream of maintaining a permanent orchestra, though his music received much critical and popular acclaim.

Richards was one of the most skillful and technically proficient orchestrators to work in the jazz field. His scores featured unusual instrumentation (he favored French horns, tuba, piccolo, bass saxophone, and Latin percussion) and odd time-signatures (he was a pioneer in this now popular area). He was also greatly interested in non-Western musics, and drew on Latin American, African, Arabian, Hindu and Oriental sources for harmonic, thematic and rhythmic inspiration.

Many of Richards' ideas and innovations were assimilated into the mainstream or orchestral jazz writing, but few could match the brilliance of his scoring and the inspiration he provided as a leader and conductor. In his specially tailored conductor's smock, Richards was a dramatic figure in front of a big band, and this visual drama found its equivalent in the fire and vitality of his music.

Among his major works are the suites *Cuban Fire* (for Kenton), *Annnotations of the Muses*, *Legend Americana*, *The Rites of Diablo*, and *Aquila Et St. Louis*, a work for 54-piece concert band commissioned by Washington University in 1959. His many instrumentals for orchestra include *Band Aide*, *Cimarron*, *Dimples*, *Burrño Borracho* and *Viva Gordo*, and two of his finest jazz pieces for small band are *Loose Walk* and *Sancho Panza*.

Most of the above works were recorded for various labels; one of Richards' best LPs was *Adventures in Time* (Capitol). Ironically, the only currently available album by Richards is his last, *Aqui Se Habla Espanol* (Roulette), recorded in 1967.

Pianist-arranger Edwin Wilcox, 60, died Sept. 29 in New York City, apparently of a heart attack.

Born in Method, N.C., Wilcox attended Fisk University, where he met Jimmie Lunceford, becoming a charter member of his band in 1926 and remaining for 21

years, until Lunceford's death in 1947.

As pianist and staff arranger, Wilcox was a key member of one of the most brilliant big bands in jazz history. Early recordings indicate that he should be considered the chief architect of the Lunceford sound, though later arrangers for the band achieved more fame than he.

Wilcox was a capable but unspectacular pianist (his best recorded solos are *Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down* and *Blue Blazes*), but his arrangements, particularly his scoring for saxophones, were often remarkable. Among his outstanding orchestrations are *Sleepy Time Gal*, *Rhythm Is Our Business*, *I'll See You In My Dreams*, *I'm Nuts About Screw Music* and *Impromptu*.

After Lunceford's death, Wilcox joined forces with featured tenor saxophonist Joe Thomas in fronting the band. Subsequently, the partners split up, and Wilcox formed his own band, which he continued to lead until 1949. He later turned to r&b and became an arranger and a&r man for Derby Records, turning out, among others, the hit arrangement of *Wheel of Fortune* for singer Sunny Gale (copied by Kay Starr).

Wilcox also operated a publishing firm and record company in partnership with Ted McRae (Raccox Records), led small groups at clubs in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and taught piano and coached vocalists. He was the subject of a profile by Stanley Dance in the Oct. 3 issue of *Down Beat*.

MILES DAVIS TAKES NEW BRIDE OF MANY TALENTS

Betty Mabry Davis, 23, has a lot of things going for her. She wrote *Uptown* (recorded by the Chambers Brothers), has signed as a singer with Columbia records, has appeared on the *Dating Game* TV show, been a pin-up in *Jet* magazine, operated the Celler teen club in New York, and studied fashion design.

And now trumpet star Miles Davis has taken her as his spouse.

The couple was married in Gary, Ind. on the last day of September, following Davis' engagement at Chicago's Plugged Nickel. Only the trumpeter's closest friends knew of his plans, but Davis was obviously in excellent spirits throughout his stay at the Nickel.

The new Mrs. Davis, a 5' 7" beauty from Homestead, Pa., first saw Miles two years ago at a concert in New York. She says, "We were introduced, but nothing came of it until six months ago." Engaged five days before the marriage, she said: "He called me from Chicago and said, 'Sweetcakes, get your stuff together and come to Chicago, we're getting married.'" (Davis was divorced last February from Frances Taylor.)

Obviously happy in her new role, Mrs. Davis said, "One of the sexiest men alive

is Miles Dewey Davis. We're going to be married forever, because I'm in love, and Mr. Davis can do no wrong as far as I'm concerned. He's experienced all facets of life, has terrific taste in everything, loves only the best, and has taught me many things."

Mrs. Davis added that she has "never really been a jazz fan, because I lean mostly to r&b and pop, but Miles' *Sketches of Spain* and *Kind of Blue* really sock it to me. But Miles is the teacher, so I'm going to be cool, stay in the background, and back up my man. . . ."

MANN FORMS NEW FIRM; DEBUTS SHOW PACKAGE

Herbie Mann, flutist, band leader and a&r man has expanded into the fields of production and management with his newly formed firm, Five Faces of Music Production. Co-managed by Mann and John Gibbs, 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 Picnic* by Ayers and Marcus' *Count's Rock Band*.

Mann's initial showcase for the groups under his aegis was a two-week fall extravaganza at the Village Gate entitled *The Music World of Herbie Mann*, with a lineup that included Mann's new 20-piece band, his regular quintet, Ayer's sextet, Marcus' quintet, and comedian David Steinberg. Mann's big band included a string section; Charles Tolliver and Bob Yancey, trumpets; David (Fathead) Newman and Marcus, tenor saxophones; Bob Capers, baritone saxophone; Larry Coryell, guitar, and Ayers, vibes. Arrangements were by William Fischer, who also conducted. The Mann quintet had Ayers, guitarist Sonny Sharrock, bassist Miroslav Vitous, and drummer Bruno Carr.

AMRAM AUTOBIOGRAPHY GETS SWINGING SENDOFF

On Sept. 30, a gala jam session and reception was held at Max's Kansas City in Manhattan to celebrate the publication of composer-French hornist David Amram's autobiography, *Vibrations: The Adventures and Musical Times of David Amram*, published by Macmillan.

Participating were such notables as playwright Arthur Miller, actress Sandy Den-

nis and her husband Gerry Mulligan, Paul Desmond, and Bob Dylan. On stage, there was jazz with saxophonists George Barrow and Jay Cameron, pianist Nico Bunink, and bassist Art Phipps.

Barrow and Phipps were associated with Amram in the Amram-Barrow quintet in the days of the original Five Spot. Later in the evening, the guest of honor sat in with his old buddies.

FINAL BAR

Pianist-arranger Teacho Wiltshire, 59, died Sept. 29 in New York City. Best known as a vocal coach and arranger in the r&b field, Wiltshire was active as an a&r man for Prestige records in the mid-'50s and arranged and produced such hits as King Pleasure's *Moody's Mood For Love* and Annie Ross' *Twisted and Farmer's Market* (he played piano on the Ross date). Wiltshire also arranged for big bands and wrote special material for singers. Just prior to his death, he completed an assignment for Dizzy Gillespie's group.

Elliott Grennard, 61, best known for his award-winning jazz short story *Sparrow's Last Jump*, died in New York City July 23. He was among the early jazz writers in the U.S., contributing articles on the music to the *New Masses* in the 1930s. He was editor of *Billboard* magazine from 1942 to 1944.

POTPOURRI

Trumpeter Willie Cook is back with Duke Ellington after an absence of more than five years. Cook rejoined the band just prior to its successful tour of South America in September, raising the number of Ducal trumpets to five.

Drummer Joe Morello began a tour of 20 European cities in mid-October, conducting drum clinics sponsored by Ludwig Drum Co. Morello visited England, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

"A Gala Night of Jazz and Drums" will be presented by drummer Sam Ulano at New York's Town Hall on Dec. 1. Featured will be the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra; clarinetist Sol Yaged's quartet with Ray Nance, Dave Martin and Ulano; and a battle of drums involving Jimmy Cobb, Alan Dawson and Joe Cusatis. Included in special events to be held during the evening will be a drawing for drum equipment donated by leading manufacturers. For the drummers and percussion teachers in the house, scores of the drum parts Mel Lewis will perform that night will be distributed to the audience.

Alto saxophonist Marion Brown reports from Europe that his group—trumpeter Ambrose Jackson, vibist Gunter Hampel, bassist Barre Phillips and drummer Steve McCall—did a German tour that included Esslingen, Villingen and Munich. Brown has been selected to compose and play the score for Marcel Camus' *Le Temps Fou*, a new film in which Phillips will also have an acting role.



Can you pick out the sons of famous musical fathers in this band? The leader is Monguito Santamaria, son of Latin drummer Mongo Santamaria. Two other footstep followers are saxophonist Rene McLean, son of Jackie McLean, and Jose Mangual Jr., whose father played bongos with Machito and now does the same for Erroll Garner. Monguito, Rene and Jose Jr. have been playing together since 1964. Monguito has had his own groups for two years. His current band was formed in 1967. It has appeared at Mr. Wonderful in Newark; in concert with Horace Silver last year; at dances, and for Symphony Sid at his Red Garter sessions in New York City. In November, it played a week in Puerto Rico at the Flamboyan Hotel, at the University of Puerto Rico, and on TV. Its style might be described as Latin-jazz-soul-rock, somewhat like Monguito's daddy, but more jazz-oriented. "We can play typical Latin if we have to," says Monguito, "but I'd rather do our thing." The group's second album for the Fania label, *Hey Sister*, was released in October. Its oldest members are Ronnie Hill and Harry Hargraves, 28; the youngest is Andy Gonzales, 17. The average age is 21 or 22. Front row, left to right: Hill, timbales; Monguito, piano; Gonzales, bass. Top row, left to right: McLean, alto, tenor saxophones; Willie Bruno, Latin vocals; Mangual Jr., bongos, cowbell; Ronnie Marks, English vocals; Joe Daley, trombone; Hargraves, trumpet (not pictured: Sam Turner, conga).

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Eastern Airlines, in cooperation with New York City's Department of Cultural Affairs, the Mayor's Urban Action Task Force and the Central Brooklyn Model Cities Committee, sponsored a free public concert by **Duke Ellington's** orchestra in Bedford-Stuyvesant's Lincoln Terrace Park on the afternoon of Sept. 22. The following day Ellington left for Mexico City to participate in the Cultural Olympics preceding the Olympic Games . . . **Junior Mance's** week at the Top of the Gate included two nights of live recording for Atlantic. With the pianist were **Wilbur Little**, bass, and **Rudy Collins**, drums. **Richard Alderson** handled the dials for the on-location taping . . . **Chico Hamilton's** stay at La Boheme was short-lived. Trumpeter **Ted Curson** finished out the last part of the week, and tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin** took over for the final week in September followed by trombonist **Benney Powell** in October. Pianist **Sonny Donaldson's** trio supplied the backing . . . When **Ruby Braff** departed the Half Note, **Brew Moore** did one week more with rhythm backing. Then **Al Colm** and **Zoot**

Sims came in with **Dave Frishberg**, piano; **Bill Takas**, bass, and **Denny Siewall**, drums . . . Jazz Line has a new number. When **Gaitha Martinez** left New York after years of invaluable service to the local jazz community, the information wire was taken over by **Jack Grealish**, another member of Jazz Interactions. To find out who is playing where in the Apple and environs, now call 894-6713 . . . Oct. 4 marked the beginning of **Art D'Lugoff's** autumnal weekends-only policy at the Village Gate. **Herbie Mann's** quintet and the **Soul Flutes** did the honors . . . The **Barry Miles Quintet** and **Archie Shepp's** group did the last two Sundays at the Dom for Jazz Interactions. Pianist Miles had **Lew Soloff**, trumpet; **Lew Tabackin**, tenor saxophone; **Reggie Johnson**, bass, and **Alan Schwartzberg**, drums. Shepp's men included **Grachan Moncur**, trombone; **Wilbur Ware**, bass, and **Beaver Harris**, drums. JJ has moved its Sunday series to Steve Paul's The Scene, beginning with **Sun Ra** and his **Space Arkestra** Oct. 6 . . . Political cabaret, presented by a group called **The DMZ**, went into the Village Vanguard in October. Guitarist **Larry Coryell's** group played nightly after the show

. . . The **Marian McPartland Trio** and **Joel Shulman** did the first half of October at the Top of the Gate. With Miss McPartland were **Line Milliman** on bass and **Doug Senibaldi** on drums. Shulman's piano was solo . . . **MUSE**, the Bedford Lincoln Neighborhood Museum in Brooklyn, presented two concerts recently. Trumpeter-fluegelhornist **Jimmy Owens** led a group featuring **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Chris White**, bass, and **Freddie Waits**, drums. In the second program, reed man **Roland Alexander** led an ensemble . . . A *Modern Americana Music Revival* was held at the Penthouse in Brooklyn, with trumpeter **Blue Mitchell**, alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson**, baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne**, pianist **Harold Mabern**, bassist **Paul Chambers** and drummer **Lenny McBrowne** . . . Pianist **Roland Hanna** was represented by an arrangement of *Dance, Little Lady* in Noel Coward's revue *Sweet Potato* at the Ethel Barrymore Theater . . . The quintet of **Noah Howard**, the quartets of **Don Ayler** and **Charles Moffett**, and the voices of **Alaet Sha-Noff** have been some of the attractions in Slugs' "Jazz on a Saturday

(Continued on page 41)



ECHOES OF MONTEREY

Feather's
Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

ONE OF THE more fascinating aspects of the Monterey Jazz Festival is the multitude of concessions in the fairgrounds, the business they solicit and the customers they attract.

The Knights of Columbus will sell you hot dogs, which you may follow up with apple turnovers at the Pacific Grove Kiwanis stand. Showing your total impartiality, you may patronize the Congregation Beth Israel Pastrami House, then walk across 100 feet of grass-covered ground to the Arab Club diner for kebabs.

Strolling down the long arcade at the side of the concert area, where most of the non-comestible goods are available, you find that changes have been wrought through the years. Right next to the Musicians' Wives coffee concession there is a Free Huey Newton stall where you may sign a petition.

Most of the concessions along this arcade are operated by blacks, who used to be Negroes, who before that were colored men, prior to which they were blacks. Beads and innumerable artifacts are available at reasonable prices. Somewhere in the area, too, there is a bus, labeled "Hernando's Rideaway", from which have been unloaded large supplies of African-styled blouses and other garments, offered by New Breed Ltd., another

resourceful outgrowth of black economic power.

Some of the salesmen do not have stands or buses; they merely walk around. One of them, carrying a can for donations, was selling "I've Got a Dream" bumper stickers and lapel pins. I heard a potential customer ask him, "How do I know what organization you represent? Where are your credentials?" He hesitated a moment, then said: "I left them in the car."

He may very well have left them in the car; but a jazz festival, in addition to attracting music lovers and sincere advocates of freedom and civil rights, brings out a small number of opportunists for whom such an occasion can be a field day.

There is a legitimate bookstand at which fewer books concerned with music were on display than books dealing with our national crisis, a crisis *Ebony* aptly labeled The White Problem. The whole area, it seemed, had been set up in a manner designed to give George Wallace a thrombosis, should he ever decide to visit Monterey.

Looked at superficially, the festival's ambiance could have been interpreted as one of happy fraternization. For the integrationists, there were innumerable examples, both on and offstage, of amiable and trouble-free cooperation between the races. For the separatists, there were a few occasions when one could point to the musical happenings and find a combo composed entirely of soul brothers (also, two or three times, an all-grey group).

So, at first glance, it was as if we had been mercifully transplanted away from the national nightmare and into a land of free options and natural fraternization. But a more searching look at the scene, and an analysis of the overtones at some of the concession stands, re-

vealed the polarization that has affected everyone, even in the supposedly enlightened world of jazz and its adherents.

I was reminded of an incident a couple of months ago, as I entered a very well known jazz club. When the manager stopped me at the door I gave him my name and asked to see the owner.

He looked at me in surprise. "You Leonard Feather?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you use to write for *Down Beat*?"

"Sure. Still do."

"Damn," said the night man. "I always thought you were a black cat."

Then came the punch line. After a brief pause he said, "I'll have to do some re-evaluating."

At first this reaction seemed mildly amusing, but when the full impact hit me I realized how sad it was. We have reached a stage in the disintegration of personal relationships and inter-group understanding at which judgments cannot be made without advance ethnic briefing, or must be changed when an irrelevant assumption has turned out to be false. My musical opinions most probably will be seen in a different light.

Conscience pangs will nevertheless continue to prompt me, in my views and evaluations, to judge everything as I hear it, as if I were being conducted through a *Blindfold Test*. If I commend or denounce a group that happens to be all-black or all-white, my praise or denunciation will be based on the same standards I have applied for 30 years: musical standards. At the same time, I will understand the circumstances that brought us to this stage, where re-evaluations are now conducted on the basis of skin color. And I will work, as we all must, to turn these circumstances around before it is too late, too late for all of us to know or act.



MEMO FROM MONTEREY by Harvey Siders



JIM TAYLOR

Billy Eckstine's Monterey Debut: Never in Better Voice

YOU KNOW THE classic riddle—if a tree falls in the forest and no one hears it, did it make any noise? Well, 35,000 jazz fans were recently subjected to a diabolical variation on that old puzzler. Someone gave a jazz festival for the 11th time in Monterey, California, but since no one could hear it, was it really held?

Perhaps that's exaggerated. I heard it, but then I can read lips. I also read minds, and I think I'm close to the truth in saying that impresario Jimmy Lyons will never cut corners again in the sound department.

Deterioration set in at the very outset when a half-hour film-and-slide presentation of past Monterey glories was scuttled by a system that was anything but sound. Professionalism was restored when Mel Torme opened the musical portion of the festival.

To Lyons goes the credit for turning the evening concerts into an ideal blend of show business and jazz. Each was hosted by a singer whose jazz credentials are impeccable: Torme, Carmen McRae and Billy Eckstine. Their intros were slick, often, witty, never rambling. They took charge with confidence, kept the pacing brisk, and never indulged in the platitudinous oratory that festival crowds have come to expect from emcees.

With some clever material at his disposal, Torme introduced Count Basie, Oscar Peterson and Dizzy Gillespie in song, then launched into an excellent set highlighted by *Surrey With The Fringe On Top*, negotiating some complicated inner

modulations; *Carioca*, anchored by Chuck Domanico's bass ostinato, and featuring good scat by Torme; his much-appreciated rendition of *Lulu's Back in Town*; and *Too Darn Hot*, replete with Torme's simulated trombone shakes. He received outstanding support by the Dektet, who proved that Marty Paich's 13-year-old charts wear extremely well.

Those charts are as old as the average age of the Craig Hundley Trio, who appeared next—or at least tried to. Lyons relegated the juvenile jazzmen (Hundley, piano, 14; J. J. Wiggins, bass, 12; Gary Chase, drums, 14) to an entr'acte, which meant playing in front of a closed curtain at extreme stage left. To begin with, you don't use a combo as a substitute for intermission. Why is "intermission" such a dirty word to festival producers? People want to stretch their legs, or visit with friends, or get a drink, and they are going to do it anyway, so why encourage such commotion while a group is trying to be heard?

As for being heard, with the curtains down, the sound booth had no visual contact with the trio (of course, it's debatable whether the booth had *any* contact with *any* group except the Viet Cong), and Hundley's Monterey debut was sabotaged. I have no idea *what* they played, so I'm in no position to judge *how* it was played. On their behalf, let me point out that there was a familiar pulse to everything they did. The youngsters swung, but whatever harmonic sophistication was added to the infectious time-keeping was lost due

to the intermittent sound. They looked and acted like real pros.

