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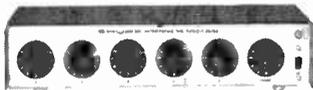
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

JUST AS WE try to keep you informed as to what is happening in music, you readers are reciprocally helpful in letting us know about your tastes, preferences and buying patterns. This "reader feedback" is very important to us—not only as communication—but in the hard information we get in planning editorial coverage and setting circulation distribution.

There is no doubt in our mind that demonstrated reader interest in *Down Beat* is a large factor in our growth and development. For example, this issue will have a total net sale of over 80,000 copies (about 75% by subscription, the remaining 25% for sale from newsstands and music stores). Each six months for the past seven years, *Down Beat* has been increasing its total net sale. This excellent growth record is largely due to what we know about our audience.

During the past six weeks we have sent a lengthy questionnaire to subscribers chosen at random from among the 50 states, requesting detailed information on record purchases. Perhaps you would like to know some of the collective results. (A detailed study is available by writing to this column.)

Mainly you readers tell us (by collective sample) that you have eclectic musical tastes. Your main interest is in jazz (or what jazz is supposed to mean) as indicated by heavy record purchases of Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, Cannonball Adderley, Gary Burton, John Coltrane, et al. But there are a substantial amount of purchases from among the rock groups: Cream, The Doors, Vanilla Fudge, Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Beatles. Equally important are the blues and soul preferences: James Brown, The Temptations, Aretha Franklin, B. B. King, Muddy Waters, Ray Charles. And some have gone out and paid money for a mixed bag of Leontyne Price, Herb Alpert, Leonard Bernstein, Stan Kenton, Frank Sinatra, Henry Mancini, Big Bill Broonzy, Archie Shepp, Louis Armstrong, Don Ellis, Glenn Gould, Sergio Mendes and the like. There is also something to be learned from what is not listed: Tiny Tim, Roger Miller, Patti Page, Dukes of Dixieland, Kate Smith.

In short, you tell us that you are selective in your musical tastes but not by any narrow definition of "jazz" or "pop" or "soul." Your interest is in good, modern music, music that is emotionally charged to elicit a positive response.

Further along in this same survey, we are told that you are prompted to buy a particular recording because of: browsing in record racks, *Down Beat* record ads and reviews, and listening to radio.

You also tell us that your average annual record purchases amount to over \$100 and that you're beginning to pick up on pre-recorded tapes. A very important bit of information is gleaned from the survey concerning the buying habits of musical instrument players versus listeners. The players tend to buy more in total, and to buy more instrumental recordings. In short, the serious *Down Beat* ever-learning musician buys records for learning and pleasure.

Your next issue will mainly be devoted to a major expression of readers' opinions—the results of *Down Beat's* 34th annual Readers Poll. This column will discuss more readership characteristics. Let's keep in touch.



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JOHN J. MAHER

PUBLISHER
CHARLES SUBER

EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN

ASSISTANT EDITOR
LAWRENCE KART

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
IRA GITLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
HARVEY SIDERS

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CORRESPONDENTS

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

WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial. Martin Gallay, Advertising Sales. 3281 Oakshire Dr., Hollywood, CA. 90028, 877-1080.

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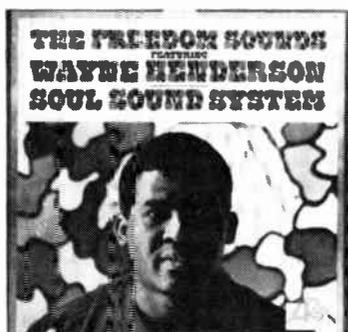
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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately following by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.



PHIL WILSON

My first conversation with the Administrative staff at Berklee, however, made it immediately apparent that my strong interest in teaching supported by my extensive professional experience was exactly what the school required in all of its faculty appointments. More specifically, what I was told was "we don't just want you to teach the theory of trombone playing; we want you to prepare your students to make a living." Well, I had made a good living as a professional trombonist for a number of years and I was certainly aware of the varied and exacting demands of the world of professional music.

I'm now comfortably, if somewhat hectically, situated at Berklee teaching arranging, coaching ensembles and "preparing trombone students to make a living." As chairman of the trombone department, I've made certain that all my students are involved in a wide variety of ensemble activities . . . large and small jazz groups; theater and studio orchestras; brass quartets, quintets and choirs; concert bands; and even a special ten trombone jazz workshop.

I don't know exactly what musical directions each of my students will choose, but I do know that each will leave Berklee well prepared technically and musically for a career as a professional trombonist.

Phil Wilson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Holman Bonanza

I recently advertised in *DB* for three Bill Holman sides. *I have received over 200 responses from Bill Holman fans all over the U.S., Canada, Great Britain and France.* Almost without exception the general tone of each letter was, "My God, another B.H. fan—I can't believe it!"

I have received albums and tapes with no return address or name. I've learned about Holman tunes I never knew existed. Some tapes were of live performances which were not recorded commercially.

I've also been introduced to several relatively unknown arranger-composers with Holman's style.

This response has overwhelmed me. Until recently I had never met another B.H. fan.

Holman is fantastic! He arranges as if he were making love.

Complex interplay of themes to start, multiple "almost climaxes" with gradual crescendo, then a final unison followed by just the right amount of taper.

Well, now that I've revealed my libidinous nature, let me thank you for your magazine and the new-found knowledge that Holman is *alive and well.*

Henry K. Bunnell, M.D.

Pensacola, Fla.

Speak Like A Child

In his review of Herbie Hancock's latest album, *Speak Like A Child* (*DB*, Oct. 17), Larry Kart demonstrates his complete lack of sensitivity toward and understanding of Hancock's playing.

To say that Hancock "depends on harmony at the expense of melody and rhythm" is absurd. The type of playing Hancock has done with Miles and on this side emphasizes melody and rhythm, not harmony. Kart mistakes a novel approach to voicings and the harmonic structure of a tune as a whole as a *dependence* on harmony. Rather, he uses this approach as a means to enhanced melodic rhythmic expression. Instead of a never-ending barrage of changes, Hancock uses fewer changes spread out over greater space. When a player must improvise over a harmonic structure that is constantly changing, it is only logical that there must be some loss in improvisational creativity. So much of the melodic variation stems from the changing harmony itself. If the listener's mental set is tuned in to "changes", there may indeed be little "melodic interest", as Kart observes, since the type of variation he is expecting is simply not going to happen.

The most unforgivable criticism of all, however, is when Kart accuses Hancock of lack of rhythmic variety because of the "evenness with which he plays his lines." Playing eighth-note lines evenly is a difficult and important accomplishment that all instrumentalists strive for. It is a facility which frees a player to be rhythmi-

cally inventive, not which hampers him. To break up the rhythm and to play choppy lines are two completely different things. I have heard many critics speak of the rhythmic complexity of Hancock's lines, which I certainly believe he demonstrates on this album, and one important factor which enables him to achieve it is his unsurpassed ability to play eighth-note lines evenly.

I hope that the next time Kart listens to a Hancock side he does not listen with his mind in a Barry Harris bag but rather criticizes the playing within the context rather than criticizing the context itself.

Robert Budson

Detroit, Mich.

Larry Kart replies:

The only way I could really answer Mr. Budson would be for us to listen to the record together, but:

1) *I don't think I'm insensitive to Hancock's music, since I've enjoyed his playing in other contexts.*

2) *The use of fewer changes spread out over greater space does not by itself guarantee freedom from harmonic dependence. If a player is harmonically oriented, fewer changes may only hamper him.*

3) *The ability to play eighth-note lines evenly is a valuable tool, but only a tool. It's what you do with the tool that counts.*

4) *My mind is not exclusively in "a Barry Harris bag." I mentioned Harris because the comparison seemed fruitful. I admire all kinds of pianists, from Eubie Blake to Cecil Taylor.*

Blues For Big Blues Bands

I wish to disagree with Alex von Hoffman's contention (*DB*, Oct. 31) that B.B. King's current combo is an improvement over his old big band. I doubt that he ever heard that band in person. His judgment is probably based on the many sloppy studio sessions Maxwell Davis produced for RPM, Kent and ABC.

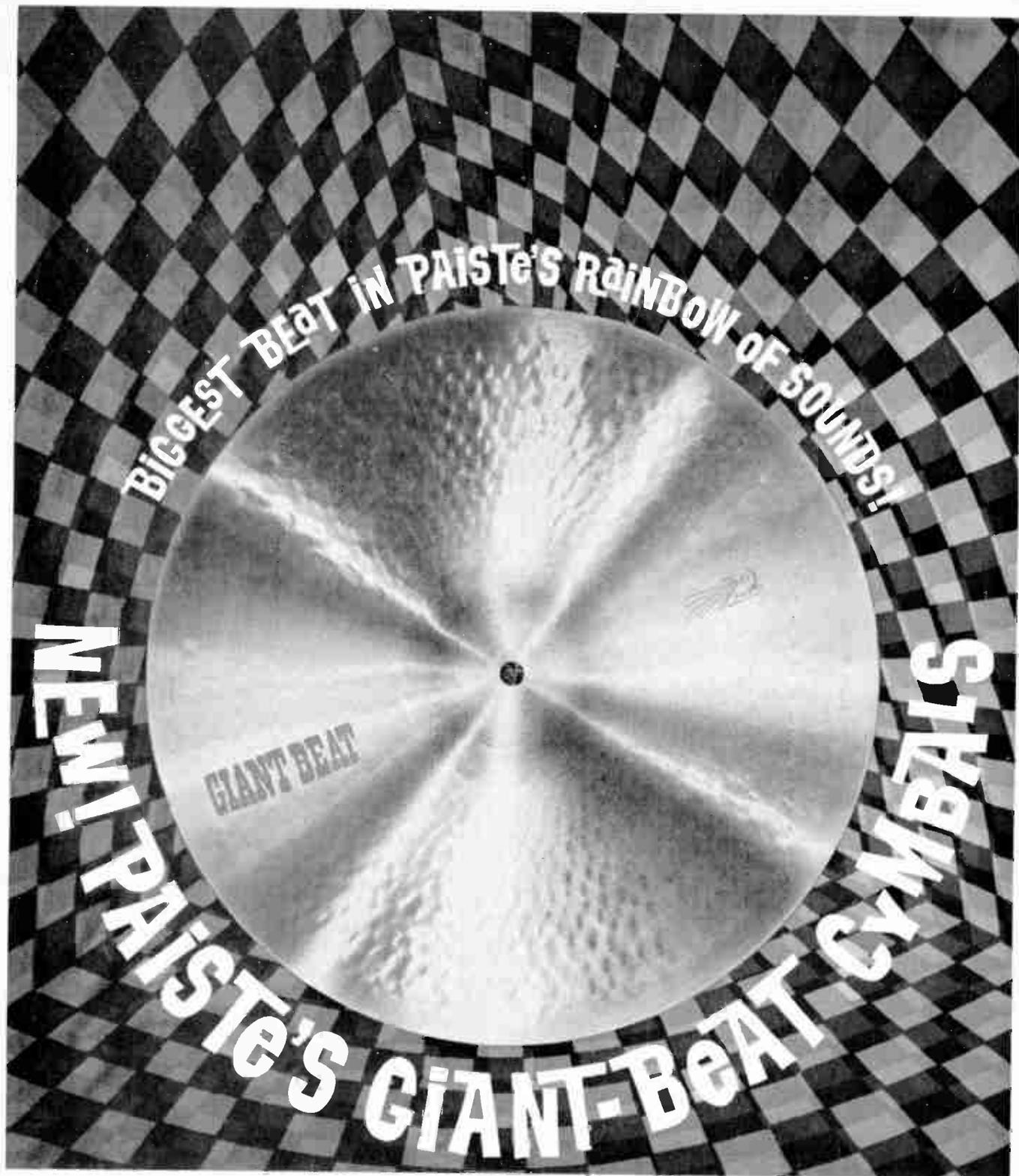
I heard the band once in late 1964 at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, which was then the last existing rhythm and blues ballroom in the Bay Area. (Today there are none.) This was around the same time the famous Regal album was made. The band consisted of, I believe, two trumpets, three saxes, piano, bass, and drums. It broke up about a year later, when the decline in blues audiences forced King to economize.

King's combo today is only a shadow of that great band. He does not have the power, drive or swing the old band could generate. The trumpet and tenor sound empty trying to play parts designed for a fuller section. . . .

Because of the declining support by black people of blues, most blues singers, like King, have had to either reduce the size of their bands or travel as singles. To my knowledge, the only big blues band still together is Bobby Bland's. It is a swinging Texas band playing with much of the excitement and urgency of the territorial bands of the '30s. It needs recognition and support before Bland, too, is forced to settle for a combo.

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Maestro sets him free in a way that gives you shivers when you think about it. It makes possible a combo of eight identical Eddies on eight different instruments, one on bass clarinet, another on English horn, a third on bass sax. Imagine Harris on Oboe or Bassoon. Or cello!

Maestro plugs into the instrument without altering it, and follows the artist's own dynam-

ics. In addition to eight voices, Maestro provides natural amplification, Fuzz Tone, and Contra, a circuit which lowers any voice two octaves.

Maestro is the kind of mind bender Harris has been after, at least the sales of his last two Atlantic albums say so.

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CHESS RECORDS SOLD TO TAPE CORPORATION

Chess Records, one of the last remaining major independent record companies, was purchased in early November by General Recorded Tape, Inc., producers of pre-recorded stereo tapes.

Chess, which comprises the Chess, Checker, Cadet and Cadet Concept labels, Ter-Mar Recording Studios, and two record pressing plants, was founded and operated by the Chess Brothers, Leonard and Phil, in the late 1940s in Chicago (their first label was Aristocrat).

Chess soon became one of the major forces in the blues field—a position it has retained until this day—with such artists as Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Little Walter in its stable. The label has also been prominent in the fields of Gospel music and recorded sermons.

In jazz, Cadet (formerly Argo) boasts in its extensive catalog such names as Ahmad Jamal, Ramsey Lewis, The Soulful Strings, Odell Brown, James Moody, Ray Bryant, Gene Ammons, John Klemmer and many others, while pop and r&b are represented by Etta James, Marlena Shaw, Jean DuShon and Frank D'Rone, among others.

With its own recording studios and pressing plants, Chess has been one of the best organized and most consistently successful independent record operations. According to a spokesman, no changes in personnel or policy are foreseen under the new ownership, though increased activity in the rock area (where Cadet Concept this year scored a notable success with The Rotary Connection) can be expected. The Chess Brothers will devote their major interest to their three radio stations, WVON and WSDM in Chicago, and WNOV in Milwaukee, Wis.

The sale of Chess can be considered one of the final chapters in the saga of independent record firms in the jazz and blues fields. In jazz, Prestige Records now is the sole remaining major independent in the U.S., and has so far refused several attractive offers.

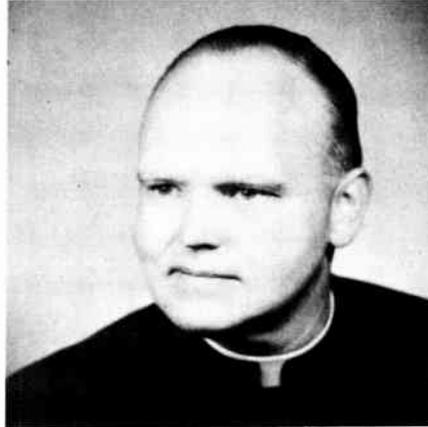
REV. WISKIRCHEN NAMED CONSULTANT FOR SELMER

Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., has been appointed clinician and consultant on parochial education for H.&A. Selmer, Inc.

According to a spokesman for Selmer, Rev. Wiskirchen will function "in a dual capacity." He will be available as a consultant to Catholic school administrators and diocesan superintendents interested in organizing instrumental music programs, and as a clinician he will provide guidance and leadership in the area of develop-

ing contemporary music programs.

Rev. Wiskirchen has been head of the music department at Notre Dame High School, Niles, Ill., since 1955. He is coordinator of instrumental music for the Archdiocese of Chicago, president of the



National Catholic Bandmasters Association, and a member of the board of directors of the National Band Association. His high school jazz band, The Melodons, has won numerous awards in national competitions and makes frequent appearances before music educators.

Rev. Wiskirchen has been a *Down Beat* columnist for many years. He is also editor of the *Stage Band Directors' Newsletter* published by this magazine.

LONDON'S JAZZ EXPO '68 A HIT; DRAWS 32,000

Despite increased cost and scope, London's *Jazz Expo '68* wound up its Oct. 19-26 stint solidly in the black. The 10 concerts at Festival Hall and the Hammer-smith Odeon involved the talents of 160 U.S. and British musicians, playing to an average of 75% of audience capacity and drawing a total attendance of over 32,000. Estimated cost was \$48,000.

Produced by George Wein in cooperation with Jack Higgins of the Harold Davison Organization, Britain's major bookers of jazz, *Jazz Expo '68* was part of the 18-city *Newport Jazz Festival in Europe* tour sponsored by Pan American Airways and the U.S. Travel Service, a branch of the Department of Commerce.

Participating U.S. talent included Dizzy Gillespie at the helm of a big reunion band, Count Basie and his orchestra, Dave Brubeck with Gerry Mulligan, Gary Burton and his quartet, Earl Hines and his septet, and the Newport All Stars with Benny Carter, Ruby Braff, and Barney Kessel. A 1969 repeat is already in the planning stage, with Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton being considered as star attractions. Some pop may also be included.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FEST DEADLINE APPROACHING

The 1969 Intercollegiate Music Festival (it used to be the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, but now includes popular and folk groups) has been set for May 22-24 at St. Louis' Kiel Opera House.

As in the two seasons past, a series of regional festivals will precede the main event, in which the winning groups will compete. First of these will be the Mobile Jazz Festival in Alabama (Feb. 28-March 1), followed by Villanova, Pa. (March 7-8); Cerritos, Calif. (March 20-22); Elmhurst, Ill. (March 28-29), and Little Rock, Ark. (April 18-19).

The deadline for entry is Jan. 15, and applications are available from IMF, P.O. Box 1275, Leesburg, Fla. 32748.

The producers of the IMF, Bob Yde Associates, are also presenting a *Sounds of Young America* competition in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 8-10. This event is open to collegiate composers and writers in three musical and two literary categories. Deadline for entry is Feb. 1, with applications available from *Sounds of Young America*, Room 458, Union Pacific Building Annex, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

MODESTLY NAMED BAND MAKES NEW YORK DEBUT

As you read this, a group with the hyperbolic appellation "The World's Greatest Jazz Band" will be nearing the end



Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield

of a five-week engagement at the Riverboat in New York City's Empire State Building. At presstime, the engagement was slated to start Nov. 7 and run through Dec. 10.

Whether or not one agrees with the group's working title, the personnel is indeed impressive. The co-leaders are trumpeter Yank Lawson and bassist Bob Haggart, former stars of the Bob Crosby Orchestra. Joining Lawson in the brass

department are Billy Butterfield, trumpet, and Lou McGarity and Carl Fontana, trombones. The reeds are in the experienced hands of tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman and clarinetist-soprano saxophonist Bob Wilber. Rounding out the rhythm section are banjoist-vocalist Clancy Hayes, pianist Ralph Sutton and drummer Morey Feld.

The moving force behind this enterprise is Richard Gibson, the affluent Denver businessman who has presented his *Jazz Party* in Colorado each fall for the past six years (*DB*, Nov. 28). A large, affable man who rightly considers himself more than just a buff, Gibson explains the singular choice of name for the band without apology.

"It's not a shrinking violet title, but I'd never call it that just for the heck of it," he says. "I feel it's a very great jazz band. We didn't call it 'The World's Greatest Possible Jazz Band.' But it *exists*. It has been carefully put together. There may be better possible bands but they are not intact, permanently organized units. Ours is not a swing band—not a big band like Count Basie's—it's a *jazz* band."

TWGJB is a cooperative band. It had its inception when Gibson rounded up its members to play for the 1963 Denver Debutante Christmas Ball. It was nurtured at Gibson's annual *Jazz Party*. The musical and social affinity among its members make it a family as much as a band. Gibson, a close friend of all the men, wants to do something for jazz. He was impressed with the way the younger generation took to the band in Colorado.

"Its power, rhythm and tone make it elementally attractive to the kids. It hits them emotionally," he says. "Today's kids are consciously trying to form opinions on their own. By about the fourth number they form an intellectual opinion. Their eyes show them serious artists."

