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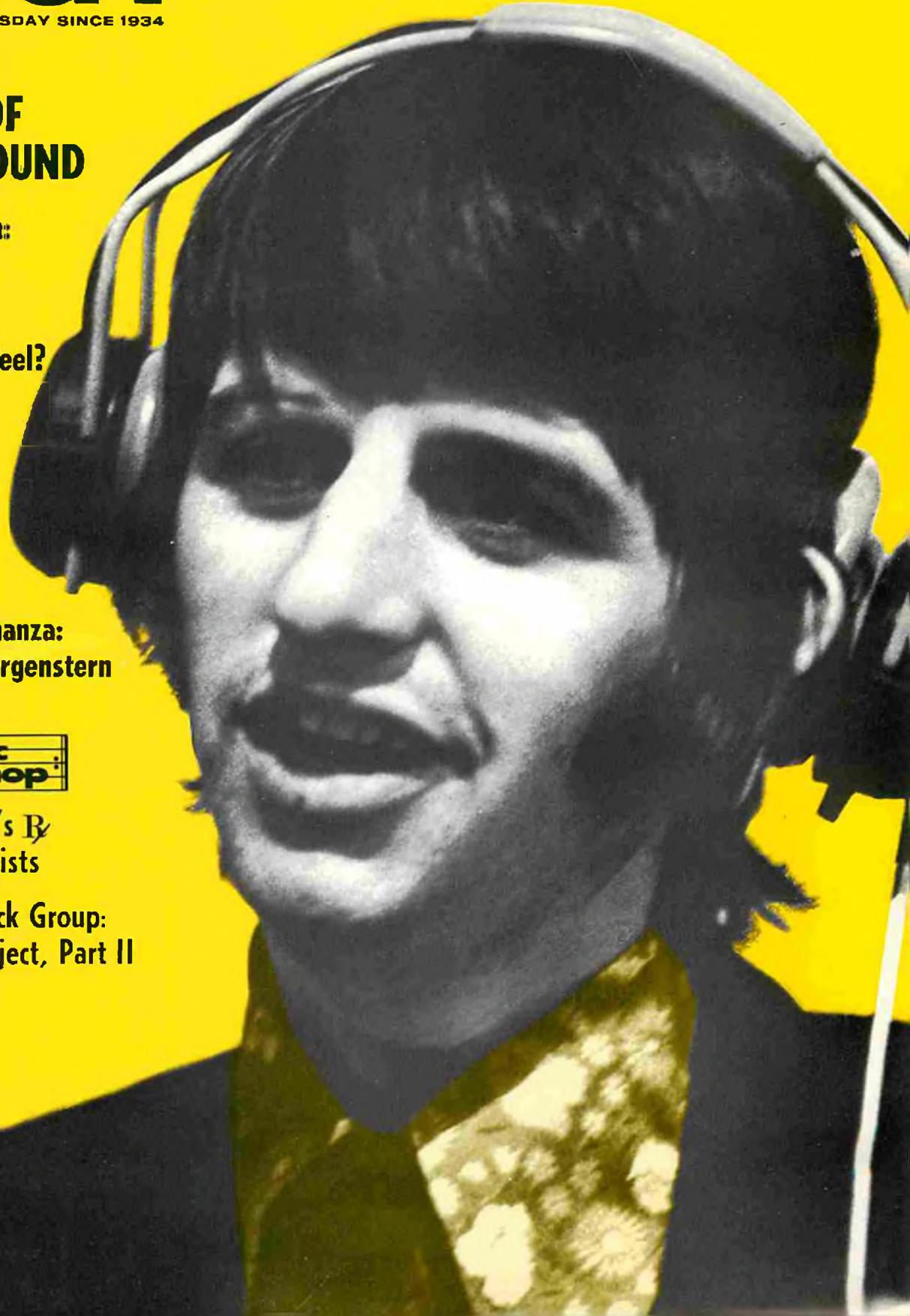
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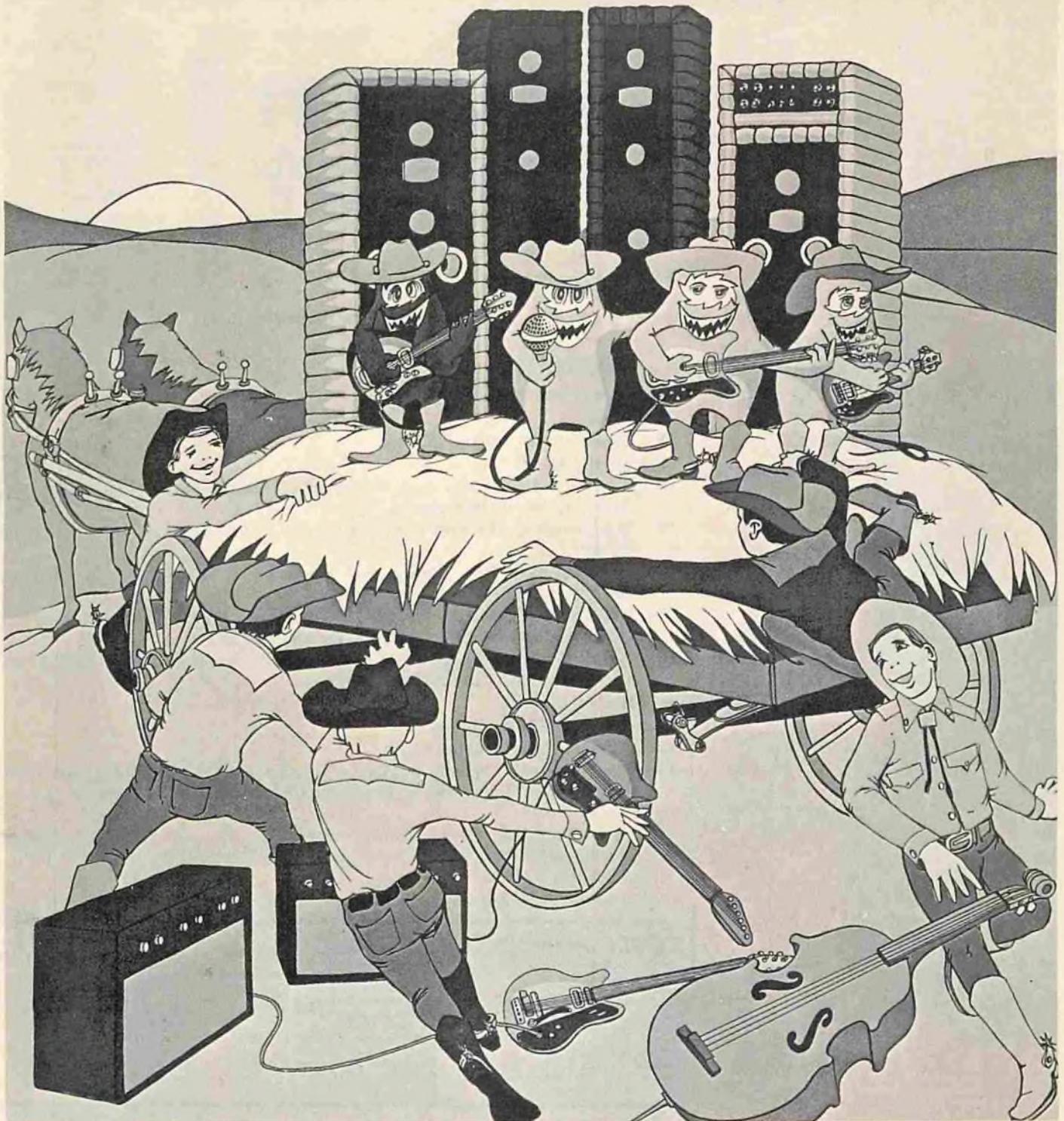
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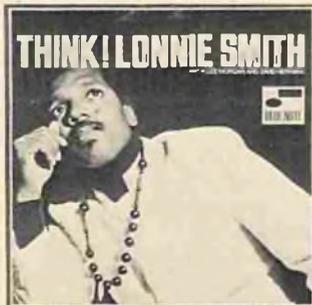
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by Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Marlena Shaw's Commitment

Like Leonard Feather says, something remarkable happens when Marlena Shaw sings. It was a pleasure to read the story (*DB*, Nov. 14) about one of the greatest singers (and people) around.

A feeling of guilt struck me when reading about the "prior commitment which prevented her from appearing at the Monterey Jazz Festival." That commitment was one to appear with my band at a concert in Charlotte. Miss Shaw didn't know she was being spirited away from the California festival in order to receive an award. This came from, of all people, the Presbyterian Church of the United States. Marlena received one of the two annual awards given by the church for distinguished service. Specifically, it was given to her as a result of a distinguished performance she gave on a syndicated television show in 1967.

The guilt I felt about her missing the Monterey festival was somehow lessened when I recalled that Marlena got a standing ovation from the 5500 people who came to hear her.

Marlena is not only a beautiful singer. She's a beautiful person. Not many performers would have turned down the first chance to appear at Monterey in order to keep a prior commitment in Charlotte, N.C. . . .

Loonis McGlohon

Charlotte, N.C.

Oversight

Leonard Feather says that he and Harvey Siders were the only critics who voted for Marlena Shaw in the last Annual Critics Poll (*DB*, Nov. 14, 1968). He may be distinguishing between Real Critics and merely Those Who Voted. If not, however, be advised that this writer digs the hell out of Miss Shaw, and voted accordingly. (Nice piece on her, too, and richly deserved.)

Alan Heineman

Cambridge, Mass.

Groovy Dowry

Much of what is happening on the jazz scene . . . is akin to some form of super-incest. Awhile back, some rock groups began "borrowing" obvious goodies from jazz, the classics, electronic music and India; things became safe and other groups jumped onto the bandwagon for their share, and now we're confronted by an overflow of secondhanders whose main concern, evidently, is keeping up with the neo-mainstream:

They confuse *knowing* where it's at with *being* there. They seemingly prefer doing someone else's fashionable thing to *being their own thing*.

Where would some of these players be if they now didn't have rock (via jazz gleanings, ironically) to point out their direction?

Jazz was always the ugly sister—until someone discovered that she had a groovy dowry stashed away. So now everybody's hungry brother is ready to give her a face job and cash in on the cake!

Jazz doesn't need The Beatles, nor their billion imitators/ramifications, nor Leonard Bernstein, to justify its role in music. A few writers on the reviewing scene, swept up in the trend and maybe not really as jive as they've allowed themselves to become, are going to read their "in-depth" pieces in 10 years or so—and wince like hell!

Finally: Herbie Mann says, "I don't really consider myself a white player" (*DB*, Nov. 28). His statement would provide any lexicographer with an accurate definition of *minority opinion*.

Lou Dilpino

Philadelphia, Pa.

Jazz In Raleigh

As a former resident of Raleigh, N.C., and a visitor there during the Thanksgiving holidays, I attended a performance by the Bill Evans Trio at the Frog and Nightgown mentioned in the Dec. 12 issue of *Down Beat*. The atmosphere in the small club was almost concert-like, and the trio responded with some delicately beautiful playing. Evans, with head bowed, displayed his ideas with technical fluency and dynamic artistry. Bassist Eddie Gomez' virtuosity and drummer Marty Morrell's complementary drums and cymbal work were aural delights.

The Evans group seemed to communicate with the audience by a kind of musical osmosis. It is good to see and hear music presented free of superfluous and trite showmanship, music that is tastefully performed with a minimum of fun. It is good to see jazz coming to the southeast in the persons of the Bill Evans Trio and the other groups that will be in Raleigh.

Owen Cordle

Lake Charles, La.

Critics Over-Serious?

Upon reading Harvey Pekar's review of Jerome Richardson's *Groove Merchant* (*DB*, Dec. 12), I found myself wondering why jazz music has to be of a serious nature in order to be considered jazz and thereby be accepted by the critics. Is it thus really surprising when the majority of teenagers turn to a more rhythmic approach to music, i.e. turn their back on jazz. For many years critics as well as jazz fans have been bemoaning the reluctance of the public, especially the young public, to accept and appreciate jazz. It should be, even for the most pondering minds, no surprise that this hostility towards jazz will exist if we continue to demand that jazz must be served on a classical niveau in order to be deemed representative.

I, for one, rushed out and purchased the album and found myself committing the crime of thoroughly enjoying this "danceable music." Who wants to do serious listening *all the time*?

Hansgeorg Krause

Chicago, Ill.

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Time

Regarding John McDonough's remark about the time length of LPs in his Johnny Hodges-Earl Hines record review (*DB*, Dec. 26):

After buying several 10 inchers disguised as LPs, I began checking on how-long it plays as well as who is playing what. A large proportion of jazz LPs play only 32 to 34 minutes.

Richard J. Hutchinson
Washington, D.C.

Rock Pioneers

Not since John Gabree's *World of Rock* . . . has *Down Beat* featured any articles on the beginning of rock 'n' roll. Even Gabree treated the artists and recording very generally.

I would like to see a rock version of the late George Hoefler's *Hot Box* to appear regularly, in which particular recordings of important early white rock artists could be discussed. Artists I would like to see covered would include early Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent and Bill Haley.

Now that rock is "respectable", it is time for the pioneers of the music to have their music discussed seriously. It seems like Crow Jim to me that Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley are taken seriously, while their white counterparts are either ignored or dismissed as watered-down versions of Negro rhythm-and-blues. What these singers and musicians did (often unconsciously) was add to their basic country-and-western tradition those elements of Negro rhythm-and-blues which gave them the rhythmic drive white music lacked. They were not self-consciously trying to sound like Negroes like so many of today's singers do, but in most cases Negro music was as much a part of their musical background as country-and-western.

It is generally known that Berry and Diddley as well as Little Richard were influences on the Beatles, but Carl Perkins was just as important as Ringo would readily agree.

Rhythm-and-blues artists of the '50s have had discographies of their work (except Lloyd Price and Hank Ballard, Jackie Wilson, Little Willy John, Clyde McPhatter and perhaps one or two others) and had their works thoroughly discussed. White rock has only been written about at fan level when the records came out and forgotten since.

Overall, Negro popular music with the exception of the vocal groups of the '50s has been more widely discussed and documented than the better white rock of the '50s. I hope *Down Beat* will remedy this.

John Doyle
Roseville, Calif.

Puberty

While a major talent such as Tommy Flanagan goes unrecorded (under his own name) for the past 10 years, a large West Coast record company sees fit to treat us with a record by three juvenile "jazz" musicians who have not yet reached musical puberty. . . .

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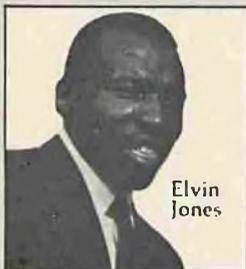
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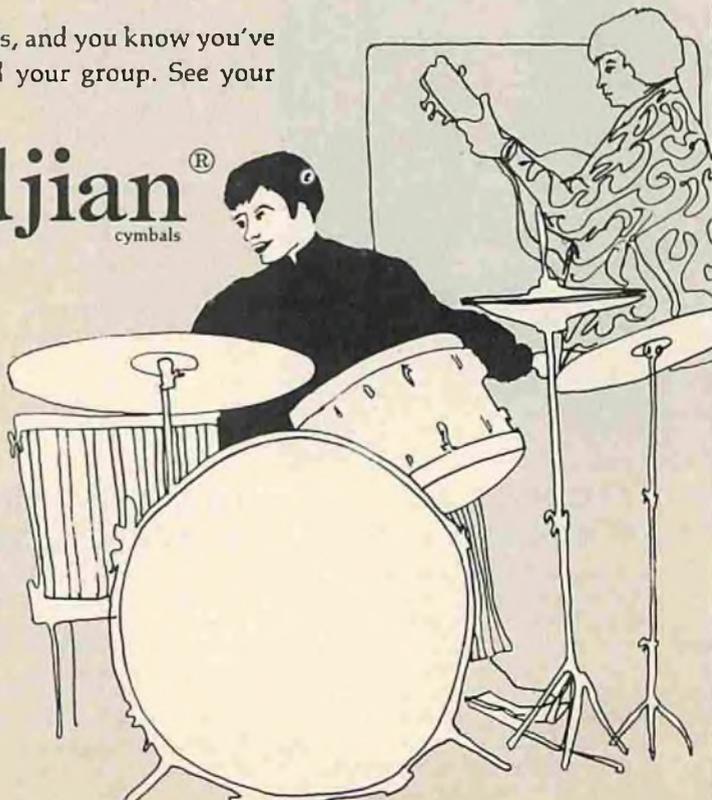
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MONTEREY DIRECTORS' PLEDGE BETTER SOUND

The Monterey Jazz Festival, plagued with sound problems during its 11th annual jazz weekend last September (*DB*, Nov. 14), moved to assure jazz enthusiasts that future festivals will have the best possible sound fidelity and amplification.

In commenting on the festival's sound amplification problems this year, Mel Isenberger, President of the Board, said, "Our first order of business now is to assure jazz enthusiasts who have supported and enjoyed the festival over the past 11 years, that the 12th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival will have the best sound that can be provided by audio technology.

"We regret the problems we had this year and will do everything possible to eliminate them in the future. We not only have a responsibility to festival audiences, but additionally we feel deeply our responsibility to the many performing artists who have made the Monterey Jazz Festival a pre-eminent musical event."

The festival's board of directors reported an excess of receipts over expenditures of \$13,800 for last year's five-concert event on the Monterey County Fairgrounds, and at the same time authorized a preliminary study of an "exemplary sound system" for the 7000-seat outdoor arena.



LBJ APPOINTS DUKE TO ART COUNCIL POST

Edward Kennedy Ellington is not only the "Duke" and for many years the "Doctor"—Ellington having received doctorates from many distinguished universities—he is also the Honorable Edward Kennedy Ellington by virtue of being one of President Johnson's recent appointees to the National Council on the Arts. This six year appointment from President Johnson culminates a year of many accolades, including a doctorate from Yale University,

the Ed Wynn Humanitarian Award, the Pied Piper Award from ASCAP, and awards in the *Down Beat* Readers' and Critics' polls.

The council, which advises on federal grants to the fine and performing arts, includes such notables as Gregory Peck, Sidney Poitier, Marian Anderson, Helen Hayes and Charlton Heston. Ellington joined the whole council in a reception given by the President and Mrs. Johnson at the White House, and then left with Mrs. Johnson and a small group from the council on a special flight to New Orleans, where he was the First Lady's guest at a special performance of the Repertory Theatre of New Orleans.

During the Johnson administration, more jazz was performed at the White House and more recognition given jazzmen than during any previous administration.

JAZZ ARRANGING CLINIC AT NEVADA SOUTHERN U.

Ken Morris, president of National Stage Band Camps Inc., announced that a Jazz Arranging Clinic will be held on the campus of University of Nevada Southern (Las Vegas) for two weeks beginning June 22, 1969.

The five-man faculty for the clinic will be headed by Marty Paich or Neal Hefti, who will be "arrangers-in-residence" for the first week session. Also there will be a daily "guest" arranger-instructor who will be announced from among the following: Henry Mancini, Oliver Nelson, Billy May, Quincy Jones, Johnny Mandel, Billy Byers, Russ Garcia, Jerry Coker, Wes Hensel, David Baker.

Additional courses of instruction will include demonstration band, improvisation, and advanced music theory.

The second week of the clinic will be principally devoted to improvisational techniques. The chief instructor will be Jerry Coker.

Total cost (tuition, room, meals) will run \$110.00 per week. One hour of college level course credit will be granted for each week attendance according to Dr. Howard Chase, dean of the School of Music.

DRUM NIGHT IN BASEL: ROACH AND SWISS STAR

In cooperation with the Basel Theatre, The Paiste Cymbal Company once again organized a "Drums Night" in the Swiss town of Basle Nov. 7. During this unique concert, the traditional Basler Drummers were confronted, in a meaningful and clever way, with top jazz drummers from the United States, and with the elite of Swiss drummers, who are among the best in Europe.

The star of the evening, Max Roach,



Daniel Humair

showed undisguised delight and enthusiasm for the Basler Drummers, and he proved his own great virtuosity in three stunning, very musical solos.

Sunny Murray called forth mixed reactions among the public with his demonic and provocative solo. Charly Antolini, Pierre Favre and Daniel Humair, who are today's best-known Swiss drummers, came on as a trio and distinguished themselves.

The varied program also included the trio consisting of Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Humair, taking the place of Elvin Jones who was unfortunately unable to attend.

Framing all these performers, was the 18-man strong Basler Tambourgroup, who performed their traditional numbers with the highest precision and spirit.

FINAL BAR

Pianist Reinhold Svensson died Nov. 28 of heart failure while on tour in his native Sweden, less than a month before his 50th birthday. Svensson received his musical training at a school for the blind. At first, his main instrument was organ. He became internationally known as a member of clarinetist Putte Wickman's group, which performed at the 1949 Paris Jazz Festival. A series of recordings featuring Svensson at the helm of a George Shearing-styled group achieved considerable popularity in the U.S. during the early '50s.

Singer **Joy Marshall**, 26 was found dead in her London apartment Nov. 21. A coroner's inquest found she died from the combined effects of barbiturate and alcoholic poisoning. Suicide was ruled out. A native of San Francisco, Miss Marshall came to England in 1963 as Cleo Laine's replacement with Johnny Dankworth's band. She also appeared in musical comedy and in such jazz clubs as Ronnie Scott's, and was establishing herself as one of the top local jazz singers.

POTPOURRI

The **George Shearing Quintet**, the **Gary Burton Quartet**, and the **Jazz Crusaders** all figured in a recent game of musical chairs. Drummer **Bill Goodwin** left Shearing to join Burton, replacing **Roy Haynes**. Taking Goodwin's place with the Shearing combo is **Stix Hooper**, front man for the Jazz Crusaders. Recently, bassist **Andy Simpkins** left the **Three Sounds** to join Shearing, replacing **Bob Whitlock**. Goodwin and family will stay in North Hollywood until next summer, then, following an April-May West Coast tour by the Burton quartet, will move to the East Coast.

The **Clifford Thornton New Art Ensemble**, featuring **Sonny King**, alto saxophone; **Quinn Lynch**, tenor saxophone; **Rashied Ali**, percussion, and **Jerry Gonzalez**, African percussion, performed in

concert at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, on Nov. 25. The program consisted of music inspired by authentic pieces from Nigeria, Tunisia, the Congo, the southeastern United States, and one original work by Thornton, who performed on cornet.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet** made its first appearance at Plaza 9 from Dec. 10-22. With Diz were **James Moody**, reeds, flutes; **Mike Longo**, piano; **Paul West**, bass, and **Candy Finch**, drums. Opposite was a vocal quartet from Boston, **The Evolution** . . . At the same time, **Count Basie** held forth at the Riverboat . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet**, singer **Arthur Prysock** and comedian **Slappy White** were at the Village Gate in mid-December for a weekend . . . **Franz Jackson's Chicagoans** played a Sunday afternoon session at the Village Gate. With clarinetist Jackson were **Bob Shuffner**, cornet; **Preston Jackson**, trombone; **Lil Armstrong**, piano; **Bill Oldham**, tuba; **Ike Robinson**, banjo, and **Tommy Benford**, drums. Event was co-sponsored by the the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club and the New York Jazz Society . . . **Ahmad Jamal**, with bassist **Jamil Sulieman** and drummer **Frank Gant**, was in residence at the Top of the Gate through December . . . **Gabor Szabo** did a rare

New York week at the Village Vanguard . . . The entertainment for the tribute to **Ella Fitzgerald** at the Coliseum was supplied by **Clark Terry's** band. Clark also sang, as did **Billy Eckstine** and blind pianist **Valerie Capers**, and **Geoffrey Holler** danced . . . **Yusef Lateef** gave a concert at the Hudson Library on 7th Ave. Lateef played a variety of reed instruments and was supported by pianist **Hugh Lawson**, bassist **Cecil McBee**, and drummer **Roy Brooks** . . . Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon at Slug's featured the altos of **Charles McPherson**, **Gary Bartz** and **C. Sharpe**.