Gary Burton's set suffered the same imbalance as Jerry Hahn's mike occasionally went on strike. More's the pity, since this was the first opportunity to hear the guitarist who replaced Larry Coryell. A speaker above the proscenium volunteered an unwelcome obbligato for the entire set, ruining the sensitive four-mallet voicings by Burton during *Falling Greens* and Carla Bley's *Mother of the Dead Man*. The polyphony of *Green Mountain*, fortunately, was preserved and well appreciated. To compete with the annoying hum, Hahn turned his amp up so high it even drowned out the jets coming in for a landing at Monterey Airport (the County Fairgrounds are directly in the flight path), then down again to participate in a great rock-blues that featured excellent Fender basswork by Steve Swallow, playful goosing by drummer Roy Haynes and an unforgettable cadenza by Burton. One of Haynes' flashiest solos was heard in the set closer, *Portsmouth Configurations*.

The Hundley trio was brought back for another entr'acte and fared a little better. At least the tunes were recognizable, and so was the togetherness that is emerging from this trio. They began with Dave Mackay's 5/4 bossa nova *Now*, and displayed utter confidence with the odd meter. They also played *How Insensitive*, sandwiched between excerpts of Chopin's *Prelude in E Minor*, which Craig played solo to show how similar its descending chromatic lines are to the bossa nova.

The greatest thing that happened Friday night was Oscar Peterson. Although he complained of the cold (after the act, backstage), his fingers were not affected. All 15 of them were immediately warmed up. And the "instant groove" was shared by Sam Jones and Bobby Durham. It has always been a source of amazement to me how Peterson can be so flawless yet so overpowering. That paradox came through in the opener, *The Lamp Is Low*, aided by Durham's choked-cymbal exclamation points. The tune Oscar lavished the most love on was an original he enjoys playing: *L'Impossible*. It was beautifully rendered, heightened by the spread-eagle octaves of Peterson's separate-but-equal hands. The greatest crowd pleaser was *Li'l Darlin'*, with a provocative hesitation attack, an exciting journey into double-time, and then a return to the original tempo, featuring Oscar's sinewy tremolos. Cries of "more" punctuated the standing ovation.

Closing out the night were Count Basic and his relaxed swingers. With his band came the most absurd return of the electronic gremlins: the man who literally overwhelmed the rest of the band was Freddie Green! His unyielding chomp-chomp cut an aural swath through his colleagues and spoiled a fairly good set including *Hittin' Twelve*; *Midnight Sun Never Sets* (featuring Marshall Royal); *Cherokee* (with Lockjaw Davis), and an excellent *Blues For Eileen*, highlighted by a duologue between flutist Eric Dixon and trumpeter Al Aarons. Sir Richard Boone received a tremendous ovation with his "mellifluous mumbles" that turned *I Got Rhythm* into "I Got Rik-Tah, Polly-Waddle Doodle All The Day!" Torme returned to sing with Basic, and Dizzy Gillespie wandered on stage, whereupon Torme cajoled him into a humorous spat-cum-scat.

Saturday afternoon was hot, but the performers were merely tepid. B. B. King and Grady Tate were scheduled, but failed to show (no explanation was given). Unfortunately, Vince Guaraldi did show. He and just about everyone else on the matinee turned the blues into the "blahs." Guaraldi's trio backed guitarist Mel Brown, and the results were so sloppy, Brown apologized to the crowd. Their set sounded like "music minus one," especially when they could not decide on solo routines, and the inept Fender bassist just walked.

The blues shouting of Jimmy Rushing was a welcome relief, even though his first two numbers were in the same groove, same key, same tempo. Both were built around those eternal blues clichés: *Outskirts of Town*, *C. C. Rider*, *Goin' To Chicago*, etc. A slightly brisker *Every Day* was Rushing's best offering with Guaraldi providing a good background of Charleston jabs and occasional honky tonk. A way-up *Sent For You Yesterday* ended the Rushing set and started the crowd dancing.

They twisted, bugalooed, frugged and Watusi'd through Muddy Waters' wearisome set. Waters sang *Hoochie Coochie Man* and other slow, slow blues that would ordinarily encourage drowsiness, but the dancers kept the crowd awake. Pianist Otis Spann also contributed a slow blues,

then Waters livened things up with *Got My Mojo Working*. The mike, or the amplifier (or was it the mojo?) for the Fender bassist called it quits, but the dancers kept on.

Even Big Mama Thornton couldn't divert the audience's attention from the dancers, who were by now snaking their way up and down the aisles. With a heavily amplified group that included guitarist Mel Brown and Harmonica George Smith, Big Mama bellowed out *Watermelon Man* and *Wade in the Water*, blew harmonica, played drums, launched into a completely inaudible talking blues, and climaxed her revival meeting by "collapsing" into the outstretched arms of omnipresent Dizzy Gillespie, who risked a double hernia for his yeomanship. By this time, the fairgrounds looked like an outdoor discotheque. There were many genuine converts, but the majority seemed to welcome the opportunity to shake a leg or other part of the anatomy after sitting so long in the Monterey sun.

Saturday night began with two types of feedback: that which helped and that which hindered Gabor Szabo's set. Gabor's intentional control of electronics enhanced his fine solos on *Sunshine Superman* and *Bacchanal*. But his plectrum partner Jim Stewart might just as well have sat in the audience for all the good his mike served. Highlighting Gabor's most popular number in his book—*Spellbinder*—was an exciting and quite melodic percussion duet between Hal Gordon and Dick Berk.

Pity the poor MJQ. Musically, they had so much to offer, and so little cooperation from the mikes—even less from the "hiss and hers" speakers atop the festival stage. If that wasn't bad enough, John Lewis tried to calm down the angry crowd, but his voice is as delicate as his playing. He deserves much credit for maintaining his composure. When they could be heard, the numbers that made the greatest impact included *Monterey Mist*, a good, gentle up-tune; *Exposure*, with its episodic film-score sound and impressionistic filigrees by Lewis and Milt Jackson; *A Cold Wind Is Blowing*, reminiscent of *Django* in the sequential release; the serene *Adagio* by Rodrigo, and *The Jasmine Tree*, in which Percy Heath managed to swing simply by playing a pedal point. At the end of the first chorus of *Night In Tunisia*, at the precise spot where you're accustomed to hearing Dizzy Gillespie's famous break, out came Birks and the set ended with an exciting jam session.

A new group, the Third Wave, returned to center stage backed by the George Duke Trio after an aborted attempt to be heard as an entr'acte. The group consists of five Filipino girls, the Ente Sisters, ranging in age from 12 to 17. Singing *Music In The Air*, *Shiny Stockings* and *Chloe*, they revealed a crisp attack, one-ness of phrasing and a clear articulation that resembled a cross between the very early King Sisters and the Swingle Singers. Equally outstanding were their charts, done by their uncle Flip Nunez, Duke and bassist John Heard. Duke, incidentally, is a hard-driving accompanist and deserves much credit for generating excitement behind the vocal quintet.

Hostess Carmen McRae took over with her usual blase humor and her frequent changes of attire, but when it came to her own set, it was a no-nonsense medley of *I've Got It Bad*, *Let There Be Love*, *I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco*, *Too Close For Comfort* and *Alfie*. She milked the lyrics, squeezed out their drama, swung with abandon, and slid into the low flame of funk. Matching her mood was the backing provided by Norm Simmons, Percy Heath, Connie Kay and Francois Vaz. Two other numbers were as outstanding for the accompaniment as they were for her renditions: *Butterfly of Love* and *Easy Livin'*, both for Dizzy's off-stage muted comments; and the latter for the full chordal backing by guitarist Vaz.

The fact that Don Ellis was so atypically Don Ellis added greatly to his excellent contribution. Breaking out of the mold of odd meters, Ellis and his large organization put on a demonstration of big band swing, plunging straight-ahead in the reckless signature of 4/4. And if that doesn't silence some critics, Ellis' best moments were confined even further by honest-to-goodness 12-bar blues. One was called simply *The Blues* and included a Dixieland front line that very nearly "threatened" to fall into a Dukish voicing, a la *Mood Indigo*. Another paid eloquent tribute to Charlie Parker, as Frank Strozier led off with a poignant cadenza on Bird's *K. C. Blues*. Ellis' chart featured sassy brass explosions behind an inspired solo by tenorist John Klemmer, and some soulful flights by Ellis himself. *Scratt and Fluggs* conveyed all the humor of the spoonerism in its title with a razz-mattazz, Bonnie-and-Clyde hootenanny in 5/4. *Pussy Wiggle Stomp* was another happy chart with a Dixie flavor in 7/4—somewhat suggestive of *Lulu's Back in Town*. The only disappointment was *Variations for Trumpet* with its fragmented, unmotivated episodes, heavy brass that obliterated orchestral balance, and Ellis' electronic trumpeting that concentrated on low tones too vulgar to swing.

The evening ended when Carmen returned to sing with the Ellis band, conducted by Norm Simmons. *Day By Day*, *For Once in My Life* and *Stardust* were marked by perfunctory charts, and underscored the fact that Carmen sings and swings better when she wears a loose-fitting combo.

Szabo re-appeared to open the final afternoon. His quintet was augmented by Bill Plummer, sitar, and Mike White, violin. Plummer's sitar cascades lent a meditative brilliance to the total sound, and White extended the harmony, introducing some refreshing polytonality. But even they could not dissipate the wearying sameness of sound that resulted from the long, meandering intros and endings with their limited changes. When the tunes got down to the Eastern nitty-gritty, Berk and Gordon introduced the stimulation that was needed.

That session was labeled "All Strung Out," but Cal Tjader's pun for the next set was better. "Generation of Vibers" proved to be one of the more memorable highlights of the festival as Tjader, Gary

/Continued on page 34

MARLENA SHAW ARRIVES

ONE EVENING in August 1966, at the Playboy Club in Hollywood, something remarkable happened.

It was a reasonably typical Playboy Club show, opening with a singer named Nick Noble, who oozed self-confidence. "It's so nice to be here in California," said Noble. "It's a wonderful, wonderful city." He even sang *Let Me Entertain You*.

As always, there was a comedian, a fellow by the name of Tom Melody. I felt sure he would be followed by a singer named Sam Comedy, but luck was with me. The other act on the show was a girl I had never heard of—Marlena Shaw.

After less than half a chorus, it was evident that Miss Shaw had several specifics going for her: the complete self-confidence of a Streisand, contours as willowy as Nancy Wilson's, and a jazz feeling that became immediately evident as she bent the melody of *Love Me Or Leave Me* attractively out of shape.

Clearly, too, she had the technical equipment to carry her through a demanding program of well-selected material, and to keep a firm grip clear through to the final long-held note. She evidenced a winning way with ballads, then wound up her set with a straight-from-the-soul treatment of the Gospel standard *Do Lord*, calculated to make Jane Russell and those other two chicks run for shelter.

Marlena Shaw had never been heard on records, but her very hip manner, nubile physical assets and swinging sound added up to star potential.

During the next two years, there were several ups and downs, but two conspicuous ups seemed to compensate for the downs: she began recording for Cadet, and she worked twice with Count Basie in Las Vegas. Last August she joined Basie again, this time seemingly on a more permanent basis, though a prior commitment prevented her from appearing with him at the Monterey Jazz Festival, which could have introduced her to a large jazz audience for the first time.

The story of her career symbolizes the plight of the jazz singer in the late 1960s. It is no longer enough, apparently, merely to be an exceptional jazz-oriented vocalist. You have to accommodate yourself to what is happening in the market place today, and what's happening is that jazz singers, even the most famous of them, are generally not selling unless they are willing to go the r&b or rock route, with heavy, sludgy rhythm sections and often with nouveau-pop material that does not necessarily suit them.

Although Miss Shaw does not particularly care about being classified as a jazz singer, she does care about singing tunes that fit her style, to accompaniments that suit her taste. As if this were not enough of a problem, the pattern of her life has been so erratic, and she has paid so many dues that you wonder why she has not become bitter and sold out her artistry along the way.

She was born Marlene (not Marlena) Bradshaw, Sept. 22, 1942, in New Rochelle, N.Y. "An uncle of mine played trumpet and encouraged me to listen to records by Diz and Miles. He had some records by Al Hibbler, too, who impressed

me as a singer with a great sense of phrasing.

"Did I have any religious background? You better believe it! They have churches in New Rochelle too, you know. I played piano and sang in the choir in church for several years, and sometimes I would sit around and try to play piano with my uncle."

After high school, Marlena decided to study music. She went to State Teachers' College in Potsdam, N.Y., but found she couldn't make it and soon dropped out. A very early marriage took her into a lengthy period of obscurity, marked only by almost annual maternity. At 26, she is the shape-liest mother of five you ever saw. The youngest members of her brood are four-year-old twin daughters.

For a short while in 1963 she worked around New England with a trio led by Howard McGhee, with Phil Porter on organ and Candy Finch, now with Dizzy Gillespie, on drums.

McGhee was set to appear at that year's Newport Jazz Festival, but shortly before the date came around, there was a personal hassle with a member of the group and Marlena left for home in high dudgeon (I think it was a '63 Dudgeon Coupe). The incident probably retarded her career by four years.

She kept herself busy for a while by having the twins. Soon afterward she made a demo record and gave it to a friend, who sent it to a disc jockey, who sent it to John Hammond.

"He wrote me a beautiful letter," says Marlena, "and offered to arrange an audition. He got Ellis Larkins to play for me. But I got so nervous I really blew the audition. John said, 'You need experience.' We never got together after that."

Through Gene Stridel, the singer, she landed a good gig at the small chi-chi Manhattan bistro known as the Sniffen Court Inn. Then came a year in the lounge at the Concord in the Catskills; a job in Las Vegas with Adam Wade, and one sharing the bill with Arthur Prysock at the Fantasy East in Hollis, Long Island.

Next came the kind of calamity about which every singer has nightmares: total loss of voice. "Something happened to my throat. For a solid month I used up a hundred notepads writing messages."

After the voice returned, luck followed. She auditioned for the Playboy Clubs, and in 1966 played a dozen of the bunny hutches on the cross-country circuit.

She made a couple of singles for Cadet (including one of the few vocal versions of *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*) which sold very well for an unknown artist. "Then Count Basie's accountant, who happened also to be my accountant, heard that Basie was looking for a girl singer to work in a show with him in Vegas. I worked with the band at the Sands in August of 1967, and went back with him there a few months later. Meanwhile, in October, I'd cut my first album for Cadet."

Richard Evans, producer and arranger-conductor for the LP, was confronted by the above-cited problems of selling a jazz album by a jazz singer. He pulled off a remarkable artistic coup by providing her with a variety of generally tasty settings.

Of the 11 tracks, only three relied on excessively heavy rhythm in the r&b vein.

The Eyes of Love and *Will I Find My Love Today*, with string backgrounds, offered convincing evidence of her ability to invest a ballad with a strong yet tender quality. *Matchmaker*, done in a fast 3/4, and *Alone Together* were uncompromising jazz vocals. But the best tracks of all were Evans' own composition, a compelling blues-oriented piece called *I've Gotten Over You*, and a unique vocalization, with lyrics by a schoolteacher named Bob Williams, of Ahmad Jamal's delightful *Ahmad's Blues*, with a swinging choral background.

Appropriately, the album was titled *Out of Different Bags*. But as it showed beyond reasonable doubt, Marlena's best bag is the one that reveals her hip, sharp-edged timbre as a jazz sound.

This became even clearer when she sang last August with Basie at the Jazz Suite in Beverly Hills. The Count gave her four numbers to close each set, a break tantamount to star billing.

A job with a straight-ahead swinging band like Basie's (how many are there left?) is one of the few remaining strongholds in which a singer nowadays can retain a modern jazz image.

"Working with the band is a gas," she says. "It's unusual to be traveling with so many people, but they're great people, so I have no problems. In fact, they're always giving me helpful pointers. Singing with a band, particularly this band, is an experience I wish every singer could have."

In my opinion and in that of Harvey Siders, the only other critic who voted for her in *Down Beat's* Critics Poll, Marlena Shaw is the girl singer most deserving of wider recognition. It was ironic that this category was won by a singer who already has recognition about as wide as anyone could possibly need, Aretha Franklin. But provided the exigencies of a commercially rooted business-art allow her to hold on to her integrity, Marlena's turn will come, as surely as Garfunkel follows Simon. 



THE UNINHIBITED JANIS JOPLIN

an interview

with Mark Wolf



"Don'tcha understand? Music is just about feelin' things and havin' a good time! And people have forgotten that, I think. They've got to lay all these big cerebral trips on it. What we're trying to do in our music is just get back to old-time havin' a good time, jumpin', gettin' stoned, carryin' on . . . you know, 'Hey Baby! Come on up here an' let's do it!' Out on stage!"

With that straight-forward statement, Janis Joplin proceeded to gulp down another capful of one of her most publicized pastimes, Southern Comfort. The short, powerful singer sat in a padded chair in front of an open window overlooking Lawrence Avenue and the Lawrence "L" station in her dressing room at Chicago's Aragon-Cheetah. As the drink hit her, she scrunched up her expressive face. Then she relaxed, with a kind of satisfied half-smile on her face.

Janis Joplin, lead singer of Big Brother and the Holding Company, was born 25 years ago on Jan. 19 in Port Arthur, Texas. She always felt great contempt for the conservative manners of her home town, but doesn't regret having lived through the hypocrisy of the small-town environment. Her childhood sensitivity and ideas were drowned in a sea of hurt and hate, and a hard shell formed in her mind against the people who almost stunted her inborn insights.

"When you're a kid," she said, "you're all full of things, and you don't know what it's about."

Janis fled first into a secluded life, during which her time was filled with listening to Leadbelly and Odetta on records, and, at other times, painting and reading and writing poetry. But she could not find inner peace. So, after graduating from high school, she left her comfortable middle-class existence, with the dubious blessings of her parents, to make peace with and find her true self.

Janis, onstage. Her gold mini-dress and matching garter around her left thigh gleam in the spotlight as she begs, "Take another little piece a' my heart, now, baby!" A pleading urgency makes her stomp, as if sloppily marching in

place to the beat. The quivering of her lips seems to spread throughout her entire body, as she writhes and shakes. She screams, yells, demands, and then becomes passive. An almost innocently child-like smile creases her lips.

Digging astrology as I do, I had my F.N.A. (Friendly Neighborhood Astrologer) look up Janis' horoscope. It turns out that Janis is a Capricorn, with her sun in Capricorn and her moon in Cancer. I don't really know what the symbols stand for (except that Venus stands for love), but her horoscope shows many similarities with the real Janis. She has great sensitivity and insight into others, coupled with an overabundance of intuition (to quote: "I don't want others to let me get away with b.s., and I don't expect others to, either.") She has a great deal of pride, and a protective shell into which she crawls when hurt (as evidenced by her early childhood defensiveness). And, as a final point, she has a great appeal to the members of her audience. The only thing in her horoscope that I can't quite picture her doing is being domestic. . . .