At the Riverboat, the band will be playing numbers like *Sunny, Up, Up And Away* and other contemporary pop tunes as charted by Haggart, a talented composer-arranger celebrated for his ever-green *What's New*. All TWGJB asks, says Gibson, is a chance to be heard by today's youth. Over 30s are welcome too, of course.

TAPE SALES INCREASE AUGURS A REVOLUTION

Recent announcements of sales figures from RCA Victor and Columbia indicate that 8-track stereo tape cartridges are having a revolutionary effect on the music market. RCA said they would produce 10 million cartridges during the next year, while Columbia stated that the public spent \$106 million on pre-recorded tapes in 1967, a 74% increase over the 1966 total.

CBS Records president Clive Davis predicted that 1968 8-track sales would show a 150% increase over the previous year's figures. Davis attributed the spectacular increase to the fact that today's consumer is "extraordinarily music conscious. . . . The consumer wants music wherever he is,

and he wants to be his own 'program director.'"

The only problem at present for 8-track cartridges, introduced three years ago principally for use in luxury cars, is the shortage of home playback machines. When this obstacle is overcome, the 8-track cartridge may well become a serious rival to the LP record.

CHI'S LONDON HOUSE SHOWS STAYING POWER

In an era marked by the waning of the night club, Chicago's London House must be considered a unique phenomenon. In November, the club celebrated its 22nd birthday with engagements by the Soulful



Oscar Peterson
London House Favorite

Strings and Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, and the prognosis for the future is decidedly healthy.

The London House, which combines good music (mostly jazz) with good food and drink, was originally the Dearborn Grill, a restaurant. In 1942, it was taken over by the current owner-operator, George Marienthal, in partnership with his late brother, Oscar Marienthal. It was renamed in 1946, and a music policy was instituted in 1955 with pianist Barbara Carroll's trio.

Since then, many famous names in music have played the London House. Currently, frequent incumbents include Gillespie, Oscar Peterson (who begins a three-week stand Dec. 3), Stan Getz, Cannonball Adderley, Earl Hines, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jonah Jones, Ramsey Lewis, and Joe Buskin. The 14-piece Soulful Strings, the largest ensemble ever booked at the club, made their in-person debut at the club earlier this year.

In spite of this decidedly jazz-dominated musical menu, Marienthal resists having the "jazz" tag applied to his establish-

ment. "It tends to categorize the entertainment policy," he says. To prove the point, he occasionally books such acts as Peter Nero, Spanky and Our Gang, the Tamba 4, and the Womenfolk—yet these exceptions only seem to prove the jazz rule.

Marienthal is concerned, however, about the seeming lack of suitable new jazz attractions. He makes it his business to see and hear as many of the new and newer musicians as he can, but aside from an occasional experiment, such as the Soulful Strings, or the recent booking of Jimmy Smith (organs are not usually welcome at the London House), he finds himself returning to established talent.

In addition to the featured attractions, the London House sports two house trios. Pianist Eddie Higgins, usually on hand Friday through Tuesday, has been at the helm of one for more than a decade. He is spelled by pianist Carol Coleman's threesome Wednesdays and Thursdays.

While the London House to all appearances is a self-sufficient operation, it is in fact part of one of the most successful entertainment enterprises in the U.S. today. Marienthal also operates the well-known Mr. Kelly's, a haven for good food, comedians, and name singers (Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae, and Mel Torme have appeared there this year); the Happy Medium, an intimate theater club where Jacques Brel is currently alive and well, and its downstairs adjunct, the Flower Pot, a discotheque often featuring live music.

Perhaps the secret of survival for jazz clubs is to avoid calling them that, and tending to the public's culinary as well as musical welfare. Having a few other things going on the side apparently doesn't hurt either.

FINAL BAR

Drummer-organist Steve Bohannon, 21, was killed Oct. 21 when the car in which he was a passenger collided with a truck near Victorville, Calif.

The promising young musician, son of trombonist Hoyt Bohannon, was in the U.S. Army on detached service to the Air Force for the purpose of playing with the NORAD band. He was returning to Ent Air Force Base at Colorado Springs from a Hollywood recording session with the band when the accident took place. The car was driven by a fellow NORAD bandsman, trombonist Luten Taylor, who was not seriously injured.

Bohannon was best known for his drumming with the Don Ellis Orchestra. He had also worked with Stan Kenton, and played organ with guitarist Howard Roberts' quartet. His untimely death was a shock to his many friends in the Los Angeles musical community.

Malcolm Hale, 27, guitarist, trombonist and vocal arranger with Spanky and Our Gang, died of bronchial pneumonia in Chicago Oct. 27. He had been a charter member of the well-known sextet, and had been active as a professional musician for six years prior to the group's inception. Born in Butte, Mont., he was a resident of Cleveland, Ohio.

POTPOURRI

John Handy, who is teaching a course in jazz improvisation at San Francisco State College, received a student contribution of \$2,000 to assist in hiring guest lecturers and providing funds for appearances by live groups. Handy also plans to present concerts at S.F. State, S.F. City College, and San Jose State.

L.A.'s Jazz Suite, still beset by the blues (DB, Nov. 28), took full-page ads in local trade papers assuring worried investors that the club is still alive. One of its first recuperative acts will be to form a new board of directors. The club went temporarily dark—literally—when it failed to pay an electric bill. **Carmen McRae**, scheduled to appear at the club, did not open when it was discovered that her contract with the Hong Kong Bar had an exclusively clause. Singer-saxophonist **Vi Redd** subbed.

Arizona State University's Delta Gamma Sorority won a \$4,000 out-of-court settlement with **Ramsey Lewis**, the pianist's Rams-L production company, and Associated Booking Corp. Suit was filed in Phoenix three years ago when Lewis and his trio failed to appear for a contracted

engagement. Proceeds from the concert were to have been donated to the Arizona Foundation for the Blind. The "no show" was never explained.

North Texas State University has purchased a famous collection of **Duke Ellington** recordings, tapes, reference works and memorabilia from the widow of Houston attorney **Rhodes Baker**. The collection will be stored in the university's music library, and all recorded material will be transferred to tape for use by students.

Bob Brookmeyer has joined the steady stream of jazzmen making the move from New York to Los Angeles. The trombonist-arranger now calls Van Nuys, Calif. his home. He is currently appearing at Donte's, fronting a quartet for three consecutive weekends (Nov. 29-30; Dec. 6-7 and 3-14), but is mainly involved in studio work.

A goodly portion of the musical community of Key West, Fla. turned out to pay tribute to drummer **Aurelio (Crip) Lastres** on Oct. 20 at the Mullary Square Community Center. Among those who saluted the popular musician were clarinetist **Tom Whitley**, trombonist **Harry Chipchase**, tenorist **George Garcia**, organist **Don Albin**, and bassist **Robert Butler**.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: For the first time in the 47-year history of AFM Local 802, the incumbent slate of candidates, headed by president **Max Arons**, is running completely unopposed. Arons says that "this is a solid vote of confidence by the entire membership for the Administration of our local and is a strong indicator of the unity within Local 802." On the other hand, dissident **Murray Rothman**, leader of the Musicians Voice party, explained his reasons for not entering an opposition ticket. "The system of balloting by mail, which permits inactive members who live in retirement in Florida to vote," he said, "makes it impossible to beat the incumbents" . . . The Jazz Musicians Association is now selling stock in Jazz Musicians International Productions, Inc. The main objective is to purchase a building to house all of the organization's projected activities, such as recordings, stage presentations and publishing. Each stockholder will get a key to the building. Address all inquiries to the Association's president **John Lewis** (the drummer, not the pianist), 29 E. 61st St. in New York City. The telephone number is 777-2232 . . . New York musicians have found a new place to play on the eastern circuit. Actually this one is southeastern—the Frog and Nightgown in Raleigh, N.C. Run by drummer-physicist **Peter Ingram**, the club has featured **Stan Getz**, **Clark Terry** and the duo of **Bobby Hackett-Charlie Shavers**, among others. **Booker Ervin**, who called to tell us about the Frog and Nightgown, was there for his third time in November, backed by the house rhythm section of Ingram, pianist **Butch Lacy** and bassist **Shelton Williams**. According to Ervin, people dance to the music there . . . Vanguard records and Tenth Street Productions have pacted an agreement wherein Tenth Street will produce records at Apostolic Studios for a new Vanguard/Apostolic label . . . **Stan Getz** and **Chris Connor** were the attractions at the Rainbow Grill from Oct. 29 to Nov. 16 . . . **Lurlean Hunter** sang on the bill featuring the **Dukes of Dixieland** at Plaza 9 . . . The Hot Jazz Society has been active with both concerts and jam sessions. At Town Hall Oct. 25, they presented a group featuring trumpeter **Joe Thomas**, clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**, guitarist **Tiny Grimes**, pianist **Dick Wellstood**, bassist **Gene Ramey**, drummer **Sonny Greer**, and singer **Miss Rhapsody**. The HJS continues its Sunday afternoon bashes at the Half Note. A recent one featured **Clark Terry**, with **Herb Gardner**, trombone; **Eddie Barefield**, clarinet and alto saxophone; **Sonny White**, piano; **Aaron Bell**, bass; and **Skippy White**, drums . . . **Kenny Burrell's** quartet was at the Village Vanguard. The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band** recorded for Solid State at the village cellar club on two successive Monday nights. The **Chuck Israels** big band no longer appears Sundays at the Vanguard . . . The **MJQ** and comedian **Jackie Mason** made up a diversified Village Gate bill . . . Guitarist **George Ben-**

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BURNT CORK AGAIN

Bystander

By **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

MUSIC, THEY KEEP telling us, has "social meaning." As if anyone doubted that it did. The question is to get at that "social meaning" and its "political implications."

I am much impressed with the effort of William Kloman in a review which appeared last September in the Sunday New York Times of the Columbia LP called *Cheap Thrills*. The recording is by the group called Big Brother and the Holding Company, featuring singer Janis Joplin.

Kloman writes, "It is not surprising that the underground press should have fallen in love with Big Brother at first sight. The group, after all, is the embodiment of the hippy fantasy: middle-class white kids with long blond hair pretending to be black. The whole thing comes off as bad parody, a kind of plastic soul that lacks the humor and relative integrity of, say, the old *Amos 'n' Andy* shows."

Of Miss Joplin, Kloman says she "has the equipment of a blues singer but follows the instincts of an untrained belter. Part of Janis' thing at the moment is not to know what she is doing, on the theory that if she did, she would spoil the emotional experience of performing."

We are told, he continues, that one night at a party, Miss Joplin just started

to sing and "discovered herself." Kloman comments:

"The story fulfills the hippy myth that there's a knockout artist hidden in each of our breasts if only we'd let it out and start singing or writing poems or whatever. . . . The more incompetent the current standards of criticism in the particular field, the more likely the hidden talent can be commercially exploited."

Who has written about rock? Well, lots of people of course, but among them, young enthusiasts. Or classicists whose standards seem to collapse under the impact of the Beatles or a Bob Dylan LP. Or jazz journalists shrewdly sizing up their future markets. But Kloman, who had a lot more to say than I can quote here, has written one of the few pieces of criticism on the subject I have yet read.

I have remarked in this space before about the embarrassing blackface that is rampant in current rock and on the fact that certain journalists, who are almost militantly Crow Jim about jazz (and there is always much to be said for that position) not only seem to condone such impostoring in rock, but even virtually embrace it.

For the moment, however, consider how free jazz is of such imposters. Consider **Pee Wee Russell**. Consider **Bill Evans**. Consider almost every white jazzman of importance since **Bix Beiderbecke**. **Lee Konitz** may not be a jazz alto saxophonist of the stature of **Charlie Parker**, but—let's face it—he is **Lee Konitz**.

Note: Anyone connected with a college radio station and interested in jazz programming, please write to me in care of this magazine.

DB

"Otra, Otra": Ellington Conquers Latin America

By Stanley Dance



STANLEY DANCE

Disembarking Travelers, left to right, are Herbie Jones, Mrs. Johnny Hodges, Hodges, singer Tony Watkins, Maestro Ellington, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Jeff Castleman, Harold Ashby, Willie Cook, Mrs. Mercer Ellington, Trish Turner, Mercer Ellington, Cat Anderson, and Lawrence Brown

"WE HAVE WAITED for you so long!"

On their first tour of Latin America, this greeting became a commonplace to Duke Ellington and his musicians. Sometimes introductions were even accompanied by tears, tears stirred by the shock of recognition, by the final incredible materialization of the maestro himself, and by such great figures from the pantheon as Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Cootie Williams and Lawrence Brown.

"He's a genius!" shouted a young band-leader, jumping to his feet and applauding ecstatically as Ellington finished an encore in Sao Paulo.

"He's so composed," observed the British consul admiringly at a U.S. Embassy reception as the guest of honor fielded questions adroitly.

"Paul Gonsalves *el Grande!*" cried the host, and a ring of Mexican glasses toasted the tenor saxophonist at the Hacienda Vista Hermosa.

"You've always been my idol," said an Uruguayan trombonist backstage in Montevideo.

"Aarrgh." replied Lawrence Brown in modest self-deprecation.

Oddly enough, the further the band went from its own country, the greater the appreciation. In Mexico, the participation of *El Rey de Jazz* in the Cultural Olympics was warmly welcomed, but it coincided with the arrival of athletes from all countries and feverish preparations for the games, so there was inevitably some diversion of public attention.

In Argentina, however, even the normally unflappable Ellington admitted himself overwhelmed by the reception. Extra concerts were put on at 10:30 Sunday mornings in the Gran Rex Theater in Buenos Aires, and Harry Carney confessed he could remember nothing like it since the band first went to England in 1933.

A roar of approval would go up at the end of any particularly meritorious performance as from a crowd at a football game. When the program came to an end, there was no begging off with a couple of bows. The audiences never relinquished

the artists casually or disinterestedly in the blasé manner of their New York counterparts. The music and the musicians meant too much. The clapping would fall into a disciplined pattern, and the demand for encores would swell into an insistent chant of "*Otra! Otra!*"

"We can't let these people down," Ellington said, and he never did. Sometimes he played encores with just the rhythm section, and sometimes he called on individuals who had been little featured previously in the concert. Paul Gonsalves, who usually broke any metaphorical ice with *Soul Call*, *Mount Harissa* and *Up Jump* at the beginning of the program, was often brought back at its end for *Happy-Go-Lucky Local* and, on one occasion, for *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*. In between, he might also have been called on for *Satin Doll* and *In a Sentimental Mood*.

The emotional warmth of the first prolonged demonstration, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, took the leader by surprise. All the horns had left the stage, so he resumed the concert with just bassist Jeff Castleman and drummer Rufus Jones. Then he called back Willie Cook, who had just rejoined the band at Kennedy Airport, and the trumpeter came down front and played attractive versions of *Tea for Two* and *St. Louis Blues* with cup mute on mike.

As the tour progressed (from Sept. 1 through 30, with a visit to Nassau and a few dates in the U.S. before going on to Mexico), Cook's chops steadily strengthened, and he contributed valuably to the section, led the band into *Jam with Sam*, and played an extremely appropriate obligato behind Trish Turner and Tony Watkins on *Cool and Groovy*. On a TV show in Guadalajara, where he, Mercer Ellington and the writer were "interviewed," he not only spoke the best Spanish, but borrowed a horn from a member of the studio band and delivered an impressive version of *Stardust*. And when Johnny Hodges was taken ill in Chile, it was Cook who sat in the reed section and played his part the next day during a

promised performance of *Harlem* in Buenos Aires. (Back in the U.S., he also took over Cootie Williams' role in *Take the A Train* and *Black and Tan Fantasy* when Williams was temporarily indisposed.)

Harold Ashby, another recent addition to the band, proved a great asset. His airy, lyrical tenor style reflects his close friendship with Ben Webster, but it is full of personal touches, and his phrasing is always informed by a very firm rhythmic intent. He was featured on a warm *I Can't Get Started*, a swinging *B.P. Blues*, and in two very effective choruses of *Just Squeeze Me* during the medley. He also shared clarinet parts—and a clarinet—with Paul Gonsalves, the latter taking Jimmy Hamilton's place in the clarinet trio on *Creole Love Call*. Ashby has a good clarinet tone and was entrusted with considerable section work. At the rehearsal in Santiago, the part in *Harlem* defeated him, but he took it back to the hotel and had it down the next day.

The other famous soloists—Hodges, Carney, Williams, Anderson, Brown, Procope, Cooper, Castleman and Rufus Jones—were skillfully used by Ellington to give his program pace and contrast. The variety of their styles and approaches enabled him to find and cater to the preferences met with in different countries and cities. In Brazil, the quickest and strongest response was to the rhythmic numbers, whereas in Argentina melodic material moved the audience as much or more, Johnny Hodges' performances at the different concerts being compared and evaluated very perceptively. (There was a sizeable core of enthusiasts in Buenos Aires who caught all five concerts in that city,

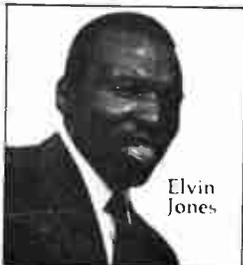
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HERBIE JONES

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World Radio History

THE MAGIC OF CARMEN MCRAE BY SAMMY MITCHELL



ON THE CLOSED circuit television at the Monterey Fairgrounds' Hunt Club, the Modern Jazz Quartet swung through a suavely cultivated set occasionally blanketed by crowd conversation. Carmen McRae watched the group which, as Mistress of Ceremonies for that night, she had recently introduced on the festival stage, sipped Cutty Sark ("Insulation; it's cold out"), subconsciously finger-snapped to the muted delicacy of Milt Jackson's solo, and talked about Billie Holiday.

"You could say the bud of my ambition to be a singer opened up under Billie's approach. In her visualization of song and in her aura she was to me—then a young hopeful—a combination of idol, alter ego, and mentor. Of course paeans—so many of them posthumous—have been composed around her abilities as a singer, her penchant for taking the ordinary and illuminating it, bringing magic to the mundane and passion to prosaic material. I slip in my eulogy at every possible occasion. Billie's vocals had laurels around them."

The parabola between Holiday and McRae is obvious. Not that Carmen's admiration for Billie has carried her into imitation. Both are poles-apart originals. But Carmen can equal the peaks Billie so often scaled in performance: ballads with the distilled tears of life gone awry, love's poetic hang-over, the perfumed sadness sometimes laced with tongue-in-cheek derision; the incendiary nuance and timbre of the beats. Many maintain that she goes deeper than any of her contemporaries in her incisive subtlety of handling songs, that in the triptych of top jazz singers comprising Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughn and herself, Carmen deserves the center panel. Perhaps Billie's gifts of portrayal are reincarnated in her.

If she is the natural inheritor of Holiday's mantle, some of the leitmotiv of ill luck that sounded through Billie's life seems to have echoed in Carmen's professional career. Ella Fitzgerald, in discussing Carmen, says: "It only shows what a bedlam the jazz and show business can be at times. . . . Rating by talent, a thousand beautiful things should have happened to her."

It seems the contrary gods of the entertainment world are beginning to take note of the fragrant incense Miss McRae has been offering up over a long period. The impact of the McRae charisma is being widely felt; the cult is expanding into popular acclaim. She has been a cynosure at the two recent California jazz festivals, Berkeley and Monterey, with performances that were hosannaed highlights.

The periphery of fame was a long way off when she toured England for the first time in 1961. Small groups of

British jazzmen, tenorist Tubby Hayes' and trumpeter Jimmy Deuchar's among them, played the first half, some of them backing Carmen through most of the second. What rooted itself in the writer's memory was Carmen—demurely long-gowned then, different from the a la mode gold lame and high boots of now—playing solo piano to her vocals and glowing through ballads like *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* and *Moonlight in Vermont*, pearls cast before an embarrassingly sparse audience. That appearance at Sheffield City Hall was indicative of her British debut. Not too much attention was aroused. The more perceptive raved over Carmen; very few critical antennae stirred. Controversy came, at the end of the tour, for the wrong reasons.

Carmen was invited to guest on a television program—one of a jury of celebrities who gave "hit" or "miss" opinions on newly released records aimed, for the most part, at the teenage market. The atmosphere was generally sycophantic; enthusiasm for the records played constantly on the boil, criticism rare or gentle. But not in Carmen's case. She gave the gargoyle spoutings a severe roasting, a forthright turning over a very critical spit. This, before the vogue for frankness and professional breast-baring, enjoyably shocked television critics and viewers who largely approved of the bloodletting.

