

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

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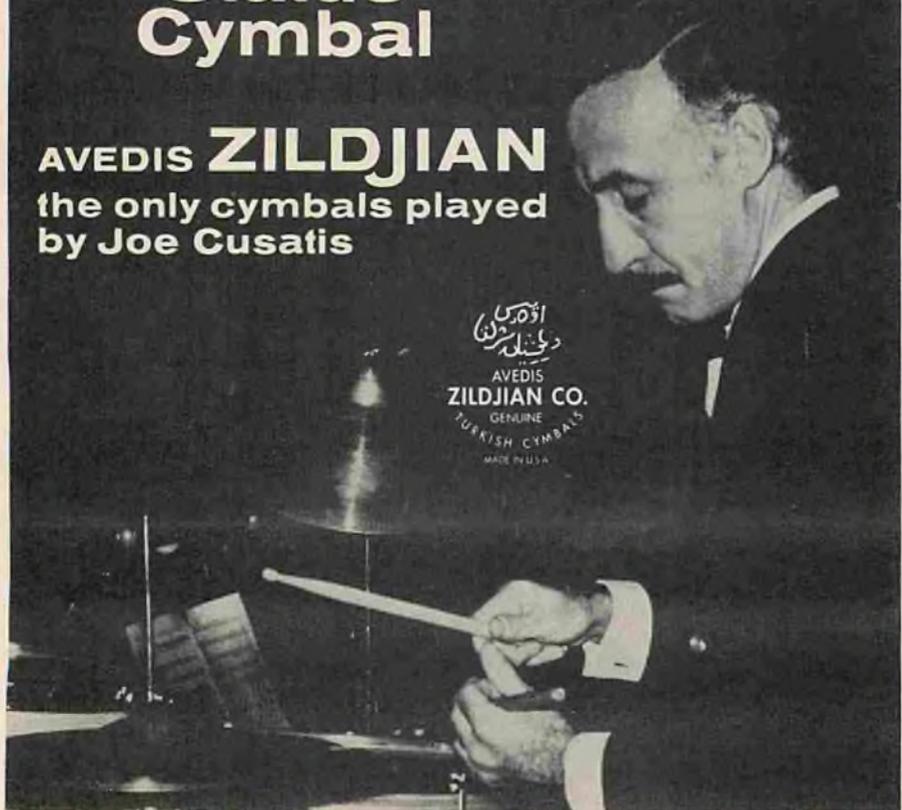
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 THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Questions come to us constantly about how to make it in music. We welcome the questions but can't take care of individual answers. Here are some general type answers culled from conversations and experience with educators, name musicians, and other music business people. Pick out what suits you best.

Where can I get my music published? Publishing is easy. Protect your originality with the copyright office in Washington, D.C. and reproduce your own music in whatever way you want. Getting your music performed is much the harder test. No large publisher will risk publishing unknown and unperformed material. But if what you have written is favorably received by your peers (school group, outside combo, etc.) you've passed the first major hurdle. Of course it's easier to write for a group with which you are familiar. You tend to write up to its strengths and down pedal its weaknesses. But if the piece holds together musically it is quite likely that someone down the road will have a need. You will not know until you ask.

If you have a stage band chart, try circularizing the directors in your area. They are generally hungry for interesting, playable material, particularly if it is sufficiently unique for contest or festival presentation. Charge can be anywhere from \$5.00 to \$25.00 depending on all the things that make one piece preferable to another. Same route is applicable for combo material, except that getting mailing addresses of combo musicians isn't as easy. But there is always the union hall, classified advertising, and person-to-person recommendation. And don't overlook the advantages of keeping tight with other arranger-composers. It's a good fraternity. However, before you start inking in score paper, pay heed to the next question.

Where can I learn arranging? Quick answer: almost anywhere, anytime if you really want to. If your high school or college music department doesn't believe in theory/harmony/arranging for growing musicians, then you have a do-it-yourself problem. Enroll in the excellent correspondence course offered by the Berklee School of Music (Boston) which is tailored to your gait and ability. Enroll at any of the Summer Jazz Clinics, each of which offers a good beginning-to-advanced arranging course. Or enroll in the new two-week special arranging clinic being set up at the University of Nevada South (Las Vegas) this coming June. Also a number of high schools and colleges do offer arranging in summer sessions when the establishment curriculum is loosened. There are a goodly number of practical texts and methods now in print from which you can learn at your own speed. The new DOWN BEAT MUSIC DIRECTORY lists all these materials. It's best of course to have access to a teacher, or any older, wiser head.

Forgive the obvious, but it must be said. The best way to learn arranging (and composition) is to keep at it. Wherever you can. For whomever will tolerate you. For any and all instrumentations and forms. The ability to arrange music in a fresh, musical manner is a skill always in demand. And if you wish to go the complete musician route, arranging is essential.

We'll do more on similar questions and answers. Just keep those cards and letters coming in. 



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down beat

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PRESIDENT
JOHN J. MAHER

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CHARLES SUBER

EDITOR
DAN MORGENSTERN

ASSISTANT EDITOR
LAWRENCE KART

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
IRA GITLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
LEONARD FEATHER
HARVEY SIDERS

PRODUCTION MANAGER
GLORIA BALDWIN

CIRCULATION MANAGER
D. B. KELLY

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CORRESPONDENTS

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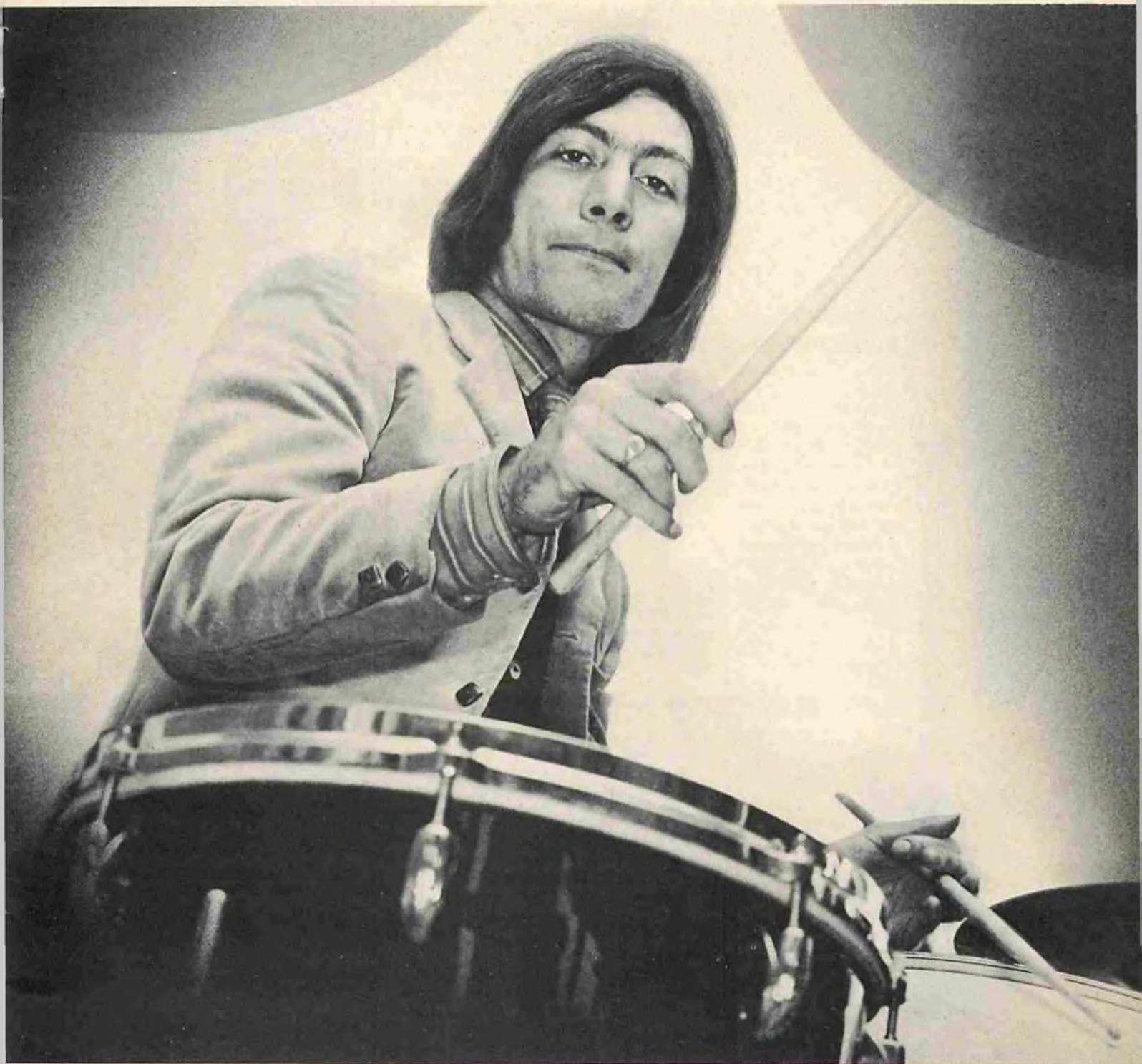
WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90028, HO 3-3268. Harvey Siders, Editorial. Martin Gallay, Advertising Sales, 14974 Valley Vista Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403, 784-0042.

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8 DOWN BEAT

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

For Rich

Only one disappointment on the results of your Readers Poll, and that is in the category of drummer. There is no doubt in my mind that Buddy Rich should have taken the number one position over Elvin Jones.

Having seen both artists perform live in the Boston area, I personally feel that Rich's drumming (solos and with the band) has more to offer than any of his competitors'. His speed, precision, inventiveness and the dynamic way in which he projects himself places him far above anyone else in his field. I know this is only an opinion, but I wanted very badly to express it. Elvin Jones is a fine drummer but Buddy Rich is the best drummer. And I did vote.

John Sargent

Weston, Mass.

False Idols?

It's sad and appalling to see Jack Teagarden and Clifford Brown denied Hall of Fame status year after year as *DB* readers-voters automatically elect a recently dead musician (Dolphin in '64, Powell in '66, Strayhorn in '67, Montgomery in '68). It's incredible that Coltrane entered the Hall of Fame in 1965—surely *someone* died that year.

This year's result sickened me. When a totally compromising minor talent is elected to a "Hall of Fame", the hall becomes but a cheap arcade, housing false idols and catering to those who champion the third rate.

Jack Winter

Denver, Colo.

True, sentiment (and perhaps even sentimentality) may enter into Hall of Fame choices. But reader Winter compromises his point by his absurd underestimation of Wes Montgomery, whose talent was anything but minor and who was incapable of being "third rate", no matter how commercially successful. And don't forget that Glenn Miller was the second choice for the Hall of Fame, preceded only by Louis Armstrong. —Ed.

Shocked

I was shocked when I read the results of the 33rd Annual *Down Beat* Readers' Poll (*DB*, Dec. 28). I was mildly disappointed when I saw that Gerry Mulligan topped Harry Carney in the Baritone Sax category. After all, Mulligan is a first-rate baritonist. But it was laughable to see Pepper Adams top Carney. Although a fairly good baritonist, Adams is no match for Carney, no matter how you slice it.

It was also laughable to see Gary Burton, essentially a commercial vibist, top Milt Jackson! Not only is Jackson more versatile than Burton, but he's never gone commercial. It was also laughable to see

education in jazz

—by Willis Conover

Just as a rose-colored object seen through rose-colored glasses comes out a blank, so does jazz so reflect the American spirit that many Americans don't notice it's around.

Yet Peggy Lee hits the Hit Parade with "Fever" . . . Eddie Miller takes a tenor solo midway in the Pied-Piper's "Dream" . . . Nat



Willis Conover

Cole sings on with a pulse he can never depress . . . and at the four corners of a city block a John Lewis cinema soundtrack, an Armstrong juke box offering, a Bernstein musical comedy score, and a Negro church service attract and hold American audiences. And a thousand hidden seeds

lie sprouting in less obvious soils.

I know jazz is the only window into America for many young people all over the world; except through jazz, they can't jet-jump across oceans as easily as we do.

The Berklee School sends tape recordings, scores, orchestrations, and other educational material to musicians and musical groups throughout the world, without charge. Berklee often supplements the Voice of America's Jazz program material with special arrangements and tape recordings for broadcast on "Music USA". And most importantly, the school helps bring people from other countries through that jazz window into America, to study the techniques of jazz in an organized educational center, the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

They've come to Berklee from Japan, Turkey, Malaya, Thailand, Arabia, Sweden, Holland, Austria, England, India, Southern Rhodesia—Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Through jazz, they have become American in spirit. At Berklee, they have become American in fact.

Willis Conover

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Burton (as) winner of the Jazzman of the Year poll.

It was refreshing to see Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Stan Getz, and Herbie Mann in first place. But due to the triumph of Burton, I'm beginning to suspect that they just don't make *Down Beat* readers like they used to.

Bruce Adams

Hillsdale, N.J.

You mean like in the good old days when they voted Tex Beneke top tenor?
—Ed.

Survey Footnote

Sorry not to be included in your recent readers' survey (*First Chorus, DB, Dec. 16*). I think my taste is mainly for jazz, but in the last year I have purchased about 9 jazz LPs (Miles, John Handy, Burton, Cecil Taylor), 13 rock LPs (Big Brother, Steppenwolf, Creedence), 5 blues LPs (Mayall, Taj Mahal), 3 "other" LPs (Rod McKuen, Soundtrack from *Black Orpheus*).

I've been reading *Down Beat* since 1953—not constantly but, like, you know. . . .

Thank you for keeping me aware . . . and that includes aware of rock.

Julian Peters

San Jose, Calif.

Welding Satisfies

Over the past year, Pete Welding's *Best of the Blues* discography in *DB's Music '68* has proved to be the most valuable article on music I've ever read.

I've never been disappointed with any album I've bought on his recommendation, blues or otherwise. How about having a *Best of Avant Garde* discography sometime? Or a *Best of Bop*.

Mike Oliveri

Washington, D.C.

Picking On Heineman

It would be nice if Alan Heineman would make up his mind:

"(Eric) Clapton in particular has few or no technical equals, in jazz or rock." (*DB, July 25, '68*).

"(Pat) Martino is one of the best guitarists in jazz. Only Kenny Burrell and possibly Jim Hall are consistently superior." (*DB, Dec. 12, '68*).

I would also like to know whether Heineman is the least bit familiar with Barney Kessel, Tony Mottola, Howard Roberts, Johnny Smith, George Van Eps, Tal Farlow, Herb Ellis, Joe Pass, Freddie Green, George Benson or Charlie Byrd. I would suggest that Heineman do a little more listening before he makes such wild generalizations.

Bill Radin

Alexandria, Va.

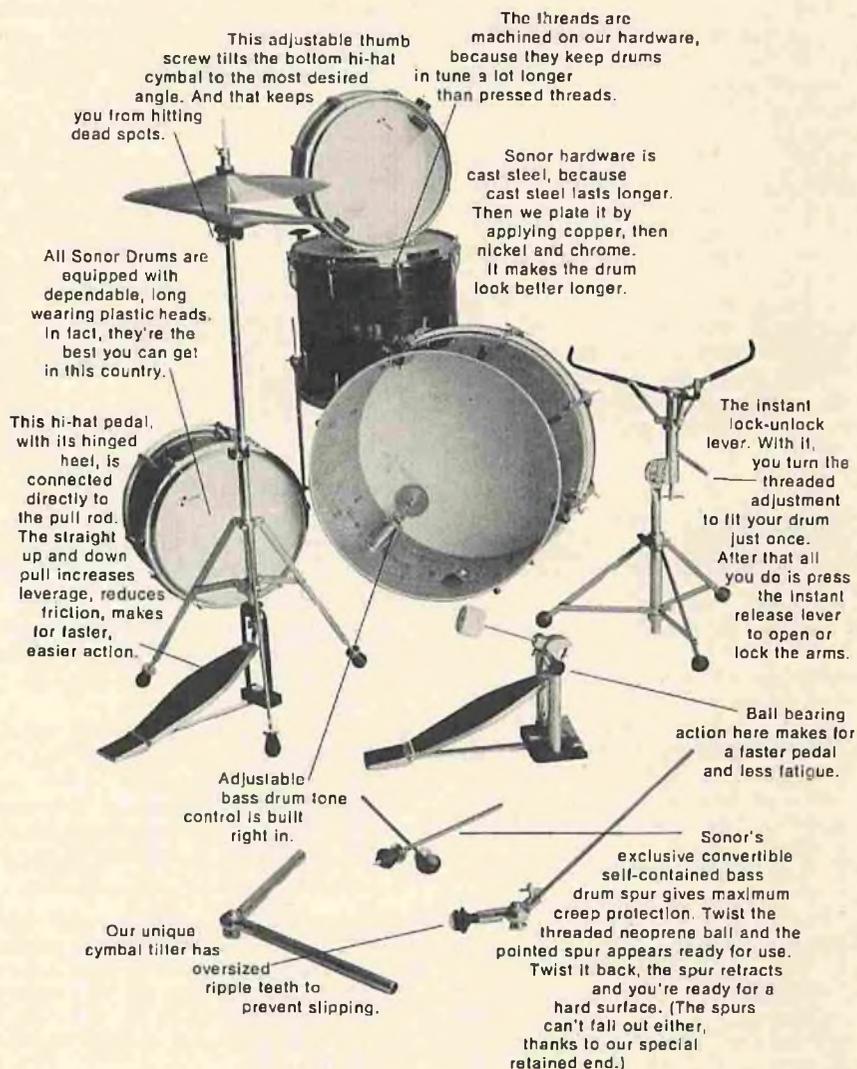
Shorter Short

About *Creativity And Change (DB, Dec. 12)* by Wayne Shorter: GREAT!

John Foster

Auburn, Calif.

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SHEPP GETS STAFF POST AT NEW YORK STATE U.

Archie Shepp has been appointed associate director of the Experimental Program for Independent Study at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Shepp will act as coordinator between administrators and students participating in the program.

The program was established last September under the sponsorship of the Select Committee on Equal Opportunity to enhance and expand the educational opportunities for minority group students in the Buffalo community and New York state. Under the program, more than 100 students from metropolitan Buffalo have been admitted to the university through the extension of the enrollment quota for 1968-69.

In addition to his position with EPIS, Shepp will serve as lecturer in music and as assistant director of the black studies program now in the planning stage at the university.

Shepp, who holds a bachelor of arts degree in drama from Goddard College, has taught in the New York City public school system and worked for the city's department of welfare and for New York's Mobilization for Youth.

Dr. James A. Moss, chairman of the Select Committee, pointed out that "as an internationally known jazz musician, Archie Shepp provides the visible presence on the campus of one of the major contributions of black people to American culture."

CZECHS PULL OFF JAZZ FEST DESPITE POLITICS

Last year's 5th International Prague Jazz Festival, scheduled for October, had to be cancelled "due to circumstances beyond the control" of the festival's organizers (*DB*, Oct. 31). Two concerts featuring Czech musicians were planned for late November in order "to keep the continuity of Prague jazz concert life", but when *Czechoslovak Jazz 1968* occurred on Nov. 20 and 21st, the event nevertheless was more than a local affair.

The Czech groups which appeared—SHQ with reed man Antonin Slovicek, Jazz Combo Usti, Revival Club, and the Gustav Brom orchestra—were joined by guests Maynard Ferguson, currently a resident of England, Tony Scott, who is living in Europe, British clarinetist Sandy Brown, and the University of Illinois Jazz Band, then touring Europe for the State Department.

Non-playing visitors from abroad included Jack Hutton, editor of *Melody Maker*, Roger Henriksen of Radio Copenhagen, Germany's Joachim Berendt, and many other critics and journalists. All guests were given a warm and sincere welcome, indicating that the Prague audi-

JOHN J. MAHER

1899-1968

John J. Maher, president of Maher Publications, died Dec. 28 of a heart ailment at St. Luke's Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago.

Born and raised in Chicago, he began his career in the printing industry as a youth and in 1938 organized the John Maher Printing Company. In 1940, he founded Canterbury Press, which published six magazines distributed throughout Latin America, and in 1949, he formed Maher Publications, publishers of *Down Beat*, *N.A.M.M. Daily*, and other periodicals.