Janis is a display of emotional fervor as she moves through a performance, relying on only her innate ability to move an audience, to make them feel as she feels: to weep, scream, go insane, and regain a semblance of sanity. Again in the dressing room: "When you're performing, it's like you're aware of the fact that you're standing on a stage and that people are looking at you, so what you do is, like, I suppose an actress; you put your head in a place where you recall all these emotions, 'cause you can't really feel 'em standing out on stage at the Aragon Ballroom, with a thousand spotlights in your face." Why not? "Well, because you aren't in love right then, are you? You aren't being hurt right then, are you? You aren't being kicked in the teeth right then, are you? You're standing on a stage. So you recall all this, and, like, you don't say, 'Well, now I'm going to remember January the 14th, when so-and-so kicked me in the teeth,' I mean, you don't really do that. But you just,

when you're singing the tune, you sort of like put your head in a place, in an emotional place that is apt to that tune."

After dropping in and out of four universities, Janis, with a blues-listening background which by then included Bessie Smith and Otis Redding, began to sing in folk and blues bars around Venice Beach and San Francisco. After bumming around for a while, she went back to Texas, but only as far as Austin in the southeastern part of the state. After playing the Austin hillbilly bars, someone who could only have been her fairy godfather discovered her and brought her to San Francisco to join Big Brother. The group consisted, at that time, of its present three string players (Sam Andrew, guitar and bass; James Gurley, guitar; Peter Albin, bass and guitar) and a drummer, soon replaced by Dave Getz. The group was the first musical environment in which Janis had a real chance to open up. [Shortly after this interview, it was announced that Janis was splitting from Big Brother to go out as a single, with a Columbia Records contract of her own.] Yet it makes the listener wonder, after hearing Janis, what she will sound like in her later years if she continues to strain her voice to its limits at each performance. But, according to Janis, "You *have* to sing loud and move wild with all that (the electronic volume and rhythm of a rock band) in back of you. . . . I've tried cooling myself and not screaming and I've walked off feeling like nothing." So if the music incorporates all of the facets of rock coupled with blues singing, what can the music be called? Janis: "How 'bout 'blues-rock-soul-rock-blues'? I don' know. It's all those things. Loud. . . . It's 'blues-rock', if ya' gotta call it anything, call it that. 'Blues-rock.'"

Janis nears the end of a performance. Her hair is free,

unkempt, she is sweating profusely, and she breathes heavily as if she has just run the four-minute mile. And in many ways, she has done just that. She has tried to grasp the 3,000 spectators watching her personal orgy, tempting them, tantalizing them, trying to make them consume her as she has presented herself onstage in a most sensual way to make them accept her offering. She has reached inside each one and twisted them into realizing that they can control her by only asking. The males are tormented: "I need a man to love me, don'cha understan' me, baby?" The girls cry to see one of their own sex giving all that she has to offer in such a primitively ritualistic way. But Janis is not yet satisfied. She sings another song: "I'm gonna leave you, baby, I can't help myself. I gotta leave you, baby. . . ." She stomps, flails her hair, points at each member of the audience, and screams! Not from terror, but from sheer delight. The music rushes on as the group tries to keep up with its tiger. "Hate ma baba, baba, hate ma baba, baba, I gotta go right now. . . ." A final piercing wail cuts through the auditorium, as the music fades behind Janis' single held note. An ovation greets the end of the performance as Janis takes the coffee mug that has been carefully placed on an amp behind her and drinks to her conquest. . . .

After the interview, as I packed up my tape recorder and prepared to leave, this woman, who had proved to be such a beautiful person, not only as a performer but as a human being, asked me in her strong, husky voice, "Could you send a copy of your article to my manager? Here's his card." And then, I swear, the child-like innocence that she keeps in reserve under her protective, hard exterior, appeared in one of the most wistful smiles imaginable. "You see, I'm keeping a scrapbook. . . ."

ES



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Alan Heineman, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, Bill Mathieu, Marian McParland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Richard Abrams

LEVELS AND DEGREES OF LIGHT—Delmark DS-413: *Levels and Degrees of Light*; *My Thoughts are My Future—Now and Forever*; *The Bird Song*.

Personnel: Abrams, clarinet, piano; Anthony Braxton, alto saxophone; Maurice McIntyre, tenor saxophone; Gordon Emmanuel, vibraharp (tracks 1, 2); Leroy Jenkins, violin (track 3 only); Charles Clark, bass; Leonard Jones, bass (track 3 only); Thurman Barker, drums; Penelope Taylor, vocal (track 1 only); David Moore, recitation (track 3 only).

Rating: see below

Anthony Braxton

THREE COMPOSITIONS OF NEW JAZZ—Delmark DS-415: (849M)/*Realize*; AH88; *The Bell*.

Personnel: Leo Smith, trumpet, mellophone, xylophone, etc.; Braxton, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet, flute, musette, accordion, etc.; Leroy Jenkins, violin, viola, harmonica, etc.; Richard Abrams, piano, cello, alto clarinet.

Rating: ★★

These musicians are members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, the Chicago organization whose achievements have been described in past issues by Bill Quinn, John Litweiler and Terry Martin.

The best players in the organization (trumpeter Lester Bowie; saxophonists Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, Anthony Braxton, Maurice McIntyre; pianist Richard Abrams; and bassists Charles Clark and Malachi Favors) have few peers among their contemporaries. Yet if the AACM had fostered only the growth of these players, I think both its members and its audience would be disappointed. What is desired and expected is a music that will build on the acquisitions of the Coleman-Coltrane generation and make the collective freedom that *Free Jazz* and *Ascension* proposed a reality.

Abrams' record has the virtues and flaws of a typical AACM concert—much unfocused energy, a fascination with sound for its own sake, formal structures that have little organic relation to the rest of the music, and those excellent players who are revealed at close to full force.

Levels and Degrees of Light consists of a wordless vocal by Penelope Taylor and an Abrams' clarinet solo framed by vibraharp glissandi from Emmanuel. The piece is a virtually motionless series of sounds which attempts to represent the visual events named in the title. The effect of such music varies from listener to listener—some being annoyed by the lack of development, others reveling in the wash of pure sound. I found the piece overlong but pleasant.

My Thoughts Are My Future—Now and Forever, which the musicians introduce by chanting the title, is a series of solos over a churning rhythm. Braxton is a passionate and lyrical player in the Coltrane tradition who has successfully adapted this style to the alto. His playing combines a rich, full sound, which be-

comes hoarse with excitement, and a graceful manner of phrasing. He can play at a speed about one-third slower than the basic pulse and then gradually accelerate until he matches the pulse of the rhythm section (Coltrane does this during his *My Favorite Things* solo on *Coltrane Live at the Village Vanguard Again*).

McIntyre is a potentially important voice on his instrument. Some players of the "new music" have chosen not to swing, substituting other rhythmic impulses, and in certain cases one wonders whether it was ever a matter of choice. McIntyre, however, swings with a force that recalls Chu Berry. He is as lyrical as Braxton and has a more complex sense of time which includes some of Sonny Rollins' West Indian grace.

Barker and Clark also solo on *My Thoughts*, the former sounding like a muffled and diminished Tony Williams, the latter displaying only a portion of his talent.

The Bird Song takes up the whole second side. It is apparently intended to be a major effort, but it is not a successful one. After a clarinet introduction by Abrams, poet David Moore reads his verse. A critique of it would fall outside the scope of this review.

Most of the track consists of more sound for the sake of sound—this time

quite accurate imitations of bird calls. Within this aviary there is an impassioned duet between Braxton and McIntyre.

Extra-musical factors make this a difficult album to rate. I don't know whether to blame Abrams, a&r man Bob Koester, the engineer, or all three, but the album is afflicted with some of the worst echo I have ever heard. During the Braxton-McIntyre duet it is difficult to differentiate the notes that are being played from the echoes of previous notes. The whole album suffers from this fun-house mirror effect, and whoever is responsible should be ashamed of the injustice he has done to the musicians. I would rate the music three stars, balancing the failure of the larger forms against the playing of Braxton and McIntyre. Prospective buyers can decide whether it is worth the effort to hear them through the awful echo.

Braxton's album is decently recorded, but it has little else to recommend it. His group seems to have been influenced by Roscoe Mitchell's kind of musical free-association, in which success requires considerable resources of empathy and imagination, resources that Braxton's group does not possess. A large part of the failure lies with Smith and Jenkins, who are nowhere near as accomplished as Mitchell's associates. Next to Lester Bowie, Smith is an apprentice who is trying to find his way. Jenkins, to my taste, is one of the least interesting musicians in the Association. He is a concert-trained violinist who sounds as though he is playing an endless cadenza to a 19th century violin concerto.

None of Braxton's playing here is equal to his best work. Both his solos and the group efforts are frequently disjunct, and while there is a superficial resemblance to Roscoe Mitchell's approach, the fragments lack the momentum and coherence of Mitchell's music.

The only real interest on the album lies in Abrams' complex piano accompaniment on *M488*, but it should be pointed out that this is a still evolving music. Given the talent that Braxton has displayed in other contexts, his next album may be as successful as this one is not. —Kart

Earl Coleman

LOVE SONG—Atlantic SD 8172: *People: There's No You; A Day in The Life Of A Fool; I've Got You Under My Skin; I Wish I Knew; I Won't Tell A Soul (I Love You); Work Song; Manhattan Serenade; Charade; When Did You Leave Heaven*.

Personnel: Coleman, vocal. Tracks 1, 4, 7: unidentified big band including Jerome Richardson, flute; Billy Taylor, piano. All other tracks: Eddie Williams, trumpet; Taylor, piano; Gene Bertonecini, guitar; Reggie Workman, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Coleman's rich, warm baritone will be

Mathieu Bows Out

Bill Mathieu has resigned from the reviewing staff of *Down Beat*. He explains his decision as follows:

"I guess I've joined the ranks of those who can no longer write rating-oriented criticism. I don't know how to bring heaven down to this green earth, but for me, writing rating-oriented criticism definitely doesn't feel like the way to do it. Before desisting, though, I want to honor promises for three reviews. They appear in this issue, after several months of unfair procrastination.

"I used to think that given my background plus my involvement as a musician, I had the makings of a perfect music critic. Now I think that this was a rationalization—that I really enjoyed being in the judge's seat. I used to think: But if I don't do it, someone else less well equipped will botch the job. Now I see how well this concern protected my position.

"My work is music. From now on, I'll do my music in public, and keep my opinions private, where they belong. To my readers who have dug my words, thanks. I have dug your digging them."

Mathieu joined the *Down Beat* reviewing staff in 1961.

fondly remembered by listeners whose "roots" extend to the bop era. His recorded output was small (the classic *This Is Always* and *Dark Shadows* with Bird and Erroll Garner; a date with Fats Navarro; some singles with Gene Ammons) but telling. After a long absence from the limelight, the singer brings to this comeback album the same old warmth but a new assurance.

His range still hits that matchless "fat" bottom but has been extended upwards; his intonation is now consistently excellent; the faint wobble that sometimes marred his early efforts is gone. His phrasing is musical and no longer mannered, and also present is that insight into a song that comes with maturity.

Though no imitator, Coleman sings in the tradition of Billy Eckstine (who recommends the album in a friendly postscript to the liner notes), and those who find this approach sympathetic will surely enjoy his work and the selection of songs.

Included are four "standards" of recent vintage and several older tunes that haven't been overexposed, among them the pretty *Manhattan Serenade* and the seldom-heard *I Won't Tell A Soul*.

Coleman is, I think, at his best on such nostalgic pieces. *There's No You* and *I Wish I Knew* are particularly poignant. The accompaniment is discreet and tasteful. Eddie Williams' trumpet obbligatos indicate that more should be heard from him—he was long buried in Lionel Hampton's band but emerges here as a sensitive melodist. Taylor's touch is just right, and the band charts (two by Frank Foster and one by Tom McIntosh) are pleasantly conceived.

One hopes that Coleman will find his rightful place in the sun. This album proves that as a romantic balladeer he has few contemporary equals. —*Morgenstern*

Ornette Coleman

THE MUSIC OF ORNETTE COLEMAN—RCA Victor LSC 2982: *Forms and Sounds*; *Saints and Soldiers*; *Space Flight*.

Personnel: *Forms and Sounds* is performed by the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, with trumpet interludes by Coleman; *Saints and Soldiers* and *Space Flight* are performed by the Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia String Quartet.

Rating: see below

It is exciting to witness what happens to a composition student when he first becomes aware of the variety and depth of musical literature. With great enthusiasm, he may compose a work which he truly believes to be his own, but which is actually a protracting and distorting of these first flashes. Not yet in full control of his compositional inheritance, the student is only rearranging the music of other men.

Coleman's string quartet *Saints and Soldiers* is a dated encyclopedia of such music. Its composer has not assimilated the music of other men, so his composition has been tyrannized by all the old masterpieces which lurk about. If Coleman understood how much of this piece is not his own, I think he would learn more of the literature.

Space Flight is a simple, short scherzoid movement, rhythmically exciting and virtuosically played.

Forms and Sounds alternates between written woodwind textures and improvised

trumpet interludes by Coleman. The connections Coleman draws between his writing and his playing are ingenious and absorbing and sustain the work. —*Mathieu*

Booker Ervin

HEAVY!!!—Prestige PR 7499: *Bachafillen*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Aluminum Baby*; *Not Quite That*; *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*. Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★

Recording Ervin in a sextet context might have worked if he had been framed by interesting arrangements or if the added soloists were of his caliber. Neither is the case here. Brown's *Bachafillen* and Byard's *Baby* attempt to give Booker some support, but the former is a dull tune and the latter (a charming variant on Ellington) requires the rich voicings of a full band to be effective.

Brown and Owens have technical command of their horns, but here they produce little that is musical. Brown is repetitious, and he chugs rather than swings. Owens' solos lack continuity, though I have heard him play beautifully on Gerald Wilson's *Carlos*. Perhaps, like many young musicians, he benefits from a big band's spatial and formal limitations.

Ervin plays with the passionate wholeheartedness one has come to expect from him only on *Baby* and *Not Quite*. *Baby* is done at a ballroom stroll, an unusual tempo for Booker. He seems to like the tune, because he plays on it and in it. *Not Quite* is Ervin playing the blues, and for me the southwestern blues conception (Booker is from Texas) has always been the bluest—a timeless sound that suggests a man alone on the vast plains. It's a fine solo.

You Don't Know should have been good because Ervin has had great success with similar ballads, but he toys with one motif after another, never really getting inside the tune. Perhaps another take would have helped. *Bei Mir* is taken at the steaming tempo that Booker has made his own. There are moments of passion, but I can think of many performances by him that are similar and more successful.

The rhythm section, this day, didn't quite have the togetherness of their previous efforts, and on *Bachafillen* there is some rhythmic confusion. Byard can be a good accompanist, but his solo conception, aside from its eclecticism, seems to require a virtuoso technique which he does not possess. The liner notes refer to him as "the most original pianist to emerge since Thelonious Monk—Cecil Taylor notwithstanding." That is, to say the least, an arguable assertion.

The liner notes bring up another matter. The note writers for Ervin's albums have often used their space to belabor the avant garde. Here, in a comment on *Bei Mir*, we get: "Avant Garde? Sure—but still comprehensible, vital music, not play-anything-gibberish." The kindest word I can find for this use of one man's music to put down unnamed other musicians is "unnecessary."

If this album were Ervin's first it would be important despite its flaws, but, considering his previous achievements, I would recommend that you acquire such other

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Milford Graves-Don Pullen

NOMMO—SRP LP 290: *Nommo*.
Personnel: Pullen, piano; Graves, percussion.
Rating: see below

"This record," writes Don Pullen in a mimeographed sheet included in the jacket, "marks the second in a series to be released by SRP—an organization of Self-Reliant musicians and artists." Self-reliance!!—the watchword of new musicians and artists determined to do for themselves. These musicians are now creating situations wherein those creative abilities, stagnant for so long because of repressive conditions, may be fully realized.

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The album was recorded live in concert. Both players are superb, and if you haven't heard them, try to. If you have \$10, buy this record and take a friend to a Pullen-Graves concert. If you only have \$5, take a friend to a Pullen-Graves concert. If you don't have any money at all, maybe Pullen and Graves will play for you and your friend anyway. Such at least is the warmth in their music.

If Cecil Taylor and Andrew Cyrille come on like two matched leopards, Pullen and Graves grow like a single plant.

The music seems to focus on the relationship between the players at least as much as on the individual musical ideas, and in that, I believe, lies its special distinction.

My copy of the record includes no address, but inquiries can be mailed to Milford Graves, 287 New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 12007. —Mathieu

Roland Kirk

THE INFLATED TEAR—Atlantic 1502: *The Black and Crazy Blues; A Laugh for Rory; Many Blessings; Fingers in the Wind; The Inflated Tear; The Creole Love Call: A Handful of Fives; Fly by Night; Lovellvellitoqui*.

Personnel: Kirk, clarinet, tenor saxophone, manzello, stritch, flute, whistle, English horn, tonette, flexafone; Dick Griffith, trombone (track 8 only); Ron Burton, piano; Steve Novosel, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Here is further evidence that Kirk is one of the people really taking care of business in the jazz world—a bagful of delights with a variety unheard in most albums. The many instruments Kirk plays help him to achieve this variety, of course, but the choice of material and the astute pacing of the set are other important reasons. All numbers save Ellington's *Creole* are by Kirk, and they cover love, humor,

sadness and a host of other feelings.

The rhythm section offers solid support throughout—Hopps' spirit matches Kirk's in enthusiasm for playing—and Burton contributes a couple of good single-line solos. Griffith's one appearance on *Fly* does not give him a chance to stretch, but he shows a substantial sound and good facility.

Kirk blows a plaintive English horn on the simple lament *Black*, and clarinet with a Bechet tinge on *Creole* (it is either his "double" clarinet, or clarinet plus another of his reeds in the ensemble). The leaping pixie figure of *Fives* and the intense solo are both handled on the manzello. It also sounds like manzello on the interesting changes of the minor-key *Lovellvellitoqui* but it could be the alto-like stritch. The flute is brought into play on the playful *Rory* and the reflective *Fingers* with its *If You Could See Me Now* intro.

Kirk's main instrument, the tenor, is a whirlwind in *Blessings* and is into some hard, straight-ahead blowing on *Fly*. It is one of three horns used to state the melody of the moving *Tear* (on which we also hear the chime-like sounds of the flexafone at the outset) and is the main solo voice of the title track. Shouts and the tonette (used as a nose whistle) are also part of this affecting performance.

This is an album to enjoy, for Kirk's affirmation of life comes strongly across. For the few benighted souls who still do not take Kirk seriously, this set would be a good place to start repenting. —Gittler

Jack McDuff

SOUL CIRCLE—Prestige 7567: *More; Lew's Piece; You'd Be So Easy To Love; That's When We Thought Of Love; Opus De Funk*.

Personnel: Harold Ousley (tracks 1, 4), Harold Vick (track 3) or Red Holloway (tracks 2, 5), tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; Pat Martino (track 1), George Benson (tracks 2, 4, 5) or Eddie Diehl (track 3), guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★★

Don Patterson

FOUR DIMENSIONS—Prestige 7533: *Red Top; Freddie Took's Jr.; Last Train From Overbrook; Embraceable You; Sandu*.

Personnel: Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★

Johnny Hammond Smith

DIRTY GRAPE—Prestige 7564: *Dirty Grape; Animal Farm; Black Strap Molasses; She's Gone Again; High Heel Sneakers; To Sir With Love; Love Is A Hurting Thing; Please Send Me Someone To Love*.