Los Angeles: **Don Morris**, secretary of AFM Local 47 for the past eight years, died Dec. 1 at his North Hollywood home at the age of 50. He had played with the bands of **Les Brown** and **Charlie Barnet**. Morris was also editor of 47's periodical *Overture*, which won a number of awards during his reign. One day after Morris died, the scheduled election of Local 47 officers by the general membership was held. Morris, who had been running for re-election unopposed, received a posthumous vote of 2,322. According to President **John Tanchitella**, that was "the most fitting tribute musicians could show to the memory of Don Morris." All the incumbents were re-elected by overwhelming margins . . . **Don Piestrup** put his big band on

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THE UNSUNG ENGINEER

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE ENGINEER, according to Teo Macero, who produces many of the jazz records that come from Columbia, is the great unsung and unacknowledged man in recording. He is the middle man who sits between musician and producer, and who must get the sound of the music onto recording tape in a way that will satisfy both.

The engineer whom Macero works with most often is Frank Laico. And Laico has the ideal reputation of having the biggest ears and smallest ego in the business. But if Laico's ego is small, his pride in his craft is large and justified.

Frank Laico's career began before World War II, with no special training or experience in recording or in music except that he had been given some violin lessons as a teenager. A man who saw Laico working as a delivery clerk in a grocery store took pity and got him a job at a recording studio. As it turned out, the pay was no particular improvement over the delivery gig. The job was at first not musical but clerical, but when he moved into a minor position in the engineering department, Laico began to re-

spond to the sounds he heard on discs, the actual sounds he heard in the studio, and the relationships between the two. He was on his way.

Laico was at Columbia Records during the tenure of Mitch Miller, which means that he was involved with the echo effects that Miller introduced into pop recordings. He has worked with Ray Coniff and hence has been intimately involved with the special effects of instrumental balance that go into his recordings.

Of course, such matters have been called merely the gimmicks of a pop recording business which thrives on constant novelty. But on the other hand, Frank Laico is the only engineer Tony Bennett will work with; he is the preferred engineer of Andre Kostelanetz; and he has recorded the New York Philharmonic, among several other symphony orchestras.

Laico also works with Columbia's jazzmen. As he remembers it, the first jazz musician he worked with may well have been Miles Davis and the group with John Coltrane. But Erroll Garner may have come earlier, and, anyway, Garner is a special memory. The pianist would record usually in the evening, and, once recording balance was set, would play piece after piece and approve take after take with hardly a re-take, getting on tape more than enough for an LP at a single session.

With most jazzmen, however, the story is a bit different. According to Laico, the first special consideration in jazz recording is placement in the studio. The musicians need to be grouped together as

closely as possible, and in the best possible communication with each other.

The second thing one needs is the quality of patience and perhaps a kind of faith—but a faith that is affirmed by experience. It is a matter of waiting—waiting until the musicians have warmed up, waiting until the musicians have played new material enough (but not too much) so that they are prepared, technically and emotionally, to put it on tape.

With rock musicians, by contrast, it is a matter of recording and recording, again and again and perhaps still again, and later splicing together the best parts.

Columbia puts about three recording sessions into each jazz LP, and Laico says the best music will usually come in the last third of each of these sessions.

There are special problems, of course, with special projects like the LPs Davis has done with Gil Evans' orchestrations. Such music, which involves many musicians and sometimes complex arrangements, takes more work in every department, from placement and balance through performance, and may also involve hours, perhaps even days, of tape editing after the session.

Laico claims, half in jest I expect, that with multi-track tape recording the engineer will soon disappear from the recording session; that once things are set up in the studio, and all the microphones are open and feeding onto the tapes, the musicians can play, and the producer himself can turn things off or on with a single switch as he sees fit. The delicate problems of balance will all be worked out later at a mixing session. 

"QUOTET"

conducted by harvey siders

Theme:

Which do you prefer: recording live, or in a studio?

Soloists:

JOHNNY HODGES: "Oh, I don't know. I've done both. I find I'm less tense in a live situation—in fact, when I'm recording live, I don't even know I'm recording. But in a studio, you sometimes have to do one take after another."

PAGE CAVANAUGH: "I'd rather record live, any time. To me, a studio is strictly cold turkey. On live dates, you get just as many hours to pick from for the final takes. Of course, the thing that really counts is who's twisting the dials. First live recording date I ever did was engineered by Wally Heider. You know him? He's beautiful."

JIMMY SMITH: "It doesn't make any difference whatsoever. Whether I'm in a studio or recorded live, it's all the same to me. If you're gonna play, you're gonna play."

EDDIE HARRIS: "I think everyone should be required to record live. Then the ability will really show. Yeah, that's when the 'take fives' or 'take tens' can't be spliced in. You have to say what you're going to say right on the spot. Funny thing, I want to record live, but I never have."

HERBIE MANN: "When I get involved with an audience, there's an element there you won't find in a studio. In a studio, for example, it's just you and the sidemen and you find yourself working off *them*. In a live atmosphere, you work off the audience. Personally, my adrenalin works better if there's an audience out there. Besides, I prefer the unexpected; I get a natural high with people. Let me put it another way, although I don't know how valid it is: the difference between recording in a studio and recording live is the difference between steak and steak with garlic."

JON HENDRICKS: "Live better. Due to spontaneity, rapport between the artist and the audience. You know, one can get fire back from an audience. Same reason an actor prefers the stage to TV. I guess you can sum it up by saying people are better than robots."

CARL FONTANA: "There's something to be said for both methods, but personally I'd rather record in a studio because if you make any clams, you can do it over. On the other hand, some of my best solos have happened while recording live with Woody's band. Another thought: it's awfully difficult to get a perfect balance live, unless you have an engineer like Wally Heider at the con-



JAN PERSSON

Thelonious Monk: "I guess live is better."

trols. One of the funniest things that ever happened to me was during a live session. You know, I always chew gum. When I play, I manage to keep it out of the way—in my cheek. But one time, in the middle of a solo, I had to take a deep breath and I swallowed the gum. Naturally, I began to gag, but somehow it came out sounding okay."

WALLY HEIDER: "The group that works together—you know, a traveling group—often gets a better feel when they record live. There are others—this is especially true of certain rock groups—who wail in a club, but get them in a studio and they just can't give their all. In fact, they're scared stiff. I just recorded a rock group in a garage! Would you believe that? They sounded so good in the garage that their manager didn't want to take any chances of losing that, so he had me set up everything right there. I would say live better, but the audience has to be live also. I remember recording Bill Evans in a club a few years back when the audience was so respectful they saved their applause for the very end. It was dead! Sure, anyone would like a second chance. That's why at festivals I tell a group to begin the set by playing a 'throwaway.' Then I can get set up with the proper balance. If I record them over a few days, I can splice in repeats as long as I keep my levels constant."

YUSEF LATEEF: "It makes absolutely no difference to me. I've recorded both ways and I'm not affected by one any more than the other. As for splicing in portions of various takes, I have only one criterion: if it sounds okay, then it's okay with me."

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: "I'd much prefer to record live. I'm accustomed to playing for people. I want to get their emotional vibrations. In other words, I want to *see* how I'm doing. I don't care about the boo-boos or the flub-a-dub dubs. They're natural. There's something about a mike that's very impersonal. I dig playing directly for the folks. Remember the sound on *74 Miles*? Well, believe it or not, that was recorded in Capitol's Studio 'A', but the engineer made it sound like the Hollywood Bowl. I forget who the engineer was, but I told him I was so happy with what he'd done that he should preserve the markings—you know, where each knob was set—write it down in triplicate and stash it away in three different safes!"

THELONIOUS MONK: "I guess live is better. You have to do it all at one time. Uh-huh. Do it the first time, and it's usually the best. If you record it over and over again, it's generally a waste of time."

Coda:

Reading over the various "solos", I was disappointed that no one took to task that recent phenomenon of "live studio" sessions. That's the bit where guests are invited to the studio. At times, booze is served so that a clinking-glass-sparkling-conversation atmosphere can be simulated. But the ambiance is forced, the applause is singularly partisan, and the whole fabrication has as much validity as a laugh track on TV. As for the unsolicited testimonials to Wally Heider, no disappointment there. He's the West Coast's answer to Rudy Van Gelder.



Don Schlitten: a&r with feeling

by Ira Gitler

ON JAN. 11, 1949, Prestige Records made its first recordings and took its place among the small, independent labels devoted to recording the young, up-and-coming jazzmen not likely to be given a chance by the major companies. 20 years later the other independents have either folded or been absorbed by one of the large complexes that serve as record companies these days, and only two independents of significance remain. One is Milestone, formed two years ago by Orrin Keepnews; the other is Prestige.

Due to its longevity and a vast catalog, Prestige, even though it is an independent, has achieved majority status. Its president and founder, Bob Weinstock, is proud of this. "We're now treated as a major," he says, "even though we do not have pop artists or hit singles."

Weinstock, as a longtime record collector, began the company by recording the music and musicians in which he believed. Although the label became involved in other areas during the years, such as blues, folk, international and spoken word, Weinstock sees no digressions of the sort in store for Prestige at this time. He plans to concentrate on three facets of the jazz operation already well underway. One is new jazz recording, two is "soul" jazz, and three is jazz reissue material in the *Historical Series*.

As vice-president in charge of creative activities, Don Schlitten is Weinstock's right-hand man and occupies the role that the owner himself played in earlier days. "Most jazz a&r men," claims Weinstock, "are not dedicated, sincere or knowledgeable. Don is all three. His main attribute is his sincerity. It's very important—I know from when I did the recording—to really believe in what you're doing. You have to dig the musicians."

The slight, nervous, moustachioed, young man in his mid-30s who answers to the name of Donald Schlitten has been "digging the musicians" since the early 1940s. Today he has an extraordinarily extensive record and private tape collection of jazz from all eras. He is able to listen for enjoyment and also with the analytical ear that can place an obscure sideman in his proper historical perspective.

It all started when, as a young boy, he found that he liked the sound of the saxophone. A Louis Prima fan, he was taken with the tenor solo on the record of *White Cliffs of Dover*. One day he was in Manhattan—having left his native Bronx for the purpose of hearing a band at a theater stage show—when he spotted a music magazine on a newsstand. It was *Metro-nome*. Figuring that he could find out who the Louis Prima tenor player was, Schlitten bought it. Although he did not find the name of Charlie Kennedy, he read a review of Savoy's *Tenor Sax Album* and decided that he needed it. For his thirteenth birthday he got \$5 from his Uncle Harry, immediately rushed downtown and copped. "I heard Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Lester Young and Don Byas," reminisces Schlitten, "and I knew that this was my music."

At Music & Art High School he was an art major but already an avid record collector, given to signing his name Don Byas Schlitten. At 16 he bought a tenor



subject and author: Schlitten and Gitler

saxophone, and the following year, after graduation, decided he wanted to become a professional musician. He attended the New York Conservatory of Modern Music where the instructors included Pete Mondello, Don Lamond, Billy Bauer and Tony Aless. One of the other students was bassist George Tucker, with whom Schlitten formed a lasting friendship. After two years, the school folded in 1951. Depressed by this, and by the use of narcotics prevalent at the time, Schlitten decided to abandon his playing career. "Besides," he says, "I wasn't really that good."

Although he continued to blow at sessions, Schlitten put his professional emphasis back to art. He visited Prestige to see his old friend Bob Weinstock, whom he had known as a record collector, and wound up doing a Lennie Tristano cover. Subsequently, he did a smattering of other designing jobs for the company. He began working in art studios and ad agencies rather than in office jobs.

In 1956, Schlitten became a partner of Jules Colomby in Signal Records. He designed the LP covers, sometimes utilizing his new interest, photography. When Signal went out of business in 1958, he returned to commercial art to help support his family and went deeper into photography as a means of self-expression.

In the early 1960s, Weinstock called on him to do covers for Prestige's folk and blues lines. Asked to do all the company's covers, he soon became Prestige's art director. A&r work came next but it did not begin with jazz, or any music for that matter. Schlitten suggested a *Lively Arts* series and was given the go ahead. He recorded artists like Burgess Meredith, James Mason, Larry Storch, Morris Carnovsky and Norman Mailer in sets that were artistically meritorious, if not financially successful. Then he produced *A Child's Introduction to the American Indian*. His first jazz album was *Dave Pike Plays Oliver*, followed by a Claude Hopkins session for Prestige's Swingville subsidiary and an album of Lucky Thompson doing Jerome Kern numbers.

Long before he acquired his vice-presidential title in July 1968, Schlitten had established himself as an astute, feeling jazz producer. A series of "Books" with tenor man Booker Ervin and a variety of settings for pianist Jaki Byard drew critical acclaim. He also, through a series of recordings, succeeded in reviving the career

of alto saxophonist Sonny Criss, too long forgotten by the jazz public that Schlitten calls "a fickle beast."

"This goes back to all my years of listening," he says of the Criss recordings. "He was one of the first who came to mind when I got the opportunity to sign artists."

As recording director, Schlitten supervises the activities of ex-*Down Beat* writer Bob Porter, who is in charge of recording artists who fall into the category of "soul" jazz. Schlitten also oversees the *Historical Series* which is his brainchild. "The average jazz fan of today," he says, "is older and not going out to clubs as much. He is more interested in classic jazz than ever before. The majors have their own catalogs from which to draw for their reissue programs. But there is a wealth of material recorded on small, obscure labels of the 1940s; labels like Joe Davis, Sonora and Futurama, most of which include music recorded in the great transition from swing to bop."

From these labels, Prestige has issued and will be issuing material by Walter (Foots) Thomas, Coleman Hawkins and Serge Chaloff with such sidemen as Thelonious Monk and Fats Navarro. Classic jazz recordings of the 1930s have also been acquired from the French Swing and EMI companies. These releases will feature such names as Bunny Berigan, Django Reinhardt, Dickie Wells, Benny Carter, Benny Goodman and Mary Lou Williams.

Live recording is still Schlitten's main concern and he oversees a diverse stable. In addition to Criss and Byard, he ministers to alto saxophonists Eric Kloss and Charles McPherson; tenor man Illinois Jacquet; pianists Cedar Walton and Barry Harris; guitarist Pat Martino; singer Eddie Jefferson, and Latin percussionist Pucho. "All the companies that are recording jazz today," he states, obviously referring to the large, corporation-controlled outfits, "are really manufacturing a product rather than letting the musicians play. No matter whether you play funky, or outside, or 2/4 or 4/4, 6/8 or free time, you've got to swing and the musicians have to feel free to swing, 'cause otherwise it don't mean a thing. I relax them by not bugging anybody. Basically, my job is *done* before we get into the studio. The band is generally hand-picked with the leader, as is the material. In the studio I will offer

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Reissues: Jazz' Rich Legacy

Intern
from
the
by

RECENTLY, I HAD occasion to meet and chat with some of the members of a well-known group (if we must classify, I guess they'd be "blues-rock").

They'd been record hunting, apparently one of their favorite sports when on the road. A bit disappointed because they hadn't come across any stashes of 78s, they nevertheless took satisfaction in having harvested a stack of varied and sundry blues and r&b 45s.

I had been forewarned that these were heavy cats when it came to the blues, and knew that at least two members of the group were blues collectors of considerable standing. To discover that they should also take some interest in jazz, especially of the blues-oriented type, would not have surprised me.

But I was surprised when Bob Hite (lead singer of Canned Heat, the group in question) told me that on a recent visit to New York he had acquired 100 78s, "mostly jazz," and, when questioned as to details, mentioned a wide variety of records, including Benny Goodman's original *Moon Glow*, on Columbia, "the one with the fine Teddy Wilson solo."

Soon, we were into a collectors' bag—not the master number kind of thing, but lucky finds and such. There appeared to be no generation gap.

Bob Hite is a real collector, i.e., a lover of music willing to search for what he loves. And when it comes to jazz and blues, you have to search to find the many pieces that, once they fall into place, can bring into clearer focus the totality of the music.

The records are the record; in a sense, the only important one. To be sure, photographs and letters and interviews and clippings and memorabilia have great significance, but not until and unless the music to which they are clues has been heard.

Indeed, without its recorded legacy, jazz would have no history at all, and in a very real sense, would not even be. It was the dissemination of musical influences made possible by the phonograph record that enabled jazz musicians to develop other than local or regional styles and create a whole music (the same goes for blues, of course, and in this context they may be considered synonymous).

Jazz record collecting is a phenomenon which arose in the '20s, gathered force in the '30s, became organized in the '40s, was thrown into momentary confusion by the advent of the LP in 1950, and is still very much with us. (We now have rock and r&b and country collectors, too, of course.)

But while serious collecting is a fascinating topic (at least to one who has been in its clutches for some 25 years), it is not the proper subject of this dissertation.

We are concerned not with the rare collectors' items, but rather with the readily available evidence of the jazz past and the manner in which it serves its most worthy purpose—to keep alive and well the legacy of the music, not only as history, but as a potential stimulus and guide to present-day creativity.

The state of jazz reissuing in the U.S. is considerably better today than at any time since the early days of the LP, when

a rash of such albums—mainly "bootleg" but also bona fide—suddenly appeared. Once the major companies had gone to court to stop the bootleg activity, however, the flow subsided to a trickle.

Intermittently, it would again swell to decent proportions (as when Columbia engaged upon its monumental series of boxed sets), but as suddenly as these swells began, they would cease.

Today, all major labels (except Verve, Mercury and Capitol) have active reissue programs—a state of affairs not known since the 10" LP disappeared. How long this happy circumstance will last is in large degree up to the record buying public, but of course also depends on thoughtful preparation and execution of the programs. Let us consider individual cases.

The oldest of the current reissue programs is RCA Victor's *Vintage* series. In several ways, it is also the best. For one thing, there is the approach to reproduction. Victor, of course, had the best sound quality of all early record companies, so it often has better basic material to work from.

It has also, happily, shied away from such malicious mischief as the adding of echo and "enhancement" through phony stereo, and engineer Don Miller has done a remarkable job of retaining original sound and balance while making the overall quality acceptable to modern ears.

As for the content of the series, it has been generally very good.

Both Brad McCuen, who originated *Vintage*, and Mike Lipskin, who took it over and nurtured it to maturity, were well grounded in jazz and had some sense of what they were dealing with. Furthermore, Victor has a splendid catalog, and its master files are in better order than those of most other companies—perhaps because it is the company with the longest continuous history.

The series now numbers some 60 albums, most of them jazz and blues (a few are vintage pop and folk). It includes an excellent Ellington series, which began with the sterling *Daybreak Express* devoted to 1933-34 material, worked its way forward through the late '40s, and now promises to venture back to the late '20s to eventually comprise all major Ellingtonia in Victor's stable.

It also has produced such gems as *Count Basie in Kansas City* (the great days of the great Benny Moten band); an excellent selection of Jelly Roll Morton LPs, and Lipskin's labor of love, the Fats Waller albums. To these can be added individual LPs by such as Johnny Dodds, Coleman Hawkins (fittingly, the first *Vintage* LP), Jack Teagarden, King Oliver and Red Allen.

The swing bands have suffered comparative neglect (Ellington is a special case; the Basie is pre-swing, and others so far have been only *Benny Goodman Small Groups*, Charlie Barnet, Earl Hines, Harlan Leonard (a fine, obscure Kansas City band), and Don Redman.

There has been one bop collection (*The Bebop Era*), and a fine Dizzy Gillespie LP, reaching back to the trumpeter's days with Teddy Hill in 1937.

But everything can't be done overnight, and while we still wait for such treasures

as Roy Eldridge and Chu Berry with Gene Krupa and Benny Goodman; a superior Bunny Berigan collation; some of the best of Wingy Manone's many Bluebird sides; the bands of Cab Calloway, Luis Russell, Willie Bryant etc., etc., the *Vintage* series, which laudably is kept active and available, is the best of contemporary reissue programs. May it long continue.

Columbia, at one time, was well on the way toward supremacy, but apparently overreached itself. The aforementioned boxed sets, which began with *A Thesaurus of Classic Jazz*, continued with *Fletcher Henderson: A Study in Frustration*, reached true glory with the two Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington sets, included packages by Mildred Bailey, Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti, Gene Krupa, and Woody Herman, and tapered off with the *Jazz Odyssey* series (New Orleans, Chicago, and Harlem), remains the model for large-scale reissue projects. Lavishly produced, it apparently lacked the practicality and durability of smaller-scale ventures. Frank Driggs, at first with guidance from John Hammond, was the knowledgeable pilot of this enterprise.

After a hiatus, Columbia is now back in the picture, again with Driggs at the helm. This time, it is CBS' subsidiary label, Epic (which ran an excellent series in the '50s, and for which Driggs did the fine 4-record *Swing Street* during the box era) that carries the reissue banner.

Epic's *Encore* series, which debuted in mid-'68 with two excellent Ellington small group sets, a fine Red Norvo album, an equally good Chu Berry set, and lesser Bobby Hackett and Big Maybelle packages, recently continued with entries devoted to Louis Armstrong (1931-32), Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Big Bill Broonzy, Artie Shaw and Earl Hines. Though double-fold (RCA does simple, single albums, and this observer has learned to fear high overhead in such projects), the *Encore* series is not over-produced, and the designation of the Armstrong set as Vol. 1 bodes well for the future. So does the inclusion of unissued masters and rare alternate takes, and the generally good design and planning of the series.

The sound, on the other hand, is not always admirable. Though the phony stereo which marred the first releases apparently has been dropped, and the quality of the transfers in the second set of albums is greatly improved, levels still fluctuate from track to track and Columbia's much touted new remastering process (a complex operation involving reduction of background noise without concomitant loss of fidelity) fails, to these ears, to match Don Miller's straight-ahead, clean sound.

Epic and Columbia also have some non-jazz (or part-jazz) reissue activity, such as the Bing Crosby sets, a Paul Whiteman, and the "personality"-oriented *Girls and Guys*, respectively, of *Stage, Screen and Radio*. Bing's stuff has occasional jazz interest, as do the Ethel Waters and *Blackbirds of 1928* sets, especially the latter. The new *Odyssey* series finally, is devoted to low-priced reissues of more recent material, chiefly from 1955-61.

Decca's welcome *Jazz Heritage* series also debuted this year. Long dormant, Decca is a potential giant in this field.

Though the label was founded as comparatively late as 1934, it also has rights to an important earlier stage of the Brunswick-Vocalion catalog, and from 1934 to the late '40s, Decca was extremely active in the jazz and blues fields.

So far, there are about 20 albums available, ranging from Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson sets that reach back to the early years of recorded jazz to a Jay McShann album that incorporates Charlie Parker's commercial record debut. (Incredibly, Parker is not mentioned on the cover!)

Not surprisingly, the emphasis has been on swing. Fletcher Henderson Vol. 2 shows big band jazz at the threshold of popular breakthrough; the two recently issued Jimmie Lunceford albums are definitive anthologies of one of the greatest of big jazz bands, and the Andy Kirk and Earl Hines sets are laudable.

There are also a fine collection of vintage Chicago Jazz, with Frank Teschemacher's clarinet to the fore; a superb Jimmie Noone-Earl Hines set; *Kansas City Piano* (Basie, Mary Lou Williams, Pete Johnson and McShann), and *The Blues and All That Jazz*, a good collection of blues with jazz accompaniments.

Decca's *Louis Armstrong: Rare Items*, lastly, should be an eyeopener to those who think that Satchmo reached his zenith as a creative artist in the '20s.

Decca's series, in which veteran jazz expert Milt Gabler has a hand, also benefits from the experience of producer Driggs (probably the leading candidate for the title of Reissue King) and Stanley Dance. The latter is also benignly present as annotator (and, one suspects, collator) of the *Vintage* Ellingtons and sundry other items, including some in the CBS family (perhaps he is the reissue Prince of Wails?).

Decca's packaging and sound, alas, leave much to be desired. The reproduction on the *Early Ellington* set was execrable, and that on later entries vary widely. "Enhanced" stereo is now omni-present (the earlier albums came in mono versions, too), as is that other dreaded additive, echo.