He was active in numerous civic, religious and business organizations. An organizer and director of the Printing Industry of America, he was former president and director of the Printing Industry of Illinois and the Franklin Association of Chicago.

He served as the first president of the Cardinal Stritch Youth Guidance Foundation, was a founding director of Junior Achievement of Chicago, and organized the River Forest and Oakbrook Civic Associations.

He was a founding member of the Oakbrook Hounds, and a member of the Oakbrook Polo Club and the Union League Club of Chicago. He also was a founding officer and director of the Asthma and Allergy Foundation of Chicago, a member of the lay board of directors of Loyola University, and a director of the Thor Power Tool Co.

During World War II, he was twice cited by the U.S. government for assistance and development of methods in the production of "V" Mail.

His life-long interest in music also manifested itself in a partnership in the Three Deuces, a famous Chicago jazz club in the '30s.

He is survived by his widow, Erene Volicos Maher; a son, John Jr.; two daughters; a sister, Annarea Maher, and 20 grandchildren. Memorial donations may be sent to St. Coletta's School for Retarded Children at Jefferson, Wis.

ence was grateful that the concerts could be organized under the adverse political circumstances.

Preparations for the 6th International Prague Jazz Festival, to be held Oct. 9-12, 1969, have already begun, according to Czech sources.

CBS PURCHASES MAJOR RECORD RETAIL CHAIN

CBS Records has purchased Discount Records Co., a major retail chain including outlets on or near college campuses, in a

move that may have far-reaching consequences for the future of record retailing.

The entrance of a major record company directly into the retail market will give CBS an "opportunity to test new merchandising methods and to collect accurate consumer buying data, especially from the young people presently enrolled at the university level," according to CBS Records president Clive J. Davis. This purchase indicates that CBS wishes to relate the kind and quantity of records produced more directly to consumer demand. In addition, it may herald a general attempt by large record companies to control the retail outlets for their product.

In an era when the number of neighborhood record stores has dwindled and rack job and department store retailing has become the norm, Discount Records has been noted for its policy of carrying a wide inventory of available recordings.

FINAL BAR

Vibraharpist **Johnny White**, 47, died of pneumonia Dec. 16 in El Centro, Calif. Philadelphia-born and educated at the University of Nebraska, he joined the Glenn Miller band as a staff arranger. Following military service in World War II, he joined Benny Goodman as featured vibist with both the big band and the sextet. He can be heard on Goodman's *All The Cats Join In*, *Oh Baby*, and *On the Alamo*.

Bassist **Aleide (Slow Drag) Pavageau**, 80, died in his native New Orleans in late November. He had been ailing for some time.

Best known for his association with Bunk Johnson's band, which spearheaded the New Orleans revival of the '40s, he worked both later and earlier with George Lewis, and also with many other local bands. He became a favorite at Preservation Hall, where he most frequently was in Punch Miller's group.

Self-taught on guitar, which he took up in 1905, and on bass, which he did not begin to play until he was 45, Pavageau was considered one of the greatest of traditional bassists, with a powerful sound and a uniquely relaxed but driving beat. He earned his nickname for his proficiency as a dancer, and was the Grand Marshall of the Eureka Brass Band until 1968.

Ed Armstrong, founder and president of the Armstrong Flute Co. of Elkhart, Ind. died Dec. 28.

Alfred Simms, veteran pianist, arranger and teacher, died of cancer in Chicago Dec. 24. He was 74. A native of Jamaica, he began his career playing with dance bands on Caribbean cruise ships, and came to Chicago in the early '30s, where he played solo piano at many lounges and night spots and taught privately. Dorothy Donegan was his student, and he arranged for, among others, the Count Basie band.

POTPOURRI

Prestige Records has concluded an agreement with MPS Records, producers of Germany's SABA label, for release in the U.S. of selected jazz albums from the SABA catalog. Several albums by Oscar Peterson and LPs featuring the Clarke-Boland Big Band, Carmel Jones, Ben Webster and Don Byas, Milt Buckner, Jean-Luc Ponty, and a "Violin Summit" with Ponty, the late Stuff Smith, Stephane Grappelly and Svend Asmussen are included.

Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate toured the European continent in December at the helm of a band including trumpeter Dud Bascomb, trombonist Dicky Wells, reed man Ben Richardson (on clarinet, alto, and baritone), pianist Skip Hall, bassist John Williams and drummer Billy Stewart.

Ornette Coleman has signed a contract with ABC's Impulse label, and was scheduled to cut his first session under the new affiliation in late December, with Bob Thiele supervising.

Down Beat Contributing Editor Harvey Siders and his wife, Bobbie, are the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy, Todd Eric, born Dec. 1.



FRED MILES

Trombonist Al Grey blows up a storm, backed by the combined bands of the Philadelphia Eagles and the Southern University Band of Baton Rouge, La., a total of over 200 pieces. The scene was the University of Pennsylvania's Franklin Field, and the Eagles won the game.

Alto saxophonist Art Pepper has signed with Les Koenig's Contemporary Records, for which he recorded prolifically in the '50s. Contemporary's latest release is a Sonny Simunons-Prince Lasha album.

Drummer-a&r man-engineer David Niles Wolfson has opened a new studio, Output Sound, at 410 East 74th St. in New York City, which, he says, "offers an environment that actually encourages the artist to produce a better recording."



THE VIEW FROM THE HYDRANT

By STANLEY DANCE

"HE'S NOT going to like it."

"Who?" the Missouri Kid asked. "The editor?"

"Changing the picture up there after only two columns is presumptuous."

"Well, you chose the first, and I didn't like it."

"What's so good about the new one?"

"It's more in keeping with the image I want to project."

"Alert, eh?"

"Yeah, incisive, probing . . ."

"And noisy!"

"Noisy! Me? How can you say that? Whole families have been leaving the neighborhood since you got hold of Don Ellis' *Shock Treatment*."

"Don't exaggerate."

Sensing that I was not really in the mood for argument, he changed the subject abruptly.

"Tell about the steaks you ate in Argentina again."

"They were well cooked . . ."

"Juicy, succulent, and . . ."

"They hadn't been frozen for six months."

"Did Johnny Hodges ever get his pork

chops?"

"Of course."

"They tell me dogs are not well fed down there."

"Some places they are, like the Hacienda Villa Hermosa in Tequesquitengo, where they come in the dining room and take over under the tables."

"That's interesting. Like in the good old days, eh? It shows a more understanding attitude towards us dogs."

"You're not satisfied with the treatment you're getting?"

"Certainly not. There's been a systematic campaign of defamation around here. How many times have I heard references to 'a lowdown dirty dog' on the records you've played? How come the only number I hear on that Memphis Slim album you brought back from Europe is *My Dog Is Mean*? And why does man use the name of his best friend as a term of opprobrium?"

"It's odd, I admit."

"Even Duke Ellington does it."

"What do you mean?"

"He wrote that song, *You Dirty Dog*. Did you ask him about it?"

"Oh yes, I did. He said 'dog' is not always used in a derogatory sense, and he gave 'putting on the dog' as an example."

"That's gratifying. We dogs pride ourselves . . ."

"And there's 'gay dog'."

"Yes, but don't get slippery. Why doesn't Duke write music for a film about dogs instead of one about horses?"

"I don't know that Degas, Dufy et Cie. did many pictures of dogs."

"More prejudice! Tell me, what kind of tune is a dog? And what kind of blues

is Rab's *D.A. Blues*? I don't think you humans are going to give us respect, or our rights, until we become more militant."

"Like how?"

"We could start Bite-a-Human weeks!"

"You wouldn't be afraid of backlash, of Bite-a-Dog weeks?"

"Or we could go on strike and refuse to bark."

"That would be the day!"

"You don't seem to realize that when I bark it is to protect the household."

"You ought to know the mailman, the newspaperboy, the milkman, the garbage man, and Maria the Girl Scout by now."

"I know 'em, but I believe in early warning before identification."

"What were you barking at at 4 in the morning?"

"It was getting cold, and Soupy the Alcoholic Cat was mewing out there on the porch."

"You put his comfort before mine?"

"Listen, I thought you liked cats. You're always talking admiringly of this cat and that cat."

"Not that kind of cat, Kid."

"You see, you don't really believe in equality. And you think nothing of keeping us awake after midnight with records by what you call 'sick young cats'."

"It's work, hard work. I'm trying to get with it."

"You should try it in the daytime."

He began to gnaw petulantly at the binding of *Early Jazz* again.

"What is it you like so much about that book?"

"Oxford University Press uses the tastiest glue, man."



The Vibes Pres

IT WAS NO coincidence that the first band to be chosen to play at President Nixon's inaugural ball was Lionel Hampton's. Hamp, who has been dubbed "The Pied Piper of the G.O.P.," has been active in Republican politics for a number of years, and inaugurals are no novelty to him. (He's played two for General Eisenhower, and one for Democrat Harry Truman.)

Though he was a Rockefeller man and campaigned for the New York governor, Hamp loyally switched to Nixon after the nomination and toured with the Nixon campaign. He opened (and served as president of) Nixon's Harlem campaign center, and played at Nixon headquarters in New York during election night.

The day before the inauguration, Hamp hosted a party for prominent Blacks from many fields at the Washington Hilton, and he served on Nixon's inaugural committee.

"Politics is my hobby," Hamp says. His particular favorite among G.O.P. officeholders is New York's mayor, John V. Lindsay, for whom he has worked on many occasions. Lindsay is up for reelection this fall, and Hamp says he "can't wait to campaign for him again." Meanwhile, he plans to repeat his successful summer appearances with his band in Harlem, "to help cool things."

Politics is a two-way street, and Hamp takes just pride in the fact that a long-time dream is now nearing realization with Mayor Lindsay's help: a school of music in Harlem, of the caliber of Juilliard and other esteemed institutions, which additionally will offer instruction in TV and stage techniques and other related areas.

In addition to politics, of course, the veteran vibist-bandleader continues his full schedule of playing. In March, he will appear in Vancouver, and the entire month of April will find him touring Japan. The Vibes President marches on. 



GIUSEPPE PINGO

Due to a clerical error, bassist Jimmy Garrison was omitted from the published results of the 1968 *Down Beat* Readers Poll. Garrison received 427 votes and should have been shown as placing fifth among the top bassists in the poll. Our sincerest apologies to Garrison and to the readers who voted for him.

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

SPECIALS BUILT around jazz combos and bands are almost non-existent on network television, but an occasional one-shot hour devoted to a vocal personality of genuine musical interest may show up at prime time.

Two such events took place on successive nights recently. I should add that they were only successive from where I sat. The program known as *Francis Albert Sinatra Does His Thing* was seen via CBS on the same evening all over the country; on the other hand, *The Ella Fitzgerald Show, with Duke Ellington*, since it was syndicated, hit various cities at widely scattered intervals and many big towns not at all.

The title of the Sinatra show indicated that the star would be attempting to align himself with the now generation. To a degree this was what happened, though there was no air of compromise or sell-out when Sinatra made the transition, late in the show, by changing into the Fifth Dimension's uniform, joining them on a chorus of *Sweet Blindness*, and later slipping on a Nehru jacket with medal and chain.

Frank was cool and easy, not belting at maximum level but still under impeccable control. His subtle inflections were best illustrated in gently sentimental numbers like *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* and *Nice and Easy*.

Produced and written by Saul Ilson and Ernest Chambers, the show made several subliminal pitches (no doubt at the star's insistence) for interracial harmony. His brief monologs and the exchanges with guest Diahann Carroll were generally light in tone ("I pronounce it as in Moshe Dayan," she said), but he made an effective passing reference to the profundity of lyrics in the young writers' songs; mention was made of black-white relationships prior to a spiritual medley in tandem with Miss Carroll; and he treated her as he would any other pretty female guest, i.e. kissed her at the end of the set.

This kind of behavior was so rare on television until recently (remember how cautiously Perry Como kept Lena Horne at arms' length?) that for years I referred to it as the Wayward Buss.

The spirituals (*Motherless Child*, *Lonesome Road*, etc.) were performed without Tommish condescension, but the material was not exactly either singer's cup of tea.

The Fifth Dimension displayed its customary fresh, clean image. No complaints at all, except for the awkward attempt to reproduce, live, a mechanical record fade on *It's A Great Life*.

The high point for Sinatra was a poignant *Lost in the Stars*. Color, sets and camerawork were all splendid. Don Costa's orchestra did a workmanlike job. In short, this was a show in generally fine taste. The only lapse was a sudden segue

from a tender Sinatra ballad into a beer commercial by Frank—a crass and impractical move on the part of Annhauser-Busch.

The Fitzgerald-Ellington show, seen on KTLA in Los Angeles, was a juxtaposition of two giants that could have produced a masterpiece. It opened beautifully in a riot of color, set in the garden of Ella's Beverly Hills home. Surrounded by her two nieces and son Ray Brown Jr., she sang *People*. Again, a sponsorial stupidity ruined the mood as the number switched abruptly to commercials for a pizza roll and an antiperspirant.

In the next hour Ella reminisced about



TROMBERT THIERREY

the big band days and the value of standard songs, sang *Lush Life* with Ellington at the piano, and alternated between three settings. On some numbers there was simply a trio (Ellington, bassist Keter Betts, and Louis Bellson); on others, the Ellington band; on the more commercial tunes, Duke's men with Jimmy Jones at the piano, a string section, and Benny Carter as unseen musical director.

It was all pleasant in the extreme, but an opportunity of this magnitude should have enabled Ella and the band to shoot off at a couple of unexpected tangents. *Lady Be Good* and *Mack the Knife*, like Duke's *A Train* and *Satin Doll*, could just as well have been saved for their next Ed Sullivan guest shot.

Producer Jackie Barnett must be faulted for giving his stars too little leeway. One of the best numbers, *Brown Skin Gal in the Calico Gown*, was cut from the final footage, presumably because of its unfamiliarity. There was at least one obvious editing job during the band's instrumental medley.

Given a truly adventurous choice of material, Ella and Duke could have made this a memorable occasion. Hopefully, they will some day be able to do it the way they'd like it—maybe in Canada, or England or France. If it's done in the U.S., it will no doubt be for a low-budget educational channel, or a religious series aired at 5 a.m. on Sunday. 

LOU'S BLUES:

alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson's gloomy view of the jazz future

BY BILL QUINN



LEE TANNER

WHEN LOU DONALDSON went into orbit on the New York jazz scene, Charlie Parker may not have held celestial rank at the Chase Manhattan Bank, but he was Almighty God to the town's alto saxophonists. Everybody knew that any altoist wanting inside the Pearly Gates first had to play some Bird for St. Peter—just as most pianists attempted as much Bud Powell as their talents would permit.

In the 19 years since Donaldson left North Carolina for the big city, of course, Bird and Bud have met their untimely ends. Bebop has undergone the Bessemer process: from hot to cool to hard. And there's been Ornette Coleman—and all following him for whom his advent made the way a little bit easier. The "talk" has now moved somewhere to the left of Coleman, that shaper of things to come, toward things to come after that—art ever trying to stand on the far side of infinity. The rub is, by Donaldson's account, that "the people ain't buying it."

Accordingly, Lou Donaldson—veteran warrior on the battlefields of jazz club and recording studio, owner of the purple heart with many clusters for courageous action against elements of the jive brigade—ain't playing it. He plays essentially the way he did during his first years in New York. Structurally and ideologically, he is a neo-Parkerite.

This, naturally, is not unique. Many fine altoists still belong to this venerable club: Sonny Stitt and Sonny Criss, Phil Woods, et al. Donaldson's reasons for his position aren't singular either. What is of special note, however, is Donaldson's manner of stating his own case.

"When I came on the scene," Donaldson said, "the junkies had everything—and the recording studios had the junkies. If you weren't strung out, you couldn't get a record date. I didn't get high, so I was kind of an outsider at first."

Donaldson grants that times have changed in that respect. "In the '50s it was junkies," he repeated, "now it seems to be crazy people. One extreme to another."

The "crazy people" the altoist referred to are those musicians of, in his estimation, little or no talent who rely on any number of bizarre gimmicks to establish their niches in the music world.

"These people get a lot of play in the press," said Donaldson peevishly. "They're liable to say anything to writers who, in

turn, write it up as if it was Gospel. I read about a lot of cats who claim that they just 'pick up their horns and play their thing.' Whenever they 'get a feeling, their thing' just 'comes out.' No rehearsal, no nothing. Just a *feeling*? Ridiculous!

"In the great old bands, you had a part to play, it was either soft, loud, fast, slow, whatever. It was all down there in the score—and you had to play it that way or get off the pot."

It was apparent that Donaldson was on a subject very dear to his heart. The mere thought of today's music situation was incentive for more rapid fire exhortation. "Many cats say they get tired of playing the same tunes, the same changes. They want to do something new. Well, that's easy enough to say when you haven't learned how to play the old stuff yet. There never has been anybody, as far as I know, that would improvise any better than Charlie Parker. Yet, some nights he didn't play anything but the blues or *I Got Rhythm* or something like that. But he played 50 or 60 different melodies on those changes, and the audience never would get hip to what was going on. Now that's genius.

"But don't forget," he hastened to emphasize, "genius comes along in this business only once in 20 years or so. The average cat out here playing just can't pick up a horn and make something revolutionary happen; he's got to fall in line, learn the rules. Then maybe he can make some contribution."

From Donaldson's viewpoint, whether myopic or prophetic, jazz is being done great, perhaps irreparable harm by those practitioners who would put innovation before preservation. "Everybody is talking about black pride today. Fine. But a man who's proud of his culture isn't always looking for ways to junk it. People run around talking about bebop is square. Who do they think are the 'squares' that got it off the ground in the first place? I listen to white radio stations. I hear somebody playing like Guy Lombardo or I hear Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust* without fail. I turn on the so-called "black" stations, I don't hear nobody playing like Fletcher Henderson's band or Willie Smith with Jimmie Lunceford.

"Jazz came from the trouble the black man had in this particular country," Donaldson continued. "It came from the spirituals, from the blues. This was a musical expression of the hardships of slavery and the years after. If a cat can't play the blues, he can forget it: he ain't playing jazz."

It was suggested that some of the newer musicians currently identified with the jazz idiom correspond more closely in approach to sounds delivered by the latter-day saints of European music. Indeed, the proposition further claimed, more than a few of the younger musicians have expressed the desire to come by a nominal divorce from the word "jazz" itself. "Well," Donaldson chuckled, "they should get their wish, by all means. What they're playing isn't jazz, definitely not. So why shouldn't they find themselves another name for it?"

Perhaps the swiftness and complexity of urban environment, the severity of the

ghetto, the anger and frustration of life in a repressive environment are reflected in the jagged imagery of the new sounds?

"That rap is no good either," Donaldson countered quickly. "You see, these modern cats play all of that stuff in the [Greenwich] Village. They don't dare take it up to Harlem. They'll get the hell beat out of themselves before they blow 16 bars."

You hear it from clubowners who complain that intake isn't keeping pace with outlay. You hear it from kids who now buy psychedelic-folk-raga-rock. From suburbanites who've always preferred movies, or the *thee-a-uh* even. From r&b jocks who're somehow still half-scared it will eventually put them out of a job. From people who've abused it for profit, then dropped it like last year's prostitute. From musicians who can't play it. None of them seem any more relevant than a farmboy talking about the space program. Then a cat like Lou Donaldson, who's lived with it for a generation, says it: "Dying? I'm afraid jazz is dead. Jazz was always the kind of music that musicians from anywhere could get together and play—New York or Mississippi. All they had to do is know how to play the changes, improvise, keep the beat, and the rest came naturally, depending on how good you were. What these new cats are doing, fumbling through the kinds of things Lennie Tristano and Warne Marsh did 20 years ago, is killing jazz, scaring away the audiences and closing all the clubs. Pretty soon, jazz will end up just like classical music: they'll play it about two months out of the year . . . out in the park . . . in the summer-time . . . and that's it.