Carmen remembered and smiled over the fracas. "I've mellowed a little since then—let's say I'm quietly violent. The second rate is still second rate. The popular song is slight in scope compared to drama and opera, but it can be a high form of melodic poetry with nothing miniature about the emotions expressed. Some lyrics deserve a little reverence, downright sanctity if you like."

She gestured towards the television. The MJQ was still playing. "Jazz merits the same thoughtfulness. It can have a passion, an emotional magic that is still slippery when it comes to literal interpretation, but the good musician can snare it and share the experience with the listener."

Touching on related subjects—arrangers, musicians, other singers—Carmen said: "I've been fortunate in orchestrators. They've tailored my stuff so painstakingly. Peter Matz, Ernie Wilkins, Oliver Nelson, Don Sebesky—a Dior touch—and the others. They've outfitted me regally. And Johnny Keating." She has particularly enjoyed the recording session cut recently under the baton of the Scot. *For Once In My Life* is all contemporary songs, no standards. "It's the first thing of its kind I've done outside this country, and bells chimed together, the atmosphere,

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JIM MARSHALL

BLOWING IN THE WINDY CITY: a look at the Chicago scene

by Michael Cuscuna

THERE HAVE ALWAYS been local pockets of jazz activity isolated from the centers of the jazz media, that is, from areas like New York or Los Angeles where the majority of writers, record producers and leading musicians live and work. And in these neglected pockets, the devotees are constantly pleading for recognition of local professional talent. When I moved from New York to Philadelphia, I realized how well-founded such pleas are. Recently, at the urging of some enthusiastic Chicago music fans, I embarked on a two-week survey of activity in that city.

As is the case in most major urban centers today, the jazz scene was rather skimpy. But unlike most major cities, the big-name rock auditoriums were scarce, and the blues scene rich and bustling.

First, the jazz scene: My initial disappointment at missing pianist Ran Blake's concert and Art Hodes' local television series was compensated by the discovery that trumpeter Gene Shaw had just emerged from his second retirement. Shaw and his trio were appearing at the Hungry Eye on North Wells Street, a colorful promenade laden with head shops, small rock clubs, girlie joints, record stores, eateries, miscellaneous stands, a wax museum, an ice cream parlor and plenty of weekend hippies.

The Hungry Eye is similar to New York's Slugs' saloon in size, decor and atmosphere, but very dissimilar to its Eastern counterpart in its booking of often uninteresting sax-and-organ groups. Redeeming factors are the regular Wednesday and Thursday appearances of Shaw's trio (with Bobby Pierce on organ and Robert Shy on drums) and the low prices.

The trumpeter's pensive yet bright style can best be described as a brassy approach to the Miles Davis school. He is playing more aggressively than before. One Thursday night, I caught the trio in the act of giving a fine and varied performance which included Miles Davis' *So What*, an interesting arrangement of *Summertime* and a bright Shaw original entitled *The Gay Fox and The Happy Rabbit*.

Not at all a funk machine, Pierce is a surprisingly interesting organist with a talent for outstanding bass lines and a touch of stride in his solos. His occasional sustained notes provide tasteful pedal tones. It is a pleasure to see Shaw back on the scene again; he is well remembered for his work with Charles Mingus in the '50s.

A block from the Hungry Eye, Sonny Stitt and Don Patterson, a refreshing and exceptional organist, were featuring

their thoroughly professional, beautiful and established music at the Plugged Nickel, Chicago's sole remaining straight, big-name jazz club. Stitt must be regarded as a giant in his field. Right down the street stands the illustrious Mother Blues (since out of business), where promoter Joe Segal's summer Sunday jazz series presented Yusef Lateef's quartet with pianist Hugh Lawson, bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Roy Brooks. McBee stood out with his fine support and dazzling arco work. Lateef was beautifully transmitting all of his warmth to a receptive audience. As is mandatory with any real artist, he opened up his listeners and made them react to his music.

The reed man's multiple instruments and unique compositions were characteristically fascinating and enjoyable, but I must admit my first love to be his vibrant, deep-rooted tenor work which is as wide-open and as gusty as the great Coleman Hawkins at his best. (Stan Getz was appearing at the posh London House, but I dared not tread into revelling Shriner convention territory to catch a performance. The London House serves name-group jazz with its famous menu, in an atmosphere reminiscent of New York's late Embers, I'm told.)

If Chicago is no longer a vital center of jazz, it retains its title as the blues capital. With the knowledgeable Bob Koester as my host, I was guided to some of the most exciting young blues musicians in the country. My tour began at 7 West Grand Avenue, home of the Jazz Record Mart and Koester's Delmark Records, a hangout for local musicians and a stopover for traveling bluesmen and fans. There I attended several private recitals by the great Big Joe Williams and the noted street singer Arvella Gray.

To hear some city blues, we headed for Roosevelt Road on the West Side to catch Magic Sam's Blues Band at Father Blues, a relatively new and ridiculously large club. Sam, with excellent support that night from his bassist, Mac Thompson, is one of the best new performers on the urban blues scene, with a distinctive guitar style and an absolutely beautiful voice. After his first set, which was marred by several substitute musicians, Sam and I walked over to Alex's 1815 Club where he and Mighty Joe Young were alternating leadership of Young's five-piece band. The inclusion of horns and Young's guitar style gave the music a heavy B.B. King flavor, but this is a tight and forceful blues band, to say the least. We greeted the Sunday dawn still on the West Side, eating ribs (what else?)

The sprawling South Side boasts its own blues clique at Pepper's, Teresa's, Turner's and the Club Blue Flame with such regulars as Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Junior Wells, J.B. Hutto and Sammy Longhorn. One weekday night, we found Junior Wells and his band at the Blue Flame. As in the vanishing jam session, the rotation of musicians on the stand seemed endless. But Junior was always in command. He grabbed the crowd when he sang his *Hoo Doo Man Blues*, and followed through with his witty take-off on Muddy Waters.

Most notable in the band were tenor saxophonist Doug Fagan and guitarist Sammy Longhorn. The latter used some steel-guitar effects in his comping. Here was that rarity, a happy, professional blues jam session, rich in strong music and enthusiastic musicians.

The Chicago avant garde scene is not exactly thriving financially, though the very active Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians is doing its best to present members at their own concerts, often on Sunday nights at the South Side Abraham Lincoln Center, not one of Frank Lloyd Wright's better buildings.

At one such concert, I heard the trio of Lester Lashley, a strong and smooth bassist and excellent trombonist with the melodicism of Grachan Moncur and the gutsy tone and shouts of Roz Rudd. Drummer Alvin Fielder is a spectacular post-Elvin Jones percussionist with great chops and good ears. Tenor

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BILL ABERNATHY



AACM's Joseph Jarman

CREATIVITY and CHANGE by WAYNE SHORTER

Tenor saxophonist-composer Wayne Shorter first came to prominence with Art Blakey, with whom he played from 1959 to 1963. Since 1964, he has been a member of Miles Davis' group. His most recent recordings under his own name are *The All-Seeing Eye* (Blue Note 4219) and *Adam's Apple* (Blue Note 4232). He won the 1962 *Down Beat Critics Poll New Star* award as a tenor saxophonist and the 1968 *Critics Poll Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition* award as a composer.

ART. ART AS A competitive thing among artists. I've been wondering how it has come about that art *is*, in fact, a competitive thing among artists. I wonder if artists choose to compete among themselves, or are they goaded, pushed, or lured into it as a result of the makeup of this particular society? I wonder if a young musician, hearing another musician, has an instinctive desire to compete with this other musician or instead to join forces and compare notes? I wonder if the two of them were to get together and compare notes, and their notes were appraised by a third party, the critic, would these two artists be so influenced by what the third party says that they would strive to compete with one another to please the critic? In addition, the critic speaks to a fourth party, the public, and in pleasing the critic do you please the public?

I wonder if a poll or a contest is valid to give artists an incentive to create, to go on, or to run the mile in less than a minute. Is art an art or a sport? I think polls, awards and Oscars come right out of the school system—the star you get on your paper, the A B C D mark. If we could get rid of the stigma that grading over such a long period of time has produced, I think we might have a clearer idea of what a person does when he is creating something. For instance, if a person wins first place in a category in the arts through a voting system, and he feels good about it, is he actually going to create or merely perpetuate the poll system?

It's hard to get away from voting or polls all the way, because, if you're going to play for an audience, the applause is the same thing in miniature size. Some people even consider applause as greater than a citation or trophy. Applause *is* gratifying to me and a lot of other musicians. Some musicians would deny it, but I know how they feel inside. I cannot say truthfully that lack of applause is *not* gratifying for me, because I can't say that lack of applause means lack of recognition. That has happened to me quite a bit, especially when I first started out. Even now it happens sometimes, but then when I come down from the bandstand, someone will come up and say something profound about the whole set, not just about me. This one person sounds like he's speaking for the whole audience, and he might say, "That was a deep set—a lot of thought going on." I think in that sense he was trying to say that there was no room for applause—they didn't want to disturb the essence of the moment.

Does a person create because of recognition by a large body, and, if he is recognized, does he stop creating? I wonder if any artist can grade himself, using himself as his own ruler? Maybe that has to be taught. I've rarely had a teacher who said, "I'm going to teach you to grade yourself against yourself, use yourself as your own incentive force." You can draw power, drive, from yourself, from nature and not necessarily from another person. It's hard to do, but once you know what it is and you start to reach for it, it's really something. If anyone has seen *2001*, it's like reaching for that black monolith, that symbol of Why and What and Where. If you're curious enough about yourself, you don't have too much time to be curious about what the next person is doing. You don't try to compete with something superficial and exterior, a "keeping up with the Joneses" idea. I think that if artists learned to use themselves as their own ruler, then audiences would have to learn to do this too. When they go to see Broadway plays they won't have to read what the critic says.

Who decides what is good art? It's a highly individual thing, with or without a body of people calling themselves critics or an audience calling themselves critics. A lot of people do not want to be individual thinkers and analyze something by themselves, so they turn to polls and awards to make up their minds. If enough people make up their minds that way, they might miss a lot of creative people who have something to give, without asking for something in return. When an artist creates he can feed the soul, heal the soul, make the soul well, but a lot of people in an audience listen not with their souls, but with computerized minds, assembled and conditioned by the system which includes polls and awards.

I wonder if those who believe in polls and awards believe that they are building a bridge across a body of water for someone who can't swim? The polls may be like water wings, but there'll come a time when you have to take those water wings off. What I'm worried about is the perpetuation of water wings and bridges. I don't believe that the designer, the critic, really perpetuates it, although he has an advantageous perch. The only one who can perpetuate it is the person who needs it. As I write now, I'm trying not to sit in judgment, because everything is enroute, everything is in the interim. If I were to judge, I might as well try to get a great big pencil about the size of the sun, and put a period on this earth. That would be supreme judgment.

If a critic has the job of criticizing and rating records, and he is torn between giving record A a high rating and giving record B a lower rating, and the reason he is torn is that the musicians on record B, while not as good, are trying very hard, and he doesn't want to step on the toes of the musicians on record A, that's a hard thing to be confronted with, especially if that's your job. His job and his conscience . . . his conscience is a job too. If he made up his mind to give record A a higher rating and record B a lower rating, and the musicians on record B were

very honest, I think that, though they may be hurt, along with honesty comes a kind of strength. But would their efforts to get a higher rating bypass real creativity? I suppose it's up to the musicians to rely on their strength to know which way to go, no matter what who says.

Is creativity good, in the sense of originality? How can you be *so* original, when you walk a little bit like your mother or father, or have the color of your father's eyes, or you make a gesture and someone says, "You did that just like your father used to do." Charlie Parker, for example, said that when he was young, his idols on the alto saxophone were Rudy Vallee and Jimmy Dorsey. If you've heard Bird, and if you've heard Rudy Vallee and Jimmy Dorsey, I think you'd have to dig very deep, tear off many layers of wallpaper before you could find any similarity in sound, approach, or technique. I would say that the only thing which would confirm what Bird said about his admiration would be the sophistication of his approach. It's the sophistication of Westernized music, Western scales. But let's go back even further. Western scales came from around Greece, Jerusalem and Arabia. They're *world* scales, really. People are taught music history this way, separating Western music from Eastern music, but I think it's one big circle. It's hard to keep from using labels. For instance, when I said that Bird idolized Rudy Vallee and Dorsey, some people's minds would *stop* and they'd say, "Ooo, *that's* who he dug!" But I tend to use those names as a springboard into history, going all the way back to the great explosion that started this planet. You can't just go on what Mr. X said, you've got to do a little thinking of your own.

We hear a lot of the word "freedom," and if you're going to have freedom, a critic has to have freedom too. A lot of critics don't consider criticism a job. With some, it's a very esthetic thing. When they put their thoughts on paper about something they've seen or heard, they've more than seen or heard it. They get involved in it. I'm not saying that they get so involved that they're "swayed", because a *great* critic can retain a helluva sense of balance. When reading his words on paper you can feel that, actually, he's not criticizing something—his words turn into a poetic thing, become an extension of the art experience. At the same time he's not putting anyone or anything up on a pedestal. Art comes first—the Baby, save the Baby!

I'd like to return to the other side of competition—the joining, the getting together, comparing notes. When I was 16 I used to get a copy of a magazine that had articles about a musician who was playing a new music called bebop, and I heard Charlie Parker and Bud Powell on the radio. I had to get to New York . . . because of reading about how things had started at Minton's, where a lot of getting together and comparing of notes had been going on. A number of musicians then were thrown together out of poverty. They lived together, cooked together . . . they even helped bury each other. Today, the ones out of the '40s who have made it,

the ones who have their own groups now, can always remember the togetherness they had then, but through their fame they have to travel their separate roads. There's some resurgence of that now among the younger musicians—the wanting to get together. They want to get together in large numbers—the big band thing, the studio thing. A few musicians have studios where they can teach students and at the same time get together, but the jam session thing is gone. That was the other way of getting together . . . just jamming.

I hear all across the country, "Where can I go to play, where can I go to be heard, what is it like in New York?" It's the same old question, but New York is not the same old New York, as far as being the center of almost anything. When I finally did go to New York in the days when I was commuting from New Jersey with my horn, I remember just before I was drafted into the Army, I went to a place called Cafe Bohemia. Charlie Parker had just died, and I walked in with my horn. There was a drummer there who now lives in Europe; there was an organ player who just got in town (he's very big today), and an alto saxophone player who's very big today had just arrived. They were all on the bandstand with Oscar Pettiford. I had a chance to sit in with them. Everyone was together, liking each other. When we got down from the bandstand we were shaking hands and talking, and you could see the light in all these people's eyes as if they were making plans for getting groups together out of the people who were there. I was feeling kind of bad because I was going into the Army and I didn't know whether I was going to be included in those plans. When I went into the Army, I felt, "That's the last of the jam session thing," but when I got out it was still perpetuating a little bit. There were enough jam sessions going on so that well-known musicians could get around to know people and see who they would like to hire.

Getting started means getting confidence, putting yourself in a context. Being around musicians who are playing, meeting them, talking to them, you're getting conditioned. You're watching how a musician walks up to the microphone and plays, or how another one may shy away from the spotlight. You make up your mind how you want to be, because the way you are does affect what comes out of the horn. You can produce barriers of shyness, barriers of lack of confidence, or barriers of overconfidence. You have to get your own balance together.

I guess I was pretty lucky, because even when I was in the Army, I had a chance to work with one of the well-known groups. I was stationed in the East, Ft. Dix, so I was not far from the Blue Note in Philadelphia, and not far from New York and Washington, D.C. I was there one night when I really heard Coltrane (I had heard him before in New York but I really heard him this night. He was breaking away from something.) I would be in New York on a weekend pass, playing, and Coltrane would come out of nowhere and we'd talk. As a result, when

I got out of the Army, Trane and I spent a lot of time together in his apartment in New York. We spent a lot of time at the piano, and he was telling me what he was doing, which way he was going, and what he was trying to work on. We'd stay all day and all night. I would play the piano and he would play his horn, then he would play the piano and I would play my horn. That kind of getting together is not going on too much now. Maybe in certain areas of New York, musicians who live in the Village who have lofts can get together. I'd like to see more of it. I'd like to branch out and help this get going. On my next record date I'd like to do a large thing, maybe 19 or 22 pieces, and call on those musicians to help perform this work. While recording, I'd like to create the atmosphere that we're not just at a recording session. I've written something down but we'll have a jam session spirit.

The term "musician" can become a hard shell. You can become callous and impersonal, but there's still a human thing there. For example, two musicians will meet in Europe (it always happens in a way out place somewhere), and they belong to two different schools of music, but they will be glad to see each other, shaking hands and talking. I had a long talk with a very well-known saxophonist in Switzerland—some people call him the father of the jazz saxophone. We were just sitting there and I asked him how he was doing, and before he said he was doing all right, he started talking about economics. It was as if I were at home talking to an uncle. In the back of my mind I was thinking of people who admire people; a young fan of 17 for instance. If he could see a young musician that he knows and an older musician he would feel, "Wow, there they are together." I used to feel the same way.

In Paris in 1961 (I went to Paris with a well-known group), the bandleader walked into my room along with Bud Powell. We all sat around and then everyone left except Bud Powell. He looked at me, my horn was on the bed, and he said, "Can you play something for me?" I said okay, and I was thinking about when I was 17 and had to sneak into Birdland and sit way in the back and watch Bud play. I picked up my horn and tried to play one of the things he wrote named after his daughter, *Celia*, and then I tried something else of his, just playing the melody. When I finished he looked at me and smiled, didn't say anything else, got up, kept smiling and walked out.

At this point in my life, when I see people who are famous and great, I don't want to ever lose the memory of the awe I had when I was younger. I don't want to become so sophisticated and confident that I can say "We're all in this together"—a sort of smug "thing." Now, when I am in the company of a large number of great musicians, I feel very comfortable and I can see them as human beings, see myself as a human being among them, and respect and dig whatever they have produced through the years.

Where is the new music going? I don't know if that's as important as where did

it come from, because if you know where it came from, it's going anyway. I don't like labels, but I'll say "new music" anyway—total involvement. When you're playing, the music is not just you and the horn—the music is the microphone, the chair, the door opening, the spotlight, something rattling. From soul to universe.

I saw something on television where they had total involvement. Two men were discussing what was about to happen. Then there was a little ballet. It started and the camera went from the dancers to the two men talking, and they were a part of the ballet, still talking about it. I liked that, as a start.

I think this is a very exciting time to live in. Some people are concerned with an end of things. Then, all of a sudden you hear a small voice say, "this is a renaissance." Things are happening now that have never happened in history and art will reflect this. Everything is speeded up so you can see the change and feel yourself changing. Those who don't change, who refuse to change, can feel themselves not changing, and some of them don't like it.

Everytime we go to California, I always make it a point to go to Berkeley. I've visited the homes of students out there. Some of them are 14 years younger than I am, and everything was very communicative. I found it easy just to be *me*, not to be young. We were all together. No one asked me my age. They want change.

About certain people being reluctant to change for the betterment of all concerned—I find that the people who find it easiest to change and keep evolving, who don't want a status quo, are able to move around. A person who is stationary finds it difficult to change. In the business I'm in, we move around and travel like troupa-



dours. We are not bound to any city government or neighborhood government. The students I met out in California live in Berkeley and go to school there, but I noticed that they kept moving around. They'd go to San Francisco, then to L.A. and up to Seattle, then all the way to New York, and then back to school.

I saw evidence of a great change when we played two concerts at Berkeley. One change was this—the concert was given by a 21-year old Chinese girl, a jazz impresario. She told me she had been listening to jazz since she was 8. She put on the concert with a lot of opposition from the school staff about allotting money and other things, but she worked and did it. She had some of the most well-known names in jazz. At the last concert she gave, there were over 20,000 people at the Greek Theater in Berkeley. The audience was rock 'n' roll oriented and most of the people had never seen these artists before and had rarely heard them. I saw them turning their ears to jazz, something they had never really heard. They focused their attention and they listened with a lot of respect and at one point they kind of went wild with applause.