Furthermore, Decca commissions cover paintings which lack the charm and authenticity of the photographs from which they are invariably copied and give the series a quaintly old-fashioned appearance. More importantly, Decca gives the consumer only seven tracks per side, while Victor and Columbia offer eight. This results in such nuisances as omission of the alternate take of *Four or Five Times*, which would have made the Noone-Hines album complete (two other alternate masters are included).

Still, the series is beginning to fill an important gap. With such potential treasure as the Art Tatum small band sessions, Roy Eldridge with big bands and in dates for World Transcriptions (to which Decca has the rights), oodles of fine blues, as yet un-reissued Basie from the Golden (or Lester Young) Age, Walter Page's Blue Devils, Hot Lips Page, etc., the series, corporate management willing, should be with us for years to come.

These are the major programs. (Parenthetically, we must add that all three

above companies have available other reissue material, such as Columbia's Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith and Bix Beiderbecke "stories", which have been in the catalog for many, many years; Victor's Goodman, Shaw, Glenn Miller, Berigan, Armstrong and Ellington LPs of long standing, and Decca's Armstrong, Tatum, Lunceford, Bob Crosby and Basie LPs (*The Best of Basie*, a 2-record set, is a winner).

There are stirrings elsewhere, too. The Liberty family, which includes a string of labels new and old, has initiated a blues and r&b reissue project on Imperial (taking material from the original label of that name as well as from Philo-Aladdin and other sources), and will soon debut a Blue Note jazz reissue series—long overdue.

This latter, our spies tell us, will initially include the famous Charlie Christian date with Edmond Hall's Celeste Four (a classic session); gatherings from the sizeable '40s output by Art Hodes, always with sterling sidemen; similar gleanings from dates under the leadership of Hall and Sidney DeParis, a memorable Red Norvo-Teddy Wilson session, and vintage bebop by James Moody and George Wallington recording units.

Blue Note, founded in 1939, has hitherto made available only a smattering of its fine earlier material (a few Sidney Bechet LPs; a few by George Lewis). There's much to be mined; solo piano by Hines, Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, James P. Johnson; James P. dates with Ben Webster, Vic Dickenson and Sid Catlett; Teddy Bunn's solo guitar; more "modern" items by Ike Quebec, Dickenson, Tiny Grimes, John Hardee, etc. Potentially, this is a great series.

Prestige, a label which has consistently kept available the cream of its vintage bop material, was founded rather too late in the game to have historical depth in its vaults.

However, enterprising a&r man-director Don Schlitten recently initiated the *Historical Series*, drawing both from dormant Prestige and other U.S. masters, and from

European material not controlled by the majors.

This latter includes a coup—the U.S. rights to the French Swing label, among the earliest of specialized jazz ventures, with great stores of Django Reinhardt, plus Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, and other U.S. visitors to Paris in the '30s. *Dickie Wells in Paris* is the first result.

In addition, Prestige has obtained rights to some of the many small U.S. jazz labels of the mid- and late '40s. The first entry in the series, the Walter (Foots) Thomas sessions with Hawkins, Ben Webster, Budd Johnson, Charlie Shavers, Clyde Hart and many other stars, came from such a source. Among good things to come will be albums culled from sessions recorded for the European market in this country in the early and mid-'30s, featuring Carter, Bud Freeman, Goodman, Joe Venuti, Bunny Berigan, and others. Production credits for the series are good.

Milestone, a smaller independent, has drawn some interesting and excellently produced reissue sets from the Paramount catalog, a goldmine of '20s blues and jazz. These include two albums by Blind Lemon Jefferson in which the transfers are miraculously good; a Ma Rainey set, and King Oliver and Fletcher Henderson items.

Also culled from Paramount masters are the new Biograph label's Jefferson and Rainey sets, and a Jimmy O'Bryant LP. The sound is inferior to the comparable Milestone ventures, but the label is a welcome addition to the field.

Long in the catalog is Folkways' *History of Jazz*, a collection of 11 separately available LPs. Compiled by Fred Ramsey, it is an admirable cross-section of the root and earlier periods of the music, but weak in post-1930 material. Sound quality is not quite up to present-day standards but acceptable, and the annotation is good. (Much of the material, however, is available in other collections.)

A different kind of reissue project is the *Riverside* series produced by ABC Paramount. This scans the more recent past,

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Recording in 1940: John Kirby, Bernard Addison, Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Sid Catlett.

Modern Electronics in the Studio

by Pete Welding



Quicksilver Messenger Service's singer-bassist David Freidberg and guitarist Gary Duncan (back to camera) engaged in mixing down the group's eight-track recording to the two-track reduction necessary for stereo disc transfer. Nick Gravenites, one of the album's producers, is seen between the two.

IT'S AN interesting paradox: while jazz musicians largely have been reluctant to take advantage of the vast range of techniques and effects that modern recording technology facilitates, rock musicians, and especially rock producers, have had no such qualms or misgivings. Quite the contrary, in fact. They have rushed into recording studios to embrace and explore just about every technique that modern recording procedures have put at their disposal; not only that, they have created a number of techniques that have since been incorporated into standard recording practice. It is this openness, this willingness to put advanced technology to work that largely accounts for the vitality and excitement that have infused much current rock and which has led to statements about the relative moribundity of jazz. Jazzmen and jazz record producers could profit from a study of the recording and production techniques of rock, as Atlantic obviously has done, for example.

In any discussion of these techniques, one is faced with the old chicken-or-egg question. In their experiences in the recording studios did rock musicians merely use, adapt or extend already existent recording procedures and techniques or did radically new technological advances and studio practices follow in answer to a special set of requirements imposed by rock artists and producers? The answer involves a little bit of both.

Rock is definitely a byproduct of, or is at least facilitated by, modern technology. Its seeds are both cultural-esthetic and technological. Its roots in the esthetic

products of various ethnic and racial subgroups in American society, as well as in the general area of popular American musical culture, have been well documented. One aspect of this process has been insufficiently explored, however, and this involves both technical and cultural considerations.

Up until the years following World War II, the recording industry was dominated by a handful of large recording firms. As well as catering to the demand for a general popular music, these companies managed with varying degrees of success to fill the needs of a number of subcultures within the larger fabric of American society. This was accomplished through a number of special recording series these firms maintained along with their large catalogs of popular music. In the 1920s these separate categories—"race" records for southern Negro audiences, "hillbilly" and later "country-and-western" for southern whites, jazz for urban Negroes, "Cajun" for French-speaking southern Americans, etc.—assumed increasing importance in the catalogs of these firms (the success of classic blues singer Mamie Smith in the early '20s is reported to have staved off bankruptcy for OKeh Records, for example), and this system was carried on through the '30s and the '40s.

By the end of World War II, however, the large record companies had pretty much lost touch with these smaller (though numerically quite large) audiences, and the recordings they produced only rarely reflected the needs and desires of these subcultural groups.

The vacuum was filled by a number of small "independent" recording firms that mushroomed in the postwar years. This was facilitated through the formation of a number of small record processing firms which were able to purchase castoff, though still serviceable equipment formerly monopolized by the large record companies. When the tape recorder was perfected and marketed in increasing numbers at the end of the 1940s, the revolution was all but complete, though in the earliest years of the revolution, disc-cutting machines rather than tape recorders were employed by the independents.

Most of these small labels catered to the needs of the minority groups in our society, and they found a huge market for their records. The postwar recording scene was one of incredible activity and diversity, as labels proliferated in great numbers, some to prosper and grow fat themselves—such as Chess and Vee Jay in Chicago; Modern, RPM, Specialty and Imperial in Los Angeles; Sun and later Stax in Memphis, and the well-known Motown complex in Detroit—while by far the majority enjoyed a brief, if any, success. These firms had access to huge, previously untapped sources of recording talent, and all manner of material was recorded in the pursuit of the elusive "hit" record.

One of the major products of this socio-economic change was the introduction of a new music and a new sound to records. The Negro popular music of the postwar period exerted the most significant effect upon the course of modern

pop music since its introduction in the late '40s and early '50s, and the changes in sound and texture it introduced are of great importance. Basically, the sound is that of the Aristocrat and Chess records of the period, a sound which is delineated in the ground-breaking recordings of Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Little Walter, and others of the Chess stable, as well as those of John Lee Hooker and Elmore James, the premier postwar bluesmen. Their recordings introduced the sound of the electrically amplified blues ensemble—loud, brash, powerful and, above all, unbearably exciting.

Their sound has filtered down through every successive wave in popular music since, and can be heard in the music of such important mid-'50s "rockabilly" performers as Elvis Presley, Bill Haley and Carl Perkins; in the music of the early Negro rock 'n' rollers Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley; in the rise of Gospel-based soul music; in the early recordings of the British school—the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Kinks, and others—that was to exert such a great influence on popular song; and in the work of Bob Dylan, the Butterfield Blues Band, Cream, the Electric Flag, Canned Heat, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, the Byrds, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, and scores of other contemporary groups.

But it was Muddy, Wolf, Little Walter, Hooker, Elmore, and the labels they recorded for—all products of the postwar record industry revolution—that set the basic sound and stance. They are the fountainheads of the rock revolution.

Meanwhile, other changes were being introduced in the technical end of recording that were to have equally far-reaching effects. First was the overall improvement in recorded sound that resulted from tape recording and improved microphone design. The flexibility of tape was extended even further through "splicing", which permitted complete works to be crafted from a number of shorter segments simply by stringing them together in proper sequence.

A byproduct of the improved fidelity tape recording permitted was the increased use of "overdubbing", a technique in which multiple layers of sound are built up by recording a microphone-transmitted vocal or instrumental signal over a previously recorded sound. Both signals are fed into a second tape recorder simultaneously; the process can be repeated a number of times without serious loss of sound quality. Pioneering this technique were Les Paul and Mary Ford, who created a memorable series of overdubbed recordings in the late '40s and early '50s. Another technique involved the speeding up of taped performances, the most successful (commercially, at least) example of which was David Seville's ingenious recordings of "Alvin and the Chipmunks" for Liberty.

Multiple recording (i.e., overdubbing) was facilitated with the introduction of stereo recording techniques in the 1950s. This technique derived from the discovery that two distinct signals could be placed

side by side on a single tape simply by dividing the recording head in half and feeding a different microphone signal to each. This was initially hailed as permitting greater recording realism, since two slightly different microphone signals of the same musical event let a recording approximate the aural presence created by our own ears. The technique was seized by pop performers as a great aid to multiple recording, and it was but a short step to the development of three- and four-track recording machines in the early 1960s. In the last several years, eight-track recorders have been used extensively because of the proportionate increase in flexibility they permit; now, 16- and 24-track units are being introduced by some manufacturers.

There are as many ways to use this equipment and these techniques in the recording studio as there are groups, producers, and specific recording situations. The most widely used technique is that of multiple recording (the modern equivalent of overdubbing). A group of, say, five musicians will perform a selection, and each of the five instruments will be recorded separately onto each of five tracks of an eight-track machine. Separation of the individual instrumental sounds is critical if the recording engineer is to have maximum control of the component elements of a recorded performance in the "mixing" stage (to be discussed later), and so the instruments are isolated as much as possible from each other when the recording is made. This is accomplished by two means. First, the instruments are isolated by means of sound-deadening panels that screen out the sounds of the other instruments. Then separation is heightened by a technique known as close-miking, in which each instrument is picked up by its own microphone (or combination of microphones, as is the usual case in recording a drum set). The microphone is placed as close as possible to the instrument, and recording is done at low levels to minimize the danger of the microphone picking up the sounds of the other instruments.

Ideally, the only thing which is heard on the lead guitar track is the sound of the lead guitar; in practice, a certain amount of "leakage" from the other instruments occurs, especially when loudly-amplified rock groups are recorded. But the goal is to get as distinct and isolated an instrumental sound as possible.

Once the group has recorded the basic instrumental performance onto its five tracks, the "laying in" of other elements of the performance takes place. The lead singer(s) then records the vocal track onto one of the three remaining tracks. He listens to the instrumental tracks through a set of headphones while singing, and the vocal signal is picked up by a microphone and recorded onto its own separate track. Additional instrumental or vocal parts may be required, and this is then done on the two remaining tracks of the eight-track tape.

Once all the component elements of the performance have been recorded, the next step is to mix these eight separate signals down to the two tracks necessary

for a stereo disc or a pre-recorded tape. The eight-track recording is fed into an electronic console which allows the engineer to select which tracks will appear on the left channel of the stereo recording and which will wind up on the right.

This is obviously a critical stage in the recording process, for the way in which the eight individual signals are combined determines their relative prominence when locked into the two-track stereo reduction. If the engineer has done his job well when making the eight-track recording, the separation among the eight signals will be pronounced. He will then have complete control over the eight elements and can mix down to an overall sound which is satisfactory to the producer (whose function is to mediate between the artists and the recording engineer).

In this mixing stage, not only is the relative loudness of each of the eight instrumental and vocal elements fixed for two-track, but a certain amount of change in instrumental and vocal sound is possible through the employment of a complicated network of electronic filters and limiters which emphasize or suppress certain frequency areas. Voices, for example, can be made to seem fuller and more resonant than they are; instrumental tone can be made more penetrating if such an attack is called for, and so on.

A large number of variations can be made on this basic set of procedures, restricted only by the imagination of the producers and musicians, and the skill of the engineer in implementing their wishes. Reverberation and echo may be added to any of the component parts of the recording in the transfer to two-track; the character of any element's sound may be significantly altered electronically; and other elements—sound effects, speeded up or reversed tape signals, etc., etc.—may also be incorporated into the blend. Naturally, simpler techniques such as splicing may be used at any point in the recording or transfer processes.

The only barrier, in fact, is imposed by the ingenuity and taste of the participants—the performers, the producer, and the engineer. And as the events of recent years have demonstrated, these barriers have all but crumbled in the face of the rock onslaught. Sounds and combinations of sounds have appeared on records that have never been heard before. This process is sure to continue in the future and will possibly assume even greater importance; as each new sound, technique, and technological innovation is assimilated, it opens the door for scores of others. The creative rock musician has no preconceptions as to what is feasible and what is not, for he has none of the acquired sense of limitation or propriety that is the almost inevitable concomitant of a more disciplined approach to music. He has taught himself, and his approach to recording, as to music, is totally pragmatic: let's try it and see if it works. He will continue to view the techniques of recording not as processes imposing limitations upon him but as legitimate tools of self-expression. The jazzman could benefit greatly from this point of view.



TRENDS IN THE WORLD OF TAPE

by Charles Graham

In this first of a two-part article on the status of stereo tape, *Down Beat's* audio expert briefly traces the history of magnetic recording, and guides the serious listener through the jungle of claims and counterclaims. In the second part, to be published next month, he will examine the *machines* for listening and recording, recommend a few, and discuss the variety and amount of music available in each system.

THERE ARE SEVERAL new tape systems being used in cars and homes, each of whose proponents make great claims for it as "The System of the Future" while disparaging the competition. These systems are in addition to and different from the home magnetic recording which most music lovers are familiar with—the reel-to-reel recorders which pass $\frac{1}{4}$ inch-wide tape from one clear plastic reel to another at $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second, $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ ips.

The newer systems use tape which is enclosed in oblong flat plastic boxes called either cartridges or cassettes. These boxes of tape work only with special machines. What's the difference? Which system sounds better? We have four-track stereo tapes, four-track cartridges, eight-track cartridges, cassettes, Playtapes, and the Music Machine. Paul Desmond recently began looking into these systems, and he said, throwing up his hands, "Good grief. It's almost enough to make you give up recordings and go back to live jazz!"

In these two articles we'll see what's on the market, for how much money. We will see trends emerging quite clearly which will enable you to make a decision about which, if any, of the new systems is best for *you*, and whether any is better than the old way.

In 1948, home magnetic recording (wire recorders) started out, but after a faltering start of about two years (the wire tangled easily and the music sounded wobbly) this method was rapidly pushed out of the picture by the first home tape recorder, the Brush Soundmirror. That machine appeared in 1949-50, using the same size tape and speed ($7\frac{1}{2}$ ips only) as today's machine. Tapes made on those early machines still sound okay, and that machine can play modern mono tapes. As recording heads have been improved, tape material upgraded and machines refined, the two slower speeds ($3\frac{3}{4}$ and $1\frac{1}{8}$) have come into wide use, though $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips is still widely used for home recording as well as semi-professional jobs. Today, several million reel-to-reel tape recorders are in use.

In the early '50s, the battle of micro-groove phonograph speeds took place between Columbia and RCA. Columbia, followed later by several other companies, issued 10- and 12-inch 33-1/3



Coleman Hawkins listening to tape cassettes

rpm discs, while RCA put out their 7-inch 45s with the big hole in the middle. People didn't like the interruption of extended classical or jazz tracks, and the LP won, with RCA finally issuing 33-1/3s for jazz and classical, 45s for pop singles.

Now LPs have been around for 20 years, and every year somebody predicts the imminent demise of the disc, to be brought about by some "revolutionary" development in tape. Don't believe it. There are over 30 million phonographs in this country and they all play 33-1/3s as well as 45s. In fact, *mono* records were still being widely sold until this past year. The lesson here is that when a new system comes along, if it doesn't fade out after a while (witness RCA's valiant attempt with tape cartridges several years ago, a forerunner of the cassettes we'll be looking at), the new system just grows up beside the old, which continues in use for many years.

In pre-recorded tapes we had mono tapes for a short while. Very few were sold. Then it was two stereo tracks. Still not many were sold. Then, in 1959, Ampex made it four tracks, and things began to move a bit. Many labels were leased to Ampex's subsidiary, United Stereo Tapes.

These were still $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips tapes. By 1963, they'd improved recording heads and tape enough to slow the speed of pre-recorded tapes down to $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. This lowered tape costs enough to sell about \$20 million worth in 1965. Also, in that year automobile stereo players came onto the market. These were four-track Fidelipac cartridges which had been (and still are) used for commercial spot announcements by radio stations. They're endless loop cartridges, as are the eight-track auto cartridges. This means the tape is all in one roll, feeding out from the center and being spooled back onto its own outside. It must continuously slip against itself throughout its entire length, which means the tape requires a special lubricant. Even so, it tends to

slip through the head and sometimes breaks. Further, it can't have as good fidelity as reel-to-reel tapes (cassettes are miniature reel-to-reel tapes enclosed in a tiny box one-quarter the size of the four-track and eight-track cartridges).

In 1965, RCA pioneered the eight-track system developed by Lear Jet and made a deal with Ford to supply eight-track players. Later, Chrysler and General Motors signed up with RCA and the rush was on. Despite the slightly lower fidelity of four-track and eight-track cartridges, they sound very good in cars (the motion of the car plus tire and engine noise mask the slight imperfections which would be objectionable in a home high fidelity system).

Phillips of Holland developed the cassette system several years ago and in Europe it is now used widely both in cars and at home. The $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide tape has four tracks in stereo, two in mono, for compact, carry-along portable machines. The cassette is so small that four of them can fit into a car tape cartridge, and they can play much longer, up to 45 minutes per side (they flip over, just like phonograph records).

In the second part of this article we'll go into more detail about the cassettes. The point here is that car stereo players sound great in cars, pretty good at home, but are not up to medium-priced reel-to-reel home recorders. Four-track cartridges will slowly fade from the scene, within five to seven years (there are perhaps a million four-track units in cars now). Eight-track players will continue to grow, adding to the two to three million of them already in cars. But cassettes will sell as many units as that next year alone.

Little carry-along cassette machines sell for \$30 and up, while a cassette stereo player (like the one Coleman Hawkins just added to his super high fidelity system) costs only \$60. Incidentally, we played a cassette of Louis and Duke, and Bean said, "My goodness

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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, 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.

Jaki Byard

SUNSHINE OF MY SOUL—Prestige 7550:
Sunshine; Cast Away; Chandra; St. Louis Blues;
Diane's Melody; Transition Zildjian.

Personnel: Byard, piano (guitar, track 2);
David Izenzon, bass; Elvin Jones, drums, tympani.

Rating: ★★★★★

Dr. Kingfingers returns. Byard the musician has everything covered; technique, great feeling, humor, style, grace. He couples unabashed ebullience with awesome technical skill. He is a fine composer. Further, he can command—or satirize—any jazz style with the aplomb of a Bill Baird working his puppets, yet the style never commands the man.

In *Sunshine of My Soul*, the big fellow offers a potpourri of his skills, as has been his wont on earlier albums. The title song augurs the session direction, for Byard mixes time signatures and shifting approaches to fashion an invigorating, uninhibited polyglot.

Sunshine consists largely of flowing runs intersected with low-register block chords, well pounded. Structurally—in the sense of being a traditional, coherent whole—beginning with a central *idea* and carrying it through a logical progression to a logical resolve—it's hopeless; the way free-form jazz is often described as "hopeless."

But that's not really the point: what Byard creates here is mood and mode—brash, bouncy, clean, breezy, evoking the sunshine of the title—which he sets at song's beginning and sustains vigorously throughout.

That's the story here. Byard shies away from nothing. He doesn't sound as comfortable in the free-form idiom as he does in others, but I do not suggest he sounds forced or pretentious (I doubt he could ever be).

His cascading runs on *Zildjian* are fiery enough, yet they strike me—as does the entire piece—as an exercise, or, more properly, an essay. He probes, as all good musicians do, but he is not as sure of his ground as of the other grounds he has danced upon so surely and so well.

I first heard Izenzon a number of years ago. I thought him then an extremely fine technician of little warmth. I now revise this opinion. His technique has progressed apace, as it should; but now, bridging the gap between these hearings, there is heat in his art. He is a fine musician.

Elvin Jones is Elvin Jones. There can be no greater compliment.

If these men could stay and play together, their personalities might truly mesh. But Byard always sounds as if he is having a hell of a time playing. It's catching. He gets me every time. —Nelsen

Ornette Coleman

NEW YORK IS NOW!—Blue Note 84287:
The Garden of Souls; Toy Dance; We Now Interrupt for a Commercial; Broad Way Blues;
Round Trip.

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone (violin,

track 3); Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This LP is a happy little gem, despite being burdened with one of the most totally unsympathetic rhythm sections that Coleman ever has worked with.

Garrison chooses to play time most of the way, perhaps a forgivable mistake, since other Coleman bassists have done the same. Ordinarily his lively swing compensates for the commonplace quality of his lines, but his attempts at providing a personal rhythmic variety are usually doomed. Occasional uses of counterrhythmic figures sound unfortunately stiff, and there are too many peculiar places where, for no apparent reason, Garrison plays, say, on one beat in each 4, which sounds like the bottom dropping out of the accompaniment.

Jones' problems are more complex. He and Coleman *feel* rhythm so differently that the latter's freedom seems to psychologically inhibit the drummer. I suspect that Jones, sensitive to the light, dancing quality of Coleman's rhythmic feelings and aware that the deep, resonant sound of his drums and cymbals are all wrong for this kind of music, chooses to play in a stylistically simplified fashion rather than risk interfering with the flow of Coleman's joyously varied statements. True, there are spots here and there where he works up a good, luxurious groove—but Coleman is his own drummer so much that the vital unity of soloist and rhythm is missing.

So the very free Coleman (Redman, too, for that matter) mixes with the most extremely specialized hard-bop-modal drummer like oil with water. The pall over the rhythm section is most notable in the two tracks that depend on many tempo shifts—particularly *Broad Way*, in which Garrison inevitably chooses to play the dullest lines possible and Jones sounds quite tentative and undecided.

Broad Way and *Garden* demand the kind of interaction that, for instance, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell used to provide Coleman, for they are players who really can get into this kind of music. Considering that Coleman, who seldom records, has been working again with Blackwell in recent years, it would be especially good to hear them together.

Redman is a thoroughly zany eclectic whose work here often reflects a slightly younger Coleman. His *Broad Way* solo is a wild little beauty which incorporates harmonics, rhythm-and-blues lines, and a marvelously stated travesty on *Peace* into a deceptively well-organized performance.