Personnel: Houston Person, Earl Edwards, tenor saxophones; Smith, organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; John Harris, drums; Richard Landrum, conga.

Rating: ★★½

The guitarists on these three LPs are uniformly uninteresting. On the Patterson set, tenorist Person offers four nicely ordered, contrasted, musical choruses in *Red Top*, and plays disinterestedly elsewhere—it would have been good to have him stretch out more. Holloway's *Lew's* solo in the McDuff set attractively uses Gene Ammons and particularly Lucky Thompson, a pleasing blend, and his *Opus* solo is the high point of that vulgarized samba. Dukes' drumming on both these tracks is destructive.

Patterson's lines go hugga-bugga hugga-bugga up and down the keyboard in every phrase, all in double-time, the pink chiffon

conclusions of his solos excepted. In *Red Top*, for no particular reason, he holds a chord throughout the greater part of four choruses. There is a fair share of Jackie Davis all-stops-out playing here, but it is all pretty random, with none of the precision that McDuff and Smith present. The low point is *Embraceable You*, an interminable slow ballad during which tenor and drums lay out (Martino's solo practically begs for a rhythm section to play double-time with him)—very like one of those middle-aged ladies in suburban cocktail lounges. Throughout the LP, Patterson presents no special excitement or direction. James' drumming is crisp and hip.

McDuff, by contrast, is a total professional who deals his polished funk in measured proportions, while avoiding the usual degree of held-note choruses and skating-rink stops. It's all enthusiastic and riffy, nothing McDuff hasn't played a million times before, but for this particular funk factory familiarity breeds contentment. Though the set is drawn from the dregs of old Prestige sessions (the new McDuff big band-Richard Evans record is due any day now), it compares favorably with the others. Again, this is catchy mood music, with Holloway's solos and *That's When*, Ousley's pop song, to steal your attention.

Smith offers pure r&b, circa 1955, in a somewhat rudimentary Bill Doggett manner; not as good as Doggett, perhaps, considering how much of the record is simply organ solos. The title song is a natural for the Top 40, *Animal Farm* sustains an in-

fectious rocking groove, and in fact, except for *To Sir and Hurting Thing*, this is the party record of the year. McDuff is a subtle sophisticate compared to Smith, who plays pure, blatant, every-trick-in-the-book, aged-in-old-lard, assembly-line funk without the least respite. As if to emphasize the good-old-days character of these performances, there is even *Please Send Me* in 12/8 and 6/4, with Edwards' 3 a.m. tenor solo. On the whole, these good-natured Smith performances are the most satisfying on these three LPs.

Actually, there's not a lot happening here, either for jazz lovers or organ-band fans. Not so many years ago it seemed that the organ-tenor idiom might become a productive part of the pop music scene, a logical and welcome successor to post-war jump r&b. For the most part this hasn't happened, and these three sets are evidence that the genre has progressed to its decadent stage.

—Litweiler

Magic Sam

WEST SIDE SOUL.—Delmark DS-615: *That's All I Need; I Need You So Bad; I Feel So Good; All of Your Love; I Don't Want No Woman; Sweet Home Chicago; I Found A New Love; Every Night And Every Day; Lookin' Good; My Love Will Never Die; Mama, Mama, Talk to Your Daughter.*

Personnel: Magic Sam (Sam Maghett), guitar and vocals; Mighty Joe Young, guitar; Stockholm Slim (Per Notini), piano; Mack Thompson or Earnest Johnson, bass; Odie Payne III or Odie Payne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Magic Sam is a gifted performer, but the subtlety of his work apparently isn't

appreciated by many of the people who hear it.

I caught Sam and James Cotton on the same program at the Fillmore West in San Francisco last August. The performance of Sam's band that night seemed to me clearly superior to that of Cotton's, but he got only polite applause while the audience responded enthusiastically to Cotton. It's possible that the kids dug Cotton more because his band was better known and louder than Sam's, and because Cotton is a big, heavy man with an extroverted stage manner. Cotton looks and acts more like the popular conception of a blues performer than Sam (who comes across as an unpretentious, nice guy) and that counts for a lot with a certain kind of audience.

Sam's work is recommended to those more interested in good music than in the romantic aura that surrounds blues and jazz musicians.

There is a nice variety of material on the LP. The most interesting composition, *My Love Will Never Die*, is in fact not a 12-bar piece. One track, *Lookin' Good*, is an instrumental.

Sam is a brilliant guitarist in the modern, post-B. B. King movement. Generally his solos are technically good, meaty and well constructed. His playing, though powerful, is touched with a relaxed, flowing quality. (The grace and imagination of Sam's playing didn't seem to get to many of those in the audience on the night I saw him. They were more interested in

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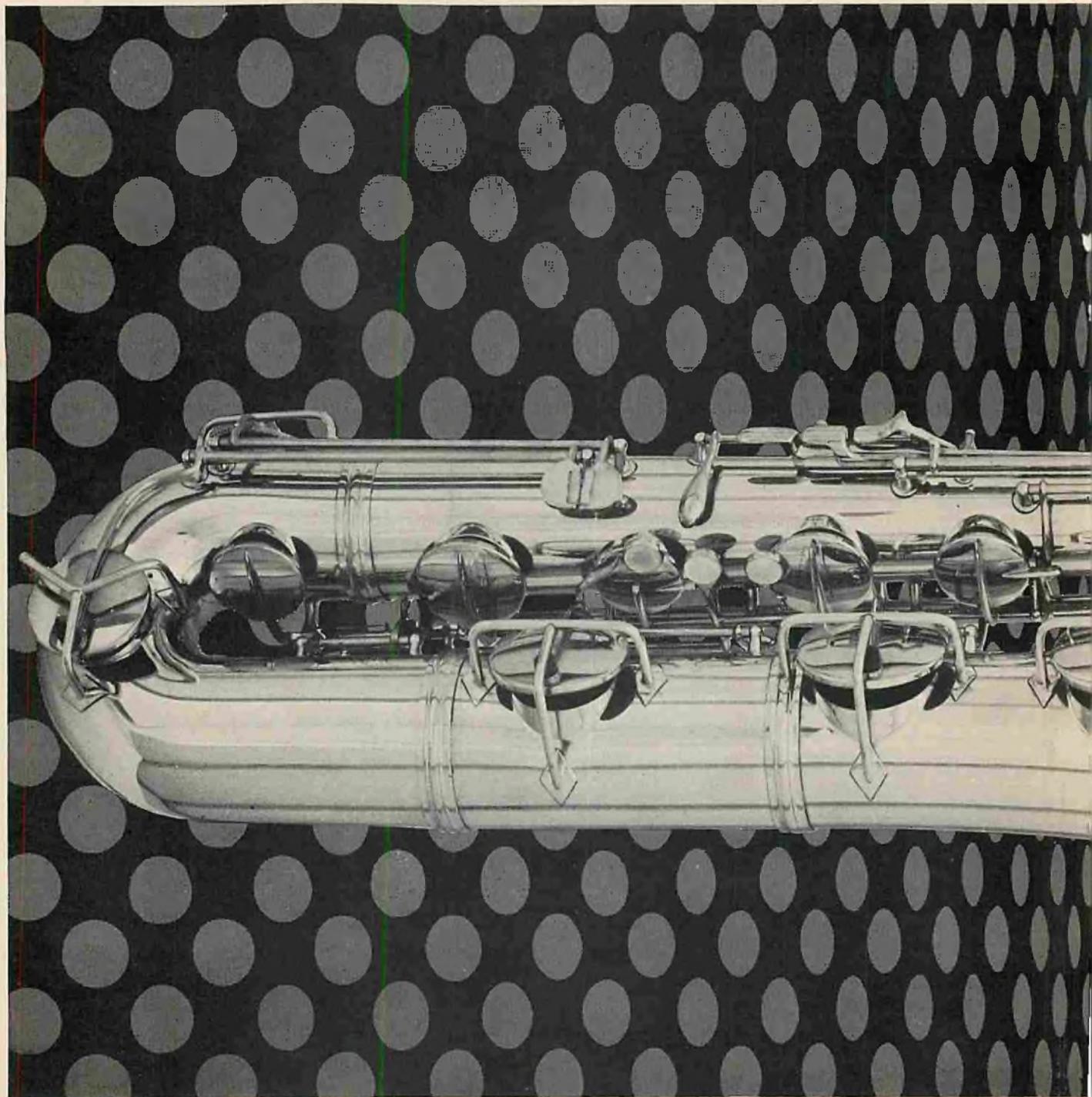
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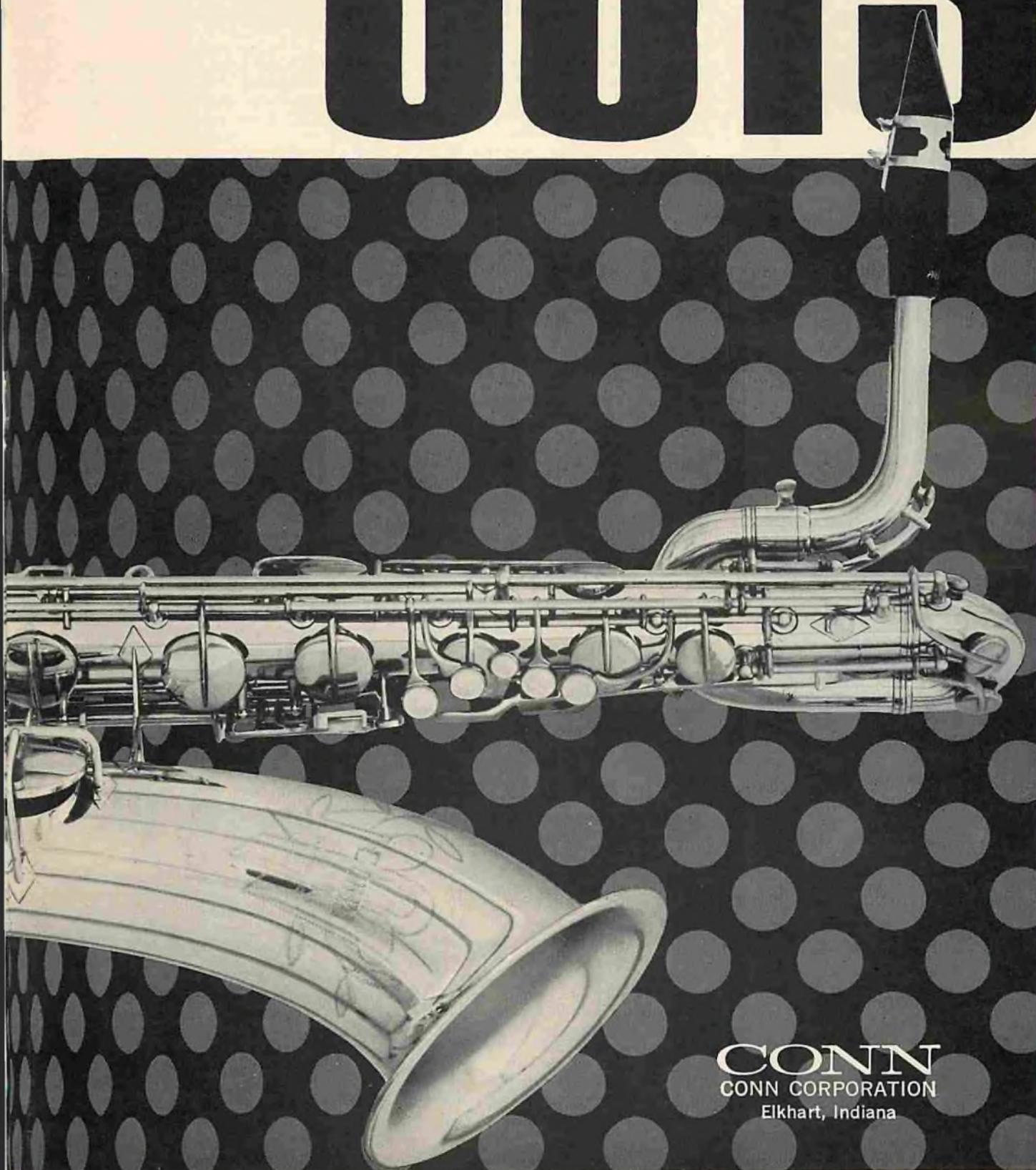
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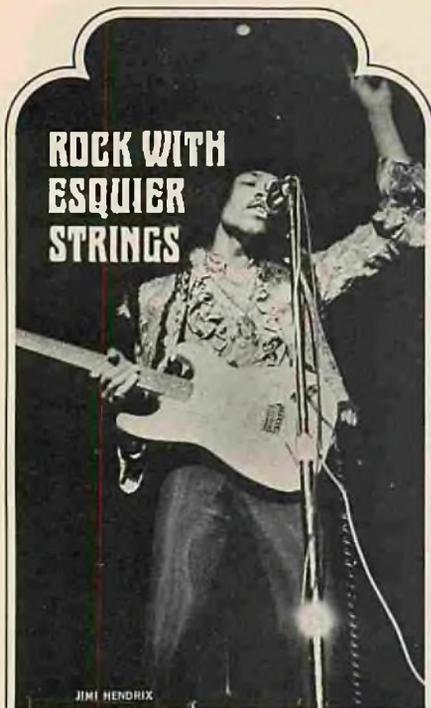


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cliches than in fresh ideas.)

Sam's swinging, relatively complex guitar work reflects a jazz influence. In fact, he seems to have been exposed to many different forms of music. Though he is a modern bluesman, his work sometimes has an old-time flavor—as it does on *Lookin' Good*, a churning piece which conjures up visions of a steam engine barreling along.

Sam is a well-equipped vocalist. He can sing as forcefully and loudly as anyone could want and has a fine range. His vocals go from joyous on *That's All I Need*, a catchy, Gospel-influenced piece, to pained and compelling on *My Love Will Never Die*. Sam sometimes uses vibrato to lend softness to his vocals. He can project searing passion or tenderness.

The rhythm section members co-ordinate their work commendably, staying out of each other's way and providing Sam with strong, supple accompaniment.

This LP is thoroughly enjoyable and historically significant. —Pekar



Kid Thomas

KID THOMAS AT MOOSE HALL.—Jazz Crusade JC-2018-CS: *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet; St. James Infirmary; I Want To Be Happy; On A Coconut Island; Marie; Just A Closer Walk With Thee; St. Louis Blues; When The Saints Go Marching In; Careless Love; Jambalaya; Old Rugged Cross; Till We Meet Again.* Personnel: Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Joe (The Cayote) Giotti, 2nd trumpet (track 6 only); Bill Connell, clarinet; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Bill Bissonnette, drums.

Rating: ★

Kid Thomas belongs to that handful of old-school New Orleans musicians who are still active. The album notes tell us that he is now in his 70s. He was in his 60s when I recorded him for Riverside's *Living Legends* series, and his playing has not changed.

There is a tendency to consider age an excuse for faulty technique. I guess this might be a valid point, but I cannot help but think of such as Coleman Hawkins, Earl Hines, Johnny Hodges and Louis Armstrong, who are all in their 60s and who do not reflect their age in their playing. Granted, Armstrong is not the trumpeter he once was, but he knows his current limits and stays within them.

Of course, Thomas is a few years older but, as I say, he was playing this way eight years ago.

There are moments on this album when Thomas is very good, but the band is draggy and does not make the grade. Unless you feel compelled to collect a complete library of Thomas' recordings, pass this one by. There are very few good, traditional New Orleans jazz performances available in contemporary recording, and there would be even less if it were not for the handful of enthusiasts who venture into the competitive record field with small labels such as this one. Their efforts are commendable, but their zeal tends to make them overlook quality. This album is a case in point. You may find it difficult to

get in a record shop. If so, you can write to Jazz Crusade Records, 135 Grey Rock Road, Bridgeport, Conn. —Albertson

Various Artists

LUNA: SPACE SWELL—Arhoolie ST 8001: *Space Swell; Moon and Flag Polka; We'll Think of That Later; Nisaba in the Grass; Twin Bass Bass; Warp; Paraphernalia.*

Personnel: Bill Hannaford, slide trumpet, trombone, bass; Harvey P. Warren, trombone, violin, drums; Bill Grauss, trombone, drums; Gabriel Stern, flute, alto saxophone; Tom Koosis, Mike Vannice, alto saxophones; Ed Epstein, tenor saxophone; Pat Wallace, bass clarinet; Lee Cronbach, piano; Vince Gomez, bass; Ellsworth Johnson, drums.

Rating: see below

Sam Ra's music is the nearest equivalent to the music on this record. But the quality of playing here is sometimes barely professional. The album was recorded in 1967 in Berkeley, Calif., and seems to be a fair representation of what the local free players are up to.

Such is the spirit of the West that the group consciousness far surpasses individual ability. In *Warp*, the group feeling overtakes the individual shortcomings to a very satisfying (and instructive) degree, but *Nisaba* doesn't have that good feeling, and sounds like a college dorm jam session. Gomez is reliable throughout.

Despite the unevenness, there is a togetherness here as home-grown (and believable) as the first days of Country Joe and the Fish. The album is available from Arhoolie Records, P.O. Box 9195, Berkeley, Calif. 94719. —Mathieu

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

THE NATIONAL Association of Jazz Educators is now a reality. Complete with a slate of officers (M. E. Hall, president; John Roberts, president-elect; Matt Betton, vice-president; Jack Wheaton, secretary, and Clem DeRosa, treasurer) and the official blessing and acceptance of the Music Educators National Conference the new organization made a strong entry into the educational ken with "Jazz Night" at Seattle in March.

There is also a broad and lofty statement of purposes from the NAJE constitution:

1. To foster and promote the understanding and appreciation of jazz and popular music and its artistic performance.
2. To lend assistance and guidance in the organization and development of jazz curricula in schools and colleges to include stage band ensembles of all types.
3. To apply jazz principles to music materials and methods at all levels.
4. To foster and encourage the development and adoption of curricula which will explore contemporary composition, arranging and improvisation.
5. To disseminate educational and professional news of interest to music educators.
6. To assist in the organization of clinics, festivals, and symposiums at local, state, regional and national levels.
7. To cooperate with all organizations dedicated to the development of musical culture in America.

Now that the child is born, what will be

its future? The founders have high hopes but unfortunately, by themselves, this handful of leaders is incapable of making NAJE a success. Many professional organizations are still-born. It is to be hoped that this one will live and thrive; but that is up to the teacher in the field.

Here we get into one of those vicious circle things. Educators are basically rather selfish about organizations. Most want them, but only if they are successful, only if they can help him do his job easier and better, only if they contribute something he considers worthwhile. Most educators are content to sit back and harvest the benefits that come to them from the organization after paying their dues. Few are willing to take the initiative and contribute solidly to an organization, and without this contribution of time and talent no progress is made, no worthwhile contributions are made. The membership does not grow and is not involved. The group withers.

If NAJE is to grow strong, then the educator in the field, the one nobody but the local PTA has heard of, has to become actively involved. In a recent newsletter, Matt Betton concluded by asking, "What do you want us to do first for our membership?" I wonder how many replies he got. Perhaps he should have put the question another way: What can you do to help us so that we can become a live organization that can better help you? The dedication of the few is not enough.

If you want to receive this newsletter send your name to Matt Betton, Box 724,

Manhattan, Kansas 66502; if you want to join, contact Clem DeRosa, 43 Crawfield Lane, Huntington Station, L.I., N.Y. 11746.