When I hear a jazz musician say, "Well the young people—rock 'n' roll is their thing—they're not going to even listen to jazz"—I think that they'll change and grow up. Rock 'n' roll is changing with them. I'm hearing a whole lot of things from them. The "labels" are being taken off the bottles. As I said about the different scales, Western and Greek, it's all one big thing. I saw kids with long hair, beards and sandals, sitting right down in front of the bandstand and they were part of a thing called jazz. The same thing happened in New York at the Village Gate. I met a lot of young people there, and I spoke to one person who had long hair and everything. I'll describe the way the person looked and then you'll have to piece together how he looked and what he does. He had long hair, beard and moustache, and he had on beads, a buckskin jacket, and an Apache head wrapping. He writes opera! He came to listen to the music labeled jazz, and he's meshing and welding what he knows about sound with what he hears everywhere. He said, "I have to be here. It's part of the thing."

East and West I saw evidence of a meeting of minds. The change I like is always that getting together. The person who has been labeled hippie and rock is breaking out and taking his own label off. The younger people will tend to look at the artists who are really doing something and use them as guides, so there's nothing really to worry about.

I'm saying all these things because I myself don't like to stand still. Art Blakey told me once, "Music is like a river. It must flow." When someone would ask, "Why does it have to flow?" he would say, "If a body of water has no inlet or outlet, it's bound to get stagnant." I doubt if you'd find anything living in it. He who drinks from it will have an awful stomach ache—or start digging six feet. Any person knows when he's stagnant. If he doesn't know, there's a whole lot of "camouflage" going on. You can be taught

to know things, and you can be taught *not to know* things. If you think you're not stagnant, check yourself out.

When we played at Berkeley with a 19-piece orchestra, I looked out in the audience, I looked at Miles, I looked at Gil Evans, I looked at a 19-year-old girl who was playing the harp, then in the French horn section there was an elderly man whose hair was stone white, there was a middle-aged lady playing French horn next to him, then I looked at Howard Johnson on tuba, and I said, "All ages, all ages here, and we're having a ball with sound." No one questioned "What is this—it's not normal." The young female harpist would only ask a few technical questions and that was all. That's what goes on in music, the interplay between ages. I saw life come to *life* that night. I'd like to see that with young people and the elders throughout the world. The youth can't get their hands on the *tanks*, they can't get their hands on the plans at the Pentagon and the Kremlin, they can't get their hands on the buttons, they don't have access to the material power, but if the elders are so nervous about the youngsters and they aren't getting nervous about the power they have in *their* hands, evidently the youngsters' *mental* power is upsetting someone.

Just recently I've been looking at clothes, and I found one place in New York where a lot of young people hang out. One thing caught me as soon as I walked in—they were playing records in the store. Everybody was looking at clothes and some people were kind of swinging and swaying to the music. I went back to the store another time—no one was buying, everyone was dancing, and the owner was dancing, too. He said, "Well, the main thing is to have some fun, as long as I can survive." He's not afraid if someone comes in the store and doesn't buy. They'll buy or trade something eventually and at the same time they're trading a little happiness. I like that approach. The same spirit—breaking up something that's stiff—happens on the bandstand sometimes. When there is an obviously straight up and down audience, sometimes I know that the musicians feel compelled to throw themselves into the music and break up the ice.

Life to me is like an art, because life has been created by an artist, the Chief Architect. Some people can only relate their soul to God. It seems as if they can only do it when it's time to go to church, or when times are hard. They think that the soul in relation to the universe has to do with religion all the time. I think part of the stiffness we see is due to that, because they cannot relate their soul to a table, for example. They can't see any practical use in relating their soul to a table, to a bug on a window sill, to musicians on a bandstand, or a picture hanging on a wall, or salt and pepper. You can say that's going from the sublime to the ridiculous, but is it? It's like saying, "A bird does not fly because it has wings. It has wings because it flies."

People who are hung up in stiffness

think in issues, broad issues, the issue of making a living, the issue of crime in the streets. The issue turns out to be a hangup—the issue of asking someone to come over to your house to have dinner. What is an attitude and how can you change an attitude? They say how can you legislate attitudes, but when you get down to the nitty gritty, you say, "Come over to my house and have dinner." Some people say, "I don't want to associate with 'outside' music, I don't want anything to do with it." What I hear from younger people is who needs that hangup, everything is everything, let it be, let's do it whenever, if I can't get you tomorrow, whenever. . . .

Among these young people there's no room for jealousy as a force, jealousy between men and women, jealousy about things. I like to call jealousy an emotional rage, and it exists very much among the older age bracket. In the last few years I haven't heard the word "jealousy" used among the young people. When I look at some of the soap operas, I see in their conflicts that they're still perpetuating those things that the young people have almost completely eliminated.

I can't talk about music at this stage of my life without putting it in a wider context. I can't talk about social ills or goods without trying to sneak in something about art. Many musicians who came up about my time are taking care of business when they're not performing, taking care of paperwork, legal things. For a long time I used to hear, "All you've got to do is play your horn and the business will take care of itself, you'll have people to take care of business for you." I think musicians today should try to read about business and copyright laws, etc. They should know what certain words mean when they're confronted with a contract and not just look at the number of zeros attached to a digit and a dollar sign. I wonder how many musicians today have thought of drawing up wills.

Music has always played a great part in inventions. I think there may be something coming along that would be an extension of the TV set and I believe that music will play a part in it. Along with these inventions there comes a new amendment in your business mind. I've written to Washington to get the juke box bill passed, and I know Stan Kenton's working on it. That, and royalties for the way an artist interprets a certain piece of music. No one's getting any royalties from juke boxes. The copyright law says that royalties should be distributed to the artists in the event of any mechanical reproduction of musical sound. If they can't get the juke box bill passed, anyone who invents something to reproduce music may look at the juke box as a loophole, since it would be advantageous for him not to pay the people whose music is being reproduced.

I mentioned the idea of "total involvement." Everything I've said about art, about youth, about business, indicates that the music and musician of tomorrow will be totally involved. Neither he nor his art will be confined to the stage. 

Record Reviews

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Nat Adderley

YOU, BABY—A&M SP 3005: *You, Baby*; *By The Time I Get to Phoenix*; *Electric Eel*; *Early Chanson*; *Denise*; *Early Minor*; *My Son*; *New Orleans*; *Hang On In*; *Halftime*.

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Harvey Estrin, Romeo Penque, Joe Soldo, flutes; George Marge, flute, oboe; Jerome Richardson, flute, soprano saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Al Brown, Selwart Clarke, Bernard Zaslav, violas; Charles McCracken, George Ricci, Alan Shulman, cello; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bill Fischer, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Much thought and work must have gone into the making of this LP, yet it is only a partial success, mostly because the solo work is disappointing.

One of the most impressive things about the record is the melodies on it. Zawinul contributed the delicate *Early Chanson*, a lovely song evoking thoughts of youth in an earlier, more tranquil day than our own. Caiphus Semenya's *My Son* is a poignant, rather melancholy piece which, as the liner notes point out, has a Southwestern flavor. *Denise*, by Willie and Earl Turbinton, is a pretty bossa nova. It's hard to resist the buoyance of *You, Baby*, an up-tempo selection.

Some of the compositions on the LP are not particularly good, though. *Electric Eel* and *New Orleans*, which were written by Adderley, and *Halftime*, which he co-composed with his brother Cannonball, are trivial pieces.

Fischer's arrangements are skillfully done. Partly because the instrumental makeup of the orchestra is unusual, he produces some unique and attractive colors and textures. His arrangements are effective on the jumping as well as the pretty selections. He avoids using clichés and his arrangements support Adderley discreetly and effectively. His writing on *Early Minor* seems to have been influenced by Gil Evans.

Adderley performs rather inconsistently. He sometimes uses a Varitone attachment, which adds a muddy quality to his playing. On some tracks, e.g. *New Orleans*, he uses too many trite devices. His work on *Early Minor* owes too much to Miles Davis. His crisp, imaginative improvisation on *Hang On In* is praiseworthy but generally he is not in top form on this LP.

Zawinul plays electric piano, and is given some solo room. His work is agreeable, but he has been heard to better advantage on other LPs. —Pekar

Chick Corea

TONES FOR JOAN'S BONES—Vortex 2004: *Litba*; *This Is New*; *Tones For Joan's Bones*; *Straight Up And Down*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw Jr., trumpeter; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Corea, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Here's a real sleeper. Corea and his sidemen are not among the most well-known performers in jazz, but they've cut

a splendid record. It's nice to hear Kurt Weill's *This Is New*, a lovely tune that's not used enough. The other three pieces, all fine compositions, are Corea originals. On *Joan's Bones*, the horns don't play.

Each member of Corea's group distinguishes himself. Shaw's work is reminiscent of Freddie Hubbard, although he improvises in a more relaxed, less violent manner. His solos are rich and complex, and he resolves his often daring ideas well. He is a fine technician.

Farrell turns in angular, sinewy, strong playing. He plays a lot of notes but organizes his solos well. His work is rhythmically quite sophisticated. All things considered, in fact, this LP may be the best he's yet recorded.

Bud Powell, McCoy Tyner and Bill Evans are cited in the liner notes as being Corea's early influences. It's also mentioned that he likes the work of Art Tatum, Herbie Hancock and Thelonious Monk. His style does seem to be drawn from a number of sources. He is a complete pianist who can play forcefully and lyrically. He often employs complex lines and knows how to use rests effectively. His playing swings infectiously and is very attractive melodically.

The work of Chambers is notable for its inventiveness and tastefulness. In addition to doing a superb job in the rhythm section, he plays one of the most musical, sensitive drum solos one could hope to hear on *Straight Up and Down*.

Swallow performs brilliantly, both as accompanist and soloist. His tone is massive, and in the rhythm section his choice of notes is excellent. His solo work on *This Is New* and *Joan's Bones* is melodically fresh and rhythmically varied and interesting.

Incidentally, it wouldn't be a bad idea if the trio of Corea, Swallow and Chambers were given the opportunity to make an LP by themselves. —Pekar

Hampton Hawes

HAMP'S PIANO—Saba 15 149: *Hamp's Blues*; *Rhythm*; *Black Forest Blues*; *Autumn Leaves*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Sonora*; *I'm All Smiles*; *My Foolish Heart*.

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Eberhard Weber, bass; Claus Weiss, drums (tracks 2,4,6,7).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hawes is one of the fine musicians who consolidated the achievements of Parker, Powell and others into a musical language, shifting the emphasis from innovation to execution. Excellent music can come from such an approach until the possibilities of a style are exhausted, and this album shows that, for Hawes, the possibilities are still alive.

Once you know Hawes' playing, it's not hard to anticipate the course of his solos, but the spirit and swing of his execution

consistently make the familiar new again. In fact, the contrast between the immediacy of his touch and time and the inevitability of his melodic patterns is the essence of Hawes' style.

This album is one result of Hawes' recent world tour, and it contains some of his best recorded work. The four tracks on which he is supported only by bassist Weber are excellent. Hawes credits Parker as his main influence, and I hear it in his expressive use of touch to attack notes in a horn-like manner. A musician with less taste could turn this device into a trick, but on *Love* and *Heart*, for example, the explosive emphasis of certain notes is essential to the solos' development.

The tracks on which Weiss is added are not quite as effective, due to the drummer's bouncy time and over-emphatic accents, but Hawes generally ignores the distractions. Incidentally, the pianist plays a fine instrument which is recorded with vivid presence.

I'm looking forward to the other albums Hawes recorded on his tour, and hope they will stimulate American companies to record him. He still has a lot to say. (For availability of SABA albums, write SABA USA, Allentown, Pa. 18102.) —Kart

The Jazz Giants

THE JAZZ GIANTS—Sackville 3002: *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*; *Dardanelle*; *Black and Blue*; *I Would Do Anything For You*; *I Found A New Baby*; *Blue Again*; *I Surrender Dear*; *Yesterdays*; *Them There Eyes*.

Personnel: Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Herb Hall, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Buzzy Drottin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Sackville records, a young company based in Toronto, Canada, has given us a generally rousing Dixieland session distinguished by a thoroughgoing professionalism and a conviction that there are still rewards to be reaped in retracing well-walked musical paths.

There are indeed rewards in such pilgrimages, especially when the guide is William Davison, who at 62 still possesses one of the most dense cornet sounds in the business. He remains an original musician with much of the mastery of his prime intact. He is supported here by a quintet of competent veterans, most of whom are contemporaries, all of whom come together to form a generally swinging unit, but none of whom outdistance the leader.

Struttin', the longest track at nearly eight minutes, gives everybody two choruses and generally sets the standard for the remainder of the LP. Davison probes for a chorus and then catches fire, brandishing notes that first growl and then throb into wild blasts of shaking vibrato. Hall turns in one of his top efforts here. Benny

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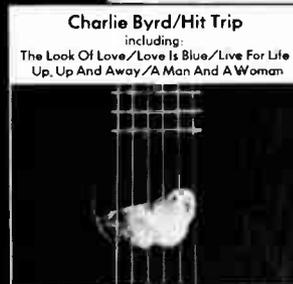
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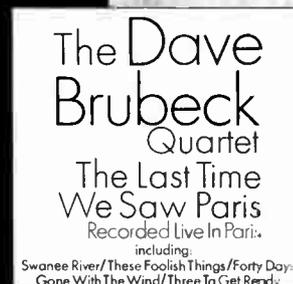
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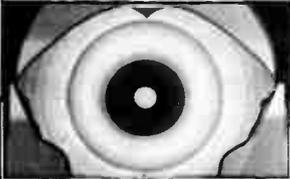
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Morton does a smooth, workmanlike job throughout, though he's rarely out to raise the roof. The two-chorus rideout sparkles.

Dardanella is Hall's showpiece. Because it was also one of his brother Edmond's features when he was with Louis Armstrong (on *Ambassador Satch*, CL 840), comparison is invited and even urged. Though Herb was able to absorb much of his older brother's tone, his reading of *Dardanella* shows he never inherited Edmond's incredible sense of swing and sharp piercing sound.

One of Davison's best solos is on *Black and Blue*, where the full swagger and arrogance of his sound is on display for a chorus. Other good moments for him are found on *Surrender* and *Blue Again*. He

uses a cup mute to advantage on *Anything for You and Eyes*. Claude Hopkins has a good stride solo on *Baby, Yesterdays* (the Jerome Kern tune) is an extended bass solo by Shaw. It's an evocative rendition, though the bass has never struck me as a strong jazz voice in extended solo.

The music here was recorded during the group's recent engagement at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto (*DB*, May 30). It was a studio session without a live audience, and the sound reflects typical studio acoustics. It is considerably more dead than the sound on Davison's many Commodore sides.

The record apparently will find distribution in only a limited number of record shops. It may be had through the mail,

however, by sending \$5 to Sackville Distributors, 719 Yonge Street, Suite 5, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada. —McDonough

Gary McFarland

DOES THE SUN REALLY SHINE ON THE MOON?—Skye SK-2: *God Only Knows*; *By The Time I Get To Phoenix*; *Sunday Will Never Be The Same*; *Lady Jane*; *Flamingo*; *Flea Market*; *Here, There and Everywhere*; *Three Years Ago*; *O Morro*; *Melancholy Baby*; *Up, Up and Away*.
Personnel: Marvin Stamm, flugelhorn; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; McFarland, vibes; Warren Bernhardt, organ; Sam Brown, guitar; Richard Davis or Chuck Rainey, bass; Donald McDonald or Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★

If you are looking for a jazz record, pass this one up. I have given it one star for being a well-performed pop effort in the middle-of-the-road category. It comes complete with *Ba-Ba-Ba-Bam*-type vocal choruses and group whistling, ready to ooze into your ears ever so gently. The trouble is that it oozes right out again.

There is a smattering of jazz here and there, and the arrangements are tastefully done, but the overall result remains rather dull. Another waste of good talent.

—Albertson

Pat Martino

EAST!—Prestige 7562: *East!*; *Trick*; *Close Your Eyes*; *Park Avenue Petite*; *Lazy Bird*.
Personnel: Eddie Green, piano; Martino, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass, tambourine; Tyrone Brown, bass (track 1); Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Martino is one of the best guitarists in jazz. Only Kenny Burrell and possibly Jim Hall are consistently superior. I remember catching Martino with Jack McDuff some time ago and being spun several revolutions in my seat during his first solo.

About Martino's technique there can be no argument. He's fast and he's sure. He swings and he has taste, and he conveys immediacy and strikes at the listener's guts. He could utilize his lower range more fully; apart from that, there's nothing to criticize and plenty to dig on this session.

Why then isn't the album more highly rated? It's hard to say. His solos are all interesting. He varies his attack, using spaces tremendously effectively on Benny Golson's ballad, *Petite*; builds logically and without artifice to an electric climax on the title track; runs over the guitar like a sprinter in *Trick* (which sounds a lot like a Wes Montgomery line); and plays some harmonically fascinating, symmetrical, single-note clusters in *Eyes*, based on what sound like second intervals.

Furthermore, the unobtrusive old smoothie, Tucker, is a major contributor, with a gliding, intelligently accented spot on *Petite* and a lovely, gritty excursion on *Bird*, which is strongly reminiscent of Wilbur Ware's work. (Tucker's tone is every bit as fat and round as Ware's too.)

What's probably wrong—not wrong so much as less than perfect—is that the interplay, except between Martino and Tucker, isn't especially exciting. McBrowne is a superlative small-group drummer—usually. He didn't seem to get it all together for this session. And Green, despite a nice ear for dissonance (as on *East!*), has a choppy and awfully conventional left hand. He derives to an extent from Bud Powell, but it's Powell without the

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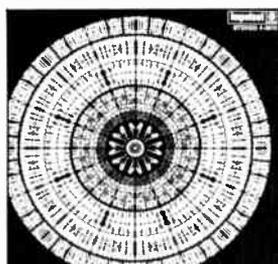
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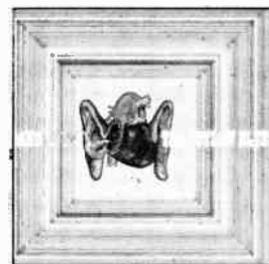
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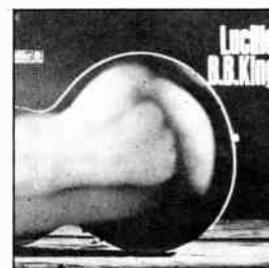
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bite and surprise—not to mention technique.

Also, for all its intended exoticism, the title track, composed by Brown, who plays bass on it, is rather dull. The construction—each solo beginning slowly and then moving to double time and a climax before ritarding for the next soloist—isn't that novel, and the tune, at least as interpreted by the soloists, doesn't go anywhere harmonically.

The album is worth owning for the leader's playing. It's cautiously recommended, but I think there'll be more representative Martino around shortly.

—Heineman



James Moody

JAMES MOODY'S MOODS—Prestige 7554; *The Strut; Jammin' With James; A Sinner Kissed An Angel; It Might As Well Be Spring; I've Got the Blues; Blue Walk; Faster James.*

Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; William Shepherd, trombone; Moody, alto and tenor saxophones; Pee Wee Moore, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Boyd, piano; John Lathan, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums; Eddie Jefferson, vocal (track 5).

Rating: ★★ ★

No doubt about it—Moody is one of the best saxophone players on the scene today. This album, however, shows us another Moody—the Moody of the mid-'50s.

Though not top-drawer Moody, it contains some of his best playing from the period and it is good to see it reissued (it was originally Prestige 7056), although one must bemoan the fact that record companies deem it necessary to rechannel all mono recordings for stereo, a process which never results in true stereo, but inevitably muddies the sound.

The Strut features a fine tenor solo which is not as dated as the jazz-flavored dance band arrangement by Benny Golson, then not as yet a name in the field. Golson's arrangement for *Blue Walk* is more subdued and provides a much better background for Moody, again on tenor.

Most of side one is taken up by an 11½ minute jam session featuring Moody, Burns and the rhythm section in a relaxed blues. Moody's two extended solos, first on tenor, then alto, are fine examples of his ability to swing in a relaxed groove. Burns' bop-style trumpet is, unfortunately, slightly off mike, but he is a good player who deserves wider recognition than he has been given.

My favorite tracks are the two ballads, *Angel* and *Spring*, both featuring Moody's alto. The former is slightly marred by a slightly dull arrangement, but Moody, a masterful ballad player, saves it beautifully. *Spring* is formidable. Incidentally, he also recorded a tenor version of the piece (it can be heard on his *Moody's Workshop* album) but I prefer this rendition.

I've Got the Blues is singer Eddie Jefferson's version of Moody's 1949 recording of *Lester Leaps In*. Jefferson, now 50, disappeared from the scene some time ago,

but Prestige will soon release a new album recorded under his own name. He is in good form here.