"Jazz today is in a very retrogressive state," Donaldson said, embellishing this omen with a wag of his head. "Everybody's talking about playing his own thing. If all these cats want to get off in their own separate corners and put something brilliantly 'different' together, what's going to happen to bands like Count Basie's, who's going to replace Duke? You can have small groups with everybody playing in a different direction maybe, but I'd like to see a big band full of far-out cats try it. It'd sound like s____. Yep, jazz is through, baby."

To the general pandemonium the last contention aroused among his hearers, Donaldson admitted a certain sense of security as far as he personally was concerned. "True enough, I'm still making a little headway—me and those from my era who survived. But the *a*—[Lou pronounces the first vowel very broadly]—vant garde should be the future of the music."

Here he gives the first hard indication that his objections are more those of a worried parent who has lost touch with his offspring in the dark recesses of the generation gap than a censoring judge of artistic merit. "Yeah, I'm doing alright," the altoist said. "But I'll be dead soon. Who's gonna carry on?"

It was as if he had said ". . . carry on the *family name*?"

"Where are they gonna play," he asked. "The clubs won't have 'em. Change is necessary, it's the life blood of jazz, but it's got to be change with foundation,

with standards.

"Jazz always has had a limited audience to begin with. Now there's no need to have a limit within that limit, 'cause that means no people. This is a capitalist country, let's face it. When I play, I want to get paid, man. I don't care how much love we're talking about. I've got to be paid.

"I may sound like I'm against the avant garde," Donaldson said. "I really don't care what they play, actually. I'd go along with them if it worked. But it doesn't work—they don't work—anywhere in the country, except maybe at Slug's, way downtown in New York. I know, I get around all over the place.

"The way the capitalist works," he continued, "he's only interested in how many records you're going to sell, how many people you're going to bring into the club. At the end of the week, he checks the book: no records, no people, no money, no you. It's not about music, the business is about money."

Some of the faults listed don't seem accurately placed when pinned on the musicians themselves. "Actually," said Donaldson, "I don't blame young musicians. There are a lot of unscrupulous record promoters out there. They're on the lookout for any young cat with an axe. Anybody can make a record today. The record companies gamble that they can take these unknown cats' sides and make hits out of them. They can do it by heavy advertising. When the youngsters get hip to the fact that they should have had royalty clauses in their contracts—or some such loophole—the record people have the money all sewed up. When the cats come looking for the money for their hit records, they say: 'Royalties? What royalties?' Forget it, they're off promoting some other young 'talent.'

"Back in the '50s, it was junk," he said. "Now it's false hope. How many of these 'stars' do you hear of from one year to the next?"

Questions make more of their number. How do you reinstall the respect for the jazz tradition? How do you acknowledge the musician of genuine ability instead of the "press release" genius? "I'm afraid it's too late," Donaldson said. "I often like to say that 'only the pure in heart will see God.' I mean, if a cat is not qualified—not just qualified to blow his horn, qualified to keep an audience—then he's out. We've got an awful lot of unqualified cats coming up these days."

One would be hard put to pinpoint the exact time and place these criticisms against the new music first were heard on a national scale. For want of greater accuracy, it has been most often designated as the night when Ornette Coleman first rode in out of the west on his plastic alto. At this time, then, there has been a decade of discord over this subject. To some extent, the same fine furlly accompanied the arrival of the music that Lou Donaldson champions. "The clubs were opening up to Bird and Diz and them by '47, '48 at the latest. There was a row of places along 52nd St. in Manhattan between 5th and 6th Avenues, the Putnam Central Club in Brooklyn, and, of course, Minton's

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A Performer's Art by Henry Pleasants



GIUSEPPE PINO

"AS I SEE IT," Andre Previn told Miles Kington, jazz critic of the *London Times*, in the fall of 1967, "the basic difference between classical music and jazz is that in the former the music is always greater than its performance . . . whereas the way jazz is performed is always more important than what is being played; and as I am more interested in the music than its performance, this partly explains why I have left jazz."

Jazz, in other words, as a performer's art, is categorically inferior to the composer's art of classical music. This is the orthodox view of the serious music establishment in its assessment of the relative merits of jazz and serious music. And it is, in my own view, abominable.

It is also instructive; for the implicit acquiescence in the separation of composition and performance goes far toward explaining the separation of composer and audience that precipitated the decline and now documents the fall of western music in its European phase (serious music). It helps us to understand why, for the past century or more, serious music has grown steadily less musical.

Time was, in European music—and it was a better time—when composer and performer were more often united in the same person, just as they are now so often united in jazz. Very few virtuoso

HENRY PLEASANTS has been a name to reckon with in music circles since his *The Agony of Modern Music* reddened the ears of the Establishment. The above is a chapter from his new book, *Serious Music—And All That Jazz!*, to be published by Simon & Schuster in March.

performers in serious music, today, are composers at all; and Bartok and Prokofiev were the last of the composers after Rachmaninoff who could be thought of as great performers.

Because what the great European composer-performers of the 18th and 19th centuries wrote has survived all memory of how, and even of what, they played, and because some of the great composers were not memorable performers, the serious musical community, little by little, has come to think of music as something to be read or memorized, of the composer as essentially a writer, and of composition as a separate and superior calling.

Although improvisation is, inescapably, composition, it is no longer thought of as composition, or even as music, in any worthy sense. The jazz musician is denied even the dignity granted to the serious music performer because the latter is an "interpreter" of presumably great music.

The musician, in other words, who makes up his music as he goes along, or makes up a good deal of it, or who rarely plays the same music twice in the same way, is, we are given to understand, inferior to the musician who makes no music of his own. For all his undisputed virtuosity and inventive fancy, the jazz musician cannot, in the establishment view, be accepted on equal terms with the serious musician who can read and play the notes written down by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner a century or so ago.

Andre Previn would probably argue that even the most imaginative serious performer, playing the least imaginative serious music is still playing only what the

composer has written and that what he plays is, therefore, *the music*; whereas in jazz even the best composition may be treated only as a point of departure for the performer, good or bad. To take it amiss, however, that a performer's contribution might be more important than a composer's reflects, in my opinion, a 19th century German view of the distinction between composition and performance and a 19th century German notion, too, of what music is all about.

This view may be persuasive if one has to do with a Beethoven or a Brahms. But their like has not been around for a long time. What matters is, after all, what one hears, whether the source is Brahms or Charlie Parker or the Beatles. Previn's statement that in jazz "the way it is performed is always more important than what is being played" ignores the fact that the jazz musician's *way* is also the *what*. It may be largely his own; but does that make it inferior, not necessarily to Beethoven or Brahms, but to Stockhausen, Cage or Boulez?

This kind of inverted thinking is, of course, a consequence of the composer-idolatry inherited from a time in the cycle of European music when composers were, indeed, the great creative artists—and often enough the greatest performers, too. And it reflects a failure to submit the conventions of evaluation to periodic review in the light of new circumstances.

While it is hardly conceivable that a sensible critic, today, would claim for any contemporary composer the genius of a Bach, a Mozart or a Wagner, the great art implicit in what was written by these and other masters has left a legacy of *sanctity* to the written notes and to the man who

now writes them. This legacy has survived several decades of relatively undisputed and all too often unintelligible composition.

The performer, at the same time—and I am speaking now of the serious musician—has been increasingly discouraged and frustrated as a creative participant. In the time when the music that now comprises the standard repertoire was new, the performer enjoyed a considerable latitude, either as himself the composer, or as one whom the composer welcomed as collaborator and colleague. Deprived now of a contemporary music congenial to himself and his public, the performer-interpreter has had to concentrate largely on old music, devoting himself to a repertoire so familiar to his listeners, and so revered by them, that any significant departure from what have become the conventions of interpretation and performance will be denounced as sacrilege.

Given such constraints as these, compounded by the stagnation of the repertoire, it is a tribute to the serious musician that he has not become a duller fellow than he is, especially the orchestra musician, playing more or less the same notes in more or less the same way under the daily supervision of opinionated conductors year in and year out, or the itinerant virtuoso, condemned for the rest of his life to a small bag of viable concertos by Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms.

Less admirable, except for the ingenuity of the convolution, is the manner in which this kind of sterile musicianship is represented as superior to that of the jazz musician, playing his own admittedly excellent music in his own admittedly excellent way for his own admittedly sophisticated audience. In a breathtaking feat of intellectual prestidigitation, artistic virtue is suddenly seen as debility, and debility as virtue, even when the jazz musician's virtues are demonstrably identical with what is still counted a virtue in the early masters of European music: invention, originality, the ability to sublimate a contemporary popular music, a virtuosity that led to the improvement of musical instruments and the introduction and development of new ones, in vocal music a comprehension and appreciation of a lively vernacular and, in retrospect, the faculty of speaking musically for one's own time.

But ever since Beethoven furrowed his brow and shook his fist at the heavens, composition has been reckoned too solemn a matter to be left to a performer's discretion or to accommodate a performer's elaboration. Earlier composers rejoiced in a less sombre disposition; nor did they look upon improvisation as necessarily trivial. What we read now about the *ex tempore* accomplishments of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt should make us hesitant to assume any limits to improvisational inspiration. And the music of the best jazz musicians proves that the improvisational faculty has not been lost to our human kind. The phonograph record, moreover, is far superior as a preservative to any system ever devised for *writing* music.

Overlooked by the serious music establishment in its assessment of jazz is the

jazz musician's independence of scripture as evidence of an indigenous style and of stylistic security. What he plays is *his* music, in a collective and social as well as an individual sense, and nobody else's. He need not worry about how somebody played it, or may have played it, a hundred or two hundred years ago. He can do with it as he pleases, governed in his fancy only by conventions, or by an impulse to depart from convention. If he is playing another's music he will know instinctively and exactly when he must be literal to safeguard the ensemble and when he is expected to contribute something of his own by deviation or improvisation. And he will know, in terms of what is stylistically permissible, precisely what to add and how.

Music and style, in his world, are one and the same thing. The style is the music and music the style, as was true of the older eras of European music. Manfred F. Bukofzer has made a point of this in the preface to his *Music in the Baroque Era*. "It is a strange though incontestable fact," he writes, "that by far the great majority of music books deal with composers rather than their music. This attitude is a survival of the hero-worship that characterizes the 19th-century approach to music as well as the other arts. In a history of a single musical period the shortcomings of such an approach become particularly obvious. A musical era receives its inner unity from the musical style and can be historically understood only in terms of stylistic development."

So it is—or has been—with jazz; and it is this identification with style, and the acceptance of stylistic discipline, that distinguishes jazz improvisation from the aleatoric, or "chance," *ex tempore* procedures of some avant-garde serious music. When the jazz instrumentalist improvises it is a sense of style that dictates his choice of notes and their rhythmic ordering. The pianist, extemporizing from the chords, the bass player filling in a bass line and the drummer lifting and driving, will all be responding to stylistic requirements commonly felt and commonly understood.

In this respect, style is more important than composition, or, to put it boldly, style is the supreme composer, providing the esthetic frame of reference and the basic communicative conventions from which each individual composer works. It is the evolution and acceptance of a style, and the accomplishments of the executing musician within that style, rather than the theories and practice of any single individual, that mirror the lyrical predilections of a society or a generation.

Forceful and imaginative individuals, like Beethoven and Wagner, can expand and extend a style. They can challenge its conventions. But the style and its conventions are a prerequisite for their work. It is precisely the want of a contemporary style congenial to musician and listener alike that has confirmed the sterility of the European (serious) idiom in the 20th century—a fact that proponents of free jazz would do well to ponder.

Recognition and acceptance of a common style by a large general public would seem to be a pre-condition for any general musical prosperity. The conventional

history of European music is deceptive in its concentration upon those few composers whose finest accomplishments stand out so conspicuously from their contemporaries that we tend to forget how many excellent contemporaries they had, and how much all the music of any flourishing period had in common. It is customary, for example, to speak of Mozart's *style* or of Bach's *style* or of Haydn's when it would be more accurate to speak of individual characteristics within a common style.

The relationship between composer and performer in jazz, and between musician and audience, has always been based, until recently, upon the mutual acceptance of a common musical vernacular. It differs not at all from comparable relationships in European music in the 17th and 18th centuries. There is even the almost axiomatic union of composer and performer in the same person. The jazz musician has had to accept, of course, the discipline of a style, just as Haydn and Mozart did; but within this style he has enjoyed greater freedom than the serious composer enjoys today, the latter condemned to the search for a style of his own, or to the acceptance of dogma imposed by other composers.

And he has enjoyed greater freedom, of course, as well as greater responsibility than the serious performer-interpreter, restricted to the repetition of what somebody else has written. What the jazz musician plays is his own music, in a collective sense, allowing him to speak for himself in a language shared with his fellows. Working within a common style, he is stylistically secure, not in the safe haven of a score and the explicit instruction, but in the open spaces of musical adventure and invention, where, with style as his guide and companion, he can move freely without fear of going astray.

The more knowledgeable and objective among serious musicians and serious music critics may recognize the basic similarity between the role of the jazz performer and the performance practices of older eras of European music; but they cannot reconcile the conventions of jazz with the later conventions of European music, closer to their own musical experience and expectations.

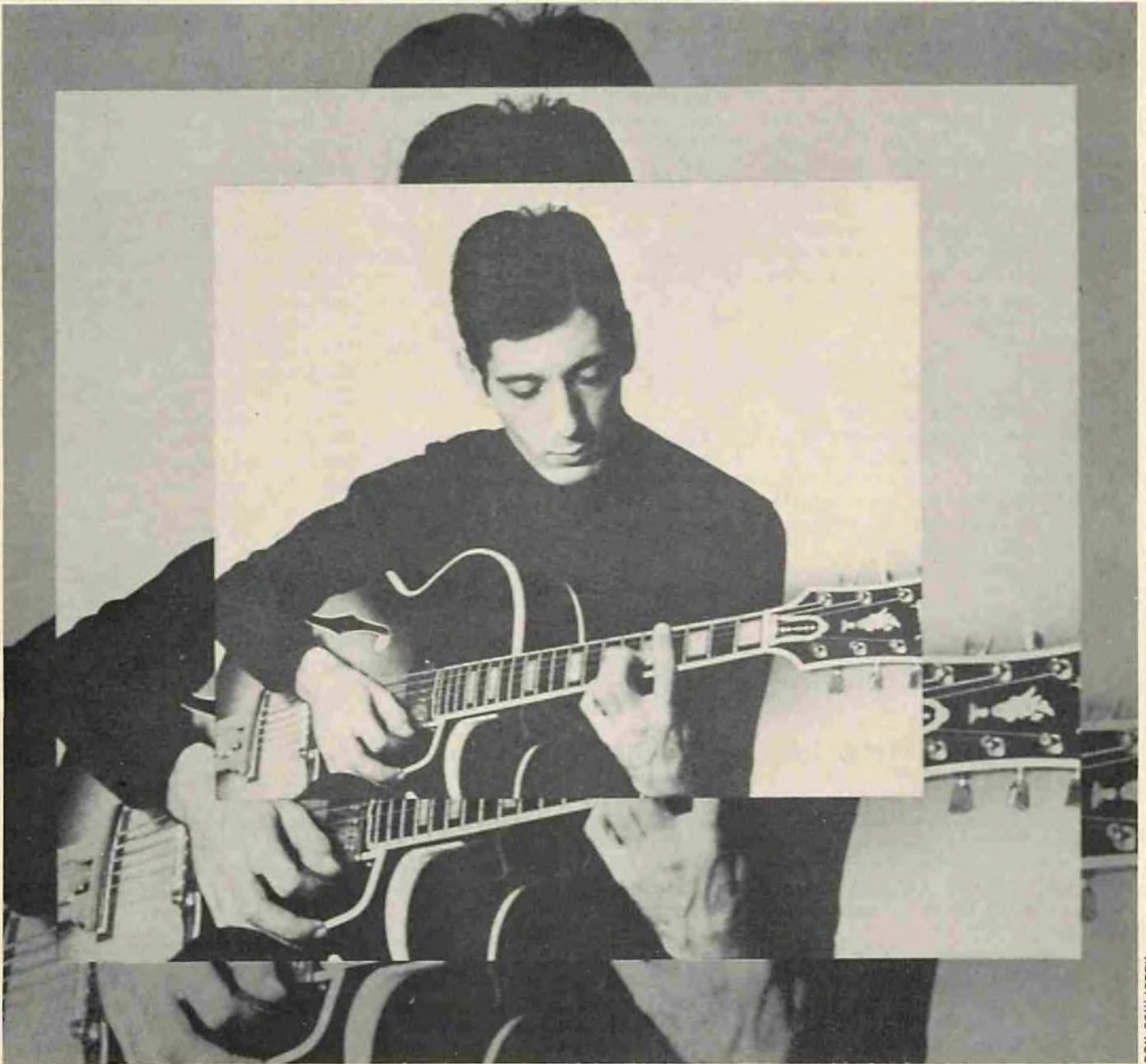
Theirs is, as a rule, a progressive view of musical history. Instinctively, or by rationalization, they feel that music has come a long way since the 17th and 18th centuries—and a long way from the intimate give and take of performer and listener. They feel, too, that while it may have been all well and good for the performer to have been the center of attention two and three hundred years ago, and to have been granted the privilege of interpretive and creative discretion it is not all well and good now, with the masterpieces of the 19th century to remind us how much more important the composer can be than any mere performer.

One is tempted to suggest that the validity of such a view depends upon the composer and the quality of his composition, but this would seem to be suggesting, in turn, that any music's capacity to accommodate, or benefit from, the cre-

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Pat Martino: musician first

by Michael Cuscuna



DON SCHLITEN

PAT MARTINO will probably be one of the more significant musicians on the contemporary scene in the next few years. Almost as remarkable as his talent is the fact that this small, unassuming, and articulate guitarist and composer served his apprenticeship in a hectic and unlikely area. Rather than in an avant-garde clique or at a conservatory, Martino gained most of his professional experience in series of traveling

rhythm-and-blues oriented jazz groups.

After just 1½ years of studies with the respected Philadelphia teacher Dennis Sandole, Martino was on the road at 15 with Red Holloway, Sleepy Henderson, and other r&b groups. A short but inspirational stint with Sonny Stitt made the young guitarist take the language of music more seriously.

After a tour with Lloyd Price's band, Martino spent two years recording and

traveling with tenor saxophonist Willis Jackson's group. On his first Prestige record dates with Jackson, he appeared under his real name, Pat Azzara.

One year with Don Patterson, two years with Jack McDuff, gigs with such other organists as Jimmy Smith, Groove Holmes and Trudy Pitts, and many more Prestige recording dates followed.

Amid all the organs came several big-band jobs, including one with a *fine*

rehearsal band led by trombonist Melba Liston, which included a fellow Philadelphian, pianist Eddie Green.

"The most important band I ever worked with," Martino maintains, "was Lloyd Price's. There were so many strong writers in the band that I began to realize the potential in that area. For that reason, I get more out of big bands than anything else. Gil Evans is my favorite arranger, but I have been really gassed by some of the time and raga things in Don Ellis' band."

And what about the rather unorthodox orchestra of Sun Ra?

"I was confused and taken by surprise when I first heard Sun Ra. I have not had a chance to really get into it and evaluate it personally. It's so different that when you hear it, it hits you right in the face. The first time I heard the band was in Central Park with Bobby Hutcherson. It hit him so hard that he began to cry. I am not exactly sure how it affected me."

The year 1965 was to have been the guitarist's big year, for he recorded his first album as a leader for Vanguard records, a session that included the last recorded appearance of the late bassist George Tucker. But that date still remains unreleased. It was not until two years later that Martino began to gain recognition with an eight-month stint in the John Handy Quintet, a job that came about rather unexpectedly. On the recommendation of tuba player Howard Johnson, Handy put in a call to Martino in Philadelphia and asked him to take the next plane to Los Angeles.

Within 10 hours, the guitarist was on stage at a college concert as a member of the Handy quintet.

"John had never heard me play, and we had no rehearsals or charts," he recalled. "It was rough that night, but it worked out. I played with John, Bobby Hutcherson and the group for about eight months, during which we recorded one album [*New View*; Columbia CS 9497]. I respect John's music and enjoyed the gig."