Otherwise, his *Round Trip* solo manages to include an evolving gallery of Coltrane approaches in a small space, and his *Garden* solo might even be a Coleman solo—except for the near-inevitability of its development and the broken bugle sound of

his tenor. His talent, at this stage of his playing, lies in structural and expressive areas. His relative limitations as a melodist are exhibited in his *Toy* solo, his only straight-ahead work on the LP, but this also is the work of a superior talent, a mind rich with musical potential.

He is an ideal foil for Coleman, who carefully plotted this quite nutty program. There are the whimsical time changes of *Broad Way* and *Garden*, the musical pun of *Round Trip*, the calculated disorder of the *Toy* theme statement, the inspired irrelevance of *Commercial*, the free-wheeling quality of his improvising in each piece.

The whole LP is programmed for maximum witty-optimistic effect, over the years an increasingly prominent feature of Coleman's music. But there is more than a hint of harsh black humor in this music, too—notable in his solo restatement of the somewhat stodgy *Garden* theme, the splintered notes, growls and shrieks that emphasize statements in the opening sections of his *Toy* solo (this one-third or one-half a solo is the best single piece of improvising on the LP), the sudden juxtaposition of powerfully urgent blues phrases (sometimes standing alone) in the midst of musical good times.

Garden is a tour de force. Coleman leads Garrison and Jones through a menagerie of tempos and emotions, each new tempo introducing new thematic material. The two rhythm men do not follow Coleman so much as clamber after him—at one delicious spot, after Jones has built a typically complicated groove, Coleman suddenly quarters the tempo, with smashing results. The result of his long solo here is like a patchwork quilt sewn by a slightly fanatic grandmother. The roles of Coleman and Jones-Garrison are reversed for the first half of *Broad Way*, rather uncomfortably, until the altoist suddenly takes charge and turns the work into a tough little solo.

Round Trip, with its tantalizing theme (tiny motives turned upside down), begins as a thematic improvisation, something below Coleman's own high standards, and ends with a long dual improvisation, Coleman perfectly straight and melodic, Redman—a man without subtlety—heavy-handed and charging.

The height of collective lunacy is achieved in the indescribable *Commercial*, in which nothing really happens and Jones has a truly whacking good time. The whole LP is, despite the rhythm section's flaws, a delight to the ear, a fitting companion to the Ayler brothers' *Spirits Rejoice* in tone and to Coleman's earlier *Empty Foxhole* and *Golden Circle* LPs in quality.

It is a typical product of Coleman's Blue Note period, a time characterized by personal rhythmic restlessness, the refinement of his thematic improvisation manner

into near-elegance, and, coincidentally, a less spontaneous and less dramatic use of space. As time has passed, his formerly freely woven structures have been abandoned, in a barely perceptible fashion, for a concentration on motive evolution (Terry Martin's description in a *Jazz Monthly* series), alternating sometimes with the most opposite kind of music, an attraction to isolated phrases in series (*Chappaqua Suite*, etc.), which inspire a minimum of development.

Listeners such as myself, who know Coleman's music only through LPs, sense a reaching out toward new areas of music to conquer. Lucky, then, that the budding Redman, blessed with beautiful musical instincts, is his partner. On the record label and in small letters inside the flap are the words "volume one," and Coleman's further New York adventures are eagerly awaited.

—Litweiler

Tim Hardin

TIM HARDIN 3—LIVE IN CONCERT—Verve/Forecast S-3049: *The Lady Came from Baltimore; Reason to Believe; You Upset the Grace of Living When You Lie; Misty Roses; Black Sheep Boy; Lenny's Tune; Don't Make Promises; Danville Dame; If I Were a Carpenter; Red Balloon; Tribute to Hank Williams; Smugglin' Man.*

Personnel: Hardin, guitar, piano, vocals; Mike Mainieri, vibraphone; Warren Bernhardt, piano, clarinet; Daniel Hankin, lead guitar; Eddie Gomez, bass; Donald MacDonald, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Had you asked my opinion on the basis of his first two albums, I'd have said Hardin was a carbon of John Sebastian vocally—about the 10th copy, when the carbon wears real thin—without much technique and without the gift of penetrating beneath the surface of his attractive compositions.

He still sounds a great deal like Sebastian, and his technical equipment isn't noticeably improved. But whether owing to the onslaught of severe physical and emotional hardship or merely to artistic growth (both, I suspect), his singing is now very deep and very personal.

He's already recorded virtually every song on this album, but what a difference! He knows the tunes now and plays with them; he's found his way inside. And above all, he's let the pain inside come out. He's using it, as a true artist must, rather than covering it with melody.

And he's now a jazz singer, in the sense that he improvises with melody lines and time values. (Take not umbrage, rock purists, for there is a liner note citation quoting Hardin as saying, "I've always thought of myself as a jazz singer.") Consequently, if you need a category for his music, it's folk (because of the chords and Hardin's guitar lines), it's rock (because of the beat and of lyrics more intensely imagistic than most folk lyrics), and it's jazz (because of the instrumentation and Hardin's vocal improvisations). Folk-rock-jazz. OK?

As I said, Hardin's vocal equipment is limited. He can't or won't go loud, he doesn't slur or bend notes easily, and he rarely uses his lovely vibrato. But the emotional immediacy more than compensates.

The pain in *Reason*, *Lenny's* and *Williams* is excruciating; he'll stretch a phrase far beyond its written time value and then catch up in a wholly unforced, unhurried way. Listen, for example, to the second line of the first verse and the third line of

the second verse of *Reason* and especially to the refrains of *Promises*, on which it seems he's delayed a final phrase so long he'll never make it—but does, easily.

And listen to the astonishing moans with which Hardin climaxes sections of *Lenny's* (written for Lenny Bruce) before he diminishes.

Hardin's personal affinities with Hank Williams and Bruce are easily understood—some of his songs, like *Promises* and *Grace of Living*, indicate an artistic affinity with Bruce, too—and *Williams*, as annotator Mike Zwerin indicates, is about the dedicatee as much as the dedicatee. Listen to Hardin crooning, talking, muttering as if to himself in *Balloon*, trailing off phrases as if the mood were overcoming him and he has to get on, get on.

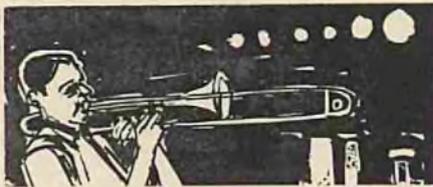
Apart from the songs mentioned, the best performance is on *Roses*. It has a haunting melody and poignant words, and Hardin never sings the melody exactly the same way here. He ends the second verse with a bizarre unresolved note; I'm not sure if it works musically, but as Thelonious Monk says, wrong is right, and it sure pulled me out of my chair.

The backup band is superb. Hankin doesn't do much, except for some nice Baroque figures in *Lenny's*, but the others, especially MacDonald, are brilliant. (They are, of course, Jeremy and the Satyrs without Jeremy Steig and Adrian Guillery.) MacDonald is one of the most tasteful and versatile rock drummers, and he's perfect on every cut.

Mainieri is occasionally noteworthy, too, particularly in the lines he weaves around the vocals on *Roses*, *Grace* and *Smugglin'*; he and Bernhardt share an effective chorus on the latter. All the musicians save MacDonald, however, suffer from severe underrecording. Good old Verve.

Technically, Hardin isn't in the same ballpark with them, but the only other singers who bring me down so far—intentionally, that is—are people like Son House, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Mississippi John Hurt, a couple others. And Lady Day, Billie Holiday and Tim Hardin? Sue me. That's how I feel today, anyway.

—Heineman



Jackie & Roy

GRASS—Capitol ST 2936: *Open; Stay With Me Forever; Stay With Me Now; Holiday; Most Peculiar Man; Fixin'—A Hole; Winds of Heaven; Someone Singing; What Do I Feel; Deus Brastileiro; Without Rhyme or Reason; Lady Madonna.*

Personnel: Jackie Cain, vocal; Roy Kral, electric piano, vocal; Andy Muson, electric bass; Jim Molinari, drums. Tracks 3, 5, 6, 8, 11: add Ray DuSio, trombone; Arnie Shroock, George Young, saxophones; Stuart Scharf, guitar.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Essentially, this is material that Jackie & Roy have been presenting in their nightclub appearances during the past year. In a *Caught in the Act* (DB, July 25, 1968) I made note of all the selections in this album save *Holiday*, *Someone's* and *Ma-*

donna. Here, in the first and last plus *Fixin'*, *Heaven* and *Feel*, the quartet is expanded by the use of horns and guitar.

Where I can make direct comparisons with the versions I heard live, I certainly cast my vote against expansion. The other instruments add weight and volume but the quartet has an intensity of its own that does not need help from "its friends." Kral's electric piano is well able to supply the group with its personal version of today's sound without destroying the tight, internal quality of the never fulsome foursome. Chalk this up as a minor gripe, however, and don't let it deter you from coping this album, especially if you're in the over-30 category that hasn't been able to get with today's pop music.

J&R have always had the faculty for finding and doing the good songs—standards and offbeat. They have carried this over into the "mod" period. In person they still do some of their older repertoire, but in *Grass* there is only the current. The scating on the fast bossa nova *Deus* is the lone track where they do not employ lyrics. When they sing a song, you can really understand the words!

Whether they are doing Beatles (*Fixin'*, *Madonna*), Donovan (*Singing*), Paul Simon (*Peculiar*), Fran Landesman with any of several collaborators (*Open*, *Heaven*, *Feel*) or Kral (*Stay With Me*), they really get into the song. Jackie washes away 99% of the female vocalists when it comes to articulation, singing in tune, and that all-important factor, emotion. Her reading of *Peculiar* is a finely-turned vignette.

Kral, aside from his vocal abilities—singly or as a blender—is an extremely sensitive accompanist. His use of the electric piano is masterful. I like his out-of-the-bouzouke-joint solo on *Open* and the intense, minor-key outing on *Fixin'*, but the gasser is on *Stay With Me*, possibly the best track in an abundant set.

—Gitler

The Night Pastor

MUSIC TO LURE PIGEONS BY—Claremont CLPS 672: *Fidgety Feet; I Can't Get Started; Tenderly; Just A Closer Walk; Indiana; Night Pastor Blues; Squeeze Me; Bourbon Street Parade; The Pearls; Dark Town Strutters Bull.*

Personnel: Dick Ruedebusch, trumpet; Dave Remington, trombone (piano, track 3); Chuck Hedges, clarinet; Eddie Higgins, piano; Johnny Porrazzo, guitar; Joe Levinson, bass; Bob Cousins or Jack Brand (track 3), drums. Tracks 9-10 are piano solos by Rev. Robert Owen.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

This album runs the gamut from the amateurish to the superb. Though none of the musicians are major stars, the level of musicianship and taste is high.

This is a swinging brand of mainstream-cum-Dixieland that can be easily enjoyed by modern ears. It is free of the cornball gimmicks often found in pseudo-traditional groups. The rhythm section substitutes guitar and bass for banjo and tuba, and mercifully only one trombone smear was counted in the entire album.

Feet receives a lively treatment in which clarinetist Hedges exhibits a tone and attack very similar to Pete Fountain's, with perhaps a pinch of Benny Goodman.

Ruedebusch, for whom this 1967 session was probably the final recording (he died of a heart attack last summer) has the lion's share of *Started*, taken at an excessively slow pace (two choruses last

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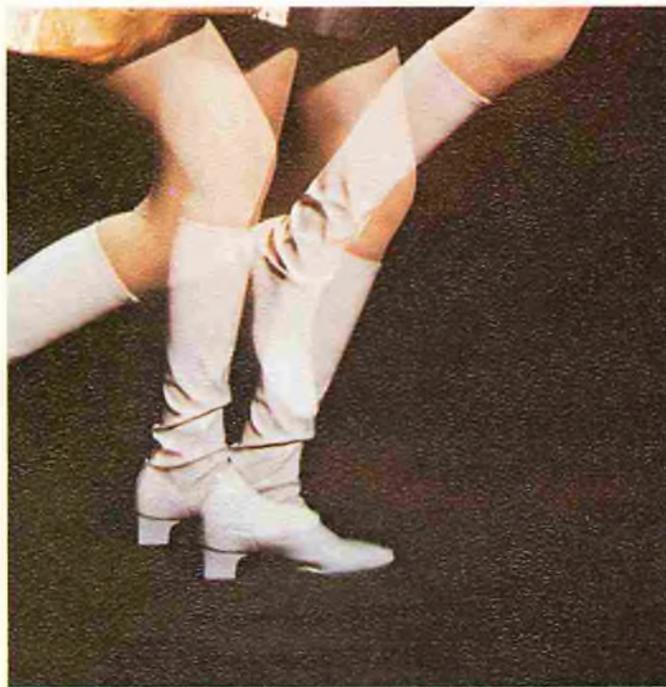
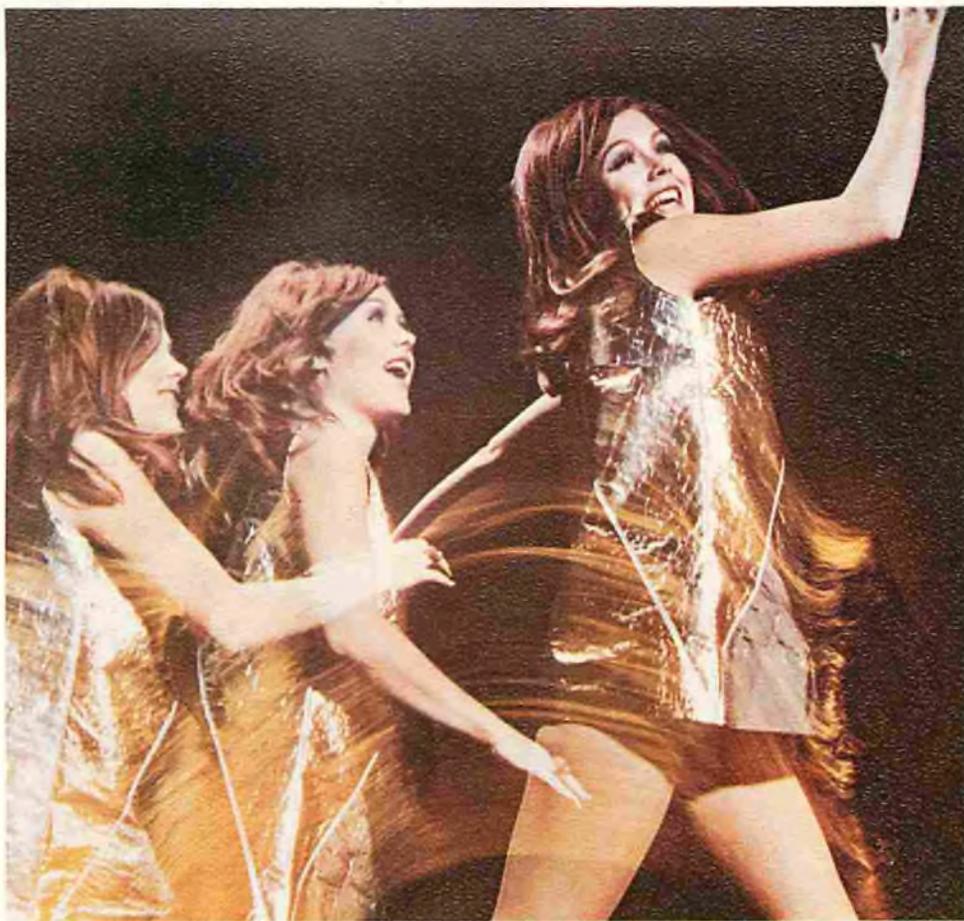


SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66

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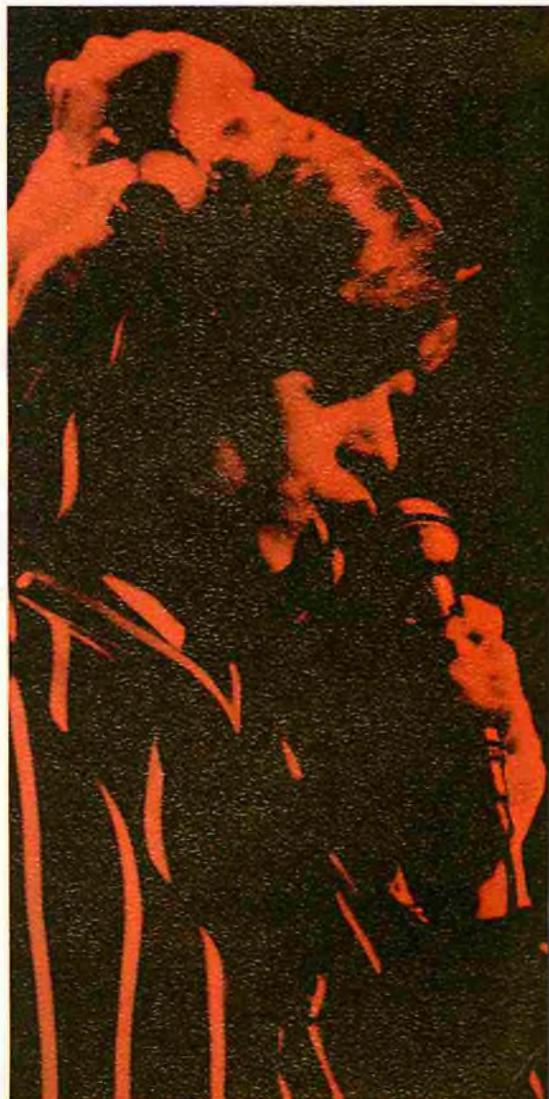
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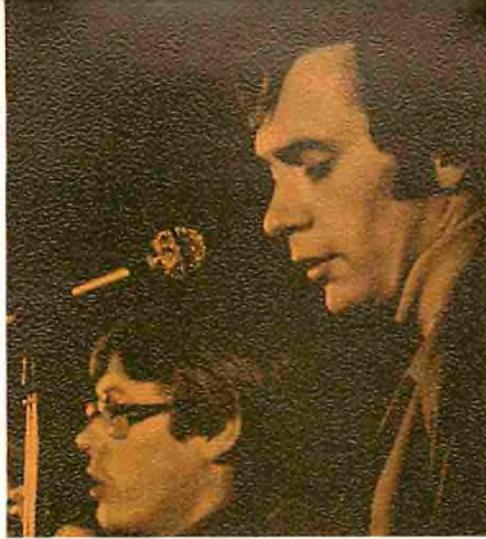
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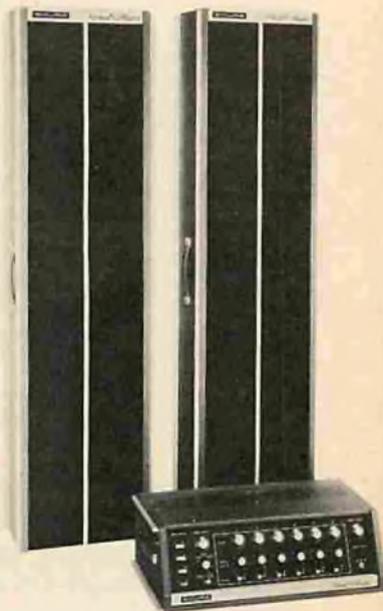
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well over five minutes). It's a sensitive rendition, but he doesn't quite solve the problem of how to fill all that space with meaningful playing. One solution is to increase the tempo, which he does in the last eight bars.

Walk is routinized very effectively. *Pastor*, a medium-fast blues, offers some slashing Ruedebusch trumpet and a sly trombone flight by Remington which suggests Vic Dickenson. *Tenderly* is a piano solo by Remington with rhythm—good contemporary cocktail piano. *Squeeze Me*, the Ellington opus, retains the moody original voicing in this arrangement by Higgins, who is also the soloist. *Bourbon* is distinguished by more excellent Ruedebusch, some delicate interplay between clarinet and trombone, and a press-roll rhythm throughout.

Finally, we come to the two stride piano solos by the Night Pastor himself, Father Robert Owen. Admittedly, these are the work of an enthusiast, not a professional. Father Owen's affection for jazz goes far beyond his ability to create it, but in this mission of sponsoring a program of first class swing-Dixieland, he can be proud of his success.

The record is available from the Episcopal Night Pastor Program, 39 E. Oak St., Chicago, IL 60610 for a contribution of \$5 (or more). The proceeds go to the furtherance of the Night Pastor's mission to the city's night people. —McDonough

Duke Pearson

INTRODUCING DUKE PEARSON'S BIG BAND—Blue Note BST 84276; *Ground Hog*; *New Girl*; *Bedouin*; *Straight Up and Down*; *Ready When You Are*; *C.B.*; *New Time Shuffle*; *Mississippi Dip*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Time after Time*.

Personnel: Randy Brecker, Burt Collins, Joe Shepley, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Julian Priester, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Benny Powell, bass trombone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, flute, piccolo; Al Gibbons, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet; Frank Foster, Lew Tabackin, tenor saxophones; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Pearson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is among the finest big-band records to be cut since the first Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Solid State LP. Pearson is one of the best of the mainstream modern composer-arrangers.

His arrangements are even more impressive than the many he's done for small- and medium-size groups. His writing is forceful and sensitive, full of rich colors and textures. The band he leads on this LP is a disciplined, enthusiastic crew that does his work justice.

Ground Hog is the least interesting selection. It's a trite, funky composition, although Pearson's arrangement of it is very danceable. Pearson's piano work on it is also trite.

New Girl is an irresistibly happy, medium-up-tempo piece. It actually does convey the impression of a guy walking down the street thinking of some great chick he's just met who digs him as much as he does her. Collins turns in some melodic, swinging, building solo work on it.

On the Near Eastern-flavored *Bedouin*, Dodgion contributes competent flute work, and Brecker has a powerful but rather poorly constructed spot.

The LP's flag-waver, *Straight Up and Down*, is a catchy Chick Corea composi-

tion. This performance of it begins at a rapid clip, but the last part is taken at a medium tempo and has a more deliberate quality than the rousing opening. Stamm has a fine, tearing spot here, and Adams takes a typically bull-strong solo.

Ready When You Are is a relaxed, Count Basie-like performance, on which Pearson turns in some cute, Basieish piano work. Not profound, but very easy to take.

New Time Shuffle, a Joe Sample composition, has solos by Powell, Brown and Priester and a slicing alto spot by Gibbons. Powell's work has a humorous, easygoing feeling. Brown's solo is charging and aggressive, and Priester's bit swings firmly and is carefully constructed. *Mississippi Dip*, a humorous, down-home piece, features some good, strong work by Brecker.

Foster has a chance to show his stuff on *Honey*. His searing work shows the influence of John Coltrane. He employs the sheets-of-sound approach and uses the upper register effectively.

Pearson's arrangement of *Time after Time* is generally warm and full-bodied although it ends bombastically. Shepley is a standout here. He stays near the melody, but his playing is beautiful.

A special pat on the back should go to Roker, whose crisp, authoritative work adds a great deal to the success of the album.

—Pekar

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

New York Jazz, 1928-1933 (Historical No. 19)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Collectors' Items, 1925-1929 (Historical No. 20)

Rating: ★★★★★

Jimmy O'Bryant, *Back Alley Rub* (Biograph BLP-12002)

Rating: ★★★★★

Territory Bands, 1929-1933 (Historical No. 24)

Rating: ★★★★★

(Texas Bands), IAJRC-3

Rating: ★★★★★

This column is devoted to reissues on small collectors' labels. Due to the bulk of current reissue output, combined with space limitations, we have accumulated a considerable backlog of such material, for which we beg the indulgence of serious collectors. However, reissues are fortunately less perishable than other album product.

Historical Records has built up a considerable catalog in the past few years. Both packaging, transfers, and discographical information are improved, but the company's habit of issuing "variety" packages persists.

The first two albums listed above are of this type, though the *New York* collection ostensibly is unified by geography. It contains big band samples of the well-known (Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson and Luis Russell), the more obscure (Mills Blue Rhythm; Cliff Jackson), rare pieces by studio combinations led by Hoagy Carmichael and Adrian Rollini, and three tracks by a mysterious recording unit, The Moonlight Revelers.