Memphis State University hosted the first running of the West Tennessee School Band and Orchestra Association stage band contest on May 10. First place went to Hillcrest High School, 2nd to Bolivar Central, and 3rd to Memphis Central, with the best soloist award going to James Doyle of Bolivar Central.

Dates have been set for next year's major college competitions. The oldest continuing festival, Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival, will be held March 6-8. The regional contests of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival are set at Mobile (Feb. 28-March 1); Villanova (March 7-8); Cerritos (March 20-22); Elmhurst (March 28-29); Little Rock (April 18-19) and the national finals in St. Louis, May 22-24.

There are two organizations involved in inner-city jazz activities in Chicago. The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, under the leadership of Richard Abrams, is basically an avant garde organization set up to expose and showcase original music. They go far beyond their professional performances, though. To quote their promotional literature: "In order to assume a more significant role in the total community, our major thrust has been conducting a free training program for inner-city youngsters. Presently, we have an enrollment of 50 young people within the age range of 9

to 21 in our classes. These sessions are held each Saturday in Lincoln Center under the leadership of AACM professionals. Our curriculum is so designed as to elicit maximum development of potential within the context of a training program that exposes youngsters to constructive relationships with artistic adults. Widest encouragement is given to music for leisure and educational purposes; and we are continually seeking new ways of relating music to the needs of individuals and the community for increased skills, improved study habits and cultural enrichment. Superimposed over our training framework is our keen desire to develop within our students the ability to value self, the ability to value others and the ability to utilize the opportunities they find in society." For more information, contact Richard Abrams, 6828 S. Evans, Chicago, Ill. 60637.

Jack Howe, executive director of Youth Music Foundation, runs a more traditionally oriented program, taught by successful teenagers who coach and play with younger groups. Recently, at the New Hull House Uptown Center, two sessions were held in which 10 groups ranging from Dixieland to modern jazz and rock participated. The Youth Music Foundation is an outgrowth of the Windjammers, a young Chicago Dixieland group, and has prepared and printed actual methods designed to help the young musician to play in a jazz combo. Further information can be obtained from YMF, 1319 Crain, Evanston, Ill. 60202. 



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BLINDFOLD TEST/TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

The American career of Toshiko Akiyoshi has encompassed a broad spectrum. She started here as a student (in 1956, at the Berklee School), but for the past four years has been a part-time teacher herself, on the faculty at several of the annual Summer Jazz Clinics.

During the 1960s, Toshiko has matured impressively both as pianist and composer. She has been intermittently active as a writer for large groups in her native Japan (where she returned in 1961-2 and again during most of '63-5) and in New York.

Toshiko is a strong advocate of music instruction in the American school system, which she has found to be seriously deficient by the standards of her own background. "Every child should learn to acquire at least relative pitch," she says. "The American schools don't even give ear training. I was learning things like this when I was in the third grade in Manchuria!"

The *Blindfold Test* below was conducted when she visited Los Angeles to lead a trio and big band at Donte's. She was given no information about the records played.—Leonard Feather



LEE TANNER

1. COUNT BASIE. *Squeeze Me* (from *Basie's Beat, Verve*). Sweets Edison, trumpet; Basie, piano; Fats Waller, composer; Nat Pierce, arranger.

When it started out I thought it was just a piano thing—one of those Willie The Lion Smith, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton things—that era. But when the band came in, I thought it was unmistakably Marshall Royal, so I guess it's Basie's band. But the piano, I don't think it's Basie. Could be Earl Hines, somebody like that—I don't know, it could be one of those guest players. But the band sounded just great.

The trumpet player I really don't know—because I knew it was the Basie band, I thought it may be Sweets. I think that Basie's band is a sound—very different from Duke's band—I think there's a great contrast, one extreme to another—everybody on one string. It's a swing string, so to speak—everybody on it. In Duke's band the swing message is completely different. It's like the children that play with wooden blocks and you push one block and the whole thing collapses. Duke's band, it sounds like if I push it a little bit someplace it will collapse. That kind of swing; and they're both great in a different way. For swing, that precious, priceless thing, I'd give it 4½ stars.

2. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Riot* (from *Speak Like A Child, Blue Note*). Hancock, piano, composer.

Beautiful! I have no idea who it was, but it sounds just great; they recorded it so well, too, and you have such beautiful equipment. It's such a pleasure to listen to the way the sound should be.

Is this a regular group? I don't know, probably a young player. It's like a forced development type of thing, it's more into the symmetric system of playing than in the tonic system of playing. I think a lot of young piano players do this. This is more or less an idiom. I really think it's beautiful.

Let's see, I don't know who it could be—it's very tasty, it's not very earthy and dynamic—it's thick as far as sensitivity goes, as McCoy Tyner; but I don't think it's McCoy.

Gee, it's so good, I'd give it 4½. I thought it was very nice, a beautiful composition.

3. MCCOY TYNER. *The High Priest* (from *Tender Moments, Blue Note*). Lee Morgan, trumpet; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone; Tyner, piano, composer; Herbie Lewis, bass.

Very interesting. It is like Thelonious Monk's music; if it's not his tune, it'd be somebody in his bag, a *Tribute To Monk* kind of thing. I don't think the pianist is Monk. It's kind of nice.

Every player played very well, especially the piano player; he's very good. The overall record, it's all right, it's almost like a head arrangement, which is nothing wrong—but I think I would like to hear a little bit more than that—more form, more organized. I look for something like that when you have so many horn players, although there are only two solo players. . . . I don't know, I would say about 3½.

4. STEVE KUHN. *Ida Lupino* (from *Three Waves, Contact*). Kuhn, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums; Carla Bley, composer.

I think that probably that first statement by voice maybe has something to do with getting everybody in sort of a mood. Like, now is the time for—so that everybody can pretend that they are there, or that kind of thing.

It's recorded so well, but the music itself . . . I don't think it has much to offer. I'm not thinking about the particular musicians who recorded this cut, but it could be possible they are aiming for the group of people who really have nothing inside to really contemplate, who meditate with nothing to meditate about. I'm sorry; 1½ stars.

5. ERROLL GARNER. *I Got Rhythm* (from *Up In Erroll's Room, MGM*). Garner, piano; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Unmistakably Erroll Garner! It's such a pleasure to listen to a gem. I think about this once in a while; like the first tune, Basie's band, and this one. . . .

There are two things I always can't get over and I'm always overwhelmed every time I listen to . . . one is when you hear a gem. It's beautiful, and that's one I really get a big kick out of all the time. Another thing is that I think we can't help progressing musically; the more we gain knowledge and the more we are involved with life and thinking, I think we can't help getting more deeply involved; consequently, the music that we produce will become more complicated—it's something that has to happen.

At the same time, I think a lot of times we do, nevertheless, forget the essence of what it is all about. Once in a while something like this makes me realize.

The arrangement was marvelous; whoever arranged it, it was done very, very well. I would give 4 stars.

6. JOE ZAWINUL. *From Vienna With Love* (from *The Rise & Fall of the Third Stream, Vortex*). Zawinul, piano; Friedrich Gulda, composer; William Fischer, arranger.

The recording is just marvelous—the recording technique is so far progressed, you hear the things. I can almost feel the touch of the piano, I can almost see what the piano key looks like and it's just fantastic, I can't get over that.

As far as the playing goes, I think the player is much more capable than what he's doing and this is more or less on the commercial purpose . . . is it Joe Zawinul? I liked the string writing for that kind of thing; but, as I say, it's very difficult to judge because I am almost certain this was aiming for the wide public to listen to. 2½.

7. KEITH JARRETT. *Long Time Gone (But Not Withdrawn)* (from *Life Between The Exit Signs, Vortex*). Jarrett, piano, composer; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Wow! Somebody plays like that, it must be Keith. I can think of only one piano player who can have a tremendous technique; it requires so much technique to play something like this; at the same time it requires a tremendous musical knowledge. It reflects a very contemporary world—not just the music itself, and he's got to be young, because they have to be able to feel it physically, to be able to execute it so authentically.

There's a problem—if three musicians are involved, they have to be a complement, not competitive. I think it's very difficult to get musicians to be compatible. When it comes out good I think it's just priceless, and a lot of times it doesn't come out. I think this is one that came out fairly good. I don't think it was synchronized very well between the three of them, I'm noticing about the drumming, it's something I really always look forward to. But all in all I thought it was beautiful. The first time I heard someone play this kind of dynamics within a phrase, and he was doing it a long time ago, maybe seven or eight years, it was Paul Bley. He was the first one.

It's just beautiful, and Keith has such fantastic control of a piano. I would give 4½.



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JAN PERSSON

Lennie Tristano: Springboard, not Straitjacket

Lennie Tristano

The Royal Hall, Harrogate, England

Personnel: Bruce Turner, alto saxophone; Charlie Burchall, tenor saxophone; Tristano, piano; Derek Phillips, guitar; Peter Ind, Bernard Cash, basses.

It has been a very long time since Tristano's name figured in popularity polls or record review columns, and it stopped doing so before the jazz festival phenomenon really began, but his period of obscurity in publicity terms has coincided with that of his greatest ascendancy in artistic terms.

In fact, since Powell and Monk began resting on their laurels in the mid-50s, it is hard—I would say impossible—to think of a "modern" jazz pianist who has shown such distinctiveness, authority and consistently high-level inventiveness. Tristano also anticipated many of the most popular innovations (and their beneficiaries) since bebop: cool jazz (Davis, Brubeck, Mulligan, MJQ); collective improvisation (Mulligan, Brubeck, Mingus); greater chromaticism (Russell, Coltrane, Taylor, Dolphy); unusual time-signatures (Roach, Brubeck, Ellis), and of course free jazz—although the latter was only a flirtation rather than a continuing preoccupation.

The first half of this concert, by all the musicians listed above except Tristano himself, displayed the qualities which first made a name for him in the '40s. In fact, the sound was so astonishingly faithful to that of his early groups (and therefore so

utterly unlike any others) that incredulous admiration for the musicians' courage in aiming at such an outrageously unfashionable style, and for their skill in capturing it inevitably colored one's musical appreciation.

One of the many critics who, like myself, made the 400-mile round trip from London to Yorkshire for Tristano's British debut at the Harrogate Festival of Arts and Sciences, summed up the group's achievement as re-creation rather than creation, but in view of the ingredients of the style I feel this judgement was unduly facile. The cool sound itself—reticent vibratoless timbre, legato attack, and absence of loudness and wide dynamics—is clearly a language rather than a mannerism, but so, surely, are the additional features which distinguish improvisers of the Tristano school: exceptionally long lines of short equal-valued notes dead on the beat; intensive use within this framework of unexpected accentuation and phrasing; unusually well-organized melodies and dense chord sequences. In this context the decision not to use a drummer was an inspiration, underlining the renunciation of rhetoric.

As much of a surprise as the sound was the men who were making it. Ind is, of course, one of the inner Tristano circle. Since his return to England in 1965 after years in the U.S., he has been giving unaccompanied recitals (on bass) in this

style. Although they were clearly of Ind's generation, however, Cash (who organized the concert), Phillips, and Burchall (who played the most idiomatically of these three) were completely unknown to me. But the biggest shock was Turner, now with Acker Bilk and for years prominent as a pure '30s revivalist, who has thoroughly carved famous Swing-era players on their British appearances with him. On this occasion, Turner played a quite different music faultlessly, and even managed to suggest its continuity with swing.

After a faltering opening theme statement of *I Remember April*, this group never looked back. They all had full solos on this piece, on Warne Marsh's *Background Music* and on Lee Konitz' *Kary's Trance*, and there were also typically wonderful closing chases and collective improvisation in which the saxophones particularly sparkled. Only Tristano's *317 E. 32nd Street*, by the bassists alone, gave less than full satisfaction. This was due partly to their conflicting ideas of the beat, which were slightly apparent throughout the evening, but mainly to a definite slackening of the on-the-beat precision which gives Tristano's music its underlying tension. Instead there was a tendency towards lazier "mainstream" rhythms, from which only Burchall seemed entirely immune.

One of the main objections I have heard to Tristano's influence is that he

forces his disciples into sounding like carbon copies of himself and each other. One answer to this is that his discipline is a forcing-upwards: his style is anything but easy to imitate, as the above should make clear. Accordingly, second-hand Tristano is a great deal richer than second-hand Parker or Coltrane, for example. Another answer is that his discipline makes him a jazz composer in a unique sense: he has chosen to express himself not so much through his pieces as through imparting a particular conception of improvising, so that performances such as the above can be said to reflect his ideas faithfully although he played no part in them whatsoever. But the best answer is that the truest artists of the school—I would say Warne Marsh and Tristano himself—have treated its teaching as a springboard rather than a straitjacket, and the second half made this very clear.

Coolness disappeared. Instead Tristano, excellently supported by Ind, offered half a dozen duo performances recalling the Tatum-inspired idiom of his formative years. All the themes (there were no announcements) seemed to come from the Tin Pan Alley standard repertoire, and several (including *You Go To My Head* and *These Foolish Things*) were interpreted in defiantly cocktail-piano style, complete with out-of tempo musings and locked-hands chording. Every modern jazz pianist except Monk plays "ballads" sentimentally, of course, but only Tristano does so to unsentimental effect; the bald detachment of his treatments, while utterly faithful to the ballad convention, somehow exposes it in all its dated emptiness and essential falsity, in much the same way as painters like Jasper Johns or Roy Lichtenstein strip bare the visual clichés of our time. On faster items like *You Stepped Out of a Dream* and *Melancholy Baby* he offered an equally steely view of conventional single-line improvising, by means of rigidly regular phrasing and almost textbook harmonic practice.

On the other hand, at least every half-chorus or so something striking would happen. It might be a sudden change of attack or register, a doubling of tempo or an amazingly irregular phrase-shape, a change in the right hand from chords to single notes or in the left from silence or punctuation to counterpoint, or simply some outstanding feat of dexterity or imagination within whatever familiar framework Tristano happened to be using. In this way we heard most of his trademarks: the formidable rhythmic exactitude and fondness for compound meters, coupled with an avoidance of irrational note-values; the austere expressionless touch, both at its most fiercely percussive and at its most smoothly legato, regardless of actual melodic and harmonic content; the famous passages where, in moving down the keyboard, a piano solo seems to turn into walking bass; and best of all, the repetitions of a phrase until its rhythmic shape obliterated the beat and its melodic shape halted the chord sequence in its tracks, of which we were given several prime examples.

An exhilarating and satisfying version of Tristano's *Two Not One*, with everyone

but Cash joining in, ended the concert. Readers who have heard any of Tristano's records or live performances of the last decade will realize that on this occasion he did not extend himself quite fully, and that he sounded rather less iconoclastic than usual. On the other hand they will realize that—quite apart from the organizers' feat in presenting an American jazz musician in Britain independently of the music business power-structure—the concert was a memorable musical event, and far more rewarding than any number of performances by most of today's best-sellers. —Victor Schonfeld

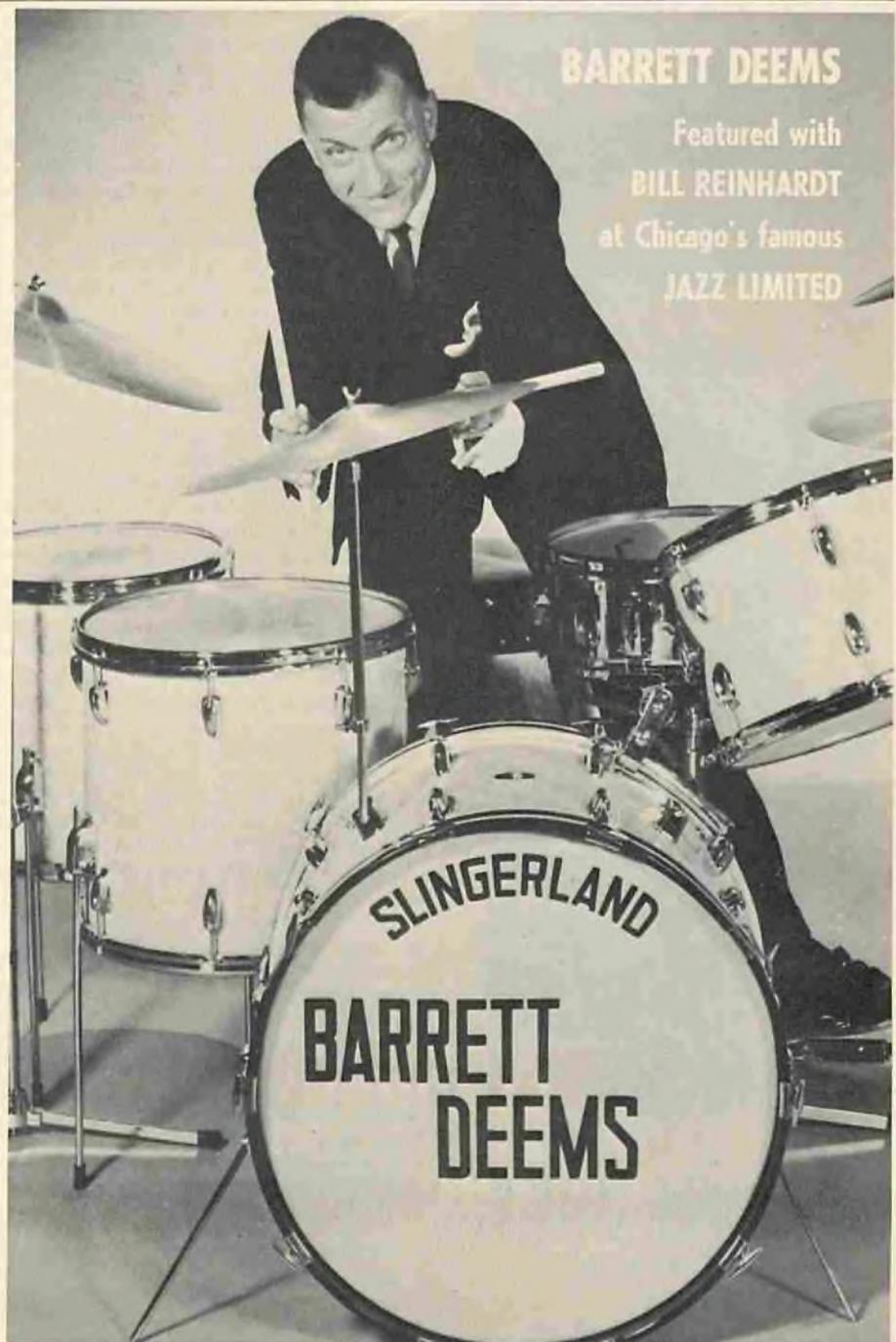
Tommy Vig

Hotel Tropicana, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Don Ellis, Red Rodney, Carl Saunders, trumpets; Gus Mancuso, piano; Ernie McDaniel, bass; Vig, drums, vibraphone.

A musical fusion of the styles of three trumpet players of varied backgrounds, backed by a modern rhythm section, was the idea behind this presentation at the Tropicana's Blue Room. Much of the credit must go to arranger-vibist Vig, whose admiration for his three guests prompted him to invite them.

For the audience, comprised in the main of musicians and show folk (this concert was one in a series presented at 3 a.m. to give working Vegas musicians a chance to attend) this combination of musicians provided an interesting opportunity to compare the bags of the individualistic Ellis, whose style mirrors the contemporary



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scene; Rodney, one of the major voices of the bop era, whose playing has absorbed much of the trends since then; and Saunders, a young local musician with influences obviously ranging from bop through free-form.