Back in Philadelphia, Martino has been freelancing and recording as a sideman for Prestige dates by Charles McPherson, Eric Kloss, Don Patterson and others. During this period he recorded his first album of consequence as a leader with Joe Farrell, Cedar Walton, Ben Tucker and Walter Perkins. The album, *Strings* (Prestige PR 7547), was an excellent blowing date and a fine debut.

His second album, *East* (Prestige PR 7562), was similar in orientation and quality. But the title tune, written by bassist Tyrone Brown, is an infectious, pulsating, Eastern-tinged piece that served as an indication of the path Martino would take.

Although he is a musician first and a guitarist second, Martino has some interesting comments about the instrument.

"By listening to jazz guitarists," he said, "you cannot follow the forefront of the jazz scene. The horns are usually the leaders, and by the time a guitarist gets his chops together to do what the horns are doing, there is something else new. Guitar is always in the shadow."

He said he feels that all the modern guitarists are just adding to or modifying the innovations of Charlie Christian.

"Wes Montgomery stretched the boundaries somewhat, but he was still an extension of Christian," he continued. "There are a lot of good players with their own identities, like George Benson's modified blues, Larry Coryell's jazz-rock, Johnny Smith's chordal style, Kenny Burrell's thing, etc. But it's all just guitar music."

It was this dissatisfaction, an empathy with big bands and writing, and an interest in Heitor Villa Lobos' compositions that prompted Martino to explore other, fresher means of playing music.

"Too many guys think of themselves as just players and not total musicians," he pointed out. "The fact is that they are hanging themselves up with devices which can go nowhere. I look at the guitar as the smallest device in music. It's like my voice. What I try to do is concentrate on building my *vocabulary*, not my voice. By doing that, I can get away from guitar music, which is what most guys concentrate on. A player is limited by his instrument. But a writer is limited by almost nothing, really. He has any and every instrument and any combination of them at his disposal. That's why I want to explore that field."

Exploring that field is what Martino is doing. He has been working on a framework that would allow him to write and still give the soloists maximum freedom.

"I find chords too small," he said. "I can work with more freedom with linear structure and rhythm." A large part of his new music is taken structurally, tonally and theoretically from the classical music of northern India.

"When I was about 15 years old," he said, "Dennis Sandole showed me some ragas, but I had no appreciation or understanding of them. But now, with the advent of Ravi Shankar and others on the scene here, and all the new developments, I feel that this area should definitely be explored—but not exploited."

Martino is not interested in a commercial rock-my-raga bag or a pretentious East-West fusion. He has developed a system of music that suits his needs as a creative musician. Already,

one record in this area has been recorded for Prestige. Martino assembled a group that included Gregory Herbert, alto saxophone and flute; himself on lead guitars; Bobby Rose, rhythm guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; a tabla player, and a tamboura player. The method employed is best described in the guitarist's own words:

"Each instrument has a pattern to expose and develop. These patterns are all subdivisions of the main signature, all crossing each other and serving as improvisational drones over which the lead guitars and other solo voices can elaborate. The patterns must be projected but are not written out entirely, so that the player may change them as he sees fit. Everything must be flexible and fluid."

The lead guitars are all played by Martino through the use of overdubbing. On one track, up to six or seven guitars are working at once.

This recently released album, *Baiyina (The Clear Evidence)* contains exceptionally fresh and cohesive music. Every musician was sympathetic and capable of playing the music at hand, but it was not until the second session that everyone began to feel comfortable and swing. And swing is an important factor to Martino because he insists on flexibility and looseness, qualities painfully lacking in the Indo-jazz work of some contemporary players who have assayed it.

This recording is only the beginning of Martino as a composer and a mature, inventive soloist. He is now finishing work on a 24-tone guitar that eventually, he hopes, will be made available to the public. Rather than adding devices to the instrument, as young Indian guitarist Brij Bhushan Kadra has done, Martino has removed them, thereby enabling the skilled technician to make full use of quarter tones. (Details cannot be revealed at this time, since they might be copied.)

Beyond this, Martino is studying and continuing to explore the rich and vast music of northern India. He intends to continue to compose and hopes to take a large ensemble on a concert tour. Contemplated is the addition of a string quartet that would provide "a visual backdrop and serve to stretch the time tonally. Very little of its music will be written note for note."

Having adopted the spontaneity, flow and excitement of jazz, blues and Indian music, and full of enthusiasm and drive to tap creative reservoirs, he views music "as a matter of time and space. I liked playing bop, but it's just a lesser form of a greater form. And each time you move into a greater form, that becomes the lesser form of a greater form. That's how I view music." 

THE WHO

an appreciation by HARVEY PEKAR

THERE ARE MORE popular groups around than The Who. When excellence and historical importance are considered, however, no group except the Beatles clearly ranks above them.

The Who are at least solid in every major area; their instrumental work is excellent, their songwriting consistently fine. The Who do not employ a self-consciously arty approach but their performances, in addition to being exciting, are often profound. Despite the fact that The Who use showmanship devices like instrument destruction, they impress as one of the most honest groups in rock.

The contemporary form known as rock was created by people with varying backgrounds. Some were involved with white country music, some with blues. The Who, like the Beatles, have been strongly influenced by the rock 'n' roll of the '50s (although, according to Peter Townshend, "when The Who first started we were playing blues".) The two groups have evolved in somewhat different directions. The Beatles have been more concerned with exploring musical forms other than rock 'n' roll. The Who has remained closer to the '50s type of rock, extending its possibilities from within.

Consider the virtues of The Who. In Townshend, John Entwistle and Keith Moon, they have about as impressive a trio of instrumentalists as there is in any rock group.

Bassist Entwistle is probably one of the more musically knowledgeable performers in rock. He has studied theory and French horn and, according to Valerie Wilmer in *Hit Parader*, is "... the possessor of no less than nine bass guitars, two trumpets, an electric piano and a French horn."

Despite his education, however, Entwistle's playing in the rhythm section is reminiscent of the crude but irresistibly powerful work of Wellman Braud. Note the heaviness and bull strength of his work on *Odorono*, *Happy Jack* and *My Generation*.

Entwistle can not only play with power, but uses simple figures effectively to give the group's work a lift. Though it may seem primitive at first, his playing makes sense and is quite effective.

Entwistle at times plays French horn with The Who, lending an element of surprise and humor to their performances

when he whoops and blasts away on it.

Guitarist Townshend deserves a great deal of praise for his use of feedback, which has been very influential. He was one of the first guitarists to employ a freakout style of playing.

Townshend, one of the most gifted and complete musicians in rock, is a fine accompanist. His work in the rhythm section, while forceful, does not conflict with what the other section members do.

The Who's records do not indicate what a brilliant soloist Townshend is. His spots are too brief to give him a chance to stretch out and show what he can do. We do learn from his recorded work that his chordal work is strong and intelligent, but what The Who's albums don't demonstrate is what a brilliant single-note line player he can be.

Most of the tracks on The Who's records are short enough to fit comfortably on one side of a single. However, in person, their performances of individual selections are lengthened by extended instrumental sections. Townshend's live soloing is very impressive and far less conservative than records would lead one to think. His lashing single-note work is full of fresh ideas and swings explosively.

Townshend knows how to build tension and when to release it. He can establish a groove and really ride it, playing with terrific momentum. His musical vocabulary is a synthesis drawn from several forms of music including rock 'n' roll, blues, country-and-western, and jazz (he digs Charlie Parker and has called him a "genius"). He's an inventive musician who does not rely on clichés as some rock musicians do. He stands head and shoulders above most rock guitarists; his excellence illustrates how little many of them have to offer.

When Townshend plays, he's physically very active, leaping and dancing around the stage. He does it to turn on the audience but also because he feels like doing it. Fortunately, his movements are coordinated and athletic.

Townshend's guitar-smashing routine has gotten to be a kind of drag, though, because it's become predictable. Near the end of the set the kids know what's coming. They jump up and run toward the stage, and Townshend doesn't disappoint them—sure enough, he breaks up his

guitar. It's hard to believe that each time he does it he has his heart in it.

I have heard Moon play better live than on records, although records don't present the misleading picture of his work that they do of Townshend's. He's a chopping, extremely volatile drummer who can wash you out of a room with his cymbal work. He's been influenced by rock 'n' roll drummers of the '50s and uses devices derived from them, but his playing is far more complex. Like some avant garde jazz drummers, he has moved closer to the front line than his predecessors. His work is full of counter-rhythms, and he's adept at dropping bombs. His cymbal work is more effective than that of any rock drummer I'm familiar with. He really exploits his set and gets all kinds of colors from it.

Moon works out well in The Who. Wild as he may get, he doesn't overpower the other members of the group; they just go along with him.

Roger Daltrey is The Who's featured vocalist. Daltrey's singing is technically not very impressive. However, he does an effective job because his vocal work is honest. He sings straightforwardly and without affectation (which is a relief these days). He conveys the youthfulness, the toughness and the sense of humor that is in him to the audience. When they like his singing they're also digging him personally, in a sense.

The Who are a popular, highly regarded group but are still not generally given the credit they deserve. Consider this statement about The Who, in a discographical survey describing the wonders of rock (which contains high praise for the Beach Boys!) written by Ellen Sander for the *Saturday Review*: "The Who do not manifest any intellectual posture in their music; they are the camp reflection of young 'mod' Great Britain and simply play good rock 'n' roll." Maybe Miss Sander would like The Who more if they had a lot of original compositions with pretentious lyrics in their repertory.

The Who's instrumental excellence alone makes them a better than good rock group. Beyond this, the group's book is full of fine original compositions. Each member has contributed something, though Townshend is their chief composer.

The Who's compositions are generally not harmonically, melodically or rhythmically "far out" although many of them are quite catchy; e.g., *My Generation*, *Happy Jack*, *Substitute*, *Magic Bus*. It is their lyrics that are notable.

The lyrics of The Who's originals are perceptive and sophisticated and also funny and unsentimental. The most obvious characteristic in them is humor, and The Who exhibit several types. There is the gentle, knowing humor of Townshend's *A Quick One While He's Away*, a long selection described as a mini-opera. It begins with a description of the plight of a young woman whose "man's been gone for nearly a year/he was due home yesterday but he ain't here." A remedy appears in the form of Ivor, the engine driver. He tells her, "You ain't no fool and I ain't either/so why not be nice to an old engine driver?" When her man

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Record Reviews

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

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

Laurindo Almeida

THE LOOK OF LOVE AND THE SOUNDS OF LAURINDO ALMEIDA—Capitol 2866: *Windy; Angel Eyes; I Love You; Up, Up and Away; Don't Sleep in the Subway; The Look of Love; When I Look in Your Eyes; Alfie; A Beautiful Friendship; Simplicidade; My Own True Love.*

Personnel: Almeida, guitar; unidentified winds, strings, rhythm; Clare Fischer, Lex De Azevedo, Dick Grove, arrangers; De Azevedo, conductor.

Rating: see below

If this album were to be given a rating from a jazz frame of reference, I would be held liable for misrepresentation. At the same time no one can deny the beauty of its sounds or the artistry of its featured soloist.

This is a lush album, and it's obvious that much love was lavished on most of the tracks, particularly those that boast Fischer's charts. Most outstanding is *I Love You*—the first time I'd heard that Cole Porter chestnut done in bossa nova. What Fischer has done is to shift the focal point away from the melody to a soothing cycle of fourths whose sequential pattern gives rise to a wholly new harmonic direction.

But when one starts getting goose pimples over a cycle of fourths, it's time to admit the album doesn't altogether belong in the jazz realm. It's also time for Almeida to admit his talents have been improperly utilized in this setting. Face it: one doesn't record Jascha Heifetz for Muzak or book Miles Davis at a bar mitzvah. So why squander Laurindo Almeida on background music for lovers?

—Siders

Bee Gees

HORIZONTAL—Atco 33-233: *World; And the Sun Will Shine; Lemons Never Forget; Really and Sincerely; Birdie Told Me; With the Sun in My Eyes; Massachusetts; Harry Bruff; Daytime Girl; The Earnest of Being George; The Change Is Made; Horizontal.*

Personnel: Barry Gibb, Robin Gibb, Maurice Gibb, Colin Petersen, Vince Melouney, vocals, guitars, bass, drums. Instrumentation and supporting musicians unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

I feel like—and I suppose I'm subject to the same sort of contemptuous criticism as—the tourist to Hong Kong (or Harlem) who says, "All those people look alike." Because no matter how often I listen to this album, the songs keep blurring together, and, with one or two exceptions, I can't remember which is which.

The Bee Gees are the Berry Gordy of England: they produce listenable, enjoyable, highly polished performances that leave a pleasant aftertaste but no sharply etched memories.

The group has squatted on—and cultivated with great success—the territory explored most notably by the middle-period Beatles: soft-rock backgrounds to European song form with tightly (and often interestingly) voiced harmonies—seconds, major

and minor thirds, fourths. This is clearest in *Earnest, Lemons* and *Birdie*. The title track, with lyrics resembling *Tomorrow Never Knows* and with a partly Beatlish descending slide at the end of the last two lines of the refrain, is straight out of more recent Lennon-McCartneydom.

The Bee Gees are at their most effective in the realm of melancholia (*World, Sun Will Shine, Sincerely, Eyes, Mass*), led by the wispy and strangely quavering voice of their most frequent lead singer (Barry Gibb?) and reinforced by the preponderance of strings on this record.

The leader's voice is most moving on *Sincerely*, where his attenuated vibrato roams over an accordion's slightly saccharine backing until a full orchestra dominated by strings enters for the refrain. There's an awful lot of weather in the downer songs, as the titles indicate, contributing to their indistinguishability. The lyrics also aren't especially noteworthy, though there's a nice if possibly unintentional reference to Shakespeare's "And the rain it raineth every day," in *World*.

The most consistently good lyrics are in *Eyes*, a touching ballad about self-deception and inadequacy that contains this pair of lines in the refrain: "Who is the clown that walks in the steps of my shadow?/Is it the man who does what he can but never does it right?"

The only harder sounds that make it are *Bruff*, with good group harmony, and *Change*, which features a different lead singer, whose voice is guttier and more resonant than that of the customary vocalist. I'd like to hear more of him.

The sole daring musical effect is in *Earnest*, in which there is a perfectly timed measure-and-a-half rest between choruses, producing palpable and exciting moments of tension.

For the rest . . . well, if you like the Bee Gees, you'll like the album. If you don't know them, listen to *Eyes, Bruff, Sincerely* and *Change*. —Heineman

Alice Coltrane

A MONASTIC TRIO—Impulse 9156: *Ohnedaruth; Gospel Trane; I Want To See You; Lovely Sky Bear; Oceanic Beloved; Amic Peace.*

Personnel: Alice Coltrane, piano (tracks 1-3); harp (tracks 4-6); Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashied Ali, drums (tracks 2-6); Pharoah Sanders, bass clarinet (track 1); Ben Riley, drums (track 1).

Rating: ★ ½

John Coltrane's music was so very personal, the emotion and lyricism so much a part of the man, the externals of his art so seductive and yet misleading, that no other modern musician is such a potentially wrong influence on other musicians. There have been other John Coltrane-influenced pianists before this, but on the evidence of *Ohnedaruth*, Alice Coltrane is

the first to assimilate his message almost completely into a personal style.

Surely piano and harp are unsuitable instruments for transmitting such a passionate utterance. The marvel is that Mrs. Coltrane, an immensely skillful pianist, has here and there actually captured this vision. The harp side of this LP presents waves of sound, a wispy impressionist feeling without urgent substance, yet a careful listening to *Amic* reveals an unusually fine understanding of Coltrane's structures.

The piano side is more rewarding. *Ohnedaruth*, despite a poor Sanders solo, is a strong performance. Its major feature is a lyrical piano improvisation which uses not only Coltrane's organizational methods, but his unique sense of melody as well.

Yet the McCoy Tyner-like ideas at the beginning of *Gospel* suggest that, the incisive *Ohnedaruth* notwithstanding, Alice Coltrane has not found her own voice completely in John Coltrane's. The misty runs and imprecise contours of her piano lines here and in *I Want* imply neither Coltrane nor a personal musical medium. In sum, her piano work presents a calm, austere surface, with volume contrast and dissonance at a minimum. Her harmony and rhythm are completely John Coltrane-derived, and are quite as free as his. Yet the lack of contrast in her music and the structural and melodic indecision that pervades most of these tracks leave the feeling that there is much more to be said.

So Alice Coltrane is an artist in the process of becoming. The success of *Ohnedaruth* is ample assurance of a beautiful musical talent. For its true direction, its fulfillment, we will have to wait and see. —Litweiler

Cream

WHEELS OF FIRE—Atco 2-706: *White Room; Sitting on Top of the World; Passing the Time; As You Said; Pressed Rat and Warhog; Politician; Those Were the Days; Born Under a Bad Sign; Deserted Cities of the Heart; Crossroads; Spoonful; Traintime; Toad.*

Personnel: Eric Clapton, guitar, vocals; Jack Bruce, cello, harmonica, guitar, cello, electric bass, vocals; Ginger Baker, glockenspiel, marimba, tubular bells, drums, timpani, tambourine, vocals; Felix Pappalardi, trumpeter, tonette, viola, Swiss hand bells, organ pedals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Well, what more is there to say about this fabulous group, or, for that matter, about this fabulous two-record album?

It's been out for some time. I've postponed reviewing it because I wanted to do it justice, and it's hard to verbalize the excitement generated. Furthermore—every critic is a latent or overt myth-debunker—there was the chance that Cream wasn't as magical and mystical as I thought. Maybe I'd been hyped.

Nope. It's a five-star collection any way

you slice it. There are things wrong with it, of which more below, but there is so much that is overwhelmingly right.

General outlines: the first record was cut in the studio, the second, comprising the last four tracks, was recorded live at the Fillmore in San Francisco. (Actually, part was cut at another of the S.F. ballrooms, but under Fillmore owner Bill Graham's sponsorship.) Pappalardi and the exotic instrumentation appear only on the studio sides; the Fillmore sessions feature only (only?!) Clapton's guitar, Bruce's harmonica and bass, and Baker's drums. The tightly arranged studio cuts, many of them metrically adventurous, have few extended solos—all these cuts are shorter than five minutes. The Fillmore tunes are forums for extended improvisation—*Toad* and *Spoonful* are each about 16 minutes long.

Perhaps the first thing to be said about *Wheels of Fire* is that it demonstrates a hypothesis I've played with for awhile: the group's base is its bass. Clapton's virtuosity is so advanced and his uncanny knack of building effective, shattering climaxes so unfailing that Bruce may go unappreciated.

Most of Clapton's solos are based on a series of climaxes; most of the climaxes are based on repetition. It is Bruce's subtle counterpoints and variations on the chords that give the ultimate texture and substance to Clapton's work. (Baker's drumming contributes, too, of course, but Bruce is far more important.)

Furthermore, a majority of Cream's tunes are structured around interesting basso ostinato figures. Cases in point are *Politician*, *Bad Sign*, *You Said*, and, most notably, *Spoonful*. These figures work like the implied rhythm of a piece: once they're heavily established, the listener retains them even when the bassist (cellist in *You Said*) doesn't state them directly. This emphasis on the lower outlines of a song increases the importance of Bruce's role; he fills it magnificently. (He is not, it must be said, a first-rate cellist, though his ideas on that instrument are interesting; he has few if any peers on electric bass.)

The studio cuts are all good, though *Warhog*, a recitation-with-music by Baker of some not very profound lyrics, and *Cities* are the least impressive.

Politician has some acrid lyrics with a competent overdubbed Clapton outing; he does much better on Howlin' Wolf's *World*, which features some odd accents not in Wolf's version, as I recall it, and Clapton's work on *Bad Sign* is stunning—mean, hard, unrelenting blues in his modified B. B. King vein.

Clapton has another good double-time solo on *Days* (different from the currently popular Mary Hopkin song), which has a lovely melody line, attractively augmented by Pappalardi's hand bells.

You Said is also a good line, supported by a sinister, two-note cello riff. The melody is strange, minor, I think, and unresolved except by the ostinato cello motif. It features some good acoustic guitar work by Bruce.