All of the stuff is rare, and most of it musically interesting. (The only ringer is

Henderson's *Sugar Foot Stomp* [Crown version], available on other labels. Ironically, it's about the best track on the album, with splendid solo work by trombonists Claude Jones and Benny Morton; Rex Stewart and Coleman Hawkins.)

The two Russell tracks are the rarest by that band, pseudonymously issued on Cameo as by "Lou and his Ginger Snaps." Though not top-drawer Russell, *Broadway Rhythm* and *The Way He Loves Is Just Too Bad* show the band's ensemble strength and powerful rhythm section, and the solo brilliance of Red Allen and J.C. Higginbotham.

Futuristic Jungleism by Mills' Blue Rhythm Band is typical of that group's early output, with Ed Anderson's Louis-tinged trumpet and a rolling rhythm anchored in Hayes Alvis' solid bass. The uncredited (and good) scat vocal is by George Morton.

Cliff Jackson's *Torrid Rhythm*, though poorly recorded, is a good example of Harlem big band jazz of slightly earlier vintage, with looser ensembles and a bouncy tuba-banjo rhythm. Ellington is represented by two minor efforts, originally on *Hit of the Week*, a series of one-sided paper records designed to be sold on newsstands and in five-and-dime stores. Irving Mills' period vocals are eminently expendable, but Tricky Sam Nanton is in fine fettle on *St. James Infirmary*, while either Cootie Williams or Freddie Jenkins (I think the latter, most discographers think the former) uncannily impersonates Bubber Miley on *Sing You Sinners*.

The rather commercial 1933 Rollini *Sweet Madness* and *Savage Serenade* have occasional solos by Benny Goodman and Bunny Berigan, and touches by the leader on bass saxophone, of which he was the undisputed master.

Carmichael's Collegians (no relation to New York whatever) contain no "name" players except the leader, who contributes some quaint piano and scat sings on *Walk-in' The Dog*. This very '20s music is innocently tricky.

The Moonlight Revelers, optimistic collectors have claimed, include King Oliver and Omer Simeon. That is most unlikely, but the unknown clarinetist-altoist is certainly good; the rough trombone sounds like Roy Palmer, and the banjoist is first-rate. Mid-western black cats, I'd say.

Collectors' Items is an even more mixed-up bag. One ingredient is the whimsically titled 1924 *Have Your Chill, I'll Be Here When Your Fever Rises*, sung by the vaudeville duo of Coot Grant and Sox Wilson, backed by a superb Fletcher Henderson unit including Louis Armstrong, Buster Bailey and Charlie Green.

Of interest to New Orleans ritualists are two tracks by cornetist Oscar Celestin's Original Tuxedo Jazz Band from 1926, *Station Calls* (shades of Jelly Roll) and *My Josephine*. The vocal on *Josephine*, backed by Rudy Weidtoft-like saxophonics, is peculiar.

A vocal by Jeanette James is backed by a small Kansas City group including a very young Mary Lou Williams at the piano. She and the obscure trumpeter Henry McCord contribute the main musical points, such as they are, to this and the instrumental *The Bumps* from the same date.

Andy Kirk's bass saxophone is omitted from the personnel listing.

A minor item from Clarence Williams' vast recorded output is *I Found A New Baby*, with a stop-time solo by the excellent cornetist Ed Allen (and a rotten vocal). The best singing on the album is by Bertha (Chippie) Hill on *Street Walker Blues*. Miss Hill had no beauty of voice, but was one of the most direct and compelling of the many blues ladies of the '20s. The backing includes the fine trumpeter Shirley Clay and trombonist Preston Jackson. Pianist Richard M. Jones does the talking.

Jackson is also involved in *Dolly Mine*, a product of Luis Russell's first record date as leader. Bob Shoffner's bright cornet, in an Armstrong *Hot Five* groove, dominates the performance.

The last five items are strictly for antiquarians. A New York date issued under the name of Jasper Davis features forgettable vocals by the sometimes excellent Lizzie Miles, Louis Metcalfe's clever cornet, and Red Nichols-styled arrangements. Best is "Bass" Moore's tuba work. Titles, for the record, are *Georgia Gigolo* and *It Feels So Good*.

I'd always wanted to hear the extremely rare records by Sonny Clay's Plantation Orchestra, a Los Angeles group that included the semi-legendary New Orleans cornetist Ernest (Nenny) Coysault. Now that I have, I'm wondering why. *Jambled Blues* and *Bogaloosa Blues* from mid-1925 are rather slick imitations of Chicago-New Orleans style marred by corny clarinet work. *Devil's Serenade*, from late 1927 and electrically recorded by an expanded band, is somewhat better but still just a period piece. There are only glimpses of the cornetist. Britt Woodman's father, W.B. Woodman Sr., plays good tailgate trombone on the first pair of tracks, and the leader's Jelly Roll piano is not bad.

The O'Bryant album, part of the first release by Biograph Records, a new branch of Historical devoted to material leased from the Paramount catalog, is a horrible mistake.

Perhaps we need to know that bad music was made by jazzmen of the '20s, but 12 tracks of mediocre "hokum" music seem a needlessly sadistic way to belabor that obvious point. O'Bryant, a much-recorded Chicago-based clarinetist, died young, probably in the mid-1930s.

The liner notes state that he was a major musician, but his music nullifies the claim. That he was once mistaken for Johnny Dodds (on other records than these) proves only that some people have tin ears.

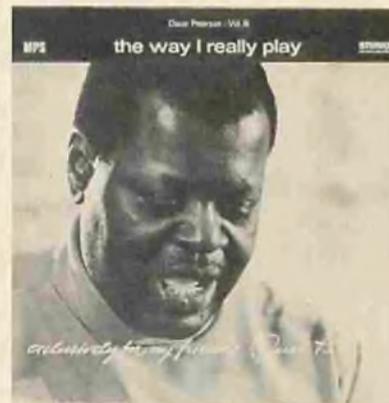
Not even Jimmy Blythe's excellent piano can redeem this set, especially since he only has one short solo spot. Jasper Taylor plays nice washboard, but washboard can't save the day. The sole ray of musical light is shed by Bob Shoffner, who appears on one track. This is a collection of some of the corniest music ever rescued from well-deserved oblivion. In fairness to O'Bryant, it must be noted that he could play better than he did here (the records were deliberately corny—the laughing clarinet was the forerunner of the honking tenor). The musical nadir reached by this album is matched only by a recent Historical Jazz LP devoted to the *Three Jolly Miners*, a New York-based laughing clarinet trio be-

jazz

BY

MPS-SABA

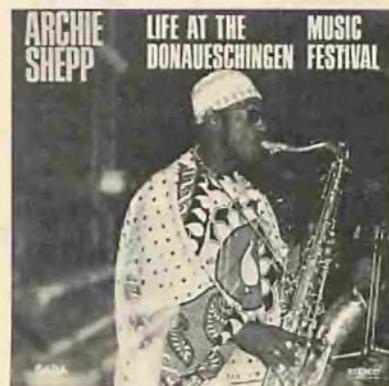
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yond rescue by Elmer Snowden's excellent banjo. Such ventures are not germane to music, but should be issued, if at all, under the heading *Terrible Twenties Trivia*. Caveat emptor!

If *Back Alley Rub* is Historical's nadir, *Territory Bands* is its zenith. Here, a major contribution has been made to musical historiography in bringing to light, for the first time since the early Depression years, the bulk of the output of one of the greatest of early big bands, the Alphonse Trent Orchestra.

Stanley Dance, Gunther Schuller and Frank Driggs have pointed to the importance of this fascinating band. Among its stars were violinist Stuff Smith, trombonist Snub Mosley, trumpeter Peanuts Holland, and tenorist Hayes Pillars, but the main feature was the brilliant ensemble work and the exciting, original arrangements. Five of the band's total of eight issued recordings are on this album (a sixth, maddeningly, is on Historical Jazz Vol. 3; the other two remain buried in someone's collection).

These five, though, are among the best. *Clementine* (March 1933) augurs of Lunceford, particularly in the saxophone passages and the streamlined ensemble swing. *After You've Gone* (1930) features brilliant brass voicings and an astonishing unmodulated key change in the final ensemble chorus, as well as a Stuff Smith vocal. *I've Found A New Baby*, from the same year, swings to the hilt and Mosley's trombone acrobatics are still stunning. The 1928 *Black and Blue Rhapsody* is in a different style, but no less venturesome, an outstanding work by the unknown arranger (possibly pianist Trent himself.) No true picture of the development of big band jazz can be reconstructed without knowledge of this band's contribution; besides, the music, unlike a lot of that discussed above, is still very much alive.

Six other tracks on this major LP are devoted to the entire known output of another unsung mid-western big band, Zach Whyte's Chocolate Beau Brummels. While not in Trent's class, the band, which at various times included Sy Oliver, Vic Dickenson and Herman Chittison, was an interesting one, with unusual arrangements and a bag of surprising tricks. Though less well-drilled or musically expert, it sometimes reminds of McKinney's Cotton Pickers in its pleasant mixture of showmanship and potent jazz. Jack Johnson's brass bass is outstanding, and there is good trumpet work by Orlando Randolph, or his equally unsung section mate, Otis Williams. None of the players (except Al Sears, who may be the baritone saxophone on one track) has made the history books, but they played as well as many who have. (The listed personnel, by the way, applies to the first of the four sessions represented only.)

For a filler, we get two tracks by the Washboard Rhythm Boys, a 1933 studio outfit featuring Red Allen's brilliant trumpet and happy singing, and a sample of Happy Cauldwell's rare tenor. Nice as these are, the rest of the Trent sides would have served the cause better. Still, this is an indispensable set for the serious student of big band jazz. Historical Records are available from Box 4204, Bergen Station, Jersey City, N.J. 07304.

The final album is the third in a series

of private reissues produced by and for the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors. (They are, however, available to non-members. Inquiries should be directed to Ken Crawford, 215 W. Steuben Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15205.)

Simply entitled *IAJRC-3*, the set includes work by two Texas swing bands of the '30s, Don Albert's Orchestra and Boots and his Buddies, both based in San Antonio.

The Albert band, represented by its entire recorded output of eight selections, included several well-known New Orleansians, and their work in this swing-oriented context may come as a surprise to tradition-minded fans.

They are clarinetist-baritone saxophonist Herb Hall, clarinetist-tenorist Louis Cottrell, and trumpeter Alvin Alcorn. (Leader Albert, also a trumpeter, does not play in the band). The other soloists are trumpeter Billy Douglas, whose only records these are; trombonist James (Geechy) Robinson, altoist Harold (Dink) Taylor, and pianist-arranger Lloyd Glenn, who made quite a name for himself in the mid-'50s in the r&b field, and is still active in California.

The band wasn't always in tune but always very hip. The writing is crisp and swinging.

The best over-all pieces are *Rockin' and Swingin'* and *Liza*; the most brilliant individual effort is Douglas' *Sunny Side of the Street*, a trumpet-and-vocal salute to Satchmo. Hall's gutty baritone has a special kick, Cottrell's smooth clarinet surfaces at times, and the rhythm section swings. The band's refrain behind Merle Turner's vocal on *Shiek of Araby* should make this a good party record, and Douglas' trumpet work, in a bold Allen-Armstrong mold, makes him a candidate for inclusion among the forgotten giants of jazz.

Clifford (Boots) Douglas was a drummer, and his band, which enjoyed a longer career than Albert's, was very popular locally from 1935 to 1940 and recorded a considerable number of sides for Victor's Bluebird label. Eight among the best of these are included here, showing the band as riff-based, driving, rough-edged, and spirited. Three very good trumpeters, a booting Texas tenor (Baker Millian?), a Hines-oriented pianist, and Douglas' swinging drums stand out. Standards provided the basic repertoire, but they were treated with a refreshing lack of respect, resulting in the odd practice of cryptic titles (*Georgia is Sweet Georgia Brown*; *The Goo is The Goona Goo*; *The Sad* is an original—the apparent inspiration for Tadd Dameron's *A La Bridges*, scored for Harlan Leonard some five years later). At its best, the band was quite the equal of the more famous, and no devotee of swinging, "hot" big band jazz will fail to enjoy it, let the clams fall where they may.

Albums like this and the *Territory Bands* set illuminate some of the unjustly forgotten byways of jazz, reminding us that, in its golden age, the music was a totality. Behind the front runners, there was talent in depth, and many a player or group who never made the big town or the big time had a good story to tell. Making them heard is a worthwhile effort.

—Morgenstern

CHARLIE ROUSE/

BLINDFOLD TEST

A recent check through the back files brought the sudden realization that Charlie Rouse had never been blindfold tested. Thelonious Monk being in town at the moment, the error was promptly rectified.

The omission of Rouse was in a sense comparable with his omission from discussions of present-day tenor players. For too long he has been accepted, praised, but pretty much taken for granted, despite a sound and style more personal and durable than that of most of his contemporaries.

Born in 1924 in Washington, D.C., Rouse earned his credentials in the bop era with Dizzy Gillespie, Tadd Dameron and Billy Eckstine. He worked for a while with Duke Ellington (1949-50), and during the 1950s freelanced around New York, teaming with Julius Watkins from 1956-58 in a too-little-remembered group called *Les Jazz Modes*.

After a couple of months with an earlier Buddy Rich band, Rouse joined Monk in 1959 and has since been heard with him all over the U.S., Europe and Asia.

Rouse was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather

1. JOHN HANDY. *Three in One* (from *Projections*, Columbia). Handy, alto saxophone, composer; Michael White, violin; Mike Nock, piano.

I liked the sound of that alto and violin. It's a different sound, and a flexible sound. I think I know who's playing—Mike and John. The composition is nice, too. But it seemed like the balance of the piano—it was swinging, but it seemed that whenever John was playing a solo it became a little unbalanced; but it got back into it when the ensemble started.

I don't know who that piano player is, but he sounds nice; he sounds like he knows how to play that rhythm. The sound of the alto and violin is a good sound, especially the way John is blending with him, and Mike is a very good violin player. There's a little kid in Europe who plays violin, Jean-Luc Ponty. He's very good, I heard a record of his. That's a very difficult instrument to incorporate into jazz.

I'd rate that three.

2. WOODY HERMAN. *The Horn of the Fish* (from *Concerto for Herd*, Verve). Neil Friel, trumpet; Carl Fontana, trombone; Herman, soprano saxophone; Bill Holmon, composer, arranger.

Was that a soprano? It sounded like a soprano, then sounded like a clarinet when he gets up in the high register. I have mixed emotions about that; it's like they really don't get off the ground. It's played well but it hasn't got that feeling, that spark. Like in some things it has its moments, but this is more like a thing that's played straight, well rehearsed. I imagine that falls on the rhythm section.

The trumpet player doesn't sound too bad, nor the trombone. I like his sound.

Overall, as far as the feeling of it was concerned—no. It was played well, it wasn't sloppy, but they just didn't get the feeling, so I'd give that two stars.

3. THELONIOUS MONK. *Ruby My Dear* (from *Monk & Coltrane*, Riverside). John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano.

In the first place, a very beautiful tune—and always John played beautiful ballads. This is one of my favorites, and I have to

give it five. I really don't remember this particular period, but I was thinking it might be during the time they were in the Five Spot, just before I took Johnny Griffin's place—that was the old Five Spot.

I always hold John in very high esteem. At this particular point he was playing differently to later years, when he was searching for another thing. The way he was playing in those later years of his life, he made sense with all the things he was playing. He was a stylist.

I like Griff, too, but he's a different kind of player. Then there's another fellow, too, hardly anyone talks about. Have you heard the record of *Don Byas with Strings*? That's the most beautiful record I ever heard. The saxophone player plays nothing but ballads. When we were in Europe two years ago, he gave Thelonious a copy of the record. They recorded it in Holland and they sent him the tape and he dubbed it. He played *I Remember Clifford*, *Round Midnight*. But Don Byas sounded refreshing. We haven't heard too much of Byas since he's been over in Europe, which is really a shame, because he's a beautiful musician. (Byas left the U.S. in 1946.)

4. STAN GETZ. *Alfie* (from *What The World Needs Now*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Richard Evans, arranger.

That's a pretty tune and the orchestration was pretty. It sounded like Stan. It has a nice feeling. I'll give it three stars.

In this, Stan is a little more on the commercial side, but I could hear a deeper sound in playing the ballads the way he's playing. There was a thing he did with a big band, with Eddie Sauter, I think, that sounded warmer. In this he's just a good saxophone player, and when he hits he hits correctly—he's not playing wrong, but he's lost that "thing."

He did a concert with us, with Roy Haynes in the group. I didn't like that group—it was off balance. Nowadays he's leaning more on the commercial, so just three stars.

5. ART BLAKEY. *Carol's Interlude* (from *The Original Jazz Messengers*, Odyssey). Donald Byrd, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone, composer; Horace Silver, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Blakey, drums. Recorded 1956.

That was Art. I liked the tune, but the recording seemed like it wasn't balanced. It seemed like Art was overpowering the soloist. He was good; it sounded like Hank Mobley. The trumpet player was Billy Hardman, and the piano player sounded a little like Cedar. I don't know who the bass fiddle player was.

Overall it's a nice record. It has a nice feeling. It doesn't really sound old-fashioned to me, but if you talk in the modern terms of the other vein of freedom, it would sound rather old-fashioned. Anything that's really good doesn't grow old as fast as that. I'll give that three.

6. GERALD WILSON. *California Soul* (from *California Soul*, Pacific Jazz). Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibas.

That was Gerald. Gerald has an individual style which is very good. You can tell his hand—he's a stylist, he writes like that.

The band sounds good, and the soloists. Harold is playing tenor, and he's got a style so that you can always distinguish him from the other players. I'll give that four stars.

7. BUDDY RICH. *Big Mama Cass* (from *Mercy*, Pacific Jazz). Don Menza, tenor saxophone; Joe Azarello, piano; Walter Namuth, guitar; Gary Walters, bass; Rich, drums; Don Sebesky, arranger.

That's got a good commercial feeling. It sounded like George Benson playing guitar.

The saxophone player kind of stumped me. He plays nice, he's very articulate and has a nice sound, too.

The drummer sounds good. I don't think it's Billy Higgins. He sounds like when Billy Higgins does things like that, but Billy is not as strong as that. I really can't think who it is, but he's good.

I like the whole rhythm section; that's really what gets the band up. I'd give that four stars.

LAWRENCE SHUSTAK



RON HOWARD



Nina Simone: a sure grasp of audience psychology

Nina Simone

Ford Auditorium
Detroit, Michigan

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano; Weldon Irvine, organ; Al Schackman, guitar; Gene Perla, electric bass; Sonny Brown, drums.

Nina Simone, more than most popular singers, is a dramatic artist. Her nuances of gesture and facial expression are as much a part of her art as voice and words. Those who heard her at Ford Auditorium could not experience her intensity as fully as audiences who have the good fortune to catch her in a small club. Nor was communication served by the arrangement of the stage, which left the singer, when seated at the piano, with her back to part of the audience. One of the components of a Simone performance is that overpowering gaze which picks *you* out of the crowd and says "You damn well better pay attention." You do, and dig it. So much for minor complaints. So sure is Miss Simone's grasp of audience psychology that she could probably communicate while handcuffed, gagged and blindfolded.

The concert was an important occasion for Detroit's Simone fans, who are far too used to hearing her as part of an overstuffed package with five or six groups allotted 20 minutes each to rush through their thing. This audience was *ready*, and they were Nina's from the opening bars of

Times They Are A'Changin', which she introduced as "a 1968 hymn." If the performance opened with a hymn, the whole concert was a sermon. And with *Times*, High Priestess Nina adhered to the first part of the time-honored formula for sermonizing: "First tell 'em what you're gonna tell 'em." Whatever else Nina Simone may tell 'em, there's always this message. Times are changing.

You say you're tired of being told about "messages" in art. OK, I agree it's been overdone. Much art can and should be viewed as abstract, with the emotional and ideological interpretation left largely up to the beholder. Not so with Nina Simone. Her music comes from a particular point of view, makes a comment, and offers an explicit program. To miss these things is not to have heard her.

The priestess ladles out fire and brimstone on *Go to Hell*. It's almost frightening to observe the degree of control she exerts over her audience. Her emotional statements, while no less personal or sincere than those of other musical artists of her stature, are calculated to achieve a precise effect on the listener. You may think you're too hip to succumb to such an approach, but Nina can mess up your mind. No matter what you want to feel or think, she has her way. She could be a demagogue, but not one to fear. For, as

guitarist Schackman observed, "She's never destructive—except when she needs to tear something down before she can build something better."

A few bars of ruminative *After Hours*-style piano segue into a gospelish feel. Appreciative "yeahs" show that the audience is with the artist even during this slight musical interlude. Now Nina can stop preaching for a while and give the people a little of herself. *I Love My Baby*, with Nina's breaks and Brown on tambourine, is still churchy, musically, but the lyric is a secular story. *Do What You Gotta* is less sanctified and even more Nina—above all she is a woman.

Enough. The brief glimpse of the tender side of Nina has heightened the empathy, if that be possible. Now back to this mean world with Muddy Waters' *Rollin' and Tumblin'*. Nina's spoken introduction tells it like it is about Muddy and the Cream; about black blues singers and white rock groups. Her comments may seem harsh to some. After all, she didn't acknowledge Bob Dylan's authorship of her opening number. But her speech isn't about Bob Dylan or Cream or Muddy Waters, of whom so many Cream fans have never heard. It's about the repeated and scarcely acknowledged borrowing of black artists' creations by white musicians; about the economic and social implications of this

reality. Compared to the Claptons and the Bloomfields, B. B. King is still scuffling.

The tune offers a taste of jazz with a good brush solo by Brown and an Afro-style rhythmic exchange with Irvine and Schackman on tambourines and Perla on maracas. Nina, up now, dancing sinuously, contributes to the music with a device known as a vibra-slap. There are those who put down Miss Simone's dancing as "entertainment", whatever that may be. Some of these people do praise Monk's onstage antics. If it's hip for the High Priest to dance, why not for the High Priestess?

Back to the sermon now, with the piano-organ sound and the congregation clapping rhythmically. Nina wonders how it feels *To Be Free*, then closes the first set with Beatles' *Revolution*. Announcement of the title brings scattered applause. What kind of revolution are they applauding? The lyric makes it clear what kind Nina's thinking about:

"When you talk about destruction, count me out."

Nina finishes and stalks offstage. Suddenly the lights go out, the band sets up a throbbing roar, cymbals crash, and it's over. *Revolution* indeed. A gimmick, yes, but a good set closer.

The second set opens with *Four Women*, Nina's biggest hit in Detroit. If any rapport was lost during intermission, it's immediately regained. Unlike many singers doing their bits, Nina gets better with repetition. In this case she has dropped the affected "pain . . . *agane*" pronunciation of the record and let her half-rhyme stand. (Poets must learn to read their own work.) And she is more fully into the characters. Her saucy portrayal of *Sweet Thing* draws a chuckle from the crowd. (Elizabeth van der Mei, in *Coda*, wrote "Nina is Peaches, the mighty mistress of the biting rap line." Okay, but don't put her in a sack, Liz. Nina is Aunt Sarah, Safronia, *Sweet Thing*, Peaches and a lot of other people when she chooses to be. She is not only of history, she contains it.)

Next, Peaches' adversary, *Mister Backlash*. Nina has extended Langston Hughes' original lyric. Two further glimpses of Nina Simone, poetess (both unrecorded to my knowledge) follow: the almost mystical *Suzanna* and *The Desperate Ones*.

Lyrics seem to be back in style, and a number of popular musicians are penning good ones. With all due respect to the Campbells, Gentrys and McCartneys, isn't Nina Simone due some recognition in this field? (Also her husband, Andy Stroud, who is her collaborator.)

Ain't got no money.

Ain't got no clothes.

Ain't got no

A long recitation. Sounds like the blues (in mood). But wait. What *has* Nina got? Like Walt Whitman "of physiology from top to toe" she sings:

I got my hair.