Vig, who always manages to begin his concerts in some unique fashion, created immediate interest by having the group start behind a closed curtain. The first offering was an untitled free-form piece with a sketchy arrangement by Vig, opening with the three horns backed by drum rhythm patterns only. The curtain rose as Ellis soloed exploratively, with strong comping from Mancuso.

The second tune, *Tvigy*, also arranged by leader Vig, was in medium-tempo 6/4. Following the opening ensemble, Saunders was featured in an explosive series of choruses, leading into some powerfully constructed swinging from Mancuso. Ellis, who seemed more comfortable now, took extended choruses, beginning easily with light swing feeling and gradually building to a more complex climax, to the obvious appreciation of the audience. Vig soloed briefly on drums.

For his solo vehicle, Rodney chose the standard *Tune Up*, and despite a lengthy absence from the horn, his performance was pleasingly reminiscent of the old days while incorporating a definite awareness of modern idioms. Mancuso again proved himself to be a major pianistic force with a biting, inventive foray into the changes before Rodney's swinging out-chorus.

Following *Mr. Spring*, on which everyone soloed, Ellis was featured again in a lyrical *Funny Valentine*. Vig then moved to the vibes (Saunders to drums) for his solo performance of *Besame Mucho* with an ad lib intro, then in tempo into the melody. Vig obviously had a ball with this solo spot, as evidenced by the subtle humor he injected into the interpretation.

Back on trumpet, Saunders took solo honors with a forceful *Yesterdays* which gave him room to stretch out both musically and physically (his gyrations while playing have earned him the descriptive nickname of "Plastic Man"). The blues *Top of It* was highlighted by a trumpet-bass duet by Ellis and McDaniel, and solos by Vig on chimes and McDaniel on bass.

The curtain came down, somewhat prematurely, while the group was into the medium-tempoed McDaniel chart of *Ernie's Tune*, cutting the concert short by two numbers. Continuity and introductions were ably handled by guest emcee Sam Salerno.

—Pat Thompson

Bobby Hackett/Vic Dickenson

Town Tavern, Toronto, Canada

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trombone; Lou Forestieri, piano; Roland Haynes, bass; Joe Brancato, drums.

The combination of such talented and experienced musicians as Hackett and Dickenson is something to relish. Each, in his own way, is a stylist who has made many contributions to jazz but this was the first time they had joined forces in such a manner, though they have previously been in the same bands.

There have been numerous examples

of two brass players combining to produce distinctive music, but the combination of cornet and trombone is an unusual one. It proved very workable in this instance. The quintet had previously played three weeks in Montreal, so the material and manner of presentation was reasonably set. Little arrangements had been conceived for many of the tunes—and these ranged from Dixieland standards such as *Fidgety Feet*, *Tin Roof Blues* and *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* to such evergreens as *Sugar*, *Just You, Just Me* and *There will Never Be Another You*. One of the more unusual selections (in interpretation at any rate) was *String Of Pearls*. Hackett and Dickenson evoked memories of the entire Glenn Miller band as they ran down the original arrangement neatly adapted for the two horns, the trombone part echoing the melody role of the cornetist.

Much of the joy in listening to these two artists was derived from the manner in which they both complemented and contrasted with each other. Hackett's lyrical, clear-toned, Armstrong-based style is always sharp, positive and direct in its approach to melodic variations.

Dickenson's way is a little different. His tone is alternately smooth and gruff, and he can never resist injecting humorous asides into the main current of the music. His skill is such that he can do this without disrupting the development of the piece. His solo work is often laconic, subtly understated yet rhythmically buoyant.

The overall effectiveness of the group was seriously hampered by a rhythm section out of touch with the music the co-leaders espoused. The changes were made smoothly enough and the timekeeping was in order. There was just a terrible lack of empathy, of understanding what Hackett and Dickenson were doing. Bassist Haynes probably got closest to what was happening, but pianist Forestieri fluctuated between Oscar Peterson and Bill Evans and never really seemed to understand the rhythmic structure of many of the tunes. Drummer Brancato's high hat clicked away with monotonous regularity, helping to produce the kind of amorphous rhythm that plagues too much of the jazz scene, and has about as much resilience as a damp sponge.

Just to hear Hackett and Dickenson together, though, was a joy. They provided a continuous flow of expressive musical ideas in an unusual combination that should be heard more often. Music triumphed over effects.

—John Norris

Stanford Summer Rock Concert

Frost Amphitheater
Stanford University, Calif.

A most pleasant afternoon (and early evening). Six rock groups, all from the Bay Area except the Chambers Brothers, played for over six hours to a huge and responsive audience, estimated from eight to 10,000. The amphitheater is beautiful, the sound system remarkably faithful, and each of the varied performances was at least interesting, though none was overwhelming.

Media Unlimited, which produced the affair, was wise to schedule groups who don't depend on inundating an audience with total sound; the reproduction, as noted, was superb, but the volume potential in an open-air auditorium is, of course, considerably less than in a hall, and the sprawled-on-the-grass conviviality of the crowd also contributed to the aura of relaxed listening rather than frenetic involvement. It is nice, once in a while, to be able dispassionately to decide whether good musicianship is part of a rock band's package.

Nice, too, to be able to say that the general quality of the musicianship at the Stanford concert was high. The chronological order of performance was Gypsum Heaps, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Santana Blues Band, Sons of Champlin, Chambers Brothers and Quicksilver Messenger Service. I want to dispense with that order, in the interest of fairness and in order to avoid anti-climax.

I missed Gypsum Heaps (they started a half-hour before the concert was scheduled to begin); and by the time Quicksilver came on my head was so full of music that I couldn't possibly have given them a fair hearing. (Quicksilver's first LP is very impressive, and they deserve a more focused report.)

In a generally ascending order of pleasure afforded, then, the least satisfactory group was Santana, whose set was made passable only by a very groovy conga drummer.

Sons of Champlin had been together only seven months. I believe you're going to hear from them. It's quite apparent they haven't put it all together yet; when they do, they will join Cream, the Airplane, the Grateful Dead and a very few other groups approaching a synthesis of rock and jazz from the rock end of the spectrum. The band is normally a septet (Jim Beem, trumpet; Jeff Palmer, alto saxophone, vibes, organ; Tim Cain, tenor saxophone; Bill Champlin, guitar, organ; Terry Haggerty, guitar; Al Strong, electric bass; Bill Bowen, drums), but Beem was ill and didn't play. They began with a short number, *Having A Nice Time Being*, which has pretty good lyrics but on which the arrangement faltered. Cain's tenor solo didn't really take off.

However, on *Freedom*, which took up the rest of their set, they showed flashes of future greatness. The piece is a blues with a long stretch of free playing in the middle. The blues melody is appealing, and Champlin did some intelligent organ comping behind a good Cain solo. When they moved into the free section, Cain bit into a swift, squealing, Shepp-like excursion, and Palmer contributed mightily to the success of the section, switching from alto to vibes and supporting Cain perceptively. A genuinely mind-bending moment occurred when the other four returned to the blues rhythm and Cain and Palmer continued playing free for nearly a chorus before they fell back into the arrangement.

The Chambers Brothers (Lester, harp, tambourine, vocals; Joe and Willie, guitars, vocals; George, electric bass, vocals; Brian Keenan, drums) are never bad, but it's a little alarming to see them heading in the

direction of psychedelic rock and away from r&b. This proclivity is almost certainly due to the popularity of *Time Has Come* from their recent album; it's a nice cut, but derives most of its force from the novelty of its departure from their normal repertoire. The Brothers are a superb r&b group (except for Keenan, a woefully heavy-handed drummer to whom they inexplicably give mountains of space) but only an average acid rock band.

Their r&b things are a groove of another color: black, baby, and deeply etched in soul. Highlights: Lester's screaming, searing vocals on *I Can't Stand It* and *Uptown* (not far from James Brown and Aretha in terms of wattage generated); a flowing guitar solo by Willie on *Wade in the Water* (the song went on too long, however, like *Time*—the Brothers occasionally need an editor); and the incredibly together finale, a medley of *Shout* and *I Just Want to Make Love to You*, in which all four brothers sang, danced, clowned and made lovely music.

Creedence Clearwater (John Fogerty, lead guitar, vocals; Tom Fogerty, rhythm guitar; Stu Cook, electric bass; Doug Clifford, drums) is mainly in the blues bag, and, with the Steve Miller Blues Band, is about the best the Bay Area has to offer out of that bag. (That's saying something. There are at least 175 professional rock bands operating out of S.F. and environs, and an awful lot of them are awfully good.) John Fogerty does all the vocals and most of the instrumental solos—although the other three are all first-rate players—and John has done his homework. He *knows* blues, but his conception is highly original, and I couldn't begin to cite any pervasive influence on either his playing or singing. His voice is rough and strong and totally unforced, as he demonstrated on *Born on the Bayou*, Wilson Pickett's *99* (where his guitar solo featured some brilliant chording) and Albert King's 24-bar blues, *Down Home*.

The best thing in their current repertoire is Screamin' Jay Hawkins' *I Put A Spell On You*, which has been revived of late by Nina Simone and England's Alan Price, among others. Although none of the recent efforts match the original version by Hawkins (who, the last time I saw him, was playing in a cheap bar outside Boston), Clearwater's is a really fine version, and Fogerty's guitar solo at the concert rode over the slow drag beat like a banshee, using, at one point, distortion to achieve a sound close to a female voice wailing. Mostly, the solo duplicated the one on Clearwater's LP, but it was worth rehearing, and there were some new touches.

You'll have to take my word for the group's musicianship, but if the number of people moved to dance is any measure of a band's appeal, Clearwater won the concert's six-way contest hands down—or, rather, feet down, hands up and pelvis in motion. A fine outfit!

It was a long afternoon. But there were thousands of beautiful people in beautiful colors, sitting and dancing and inhaling incense and other things and digging the music and it was worth being there all that time.

—Alan Heineman

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34 DOWN BEAT

MONTEREY

(Continued from page 16)

Burton, Milt Jackson, Red Norvo and Bobby Hutcherson each soloed to the accompaniment of the "Modern Jazz Trio" (Lewis, Heath and Kay). Burton put on his usual gossamer display of four-mallet wizardry; Hutcherson demonstrated a clean, contemporary style of up-tempo swinging; Norvo turned the calendar back a couple of decades, but proved that humor (or literally, "slapstick") will never go out of date; Jackson was right at home—down home, with an excursion into his patented funk; but it was Tjader who surprised the fans and most pleased this listener by choosing a ballad (*I Can't Get Started*) and putting it through a sensitive, heartfelt analysis.

All five vibists joined for the finale and jammed uninhibitedly—with sequential choruses, eights and fours—on *Bag's Groove*.

It was a delightful prelude to Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on The Mass Texts*, which elicited a remarkable contrast to the Gospel-according-to-Terpsichore of the previous matinee. The crowd listened attentively to all 40 cerebral minutes, and heard an excellent performance of Schifrin's well-sculptured amalgam of jazz and liturgy. The chorus was well prepared by Joseph Liebling. The combo to offset the orchestra (Tom Scott, reeds; Lynn Blessing, vibes; Mike Lang, piano; Chuck Domanico, Bill Plummer, basses, John Guerin, drums) stood out in bold and brilliant relief. The composer was the "compleat conductor," balancing his diverse forces and contributing an infectious rock-tinged piano solo towards the end of the suite. But the "most valuable player" award belongs to young Tom Scott, whose multi-reed talents provided the solo highlights of the suite: flute, alto saxophone, and above all, his classic tone on clarinet.

It took just 11 years to get Billy Eckstine to Monterey. Not that he wasn't ready earlier—an irony he made painfully clear when he cut short what might have been a cliché-ridden intro by Jimmy Lyons. By way of contrast, Eckstine's introduction of Tom Scott was admirably humorous: "It's indecent to be so young and so talented."

Scott is 21. His quartet was another of the festival highlights (Scott, reeds; Lang, piano; Domanico, bass; Guerin, drums): virtuosity and sophistication blended with tongue-in-cheek humor. *With Respect To Coltrane* alternated between free-form and straight ahead; *Be My Love* had some great "put-on" moments as well as excellent unison between Scott and Domanico and an outstanding Lang solo; *Rural Still Life #26* was a campy slap at *Billie Joe*.

Paulinho's quartet was on much too long—even as an entr'acte. They offered some lukewarm bossa nova that never got off the ground. The voice of Lenita Bruno has a dark full-bodied quality but was a bit too dramatic for a restless festival audience.

Tjader was in the non-Latin groove until the appearance of percussionist Ar-

mando Peraza, and scored well with *Aquarius*, a jazz waltz, and *A Time For Love*. Conversely, Dizzy Gillespie was in a Latin mood, reaching his peak with *Con Alma*. In the straight ahead sounds, James Moody was in an interpolating mood, and *Going Home* and *Humoresque* found their way into his solos.

Diz sang *Something In Your Smile* until Mr. B walked on stage and warned him about staying in his own territory. When that failed to dissuade Gillespie, Eckstine marched on stage blowing a trumpet. Diz was never the same after that. Schifrin joined his former boss, and a formidable jam session began to take shape. Tjader, Peraza and John Rae joined in. But Candy Finch stole the percussive show with an outstanding display of intensity.

Earl Hines brought his trio on for the next set and radiated personality as well as flashy technique with a way-up *Old Man River*. Drummer Oliver Jackson gave Hines excellent support, but substitute bassist Milan Rezabeck's tone left something to be desired. When Budd Johnson joined the group, one of those magical moments occurred: Budd played *Lester Leaps In*, and the spectre of Prez was so vivid that Russ Wilson, sitting behind me, tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "I swear, it's like hearing a ghost on that stage!"

Then came the moment the Sunday ticket-holders were waiting for: Mr. B's set. It began the way it should have ended—Eckstine, leaning on the piano of his one-time boss, Fatha Hines, plus a small combo, plus some small chatter. It was a wonderful, warm session and B was never in better voice. He was having a ball and it was hard to tell who was beaming more: Fatha or Billy. With Johnson on hand and resident kibbitzer Gillespie also filling gaps, Eckstine sang *I'm Falling For You*; Hines' own *When I Dream of You*, and a relaxed, virile blues. The informality ended when a big band (theoretically Hines' orchestra) filled the stage. And all the spontaneity ended when Eckstine sang *Little Mamma, For Love of Ivy* and an Ellington medley climaxed by *Prelude to a Kiss* and *Caravan*.

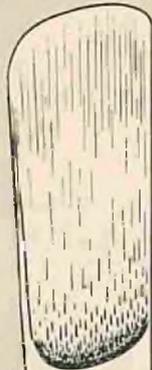
Why the evening, the nostalgia, the festival did not end there I'll never know, but in a painful anti-climax, Fatha Hines sang one of his more forgettable originals, *Cannery Walk*. And then, transforming the stage into what looked like a bad take-off of a 1940 short subject, he brought out one of his daughters to tap dance and sing the tune.

Even for those who stayed, nothing—not even *Cannery Walk*—could diminish the warm glow left by Billy Eckstine. At last, Mr. B at Monterey. Perhaps that will open the floodgates for those Californians who have never been invited. Maybe we'll be seeing Sonny Criss up there—or Stan Kenton. How about Hampton Hawes, Lorez Alexandria, Terry Gibbs? Or maybe some Dixieland with Teddy Buckner?

Of course, there's a board of directors to contend with, but the Lyons' share of the programming falls on one man. I'd even settle for Blue Barron, as long as the sound system was okay.

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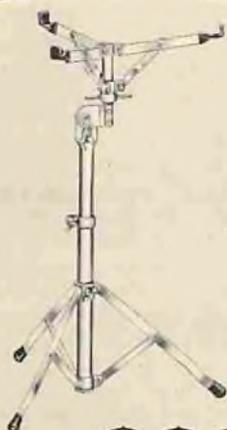
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FROM THE TOP

Stage-Band Arrangement Reviews
By George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

Bored Walk, composed and arranged by Bob Bunton; Kendor Music Inc., Delevan, N.Y.

Once you get past the pun in the title, this is a fine arrangement. Bunton has cast it in medium tempo blues/shuffle style. There is a lot of teaching mileage in an arrangement of this type since the students can achieve an authentic interpretation easily. It is a wonderful tool for ingraining the 12/8 feel that is so vital for swing style music. The band must play with a relaxed and delayed feeling and yet there is excitement when this feeling is imposed over the pushing-ahead insistence of the rhythm shuffle.

After a short opening bass solo, the trombones and lower saxophones play the soft minor blues line which is augmented in the repetition by muted trumpets and altos responding to and echoing the line. Be sure the "du-wah" patterns are delayed and that final eighth-notes are clipped.

A tutti ensemble shout introduces a trumpet solo (written solos are provided). I would suggest the insertion of a slip instead of the downward gliss at letter C. The saxophone background here must be especially clipped with off-beats accented.

An ensemble chorus (major blues this time) pits section against section in interlocking quarter-note triplets. Make sure they are even. Also, care must be taken so that the short, separated notes hang together conceptually to make a melody line. They can't become disjointed even though separated.

Alto saxophone choruses follow, still in the major key. A Basie-like ensemble (back in minor) leads to a recap of the head.

This arrangement of medium difficulty should be enjoyed by the students and it would make a good performance or contest number for a fairly advanced high school band. Brass ranges might present some problem since the trumpets and trombones have some fairly high spots.

Two Bits, composed and arranged by Ralph Mutchler; Berklee Press, Boston, Mass.

As more and more stage bands are started on the junior high level, the problem of good arrangements for this level becomes more and more urgent. This arrangement is an example of a well-written piece of music technically within the grasp of a junior high band, but it is also a good relaxed number suitable for more advanced groups.

The arrangement opens with an eight-bar bass vamp leading into the duet statement of the blues line by alto and trumpet. Big, full band chords punctuate a break-like section by the solo instruments that diminishes into a rocking call-and-answer passage between the soloists and the saxophone section. There are all sorts of teaching problems in these 12 bars. The dotted quarter-notes must be lifted over the bar lines. There are problems of balance, pre-

/Continued on page 41

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LEARNING TO PLAY JAZZ

By Marian McPartland

I WAS TALKING recently with a young pianist who had been studying classical music for about 10 years. He was a good player with a considerable amount of technique, and he had recently become interested in learning to play jazz, but his teacher had told him he would find it rather "menial" (her word), that he would not get the same sense of accomplishment that comes with mastering a difficult work like a concerto!

It is true that learning a complex work of music and performing it well is very satisfying and is in fact a necessary part



Slowly

C 9maj 9 E 9

Am 11 Fmaj 7 F/G G7b9

Cmaj 9 E 9 Am Cmaj 9 D 9

Fmaj 7 Cmaj 9 etc

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The third system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The fourth system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The fifth system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The score includes various chords and melodic lines, with some notes marked with a '+' sign. The tempo is indicated as 'Slowly'.

in a much freer setting, rhythmically and harmonically. Instead of playing music exactly as written, note for note, inflection for inflection, you choose a tune, memorize it or learn it by ear, and then embellish it with ideas of your own.

The student of whom I spoke could play classical pieces exceedingly well, but when he was required to pick out a tune by ear he had difficulties, because he had never developed this side of his talent. But after a short while, he became quite adept.