The most experimental numbers are *White Room* and *Time*. The former has

a bizarre construction: an eight-bar introduction in 5/4 employing four chords, 16 bars in 4/4, apparently using the related major of those chords, a 10-bar bridge (related chords again), a repeat of the 16-bar section, a repeat of the bridge—thus, ABCBC.

Clapton plays with the wawa pedal, of which he's a master, behind Bruce's vocal and then solos for several choruses of only the 16-bar section, probably wise, considering the complexity of the other parts.

The aptly titled *Time* has an introduction in a hard 4/4, a two-chorus melody in 3/4 with Baker on glockenspiel, and then a refrain in the original 4/4, diminishing into the melody line. Both these tunes are studio Cream at their best.

I confess I prefer my Cream fresh and improvising, however. This is a matter of taste and a probable hangover from my jazz background, though I don't think the group utilizes the full electronic potential of the studios, despite much overdubbing.

The Fillmore section of the album is utterly breathtaking, the only exception being Baker's nearly 13-minute drum solo on *Toad*. He is one of the best rock drummers. Granted. He's strong and sure and an impeccable timekeeper. Nevertheless, solo rock drumming is in the same genre as solo jazz drumming, and without difficulty one can name 15 or 20 jazz drummers who could put him under the kit in about six seconds.

There are some good things in the solo (it's more logical and less dull under close analysis than it sounds), such as intelligent use of the hi-hat, which most rock drummers use as an extra crash cymbal if at all, and some complex cymbal work. He goes in and out of 3/4 throughout the solo, plays a little in half-time, begins to build to a climax and then, surprisingly, falls away to a delicate ride ending. But 13 minutes' worth? Not hardly.

Baker is much better behind Bruce on *Traintime*—astonishingly strong and consistent brush work—and behind Clapton's superb solo on *Spoonful*. The whole cut of *Spoonful*, with its made-to-order bass riff, is a model of sensitive interplay among three brilliant musicians. There are a fine Bruce vocal, during which he plays with time values, especially when he repeats "*Spoonful, spoonful, spoonful*" way behind the beat; Baker's hard swinging at medium tempo; Clapton's spot, beginning with triplet figures suggested by Bruce's bass line, moving to double-time, sometimes using the triplets, sometimes not; Bruce moving behind Clapton with variations of the melody line, with trills and complementary figures; Clapton off and running under the King colors and then going into a bell-like motif which Bruce picks up; dissonant Clapton, a chord slid down the neck and up again; some noodling as the piece settles back into the initial tempo; Bruce singing and Clapton with incredible half-measure fills; Bruce to double-time with bass while Clapton stays in the slower tempo. And out. And wow.

May I mention, while backing out the door (perhaps having overstayed my welcome), Clapton's other brilliant solo between his own vocal on *Crossroads*, again

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with amazing Bruce runs behind him? And Bruce's fiery harmonica-voice duets on *Traintime*, impressive and fun, though Bruce isn't quite gutty enough a blues singer to make it work. And the nice segue from *Traintime* into *Toad*? And . . . oh, well. *Buy this record!* —Heineman

Maynard Ferguson

RIDIN' HIGH—Enterprise S13-101: *The Rise and Fall of Seven; Light Green; Kundalini Woman; Sunny; Meet A Cheetah; Molecules; Wack-Wack; Satan Speaks; Alfie*.
Personnel: Nat Payne, Charles Camilleri, Dick Hurwitz, Lewis Soloff, trumpets; Ferguson, flugelhorn, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, Slide Hampton, trombones; George Jeffers, trombone and tuba; Dick Spencer, Frank Vicari, Lewis Tabackin, Pepper Adams, Danny Bank, reeds; Mike Abene, piano; Joe Beck, guitar; Don Payne, bass and electric bass; Don McDonald, drums; John Pacheco, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Alternately sloppy and exciting—an ambivalence that applies to the writing, to the band's performances, and above all, to the leader's blowing. Ragged edges can be overlooked during live performances and similarly in live recordings. In fact, the honesty of the emotions are often enhanced by such loose ends. But under controlled studio conditions, poor workmanship is inexcusable.

No one expects Ferguson to be Toscanini and refuse to bless any track with a hair out of place. On the other hand, he should not allow an album to be released if some of the tracks sound like bad first takes or merely adequate rehearsals.

Best moments in the album can be attributed to Slide Hampton's *Molecules* and *Kundalini Woman*. I wish I knew what "Kundalini" meant. If it turns out to be "watermelon" in Swahili, it would make sense: the tune is built on the changes of *Watermelon Man*. As for *Molecules*, Hampton has broken up his sections contrapuntally with simple but infectious lines over a Latin-flavored blues. When all the



musical molecules come together they reveal lines of forcefulness.

Lines of humor can be found in *Meet A Cheetah*, where Don Sebesky injects some Beverly Hillbillies syncopation over big band rock. Tom McIntosh's *Satan Speaks* is a big band Gospel shout. Don Piestrup's fine chart for *Light Green* is propelled by Don McDonald's drumming. As for Ferguson's trumpeting, he blows hot and cold, depending on the arrangements. His best statements can be heard on *Molecules*; his most ragged run through *Alfie*, *Sunny* and *The Rise and Fall of Seven*. Other soloists are not identified, but since there is only one baritone saxophonist on the date, Pepper Adams can be given his proper credit. The nothingness of *Seven* doesn't bother him: Adams gives out with an excellent solo.

This album, issued on a subsidiary label of Atlantic Records, has been available for some time. It must have been recorded more than two years ago, since Ferguson has been making his home in England since 1967. —Siders

Stan Getz

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW—Verve 6-8752: *Wives and Lovers; Windows of the World; The Look of Love; Any Old Time of the Day; Alfie; In Times Like These; A House Is Not A Home; Trains and Boats and Planes; What the World Needs Now Is Love; In Between the Heartaches; Walk on By*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Roy Haynes or Curtis Prince, drums; unidentified orchestra, arranged and conducted by Richard Evans.

Rating: ★★

The familiar Getz sound—lush, warm, lyric—falls on us again, but this time out the performances are something unfamiliar: dull.

These renditions—with the exception of *Love* (the one song arranged by Claus Ogerman)—are as routine as a walk through a supermarket. It is as if Getz had walked into the studio with his mind on something else, run down the changes, taken his fee and split for more interesting diversions.

The Evans arrangements are clotheslines of clichés. *What the World Needs Now* might draw eager response from those hearing Getz for the first time or times; but for one who has heard him play music that he could really sink his teeth into, this album is pablum. —Nelsen

Dizzy Gillespie

LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Solid State SS 18034: *Dizzy's Blues; Blues For Max; Tour De Force*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Ray Nance, violin; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. (Garnett Brown, trombone, replaces Nance on track 2.)

Rating: ★★★★★

Two of these tracks were issued previously. *Max* is from *Jazz For A Sunday Afternoon*, Vol. 1, and *Tour* from Vol. 2, both of which I reviewed in the Aug. 8, 1968 *DB* to the tune of five stars. *Dizzy's Blues*, the previously unissued track, falls into the same category. Some may recognize the line as *Birk's Works*, which Dizzy first did for the Dee Gee label back in 1951. Here, at 14:30, it occupies an entire LP face.

Adams' deep-throated tones color the first solo in typically fine style. Muted Diz and exquisitely bluesy Nance follow in a sensitive exchange of solo thoughts. Then each man takes time for longer statements with Gillespie open this time. Everyone is clearly inspired as the rhythm section really lays it down. After Corea's rich stint, Davis, who is a tower of power throughout, solos, quoting *Big Fat Mama* which Diz had used earlier in his improvisation. Everyone breaks up as Gillespie verbally describes "mama." It is a further indicator of the prevailing atmosphere at the Vanguard on that afternoon.

Serious collectors of Gillespiana will want this volume even if they have the other two. For those without the prior entries, this is a must. —Gittler

Elmore James/John Brim

TOUGH—Blue Horizon 7-63204 (monaural only): *Stormy Monday Blues; Going For Good; Lifetime Baby; I See My Baby; Be Careful What You Do; The Sun Is Shining; You Got Me; Whose Muddy Shoes; Madison Blues; Ice Cream Man; My Best Friend; Talk to Me Baby*.

Personnel: James, lead guitar, vocal; others unidentified. Tracks 3, 5, 7, 10: Brim, lead guitar, vocal; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

"Time," writes Neil Slaven in the liner

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notes, "seems never to have been on Elmore's side." James' finest contribution was the totally tough, aggressive r&b of his last few years (he died in the early '60s), recorded by Fire, Chief, and other Chicago labels. Yet the style that he made so marvelously his own had by this time largely lost favor with the public—a later generation of bluesmen was creating a more sophisticated art, and r&b was entering its pre-soul music phase. This LP includes four previously unissued blues from James' last years, along with four less concentrated performances by a smaller mid-'50s band.

Interestingly, the same tenor saxophonist seems to have played on both sessions, presenting lively improvisations in *Madison* and especially *Going*. The interplay of saxophone, guitar and vocal in *Going* makes it the best result of the earlier session, but the two slower tracks show James' personal singing style emerging from its eclectic rural origins. The decisive elements in the success of the later session were, of course, James' fully matured singing, the heavy reverberation of the two guitars, and the subordination of the saxophones' role (for the most part they simply provide riffs and organ chords).

Thus there is *Madison*, a beautifully swinging excuse for a few time-honored riffs, and *Talk*, an up-tempo period piece with shuffle rhythm, *Dust My Broom*-solo and all, effective because of the rare force of James' presentation. Both tracks show just what an excellent band James led. Though his guitar work is not notably inspired, though the musicians served purely orchestral functions, and though the performances largely depend on James' singing, each element is perfectly, precisely, and even imaginatively placed.

The jewels of this LP are the two slow blues, and they reveal a secret about James' art. Despite their rare, concentrated power, the climactic points of these blues are underplayed. The resulting tension leaves us with the sensation of immense power in reserve, most effective in *Sun*, with its vocal fireworks. *Stormy* is the definitive performance of this too-often-performed standard. James lends the words unusual continuity, so that the plea "*Baby please have mercy*" overwhelms. Both tracks are among the best of modern blues, along with some material in the lamentably unavailable Spheres-Sound Elmore James LPs.

The Brim sides sound for all the world like a product of Excello, the Nashville blues outfit—electric guitars, post-war harmonica, shuffle rhythms, all applied to very rural Mississippi blues. Three of the tracks are light jump pieces, undistinguishable from hundreds of their kind. *Lifetime*, though, is a strong work both in performance and as a song. Brim's singing is remarkably like John Lee Hooker's, and the words (the prisoner's "baby" refuses to visit him on visiting day) are fine.

Blue Horizon is an English company, and though American Epic has released some of its material, for the foreseeable future only a few U.S. stores that take the trouble to stock imports will be selling

this important LP (the large Discount Records chain is among them). The liner notes are sadly—but probably unavoidably—lacking in pertinent recording data. It would be interesting to know the genesis of this material. —Litweiler

Kaleidoscope

BEACON FROM MARS—Epic BN 26333; *I Found Out*; *Greenwood Sidee*; *Life Will Pass You By*; *Taxim*; *Baldheaded End of a Broom*; *Louisiana Man*; *You Don't Love Me*; *Beacon From Mars*.

Personnel: Saul Feldthouse, caz, oud, guitar, bass, gong, vocals; David Lindsey, violin, guitar, harp/guitar, vocals; Maxwell Budda, violin, organ, harmonium, piano, harpsichord, harmonica, bass, vocals; Chris Darrow, mandolin, guitar, bass, vocals; John Vidican, drums, timpani (dobro, track 1 only).

Rating: ★★½

One distinguishing mark of a first-rate group is its ability to embrace a wide range of musical styles while maintaining an individual and underrivative sound. Kaleidoscope, e.g.

Sidee is Irish-American folk, *Life* is a country waltz, *Broom* is sort of country-jug band with a back beat, *Love Me* is classic rock blues, *Beacon* is contemporary rock, and *Taxim* is . . . yes, well . . . Eastern, one supposes—sounds as if it's based on Turkish scales and figures, though there are some decidedly Western improvisations in it.

Yet it's all unmistakably one sound, a sound created by five highly versatile and craftsmanlike musicians with a high degree of imagination. Another common denominator is the gravel-hard, effective voice of Feldthouse, the most frequent lead singer.

To those who have caught Kaleidoscope live, the album will seem mildly diluted; all but two of the tracks are very short, and there isn't much time to get anything going—other than a pleasing rendition of each song, which counts for more than a little.

Of these cuts, some of the best things are a fine fiddle chorus by Budda (or possibly Lindsey) on *Louisiana*, some sensitive overdubbed Budda harmonica on *Love Me*—low chords laid under judiciously arranged high runs—and a comic accelerando tag to *Broom* that modulates and is then electronically speeded up.

These are overshadowed by the finest of the short tracks, *Sidee*. It's performed in a hard march tempo, over a drone played by one of the fiddles, and sung brilliantly by Feldthouse. His voice is razor-sharp and unyielding as he increases the song's dynamics to fit the dramatic tension of the lyrics and then subsides when he repeats the opening chorus. This version is similar in treatment to *Oh, Death*, on Kaleidoscope's first album—and a refreshing contrast to the usual lonesome coloratura approach. It is most moving.

The two longer tracks are more ambitious, but *Taxim*, the Eastern import, loses a lot in translation. The musicianship remains strong, the tempo shifts are smoothly accomplished, and the Turkish mode is convincingly handled, but the piece is altogether without direction—endless variations but no progression—until near the end, where, after an accelerando, another melodic figure is in-

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roduced; then there is another speedup and yet another theme.

These additions give the performance some scope, but they aren't expanded upon for long before the tune ritards and diminishes to a Western-oriented ending. Too little too late for an 11-minute cut.

Beacon is more exciting. Feldthouse's vocal, soft and filtered through an echo chamber, resulting in a Rudy Vallee effect, is interspersed among louder instrumental interludes.

Highlights of these interludes are a high, singing harmonica solo by Budda, very similar in sound to Charlie Musselwhite's, and a remarkable guitar excursion by Lindley.

This is a mixed bag. Some of the short tracks are competent but little more; *Taxim* is disappointing. But there's enough first-rate music here to establish Kaleidoscope's quality and to make the album highly rewarding. —Heineman

Johnny Lytle

BE PROUD—Solid State 18044: *Be Proud of What You Are; You've Got to Love the World; Rosen Forest; Daahoud; Sit Tight; Killians; September of My Years; Above the Clouds; Monday, Monday.*

Personnel: Lytle, vibraharp, marimba; unidentified chorus (tracks 1-3); organ; piano; electric bass; drums; conga.

Rating: ★

If you ignore the organ, *September*, the best track here, might pass for an unintended comment on MJQ ballads (a recurring rhythmic regularity in Lytle's phrasing must be overlooked, too). The mildly funky treatment is well-taken, and Lytle can use Jackson's mannerisms very well (the title track shows this, also).

The other tracks offer significantly less interesting material, and, since the Jackson borrowings are only an occasional feature, less interesting performances. The chorus dominates its three pieces, making like a slicked-up church choir. The band is a super-fashionable Latin-soul group, the "very sparing use of brass" claimed by the liners in *Daahoud* is inaudible, and the whole set is only marginally jazz in the first place. But, since Lytle's conception is, if anything, below the level of Martin Denny, this hardly makes it as a pop LP either.

We are still 15 years away from 1984, but the word "soul" in its most common usage refers to the grossest kind of show-biz soullessness. Plenty of cocktail drinkers and suburban housewives these days can truly consider this sort of thing soulful. To the rest of us, this LP will present no message at all. —Litweiler

Roscoe Mitchell

CONGLIPTIOUS—Nessa 2: *Tutamkhamen; Tbbke; Jazz Death?; Congliptious/Old.*

Personnel: Track 1: Malachi Favors, bass. Track 2: Roscoe Mitchell, alto saxophone. Track 3: Lester Bowie, trumpet. Track 4: Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn, steelhorn, bass drum, miscellaneous instruments; Mitchell, soprano saxophone, alto saxophone, bass saxophone, flute, recorder, miscellaneous instruments; Favors, bass, electric bass, miscellaneous instruments; Robert Crowder, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Congliptious begins with a march—the rhythm stated twice on snare drum (slightly varied the second time), then amplified by the bass saxophone and bass drum. Over this the string bass plays a melody

which steps out confidently, hesitates to repeat a motive, descends in double stops, and ends with 3/4 of the initial phrase, sealed off by four unison notes from the other instruments. Pause. The sound of a bicycle horn, squeezed, held and released. Pause. Two rich notes from the bass saxophone seem as if they might begin a new melody, but, joined by the drums, they lead to a literal repeat of the march, except this time the four final notes are cut short by a percussion crescendo-decrescendo. Crashing gongs, moans from the bass saxophone, snapped-off Philly Joe Jones-like drum figures, a zooming slide from the electric bass, a siren, and gradually the drummer is left to subside with quieter snare and cymbal patterns. Pause. And now a gentle waltz, played by fluegelhorn, vibes, bass, and drums in unison. The rubato phrasing makes time as pliable as taffy. A simple, tonal melody is resolved and then its first phrase returns, subtly altered as the fluegelhorn's tone grows richer and the last note is held. Before, the phrase demanded the rest of the melody for its resolution; now it will lead to something else.

Thus, the first three minutes of a 20-minute work—which should indicate the density and variety of this music. Space prevents me from describing all the beauties of *Congliptious*, but I'd like to mention the soprano saxophone solo whose pauses convey a unique tenderness (as though the soloist, like a child, were mildly astonished by the growth of his song), the entrance of bass and drums behind this solo at the instant it becomes more assertive, the alto saxophone melody which moves from hints of Appalachian folk song (backed by bottleneck guitar) to savage swing, the trumpet passage in which half-valve effects join comedy to lyricism, and the final melody (*Old*), with its bar-herhouse memories.

Congliptious is one of the most successful large-scale jazz pieces I have ever heard—large-scale because every passage has a structural function that gives it meaning beyond its immediate color. While I can describe as best I can the musical events of any one passage and add my subjective reactions, I can't find words to express the cumulative power that Mitchell and his associates create.

For example, the brief span of the opening march is, to me, a miniature drama, reminiscent of the song *Revelge* from Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. The abrupt turns of the melody and the dark instrumental timbres convey a mood that is both gently sad and bitter, as though the marchers were wounded or resigned to approaching death. But the relation of this march to the percussion passage, the waltz, and all that follows is impervious to verbal description (mine at least), though its emotional effect is clear. It must be heard.

What I can do is describe some of the means by which Mitchell, Bowie, Favors, and Crowder create their music. First, their music arises from a deep understanding of the jazz tradition. As annotator Terry Martin points out, the ensemble has "free access to a group memory of original and borrowed themes." The entire range of

jazz, and other musics too, is seen as a musical language, an historical present, which these musicians draw upon with unparalleled freedom. Delightfully, they seem to have it both ways; i.e. the barrel-house theme of *Old* or the Ornette Coleman quotes that Mitchell uses are musically valid in themselves, while still retaining the force of their historical reference. I think that this attitude toward the "past", along with the group's unusual empathy, is what enables them to create works of unprecedented structural unity without sacrificing any of jazz' essential spontaneity. (*Congliptious* is almost entirely improvised.)

The three solo performances on the first side present in isolation some of the qualities that are combined in *Congliptious*. They display Favours' elastic swing, huge sound (the excellent recording does not exaggerate his power), and ability to build a composition from contrasting sections; Mitchell's gift for thematic improvisation and technical innovation (at one point he plays three-note harmonics that move contrapuntally rather than in parallel); and Bowie's mastery of comic timing, both musical and verbal.

This album and its predecessor under Lester Bowie's name (*Numbers 1&2—Nessa 1*) are essential for any listener who is interested in the course of jazz and music in general. Roscoe Mitchell's music not only promises future glory, it is fully formed and beautiful now. (Nessa Records are \$5.79, and can be obtained from Chuck Nessa, P.O. Box 1417, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.) —Kart

Buddy Montgomery

THE TWO-SIDED ALBUM—Milestone MSP 9015: *Blues for David; Personage—Wes; Samba from Black Orpheus; A Time for Love; Probin'; What Do the Simple Folk Do?; Camelot Medley; If Ever I Should Leave You; Guinevere.*
Personnel: Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone, flute; Buddy Montgomery, vibraphone, piano; Harold Mabern, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Monk Montgomery, bass, percussion; Billy Hart, drums, wind chimes; Montego Joe, conga.