I got my head.

I got my . . .

And in partial answer to an earlier question:

I got my freedom down in my heart.

I got life.

The sermon is complete. Surely the audience gets the point. The fight for freedom

begins within the self.

For the closer, Nina announces "I'm going to have to leave you sad."

Everyone knows it, but one number of the congregation shouts it: "It be's that way some time."

"But next time I'll leave you glad," she adds.

And so into *The King of Love*. Martin, of course. Sad, yes, but beautiful—and pertinent.

If little has been said of the sidemen, that is to be construed as high praise. Their role is, as organist Irvine puts it, "subliminal." If they should goof, they would be noticed. Nina guards against that chance by always hiring good musicians and by maintaining one of the most rigorous rehearsal schedules in the business. That way she can be sure her sermon gets across.

W. Somerset Maugham wrote of the artist: "His sermon is most efficacious if he has no notion that he is preaching one." In general I agree. But now and then I don't mind a premeditated sermon. Not when the artist knows the sermon as well and believes it as fully as Nina Simone.

—Bill McLarney

Joseph Jarman

Hyde Park Art Center, Chicago

Personnel: Leo Smith, trumpet, French horn; Jarman, alto saxophone, woodwinds; Richard Abrams, piano; Charles Clark, bass; Thurman Barker, drums; Sherry Scott, vocal.

This was certainly one of the better new music concerts in Chicago last year, and in fact, one of the few genuinely satisfying performances that the multi-talented Jarman has produced. Everyone who hears Jarman at his best seems to agree that he is potentially one of our fertile, strong creative figures. Why he isn't, and why this concert was successful, demands some discussion. Certainly, Jarman is not the only free player standing at a crossroads these days.

From the time he struck out on his own, Jarman has attempted to keep a working group together. His first was a blowing quintet whose chief virtue was that it offered Jarman and his mates improvising freely at length. There was no stylistic sympathy between the players, no definite sense of ensemble identity or direction, yet the work of the five individuals was valid and, apparently, valuable to each. And along the way, Jarman and his long-time bassist Clark discovered a satisfying kinship with drummer Barker and the late Christopher Gaddy, pianist.

For a time, this was a very successful quartet. Often working with variations on traditional forms, they invented a music of lyric substance with a somewhat deceptive impressionist surface. Gaddy and Jarman seemed to share certain inclinations toward abstract-romantic harmony; the four together appeared remarkably right rhythmically for each other, and the quartet's early performances seemed to promise musical riches to come.

Simultaneously, Jarman was composing. One of the saddest aspects of today's disgraceful jazz condition is that Jarman's *Winter Playground 1965* and especially *Causes II*, both introduced at a spring,



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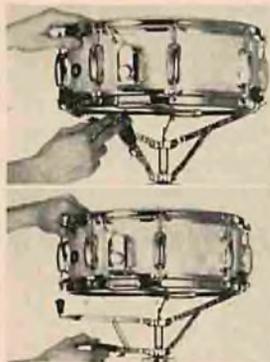
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1967 concert, have not been documented —and the later *To Warsaw*, a sextet line, may be an equally substantial work. Each of these works presents strong melodic lines with a minimum of decoration in sonorically colorful settings. They are extremely sophisticated, skillful works, are in fact among the finest of all extended-form jazz pieces—they are certainly superior to Schuller's "third-stream music", and perhaps even to Ornette Coleman's composing, yet it's likely that there aren't 300 people on earth who are aware of Jarman's composing skills.

But the quartet remained at Jarman's heart. Gradually, by deliberately exaggerating his music's coloristic qualities, Jarman lapsed into a misty impressionism, with the lyric excitement often subdued, or even missing altogether. A kind of low point was reached at a concert which presented extremely long, elementary exercises in crescendo-decrescendo with bells, whistles, toys, noisemakers. Jarman often presented drawn-out "happenings" as well; vague, rambling things fraught with low-grade, unspecified meaning, to which the music was at best a dispensable accompaniment. All this was done in dead seriousness, though there was very little original or unique about it.

Throughout most of this, Jarman appeared cautious, perhaps undecided about his own voice. This concert returned to the road the original Jarman quartet set out on, and took a significant step forward. There were no visual events to disturb the music; the bells, whistles and so forth were used purposefully. The set was a judiciously constructed series of improvisations which began softly, rose to a peak of energy and tempo, then continued with less forceful abstractions, concluding with a quietly-paced vocal. Each improvisation was carefully set, and some interesting statements resulted.

Miss Scott, for instance, sang the concluding *As If It Were The Seasons* gracefully and dramatically. For over a year, now, Miss Scott has been in the uncomfortable position of having to improvise vocals to stock settings by AACM band-leaders, and in truth, this performance was almost the first time that her range and vocal skill became manifest. Singing quietly, deliberately, precisely (*As If* must range over three octaves), she offered an interpreter's art at almost the border of crossing into creative art.

The last half of Smith's very long solo was perhaps the most completely realized section of the concert. Against a marvelous waltz rhythm (Abrams creating a subtly varied accompaniment, Barker accenting busily and accurately), Smith offered a perfectly formed, dynamically fascinating work. After intense, swinging passages, Smith's lyrical sureness seemed to fail him abruptly, his ideas and technique somehow drying up, and the rest of the solo was a series of out-of-character growls—yet the fine rhythm section never relented.

Preceding Smith's solo was Abrams' a cappella musing, Debussy-like ideas woven into a large, perhaps overly-large web, and a Jarman-Smith duet apparently based on a Jarman line, which had Jarman suggesting interesting paths, and even offered

a sense of momentary interplay between the two. Smith's solo was followed by Jarman's energy solo, and then improvisations by Miss Scott, Clark and Barker, each of the latter three incorporating abstract sounds from the other players, including Jarman on bassoon and Smith on French horn.

Barker's solo was not up to the quality of his playing behind Smith. Clark was all over his bass, presenting rhythmic ideas spaced in tension, appropriately well-ordered and varied for the most part. Clark hardly sounds like Mingus, but he has understood Mingus' message and translated much of it—both the good and poor of it—into free jazz. And at times like this, when Clark's virtuoso technique is used for more-or-less formal statements, he is a very good bassist.

In the midst of the concert, Jarman's alto rose, a torrent of pure melody, voiced in a clear, hard sound, with, at the beginning, harmonics and squeals deliberately made part of the line. Eventually the careening intensity of his angular, rushing song became so overwhelming that he turned to hoarse shrieks, Smith and Miss Scott then joining in with blasts, shouts, madly clanging bells—for all the spontaneous power, a well-planned, controlled performance.

Jarman's saxophone solos are the finest products of his wide-ranging musical thinking. The lyric richness of his playing and the solidity of his forms make him a uniquely personal voice among contemporary players. Jarman is blessed with an almost organic sensitivity for the rhythms and lines of great jazz. At this concert, it was beautifully evidenced. At other times, when Jarman's intentions are more programmatic, this very human, instinctive quality is undermined by plain intellectual intention.

These are all skillful musicians, and it is likely that emphasizing the lyrical qualities displayed in this concert will lead this group to discovering its own original voice. (Abrams is just the right pianist for Jarman.) The concert was to have opened with film clips of the Billy Eckstine Band and Billie Holiday, but the projector failed. Given the quality of the Jarman band's music, it is probable that nobody felt cheated.

—John Litweiler

Toshiko Akiyoshi Quintet

The New Breed, Freeport, Long Island

Personnel: John Eckert, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Jack Parkhurst, alto saxophone; Toshiko, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums.

The south shore town of Freeport has been renowned, more or less, as the birthplace of bassist Chubby Jackson, vocalist Jack Leonard and drummer Maurice Purtill. To this it can now be added that a local club owner decided on the spur of the moment (48 hours) to book a name jazz act. What he got was a spur-of-the-moment crowd, most of them beer drinking shuffleboard players who would have been around anyway, and a spur-of-the-moment band which had obviously planned nothing in front. The result was depressingly predictable, and while the music which evolved was memorable in flashes, one came away with the flat taste of a hundred or more

other disorganized Sunday afternoon seances.

Toshiko and her entourage arrived one hour late, complete with the customary story about bad directions and getting lost. In our years of standing on the curb looking down the road for overdue Manhattan-based jazz players, we have never ceased to marvel how otherwise intelligent people can get stranded in the 30 or 35 miles of well-marked parkway and expressway that connect Gotham City with the Long Island suburbs, but it happens with monotonous regularity.

The program got started with a medium tempo *Sonnymoon for Two*, with Eckert's open trumpet evoking the shade of Miles Davis, 1958. Eckert spent several years playing lead with Les and Larry Elgart but his jazz gifts seem unscathed by the experience. Toshiko followed with several choruses displaying a two-handed rolling attack which surprised those of us who remember the rather winsome tyke in kimono and obi who used to come down from Berklee 10 or 12 years ago to charm all the hard-boiled Five Spot audiences with her delicate impersonations of a cocktail pianist playing bop. Toshiko has long since packed the Oriental threads away in moth balls and her early, tentative style along with them. Her present posture is far more chordal than linear and she is a more interesting performer because of it. As we recall, the piano at the Five Spot was an infernal machine known affectionately as the "Abominable Hardman." Its counterpart at the New Breed, a rock club six nights a week, is a direct blood descendant ("blood" referring to the substance left on the keyboard by the artist). At intermission I expressed the opinion to Toshiko that it was at least better than the beast she had suffered over at the Five Spot. She smiled glacially and replied, "You think so?" I guess not.

Things carried on with *The Song Is You*, taken rather up with Eckert the first soloist again, followed by altoist Parkhurst. The latter walked on stand blowing out of tune and seemed to be having trouble with his reed or mouthpiece or whatever. Maybe it was the piano. At any rate, the following tune, *Lover Man*, taken at a much slower pace, seemed more to his liking, and he picked his way through several neat choruses, more cerebral than soulful, with Eckert contributing a pretty obbligato on fluegelhorn and then stepping out front for several well-constructed statements of his own.

The first set closed with a stomping *All The Things You Are*, Eckert and Parkhurst sharing choruses and then giving way to bassist Workman. The cliché "under-rated" must have been coined for him. He was blowing double and triple stops with ease and mad abandon. This went on for 10 or 12 choruses, Workman getting a lot of mileage out of the patented Jimmy Garrison strum. Suddenly he laid down his bass and mopped his brow. The other players stood around for a few seconds grinning in confusion, then Toshiko pulled herself together and tossed off a few ornate out-of-tempo runs while the boys composed themselves.

The second half of the show saw a resumption of the trumpet, piano, bass

solo sequence followed by four or five choruses of fours that marked the earlier set. This is ever the story with a group that hasn't done its homework. Toshiko was carrying a black attache case which one hoped contained a chart or two or perhaps a clutch of lead sheets, but alas, it was never opened, and so, back to the standards. *Straight No Chaser* got underway with a routine treatment from Eckert, now with the front line to himself, Parkhurst having retired for the afternoon due to a) mechanical difficulty, b) temperament or c) a combination of the two. At this point, Toshiko called the only "new" tune of the afternoon, *What Now My Love?*, an undistinguished line which gains little in the jazz idiom. Workman was again outstanding, plucking his way through several interesting stanzas and then switching to bow for a sonorous exploration of the nether reaches of his instrument.

Eckert was back on fluegelhorn for a sensitive reading of *Body and Soul*, and Toshiko contributed some striking locked-hand block chords.

The final number we heard was a rousing *I'll Remember April*. This one cooked all the way, with drummer Cocuzzo coming out of his shell, backing Eckert in what was by far his best trumpet offering of the session, and setting up a driving cross-rhythm between the bass drum and snare which lifted the entire group, including the leader, who responded by attacking the keyboard like a Fury, her head bent sideways and her long hair streaming along the keyboard as she alternated between pedaling and stamping her small foot to accent occasional contrapuntal outbursts.

As we write, we are not privy to the plans of the New Breed regarding jazz, Sunday or otherwise, but with a little prior planning and publicity, more notice to the artists, a better piano and sound system (where have you heard that before?), this session could have been far more rewarding than it was. While the players can be faulted for their late arrival and to a certain extent, their lack of preparation, it's up to the entrepreneur to hip the newspapers, do the mailing and contact the disc jockeys. If no attempt is made to do this properly, two or three weeks in advance, then it's just a study in futility. While I'm not implying that Toshiko wasted her time or ours, it seems like an awful drag to drive 35 miles for the purpose of playing incidental music for a gaggle of unheeding shuffle-board and pinball virtuosi. TILT!

—Al Fisher

Sol Yaged Quintet/Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Ray Nanco, trumpet, violin, vocals; Yaged, clarinet; Dave Martin, piano; Bucky Calabrese, bass; Sam Ulano, drums. Jones, fluegelhorn; Richard Williams, Jimmy Maxwell, Jimmy Nottingham, Danny Moore, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Jimmy Knepper, Jimmy Cleveland, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Seldon Powell, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, saxophones; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums. Guest artists: Alan Dawson, Jimmy Cobb, Joo Cusatis, drums.

Although it was billed as *A Night of Jazz and Drums*, producer Sam Ulano managed to balance this program so that the drumming did not drown out the jazz. And, considering Ulano's natural leanings,



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this was quite an accomplishment. The drum demonstrations by Dawson, Cobb and Cusatis were moderate in length and to the point. Dawson extended his contribution slightly with commentary that added considerably to his demonstration, indicating that he can be just as impressively communicative verbally as he is musically.

But the drumming—and some lengthy drawing for door prizes—were merely decorative frills surrounding the main business of the evening, which was taken care of by Yaged's quintet and the Jones-Lewis orchestra.

The addition of Nance, with his multiplicity of talents, to Yaged's group has helped to lift it from the role of a pale Benny Goodman copy, a pattern which Yaged and his groups have followed all through his career. The remarkable fact is that, unlike most narrowly derivative musicians, Yaged has made the Goodman style so completely his own that he moves through it with ease, confidence and freedom. He is limited by the boundaries that he has set for himself, but within those boundaries, Yaged—and the group—played with such vitality and personal presence that the familiar Goodman phrases flowed through *I Want to be Happy*, *Poor Butterfly* and *After You've Gone* as though Yaged had thought the whole thing up himself.

The impression was helped enormously by Dave Martin's deft piano work, suggestive of Teddy Wilson in spirit but free to go wherever Martin wanted to. Nance, frequently using a mute, managed to integrate himself into the Goodman-oriented pieces in such a way as to expand the expected sound without adding foreign elements. On his own, Nance, singing, fiddling, doing his shoulder-shuffle dancing or blowing a trumpet that inevitably carries the sounds of his 25 years with Ellington, provided the strong but suitable change of pace that Yaged has always needed.

Yaged's group was so free in spirit, so unfettered by its musical anchors, that the Jones-Lewis band, following it on the program, seemed heavy to the point of lugubriousness. This is an odd band. Sometimes it can stir up a storm; at other times, using exactly the same material, it waddles along ponderously. This concert was one of its lesser efforts, brightened primarily by the attractive piano passages by Chick Corea, sitting in for Roland Hanna.

—John S. Wilson

Cal Tjader Quintet

El Matador, San Francisco, Calif.

Personnel: Tjader, vibraphone, percussion; Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; John Rae, drums; Armando Peraza, conga.

With a contemporary spicing of electric piano and fender bass, this group has been touted as Tjader's "new sound", but in format and formula it very much resembles the old, which isn't a bad thing. Operating, in the main, out of the El Matador, a club whose decor and policy go sword in cape with the Latin-inclined, Tjader has long been one of the most fluent musicians on the San Francisco jazz scene.

A much underrated vibist, he floats for the most part in a limbo of neglect or faint-praise damnation. Actually he's as apt

at touching the celestial in his playing as any, with never the slightest trouble getting off the ground.

Strong-arm man Peraza, select Zulaica, new bassist McCabe, and returnee Rae (neatly fitting back in the fold) were as facile and exciting as any of Tjader's past units, adept in a repertoire heavily stocked with bossa nova zephyrs—*Once I Loved*, *Felicidade*, *Dremer*, *Meditation*—and the fierier Cuban siroccos, *Picadillo*, *Guaajira en Azul*—as well as some excursions in the straight-ahead—*Doxy*, *Here's That Rainy Day* and *Green Dolphin Street*.

Fuji, a minor blues, leaned toward the oriental, an East meets South Latin-lotus hybrid prettily put across. *Canto de Ossanha* was wholly Brazil, ominous rather than pensive, while *Amazon* was a bossa nova of a delicate cast. All had good solos from Tjader and Zulaica. Peraza was a flamboyant foil for Tjader on *Soul Burst*, with tirades and salvos of conga against vibes.

Zulaica nimbly embellished *I Thought About You*, and Tjader was eloquent on several out-of-the-poncho numbers, particularly *Green Dolphin Street*, with a gentle idling over the theme and then a deluge of double-time choruses.

McCabe and Rae kept the beat fluid, the bassist not venturing out too far in solos. Rae's adept breaks were spectacular without becoming a bore.

For all the florid Latin flagwavers and the bossa nova sensuousness, the most memorable number was the deft dressing up of an old charmer, *I Can't Get Started*, the piece with which he expressively moved ahead of his fellows in the *Generation of Vibes* set at the 1968 Monterey Festival. As then, it was simple, lyrically effective and appealing: masterly Tjader.

—Sammy Mitchell

Country Joe and the Fish

Psychedelic Supermarket, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Joe McDonald, lead, rhythm guitars, harmonica, vocals; Barry Melton, lead guitar, vocals; David Cohen, organ, guitar; Bruce Barthol, bass, harmonica; Chicken Hirsch, drums.

It's hard to pinpoint exactly why this group is not particularly exciting. Of all the bands purportedly in the acid-rock bag, the Fish came closest to earning the label. Their music is often trippy and spacey, and many of their lyrics deal explicitly with the various manifestations of psychedelia.

They can do other things too. Their current single, *Rock and Soul Music*, is a good example of their hard-rock approach, and they are capable of occasionally appealing lyricism. And all five are fine musicians.

Yet they don't quite make it—for this listener, anyway. There are two chief drawbacks.

First, McDonald is not much of a singer. He carries a tune well and has good rhythmic sense but possesses an extremely limited technical and emotional range and can be terribly mannered. When he attempts to be insinuating, he is whiny; when he attempts to belt it out, he is shrill.

Second, the group is highly improvisational—admirably so—but the soloists are scarcely ever original. They have a fine tightness when they play arranged material,

but they get ragged when they ad lib.

The set at the Supermarket was representative, beginning with a Melton vocal on the Motownish *I Got Love* and moving into *Bass Strings*, a combination of mystic-religious ritual and paean to acid. ("Just one more trip now, and I'll stay high all the time.") There was good interplay between Cohen on organ and Melton on guitar.

Then there was the very funny 10-second LSD commercial, which sounds much like Will Shade's *Overseas Stomp*, and an almost funny *Superbird*, an exercise in wish-fulfillment postulating the capture and surrender of the President of Awl the Peepul. The tune itself, however, is less biting and more simplistic than befits good satire.

Flyin' High, another trip song, featured a Melton solo that remained almost entirely in the guitar's stratosphere register, a good bass solo by Barthol over an insistent back beat, and an effective crescendo, accelerating coda.

The best performance of the night was turned in on *Section 43*, which McDonald dedicated "to the death of Cardinal Spellman." A cacophonous opening led into a quiet section dominated by an ascending series of chords on harmonica and then back to the thunder of the opening, this time with McDonald on harmonica, and a return to the calm second theme, which faded out with the harmonica riding over some churchlike organ chords. There were no brilliant solos, but the interplay within the quintet reached a high point here and should serve as something to shoot for more frequently. —Alan Heineman

MORGENSTERN

(Continued from page 17)

which, while generally better known, is no less important. In the main, the albums are exact replicas of original Riverside product, with new covers and notes and remastered sound. Some however, are compiled from several older albums.

Among the many artists represented are Wes Montgomery, Bill Evans, Thelonious Monk (some of his best recorded work), Sonny Rollins, George Russell, and other major figures of the '50s.

In the blues field per se, there has been considerable activity. Pete Welding has kept readers well informed of much of this; it includes excellent albums from RFB, Origin, Yazoo, Arhoolie, Piedmont and other small, independent labels.

There is also a comparable jazz output, pre-eminently on Historical Jazz. This label concentrates on rare and obscure material unlikely to be reissued by the majors. Quality, both artistic and technical, varies widely, but the serious student of jazz is well served by such an enterprise, and occasionally, there is gold to be found (see *Old Wine-New Bottles*, p. 30).

In Europe (and Japan), there is considerable reissue action. England, and to a lesser degree, France and Germany, have far-ranging programs, some of long standing. Britain's Ace of Hearts and Ace of Clubs series are attractively low-priced and well assembled, with a bit too much echo, perhaps, but good value nonetheless. Much of this is drawn from Decca and

will probably become available in different form under its U.S. banner.

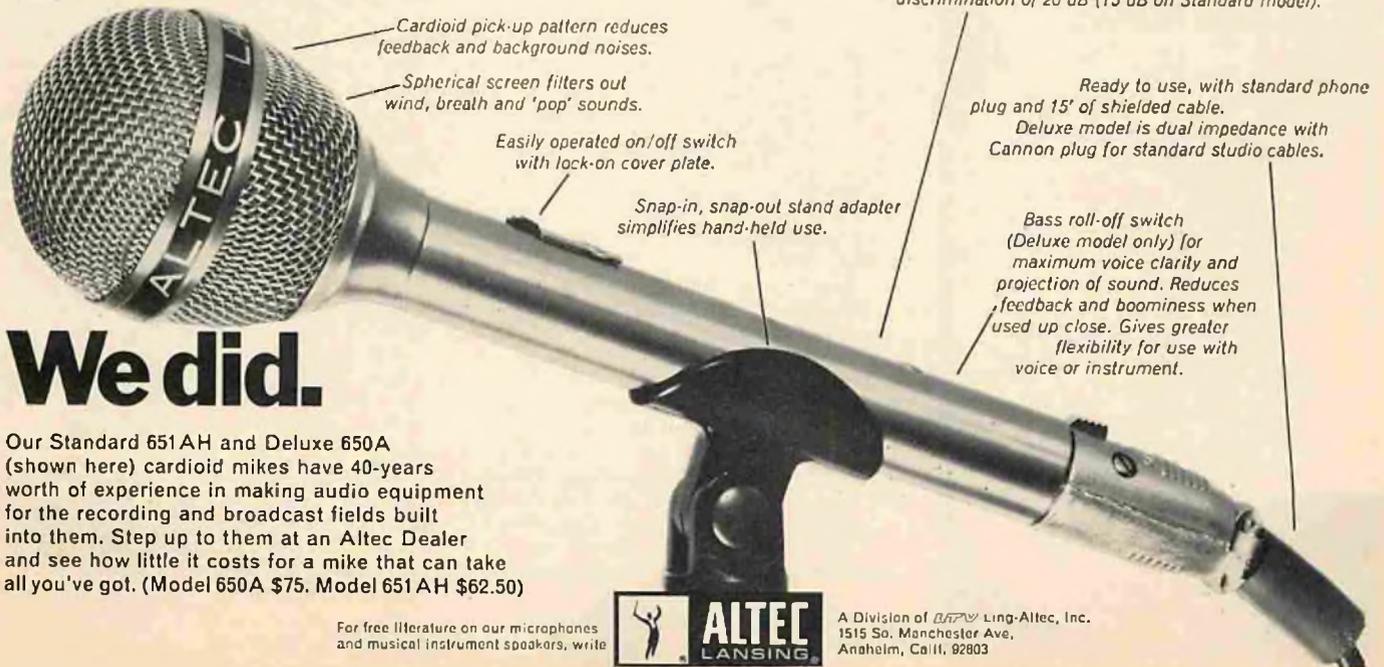
British CBS has recently begun a series which logically should find its way to Epic Encore. It is produced (you guessed it) by Frank Driggs. Parlophone and VJM are two other active labels, and Music for Pleasure is also in the running.