Take a song we have all heard a great deal of lately—*Yesterday*. Can you play it by ear? Try it. (I've written out a few bars as I might play it myself.) The jazz musician carries tunes that he has learned in his head. He has developed his ideas and his intuition by listening to many different musicians and styles of playing,

performances on records and in person, to their phrasing, rhythmic patterns and harmonic structure, and he has familiarized himself with some of these ideas and played them.

As a result of trial and error, he discards some and retains others until his own individual style starts to emerge.

Listen to as much music as you can—recordings by some of the great players like Earl Hines, Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson and Bill Evans, to mention a few who are innovators. Your classical background will be a tremendous asset to you in every way, combined with the freedom of thought and movement you will attain as you learn to express your own personality. Jazz is such an intuitive music that the more you listen the more you will hear, and the more you hear the better you will play.



THE DORIAN MODE

By Ken Bartosz

PLAYING MUSIC BASED ON modes and modal patterns has become an integral part of today's jazz and popular music. Generally speaking, any music referred to as modal derives its basic flavor from the tonal language of 16th century sacred music.

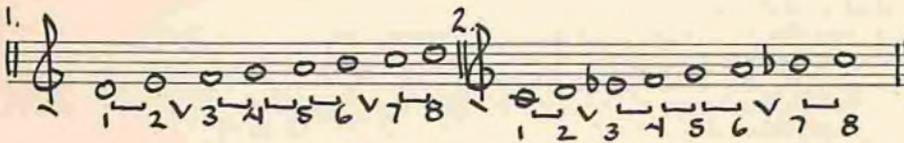
Tonal music is most often taken to refer to compositions written in our major or minor scales. This term may be expanded to include modal music as well as scale-based examples, since it identifies anything that has a melodic or harmonic flow centered around a pitch to which all other tones can be related. The atonal music (serial or 12 tone) of the 20th century ignores this tone and works to avoid it. This home base pitch, or tonic center, is used to name the tonal system's starting point. (For example F major, D minor, or E \flat Dorian).

The relationship of one pitch to another within the system (intervallic relationship) establishes what type of system is in operation. Placement of the whole and half steps, therefore, makes some systems scales and others modes. The volume *Encyclopedia of Scales*, published by Charlie Colin, is a useful guide to various systems of tonal organization, and includes various formulas for construction of these systems on any given pitch.

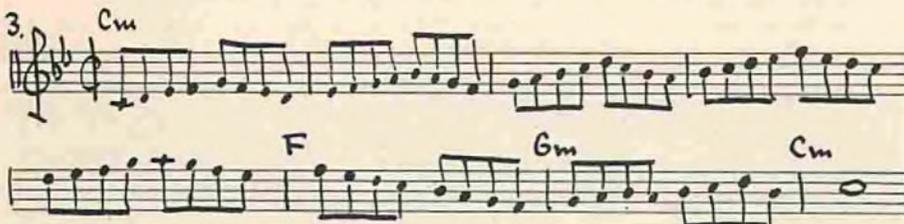
It is possible for scales and modes to use the same key signature, in which case the pitch selected as tonic will differ according to the tonal system selected. It is also possible for scales and modes to use the same tonic pitch, in which case various signatures and/or accidentals would be used to establish the proper intervallic relationships within the system.

The Dorian mode can be generated naturally beginning on the second pitch (D) of the C major scale. As a result, D Dorian and C major share the same key signature but have differing internal intervallic structures (see Example One).

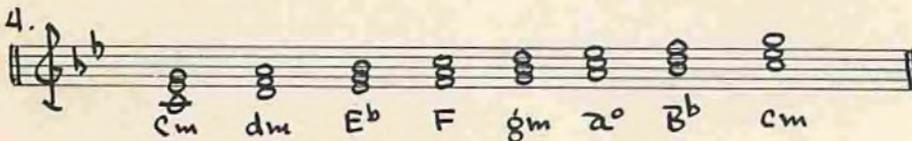
If, as in Example Two, we begin on C and preserve the intervallic structure of the Dorian mode, a transposed version of the mode will result (C Dorian). Notice that accidentals were used to maintain the whole and half step relationships. Further, notice that these accidentals are the same as are found in the key signature of the major key beginning one whole step below the Dorian tonic.



Play the following exercise in C Dorian to establish the tonal flow in your mind. The signature of the major scale one whole step lower (B \flat major) has been used.



If we generate a triad on each pitch of the Dorian mode by placing notes on consecutive lines or spaces above the member tones, the following structures naturally appear.



By translating these structures to Roman numerals, we arrive at:
I II III IV V VI $^{\circ}$ VII I

The Prentice-Hall publication, *Improvising Jazz*, by Jerry Coker, has a detailed discussion of this system with its applications to later transpositions and its use in the understanding of progressions.

Although modal playing is essentially linear and has its greatest use in contrapuntal playing (one line of music sounding against another), the implied harmonies should be known as they will give support to the melodic flow. Example Five uses the natural triadic structures in an arpeggiated version. Keyboard players should use a left hand block chord under the line, and later should reverse, using a right hand block chord over the line.



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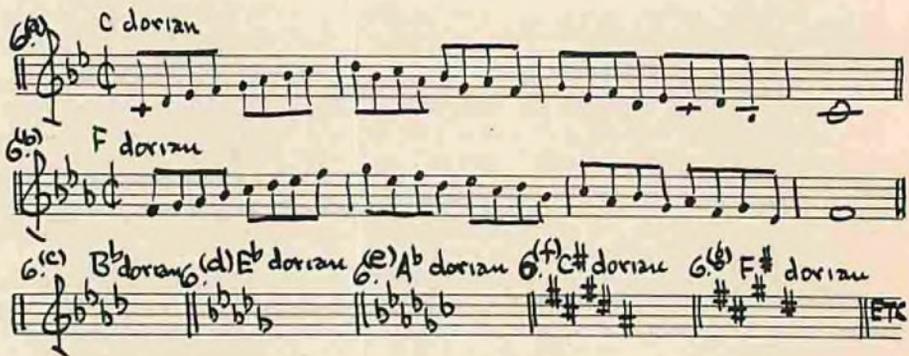
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The following exercise stretches the tonal flow to four measures. After playing it several times, transpose it to new tonic centers by using the circle of fourths. This would give you tonic centers on C, F, Bb, Eb, Ab, C#, F#, B, E, A, D, G and C. Remember to borrow the signature from the major key one whole step below the tonic you are working on.



Further study could include:

1. Listening to examples of 16th century counterpoint.
2. Listening for modal sounds in modern compositions.
3. Studying the scores of compositions with modal flavor. (A good source here would be the Berklee series, *Jazz in the Classroom*, with particular emphasis on the later releases.)
4. Experimental playing with a rhythm section. Let the horns and bass line work in simple melodic lines while the piano and/or guitar fill in the suggested harmonies. Try to end phrases on the modal tonic and use long periods (eight to 16 bars) of one single harmonic flavor.
5. Write some modal lines and use the melodic ideas in small group playing or in a simple orchestration. Keep the texture of the harmonizations lean so that the forward flow of the lines will predominate.

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FROM THE TOP

(Continued from page 35)

cision and dynamics that will need work. There is a vital necessity for legato articulation with a decided push on the off beats and the avoidance of rushing.

A pianissimo chorus for the full ensemble follows. Here, the lifted dotted quarters become very important along with clipped final eighths, precision and balance. Also get the band to lay-back on beat two of the measure and on the "du-daht-daht" syncopation. The ensemble is repeated at full volume with the trumpets up an octave and the trombones adding an interlocking fill. Another short bass solo leads to the repetition of the opening melody.

The only objection to the arrangement lies in the fact that there is no solo space provided. Certainly, it is possible to "open up" the arrangement and to give soloists room in several spots but I wish that the arranger had done it in order to force the director. I'm afraid that all too many will not take the trouble. All in all, this is a fine arrangement ideally suited for the younger band.

• Let's not forget the "oldies." Each year, band directors seem to look for the new things that have come out and tend to forget about some of the fine older publications. Here is a list of some of the better older publications in the medium-difficult and difficult range. Some of the easier publications will be included later.

Mopsy	Mutchler	Berklee
Esselobee	LaPorta	Berklee
Uptown Walk	Mardin	Berklee
Bluer Than Blue	Wilkins	Colin
Jiver's License	Albam	Kendor
Easy Street	Costa	Kendor
Stella By Starlight	Riddle	Kendor
Black Magic	May	Kendor
This Is Loneliness	Wiggins	LeBlanc
Soul Bossa Nova	Jones	Silhouette
You Turned The		
Tables On Me	Wright	Fox
Hobnobbin'	Carter	Highland
I Gotta Do		
It My Way	Hill	Highland
Ambrosiade	Barker	Leonard
Quincy's Groove	Fenno	Leonard
The Lunceford		
Special	Fenno	Barnhouse
Something Blue	Horn	Berklee
Hold It!	Albam	Belwin
Laugh's On Me	Albam	Belwin
Pennies For Evan	Albam	Belwin
Count Your Change	Horn	Berklee
Brownsville Express	Brown	Colin
Maids Of Cadiz	Evans	Kendor
La Nevada Blues	Evans	Kendor
Off The Wall	Seibert	KSM
Hoc Down	Nelson	Marks
Miss Fine	Nelson	Marks
Emancipation Blues	Nelson	Marks
Copley's Folly	Richards	Berklee
Sermet's Dream	Mardin	Berklee

ES

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

Afternoon" series. Slugs' Sunday "Big Band Jazz" spotted **Weldon Irvine's** band in September and **Howard Johnson's Substructure** in October. **Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble** will be the Sunday music-makers in November . . . Vibist **Harry Sheppard** played the opening of Midtown Chevrolet at Broadway and 57th St. **Lew Gluckin** was on trumpet . . . Pianist

Freddy Cole, piano playing-singing brother of the late **Nat Cole**, was in residence at the Three Swans Pub of the Forest Hills Inn through October . . . **Burton Greene** and **Sunny Murray** did not play as announced at the Musicians' Open House Festival for Group 212 in Woodstock, N.Y., but tenor saxophonist **Mark Whitecage's** group did, and a trio under pianist-vibist-percussionist **Tom Wayburn** also made the scene.

Los Angeles: A cautious experiment in booking big bands started successfully at the Hong Kong Bar, thanks to **Louis Bellson**. His three weeks there will be followed by **Buddy Rich** Nov. 10, after a return appearance by **George Shearing**. In March, **Woody Herman** will bring in his **Herd**. Despite the size of the Bellson band, plus the array of kettledrums, no seats had to be removed from the lounge—but there was considerable redistribution. Personnel was **Don Rader**, **Paul Hubinon**, **Al Patacca**, **Reunald Jones**, trumpets; **Bill Tole**, **George Bohanon**, **Mike Wimberly**, **Nick Di Maio**, trombones; **Pete Christlieb**, **Kim Richmond**, reeds; **Ronnie Benson**, **Pete Woodford**, guitars; **Joanne Grauer**, piano, electric piano; **John Worster**, bass; **Bellson**, **Jack Arnold**, percussion; **Chuck Rowan**, vocals . . . The idea of putting TV shows into 13-week blocks has proven unlucky for the **Roger Pearsall Quartet**. *Good Day, L.A.*, seen on the local ABC-TV outlet, was transformed from a variety show to an all-talk show, and drummer **Pearsall**, pianist **Mike Woodford**, guitarist **Joe Pass** and bassist **Whitey Hoggan** are back among the "normal" jazzmen who can sleep late. The show required their being on the set at 6 a.m. to rehearse the guests . . . Since he got off the road with **Ella Fitzgerald**, drummer **Joe Harris** has been gigging casually. Most recent engagement was backing **Mavis Rivers** at the Playboy Club, with **Joe Parnello**, piano; **Chuck Dominico**, bass. **Frank Severino**, the unofficial house drummer at the Playboy has patented a drum made mostly of fiberglass, with conventional calfskin or plastic heads. The novel feature of the drum is the tuning—regulated by means of a foot pedal that controls the air pressure inside the drum. The drum can be tuned to any desired pitch with the foot pedal, then returned to the original pitch by releasing it. Financial backing comes from Severino's partner, **Shelly Manne**. They are submitting designs to drum manufacturers, but might go into production themselves . . . **Muddy Waters** played two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole, with **Otis Spann**, piano; **Paul Oscher** (introduced by Waters as "our blue-eyed soul brother"), harmonica; **Pee Wee Jones**, **Luther (Georgia Boy) Johnson**, guitars; **Little Sonny Wimberly**, bass; **S. P. Leary**, drums. Waters did not draw too well, and the timing could not have been worse. On Oct. 1, a tippler's tax went into effect in Los Angeles—a new city tariff that adds 5% to the price of all alcoholic beverages sold across the bar. One of the leading fighters against it was Shelly's partner, **Rudy Underwyzer**. He had to square off against the City Council almost single-handed. Los Angeles is no-

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torious for lack of cooperation among club owners. **Eddie Harris** followed **Waters** into the Manne-Hole . . . **Page Cavanaugh** brought his trio into **Joe Kirkwood's** in **Studio City** . . . **Karen Hernandez** is back at the **Pied Piper**, where her trio is backing vocalist **Betty Heywood** . . . The big bands of **Kim Richmond** and **Gene Estes** played successive Sundays at **Donte's**. **Miles Davis** and his quintet opened this season's *Jazz at UCLA* with a one-nighter. **Carmen McRae** was the second in the campus series; **Charles Lloyd** will be the final attraction Jan. 18 . . . **Pete and Conte Candoli** shared **Donte's** stage for a three-day gig. On the opening night, the trumpeters shared the spotlight with pianist **Greg Williams'** trio (**Bill Leifer**, bass; **John McClure**, drums), which made its **Donte's** debut earlier the same week, sharing the stand with **Jim Stewart** and the **Advancement** (**Gabor Szabo's** combo minus **Gabor**) . . . **Buster Williams** (**Nancy Wilson's** favorite bassist) has called it quits as far as the West Coast is concerned. He left as soon as **Miss Wilson's Coconut Grove** engagement ended.

San Francisco: **Willie Bobo**, on timbales, led a group of **Lonnie Hewitt**, trumpet; **Felix Rocom**, flute; **Kenny Rogers**, tenor; **Sonny Henry**, guitar; **John Hunt**, bass; **Victor Pantoja**, conga —at the **Jazz Workshop**, playing a bluesy Latin-jazz that veers between the wistful and the exciting. **Bobo's** group headed an **Art Pepper** benefit concert at the **Workshop** Sunday afternoon, Sept. 29, with a host of local musicians. After **Bobo** at the **Workshop**, the **Three Sounds** . . . The **Both/And**, closed for a week after **Roland Kirk** departed, re-opened with the **Freddie Hubbard Quintet** (**James Spaulding**, alto, flute; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Junie Booth**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums) to be followed by the **Miles Davis Quintet** . . . The **Hyer Jones Quintet** and the **Monty Waters** big band play on Sunday afternoons . . . Flutist **Jeremy Steig** was at the **Trident** in **Sausalito**, with vibist **Mike Mainieri**; **Hal Gaylor**, bass; **Donald MacDonald**, drums, and a vocalist, **Sally Waring**, who is worth coronets. **Steig** and the **Satyr's** were on a wide ranging jazz kick, abandoned and delicate. **Bola Sete** was scheduled to follow . . . The **Scene** —in **Lotus Land**, close to **Haight-Ashbury** —has the **Tom Smith Trio** Thursdays through Sundays (**Smith**, organ; **Bob King**, guitar; **Bob Roman**, drums) . . . **Della Reese** just completed an engagement at **Mr. D's**. The **Four Tops** came in soon after and were followed by **Billy Eckstine** . . . At the **Half-Note**, a jazz trio holds forth on weekends: **Bill Bell**, piano; **Clarence Bactel**, bass; **John Heard**, drums . . . **Basin Street West** had the **Coasters** and the **Drifters**, **Carmen McRae** and, on their talented heels, the **George Shearing Quintet** . . . **Count Basie** played a dance and concert at **Chabot College** after a successful stint at **Basin Street West** . . . Folk singers are featured weekends at the **Coffee Lounge** . . . More folk songs from **John Stewart** and **Buffy Ford** at the hungry **i**, with jazz vocalist **Gail Muribus** and the **Clyde Pound Trio** also on the bill . . . A recent Sunday concert by the

Don Piestrup band at the **Casuals** on **The Square** in **Oakland** went over so well that once-monthly concerts are now a fixed thing . . . The **Bola Sete Trio** and the **Weird Harold** did one week at the **Old Town Theatre** in **Los Gatos** . . . The **Cream**, on their farewell tour, were to the **Oakland Coliseum** Oct. 4, the **Temptations** on Oct. 20 . . . **Ella Fitzgerald's** three-week engagement at the **Venetian** room of the **Fairmont Hotel** had backing from pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, bassist **Frank De La Rosa** (ex-**Don Ellis**) and drummer **Ed Thigpen** . . . A re-formed **Cal Tjader** group was due at the **Matador**, and possibly from there to the **Blackhawk**.

Detroit: After a successful engagement by multi-instrumentalist **Rufus Harley** and his quartet (**Oliver Collins**, piano; **James Glenn**, bass; **Billy Abner**, drums), the **Drome** returned to local jazz for a week with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Teddy Harris**, piano; **Bert Myrick**, drums), then brought in West Coast organist **Merl Saunders** and his trio (**Jimmy Daniels**, guitar; **Eddie Moore**, drums) for their first **Detroit** engagement. Future bookings at the **Drome** include a mixture of big names, unknown and local groups . . . **Farrow's** group, minus **Harris** and with **Johnny Cleaver** subbing for **Myrick**, also did a couple of weekends at the **Chessmate**. A guest there was former **Horace Silver** trumpeter **Louis Smith**, now a music teacher in **Detroit** . . . Another **Smith**, singer **O. C. Smith**, did a set recently with the **Nu-Art Organ Quartet** at the **Twenty Grand** . . . Just prior to their recording debut for **Blue Note**, the **Jazz Masters** (**Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) changed the name of their group to the **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** . . . Tenorist **Flip Jackson** has moved his group (**Charles Eubanks**, piano; **Ed Pickens**, bass, and **Bob Battle**, replacing **Jimmy Allen**, drums) from **Ann Arbor** to **Flint**, where they opened at the **Living End**. Their replacements at the **Town Bar** were the **Soul Messengers**, with trumpeter **Ed Hood**, organist **Jim Womack** and drummer **Quentin McDonald**. On **Wednesdays** and **Saturdays**, tenorist **Marvin Williams** rounds out the band. On **Thursdays** and **Fridays**, altoist **Otis Harris** takes his place . . . The vocal team of pianist **Harold McKinney** and his wife **Gwen** have moved into the **Breakers**, where they are backed by **McKinney's** regular rhythm team of bassist **Rod Hicks** and drummer **George Davidson** . . . The latest edition of organist **Rudy Robinson's** band, with trumpeter **Gordon Camp**, tenorist **Johnny Clopton** and drummer **Andrew Smith**, can now be heard at **Casino Royal** . . . The houseband at the reopened **Act IV** is led by **Bob Snyder**, modestly billed as "the world's greatest clarinetist." With **Snyder** are pianist **Carrol Lee**, bassist **Jay Dana** and drummer **Danny Spencer** . . . The **Tebia Lounge** has instituted Saturday jazz sessions featuring electric saxophonist **Charlie Gubrial's** houseband (**Clarence McCloud**, organ; **Billy Culp**, drums) . . . Guitarist **Dennis Coffey** has

returned to the Frolic, where he recently worked with organist **Lyman Woodard's** group, to join drummer **George McGreg-**or's trio, replacing **Ron English**.