Rating: ★★½

The first side of this LP features a group including Farrell (who, however, does not play on *A Time for Love*), Mabern, Carter and, on *Personage—Wes, Samba and Probin'*, Montego Joe.

Buddy, Monk and Hart play on the second side on which overdubbing has been used. According to producer Orrin Kcepnews, "After the rhythm section track was set down, (Buddy) immediately overdubbed the vibes—at which time the other two men were able to inject the suitably rich gong and wind-chimes backgrounds."

Blues for David, Personage—Wes and Probin' are attractive originals by Buddy. *Personage—Wes*, dedicated to Buddy's late brother, is a sprightly piece, but then, the album was recorded before the guitarist's untimely death. The *Camelot Medley* on the second side is one of the most tastefully and intelligently put together medleys I have ever heard.

The performances on both sides are generally relaxed and easy to take, although the music on the second side is more restrained. Buddy is a fine Milt Jackson-influenced vibist. He plays lyrically and fluidly and makes it seem so easy. The warmth and grace of his work are hard

to resist. He shows that he can play forcefully on *Probin'*.

On *If Ever I Should Leave You*, Buddy turns in tasteful cocktail piano work. Farrell takes some good, hard-driving tenor solos on *Blues for David* and *Probin'*. Elsewhere he isn't given much to do.

Mabern also solos well on *Blues for David* and *Probin'* and does a good, solid job in the rhythm section. Hart performs sensitively, playing with restraint but kicking things along nicely. —Pekar

Gabor Szabo

BACCHANAL—Skye SK-3: *Three King Fishers; Love Is Blue; Theme from Valley of the Dolls; Bacchanal; Sunshine Superman; Some Velvet Morning; The Look of Love; The Divided City.*
Personnel: Szabo, Jim Stewart, guitars; Louis Kabok, bass; Jim Keltner, drums; Hal Gordon, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Szabo was already an original stylist when he made his initial impact in this country as a member of Chico Hamilton's group. He has continued to evolve, but whether his playing has improved or not is open to question.

This album reflects his interest in contemporary pop music; compositions by Donovan, Burt Bacharach and Lee Hazlewood are among the selections.

In some places here it's apparent that Szabo has been influenced by the efforts of rock guitarists to exploit the electronic characteristics of their instruments. Szabo uses electronic effects in a controlled manner. In fact, his work on the LP is marked by a reflective, pensive quality. His playing isn't wild or very heavily amplified as is that of the freak-out guitarists.

Szabo's interest in Indian classical music is also apparent here. The hypnotic work of the rhythm section on *King Fishers*, for example, is influenced by Indian music.

The performances on this LP have a restrained, introspective quality. Szabo's work is lyrical, rather economical, and somewhat angular, and his tone is warm and glowing. I've heard him play more imaginatively, but his improvisation here is certainly not cliché-ridden.

Szabo's sidemen do a fine job of accompanying him—not getting in his way and adding sensitively to the quality of the performance.

It's up to you to decide which Szabo you like better, the older one, whose work was closer to the jazz mainstream, or the Szabo of today. Both have much to offer. —Pekar

Various Artists

MASTERS OF MODERN BLUES, VOL. 1: JOHNNY SHINES—Testament 2212: *Rollin' & Tumblin'; Trouble Is All I See; Mr. Tom Green's Farm; My Black Mare; What Kind of Little Girl Are You?; So Cold in Vietnam; Sweet Home Chicago; Walkin' Blues; Black Panther; Two Trains Runnin'.*

Personnel: Shines, vocal, guitar; Lee Jackson, bass (except track 8); Fred Below, drums (except track 3). Tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 9: add Otis Spann, piano. Tracks 2, 5, 7: add Big Walter Horton, harmonica.

Rating: ★★★★★

MASTERS OF MODERN BLUES, VOL. 2: J.B. HUTTO & THE HAWKS—Testament 2213: *Dust My Broom; Mistake in Life; Goin' Down Slow; Lilabelle's Here; She's So Sweet; My Kind of Woman; Pet Cream Man; Blues Stay Away from Me; The Girl I Love; Sloppy Drunk.*

Personnel: Hutto, vocal, guitar; Johnny Young, guitar; Horton, harmonica; Jackson, bass; Below, drums.

Rating: ★★

MASTERS OF MODERN BLUES, VOL. 3:

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FLOYD JONES/EDDIE TAYLOR—Testament 2214: *Rising Wind*; *Stockyard Blues*; *M&O Blues*; *Dark Road*; *Hard Times*; *Big Town Playboy*; *Peach Tree Blues*; *Bad Boy*; *Train Fare Home*; *Take Your Hand Down*; *After Hours*. Personnel: Jones, vocal, guitar (tracks 1-5), bass (tracks 6-11); Taylor, vocal (tracks 6-11), guitar; Horton, harmonica; Spann, piano; Below, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

These three LPs by bluesmen little known except at home in Chicago (and Lord knows, little-known enough there) date from June 1966, and are important simply because Chicago modern blues has been so poorly served on LP. Considering the absence of truly first-rate collections of Muddy Waters, Elmore James, Buddy Guy and other leading talents, these sets must rank among the leading documentary efforts in the milieu.

The consistent features of these LPs include imaginative programming: the excellent drumming of master craftsman Fred Below; the sometimes successful, more often unsure mouth-harp work of Horton, and an air of unreconstructed Mississippi blues origins, as though the leaders haven't quite taken the final step into the purely urban world of Waters, Guy, the later James and Howling Wolf—the size of the bands, electricity, Below and Spann notwithstanding. More than anything else, these LPs recall early-'50s Chicago blues, before the above-noted group of monsters indicated the dimensions the music was to assume.

The Hutto collection particularly captures this atmosphere. His guitar work (the greater share of it bottlenecked) reflects early James. His singing is very tense, even nervous, out of the James-after-Robert Johnson tradition. Much of the record's success is due to Hutto's sidemen, for Below plays with unusual aggressiveness, and the others respond well to his energy. Horton comes up with good (and underrecorded) work in *Sweet* and *Stay Away*, offering ample evidence that he has assimilated the basics of the blues harmonica traditions very well. Most of his work on the other sets, though, is flabby, unsympathetic, and remarkably uninvolved.

Good Hutto tracks include a moving *Goin' Down Slow*, delivered with mounting force (Below is powerful), the lively *Lulubelle's*, Hutto's best jump piece, and *Stay Away*, a sweet performance. Over the years there must have been dozens of bluesmen stylistically like Hutto and his group—highly motivated by the earlier work of masters such as James—so this set is an unusually fine glimpse of the mainstream of Chicago blues.

Johnny Shines' singing delivery uses methods from every Mississippi blues singer imaginable, from Charlie Patton on. His guitar work is erratic in character, tending to strummed or picked rhythms alternating with bottlenecked notes that float over the rhythm section—surely he has no peers among modern bottleneck guitarists. His guitar work is a valuable complement of, or pertinent commentary on, his singing. In the duet and trio tracks, Jackson has to work to keep up—an ideal bassist for Shines might offer complementary lines, or even play on somewhat the same level as Shines' guitar, but such a sympathetic partner probably doesn't exist. In

any case, Jackson's chunky lines by no means match the grace of Shines' swing.

One very remarkable track, *Mr. Tom* ("Be careful what you say, mama, or the groundhogs'll be bringing you your mail"), is a brilliantly sensitive and suspenseful work which suggests Shines' rhythmically erratic quality at its best. Accompanied only by the spare bass, Shines sings the black humor lyrics with controlled fire as his guitar flares out of silence, then subsides into soft, acid commentary. *Walkin'*, accompanied only by Below, is even freer with its accents, both vocal and instrumental; its lack of respect for chord changes creating a sense of music suspended over the precise, contained drumming.

The guitar is unavoidably overruled by Spann's piano in the quintet pieces, but the singing is still strong, tense and moving. *Panther* and especially *Sweet Home* are fine jump pieces. In recent years, some concerts, a couple of tracks on a Vanguard LP, and now this outstanding record have indicated that Shines' attempts to update classic rural blues are resulting in a personal voice, aided by a single-minded taste for good material. It is most unfortunate, then, that he is hardly likely to find the exposure and performing environment he deserves and needs to develop his art in the best possible way. (As an example of the wrong kind of Johnny Shines presentation, last year's University of Chicago Folk Festival, had him singing Robert Johnson songs in Johnson's style while playing unamplified guitar—hardly his most interesting or valuable potential contribution.)

Floyd Jones is the relaxed man among these Chicagoans. He sings a little like an out-of-tune, unresonant Lightning Slim here. *Rising Wind* is a good track, with some tough, underrecorded Horton, and *Dark Road* is a very strong evocation of despair and resignation—half-spoken, half-sung, it rides easily over Spann's mean piano lines. Elsewhere, Jones' voice is too flat and low, his phrasing too regular to sustain interest.

The Taylor side has the benefit of his interesting guitar work and Jones' very alive bass. The slowest tempo is the medium-rocking groove of *After Hours*. These six songs tend toward light jump music, very well played by a together little band, mainly intended for dancing. The best feature of Taylor's tenor singing is his recurring diminution of the much freer Big Joe Williams-Son House style, most evident in Big Joe's *Peach*.

These collections are useful additions to any comprehensive blues library, the Shines set especially. Testament Records is now at 577 Levering Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90024, after a hiatus in production. It is worth your while to order by mail, since even in large cities Testament distribution is by no means good. —Litweiler

Cedar Walton

SPECTRUM—Prestige 7591: *Higgins Holler*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Jake's Milkshakes*; *Spectrum*; *Lady Charlotte*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Walton, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums. Track 2 only: Walton, Davis, DeJohnette.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Higgins sounds like a simplified Horace Silver work, complete with vamp and 8/8 time. Walton's solo develops like a Silver solo, little riffs and all, so much so that he beats Silver at his own game these days.

The two horn players are former Silver sidemen, and Mitchell's playing here is almost the sum of the qualities of Silver trumpeters, at one level. And DeJohnette here plays like a livelier, asymmetric Louis Hayes. Perhaps only because *Higgins* is the longest track, it is my favorite on the LP.

The entire set is evidence that Walton is an ideal hard-bop band pianist. Even when there isn't much happening, his solos and accompaniments are awake and interesting. His style is eclectic post-Silver-post-Garland (funky riffs and block chords), all done with considerably more taste than either of these two mentors.

There are no modal pieces here, and much of this set's appeal is its thoroughly workmanlike, unflamboyant character. Actually, only *Higgins* even sounds like a currently fashionable performance, and the soloing surely redeems it. On the other hand, the only really interesting composition is Cal Massey's *Lady*—it sounds like something Miles Davis might have written for a date with Charlie Parker on tenor saxophone.

The comparative flaws of Walton's chosen idiom are all demonstrated in *Days*. Beginning with his choice of a solo vehicle—why do you suppose superior blues pianists prefer to play ballads?—through the out-of-tempo introduction to the highly romantic interpretation, *Days* is a hard-bop convention.

Its virtues are some interesting playing around with the time signature and the relish with which Walton accompanies the bass solo (that Walton really enjoys Davis' music is shown again in *Spectrum*). Walton's flaws, like his virtues, are the result of his total hard-bop professionalism.

Throughout the LP, Mitchell does his not-especially-inspired thing. Most obviously in *Higgins*, he struggles hard for ideas, but the entire date shows imperfections in what used to be his greatest virtue: his execution of technically daring ideas.

Jordan, though, is the most interesting player here. For several years, *Down Beat* has been reporting Jordan's increasing involvement in New Music ideas, and his hard bop solos on *Jake's*, *Lady* and especially *Higgins* are full of a new fire and confidence. Coltrane-like openings, upper-register flights, three-notes-at-once honks, Rollins-like relationships, all combine in solos distinguished by their happy eccentricity.

Finally, though Davis and DeJohnette play well throughout the set, the bassist's good taste and lively presentation do not entirely make up for occasional failures of invention, and nowhere does the drummer show any deep sensitivity to the others in the band. Maybe for an LP such as this, the ideal rhythm section would be a longstanding, understanding team of players. —Litweiler

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DIONNE WARWICK/BLINDFOLD TEST

Dionne Warwick (nec Warrick, and pronounced whichever way you prefer) represents an unusual amalgamation of vocal influences.

Her Gospel background is beyond question. In 1959, as a teen-ager, she attended the Newport Jazz Festival to hear her mother participate as a member of the Drinkard Singers at a Gospel matinee.

Around the same time, Dionne was impressed, if not strongly influenced, by singers with a church background who had moved over into jazz—most notably Dinah Washington.

Most of her own phenomenal successes have been registered not in the Gospel field, nor in jazz, nor in r&b. She is known, primarily, as a consistent top seller in the general pop market, and as part of an unprecedentedly successful "triangular musical marriage" with the songwriting team of Burt Bacharach and Hal David.

Nevertheless, last year she toured the country with a jazz package assembled by George Wein. In the latest *Down Beat* Readers' Poll she placed fifth—ahead of Janis Joplin, Sarah Vaughan, Nina Simone. However one defines her work, she was warmly received by audiences on that tour—and deservedly so.

This, her first *Blindfold Test*, took place on her 28th birthday last December. —Leonard Feather



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

1. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Tell me It's The Truth* (from *Concert of Sacred Music*, RCA). Esther Morrow, vocal; Ellington, composer.

I didn't like it. It sounded like, well, the lady evidently comes from a Gospel background, it's quite evident. I think she should have stayed there, personally. Lyrically it says nothing . . . tell me the truth—truth about what?

I didn't think there was an arrangement either, sounded like a head session—like everybody play what you want to play and everybody end and begin at the same time. I didn't like it at all, unfortunately. There was no continuity to it, it didn't lay. I didn't feel any soul at all. I'm not quite sure that she . . . it sounded like a joke—like, "okay, we'll put together *Tell Me The Truth* and we'll sing it and play it and let's do it."

I'd rate that one star.

2. BILLIE HOLIDAY. *I Cover The Waterfront* (from *Ladylove*, United Artists). Carl Drinkard, piano. Recorded in Germany, 1954.

There's really nothing to say about it. I love her. She's what soul was all about in the beginning, really. It's a great tune . . . *I Cover the Waterfront* will live forever and ever and ever. As far as the arrangement is concerned, it was just an accompaniment to a singer. And she's got all five stars from me.

I saw her only once in person, just before she passed away; her last concert at Town Hall or Carnegie Hall and they had actually propped her on stage . . . this was the night that after she finished her last tune (she really didn't know where she was or anything) there was complete silence, and then somebody in the top balcony started screaming "bravo", and it spread throughout the whole auditorium. You were there; you knew the excitement, and like 20 minutes of standing applause was incredible. I was fortunate enough to see that.

3. PEGGY LEE. *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'* (from *Extra Special!* Capitol). Duke Ellington, Peggy Lee, composers.

Another jazz great; what can I tell you? Peggy Lee—she's like an institution. Didn't she write that? I thought she did . . . an

extremely talented lady, wow! I wouldn't go so far as to classify her as a jazz singer, but a balladeer, and somebody who understands jazz. Four stars.

4. SHIRLEY BASSEY. *Goin' Out of My Head* (from *This is My Life*, United Artists).

(*After 15 seconds*) You can take that off! I really hate her . . . Shirley Bassey, *God* do I hate her! It's not hate; I just cannot listen to her. Like someone who says, "I'm going to beat you over the head, you *gotta* listen to me!" Very strong, strong, strong; and there's just no shading, none.

She has, I think, two very good things on this album. One she did at the San Remo Festival; it's been done in English, an extremely big, big beautiful arrangement, but in general she just turns me off. Leslie Uggams does the same thing to me; the hair just sort of stands up on the back of my neck. It has nothing to do with them personally, it's just their thing is not mine . . . my ear doesn't make it.

Shirley Bassey is the kind of singer who should sing the *Trolley Song*. I'd give this a nothing rating.

5. CARMEN McRAE. *The Look of Love* (from *For Once In My Life*, Atlantic). Johnny Keating, arr.; Hal David, lyrics, Burt Bacharach, composer.

Carmen is another institution; a beautiful, beautiful singer and interpreter.

I have really one criticism, and I feel dumb criticizing someone like Carmen McRae, I really do, because how do you criticize a Carmen McRae? It's impossible, but I feel she's been called an instrument so long that instead of using that to her advantage, lyrically, it tends to move in a disadvantageous way for her.

That's a very tender song she just sang, very tender; and it sounded like she was singing *Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey?*—that's the contrast . . . I'm not saying that she didn't do her thing on it, because that's what she does, what she feels. Even when I heard her do *Alfie*, which is also a very tender song, it's a song asking a man a question like "What's it all about, man?" . . . She made it so hip that I didn't understand it anymore. . . .

The Look of Love is a very tender song . . . not that she's not a tender person, I'm quite sure she is. I don't know her very well; I've seen her perform a couple of times. I think because they call her voice an instrument, and because of the way she back-phrases—I've heard nobody back-phrase like her in my life—it works against her when she's doing beautiful things.

You have to give her a good rating, because she's doing her thing. The arrangement I liked a lot . . . I liked it because it complemented what she was doing very much. They're Hal David lyrics, and they say exactly what he wants them to say. I'd rate it four.

6. THE STAPLE SINGERS. *Hammer and Nails* (from *Hammer and Nails*, Riverside). Roebuck, Mavis, Cleotha and Purvis Staples.

I'm going to be very prejudiced here. They are very personal friends.

I've known the Staple Singers for years and years because they always appeared on lots of Gospel programs with my mom's group, and Pop and Mavis and Yvonne and Cleotha and Purvis are like family. I happened to like this song; they've done some other things I don't care for, but *Hammer and Nails* is a very, very true song. You can't give a rating for the arrangement because nothing that has a tendency to be Gospel is an arrangement, it's a feeling. And Mavis, as far as I'm concerned, is a very soulful singer because she believes what she's saying, so I'm gonna have to base it upon knowing them and being a part of what is almost a family. I'd give it a top rating.

7. LOREZ ALEXANDRIA. *Nonchalantly* (Pazz; single). Teddy Edwards, arr. & comp.

It's evident she digs Carmen McRae. She could be a groovy singer, she's a good singer. Lyrically it says what *The Boy From Ipanema* said. I think the lyric would have meant more if the arrangement hadn't been so heavy. The bossa nova was very heavy, so I really don't want to knock the lyric; I couldn't adjust to it because of what was going on behind her.

I'd rate it three.



Thursday Night Dues Band

New England Life Hall, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Larry Pyatt, Joe Giorgianni, Richard Ryerson, Robert Summers, Emil Conteas, trumpets; Tony Lada, Hal Crook, Steve Nilson, Gary Gordon, trombones; Rick Centalanza, Robert Martin, Richard Cole, Bill Pierce, John Broome, reeds; Anthony Germain, piano; Paul Kondziela, bass; Kingsley Swain, guitar; Gene Roma, Keith Copeland, percussion. Guest soloists: Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Charlie Mariano, reeds. Director: Phil Wilson, trombone.

From the opening number it was evident that the Berklee School of Music's Thursday Night Dues Band is no mere student group, but a band that has the full-bodied sound and rhythmic tightness of the best professional big bands. The brass have the necessary range, the saxophones have a compact, vibrant sound, and the rhythm section is taut.

Chelsea Bridge, and the opening selection, *Mr. Lucky*, were arranged by leader Wilson for the Buddy Rich band. *Chelsea* became a showcase for alto saxophonist Bob Martin, whose fresh, personal sound and loose way of playing suggest that he has a good future.

Civil Wrongs by Hal Crook was not only the highlight of the first half of the program, but also the most ambitious work of the evening. A suite in four movements, it was a portion of a program to be presented this spring which will be devoted to a musical look at various political figures and movements. Changing time signatures, notable improvisation by Crook, and some collective improvisation suggest the dramatic range of the work.