French RCA has a *Treasury of Jazz* series, produced by Bert Bradfield, which, in all respects except sound and liner notes (there are none) rivals the domestic *Vintage* line. French CBS is ahead of its English counterpart, and much interesting material floats about on other labels. Even Capitol, at one time, had available in France splendid stuff long since extinct this side of the Atlantic.

Capitol, in fact, shares with Mercury and Verve the dubious distinction of being the only major U.S. labels currently inactive in the reissue field. Its latest effort in this genre, *The Story of Jazz* (5 LPs in a slip case) was not notable for astuteness of selection and has been discontinued. Of course, there is the Miles Davis *Birth of the Cool*, an indispensable item long in the catalog.

What is not available, however, includes the all-important Lennie Tristano sessions with Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh; two glorious Serge Chaloff albums that could restore the late baritone giant to his rightful historical place; the best of Woody Herman's excellent Second Herd; Fats Navarro with Tadd Dameron and Benny Goodman; Goodman with Wardell Gray; beautifully recorded Ellington of the '50s, and those never issued Buddy DeFranco

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display again at Donte's. His five trumpets, four trombones and five reeds are augmented by two French horns. Two of **Buddy Rich's** sidemen used the occasion for busmen's holidays. (The Hong Kong Bar, where Rich's band was playing, was dark that night.) **Don Menza** sat in on tenor saxophone, and Rich's lead trombonist, **Rick Stepton**, subbed for Picstrup's trombonist . . . Trumpeter **Paul Hubinon**, whose band shared a Sunday nighter with **Irene Kral** at Donte's, subbed for **Bobby Bryant** on a recent movie call. Bryant was tied up at NBC. Then he got a clear cut call all his own when **Neal Hefti** asked him to play lead on his score for the **Burbra Streisand** starrer *On A Clear Day* . . . The **Craig Hundley Trio** is back from two midwest tours: one with **Johnny Mathis**; the other on their own. The youngest member of the combo, bassist **J.J. Wiggins**, age 12, has been replaced by 16-year old **Walford Capron** . . . San Diego will stage a jazz festival June 19-22 as part of the festivities celebrating its 200th anniversary. **Sammy Davis Jr.** will headline the event; **Buddy Collette** will coordinate; and **Count Basie** and his orchestra are the only other stars to be inked for the event thus far . . . HELM put on an event in a local department store. The letters stand for "Higher Education for Los Angeles Minorities." They staged a benefit fashion show and among the guests that entertained were the **Clara Ward Singers** and **Ketty Lester** . . . **Bill Plummer** and his **Cosmic Brotherhood** are getting themselves involved in

off-beat events: a concert (or trip?) with **Timothy Leary** at Fullerton State College; and a special concert as part of the Pasadena Civic Celebration sponsored by the Pasadena Police Department. The **Cosmic Brotherhood** is now back to full strength (10) with the addition of guitarist-vocalist **Joe Beck**. They are now under the management of **Mike Gould** and play Monday nights at the Brass Ring in Sherman Oaks . . . **Les Brown** has been unable to fulfill a New Year's Eve gig for the past 20 years. That's how long he has been traveling overseas with **Bob Hope** to entertain U.S. servicemen. But finally this year, Brown was able to accept a Dec. 31 date. It was at the Astrodome in Houston, along with **Duke Ellington** and his band. Brown also has a date in Washington Jan. 20, to play the Inaugural Ball. Another musician who's been hung up on a particular project for a number of years, **Stan Kenton**, will be getting some much needed political help. Senator George Murphy of California agreed to co-sponsor a bill aimed at obtaining royalties for recording artists. The legislation was introduced last year by Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey. Kenton has had a vested interest in revising the current copyright laws ever since the '40s, when **Tommy Dorsey** led an abortive attempt to update the archaic 1909 statutes. Last year, in order to put teeth in his lobbying efforts, Kenton organized (and presently heads) The National Committee for the Recording Arts. Recently, Kenton had a press showing of a quasi-documentary

treatment of his band. He hopes to sell the hour-long film to a TV station. Las Vegas-based **Tommy Vig** was in town to view the film, and afterwards he and **Kenton** huddled on future projects. If Vig can commute more often, he will find himself increasingly active in the **Kenton** organization . . . From all indications, **Nancy Wilson** will be an active member of the **Tom Bradley** organization. **Bradley** is running for Mayor of Los Angeles . . . **Lou Rawls** received an award from the Veterans' Administration in recognition of his service to war vets, and his work for civil rights programs and the Equal Opportunities Commission. Balancing the good news was the announcement that **Rawls** and his wife **Lana** had \$60,000 in cash and jewels stolen from their New York hotel room.

Chicago: Trombonist **Dave Remington's** big band began a series of regular Sunday matinees at the Show Boat Sari-S in November. From 4 to 8, the crack ensemble, which includes some of the city's busiest studio and session men, rocks the boat. Key members include trumpeter **Art Hoyle**, tenorist **Rich Fudoli**, and drummer **Bob Cousins** . . . **Odell Brown** and the **Organizers** held forth at the Plugged Nickel. **Miles Davis** was scheduled to hit Dec. 20 . . . Blues singers **Sleepy John Estes** and **Bukka White** were at The Quiet Knight on Wells St. . . . **Johnny Hartman** sang at Lurlean's . . . **George Brunies**, in spite of recent illness, broke it up at an Edge

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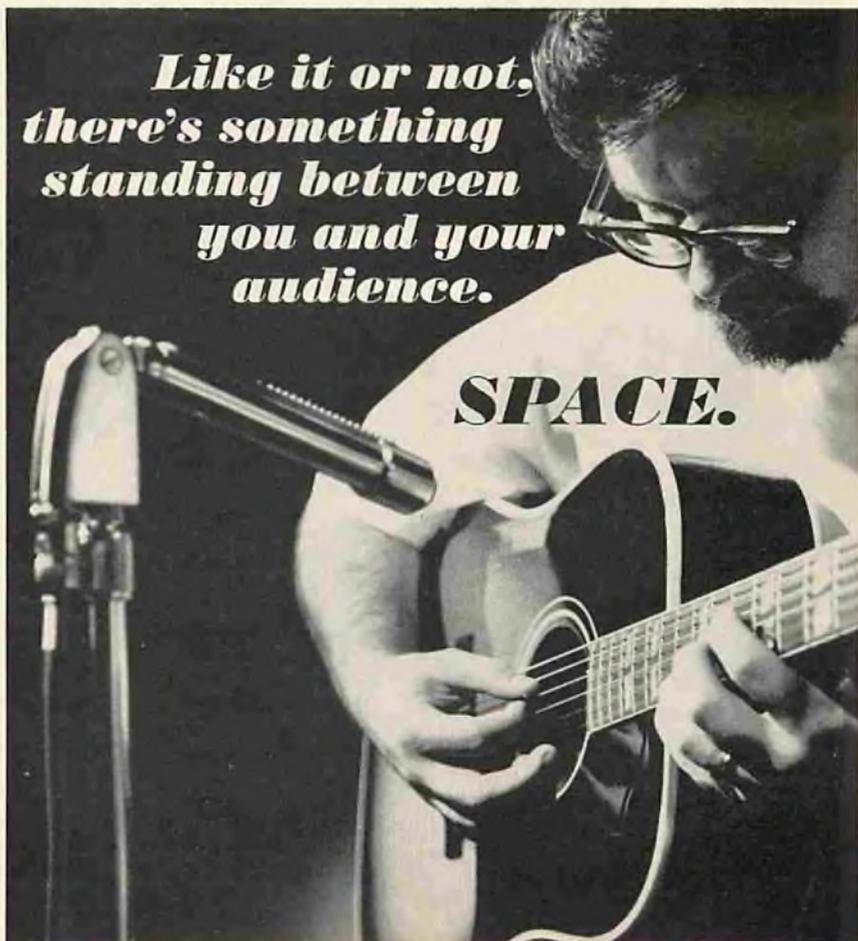
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Lounge session . . . During his London House stay, **Dizzy Gillespie** sat in on several occasions with **Norm Murphy's** band at The Pigalle . . . Tenor-saxophonist **Maurice McIntyre** played an impressive concert at Ida Noyes Hall on the University of Chicago campus. His group included trumpeter and flugelhornist **Leo Smith**, bassist **Charles Clark**, and drummer **Thurman Barker**. Jazz at the U. of C. should continue to prosper during the new year with the resumption of Thursday night sessions lead by pianist **Khabir Abdullah Sami** at the Reynolds Club . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians celebrated its move to the Parkway Community House with a holiday festival of concerts at the end of December. Final event in the festival was to be a New Year's Day affair including every member of the association.

Philadelphia: The **Freddie Hubbard Quintet** featuring **Louis Hayes** and **Kenny Barron** proved to be the most exciting attraction at the Show Boat Jazz Theater in quite some time. **Ahmad Jamal** was slated to follow the Hubbards . . . Trumpeter **Johnny Lynch** and his group have been held over for a number of weeks at Drews Rendezvous on 52nd St. Lynch is the popular leader of the houseband at Atlantic City's Club Harlem . . . A concert advertised for Nov. 23 at the Civic Center (with **Nancy Wilson**, **Miles Davis**, **Olaturji**, the **Clark Terry Big Band** and others) was called off. This is the second event to be cancelled after much advertising by the same promoters . . . **Nina Simone** was featured on a recent *Black Book* TV show. Comedian **Dap Sugar Willy** (from *North Philly*) also had a spot on the show . . . Tenor saxophonist **Buddy Savitt** recently was the subject of one of **Nels Nelson's** jazz columns in the *Philadelphia Daily News*. Savitt is doing a weekend jazz series at the Windjammer Room of the Kona Kai at the Marriott Motor Lodge, with pianist **Mike Michaels**, and **Al Staffer**, bass . . . Vocalist **Bobby Brookes** and the **Johnny Walker Trio** have been held over at **Sonny Driver's** First Nighter Supper Club. Brookes recently returned from touring Australia . . . **WDAS' Georgie Woods** presented another of his package shows at the Uptown Theater on Thanksgiving with **Gladys Knight and the Pips** and a number of other "soul" groups . . . A free jazz festival featuring the Philadelphia Musical Academy Jazz Workshop Big Band was held at the Civic Center at Convention Hall Nov. 26 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Jimmy (Bad Man) Oliver** was featured with the trio of drummer **Johnny Williams** at the AFM Local 274 Club Room. The **Myrtle Young** group was slated to follow. Miss Young is a former member of the **International Sweethearts of Rhythm** and gets a big sound on the tenor saxophone. **Cat Anderson** and baritone saxophonist **Lonnie Shaw** were on hand to hear Oliver. The union was filled with musicians as many of this town's swingers dropped in after vocalist **Betty Greene's** birthday party and jam session at the Sahara . . . Guitarist **Richard Seltzer** has been heard at a number of local sessions. He has been busy keeping in

shape after being laid up with pneumonia. He and **Bert Payne**, former **Louis Jordan** guitarist, were heard together recently . . . Pianist **Jimmy Golden** and bassist **Skip Johnson** were booked for at least six weeks at the Crystal Lounge in Reading, Pa. . . **Jimmy Heath** had a very exciting group at the Aqua Lounge in West Philly, with **Cedar Walton**, **Herbie Lewis** and **Jimmy Cobb** . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Chisholme** is rehearsing a new big band using organ rather than piano. Trumpeters **Johnny Splawn** and **Al Pearson** were seen at a recent rehearsal . . . **Al Grey** and his organ group had a booking at the Cadillac Club recently . . . Young drummer **Tuttie Hunter** seems to be getting ready for bigger things. We heard him recently at the Show Boat Jazz Theater where he joined **Stanley Turrentine** and **Shirley Scott** for a set or two . . . Guitarist **Billy Bean** is rehearsing with vocalist **Ernie Banks**.

New Orleans: **Willie T. and the Souls** played a concert at the Glade Art Gallery in the French Quarter last month. The group is planning to open its own club, the Jazz Workshop, shortly after the new year with a unique format that will embrace various styles of jazz. The Souls played a Christmas season engagement at the Play-boy Club here . . . **Count Basie's** band has been booked for *Jazzfest '69*. The Basie band is scheduled for two spots on the program and will be joined by great Basie sidemen of the past—trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, trombonist **Dickie Wells**, alto saxophonist **Earle Warren** and tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate** . . . **Al Hirt** played for a week at his club in late December . . . The world-wide Mayors' Conference here was enlivened by the appearance of four traditional marching bands and a modern jazz trio. The trio, led by pianist **Jaki Byard**, included bassist **Jay Cave** and drummer **James Black**. Emcee for the event was **Willis Conover** . . . **Clarence Rubin**, head of ASCAP, gave his collection of over 800 recordings and tapes to the Jazz Museum . . . Trumpeter **Murphy Campo** played a series of Sunday concerts at the Downs Lounge on Veterans' Highway . . . **C.J. Cheramie** is the new Sunday night vocalist at the Bistro. Recent visitors at the Bistro were tenor man **Hugh Wall** and his combo, who drove from Montgomery, Alabama, to tour local modern jazz clubs . . . Soul City, formerly a rock emporium, is using a jazz group made up of several members of the Loyola University Stage Band on week nights. The combo is paced by alto man **Charles Brent** and drummer **Johnny Vidacovich** . . . The **Roy Montrell** group, composed of former **Fats Domino** sidemen, is at Nero's Nook in the French Quarter . . . Blues-rock artist **Joe Tex** brought his show to Serge's Center in Slidell, La., a nearby suburb . . . Trumpeter **Porgy Jones** is playing weekends at Sylvia's lounge.

Dallas: Despite an afternoon-long down-pour, a capacity crowd of jazz enthusiasts, many driving from as far as Oklahoma City and Austin, attended North Texas State University's fall concert, dedicated to the memory of **Johnny Richards**. Shortly

before his untimely death, the gifted composer and longtime friend of the lab bands had requested that his remaining scores be willed to director **Leon Breeden** and the school. Some of these will doubtless be presented at the next concert on the Denton campus April 1. In the meantime, the **One O'Clock Band** faces a busy post-holiday agenda, highlights of which include a performance for the National Auto Dealers Association Feb. 21 in San Antonio with guest **Urbie Green** . . . *Don Jacoby Brings the House Down*, the recent LP featuring the trumpeter and the arrangements of **Larry Muhoberac**, is now starting to move in overseas markets, particularly England and Australia . . . The home town duo of **Reta and Tension** are to return Jan. 27 for a date at the State Fair Music Hall, headlining **O.C. Smith** and **Flip Wilson** . . . Popular Sunday afternoon sessions at Woodmen Hall are to resume Feb. 2, with the **Roosevelt Wardell Quintet** with **James Clay** back on the bandstand. Tentative plans were to import **Sonny Stitt** to help launch the new season . . . Harper's Corner, atop Dallas' Hilton Inn, enjoyed SRO business last year with such rare local bookings as **Joe Williams**, the new **Kirby Stone Company** and, scheduled for New Year's, **Billy Daniels**. Manager **Joe Parkhill** has promised more of the same for this year. Fronting the house group at piano and organ is **Moe Billington** . . . Sunday night big band workshops have been held at a spot called Where It's At in Houston, under the direction of **Leonard Carnagy**, featuring **Arnett Cobb** and **Jimmy Ford** . . . Former NTSU assistant lab band director **Lanny Steele** has joined the faculty of Houston's Texas Southern University and reports a great deal of interest in a jazz improvisation class he expects to inaugurate this spring. Steele and fellow NT composer **Bob Morgan**, now teaching at nearby Sam Houston State College in Huntsville, will present a joint concert of their classical and jazz works this spring at Houston's new Miller Amphitheater in Herman Park.

Toronto: **Dizzy Gillespie** was back at the Colonial for one week with **James Moody**, pianist **Michael Longo**, bassist **Paul West** and drummer **Candy Finch**. **Dizzy** picked up the tab for a group of teenage boys from the Inner City Youth Program of Bathurst St. United Church, who attended a matinee performance by the Gillespie group . . . **Richard (Groove) Holmes** was next at the Colonial, replacing **Earl Hines** who postponed his visit until March . . . The Town featured **Don Thompson's** band, with pianist-singer **Ginni Grant**, guitarist **Gary White**, bassist **John Erendson** and drummer **Andy Cree**, for a week, then once again changed its policy by booking in **Joe King and His Zaninks** . . . **Cal Bostic**, American-born singer-pianist who now lives in Port Arthur, Ont., made his Toronto debut at the Town and Country. Backing him were alto saxophonist **Bernie Pilch**, bassist **Terry Forster** and drummer **Kenneth Churm** . . . **Al Colm** appeared at George's Spaghetti House on a one-week date . . . **Sir Charles Thompson** is playing solo piano in the

Golliwog Lounge at the King Edward Hotel, the same hotel that is once again featuring **Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers** in the Oak Room.

Paris: **Phil Woods** is probably the busiest American jazzman in Europe. He recently wrote ballet music for a TV show, performed by his regular quartet (**George Gruntz**, piano; **Henri Texier**, bass; **Daniel Humair**, drums) augmented by **Art Farmer**, flugelhorn, and **Slide Hampton**, trombone. As "Phil Woods and His European Rhythm Machine," he played with the quartet at the Lugano, Bologne and Barcelona jazz festivals, and in concert in Switzerland, Italy and France. After three

weeks at the Cameleon Club on the Left Bank, the group recorded an album for Pathe-Marconi (EMI) *Alive and Well in Paris* . . . **Slide Hampton** played one week at the Chat Qui Peche with **Joachim Kuhn**, piano; **Jean-Francois Jenny-Clark**, bass; **Aldo Romano**, drums. He arranged and conducted a jazz album for guitarist **Sacha Distel**, and did a series of concerts with the **George Arvanitas Trio** (**Arvanitas**, piano; **Jacky Samson**, bass; **Charles Saudrais**, drums) and **Nathan Davis** on tenor . . . **Frank Foster** spent six weeks in Europe. He played a series of radio and TV shows in Hilversum, Stockholm, and Paris. He also played two weeks at the Cameleon backed by the Arvanitas trio, did three weeks at the Cafe Montmartre in

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Copenhagen with the **Kenny Drew Trio**. With his French rhythm section, he shared the bill at a **Count Basic** concert during the **Barcelona Jazz Festival** . . . **Roy Ayers** played three nights at the **Cameleon** . . . **Ted Curson** played the **Chat Qui Peche** in November. He was followed by **Charles Tolliver** . . . **Dizzy Reece**, **Philly Joe Jones** and **Sunny Murray** also were in Paris . . . **Art Farmer** visited Vienna, played several festivals (Lugano, Bologne), and recorded an album in Rome with **Phil Woods**, **Martial Solal**, piano; **Henri Texier**, bass, and **Daniel Humair**, drums.

Australia: *Jazz Australia*, a series of six half-hour radio transcription shows for overseas distribution by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, was completed Dec. 14. Groups led by several of Australia's top musicians, including **George Golla**, **Charlie Munro**, **Don Burrows**, **John Sangster**, **Judy Bailey** and **Billy Burton**, participated. All programs were produced by **Cleon Dennis** . . . Reed and cello player **Charlie Munro's** pilot series of *Now Jazz* programs on the ABC classical network received mail from universities and conservatories throughout Australia and New Zealand, and a second extended series is planned for 1969. Munro is also a member of **Jim Gussey's** ABC Dance Band, which recently toured South Vietnam. Prior to leaving on this third annual **Armed Forces Entertainment Tour**, Gussey recorded vocalist **Marlene Atcherson** for producer **Mike Shrimpton** . . . Banjoist **Ray Price** has contracted his quintet for *Jazz Scene '69*, a weekly Friday night 30-mile cruise of Sydney Harbor . . . Australia's most respected jazz musician, **Don Burrows**, has established a jazz policy at the Qantas-operated **Wentworth Hotel**, featuring the best available Australian jazz on a four-night-a-week basis, with bassist **Ed Gaston** and drummer **Jackie Dougan** as permanent musicians. **George Golla**, acknowledged by visiting musicians as one of the top six jazz guitarists, and pianist **Julian Lee**, recently returned from four years in Los Angeles, complete the line up. **Burrows** also plays the **Tommy Leonetti** show. **Leonetti** appeared for a season at the **Silver Spade** at **Kings Cross**, and his popularity so impressed TV officials that he was offered his own *Tonight*-style show . . . The **Silver Spade** has become Australia's leading booker of American talent. Recent imports have included **Buddy Greco** and **Bobby Darin**, followed by **Tony Bennett** and **Louis Bellson**. Australia's leading r&b group, **Max Merritt and the Meteors**, has enjoyed successful seasons during 1968 at the **Here**, at **North Sydney** . . . **Big-band** work has been sparse during 1968 but the **Peter Lane** 17-piece band has had regular exposure and appeared in December at the **Bondi Beach Golf Club** and the **Five Dock RSL Club** . . . Reed player **Graeme Lyall** has completed his first jazz LP, set for release by **EMI** in March. He has been appointed musical director of one of Sydney's late evening television shows and leads his own quartet in the **Flight Deck** room at the **Forestville RSL Club**, with pianist **Dave McRae**, bassist **George Thompson**, and drummer **George Adamson**.

GUITAR CHORD FINGERING By Dr. Wm. C. Fowler

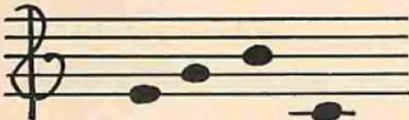
THIS ARTICLE IS intended to acquaint the guitarist with the various forms of seventh chords and their fingering on the finger-board.

Of the 19 different types of seventh chords possible on a single root, guitarists are generally familiar with only seven, whose chord symbols are generally written:

C⁷, Cmaj 7, Cmi 7, Cdim 7, C⁷ (5^b),
C⁷ (5[#]), Cmi 7 (5^b)

The differences between these chords arise from the fact that their thirds, fifths, and/or sevenths are different distances from the root (C). One good way to understand these distances is to memorize the makeup of the major seventh chord type, then apply the alterations of pitch necessary to form the other 18 types. The following information will make this method clear:

All major seventh chords consist of root (letter name), major third above root, perfect fifth above root, and major seventh above root, as shown in the following C major seventh chord:



The order of the components, whether the third appears below the root rather than above it, whether the fifth is next to the third, and so on, does not change the naming of the component. The note, E, is the third; the note, B, is the seventh of the root, C, no matter how the components are stacked in pitch. If a component other than the root is the lowest note in pitch the chord is still C major seventh, but is inverted.

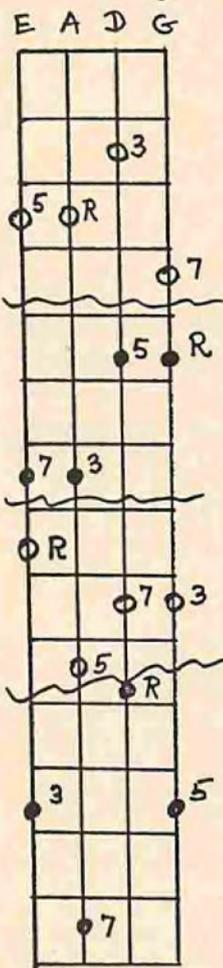
In the following chart, 12 different fingerings of the C major seventh chord are shown. The root, fifth, third, and seventh are indicated on each. (Note that three different sets of adjacent strings are used for these models and that the chords are separated by wavy lines.)

By moving the third up or down one fret, two other types of sevenths can be formed. The raised third is symbolized by sus 3 or sus 4. The lowered third is symbolized by mi 3 or 3^b, but only when this is necessary, for the minor third is understood as part of minor seventh and diminished seventh chords. For example, there is no way to indicate a minor 3rd alteration in a major seventh chord except to attach the symbol, 3^b, to the designation, C maj 7, thus making the correct chord symbol, C maj 7 (3^b).