Faster James is an early Quincy Jones piece, an up-tempo affair, heavily arranged but with enough room for Moody's tenor to sparkle savagely. It also contains a fair solo by pianist Boyd and Burns' best solo in this set.

—Albertson

Jerome Richardson

GROOVE MERCHANT—Verve V/V6-8729; *Groove Merchant; To Sir With Love; Gimmie Little Sign; No Matter What Shape; Girl You'll Be a Woman Soon; Knock on Wood; Ode to Billie Joe; Sunny; Where Is Love; Up, Up and Away.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Joe Newman, trumpets, flugelhorn; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Richardson, flute, bass flute, tenor and soprano saxophones; Buddy Lucas, baritone saxophone, harmonica; Ernest W. Hayes, piano, organ; Eric J. Gale, Carl Lynch, guitars; Charles W. Rainey, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Warren Smith, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

Those who think that jazz critics, out of malice, turn on musicians who make commercial records may get upset when they read this review. However, they should realize that when jazzmen make concessions to popular taste they often lower the quality of their work.

Take this LP containing some pop music hits of recent years, which blends contemporary "soul" music with jazz. The brilliant Benny Golson wrote the arrangements but his work, though decent, is certainly not memorable and lacks individuality.

Richardson is noted for his ability to play a number of instruments proficiently. He's a fine man to have in the woodwind section of a big band. He can solo well, but his improvisations on this LP are nothing special. Not that his work—he's featured mainly on soprano—lacks inspiration. As a matter of fact, he often plays vigorously. But the context in which he functions is not one that inspires jazzmen to play with all the creativity that is in them. As a consequence, he is not as inventive as he has been.

On *Knock on Wood*, for example, his rock 'n' rollish tenor work is hackneyed. His soprano playing is catchy but otherwise pretty undistinguished, and he often uses clichés. He does, however, turn in a good flute improvisation on *Where Is Love*.

This album will do for dancing or background music but not for serious listening.

—Pekar

D.B. Shrier

D.B. SHRIER EMERGES—Alfa DSM 100: *Blue Lights; East; Ravens; These Foolish Things; All Blues.*

Personnel: Shrier, tenor saxophone; Mike Michaels, piano; Tyrone Brown, bass; William Roye, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This LP, which can be classified between the mainstream modern and avant garde categories, was recorded live in April 1967 in two sessions at Philadelphia and Lima, Pennsylvania. Shrier, a Philadelphia musician who played briefly with Woody Herman, and his sidemen are not nationally known, but they turn in solid work here.

Shrier, on the basis of this performance, appears to be a promising musician. He's been influenced by John Coltrane

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and some "new thing" tenor men although his heavy tone demonstrates that he's also familiar with the Coleman Hawkins tradition. He plays a lot of notes and sometimes, as on *Raveesh*, an Indian-flavored original by Michaels, his work is haphazardly constructed.

However, Shrier's improvisation on *Things* is intelligently paced. Here, and on Gigi Gryce's *Blue Lights*, his work builds well. At his best he is a good tenor man, and if he concentrates on music in the future (he is also a graduate student in history), he ought to get better.

Michaels is an intelligent soloist who constructs his solos carefully and well. He can swing forcefully or play in a restrained, lyrical manner. Unfortunately, most of his work is so poorly recorded that it's difficult to enjoy.

Roye does a fine job in the rhythm section, demonstrating that he can play with restraint or drive hard, depending on the situation. He and the capable Brown are also poorly recorded.

This LP is available from Alfa Records, 238 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

—Pekar

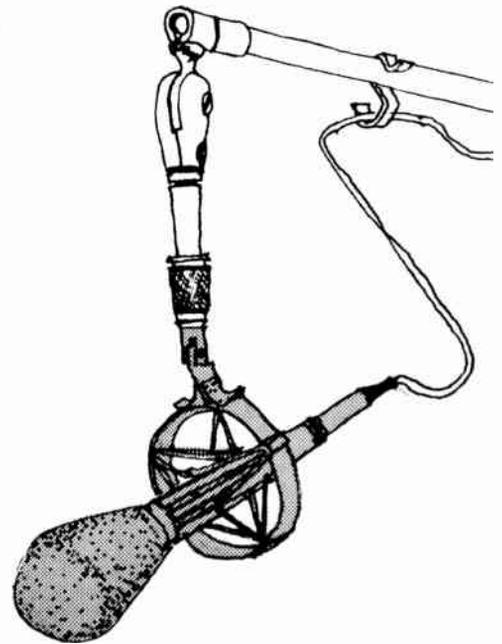
ROCK BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

Spirit (Ode Z12 44003) is a Los Angeles-based rock quintet of considerable talent and polish. Instrumentally the group is unbeatable, as they demonstrate time and again on this well-produced set (by Lou Adler, recording midwife of the Mamas & Papas). They have an astonishingly good lead guitarist in Randy California, whose playing is both exciting and tasteful; and the musicianship of pianist John Locke, bassist Mark Andes (formerly of Canned Heat), and drummer Cassidy is impeccable and inventive. There is a great deal of sensitivity and subtlety to the group's arrangements and playing. Unfortunately, it is ultimately only as good as its material, and here is where the production falls down. While most of the tunes by vocalist-auxiliary percussionist Jay Ferguson are melodically attractive, they are at the same time fairly forgettable, a situation that could have been alleviated by interesting, memorable lyrics. The group reveals more than a casual jazz orientation from time to time, particularly in California's solo work on *Gramphone Man* and *Elijah* and in Locke's work on the latter as well.

Gene Page is a top orchestrator whose writing has enlivened a number of pop productions from Reprise records, among others. He recently produced a set of his own, *Page 1* (VMC 125), with a large studio ensemble reading 10 of his lush, well-crafted charts, five of them recent pop hits and the balance like-styled pieces. Nothing memorable develops in this essentially bland set of contemporary mood music. Pass it up.

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of Paul Klee (Philips 600-266), and it's about equally significant as the Page album of pop themes. One gets absolutely no idea of the abilities of the National Gallery (an unidentified group of three men and one woman), for this is strictly a studio venture under the very firm control of producer Roger Karshner, who wrote all the lyrics and co-authored the music with Charles Mangione (one of the jazz Mangione brothers?). The texts are insignificant, fatuous, and at times pretentious, though the musical settings are generally interesting and the orchestrations deft. The National Gallery's vocal chores are handled with expertise and little else, leaving one with no clear impression of their skills or identity. Klee is not particularly well served by this set of insipid—though obviously well intentioned—musical evocations of his subtle and complex art. Gunther Schuller has treated the Swiss

painter with considerably greater sensitivity and artistry in his work *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* (RCA Victor 2879).

Returning to a more overt rock approach, the third album by Love, a Los Angeles group, *Forever Changes* (Elektra 74013), is quite an appealing set of 11 pieces, all but two of them by the group's vocalist Arthur Lee, who has an easy, unpretentious folk-like way with melody. His texts do not say very much but are expressed with grace and a measure of understatement. The group has developed markedly since its first album; there the approach was nothing so much as amateurish early Rolling Stones—all sullen, defiant energy. Here, however, is displayed a real interest in melodic expression; once it is allied with a broader vision in the lyrics, the group will be first-rate.

Utilizing the full panoply of studio tech-

nology to buttress an already well developed command of the resources of rock has paid off handsomely for the Chicago group *The Cryan' Shames*. Their second LP, *A Scratch in the Sky* (Columbia 9586), represents a significant advance in just about every respect over their initial offering on that label. They may not be the heaviest group going, but they certainly justify a listen, for they have synthesized in a very personal, highly satisfying way a number of the major recent developments in rock. Their tunes are good, the arrangements of them exquisite and inventive, and the group has the requisite instrumental and technological skills to bring off the most demanding assignment. Their weakness is in the vocal department, and hopefully this will be improved (the band is very young). Their music has a great deal of humor and intelligence, and is only occasionally self-conscious. I have found this a surprisingly enjoyable set that has worn well. While the group's music is eclectic, it has substance.

Another interesting—and very unusual—group out of Chicago is *The Hello People* (Philips 600-265). On the basis of this album, they are revealed as an almost totally original group with little or no obvious influences from any of the major rock-pop units. It's hard to describe their music, which is imaginative and totally professional. Perhaps the best thing to say is that they use good-time jazz-influenced music of the 1920s and '30s as a point of departure for the creation of tight, well-arranged, witty, and thoroughly musical pieces in which jazz plays not a little role. Their instrumental voicings are absolutely splendid—subtle and sophisticated; they might in fact be considered the rock era's equivalent of the Raymond Scott Quintet. High praise but well deserved, for at best their music is jewel-like. You might dig them. Overlook if you can the abominable cover and fatuous liner notes, both silly beyond belief.

Another Mercury product—and another Chicago group—is *Spanky & Our Gang*, a six-piece unit headed by Elaine (Spanky) McFarlane that has moved from what was a pleasant novelty approach modeled on pop song styles of the '20s to a rather high-powered contemporary mode that has gained acceptance in the marketplace. The group's two hits are contained in their current album, *Like to Get to Know You* (Mercury 61161), the title of one of the two, the other being *Sunday Mornin'*, a fine Margo Guryan tune. The band's musicianship is impeccable, its arrangements first-rate, and Miss McFarlane is a more than capable vocalist, as she reveals in several performances here, notably *Prescription for the Blues*, with a tasty Little Brother Montgomery backup, of all things! Stuart Scharf and Bob Dorough had a hand in the production, so the urbanity and wit that mark the set should perhaps not be unduly surprising. This happy album will not appeal overmuch to fans of hard rock, but as a set of invigorating, imaginatively-conceived, and superbly-executed contemporary song done with taste and humor, it would be hard to beat. Now maybe Mercury will let Bob Dorough have a set of his own.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Freddie Hubbard

Club Tejar, Chicago

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Junie Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

The Tejar, a medium-sized room with good acoustics, is a pleasant place to hear music. While Hubbard's group was in residence, the music more than matched the surroundings.

My first impression of the quintet was that this was a *group*, not just a collection of soloists. Their dynamic balance was impressive and when the mike went dead during a Spaulding flute solo, the rhythm section lowered the volume as one man while retaining their intense swing. A simple thing, perhaps, but a sign of musicians who are listening to and for each other.

Hubbard is not a consistent soloist, and the best and worst of his playing seem to arise from a common impulse—a fondness for bravura display. When his playing is thoughtful and controlled the results are pretty and rather faceless, but a steaming up-tempo may lead him to gratuitous virtuosity or triumph. Sometimes a single solo will find him touching both poles.

The second night I heard the group, *Just One Of Those Things*, at a tempo no foot-patting could manage, found Hubbard in top form. The lightning runs and piercing high notes that before had been emotionless athletics now flowed forth with passionate urgency. Hayes and Spaulding exchanged grins, sharing their satisfaction. It was the music of an exuberant young

man, finding an outlet for emotions that seemed to spring from his sheer physical dominance of the horn.

Unlike Hubbard, altoist Spaulding is an extremely consistent musician, and in two nights of listening I didn't hear one solo from him that was less than good. He has an intriguing conception which, although he is his own man, is akin to Jackie McLean's. Both men avoid the speed and flightiness inherent in the instrument, striving instead for the power and weight of tenor saxophonists like Dexter Gordon and Sonny Rollins.

Spaulding's upper-register playing was particularly good, and many of his solos were based on a simple but effective equation between the instrument's highest notes and the highest pitch of emotion. Several numbers featured powerful codas in which both he and Hubbard climbed into the stratosphere.

In addition, Spaulding is, to my knowledge, without peer as a jazz flutist.

Kenny Barron, a self-effacing musician in the past, has begun to assert himself. His technical equipment will make anyone this side of Phineas Newborn take notice. (By technique I mean variety of touch and precision of time as well as mere speed.) Barron played well on every number, but his feature, *The Shadow of Your Smile*, was exceptional. The long rubato introduction showed that he is one of the few pianists who can emulate Art Tatum and capture more than the surface glitter. As with Tatum, the sudden harmonic shifts, the references to several

tempos within a few bars, and the hummingbird lightness of touch conveyed an effect of violent emotion controlled by a steel-like sophistication.

Booth and Hayes were heard, for the most part, in supporting roles, and the young bassist's big sound was an important part of the group's effectiveness. Hayes' accompaniment was flawless and he was especially good behind Hubbard on *Things*, building and releasing the tension in instant response to the trumpeter.

If Hubbard can keep this group together, he will have earned his laurels as a leader. If a studio date captures their in-person excitement, watch out. —Kurt

Earl Grubbs' Visitors

The Showboat Jazz Theatr, Philadelphia, Pa.

Personnel: Carl Grubbs, alto saxophone; Earl Grubbs, tenor saxophone; John Simmons, piano; Jerome Hunter, bass; Jerry Goldsmith, drums.

This is unquestionably one of the most exciting straight-ahead jazz groups of today, though their activities have so far unfortunately been limited to the Philadelphia area. Led by Earl Grubbs and his brother Carl, they dig into standards and jazz tunes with a vitality foreign to the majority of modern jazz players. They rank with Joe Henderson, Bernard Peiffer, Herbie Hancock, Sam Rivers and a handful of others who can find ways to make new and spirited music within the modern mainstream chordal format.

Earl Grubbs is the leader, both on and off the stand, and his strong tenor work is deeply rooted in the style of his late

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uncle, John Coltrane. Yet he is not confined to emulating Trane's works, and shades of Sonny Rollins and, to a lesser degree, Archie Shepp are evident. Carl Grubbs is a very powerful, deep-throated alto player whose lines occasionally slide into a sympathetic, gentle, purring growl that clearly comes from deep within the man, not just the horn. Both men are versatile and individualistic enough to avoid boring chord-running solos, and definitely play in such a personal way that they are approaching styles of their own. Melodicism and guts simultaneously seem to be their main concern.

Drummer Goldsmith is superb, keeping time with pertinent accents and rhythms and superimposed patterns that constantly

give the music a free feeling. For this reason, his work functionally resembles that of Tony Williams, Barry Altschul and Billy Higgins; stylistically, however, he is quite different from any of these men. Hunter and Simmons also provide strong and flexible support for the saxophones. Simmons often seems prone to the heavy chordal voicings of McCoy Tyner, but only when the music calls for it.

To derive freshness and new ideas from a musical style with which even most of its veterans have become bored is a real accomplishment. As one listener remarked as he left the club, "I don't know what he gave them or what it is, but the spirit of John Coltrane is really within them." Indeed.

—Michael Cuscuna

Donovan

Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, Calif.

Personnel: Donovan, vocals, guitar, miniature box organ.

Donovan sat alone, crosslegged and barefoot, wearing blue bell-bottom pants and a sleeveless blue shirt with a loud white circle on the chest.

No superfluous accompanists this night. Just a man alone on a very big stage with his guitar, miniature box organ, a pot of tea, a single glowing candle and a book of Scottish fables.

The bustle that inevitably comes from 7,000 people continued as Donovan began singing. He started literally at a whisper, straining on the high notes while flash-bulbs popped and long-haired girls walked reverently to the stage to hand him a flower or a ring or anything small, waited for his acknowledgment and returned to their seats.

The cameras finally relented and the crowd became still. Soon, all 7,000 were absorbed in quiet concentration. Donovan offered legendary yarns and little fantasies about the creatures of the forest and the sea. And, of course, songs of love.

The lyrics were sometimes childish, even senseless. But the tension between voice and guitar was superb, both in the subtle rhythmic pull and the unexpected tonal nuances. The emphasis was on melody, with a mature and careful harmonic relationship between the syncopated, vibrato syllables and the taut guitar line.

This depth, certainly absent from his many recordings, indicates a new direction for Donovan. He seems concerned now with a particular emotion, and he has done away with all that is extraneous to his message. This is precisely what John Coltrane did in the four or five years before his death. Like Coltrane, Donovan is moving away from the casual song and into spiritual celebration, though he is using an entirely different musical conception and vocabulary in reaching this goal.

The effect of Donovan's new style is an assured mood of innocence . . . an awesome but gentle feeling of coming to know something openly and honestly for the first time.

The young, who fear being caught up in an adult society they emotionally reject, are attracted to the mood of Donovan. He is their temporary return to innocence—fairy tales and all. They also embrace his youthful freshness and compassion as indigenous qualities of the new society they hope to mold as they grow older. He is one of their culture heroes, and he may prove to be as important to white youth as John Coltrane was to black youth.

Unfortunately, the incongruity of young and old was evident in the way Donovan was presented at Civic Auditorium. His music simply does not jibe with a crowd so massive. It was a tribute to his artistry that he could hush the throng.

But at intermission, the lights bolted on and a jabbering disc jockey screamed a jumble of nonsense into the microphone. For most of the crowd, it was like a rude and sudden awakening from a pleasant dream.

—Steve Toomajian



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John Tchicai and Cadentia Nova Danica

Wigmore Hall, London, England

Personnel: Hugh Steinmetz, trumpet; Kim Menzer, trombone, flute; Tchicai, Karsten Vogel, alto saxophones; Max Bruel, baritone saxophone, piano; Steffen Anderson, bass; Ivan Krill, drums; Georgio Musoni, African drums; Stuart Fox, photographic direction; Vagn Bresdahl, photographic assistant, Anthony Barnett, reader.

John Tchicai's jazz credentials have always seemed a little suspect to me. True, he recorded with Shepp, Cherry, Rudd and the rest, but his association with Shepp in Europe and subsequently in New York seemed to come at a time when the new American music needed all the support it could gather. On recorded evidence, Tchicai just was not up to the standard, especially emotionally, of his American peers.

Happily, the fallibility of recorded evidence was adroitly debunked by his London appearance with Cadentia Nova Danica, one of two concerts adventurously sponsored in Britain by the Royal Danish Embassy. Tchicai came with plenty to say, and no one found him boring.

Maybe the saxophonist has changed since the days of the New York Contemporary Five and New York Art Quartet, but whatever the case, the quality of his playing has taken on the flavor of a mature yet faintly acidulous wine. Tchicai's horn is never mellow, it's too edgy for that, but he stimulates and titivates with a brilliant, acrid attack. He always plays well within himself, too. The music is free but the saxophonist seems forever on his toes, the framework of his solos apparently worked out beforehand to give him something to fall back on when the improvisational well runs dry.

Although it was Tchicai's name and reputation that attracted the major part of the SRO audience, the music was an integral part of a light show designed by American photographer Stuart Fox. At one point, the music was delayed while Tchicai conferred with the projectionist about the correct background for a particular piece, but to my mind the resulting choice made little difference. Stimulating as is the psychedelic concept of synesthesia or "giving the senses a feast," there were only a few brief passages where music and pictures met and swung together. Abstract images would have been infinitely preferable to the photographs used, as for the most part they were distracting and, worse still, unimaginative from a pictorial viewpoint.

Tchicai and his seven cohorts, faces painted with eerie blue patterns, played a total of eight pieces. Theoretically, the participants in this kind of music are supposed to sublimate personality and become mere cogs in the musical wheel, but although the others did so, Tchicai tended to stand out as an imperious solo voice.

He has, at times a beautiful silvery tone, particularly when working in the higher register of his horn. He can be fiery, too, but the more controlled side of his personality contrasted well with the less developed but frequently more passionate ideas of Vogel, his major partner in the proceedings. The two saxophonists played one conversational number together during which a shadowy image of Willie (The Lion) Smith appeared somewhat incongruously on the screen, and it was an object lesson in how

to stay free yet escape musical anarchy.

Krill's playing stems from the Sonny Murray-Milford Graves school and he and his partner in the percussion stakes laid down a continually changing and contrasting background for the solo voices that would from time to time emerge from the threshing whole. The throbbing African drums were a good idea—they added dramatically to the music's potency and impact—but an African *drummer* would have told a different story. Musoni was adequate, but whatever European critics may say, a touch of eroticism is necessary for the beat to make it. Musoni tried hard, but his clumsy, untutored way with the talking drum just wasn't sexy.

Tchicai is generally compared to Ornette Coleman because of his position in the alto saxophone heirarchy, but this concert showed up the unfairness of such a comparison. Coleman is essentially a blues player, an instinctive and fiery jazzman with his feet firmly rooted in the Texas soil. Tchicai is different. His alto is passionate and filled with the hoarse cry of contemporaneity, but the blues is not his frame of reference. His tone has a bitter edge, a kind of coldness within the heat, if you like, and that's not surprising for a man who cites Lee Konitz as an early influence. His playing also lacks the down-home earthiness and unassailable rhythmic impetus that Coleman brings to the horn. Nevertheless, Tchicai has his own kind of crying urgency, his own sound of "now."