Rolf Johnson, a student at Berklee but not a member of the band, composed *A Tentative Tangling of Sinookas* (whatever they may be). The work alternated between 7/8 and 6/8, demonstrating that the band can swing in these time signatures. Drummer Gene Roma laid down a strong beat, but at the same time retained a flexible lightness. Featured tenor saxophonist Richard Cole showed a strong Coltrane influence and gave indications that he will go on to find a personal style.

Wilson, in announcing *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* (also arranged for Rich), mentioned that the liner notes for the Rich recording state that the arrangement is "not meant to be a put-on." "But I ask you," said Wilson, "with two Indian war dances, a quote from *Nothing Like A Dame*, and a Dixieland stripper ending . . . it's gotta be a put-on."

Andy McGhee, of the Berklee faculty, was to have been the featured soloist on this number, but a death in the family prevented him from appearing. Junior Cook, a Berklee colleague, filled in with an excellent performance.

Another noted faculty member, Charlie Mariano, was featured on the Nadhaswar-am, an Indian reed instrument, in *Play With Your Symbols*, an esoteric, experimental piece. Mariano employed some scales he heard during his visit to India.

The final selection on the program, *A Suite of Christmas and Charlie Brown*, was well suited for a holiday concert. From an opening *Adeste Fideles* in quasi-chorale style to *Deck the Halls* and a final *Joy to the World*, the audience heard from a number of arrangers. Wilson's playing was the best I have ever heard from him on *We Three Kings*, a 6/8 romp. As a



LEE TANNER

Junior Cook: Guest Star

musician, Wilson is a shouter in the best sense of the term, and he has definitely imparted this quality to the band.

The band's performance was not flawless—in the slower, quieter moments there were intonation problems—but this kind of control comes with maturity.

The whole program augured well for the future of these young musicians. Many of the performances were unquestionably on a professional level. —William Tesson

Bill Stegmeyer Memorial Concert

Riviera Restaurant
Port Washington, N.Y.

Personnel: Cold Spring Harbor High School Stage Band, Clem De Rosa, director; The All-Americans, Bernie Mann, director; The Gentle Jazz Sound: Joe Shepley, trumpet; Rusty Dedrick, Lew Gluckin, trumpets, flugel horns; Bob Nordon, Sonny Russo, trombone; Earl Chapin, French horn; Bill Barber, tuba; Arnie Lawrence, Bob Wilber, Morty Lewis, Gene Allan, reeds; Bernie Leighton, piano; Tommy Kay, guitar; John Boal, bass; Don Lamond, drums; World's Greatest Jazz Band: Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Lou McGarity, trombones; Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, reeds; Ralph Sutton, piano; Clancy Hayes, banjo; Bob Haggart, bass; Moray Feld, drums; Jimmy McPartland Quartet: McPartland, cornet; Marian McPartland, piano; Haggart, bass; Feld, drums.

The late Bill Stegmeyer was not only a skilled craftsman who was highly respected in the music industry, but also a warm, friendly man, liked by a host of musicians, band leaders and non-professionals.

Former band leader Bernie Mann donated the facilities of his spacious club on the shores of Manhasset Bay for this occasion and the proceeds were turned over to the estate of the deceased. Approximately 1,000 listeners were in the audience at one time or another during the six-hour course of the marathon show, and there were few lulls in the performance.

The program began at 7:30 p.m. with the Cold Spring Harbor High School Stage Band under the baton of music educator Clem DeRosa. The band performed with the flair and musicianship typical of DeRosa-trained groups. Selections included Stegmeyer's *Ein Kleine Blues Music* and an easy-paced reading of *Groovin' High*. Oscar Pettiford's *Swinging Till the Girls Come Home*, with early arrival Marian McPartland sitting in for several sparkling choruses and obviously enjoying herself hugely, closed the set.

Mann's All-Americans now took over. This is a large organization consisting mainly of retired or semi-retired professionals who play on occasional weekends. The repertoire covered the swing era rather thoroughly (*In the Mood*, *Tangerine*, *Stardust*), along with a sprinkling of production numbers featuring drummer Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, a flashy performer with roots patently planted more in show-biz than in jazz. The group has a big, rich, pipe-organ sound not unlike the early Claude Thornhill band, and its charts are highly danceable if not particularly diverting in a musical sense. Leader Mann "plays" the microphone, being addicted to extensive announcements before each number. He looks more than a little like a famous TV personality and is affectionately known to Riviera habitués as "Ed Sullivan with cramps."

The meal-and-potatoes portion of the evening was initiated by the Dedrick band, the leader's distinctive arrangements providing a fitting canvas for the artistry of the top studio men who occupied almost every chair. It was evident from the turnout that Stegmeyer must have been some-

thing special. There were players on hand who haven't performed away from a studio in years.

After negotiating the band's theme, *Gentle Jazz*, the group swung into a free-wheeling arrangement of *Love For Sale*, an ensemble feature spotlighting the sections with only a few bars of solo work from Arnie Lawrence and Joe Shepley to spice things up. The following offering, *Maids of Cadiz*, was naturally reminiscent of the Gil Evans reading of the piece. Tubaist Bill Barber, who was on the original *Miles Ahead* album, performed the same function this night, and his tasty and fluent handling of the difficult horn provided a bottom and pungency to the band's sound which set off Dedrick's

writing. The job of impersonating Davis fell to Lew Gluckin, who used flugelhorn and handled with it clan.

This Time the Dream's On Me, *In A Mellotone* and *Collage No. 3* followed, the latter giving ample evidence of Dedrick's admiration for Delius and Debussy. An untitled blues was next, and then *Let's Fall In Love*, featuring an extended duet between Lawrence and trombonist Sonny Russo. Lawrence is obviously a comer.

A rousing *Watermelon Man* was the first flag-waver of the band's segment, featuring solos by Shepley, Lawrence and Russo, in that order. Then things slowed down for a ballad by Adolphe Sandole, *Did You Find Someone New?*, with a brooding Barber introduction and a pretty

solo by Dedrick on flugelhorn. The band closed with a boppish *Honeysuckle Rose* with a first chorus of Gluckin and Lawrence in unison on a line which only hinted at the original melody. All in all, a most interesting set from a band that gets together only now and then for rehearsal. Not a hard jazz band by any means, the group has enough soloists to keep things humming, and it boasts more than enough top-rank players to cut any chart that may come their way.

The small group banner was carried into battle by Jimmy McPartland. The veteran Chicago cornetist, leading the life of a country squire in Merrick, has not been



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Jimmy McPartland
Swashbuckling Vigor

heard from much of late, but he gave ample indication that his art has lost nothing in the transition. Working with Mrs. McPartland, Morey Feld and Bob Haggart, he swashbuckled his way through a brace of favorites like *All of Me*, *Sunny Side of the Street*, *Wolverine Blues*, and a change-of-pace *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*. A showman, McPartland still plays with that vigor and drive which characterizes the work of the Chicago-style players, and he throws in a vocal now and then to keep his audience honest. Marian McPartland, of course, has always been able to adapt her more modern, boppish style to the traditional groove and it was a treat to hear the McPartlands doing their thing so swingingly after a lapse of many months.

The surprise of the evening was the "World's Greatest Jazz Band." My jazz tastes can be termed mainstream, modern, hyper-thyroid. I grew out of my New Orleans phase around the same time I was introduced to alcohol, and I was prepared in front not to dig this group, especially in light of its modest name. I was so wrong. In spite of the presence of only 10 men, the sound is big and virile. The music is as far from Dixieland as Stan Kenton, and the vitality and swing generated are almost tangible. The band has been together only a fairly short time. Its first outing was at the Dick Gibson Jazz

Party in Vail, Colorado, late September. At the time of this performance, the group was at the Riverboat in Manhattan. The overall impression was one of tightness, coherence and a degree of interplay that one does not usually find in traditional music. The book, thus far, is all by Haggart, and it is to his credit that the ensemble sound is so fresh.

A look at the personnel will give you an idea why the excitement is almost without let-up. Bud Freeman has never played better. Graybeard Lou McGarity comes on with that roaring tone, and Captain Carl Fontana makes it all look easy. Even the introspective and professional Bob Wilber digs in and gets down with it in a fashion as much out of character as Noel Coward eating grits and gravy.

Get a load of the tunes: *Up, Up and Away, Lazy Afternoon, Ode to Billie Joe, Sonny*, and of course, *Chinatown, Wolverine Blues, South Rampart Street Parade, Jazz Me Blues, Bugle Call Rag, At the Jazz Band Ball and Honky Tonk Train*. Let us not forget *Mrs. Robinson*, since it is typical of what this fine group has been able to do in integrating the antiques with the shiny today stuff.

There isn't one player in the lineup who doesn't contribute something to the crackling impact of the band, and their spirit belies the advancing years. Yank Lawson is producing solos like nothing I've heard from him in the past, and Ralph Sutton seems to have forgotten all the trad pap he was weaned on.

I spoke briefly to the band's mentor,

Dick Gibson, about the future of the group. All that can be said with certainty is that they'll keep working as often as anyone wants them. The range of the organization is limited, since Haggart is deeply involved in studio work in New York, but this is a sound that should be more widely heard. If you have long since given up on Dixie, as I had, these people will turn you around fast. It was an object lesson to me about the dangers of a pre-set mind and I'm going to work hard to get over it.

Watch for the "World's Greatest Jazz Band" in your area. The billing may be overly grandiose, but they come awfully close to making it stick. —Al Fisher

Frank Smith

YM-YWHA, Philadelphia, Penn.

Personnel: Smith, tenor saxophone, vocals; Richard Grossman, cello; Dave Weingrad, drums.

Having heard Frank Smith only in a single appearance on Burton Green's first recording, I attended this first concert by his new group (The Rose Flying Snow Leopard) to hear a musician whom many critics had branded a typical new-thing tenor screamer.

Smith opened with *Ramona Raga in B Flat* which began with seven or eight amazing minutes of group improvisation on the single tonic note of a morning raga. This was followed by the raga scale, improvisation (centered around the raga, the key of B flat and Bob Dylan's *Ramo-*

na) and finally the statement of Dylan's theme.

Smith's tenor dominated the entire 30-minute piece, and his lines, control and delicacy were astounding. Although portions of his solo resembled the low Eastern lines of John Coltrane and the purring solos by Dewey Redman, as a totality his playing was quite original. Whatever his theories, Smith has found a concept which has possibilities for innovation and in which he can be creative.

The support of cellist Grossman and drummer Weingrad was invaluable and tasteful. Unfortunately, Grossman did not stretch out and demonstrate his evident talent.

The second and third sets featured Smith singing, with a little standard avant garde tenor interspersed. The music could be described as dissonant country-and-western, and the thematic material was in the *My Darling Clementine* mold. Smith's singing was very honest and primitive; honest, because he did not try to emulate the black man's vocal blues; primitive, because he made no use of sophisticated vocal techniques, such as full tone and careful breathing. Though this segment was interesting and refreshingly raw, it was overshadowed by the raga piece. It could only be anti-climactic.

With *Ramona Raga in B Flat*, Frank Smith has uncovered or discovered a potentially rich musical reservoir. It is hoped that Smith won't stop here, and that he will gain some recognition and support.

—Michael Cuscuna

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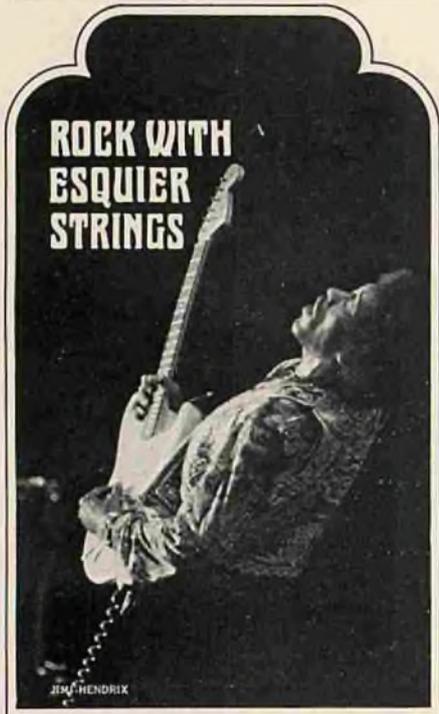
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PLEASANTS

(Continued from page 18)

ative participation of the performer is in inverse ratio to its quality as composition. And we know that a performer's creative or elaborate participation in European music in the 17th and 18th centuries was not thought to be a reflection upon the work of the composer. It was just as likely to be thought a compliment.

There may have been something to say for the more explicit notation of the 19th-century composer, and for his tendency to look to the tractable instrument of the symphony orchestra rather than to the ephemeral art of the solo performer as the custodian of his gospel, however much the performer's art was thus circumscribed. The composer's procedures reduced the hazard of stylistic deviation by performers of succeeding generations in the days before phonograph and tape recording assured a more reliable source of reference. But it also tended to reduce the performer to the role of intermediary between the absent composer and the very present audience, to deprive music of all the charm of spontaneous elaboration and decoration, and to extinguish the eternal magic of the virtuoso singer or instrumentalist out there in front of a listening public with something of his own to say in the listener's own language—and both the privilege and the responsibility of saying it.

"The progress of musical art," says Joseph Machlis, Professor of Music, Queens College of the City of New York, in his *The Enjoyment of Music*, "demanded the victory over improvisation. The composer ultimately established his right to choose the notes, the performer being limited to playing or, at most, interpreting them."

This formulation concedes to an institution known as "the composer" a God-given monopoly as the source of music and as the arbiter of its dispensation; and it seems to assume that the composer's victory over improvisation was in the public interest. It would have been an unexceptionable formulation at the close of the 19th century; and it represents an orthodox view to this day.

Reassessment in the light of the experience of our own century, however, might turn victory into catastrophe and victors into hapless victims. The composer, in subduing the performer, reduced to serfdom an indispensable ally, depriving himself of that intimacy with an audience which is the performer's privilege and without which all music making is vain. The art of the jazz musician, at the same time, has revived the composer-performer identity that was once the glory of western music.

Those of the serious music community who speak disparagingly of "a performer's art," implying a categorical and generic inferiority to the art and responsibility of the composer, or to the accomplishment of the serious music performer-interpreter, forget, or have never known, how much the performer's art may also be composition, whether written down or not, and how wonderful that art can be! 

THE WHO

(Continued from page 21)

finally returns she admits, "I missed you and I must admit/I kissed a few and once did sit/on Ivor the engine driver's lap/ and later with him had a nap." He replies generously and heroically in the best operatic tradition, "You are forgiven." *A Quick One* contains attractive melodies and some fine parody. It is one of the most enjoyable rock selections ever recorded.

Entwistle's *Boris the Spider* has humor of the macabre, sadistic variety. Boris comes ". . . to a sticky end/Don't think he will ever mend./Never more will he crawl round/He's embedded in the ground."

The station ID's and satires of commercials on *The Who Sell Out* LP make for a very hip commentary on Top 40 radio. Particularly funny is the Heinz Baked Beans commercial, with its insane marching band music, during which the repeatedly asked question, "What's for tea?" is eventually answered, "Heinz Baked Beans."

Townshend has a big nose and it caused him a lot of grief as a kid. He has stated, "Whenever my dad got drunk he'd come up to me and say, 'Look, son, you know looks aren't everything.'" He has dealt in his compositions with people that have the same kind of problems. *Happy Jack* was an object of kids' ridicule and torment but "They couldn't prevent Jack from being happy."

Substitute is full of self-deprecation: "I'm a substitute for another guy. I look pretty tall but my heels are high. The simple things you see are all complicated. I look pretty young but I'm just back dated." Then there is an "opera" Townshend has talked about recording called *Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy* which, according to him is "about a kid that's born deaf, dumb and blind and what happens to him throughout his life."

The Who also have some mind-blowing tunes in their book. *Run, Run, Run* is a frantic piece that conjures images of perpetual motion ("Whenever you run I'll be runnin' too/Wherever you run I'll be followin' you.") *Armenia City in the Sky* is a fine surrealist piece ("The sky is glass, the sea is brown/and everyone is upside down.").

Awhile ago the future of rock appeared bright. Creative new groups seemed to be coming to the fore one after another. Now things don't look as good. The most recent generation of rock outfits has been unimpressive. Perhaps part of the blame for this can be attributed to undemanding fans (the "oh wow" crowd) who are thrilled as long as the groups they hear perform energetically and/or make an attempt to be profound. It seems now that progressive rock may be in some trouble.

Regardless of what happens, though, The Who should be recognized as being among the fine pop performers of this decade. They have not repudiated their lower middle class street origins. Their work is wild and funny. But it's also hip and sometimes compassionate. For this, pop music fans should be grateful. 

DONALDSON

(Continued from page 16)

and Monroe's and the rest up in Harlem. By the time I got on the scene [1950], things were wide open."

If the music's acceptance wasn't the ongoing problem in the early years of bebop that it seems today, certainly those times aren't looked back on as the happiest for jazz musicians either. "Yeah, but there was a lot of money in circulation that's not out here now and there was work—even if you had to fight for it. You had to do a lot of one-nighters in clubs like Birdland—you know, the Monday night scene—before you could get a straight week. Sometimes you'd do as many as 20 of these. Then, just when you'd finally land a long gig, some cat would come along—he could blow too, there were a lot of good musicians around—and he'd go right to the clubowner and say he would take your gig for \$10 or \$15 less than he was going to pay you. Next thing you knew you were just standing there in the audience."

The dog-eat-doggedness of the musicians' predicament then sounded little better than Donaldson's characterization of the situation today. The altoist remained essentially pessimistic about remedies. "The trouble is that the people who play it don't control it," Donaldson said.

Attempts, though puny by comparison with measures of the other persuasion, have begun along this line: musicians' co-operatives; small, independent recording companies dedicated to purism, etc. "Too far gone for that."

The sad song had been sung too many times to hope for a happy ending, leaving nothing much to ask the altoist about but his present group. Trumpeter Gary Chandler and organist Charlie Earlie, both in their early 20s, are part of the new generation of musicians about whom Donaldson has apparently lost hope. Drummer Billy Kay is not much older, although he remembers the bop days with a vividness that only personal exposure can bring. But Donaldson is far from hopeless about their condition: "Oh yeah, these cats take care of business or they wouldn't be up there with me." It appears that Donaldson is more assault than battery on some occasions.

When the unit goes into action, it is easy to see why the leader feels the way he does about his sidemen. Trumpeter Chandler reads a ballad like *Blue Moon* so elegantly straight-forward that Clifford Brown would have loved him. Then he backs that up with *Cherokee* and hard-bitten trills that nod in Freddie Hubbard's direction. Earlie comps hard behind Lou and builds excitement, when he's in the mood, to a frenzy. Even after hearing a platoon of percussionists, Kay is a surprisingly steady timekeeper.

In action, though he now makes the concession of using a Varitone ("It lets me compete with that organ"), Donaldson's playing is as unfigured by gimmickry as ever. He seldom uses any of the Varitone's 60-odd effects except amplification and the double-octave, disdaining exotic features like tremolo and echo. The altoist still

spices the up-tempo numbers with turn-around quotes from the *Sabre Dance* to *Light My Fire*, and his extra-lyrical ballads linger in the back of the mouth like a drink of good cognac. Since he is a pragmatic musician, the "new Lou" comes with a repertoire of chart-riders, such as *Alligator Bogaloo*, *Midnight Creeper* and *Ode to Billie Joe*.

For years after Lou became a leader, he used a traditional bop era front line-rhythm section set-up. In addition to one or two other horns (trumpet and trombone, respectively), it was piano, bass and drums as usual. His teaming with Jimmy Smith for record dates on *Blue Note* in the late '50s undoubtedly gave him great respect for the organ's poten-

tial as a bottom instrument. His was one of the first of the now ubiquitous organ groups. "Bass players and drummers became almost nonexistent," Donaldson explained. "They all wanted to be in the front line playing the melody. When I added the organ, it made my drummers play hard again and I got the syncopation back."

Where is Lou Donaldson headed next? "We're on our way to Atlanta," he said.

In terms of projects, new types of gigs? Maybe movie scores or something?

"Oh, we're going to take it like it comes. Records and clubs are our thing."

He can't be blamed for sticking with those two areas. His thing works. 