Boston: Since Boston last reported, a man named **Thomas Edison** invented a revolutionary new talking machine. During the summer, lead trumpeter **Jim Bossert** and his new wife flew to Hollywood to join the **Buddy Rich** Band, only to come back unexpectedly on a return flight somewhat poorer. Jim is currently with **Woody Herman**, who just finished out a week at **Lennie's** on the Turnpike. The band also played an evening concert at the Red Tavern Arts Festival in Methuen with the **Jimmy Mosher-Paul Fontaine** Big Band. The Mosher-Fontaine band played several concerts in the area this past summer and was slated to back **Mel Torme** for a week at **Lennie's** . . . **Frankie Randall** came to The Surf in Revere for an exciting week with **Ted Howe's** Big Band featuring **Lennie Johnson**, **John LaPorta**, **Joe LaBarbra**, **Herb Pomeroy** and **Phil Wilson** behind or in front of him. Johnson, LaPorta, Pomeroy, Wilson and **Charlie Mariano**, **Ray Santisi** and **Alan Dawson** recently returned from two weeks of teaching and performing at the National Stage Band Camps at Miliken University and the University of Connecticut . . . LaPorta has just published a new book on beginning improvisation based on the pentatonic scale. Santisi has been flying in and out of town playing with **Stan Getz**, and Dawson is currently with **Dave Brubeck** and **Gerry Mulligan** . . . **Billy Eckstine** had a very strong week at **Lennie's**, backed by **Lennie Johnson**, **John LaPorta**, **Phil Wilson**, **Jimmy Mosher**, **Charlie Persip**, **Calvin Hill** and **Bobby Tucker**. The week ended Saturday night with **Mr. B**, **Johnson**, **LaPorta** and the rhythm section playing until 2:30 a.m., fortified by **Joe Batista's** home-brewed rice . . . For weekly artists who prefer to observe the Sabbath, **Lennie** has been filling his Sunday matinees with guitar players. He flew in **Johnny Smith** from Colorado Springs, **Barney Kessel** from Los Angeles, and **Jim Hall** from New York for three successful Sundays . . . Recently in town were **Jimmy Smith** at Paul's Mall (**Thelonious Monk** coming in), **Gene DiStacio's** Brass '68 featuring **Jimmy Helms** at the Jazz Workshop, and **Mose Allison** at **Lennie's**, followed by **Prof. Irwin Corey** . . . For jazz fans in New Hampshire, the Granite State's one and only jazz club at the Rockingham Hotel in Portsmouth has pianist **Tom Gallant** holding forth nightly.

New Orleans: Trombonist **Santo Pecora** organized an all-star group for the annual **Dixieland** at **Disneyland** jazz concert in California. The band included trumpeter **Thomas Jefferson**, clarinetist **Harry Shields**, pianist **Pete Monteleone**, banjoist **Manuel Sayles**, bassist **Milton Stevens**, and drummer **Freddie Kohlman**. Also on the trip were promoter **Joe Mares**, singer **Blanche Thomas**, and itinerant dancers **Pork Chops** and **Kidney Stew** . . . The official opening of the

Downs Lounge in Jefferson Parish brought clarinetist **Sal Franzella's** quartet to alternate with the house group led by pianist-singer **Buddy Prima** . . . **Delgado** Junior College has initiated a music program, with **Klaus Sudler** as head of the music department. The **Delgado Stage Band** will be conducted by bassist **Joe Hebert**, whose bands at Loyola University and St. Aloysius High School have won national acclaim in recent years . . . **Willie Tee** and the **Souls** have been playing a string of benefits and college engagements, including concerts at Loyola University and Southern University . . . Pianist **Dave West** subbed for **Chuck Berlin** at the Fairmont Room and **Pete Monteleone** at the Sho' Bar while they were

on out-of-town engagements. **West** continues to lead his own trio on Sundays at the **Bistro**.

St. Louis: **Gretchen Hill**, exciting young vocalist, had a narrow escape recently in a serious auto accident. Fortunately, she is all right and has returned to the **Montmartre Lounge**. Pianist **Herb Drury**, with **Jerry Cherry**, bass; **Jim Bolen**, vibes, and **Phil Hulsey**, drums continue their lengthy run at the club with **Miss Hill** . . . A new club, **Le Apartment**, has opened in the **Mansion House Center**. Co-owners **Rob Stewart** and **Art Boylan**, both jazz enthusiasts, have acquired the talents of pianist **Dan Wintermantle's** trio (**Jim O'Dell**, bass; **Vern Chuchian**, drums).

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The Mansion House Center now boasts three swinging clubs. **Dave Venn** continues at the Spanish Door during the cocktail hour, and the mighty mite, **Peanuts Whalum**, takes over for the late chores. The Garage features drummer **Pete Johnstone's** trio, with **Ken Palmer**, piano; **Ed Bear**, bass . . . Organist **Don Stille** and drummer **Lucky Light** continue to get rave notices from the patrons and the Parkway House North. They are sharing the bill with the newly revised **Marksmen** (**Mark Lieberstein**, bass and trumpet; **Ray Braun**, cordovox; **Don Shore**, drums, and **Sherry Drake**, vocals) . . . Pianists **Ed Fritz** and **Dan Wintermantle**, guitarist **Steffe Otis**, and drummer **Bill Kent** made a record date in Memphis as members of the **Richard Bellis** Orchestra. Bellis, cur-

rently stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, is the talented arranger formerly with the **Doodletown Pipers**, **Johnny Mathis**, and the **Hullabaloo** show . . . The **Bill Hulub Trio** opened at a new dining spot, 71 Maryland Plaza. Hulub's cohorts are **Jack Helmer**, bass, and his wife, **Barbara Parker**, on drums and vocals . . . **Bob Kuban and the In Men**, still the area's most popular soul group, on records and in person, have taken over the Monday night sessions at the Terrace Lounge. The regular group at the club, **The Van Dykes**, are fronted by drummer **Larry Ham**, with **Al Cramer**, organ; **Jimmy Hoff**, guitar; **Ken Jobe**, bass, and vocalist **John Evans**. The group is in their second year at the popular spot . . . The East Side is featuring the talents of the **Ken Ray Trio**, with

Jack Mathison, piano; **Cus Sandox**, drums . . . Former home townner and great drummer **Ed Thigpen** has a featured acting role in an upcoming **Daktari** segment.

Cincinnati: Pianist **Eddie Sears** and his trio concluded a summer-long gig at **Herbie's Lounge**. Sears is now working a piano duo job with **Ed Moss** at **Love's Coffee House**. **Herbie's Lounge**, in the meantime, is featuring drummer **Ron Enycart's** trio (**Kenny Poole**, guitar; **Burgoyne Denny**, bass) . . . The **Duke Ellington Orchestra** followed comedian **Redd Foxx** into the Living Room Supper Club. Appearing opposite **Foxx** was the **Lee Stolar Trio**, with bassist **Bud Hunt** and drummer **Dave Frerichs**. The trio also accompanied singer **Johnny Hartman** at the club . . . The **Playboy Club** is now using the **Woody Evans Trio** as one of its house groups, in addition to the **Dave Engle Trio**. **Ed Connelly** and **Phillip Paul** play bass and drums respectively with **Evans** . . . The **Dee Felice Trio** has been working at the **Buccannecr Lounge** most of the summer. Vocalist **Madeline Press** has been featured with the group . . . Jazz bagpiper **Rufus Harley** played a city-sponsored concert in **Eden Park** as part of a series of free concerts held on Sunday afternoons . . . After a long jazz hiatus, **Mahagoney Hall** is now featuring the **Jimmy Madison Trio**, with pianist **Dave Matthews** and bassist **John Bell** . . . A new club, the **Happy Baron**, opened its doors with the aid of **Jimmy McGary** and his trio. Vocalist **Popeye Maupin** works with the group.

Toronto: **Pepper Adams** played a one-week date at **George's Spaghetti House** with the house trio: **Ed Bickert**, guitar; **Ron Parks**, bass; **Jerry Fuller**, drums . . . The same week, **Jimmy McGriff's** quartet appeared at the **Colonial**. With him were tenor saxophonist **Arthur Thonus**; guitarist **Larry Frazier**; drummer **Jessie Kilpatrick**. At **The Town**, the **Ray Bryant Trio**, with bassist **Jimmy Rowser** and drummer **Harold White**, was in for a week . . . Singer **Pinky Smith** returned to the **Penthouse Inn** for an extended engagement . . . **John Arpin**, a ragtime pianist of note, has been playing during the cocktail hour at **Stop 33**, where the **Hagood Hardy Trio** appears in the evenings . . . The **Speakeasy**, newest night spot in town, is featuring the **Stanley Steamers**, a Dixieland band from **Burlington, Vermont** . . . The **Drawing Room**, a quiet, subdued room adjacent to **Frair's** boisterous upstairs room, is currently featuring vocalist-pianist **Ginny Grant**.

Holland: Tenorist **Ben Webster**, still living in **Amsterdam**, was on television with three other tenor saxophonists (**Piet Noordijk**, **Harry Verbeke**, **Toon Van Vliet**). A session with **Benny Bailey** and **Betty Carter** followed . . . Trumpeter **Jimmy Owens** made a tour through **Holland**, also recording with a big string ensemble and with a quartet . . . In **Amsterdam**, a few well-known musicians organized their own concert of contempo-

1969 Grants Total \$6,500.00

Down Beat's 12th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

In 1956 Down Beat established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Hall of Fame Scholarship program provides for fourteen (14) scholarship grants to be awarded to student musicians on the basis of their potential and current abilities.

Members of the Jazz Hall of Fame whom these scholarships honor are elected by Down Beat's annual Readers and International Jazz Critics Polls. The Berklee School of Music offers a four-year music and academic curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition, Music Education or Applied Music; and a four-year professional diploma curriculum with recognition in Arranging/Composition or Instrumental Performance.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? Anyone, male or female, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the following age requirements is eligible.

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1968. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1969 issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of Down Beat and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee School of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

All scholarship winners must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1969 or January, 1970, or else forfeit the scholarship award. Scholarships are not transferable.

The 1969 Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are made in the following amounts:	
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HOW TO APPLY: Fill out the coupon in this announcement, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, Down Beat, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60606. You will be sent immediately an official application form. With the official application, you will be required to send to Down Beat a tape or record of your playing an instrument or of an ensemble performing your original composition and/or arrangement.

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rary jazz music. Performances were by the Hans Dulfer-Han Bennink Quartet, Belgian pianist Fred Van Hove, bagpipe player Peter Bennink, and the Ahoramuzda group. The concert was a tremendous success (about 900 people attended) and similar concerts are planned on a weekly basis. The concert took place in the Paradiso building, formerly a church and now subsidized by the Municipality of Amsterdam . . . The second I.C.P. (Instant Composer Pool) record with altoist John Tchicai, pianist Misha Meugenberg and drummer Han Bennink sold very well in Holland. There appears to be much interest in these recordings produced by the musicians themselves outside Holland as well . . . The Rotterdam B-14 Jazz Club, celebrating its 10th anniversary this year, started the season with a concert by trumpeter Art Farmer. Another American guest expected to play at the B-14 is tenorist Frank Foster . . . Boys' Big Band split into two different orchestras, one directed by Boy Edgar and a smaller group led by Theo Loevendie, the latter principally playing avant garde music . . . Drummer Pierre Courbois made an LP for the ESP label. His sidemen were Boy Raaymakers, trumpet; Peter Van De Loecht, alto; Erwin Somer, vibes, and Ferdy Rijkers, bass . . . At the annual big jazz festival at Roermond, Holland, Ben Webster was the biggest attraction. There were also the Theo Loevendie Quintet, Rene Thomas with tenorist J. R. Monterose, and various German, Belgian and Dutch groups . . . Drummer-tabla player Han Bennink has joined the group of German saxophonist Peter Brotzman. First night was at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw with, among others, multi-instrumentalist Willem Breuker and English tenorist Evan Parker . . . Bill Evans was in Holland to make a record for N.R.U. (a Dutch radio station) . . . Tom Kelling, guitarist-singer in the South American style, died at the age of 44. Kelling regularly featured jazz musicians in his shows.

Montevideo: The Swingle Singers from France did an August concert at the Sodre, the principal musical center here. With the singers were Guy Pedersen, bass, and Daniel Humair, drums . . . On Sept. 8, the Goethe Institute from Germany presented The German All Stars at the same place. Their personnel was Manfred Schoof, Ak Van Royen, trumpets; Albert Manglesdorff, Rudi Fuesers, trombones; Rolf Kuhn, clarinet; Emil Mangelsdorff, alto saxophone, flute; Gerd Dudek, Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophones; Wolfgang Dauner, piano; Gunter Lenz, bass; Ralf Hubner, drums, and Willi Johanns, vocals . . . Three days later, Duke Ellington and his Orchestra did a concert, again at the Sodre. With Duke were Cootie Williams, Herbie Jones, Mercer Ellington, Willie Cook, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Buster Cooper, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Harold Ashby, Harry Carney, saxophones; Jeff Castleman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Trish Turner, Tony Watkins, vocals.

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WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.
Baby Grand: unk.
Basie's: name groups.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Mongo Santamaria to 11/4.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Cafe Deluxe: unk.
Casey's: Nico Bunick, Herb Brown, tfn.
Cesar's Table: unk.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: unk.
Electric Circus: unk.
Encore (Union, N.J.): unk.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jimmy Hamilton.
Fillmore East: Steppenwolf, Buddy Rich, The Move, 11/8-9. Country Joe & The Fish, Terry Reid, 11/15-16. Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, 11/22-23.
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, Roy Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Half Note: unk.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): unk.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Lake Tower Inn: Otto-McLewler to 11/10.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): The Page Three, Boh Jennings, tfn.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Buddy Rich to 11/6.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Brath. Sessions, wknds.
Nevel Country Club (Ellenville): Bobby Johnson, tfn.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.
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: Dukes of Dixieland to 11/10.
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.
Shepherd's: Billy Fellows to 11/9.
Slugs: Jazz Samaritans, 11/2. Frank Foster, Nov. (Sun. afternoons).

Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Hurry Stump, Tom O'Neil, Frank Thompson, Sessions, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn. Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: Bill Evans to 11/10.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Dick Gregory, 11/1-2. Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith, 11/8-9. Davis, Prof. Irwin Corey, 11/15-16. Charles 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.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden, Gloria Jones, Dick Thurston.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Janelle Hawkins.
Chadney's (Sherman Oaks): Ray Malus.
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.-Sun.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Teddy Buckner, Clara Ward, Young Men From New Orleans.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Vocal Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big Bands, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Buddy Rich, 11/10-30.
Jazz Suite (Beverly Hills): Big Bands, combos.
Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon.
Joe Kirkwood's Bowl (Studio City): Page Cavanaugh.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Bola Sete to 11/10. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon. Robby Bryant, Mon.-Tue.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
Memory Lane: Lurez Alexandrin, 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: Betty Heywood, Karen Hernandez. Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pilgrimage Theatre: Roger Kellaway, 11/3. Clare Fischer, 11/10.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Red Log (Westwood): Matt Dennis.
Redd Foxx's: Gerald Wiggins, hb.
Reuben's Restaurant (Newport, Tustin, Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat., tfn.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manno-Hole: Miles Davis to 11/3. Thelanius Monk, 11/5-17.

Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle, Dave Mackay, Mon. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Father Tom Vaughn.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Philip Cohran, Fri.-Sun.
Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.-Thur.
Electric Theater: Moby Grape, 11/1-2.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun.
Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Soulful Strings to 11/10.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Downtown): Pat Pancesa, Fri.-Sat.
Midus Touch: Tommy Ponce, Wed.-Sun.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pignalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: various name groups.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicago Footwarmers, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat.
Tejar Club: various name groups.

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.
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 Morocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig, hb.
Fontainebleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Fats Domino, 11/4-23.
Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
Hurricane #2: Porgy Jones, wknds.
Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Oil Limits: David Laste, wknds, afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Rendezvous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Stereo: Roger Dickerson, Jerri Hall, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
Vancresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claihorne.

DETROIT

Act IV: Bob Snyder, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Redd Foxx to 11/3. Three Sounds, 11/8-20. Quartette Tres Bien, 11/21-24. Les McCann, 11/24-12/3.
Bandit's Villa: Steve Roaker, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's (Madison Heights): Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokenbush's: Jack Brokenbush 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: Chuck Slinkard to 11/3. Sonny Stitt, 11/22-12/1.
Flamingo: Rod Lumpkin.
Frolie: George McGregor, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Horseshoe (Petoskey): Levi Mann.
Ivanhoe: Marian Devore, Wed.-Sat.
Living End (Flint): Flip Jackson, Thur.-Sun.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Malt Michael, Mon.-Sat.

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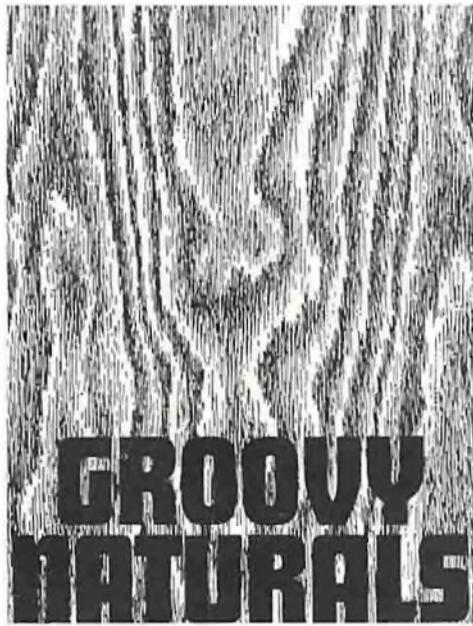
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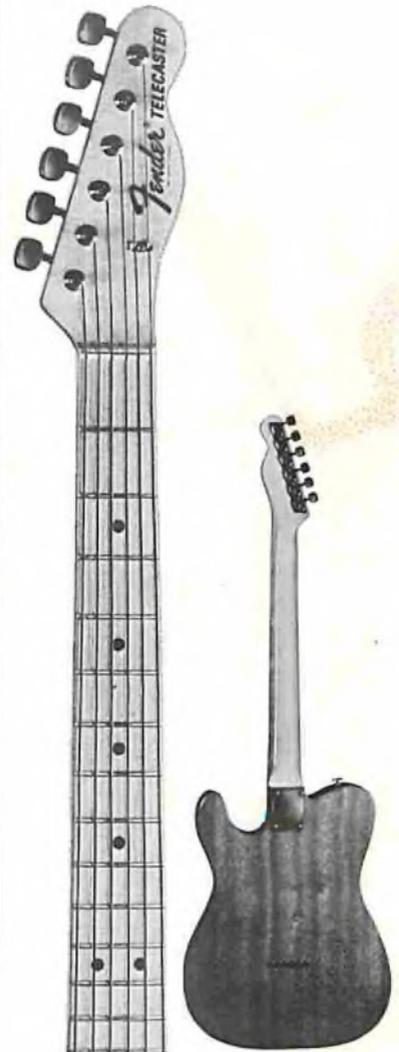
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