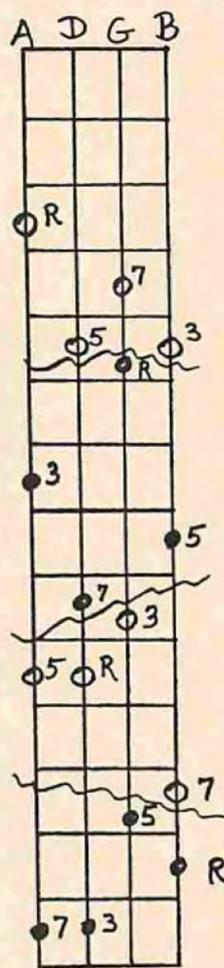
The fifth can appear in three positions, also. The perfect fifth is its normal position (as in the major seventh chord models), the raised fifth is symbolized by aug 5 or 5[#], the lowered fifth by dim 5 or 5^b.

The seventh can appear, also, in three positions. A major 7th component is symbolized by maj 7, the lowered 7th by simply indicating 7, and the doubly low-

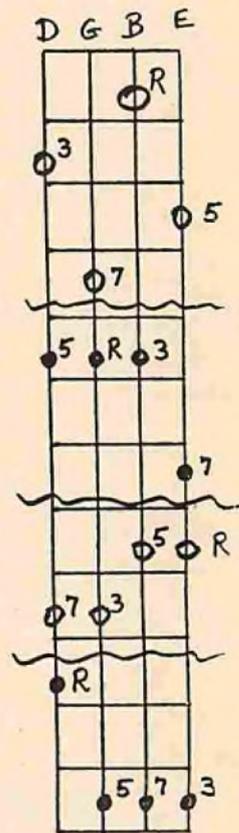
(Low strings)



(Middle strings)



(High strings)



ered 7th by dim 7, or 07. The diminished seventh component, (doubly lowered) is used only in the diminished seventh chord, for in any other chord it sounds like an added sixth.

By raising or lowering the components on each of the models in the above fingering chart for C major seventh chords, 228 different fingerings for the various seventh chords with C as their root will be derived. And each of the fingerings can be moved to 11 other roots.

All the possibilities of component alteration, together with their chord symbols, are given below:

maj 7
maj 7 (5^b)
maj 7 (5[#])
maj 7 (sus 4)
maj 7 (sus 4, 5[#])
maj 7 (sus 4, 5^b)
maj 7 (3^b)
maj 7 (3^b, 5^b)
maj 7 (3^b, 5[#])
7

7 (5^b)
7 (5[#])

As shown on chart
Lower 5th
Raise 5th
Raise 3rd
Raise 3rd and 5th
Raise 3rd, lower 5th
Lower 3rd
Lower 3rd and 5th
Lower 3rd, raise 5th
Lower 7th (this is the dominant 7th type)
Lower 7th and 5th
Lower 7th, raise 5th

7 (sus 4)
7 (sus 4, 5[#])

7 (4, 5^b)

mi 7
7 (4, 5^b)

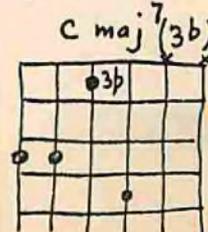
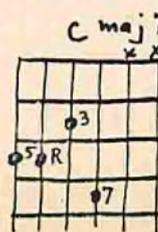
mi 7 (5[#])

dim 7

Lower 7th, raise 3rd
Lower 7th, raise 3rd and 5th
Lower 7th and 5th, raise 3rd
Lower 3rd and 7th
Lower 3rd, 5th and 7th (this is the half-dim)
Lower 3rd and 7th, raise 5th
Lower 3rd and 5th, lower 7th twice (2 frets)

The term "lower" means one fret down in pitch. "Raise" means one fret up in pitch.

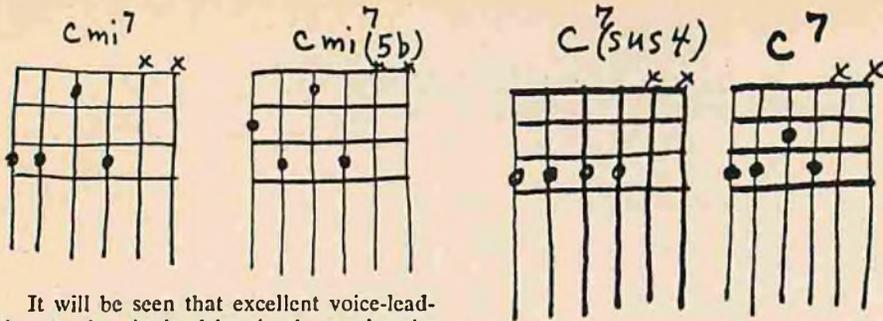
Here are some examples:



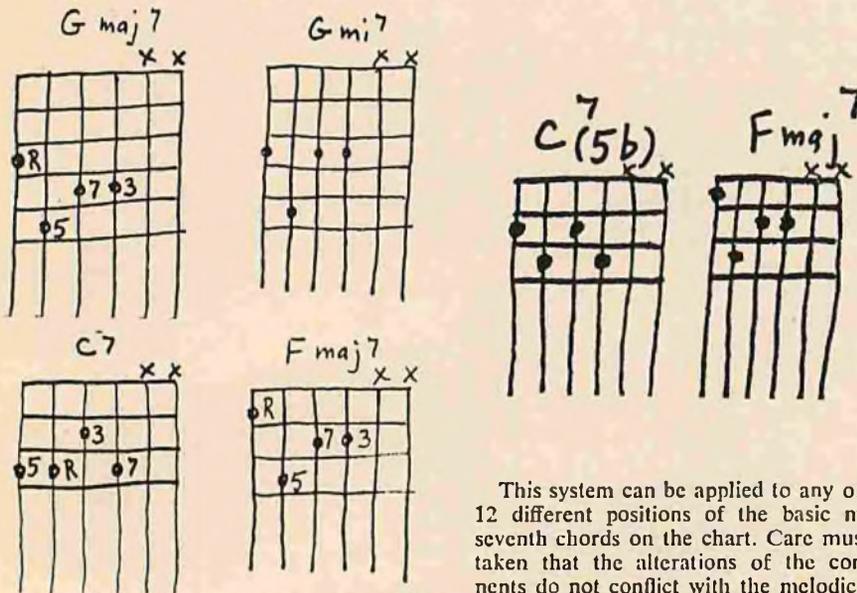
Modern Technology

At Berklee, Pt. 2

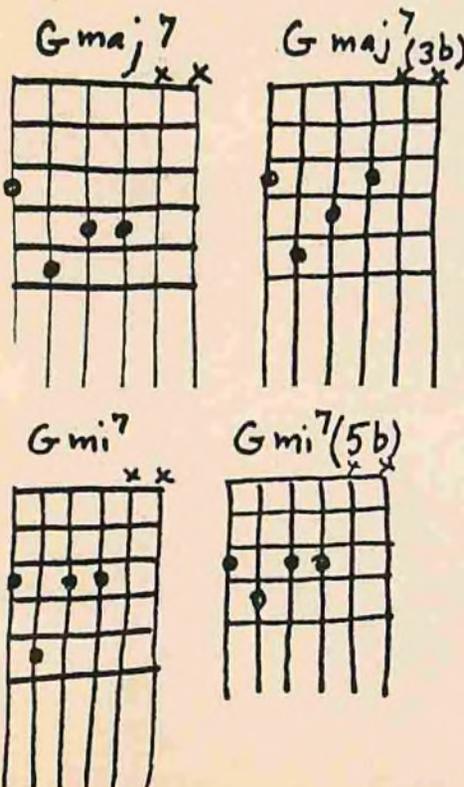
By Ira Gitler



It will be seen that excellent voice-leading can be obtained by simply moving the proper strings one or two frets in most standard chord progressions. For example:



And by using alterations as passing chords between the chords of the same standard progression complex and interesting harmony is easily obtained:



This system can be applied to any of the 12 different positions of the basic major seventh chords on the chart. Care must be taken that the alterations of the components do not conflict with the melodic line being played. For example, do not alter the 3rd of the C major 7th chord if the melodic line is on that note. E flat in the chord clashes with E in the melodic line. If this happens the ear will report the error!

Seventh chords are of value in music because the seventh component creates a desire for the chord to be changed. The major seventh chord creates the least desire for this harmonic progression. The more the components are altered, generally speaking, the more desire for change is created. Chords containing altered fifths can be counted on to create a great deal of harmonic drive. The natural harmonic drive of a seventh chord is to a chord whose root is a perfect fourth higher. (The guitar is tuned in perfect fourths with the exception of the second and third strings.) The following is a natural chord progression:

C maj 7, F, B mi 7 (5b), E 7 (5b), A mi 7, D 7 (5b), G 7 (5#), C

Another useful change from a seventh chord is to a chord root one fret higher or lower:

C, B7 (sus 4), B7, Bb7 (sus 4), Bb7, etc. down to G7, C

C maj 7, C# dim 7, D mi 7, Eb dim 7, E mi 7, F maj 7, F# dim 7, G7, C

These can be mixed:
C maj 7, C dim 7, D mi 7, G7, C7, F maj 7, F# dim 7, G7, C

And there are a few exceptions (the ear is a good guide):

C, Ab7, C or C, F7, C

Happy hunting!

THE TOP FLOOR of the Berklee School of Music, in addition to housing the executive offices, also contains a large, bright, cheerful room that is the school's library. This is the focal point of all students, for here they not only find the textbooks necessary to their studies but also the scores they must study and the tapes through which they are able to hear the thousands of recordings in the Berklee collection.

In the card index, books (including the English, history, etc. materials necessary for students taking a degree program) are listed on white cards while scores are on orange and tapes on blue for easy identification. Installed in two separate areas of the room are 12 Sony tape decks, equipped with Shure amplifiers and Koss head sets. (Sharpe head sets and microphones are used in the Keyboard Room covered in the Dec. 12 issue.)

During my visit to the library, it was a most populous place. All machines were occupied. Students who were not listening, but searching the files or reading scores and books, were able to avail themselves of a variety of periodicals with a heavy emphasis, naturally, on the musical.

The library is the site of the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame, and one wall above the tape decks is adorned with duplicates of all the plaques awarded through the years.

Below is a sample listening assignment for an arranging course, which will give an idea of what a student might be listening to when he utilizes the facilities of the Berklee library.

For midterm exam:

- Basie, Count: Kansas City Suite
- Gibbs, Terry: The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band
- Herman, Woody: Encore
- Holman, Bill: Big Band Jazz in a Jazz Orbit
- Kenton, Stan: The Music of Bill Holman and Bill Russo
- Mulligan, Gerry: The Concert Jazz Band
- Mulligan, Gerry: At the Village Vanguard
- Nelson, Oliver: More Blues and the Abstract Truth
- Paich, Marty: Big Band Jazz
- Wilson, Gerald: You Better Believe It

- For final exam:**
- Davis, Miles: Miles Ahead
- Gibbs, Terry: Explosion
- Holman, Bill: The Fabulous Bill Holman
- Jones/Lewis: Presenting Thad Jones and Mel Lewis and the Jazz Orchestra
- Kenton, Stan: Contemporary Concepts
- Legrand, Michel: Legrand Jazz
- Mulligan, Gerry: A Concert in Jazz
- Mulligan, Gerry: Concert Jazz Band on Tour

- Paich, Marty: The Modern Touch of Marty Paich
- Pepper, Art: Art Pepper plus 11
- Richards, Johnny: Wide Range



ELECTRONICS IN THE ROCK GROUP

By Robert C. Ehle

WE WILL ASSUME that the reader has assembled some or all of the equipment recommended in Part One of this article (DB, Dec. 12, 1968), and will describe ways of making music with it. First, as mentioned before, we assume that the group consists of guitars (and other instruments with electrical pick-ups) which can feed the inputs of the electronic signal-modifying equipment.

All of the techniques listed and described in this article can be heard on commercially released electronic rock records by well-known groups. They can all be done by the amateur if he obtains the proper equipment and follows instructions given here and in the literature accompanying various pieces of equipment.

Tape Recorder Techniques

Many techniques are available to the player with only a tape recorder. It is advisable that the recorder have three

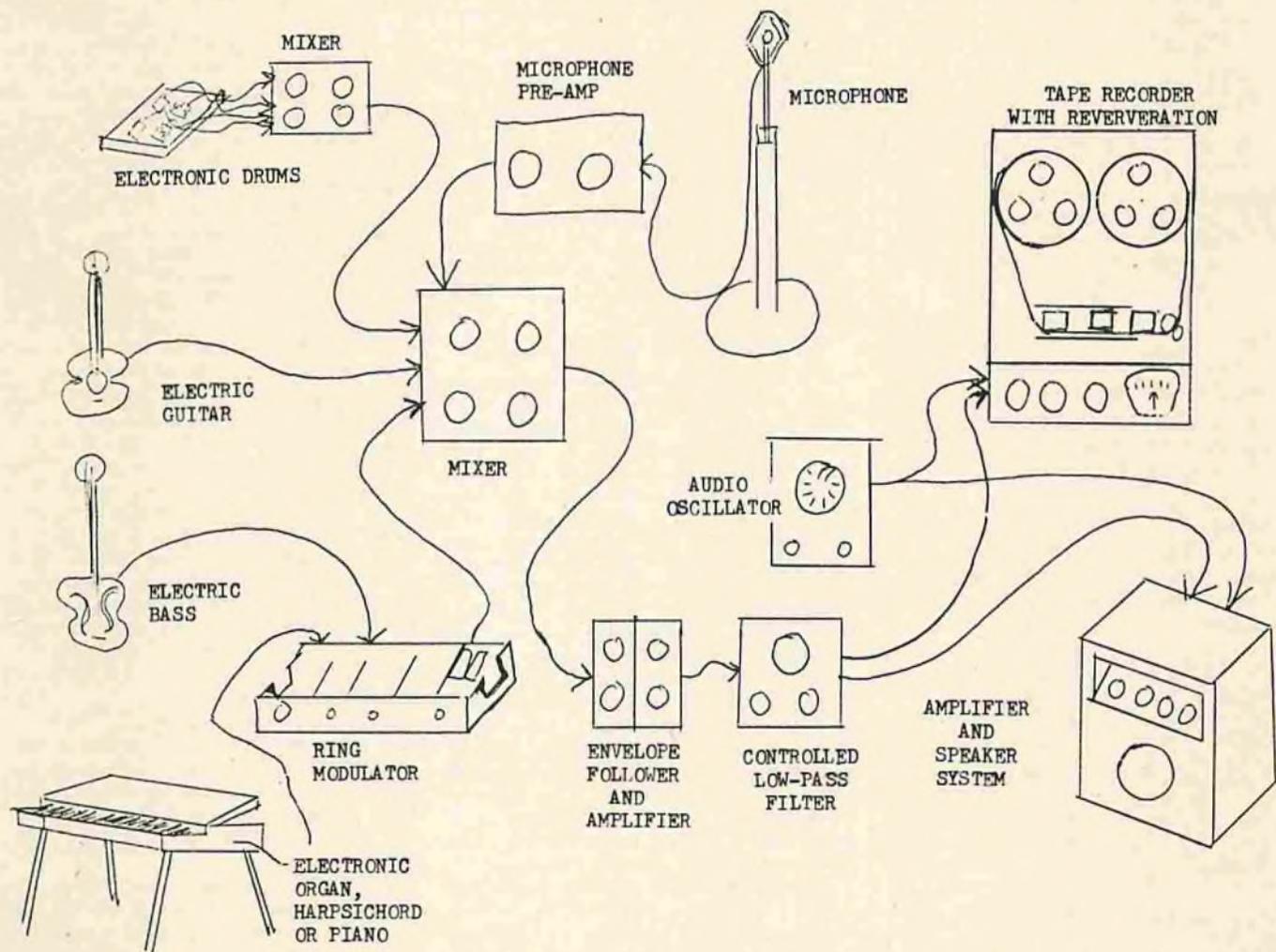
heads and separate record and playback amplifiers. Among the techniques available are tape reverberation, tape looping, reverse tape looping, speed changing and pitch changing. The player can also do sound on sound and sound with sound if he has a machine with these capabilities. Professional machines often offer the advantage of sel-sync as well. These last three techniques are various ways of "tracking", that is, putting multiple recordings on the same tape and playing them back simultaneously.

One popular recording of electronic rock uses a reverse tape loop technique with the drums. In making this tape loop, the drummer recorded a short section of his drum pattern on tape beforehand. This pattern is cut out of the tape in a length representing four bars (or some other convenient unit). This piece will be about two or three feet long. The two ends of the section of tape are spliced together,

and the tape loop is placed in the tape player. In this example, the loop is played backwards and one of the players increases and decreases the volume as desired in the course of the piece.

Tape reverb is simply the technique of feeding part of the output signal from a tape recorder back into the input. It can be done on most three-head machines with simply a patch cord or, at most, a patch cord and a wye connector. One big advantage of reverb is that it can be increased to the point that the sound "runs away", that is, the reverb is louder than the original sound and becomes louder still with each repetition until cacophony results.

A second advantage is the ability to change the tape recorder's reverberation rate by changing the tape speed. A tape recorder with two speeds offers two reverb rates. If the third head is movable, or if an additional head is added for reverb, moving this head produces further changes in



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the reverb rate. One other possibility is to add a reverb head to a recorder, add a separate preamplifier for this head, and add equalization for this channel before feedback to the record input. This produces the most flexible results since the frequency response of the reverberation can be manipulated. Finally, try changing the speed switch rapidly during reverberation; the reverb time will be constantly changing and the pitch of the reverberated signal will change as the playback speed lags behind the record speed. This is most easily done on machines with two-speed motors, such as the professional Ampexes. The reason for having separate tape player and reverberator is primarily to allow both of the previous techniques (tape looping and reverberation) to be performed simultaneously. If this is not required, one machine can serve both purposes.

Phase Shift

A technique stumbled onto by accident in the recording studio is phase shift. This often happened unaccountably when two microphones were out of phase or when the bias oscillators of two tape recorders were not adjusted together. At first the phenomenon was just a nuisance to recording engineers. Then a rock group decided to use it in a piece, but it is difficult to control and predict, so the results were more or less random. Today, many groups seek this type of sound and the best way to produce it is with the variable low-pass filter with regeneration (such as the Moog unit previously discussed). The filter has a variable control which allows the performer to change the amount of regeneration (the user may wish to keep this at maximum for the phase shift sound). To use this filter, the output from a guitar or other instrument feeds the signal input, and the output from the filter goes to the amplifier.

The Oscillator or Signal Generator

It is assumed that most musicians would rather get their input sounds from their own electric or electronic instruments which they have learned to play well rather than from oscillators or other electronic equipment. For this reason, purchase of an elaborate array of oscillators is not recommended for the electronic rock performer. Still, there are occasions when only an oscillator can produce the type of sound desired. A sin wave generator is particularly useful. The sin wave is purer and simpler than any found in nature or conventional musical instruments and it can have an unearthly, penetrating sound when used in certain ways. Thus, when using the sin wave do not overpower it or distort it with all sorts of signal processing or it will lose its uniqueness. It is best used as a contrast to the usual complexity of sound with everything going full blast, and it is more effective soft than loud.

With this approach to electronically generated sound, it is clear that an inexpensive oscillator will probably be sufficient. Sometimes electronic organs can be modified to produce pure sin waves and a theremin can also be made to do so with careful modification. If the player has one of these instruments, he might analyze its capabilities before making an additional

investment.

Ring Modulator and Envelope Follower

The two most complicated and difficult techniques recommended in this series are the ring modulator and the envelope follower. The ring modulator is a device which produces the sum and difference of sound between two input signals (that is, two musical instruments) without allowing the two instruments to be heard themselves. There are many fine opportunities to use such an instrument in live performances (the opportunities in the classical electronic music studios are more limited).

The ring modulator has two inputs and one output. Two musical instruments feed their signals to the two inputs, and the output contains an audible signal only when both instruments are playing. The output signal is a complex pattern derived from both instruments and is very interesting in its own right. If the two instruments as well as the output of the ring modulator are all fed to the inputs of a mixer, any combination of signals may be easily selected.

The envelope follower, and its companion voltage-controlled amplifier, allow the sounds of one instrument to take on the attack and decay characteristics of another instrument. Or, the attack and decay characteristics of an instrument may be modified so that the attack is smoothed and the decay is lengthened. This can make a piano or a guitar sound very much like an organ and can also be used to apply guitar-type attacks to sounds from a sin oscillator, for example.

The combination of a ring modulator followed by an envelope follower and a controllable low-pass filter establishes a very flexible and powerful set of equipment for signal modification, that is, the taking of the outputs from electric and electronic musical instruments and creating powerful new sounds from them.

Finally, a word to the musician about the method of incorporating all this into the current style. Do it in steps, and do not over-use the techniques of electronics. The most stimulating electronic sounds can lose their interest if repeated too often. Add them gradually, one at a time, to pieces in your current book and in places where they are most effective. It is entirely justifiable to purchase one or two pieces of electronic sound-modifying equipment and to explore the possibilities available with that and then add another unit when circumstances warrant.

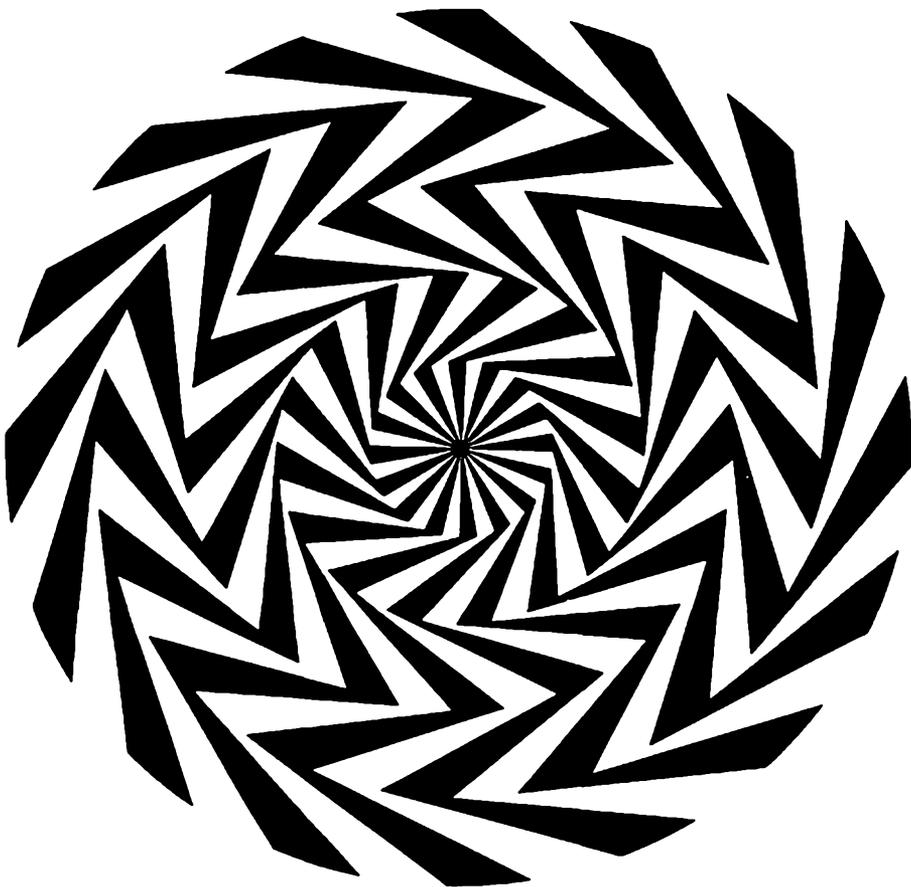
Eventually, you will be able to write new arrangements with the sounds of your new devices in mind and indicate to the players exactly what you want done at any time. But if you cannot do that now, allow for some improvisation and experimentation.

Finally, it is advisable not to stray too far from established territory. Do not give up the beat, the tune and recognizable harmony except for occasional novelty numbers. Electronic music is a spice to your style rather than an entirely new style. Above all, do not get intellectual or academic with electronic sounds and keep things reasonably simple.



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