The best music of the concert came in the second half, when the air was heavy with incense. The musicians strode out into what was virtually 4/4 swing, then explored the realms of orgy while a mass of warring, loving bodies tumbled over the screen. As the images flashed faster, so the music paralleled the action with increasing fury. Then suddenly the lights were switched on, the pictures turned off. The musicians were left metaphorically naked to create the feeling of a new day reborn. Here the visual aspect succeeded. The lack of pictorial matter was equal to the sound of silence.

On this night, the sound of silence was not much in evidence for there were few moments when the urgency let up. Tchicai's tongue-in-cheek insertion of an old madrigal played straight was the nearest they got to laying out. The music invited compulsive listening that kept you on your toes, and thanks to Tchicai's tastefulness, the experience was not at all painful.—*Valerie Wilmer*

Don Cherry

ABF House, Stockholm, Sweden

Personnel: Cherry, cornet, piano; Muffy Fallay, trumpet; Bernt Rosengren, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute, percussion; Tommy Koverhult, tenor saxophone, flute, percussion; Dave Woods, bagpipes; Torbjorn Hultercrants, bass; Leif Wennerstrom, drums.

Sweden has heard a great deal of Cherry over the past few years, and listeners have been able to watch him grow musically. In September, he gave a concert to a capacity crowd at Stockholm's ABF House, accompanied by the band that has worked with him regularly over the past year or so.

It is probably the best group that Cherry has ever worked with, continuing in the

line (if not the tradition) of the original Ornette Coleman Quartet and the New York Contemporary Five. This is the music of Don Cherry the composer, replete with clear, strong melodies, exotic colors and fierce rhythms. To my knowledge, there is no other musician producing music remotely like Cherry's. His is an avant garde group that sings songs as old as the sphinx and swings trenchantly in the rhythms of old Turkey, ancient Egypt, pre-historic Bali, together with other rhythms that have developed on the way, rhythms which are highly peculiar but very natural. There is nothing esoteric about the boiling swing and heat of Cherry's band.

The environment for the concert was created by Mocqui Carlsson in sensual, exotic style, and formed an apposite backdrop for the beehive of activity on a stage littered with flutes, trumpets, saxophones, an oboe, a sitar and Turkish and African percussion. The front line doubled on flutes and percussion, Rosengren also playing oboe.

The band has developed great sensitivity in group improvisation under Cherry's tutelage, creating new expressions in folk music, the music of the times. We heard collective improvisation with clear consciousness of phrasing, the element of swing hewed deeply into the development of meters, appearing in degrees of intensity, temperament and temper. One of the most important attributes, however, is the buoyant sense of joy which pervades everything the group does.

This is essentially modal music, presented in the form of suites. Before the intermission, we heard a long suite which traveled through many scenes, from Turkish markets to New York lofts and back East again to Bengal and the Bauls. The band has so much experience in working with strange meters that it swings hugely, improvising all the way on outings into Egyptian belly-dance rhythms, for example.

There were flute passages which sounded quite Turkish, a tribute to the influence that Fallay and other more or less local Turks have exerted on Cherry's Swedish sojourn.

In the second half of the concert, we heard a driving, drone-based suite that featured some sparkling cornet by Cherry, before he introduced the bagpipes of Woods, a very groovy Scot, who played a short solo and then joined the ensemble. This was followed by a remarkable trumpet-cornet duet on an old Turkish melody and a wild, evocative belly-dance. Now and then Cherry played piano, in the same manner and for the same reasons as Charlie Mingus. His technique is modest but effective as he outlines some catchy, rocking melody to be picked up by the band.

Rosengren is one of the most skillful musicians in Europe, and both he and Fallay truly excelled themselves, while Cherry played like an angel, trumpeting directions and swinging explosively above the group improvisations. This concert was without much doubt his finest achievement to date. I hope this band gets to be widely known, because the world should be allowed to hear it.

—*Keith Knox*

Craig Hundley is the wonder child of the year. At the age of 14, he has inadvertently served to focus more national attention on jazz than any other newcomer in the past couple of years.

The reason for this, of course, lies partly in the novelty aspect. How often do you come across an excellent jazz pianist whose IQ is 184, whose age is 14, and who has enjoyed a successful television and movie career playing leading acting roles in dozens of major programs?

What seems more important about Hundley, however, is that the excitement about him is richly deserved. Admittedly, were it not for the youth gimmick, he would not have played on the *Today* and *Tonight* shows, the *Jonathan Winters Show*, etc.; nor would *Life*, *Newsweek* and other national magazines have rushed to his residence, cameras and pens in hand.

Nevertheless, the red-headed Los Angeles youth, who played classical piano for three years and didn't discover jazz until 1966, is gaining ground daily in his understanding of the idiom.

For his first *Blindfold Test*, I selected a series of piano records that covered 40 years of influential styles. Craig's opening comment on the Bill Evans record was meant facetiously; it was he who copied the Evans arrangement of this tune.

Hundley was given no information about the records played.
—Leonard Feather



1. JELLY ROLL MORTON. *Freakish* (from *Classic Jazz Piano Styles*, RCA). Recorded 1928.

That was interesting; I could tell immediately that it was kind of an old style, but the part I liked best about it was, first, it was syncopated, with some modern rhythms that are pretty complex, and that the pianist really did the bass in his left hand well, which many pianists today can't do. Even though it sounds kind of old fashioned, many pianists today might be a lot better if they could play the bass with their left hand. A classical pianist's left hand is much more developed than many jazz peoples'.

Another thing I noticed was that it all seemed to be in a feeling of two, whereas today, jazz is in four. I'd rate that three.

2. FATS WALLER. *Tea For Two* (from *Classic Jazz Piano Styles*, RCA). Recorded 1935.

That may have been Art Tatum, although it didn't sound enough like him. This one sounded kind of in the same style as the first, except that the chords were more interesting. It sounded more like this pianist had been influenced by Debussy, and it gave a more chordal feeling. It had a much lighter touch than the first, kind of more relaxed, light, French style.

The things that I would say against it—again this was in the feeling of two instead of four—I felt the lack of drums here, because I was wanting it to swing more, it sounded so regimented. It might have been better for drums, except that maybe his concept was for light background music. I'd rate that 2½.

3. ART TATUM-BENNY CARTER-LOUIS BELLSON. *Undecided* (from *Makin' Whoopee*, Verve). Carter, alto saxophone; Tatum, piano; Bellson, drums. Recorded 1955.

I really like that the best of all I've heard, and it's much more close to my style. I think that was Art Tatum, and I particularly liked the sax there. The pianist really used good chords; much more interesting voicings than the first two. His technique, of course, was fantastic, and he was doing fantastic runs and arpeggios.

The sax—I really liked his feeling, and he had a lot of space. As for the drums, it was a good solo. I thought, for his technique, but I could still feel the rigid feeling.

I've been influenced a lot now by four pianists: Gary David, Dave McKay, Roger Kellaway and Mike Lang. Those have been my four teachers up to now, and they've all influenced me to play free—free in time—and it bothers me when I hear these people with '1-2, 1-2, 1-2.'

But this was a lot better as far as the pianist and the sax player are concerned, and I'd give it a rating of four.

4. BUD POWELL. *Round Midnight* (from *The Jazz Legacy of Bud Powell*, VSP). Powell, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Max Roach, drums. Recorded 1954.

I think that was an old Bill Evans; the tune was *Round Midnight*, and it gave me a haunted feeling. I love the way he does that. I'm pretty sure that was Bill Evans, so I'll go on that premise. It sounded like it was recorded sometime in the '50s, when the free movement that I've been talking about—the free kind of playing—was just beginning. The pianist was free and playing out of the tempo, but it displeased me intensely to hear the bass player playing still in that same bag, with that 1-2-3-4; it was boring. Since it was an old record, I figured it was Scott LaFaro. If it was him, it must be before he really developed, because he's probably the best bass player, along with Chuck Domanico, that I've ever heard, and he's much better in his later albums.

The drumming could have added a lot more; it was so far in the background, and it didn't distract like many drummers do, but it didn't add at all. I'd guess that was Paul Motian.

His voicings are so great and so new, and he gets in different chords and on this it comes out so haunting. The only thing I could recommend is that you buy his *Trio '65* album, because his *Round Midnight* on that one is even better.

5. OSCAR PETERSON. *It's Only a Paper Moon* (from *With Respect to Nat*, Limelight). Peterson, piano, vocal; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass.

That piano sounded very similar to Oscar Peterson, whether it was him or not. This album really, so far, has swung the most. It was moving, and you really want to tap your foot to this.

The singer I really liked. He had a

pleasant voice, and you really kind of believe in him—and the song. The guitarist reminded me of Herb Ellis, although I don't think it was him. It was kind of funkier, but it swung, so I really liked it, and I'm sure the pianist was Oscar Peterson. I'd rate that four.

6. BILL EVANS. *I Should Care* (from *At Town Hall, Vol. 1*, Verve). Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Armand Wise, drums.

First of all I should say, how dare anybody steal my arrangement of *I Should Care*? That was Bill Evans' trio, *Live At Town Hall, Vol. 1*. That just happens to be my favorite Bill Evans song, and if you ever hear my group play *I Should Care*, you'll recognize the arrangement immediately.

The best part about this is that it's so free. This is what I've been waiting to hear on all these albums. Like he'd go out of the rhythms—all three would be going in a pattern, and then they'd come out, and it wouldn't sound right, but in actuality it would be right. It would come out on the beat, they've kept the beat. But it was so free and fluid.

Chuck Israels—that record is probably the best I've heard him play. . . .

I think this song shows Bill Evans at his best, and I'd give it five.

7. CECIL TAYLOR. *Tales (8 Wispis)* (from *Unit Structures*, Blue Note). Taylor, piano, co-composer; Alan Silva, bass (no violin); Andrew Cyrille, drums.

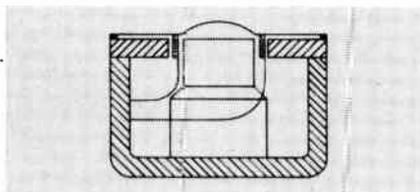
I really liked that. First of all, it isn't jazz—it wouldn't be what I would call jazz. It sounded more like modern classical, such as Aaron Copland. I play a piece by Aaron Copland called *The Cat & The Mouse*. This kind of sounds like dissonant chords, free rhythms; the only difference is, I'm sure this is improvised. It sounds kind of like either Keith Jarrett or Gary David. It was something you have to listen to—you wouldn't come away humming it!

The violin gave it an interesting effect, it gave it a feeling of eerie music. But it was something, I don't know, far out, and it's very hard to understand. However, I kind of liked it. I would give it a four, and I'd buy it, but it would be something very hard to listen to and very intellectual.



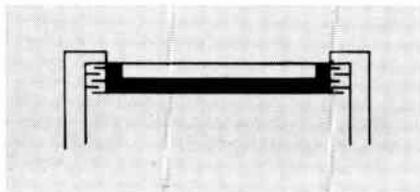
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As you can see from the diagrams, the dynamic mike has a much heavier, more-massive diaphragm than the thin mylar used by the condenser. (Condenser, by the way, is merely the old name for "capacitor.") The heavier the mass of the diaphragm the more sluggishly it responds to sound waves. This results in at least two disadvantages of the dynamic mike:

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ELECTRONICS IN THE ROCK GROUP

By Robert C. Ehle

THE MOST POWERFUL new dimension in popular music is the addition of electronic music to rock. Rock music, always driving and hard, now has become other-worldly, relentless, super-human in its sound. Performers can achieve effects of awesome quality, combining the surrealist aspects of electronic music with the earthiness of rock.

At its best, this music is a completely new statement. For the first time, electronic music is being used by people who are not afraid to become personal and to say things which have deep meanings in an emotional sense. This is a significant and important event in music; it may start an entirely new movement with long-lasting effects on the future of the art.

This article is written for the semi-professional and the amateur rock player who has not had the time or money or know-how to add much in the way of electronic sound or electronic modifications to his music.

A few years ago, I had a rock group, The Electrons, which was nearly all electronic in sound-generation or amplification. We had an electronic harpsichord (the Hohner Cembralet), two electric guitars, and a Fender electric bass. Only the drums were not amplified. This sort of group forms the ideal basis for electronic rock, since the electronic sources already exist; all that is required is to insert the proper signal manipulating devices between the outputs from the instruments and the inputs to the amplifiers.

A second improvement can be made by devising some electronic drums, thus making the entire group electronic. This article will describe the precise steps to take to convert the standard rock group into an electronic rock group. Wiring diagrams are given when necessary to illustrate the proper steps. The examples shown are based on the author's group described above, but can be adapted easily to other types of instrumentation. (For example, the harpsichord can easily be replaced by an organ; horns can be used with microphones and, of course,

voices are picked up with microphones as well. The reader should be able to follow the instructions given and produce the wanted psychedelic sound for himself.)

The descriptions contained here use conventional musical instrument amplifiers and speakers for playback and performance, although it should be noted that the better the quality used, the better the result. These amplifiers may contain some devices such as vibrato circuits, fuzz, reverbulators and so forth, and these can all be used to augment the sounds from the special circuits and devices described here.

Adding Electronics to the Drums

If your group is typical, it is possible that the drums will be the only instrument having no electrical connection or amplification. This is easily rectified by devising electronic drums by using contact microphones and old discarded phonograph cartridges. Use several different brands, and each one will have a unique tone quality. Mount them on a piece of styrofoam or sponge rubber. The drummer can strike them with his sticks, and even more interesting sound effects can be achieved by stroking them with brushes or mallets. Such electrical pickups can be used with conventional drums, and the player can alternate between them.

The contact microphones and phonograph pickups are wired using shielded

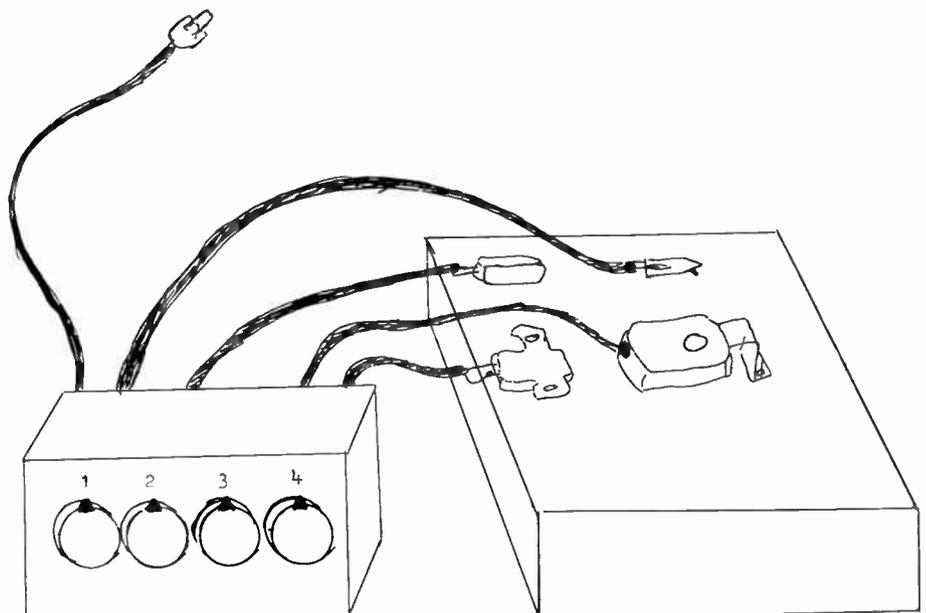
cable to a microphone mixer allowing the adjustment of individual volumes. If more pickups are available than there are inputs on the mixer, several pickups can be wired in parallel. These will provide exactly the same volume and will be controlled by one knob on the mixer.

Sound Modifying Equipment

Most electronic effects are produced by means of electronic signal modifying equipment which is commonly grouped together in an instrument called a synthesizer. Many different models are available and they can contain many different types of equipment for various purposes. For electronic rock, the equipment needed most is that required for live performances. The following types of equipment should be sought for a synthesizer for live music:

1. One signal generator
2. One amplitude modulator
or
One ring modulator (preferred)
3. One envelope follower
4. One steel spring reverberator
or
Tape recorder reverberator (preferred)
5. Four-input mixer (more inputs are even better)
6. Variable low-pass filter
7. Tape recorder or tape player
8. Microphone pre-amp (if microphones are required)

Please note that the above list is recommended as the best selection for live elec-



Method for Constructing a Simple Electronic Device for Drum Set: Left: Four-Input Microphone Mixer. Right: Four Different Ceramic Phonograph Cartridges (or Contact Microphones) Mounted on Block of Styrofoam. Output Connects to Amplifier.

Robert C. Ehle, consultant to the Electronic Music Composition Laboratory at North Texas State University, holds a master's degree in music from North Texas State and a bachelor's degree from the Eastman School of Music. Ehle has written extensively about electronic music and has contributed to the laboratory manual in use at North Texas State. Currently he is a technical writer on the Advanced Scientific Computer Project at Texas Instruments Inc.

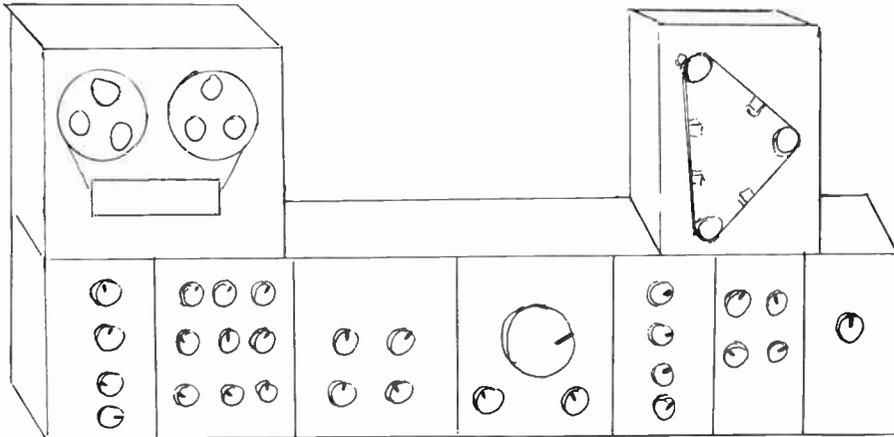
tronic music and electronic rock in particular. It is by no means a complete electronic music studio. Also note that a tape recorder with three heads and two speeds can serve as the tape player and the tape recorder reverberator simultaneously, although there are times when it is convenient to have two separate units.

Some manufacturers (such as the R. A. Moog Co.) will manufacture matched sets of modules and provide them in portable cases. Or the individual can shop for separate modules and wire them up himself in any fashion he prefers. He can also construct cases for the instruments. Many of the modules can be constructed

the money. One of the models is a kit, the Dynakit PAS-3. Note that a power supply must be purchased for the Moog units. A Heath Audio Oscillator can be bought in kit form and should be satisfactory for most applications even though the Moog unit is voltage controlled. If any item must be omitted, the following is probably the least useful in proportion to cost.

Envelope Follower: Moog model 912
Voltage Controlled Amplifier (required with above): Moog model 902

As a minimum equipment for the beginner, the following list should be followed: Heathkit or Eico audio oscillator; tape re-



Suggested Arrangement of Components for Electronic Rock. Top left: Tape Recorder or Deck. Top right: Tape Recorder Reverberator. Bottom, left to right: Four-input Mixer; Oscillator or Signal Generator; Ring Modulator; Variable Low Pass Filter; Envelope Follower and Amplifier; Microphone Pre-Amp.

from kits (such as the signal generator and the tape recorders) and others can be modified from used broadcast equipment or made from scratch by the home experimenter. Circuits have been published in the electronics magazines for these various components. Still, the musician with little experience in electronics will probably get the best results by purchasing most of his equipment either built or in kit form. After all, results are worth money and there is a market for electronic rock groups that can produce.

The following is a list of equipment by brand name and model which can be used to assemble a synthesizer for electronic rock as outlined above:

Signal generator: Moog model 901 or Heathkit Audio Oscillator (less versatile and less expensive)

Ring Modulator: Moog model 4601

Reverberator: Audio Instrumentation Tape Recorder Reverberator or Moog model 905 spring reverberator

Four-input Mixer: Moog model 984 or Shure microphone mixer

Variable Low-pass Filter: Moog model 904A

Tape Recorder: Moog model 1502 or other professional machines with three heads (for most applications described here a tape player such as the Viking 86 deck is sufficient)

Microphone pre-amp: A Dynakit PAS-3 can be used as a microphone pre-amp and also as a tape head pre-amp with the Viking 86 deck listed above.

The above list of equipment is calculated to provide the greatest flexibility for

recorder with three heads for use as recorder, player and reverberator; variable low-pass filter; ring modulator. With these components the electronic rock player can be off to a good start.

(Part two of this article will discuss how to use the equipment.)



The Author in his Lab

ROCK WITH ESQUIER STRINGS

JIMI HENDRIX

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Modern Technology Aids Education At Berklee

By Ira Gitler

THE BERKLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC in Boston, Mass., founded by Lawrence Berk in 1945, has grown steadily in every way during the two decades-plus following its inception. Two years ago, it moved from the Newberry Street headquarters to one of Boston's most famous thoroughfares, Boylston Street, taking over the old Bostonian Hotel, where many traveling musicians once dwelt.

Berklee has completely refurbished and rearranged the hotel. It is now a bustling hive of classrooms, rehearsal rooms and practice rooms. One section is given over to dormitory space, but by the fall of 1969 it, too, will house academic activities and a recently purchased nearby structure will become the student residence.

As I waited in the lobby for administrator Robert Share to give me the grand tour, I couldn't help noticing members of the student body as they arrived for the first classes of the day. A few were girls, but most were young men, sporting a wide variety of the hair styles and beards currently in fashion. One got the feeling of youth expressing itself.

During the day's travels up, down and through the six floors and basement one also got the message of self-expression through music. An aura of dedication and hard work, in a disciplined yet relaxed atmosphere, was evident in

all corners of the building.

"The Berklee Approach," as delineated by president Lawrence Berk, lists as its primary purpose the preparation of eligible students for careers as instrumentalists, arrangers, composers and teachers. The Berklee student emerges as a well-rounded musician.

It must be said, however, that at the heart of the program is the jazz interest pursued by the average student. The men on the faculty guarantee a high degree of expertise in this area. Saxophonists-reedmen Charlie Mariano, John LaPorta, Andy McGhee and Junior Cook, trumpeters Herb Pomeroy and Lennie Johnson, trombonist Phil Wilson, pianist Ray Santisi and drummer Alan Dawson are among the excellent teachers on the school's staff.

The skills and professional experience these mentors bring to their pupils are enhanced by modern technology. These innovations facilitate the learning process in many ways. For instance, all students, even if they are not studying piano, must learn the keyboard. This creates a problem in terms of practice time. It is solved by the use of 22 73-key Fender/Rhodes electric pianos. (24 more will be added in September 1969.)

A typical class finds a student at each piano—all the instruments are located in one room—with the speakers turned off. All the visitor hears is the light clicking of the keys, but each

player is listening to himself by means of a head-set as he proceeds at his own pace.

There is always a piano teacher in attendance. He walks around the room, checking on fingering technique, and if he so desires, is able to switch on the speaker for any individual piano to check out what the pupil is playing. His more likely method of audition, however, is through a master switchboard, at which he can plug in to any piano in the room.

He can talk directly to the student and the latter, by means of a mouth-piece attachment to his head-set, can communicate with the teacher. On his piano, the teacher is able to play the piece or exercise correctly for the student.

Each piano is also equipped with a metronome, and a light with which to signal for attention. The board also allows the students to work in ensemble. It has ensemble A and ensemble B channels. The teacher may decide to have three students play together and then listen to them on his set. Pianists who have never played with a group use these electronic pianos with ensemble tapes of a group (rhythm section and horns) piped in.

This is but one of the areas in which Berklee is making excellent use of audio-visual devices. We'll take a look at more in future issues. 



Piano class at Berklee: Electricity speeds learning

CARMEN

(Continued from page 18)

the musicians, Keating's arrangements.

"As regards musicians, and talking about the shared experience again, I think people like Dizzy and Miles and Oscar Peterson press the communications button most eloquently—at least with me. And with all the drummers and drummers' drummers: if there's such a thing as a singer's drummer it's Roy Haynes; immaculate behind the vocal line.

"Some of the current brews are beyond me. I don't communicate with them, so I can't really comment on them.

"Ella is the epitome of jazz feeling and the popular song welded together. With her, the transition from jazz to the commercial context wasn't only smooth, it was artistic. Ella can bend a line breathtakingly with phrases very similar to jazz, though I think jazz is much more of a horn thing than a voice. If a jazz singer is what I am at the roots—amen. But being typed is a form of death." Ritual, if you're not careful, can become funereal.

The MJQ bowed off, and Carmen left the Hunt Club to begin her own set. The night air had an autumnal snap tempered by the vibrant reper-

toire that effortlessly enveloped the festival audience. Numbers that ranged from a lovely evocation of Billie on *Easy Living* to a vivacious *Day By Day* and a *Stardust* that tingled with illustrations of what Carmen calls "original ways of treating old songs" and "melodic spans between entertainment and experience."

Coming off, she wore her triumph as coolly as a coronet. There was much bussing of the cheek and congratulations for Carmen of the slumbrous good looks and saucy eruptions of humor, but there was one relapse to wistfulness when she talked about future plans. "There's hopes and hints that something might develop from films. If not, I've lived through a few mirages. We've moved out here. I've a new husband and a new home and I really want to roost. Most case-hardened troupers have Flying Dutchman complexes. They want nothing more than to unfold permanent tents."

The purple and fine linen of Beverly Hills might mean that the ice of public indifference and apathy has melted. Earlier in the conversation, I had lead-footed my way into the mystique of jazz singing. Carmen had waved away the attempts and the vapors of the old futile arguments. "Like jazz, it's a misty definition shut up in a Pandora's box.

The best thing is to put an extra lock on it." 

CHICAGO

(Continued from page 19)

saxophonist Fred Anderson was the most traditional member of the group. The music was strong and interesting, but very much in the Ornette Coleman vein and hardly revolutionary in concept or execution. However, this concert may not have been typical.

Chess Records' Studio B was the site of an interesting session by alto saxophonist Joseph Jarman, an AACM member. While the Rotary Connection boomed from Studio A, vocalist Sherry Scott, bassist-cellist Charles Clark, drummer Thurman Barker and Jarman recorded a portion of his second Delmark album—a series of two songs with free, rambling percussion behind the rich, deep voice of Miss Scott, followed by instrumental improvisations by the trio.

I sincerely hope that the most talented of Chicago's musicians will reach a national and international audience. Even on this short visit, I found many who deserve it. Meanwhile, Chicago, like Philadelphia and San Francisco and Boston and Detroit and a dozen other cities, will continue to harbor a wealth of unsung talent. And it's all blowin' in the wind. 



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ELLINGTON

(Continued from page 16)

and made the journey out to La Plata as well.) Providing an element of surprise towards the end of most programs were the song-and-dance routines of Trish Turner and Tony Watkins, who, with Buster Cooper blowing lustily behind them, added a carefree, youthful dimension.

The tremendous excitement aroused by the Ellington band made it a very difficult one to follow, but a group of German jazz musicians led by Albert Mangelsdorff (referred to in the press everywhere as *el mejor trombonista del mundo!*) did just that. Sponsored by the German government, their pace was more leisurely than that of the Americans, and the price of tickets to their concerts appreciably lower.

Because of this, it was often suggested that the State Department should have arranged the Ellington tour, yet its propaganda value was surely the greater for having been under private auspices. (In a departing message of gratitude, Ellington referred to the impresario in South America, A. Sztrenfeld, as "all that an impresario should be—the epitome.") In terms of goodwill, its achievements were obviously invaluable. They were timely, too. Just prior to the band's arrival, the cover of *Primera Plata* (Argentina's equivalent of *Newsweek*) had shown the Stars and Stripes being painted over a faded, blue-and-white Argentine flag.

Aid in bringing the better Latin-American jazz groups to the U.S.—for appearances at, say, the Newport or New Orleans festivals—would seem to be full of potential in fostering good relations between this country and the nations to the south. Ellington was much impressed in Sao Paulo by an authentic native group that played with great fire and conviction, and whose music, while perhaps not directly related to jazz, was certainly as hot as bossa nova is cool. On this occasion, he and Russell Procope each tried his hand at the fascinating cuica, a drum with a string fastened to its single head. The string is held underneath with a cloth in the right hand, and by reducing and increasing tension surprising effects—at times quite melodic—are achieved.

In Argentina, groups like the Portena Jazz Band (a traditional group with three brass, three reeds and five rhythm), the Blue Strings (violin, two guitars and bass), and the Enrique Villegas Trio (piano, bass and drums) are distinctly interesting. At a huge reception in the U.S. Embassy, guitarist Oscar Aleman made an appearance. Famous in Europe before World War II, Aleman played what seemed to be a tipple, to the delight of the Ellington musicians present.

The receptions in Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Santiago were very well attended, and Ellington played piano at each. That in Sao Paulo was held at the Binational Center, whose director Caroline Millett, wrote, "I can say without exaggeration that no activity has ever given us more desirable publicity than the Duke's visit." In Mexico City, the band

gave a special Sunday morning concert, during which Ambassador Fulton Freeman borrowed Lawrence Brown's trombone for a very creditable performance of *Stardust*.

These were by no means the only extracurricular duties discharged by the leader, whose stamina was always a source of amazement. On arrival in nearly every city, when most of his men were making themselves comfortable in bed or at the dining table, he would be patiently answering questions at well-organized but lengthy press conferences. There were also frequent radio and TV interviews. And after every concert, however late, he would cheerfully meet the demands of each and every autograph hunter. In Tucuman, where the police were powerless to clear a path, it took him almost an hour to get from the dressing room to his car—50 yards—signing programs and notebooks all the way. In Montevideo, where the backstage corridors were jammed, he refused to make an easy exit by a back door. "It wouldn't be fair," he said, before autographing himself out of the theater the way he had entered it.

In his capacity as band manager, Mercer Ellington took care of business with similar charm and determination. As a member of the trumpet section, he played at every concert, but he usually preceded the band at each theater during the afternoon to discuss lighting and see that the stage was properly set up. After coping with its hotel bills, made out in cruzeros, escudos or pesos, he also had the ultimate responsibility of seeing the band and its multitudinous instruments and baggage loaded onto bus and plane.

The relative infrequency of daily local flights south of the border added to Mercer's problems. The general tendency to dine late and start concerts late means that it was often 3 a.m. before most of the musicians got to bed. A flight at the favorite hour of 9 a.m. would bring a wake-up call at 5:30, to allow time for the baggage to be loaded at the hotel, and checked and loaded again at the airport. Even a short flight of one or two hours could thus entail seven or eight hours in moving from one city to another.

Probably the most memorable journey was from Guadalajara in Jalisco to Merida in Yucatan. A rather numb company arrived at the Guadalajara airport at 7 a.m., and flew out for Mexico City 19 minutes later. Arriving in Mexico City at 9:30, it was faced with a long delay, but spirits rose as the full resources of Eastern Airlines' VIP lounge were opened to it. At 11:30, it was discovered that a few seats were available on a flight to Merida, and the leader and the band's seniors made brightly off, anticipating a few bonus hours of sleep in the afternoon. They did not anticipate a DC-3, a flight of over five hours, and four stops!

At 1:30, Mercer Ellington shepherded the rest of the flock—now in a very mel-low frame of mind—onto another DC-3. This made one stop at Vera Cruz and took almost exactly five hours, the only refreshments enroute being beer and fritos. Five minutes after the landing, the 5 o'clock jet from Mexico City arrived—a 90-minute flight—whereupon the band's ex-

tensive and fascinating vocabulary was fully deployed.

The Mexican section of the tour was filmed and taped by a large camera crew under the supervision of Gary Keys, who had organized the whole expedition in conjunction with the Council for Latin America. The cameras and sound equipment made an enormous addition to the problem of logistics, and Mercer Ellington was more than ever concerned with transportation for his men, their instruments and baggage.

"Will there be a bus?" he had asked in Mexico City.

"Absolutely," answered Keys.

"Absolutely what?"

"I absolutely don't know!"

So now men and baggage were being disposed of in various ancient cabs. The uniforms failed to show up, and two performances were given that night—one in a ballpark and another in a swanky country club—by a band in shirtsleeves and rumpled travel clothes.

The next day there was another early departure, and another five-hour flight, but this time the band rode together, the leader taking his place at the front, just as he does on those occasions when he joins his men on the bus.

"This is like Kabul," he said, remembering a similar trip during the Far East tour.

Back in Mexico City, the premiere of a new four-part suite, *Mexicanticipacion*, was given at the Teatro de Bellas Artes. This had first been rehearsed in Sao Paulo nearly a month before, and then revised en route as segments were tried out at different concerts. It is a beautiful and original work, the catchiest theme being *Latin American Sunshine*. In South America, Ellington often played this as a piano solo, but in Mexico the full arrangement emerged, with particularly enjoyable writing for the reeds. A more reflective part of the suite, *Sleeping Lady*, took its title from the smaller of the two snowcapped mountains that overlook the Mexican capital.

Mexicanticipacion will eventually be part of a *Latin American Suite*, which hopefully will be allowed to answer, in recorded form, the one complaint the band often met on this tour:

"Why are your records not issued here?"

It was hard to understand why. The only recent album in evidence was that made with Frank Sinatra for Reprise. Many fans insisted that their record companies played favorites, but they felt Ellington would get the consideration he deserved after this tour. A Buenos Aires label, Trova, sought a partial remedy for the situation by recording Paul Gonsalves and Willie Cook one night with a rhythm section led by pianist Enrique Villegas.

As a permanent souvenir of the week in Mexico, the movie should be very colorful, for besides regular concerts and travel, it embraces a performance in a historic hacienda, and a dance in Acapulco where Ava Gardner and party were among the most enthusiastic participants.

One of the camera crew summed up the tour as a whole very well.

"It's always a pleasure to work with professionals," he said. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

son has signed with A&M . . . **Bill Lee** and the **Bass Violin Choir** (**Richard Davis**, **Lisle Atkinson**, **Bob Cunningham**, **Michael Fleming**, **Larry Ridley** and **Iherbert Brown**) with pianist **Harold Mabern** and drummer **Sonny Brown** gave two concerts on the last Sunday in October at the Olatunji Center of African Culture on East 125th St. . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** and **Jaki Byard** were recent leaders at Jazz Interactions' Sunday sessions now at The Scene . . . **Yusef Lateef** did a week at Slugs', followed by singer **Joe Lee Wilson**, backed by the **Monty Waters Quartet** . . . Tubaist **Mike Walbridge** and his **Chicago Footwarmers** have been utilized by the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration in a new radio campaign . . . Trombonists **Urbie Green** and **Tyree Glenn** each did a Wednesday evening at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Guitarist **Skeeter Best** is at the 3 Aces, 210 Columbus Ave. . . . Drummer **Les De Merle** has been at **Pep McGuire's** in Queens, with **Frank Tiberie**, alto saxophone, flute; **Les Spann**, guitar; **Bill Seitz**, electric bass; and **Genya Ravan**, vocals . . . **George Simon** copped \$1,000 in ASCAP's first annual Deems Taylor Awards for his book, *The Big Bands*, published by Macmillan, which has also brought out *Jazz Dance* by **Marshall Stearns** and his widow, **Jean Stearns** . . . Jazz vocalist **Eddie Jefferson**, signed with Prestige, waxed an album with backing by trumpeter **Dave Burns**, reed man **James Moody**, pianist **Barry Harris**, bassist **Steve Davis**, and drummer **Bill English**, which includes a version of **Horace Silver's** *Filthy McNasty* with lyrics by **DB's Ira Gitler** . . . Pianist **Dave Blume** has been writing material for a rock group composed of twins **Jerry** and **Jay Hopkins**.

Los Angeles: The NAACP staged a Freedom Festival at the Bill of Fare for the purpose of attracting new members. Taking part in the show were **Lorez Alexandria**, **Sam Fletcher**, **Gloria Jones**, **Sonny Craver**, **Austin Cromer**, **Jesse Davis**, the **Sisters Love** (formerly the **Raelets**) and the **Dave Holden Trio** . . . **Joe Castro** completed an extensive tour backing **Gail Martin** (Dean's daughter) from Chicago to the West Coast to Australia. The pianist is now fronting a trio at Dale's Secret Harbor in Los Angeles; he'll be there indefinitely, with **Bob Matthews**, bass and **Maurice Miller**, drums . . . **Gil Melle** will be bringing his group back to the club where it all began, The Moonfire Inn in Topanga. What began there was Melle's electronic quartet. The basic instrumentation reads: Melle, soprano saxophone; **Forrest Westbrook**, piano; **Ben Matthews**, bass; **Fred Stofflet**, drums. They are at the Moonfire for 12 Wednesdays . . . **Bobby Bryant**, who fronts a combo at the Lighthouse on Mondays and Tuesdays, added Sunday matinees for three weeks before the **Afro-Blues** took over the Sunday series. Bryant recently

brought a big band into Donte's for a one-nighter. The book is mostly by **Dale Frank**, and the band boasted an unusual instrumentation: five trumpets, four trombones and tuba; three saxophones, French horn, and amplified violin, plus standard rhythm section augmented by congas and guitar . . . Father **Tom Vaughn** closed at Whittinghill's to go on a midwest college campus tour, using local sidemen . . . Recent sitting-in guest with **Clara Bryant's** quartet at the Pied Piper: **Ray Brown**. **Stix Hooper** sat in with **Karen Hernandez'** trio at the same club. **Al Jackson**, who used to play bass with Miss Hernandez, joined **Della Reese** for her tour . . . Budget cutting has reduced the quartet on the *Mornings at 7* KABC-TV show to a duo. **Mike Wofford** is on piano and **Roger Pearsall** on drums. He occasionally plunks away at guitar while maintaining the beat with the sock cymbal in a valiant

struggle to make up for the loss of guitarist **Joe Pass** and bassist **Whitey Hoggan** . . . The **Concert Jazz Quintet** has followed the **Cosmic Brotherhood** into the Golden Bull for an indefinite series of Tuesdays. At a recent Tuesday bash, a communications mix-up resulted in two bassists showing up: **Paul Breslin** and **Albert Stinson**. It was resolved logically as they alternated between plucking and bowing. Others in the group: **Ira Schullman**, reeds; **Dave Mackay**, piano, vocals, leader; **Dick Wilson**, drums; **Vicki Hamilton**, vocals . . . **Ruth Priece** had excellent backing for one of her recent Donte's appearances: **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Joe Beck**, guitar; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Nick Cerolli**, drums . . . **Count Basie** recorded his first pure, straight-ahead, no-nonsense jazz album in five years. **Tom Mack** (a **Glenn Miller** alumnus) produced it for Dot . . . **Miriam**



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Makeba presented a special benefit concert at UCLA, with proceeds going to a scholarship fund for African Students in the United States. Also on the campus level, stage bands at San Fernando Valley State College presented a jazz concert under the direction of Dr. Robert Delwarte and Terry Jones . . . The Clara Ward Singers, fresh from their Dixieland summer gig, played the Troubador for two weeks . . . Bola Sete followed the Cosmic Brotherhood into the Lighthouse . . . O.C. Smith is getting commercial—but that's not an accusation. He's doing some jingles for Coca Cola. Jack Quigley has become music director for a new production company—J.D. Productions—that also includes J.D. Records . . . The Ambassadors Workshop Rehearsal Orchestra, led by Alvin Hall, put on a series of big band concerts recently, coordinated by Ed Greenwood, who devotes much time to putting on cultural programs for youngsters in the south Los Angeles area. The band played at a city-sponsored *Festival in Black*; in jazz concerts at the Van Ness Recreation Center and the Imperial Youth Theatre Workshop; and at a special Halloween bash at the Elks Teen Post . . . Palm Springs finds itself with two new clubs: Jilly's—owned by the same Jilly as the New York spot—featuring Joe Bushkin; and the Chi Chi, with an occasional jazz policy. Della Reese opens there Dec. 4 . . . Irene Reid paid a return visit to Los Angeles, working once again with Sweets Edison at Memory Lane . . . Eddie Kahn subbed for Ray Brown when Herb Ellis led a group at Donte's for a Guitar Night gig. Others in the group: John Gray, second guitar; Dick Berk, drums . . . Jim Keltner is playing drums with Gabor Szabo's group whenever the guitarist works in town. Keltner has too many lucrative rock dates here to make traveling worthwhile . . . Mike Wofford subbed for Tommy Flanagan for a recent Pilgrimage Theatre concert. Flanagan had hurt his foot . . . Tom Scott and his quartet were featured for one of Shelly Manne's recent classes at Valley State College. Shelly gives a weekly course, for credit, called "Jazz Aesthetics", and tries to employ live music as often as possible. With Scott were Mike Lang, piano; Chuck Domanico, bass, and Joe Porcero, drums . . . Monty Budwig fronted a trio for the Los Angeles Bass Club, which meets approximately once a month to hear bassists and swap trade talk, with Joe Pass, guitar; Ron Lundberg, drums . . . Henry Mancini did three mid-west concerts with singer-guitarist Jose Feliciano at Indianapolis Coliseum, Indiana State, Terre Haute, and Southern Illinois University.

San Francisco: Cal Tjader's new sound—electric piano and bass—opened the renovated El Matador, with Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; old Tjader hand John Rae back in the fold on drums, and Armando Peraza, conga. The George Duke Trio is also at the Matador Fridays and Saturdays . . . With the Modern Afro-Jazz Quartet, the Duke

trio launched a series, Black Arts in Concert, Oct. 12 at the University of California's Medical Center . . . Basin Street West was temporarily closed during early fall, with the George Shearing Quintet and a double bill of Carmen McRae and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet slated for November . . . Earthquake McGoon's held a tribute to Pops Foster. Honoring the veteran bassist were Turk Murphy's band (the house outfit), The Jelly Roll Jazz Band, pianist Norma Teagarden's group, the Bay City Jazz Band, pianists Wally Rose and Burt Bales, singers Clancy Hayes and Pat Yankee, and a visiting L.A. trio of Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Alton Purnell, piano; Ed Garland, bass . . . Cannonball Adderley's quintet and Harpers Bizarre played a concert at California State College; then Cannonball moved further south to do a concert at Chino Men's Prison . . . J.A.M. (Jazz Action Movement) is spreading and receiving consistently good news. John Handy and his Concert Jazz Ensemble gave concerts at the University of the Pacific at Stockton and at S.F.'s Museum of Art . . . Sitarist Nikhil Banerjee and tabla drummer Kanai Dutta were heard in concert at Ghiradelli Square Theatre . . . Every Sunday from 6 to 10, the Kai Hutchins Quartet are at Peta's, with bossa nova concerts every Tuesday and Saturday with Amandio Cabrai . . . A Miles Davis Quintet appearance opened the seventh annual Walnut Creek Civic Arts Forum with a large audience attending. The recently re-formed quintet, with Chick Corea, piano, and Britisher Dave Holland, bass, along with familiars Wayne Shorter, tenor, and Tony Williams, drums, went from there to the Both/And. A new group premiered at the Both/And after Miles. Led by violinist Mike White, it had Mike Nock, piano; James Leary, bass, and Eddie Matthews, drums, and called itself The Fourth Way. Big Black and his combo was scheduled for the future . . . The Bola Sete Trio played two weeks at Los Gatos' Old Town Theatre, then a three-week engagement at the Trident in Sausalito. Bassist Jose Marino and drummer Choco Bateira were with the guitarist . . . At the Jazz Workshop, the Three Sounds were followed by Jimmy Rushing and the Hampton Hawes Trio, then the Thelonious Monk Quartet . . . Vince Guaraldi, playing electric harpsichord, opened his Electric Umbrella at El Matador, with Bob Addison, guitar, Kelly Brian, bass, and Al Coster, drums, under it . . . Billy Eckstine appeared at Mr. D's, with pianist Bobby Tucker and drummer Charlie Persip in his entourage and a specially assembled band of Franciscans backing him: Allen Smith, Bill Atwood, John Coppola, trumpets; Fred Mergy, Gordon Moore, trombones; Dick Leland, Earl Mortensen, Gene O'Boyle, Howie Segerson, reeds; Joe Carrol, bass, and arrangements by Tucker, Mergy, and Billy Byers. O.C. Smith followed Eckstine, and Tony Bennett was scheduled for a future appearance . . . Miriam Makeba was at the Fairmont Hotel for a three-week engagement, with comedian Dick Shawn and Erroll Garner set to follow . . . Singer Roxanne Duncan and the Jules

Brossard Trio have been the house attraction of the Off-Plaza . . . Folk singers and rock groups appear weekends at the Coffee Gallery . . . At Jack's at Sutter Street, the **Jimmy Edd Trio** performs Thursdays through Sundays, with jazz at dawn sessions Saturday and Sunday mornings at 6 . . . Oakland is giving some retaliatory sneers to lordly 'Frisco; it has permanent big band jazz from the **Don Piestrup Orchestra** at Casuals at the Square. Two band-man Piestrup flies up from L.A. to front the once-monthly Sunday afternoon series, transplanting some charts from his L.A. orchestra to his Oakland band. Trumpeter **Bob Anderson**, who has been with the band since its inception four years ago, is leaving. Other changes in a personnel that rarely fluctuates are replacements **Forrest Buechtel**, trumpet; **Jules Brossard**, alto; **John Heard**, bass. Featured with the band at its monthly appearances will be a name jazz instrumentalist from L.A. or the Bay Area.

Detroit: Nina Simone was featured at an Oct. 27 concert at Ford Auditorium, backed by organist **Weldon Irvine**, guitarist **Al Schaekman**, electric bassist **Gene Perla** and drummer **Sonny Brown**. Also on the bill was an Ohio-based r&b group, **The Swordsmen** . . . During their stay, Brown and Irvine (on piano) sat in with tenorist **Donald Walden's Jazz Ambassadors** at the Drome. Other Ambassadors included trumpeter **Mareus Belgrave**, pianist **Kirk Lightsey**, bassist **Ron Brooks** (Jesse Starks filled in for part of the group's first night) and drummer **Doug Hammon**. When Hammon became ill, **Ed Nelson** finished the engagement on drums. Following the Ambassadors into the Drome were the **Contemporary Jazz Quintet**, with trumpeter **Charles Moore**, tenorist **Leon Henderson**, pianist **Kenny Cox**, Brooks, and drummer **Danny Spencer**. The CJQ were also on hand Oct. 25 at Mumford High School, when the Mumford senior class and music club presented a jazz concert also featuring pianist **James Tatum's** quartet and harpist **Dorothy Ashby's** trio. For that night, **Bud Spangler** replaced Spencer on his regular gig with clarinetist **Bob Snyder's** group at the Act IV . . . The Detroit Creative Musicians' Association finally opened their concert series at the Detroit Repertory Theatre Oct. 20. The first concert featured the **Nu-Art Quartet** (**Marvin Cabell** and **Charles Miles**, reeds; **John "Yogi" Cowan**, organ; **James Brown**, drums) and tenorist Henderson's quartet, with Lightsey, bassist **John Dana**, and Hammon. Second concert was set for Nov. 3, with pianist **Hal McKinney's** quintet, with Belgrave, Walden, bassist **Rod Hicks** and drummer **Ike Daney**, and pianist **David Durrrah's** ensemble (Moore, Henderson, Dana, Hammon and reed men **Aaron Neal** and **Otis Harris** . . . Harris and trumpeter **Ed Hood** remain as the front line of the latest edition of the **Soul Messengers**, appearing at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor. The group has abandoned the organ format and now features a rhythm section of pianist **Charles Eubanks**, bassist **Ed Pickens** and drummer **James Allen**. This is the same rhythm section

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which backed tenorist **Flip Jackson** at the Town. More recently, Jackson's cohorts at the Living End in Flint have included Durrach, bassist **Sam Scott**, and Allen or **Bob Battle** on drums . . . The Bandit's Villa has expanded its afterhours jazz activity to three nights and now features the **Met-tet**, with trumpeter **Stuart Aptekar**, tenorist **Chuck Florence** (recently returned from Las Vegas), pianist **Bob Budson** and bassist **Jim Bunting**. For their opening, the group had **Clifford Maek**, who has been too long missing from the local jazz scene, on drums, but he yielded the drum chair to **Ron Dunn**. The same group, plus vocalist **Marla Jackson**, can now be heard at the Chateau . . . Aptekar and Florence, along with pianist **Bill Myers** are also currently part of the **Lannie Austin-Emil Moro** big band working the prom circuit . . . Budson subs for pianist-vocalist **Bobby Laurel** in the latter's trio at the Apartment on Tuesday nights . . . The latest edition of pianist **Bill Stevenson's** trio at the Wilkins Lounge in Orchard Lake includes the leader's brother, **Bob Stevenson**, on drums and **Bruce Kinney** on bass.

New Orleans: Pianist **Buddy Prima** left the suburban Downs Lounge to join the house combo at the Downtowner on Bourbon Street. Prima's replacement at the Downs is clarinetist **Sal Franzella** and his quartet . . . A benefit concert was held by the musicians at Dixieland Hall for vocalist **Blanche Thomas**, who was to undergo major surgery . . . **Pete Fountain** recently completed a concert tour of the deep South, with stops in Georgia, Florida and South Carolina . . . Pianist **Joe Petrone** was in town for an engagement at the new La Strada club on Bourbon Street . . . Trumpeter **Ben Smalley**, who conducts the lab band at Tulane University, is now also assistant conductor in charge of the lab group at LSUNO under **Milton Bush** . . . Bassist **Milton Stevens** is now with clarinetist **Tony Mitchell's** combo at the Fontainebleau . . . A recent visitor at the Touche Lounge where **Armand Hug** plays nightly was actor **Jose Ferrer**, who was in town playing the lead in *Man From La Mancha* . . . Pianist **Ronnie Kole** is planning a series of youth concerts to promote an interest in jazz among students.

Buffalo: Jazz has all but disappeared from the local scene. The Royal Arms, the town's only contemporary jazz room, has opened its doors to the rockers . . . Traditional jazz continues to flicker at the Castle Supper Club where the **Yankee Six** hold forth Saturdays. Bassist **Irving (Bo Peep) Greene** replaced **Carl Conrad** with the group . . . Local musicians **Sam Noto** (trumpet) and **Larry Romano** (saxophone, flute) left to join the **Carl Fontana Sextet** in Las Vegas. **Sam Falzone** (alto) has joined **Don Ellis** . . . **Jim MeHarg's** **Metro Stompers** from Toronto played a successful one-month stand at the Sky-lon in Niagara Falls, Ont. . . . The **Bar-Room Buzzards** (**Jim Koterak**, cornet, washboard; **Paul Preston**, clarinet; **Phil Santa Maria**, guitar, banjo; **Carl**

Conrad, tuba) did good business at the Speakeasy in Niagara Falls, during the summer . . . The University of Buffalo Music Festival took place Oct. 3-6 on the university campus. Featured were **Big Brother and the Holding Company**, **The Chambers Brothers**, **The Raven**, **Traffic**, and **Eric Anderson and Procol Harum**. A concert Oct. 19 at the university featured **Richie Havens** and **Buffy Sainte Marie** . . . Disc jockey **Greg Perla** presented memorial concerts for **John Coltrane** and **Wes Montgomery** over WBFO . . . A new rock club, the **Psychus**, opened in September. The **Glen Inferno**, the area's largest rock emporium, burned to the ground during the same month.

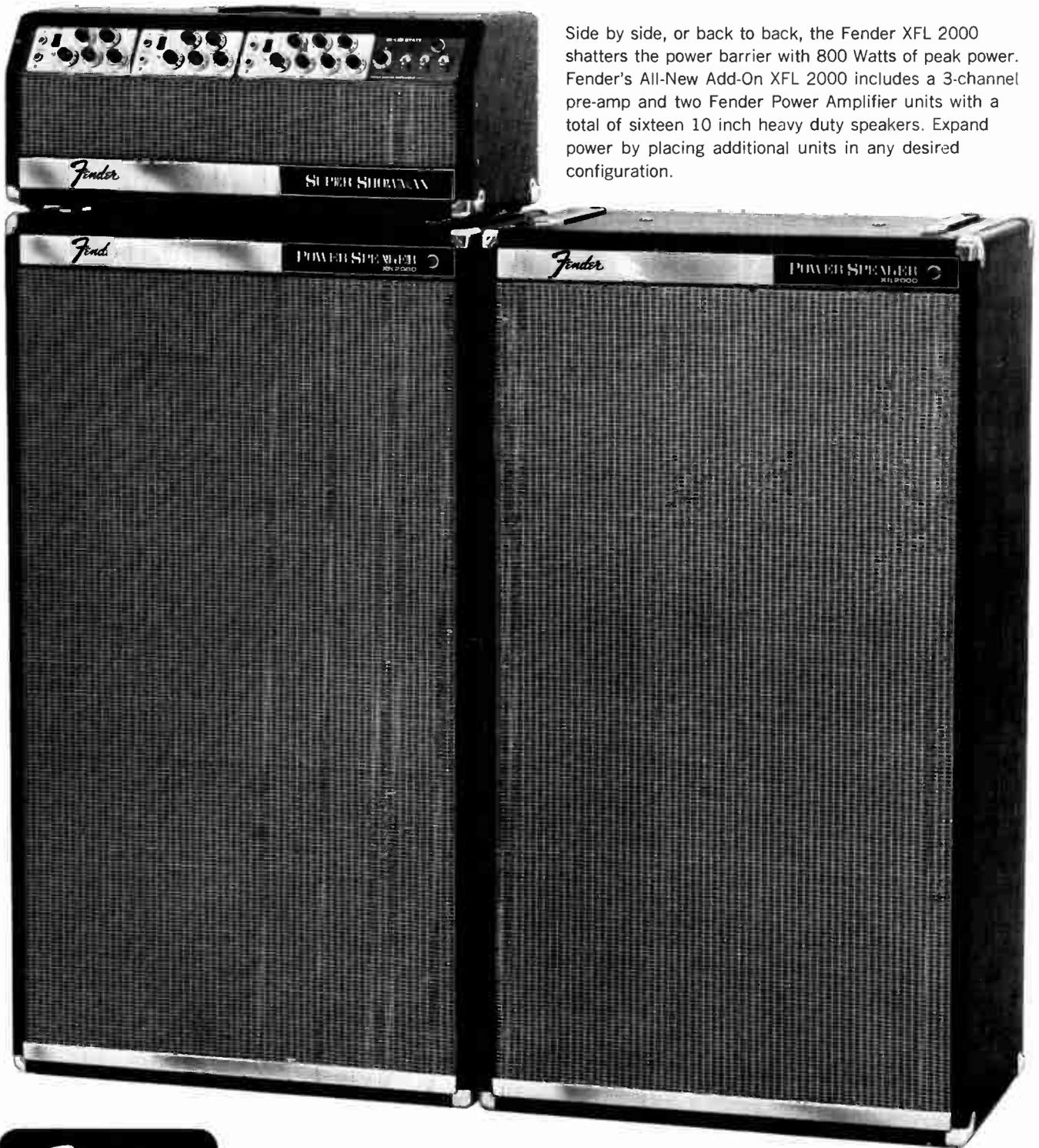
Toronto: **Count Basie** and his orchestra, singer **Teddi King**, and comedian **Riekie Lane** headed the entertainment line-up at the annual Ladies' Night held by Toronto Musicians' Association Local 149. Local musicians who appeared included the **Carol Britto Trio**, **Rob McConnell**, **Riek Wilkins**, **Phil Antonacci** and **Arnie Chyoski** . . . The same evening, **Roland Kirk** arrived at The Town for a one-week date, with pianist **Ron Burton**, bassist **Vernon Martin** and drummer **Jimmy Hopps**. Kirk's rhythm section stayed on the following week when **Sonny Stitt's** group was unable to make the date . . . Recent visitors at George's Spaghetti House have been **Pepper Adams**, **Kai Winding** and **Pee Wee Russell**, who were backed by the house group, the **Art Ayre Trio** . . . The **Renee Raff Trio** (with bassist **Al Hall** and drummer **Roy Antis**) have been in for a long run at the Cav-A-Bob Restaurant . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** led off the second season of the *Jazz at the Symphony* series. **Seiji Ozawa** conducted . . . **Larry Dubin's** Dixieland band has been appearing at **Dooley's Tavern**.

Denmark: Tenorist **Sonny Rollins** finished his engagement at the Montmartre Sept. 22. Rollins' three weeks with **Kenny Drew**, **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen** and **Albert Heath** were one of the most remarkable successes in the club's history, both musically and financially. Rollins was succeeded by tenorist **Joe Henderson**, accompanied by **Drew**, bassist **Bo Stief**, and **Heath**. And Oct. 15 a third U.S. tenorist, **Frank Foster**, opened a two-week engagement with **Drew**, **Orsted Pedersen** and drummer **Bjarne Rostvold** . . . There have been concerts aplenty during October. Copenhagen had three: the **American Blues Festival**, featuring **Big Joe Williams**, among others; **Oscar Peterson** and his trio, and the **Newport Festival** package. There have been rock concerts by **The Mothers of Invention**, **Doors** and **Bee Gees**. Furthermore, **Tim Buckley**, accompanied by **Orsted Pedersen** on Fender bass, and **Ravi Shankar** have visited the Danish capital . . . Pianist **Mary Lou Williams** finished her engagement at **Timme's Club** Oct. 31. Another of the jazz baron's old friends, **Teddy Wilson**, took over Nov. 1 . . . Two of the most talented of the young Danish

musicians, tenorist **Carsten Meinert** and pianist **Ole Mattiassen**, did a radio program with bassist **Jimmy Garrison** and drummer **Elvin Jones** in October. The two Americans were in Copenhagen in connection with the Newport concerts. In the near future, **Mattiassen** will accompany trumpeter **Ted Curson** during a two-week engagement at the **Chat Qui Peche** in Paris. **Curson** became enthusiastic about the pianist after he orchestrated some of the trumpeter's compositions for the Danish Radio big band . . . Cornetist **Don Cherry** gave concerts in Aarhus Oct. 12-13. The members of **Cherry's New Contemporary Five** were French tenorist **Alain Tabar-Nooval**, Italian drummer **Marco Cristofolini**, and two Danes, trumpeter **Dan Nedergaard** and violinist **Sten Claesson** . . . Oct. 27 was *Jazzday* in Aarhus. Several restaurants in town presented jazz, either live or on records, and two concerts especially were above average in interest. The Music Conservatory was the site of an avant garde concert featuring **John Tehicai** and **Cadentia Nova Danica**, plus **Contemporary Jazz Quintet**. And in the evening, **Dizzy Gillespie** and his big band, featuring **James Moody**, **Curtis Fuller**, **Sahib Shihab** and **Cecil Payne**, gave the first of their four concerts in Scandinavia.

Norway: Oslo's spectacular new cultural center, donated by former skating and movie star **Sonja Henie** and her ship-builder husband, **Niels Onstad**, includes jazz concerts in its presentations. First up was tenorist **Jan Garbarek** and his octet in a program of his own compositions; next came pianist **Svein Finnerud** and his avant garde trio and the promising young altoist **Kalle Neuman** and his quartet . . . On Oct. 20, young trumpeter **Fred Noddellund** gave a concert with a 17-piece band, two female singers, and a jazz ballet troupe. The band included **Garbarek** and **Neuman**, and **Karin Krog** was one of the singers . . . **Miss Krog** was also heard in concert with the **Kenny Drew Trio** from Copenhagen, which also played four club dates in Oslo and made a promotional film for the **Henie cultural center** with **Miss Krog** . . . The **Oscar Peterson Trio**, in Norway for the first time since bassist **Ray Brown** left the group some years ago, gave a marvelous concert in Oslo's **Aulaen**. The hall was completely sold out, and many had to be turned away. **Dave Brubeck** and **Gerry Mulligan** were scheduled for Oct. 29 . . . **George Russell's** new sextet, which includes **Jan Garbarek**, bassist **Red Mitchell**, and drummer **Jon Christensen**, played the student jazz club in **Sogne** in November. Later that month, **Art Farmer** was due in town for several concerts and radio work . . . **Joe Morello** was in Oslo for a drum clinic, assisted by local musicians. It was the drummer's first visit to Norway . . . **Ray Charles** gave a single concert in Oslo Sept. 25, giving Norwegians their first chance to see him in the flesh . . . Danish tenorist **Carsten Meinert** played at **Sogn** and the **Club 7** in September, with **Cle Mathisen**, piano; **Lars Urban Helge**, bass, and **Sten Streengberg**, drums. The **Coltrane-influenced group** also took part in jam sessions in **Kongsberg**.

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