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db music workshop

THE THINKING DRUMMER By Ed Shaughnessy

HERE'S A VERY helpful approach to improving the standard ride cymbal beat:



The two most common problems students and many professional drummers have are:

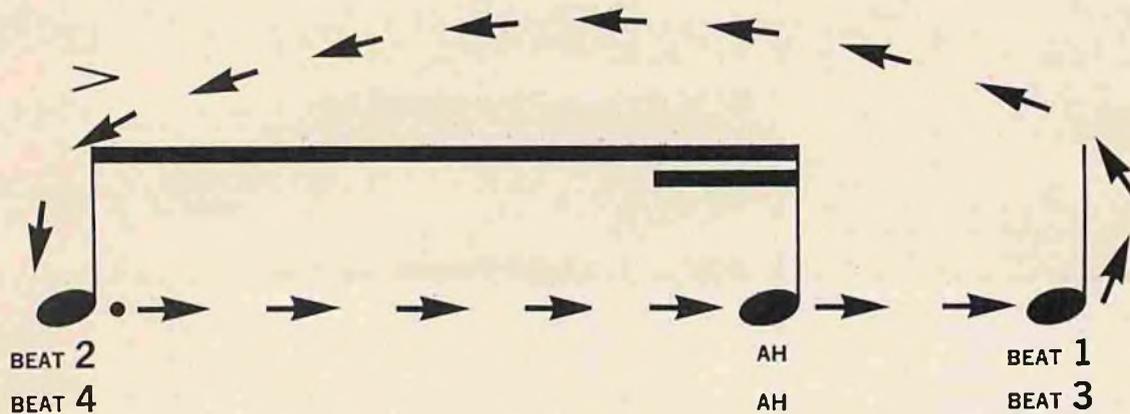
1. A definitely limited speed.
2. A "tightening up" when required to play at fast tempos for more than a short time.

Most often, a drummer with these problems is playing the "ride-beat" in too confined an area on the cymbal surface—resulting in a great deal of *unnecessary tension*.

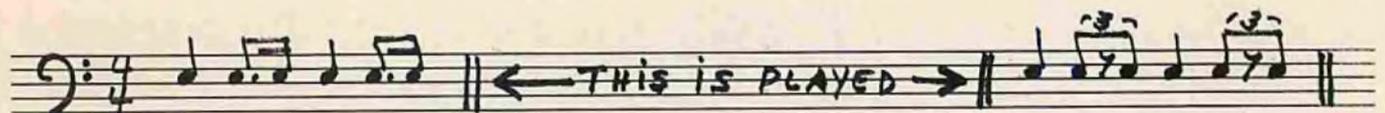
Naturally, in playing and practicing on the snare drum, we strive to play accurately in one area for a consistent tone quality—but jazz playing on cymbals is a thing unto itself, and relaxation and a good rhythmic flow can be better achieved with a bit more gliding motion.

The key is to generally move the hand and stick in a *modified counter-clockwise motion*—playing the "after-beats" (counts 2 & 4) on the left; and the "double-beats" the 1/16 note and (counts 1 & 3) on the right about four inches from the "after-beats." There should be a smooth over-all motion to this approach—which will also tend to "broaden" the time feeling when the drummer's ride cymbal playing is too tight.

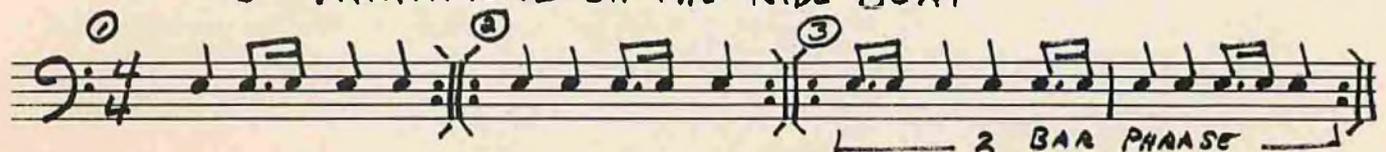
Important: In the sketch below—literally "Play the notes on the paper" with a stick or pencil to get the proper spacing and direction of this system. Note that beats 1 & 3 are placed a bit further to the right than the 1/16 notes, which enables a controlled bounce—or "skipping" effect that is aided by a degree of finger control with the second finger. The author has found a rapid and marked improvement of 20% to 50% with many students and professional drummers in speed and endurance.



Below are some basic variations on the "ride-beat" pattern; learn them well so that you can vary them at will—this makes for variety in rhythm playing, and keeps the drummer looser, particularly at fast tempos. Remember that the phrasing of *all the dotted-eighth and 1/16 note portions of these patterns are played with a triplet "feel"*, as below:



3 VARIATIONS ON THE RIDE BEAT



The "Diagram for a Faster Cymbal Beat" is shown in reduced size below in proportion to an 18-inch cymbal—one of the most commonly used sizes for ride beat playing. Notice that the over-all phrase is played approximately equal distance from the cymbal's edge on both sides to give a generally even sound—the addition of a slight accent on "two" and "four" will help it to swing.



(Reprinted courtesy Rogers Drum Co. from "Percussion Pointers", obtainable free from the company.)

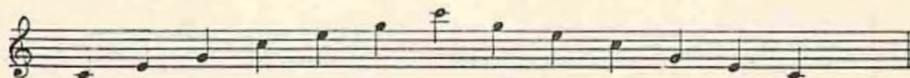
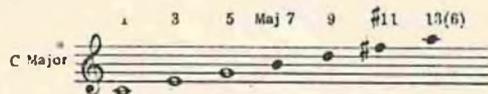
CHORD STUDIES FOR SAXOPHONE By Joseph Viola

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

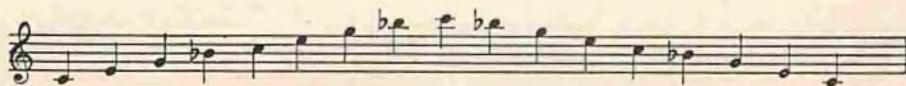
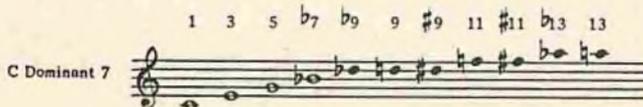
The examples should first be played in the order in which they are presented and then practiced in all keys. If possible, this should be done without writing out the transpositions.

Refer to the Oct. 3, 1968 and Nov. 28, 1968 issues of *Down Beat* for additional variations in this approach.

C major



C seventh



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Musical notation for C minor and C minor seventh. The notation consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is labeled 'C7' and the second 'C'. The notes are primarily eighth and quarter notes with triplet markings.

C minor

1 $\flat 3$ 5 Maj 7 9 13(6)

C Minor

Musical notation for C minor and C minor seventh. The notation consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is labeled 'Cm' and the second 'Cm'. The notes are primarily eighth and quarter notes with triplet markings.

C minor seventh

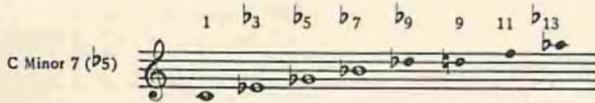
1 $\flat 3$ 5 $\flat 7$ 9 11

C Minor 7

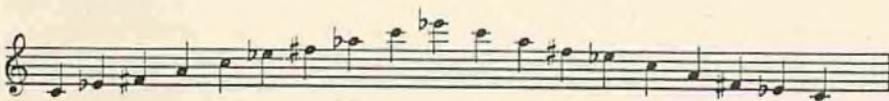
Musical notation for C minor seventh. The notation consists of one system of two staves. The notes are primarily eighth and quarter notes with triplet markings.



C minor seventh (flat five)



C diminished seventh



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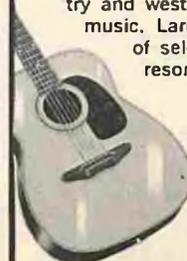
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STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Playhouse—better known to many as Minton's—jumped mightily in December with good music and a couple of birthday parties. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson's quintet was the group in residence, featuring George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Peck Morrison, bass, and Clarence (Scoby) Stroman, drums. The birthday parties, which attracted a host of visiting musicians, many of whom sat in, were in honor of Baroness Nica de Koenigswarter and pianist Harris. On the scene for the Baroness' bash were such luminaries as Kenny Dorham, Charlie Rouse, Thelonious Monk and Coleman Hawkins. The Hawk was also in attendance at Harris' birthday party, as were alto saxophonist Sonny Red (his birthday fell two days later), bassist Gene Taylor, drummers Roy Brooks, Candy Finch and Eddie Locke, and pianist Tommy Flanagan—a heavy Detroit representation, to be sure. Flanagan was in New York as leader of the trio accompanying



Ella Fitzgerald for her appearance at the Royal Box of the Americana Hotel . . . The Arion Mansion in Brooklyn was the site of a pre-Christmas concert and fashion show with Joe Henderson's 21-piece orchestra and the sextet of trumpeter Blue Mitchell and drummer Lenny McBrowne. Joe Lee Wilson was the vocalist on the bill . . . Pianist Walter Bishop Jr. and bassist Wilbur Ware have been a recent duo at Pee Wee's in the far East Village . . . Herbie Hancock's sextet returned to the Village Vanguard for the last week in December. With the pianist were flugelhornist Johnny Coles, trombonist Garnett Brown and bassist Ron Carter, as last time. Joe Henderson replaced Clifford Jordan on tenor saxophone and alto flute and Pete LaRoca's drum seat was taken over by recently-returned-from-Europe Tootie Heath . . . The Newport All Stars were the featured attraction at Plaza 9 from right after Christmas through Jan. 12. Led by pianist-impressario George Wein, the sextet included Ruby Braff,

cornet; Red Norvo, vibes; Barney Kessel, guitar; Larry Ridley, bass, and Don Lamond, drums. Ridley is also the bassist with drummer Mousey Alexander's house trio at Plaza 9, which is completed by pianist Ross Tompkins . . . The World's Greatest Jazz Band has been signed to a Project 3 recording contract by Enoch Light. The first album, cut in December, should be in the stores by the time you read this . . . The Otto McLawler Duo featuring Sarah McLawler, organ, and Richard Otto, violin, played the holiday season at the Broadcaster's Inn in Flushing . . . Network 55, a new room on West 58th St. in Manhattan, opened with a new duo in the person of Betty Ann & Julius. She's cordovoxist Betty Ann McCall; he's cellist Julius Ehrenwerth. Bassist-singer Mary Hurt, doubling at Luigi II in the Village, took care of the cocktail hours . . . Tim Hardin was at the Cafe Au Go Go for the holiday season . . . The Sound of the Underground, a rock program scheduled to play the Felt Forum Dec. 27-28, was cancelled . . . James Brown gladdened the Christmases of some 3,000 needy families in the New York area by donating to each a \$5 food certificate, good for redemption at local stores . . . Arranger Ronnie Roullier's big band, including trumpeter Burt Collins, trombonist Wayne Andre, bassist Joe Benjamin, drummer Grady Tate and Roullier himself at the piano, played for dancing at the annual Christmas party of A&R Studios . . . There is now jazz six nights a week at Chez Joey in the Bronx with leader Joe DeMare, trumpet; Turk Mauro, tenor saxophone; Charlie Klaf, piano; Bucky Calabrese, bass, and Al Capolongo, drums . . . December's groups for the jazz Interaction Sunday sessions at The Scene were led by pianists Burton Greene and Keith Jarrett and vibist Vera Auer. Greene had Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone; Steve Tintweiss, bass, and Shelly Rusten, drums. Jarrett's trio was rounded out by Charlie Haden, bass, and Paul Motian, drums . . . Miss Auer's helpers were trumpeter Richard Williams, tenor man Hugh Brodic, bassist Bob Cunningham, and drummer Walter Perkins.

San Francisco: The Lee Schipper Quartet (Schipper, vibes; Bob Strizich, guitar; Kelly Brian, bass; Tom Audrey, drums) played their first date after returning home from their African tour at the Bear's Lair on the U.C. campus. The tour was under the auspices of the State Department, and the itinerary of places they performed included Tunisia (where they didn't play *Night in Tunisia*), and Ruanda (where they did). As a quintet—Bob Clair on flute and tenor was then with them—they were the 1967 winners of the Notre Dame Intercollegiate Jazz Festival . . . Dave van Kreidt was a guest at a Sonoma State College Jazz Workshop performance . . . Entries for the University of Nevada's Stage Band Festival closed Dec. 31 with over 80 bands and combos from 7 states registering for the March 14-15 festival. Don Ellis is to be guest artist with the U. of Nevada band. The band was scheduled for Bay Area appearances Jan. 27-30 . . .

Mose Allison was at the Jazz Workshop in early December with Bill Douglas, bass, and Pete Magadini, drums . . . The Third Wave (the five young Ente sisters) and pianist George Duke's trio (John Heard, bass; Al Cecehi, drums) were eloquent at the Trident in Sausalito through December . . . Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra was slated to shed light at the Oakland Auditorium on Dec. 13 and the San Francisco Art Institute on the 14th . . . Erroll Garner was great at the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel, with Ike Isaacs, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums; Jose Mangual, conga . . . Fat compliments for John Handy: he was elected altoist in the all-star band by the magazine *Record World*, and Columbia records considers his latest release *Projections* their best jazz record of the year, worthy of an all-out publicity push . . . Big Black's rhythm had a long holdover at the Both/And, then the club had a short lay-off; no guests for the immediate future . . . Flamenco guitarist Juan Serano was at El Matador . . . Singer Roxanne Duncan and an adroit trio led by altoist Jules Broussard, with Tom Costa, organ, and Dennis Whitted, drums, are the house attraction at the Off Plaza . . . Turk Murphy's Jazz Band and banjoist Clancy Hayes are regulars at Earthquake McGoon's . . . The Jimmy Edd Trio does weekends at Jack's at Sutter Street . . . There were two concerts given by faculty and students of the Ali Akbar College of Music at S.F. College for Women on Friday, Dec. 6, benefits for the Sausalito



school, with Ali Akbar headlining . . . The Exit, a new jazz club in Palo Alto, had an all-girl band called Wild Honey the first week in December, and the club's first name attraction, Ernestine Andrews, was scheduled to follow . . . Carmen McRae was trio-backed for her recent Basin Street West stint, with regular Norman Simmons, piano; Chuck Domannico, bass, and Frank Severino, drums. The Olympics followed her . . . El Matador strayed from its Latin tangent and had the Modern Jazz Quartet in for a month . . . The Exit, a new jazz club, has opened in Palo Alto, with three house groups involved. Ed Kelly's trio performs Tuesdays through Thursdays, Bill Bell's trio on Fridays and Saturdays until 2 a.m., when the Jet Set takes over until six . . . Pianist George Muribus, with trio and wife Gail on jazz vocals are the standard attractions at the Purple Onion . . . Hotel Claremont at Berkeley has a jazz-oriented trio over the weekends: Wilbert Baranco, piano; Jerry Goode, bass; Earl Watkins, drums . . . Bola Sete, the Committee Workshop, Big Mama Thornton, and the Charlie Musselwhite Blues Band played a one-nighter at U.C.'s Zellerbach Hall . . . A smart group around town recently was the Peter Welker Sextet: Welker, trumpet; Jules Broussard, alto saxophone; Barry Ulman, tenor saxophone, flute; Richard Crabtree, piano; Mel Graves, bass; Vince Latcano, drums. They played

opposite the Jose Ramon Flamenco dancers at the S.F. Jewish Community Center, then did a Worship Service in Jazz at Temple Beth Abraham in Oakland. It was the West Coast premiere of a Charles Davidson composition, *And David Danced Before The Lord*. Joseph Leibling, conductor of the Oakland Symphony Chorus, was choir master, and two cantors did the reading, in the main. The sextet's line-up was slightly altered with Harry Smallenbert on vibes in place of Crabtree . . . Billy Daniels was at Bimbo's for a week in November . . . The Uday Shankar Hindu dancers and musicians played one nighters at the Berkeley Community Theatre and the Masonic Auditorium. Ray Charles repeated the process in December.

Philadelphia: Big band devotees had two of the finest to choose from recently when Duke Ellington came to the Academy of Music Dec. 6 and Count Basie brought his band back for a return engagement in the area, playing Lasalle College on Sunday Dec. 8. Basie had been featured at the big jazz show at the Spectrum on Dec. 1. Vocalists Ernie Banks and Zee Bonner opened the show at the Academy, leaving the bulk of the evening to the wonderful Ellington orchestra. Basie had the entire evening to play for his fans, opening with a concert followed by concert-dance with the room divided into listening and dancing sections. Lasalle offers a modern, well-designed listening area complete with a new Steinway grand. It is hoped that more good listening will be provided . . . Al Grey's group (Lenny Houston, amplified alto saxophone; Billy Gardner, organ; Calvin Mayfield, drums) did two weeks in Rochester, N.Y. Vocalist Dottie Joy sang with Grey's group at the Cadillac Club in Philly, but Betty McLaurin will be working with the group in the near future . . . Betty Greene was given an award recently when she sang for a holiday affair in Allentown, Pa. An all star group featuring Jimmy Oliver and Lonnie Shaw, saxophones; Gerald Price, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass, and Johnny Williams, drums, backed Miss Greene . . . Pianist Jimmy Golden is back in town after an extended tour. Faces light up when Jimmy enters a room . . . Guy Lombardo was booked to play a pre-New Year's dance at the Sunnybrook Ballroom in Pottstown, Pa. The Arlen Saylor Band was slated for the New Year's Eve festivities . . . Buddy Savitt and Mike Michaels continued their weekend jazz program at the Koni Kai. Tenor saxophonist Savitt once played with Gene Ammons in the Woolly Herman band, and also is an alumnus of one of the more interesting Elliott Lawrence bands. Michaels is an exciting pianist who won at one of the Villanova Jazz Festivals some years ago . . . Rufus Harley and the exciting Arthur Hall Dancers were set as part of an Afro Show at Town Hall Dec. 21 . . . The Fred Miles American Interracialist Jazz Society began a series of weekly meetings at the Sahara Hotel's Desert Room on Sunday Dec. 22. The subject of the first meeting was a letter from President-Elect Richard Nixon.

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Detroit: The Detroit Creative Musicians Association continues to present biweekly concerts at the Detroit Repertory Theatre. Concert four featured tenorist Larry Nozero's quintet (Doug Halliday, trumpet; Keith Vreeland, piano; John Dana, bass; Doug Hammon, subbing for Jim Nemeth, drums) and reed man Aaron Neal's quintet (Pianist Dave Durrah; Dana, and drummers Ike Daney and Bob Battle). Drummer-disc jockey Bud Spangler emceed and taped the concert for use on his WDET jazz show . . . Sunday night is big band night in suburban Sterling, where Mr. F's Beef and Bourbon presents the crew co-led by reed men Lannie Austin and Emil Moro. Personnel includes John Trudell, Ross Mulholland, Dave Bartlett, Dick Sorenson, trumpets; Al Winters, Kirk Jaress, Eldrid Baird, Gerald Byrnes, trombones; Jack Kripl, Angelo Carlisi, Jose Mallare, reeds; Don Gillis, piano and melodica; Don Lewandowski, bass; Bert Myrick, drums . . . Customers at Baker's Keyboard got an entertainment bonus recently when trumpeter Hugh Masekela, in town for a concert, showed up to sit in for a set with pianist Les McCann's trio . . . Multi instrumentalist Roland Kirk's stay at the Drome was marred by the unexpected death of his father. While Kirk was attending the funeral in his home town of Columbus, Ohio, his rhythm section (pianist Ron Burton; bassist Vernon Martin; drummer Jimmy Hopps), at times augmented by aide-de-camp Joe Texidor's tambourine effects, carried on with the help of local tenorist Leon Henderson. Preceding Kirk at the Drome was pianist Ray Bryant's trio (Jimmy Rowser, bass; Harold White, drums) . . . The pre-Christmas week was a big one for local jazz fans: Not only was Kirk in town, but drummer Elvin Jones was paying his home town a rare visit. With Jones at Baker's were bassist Jimmy Garrison and reed man Joe Farrell . . . One of the most vital forces on the Detroit jazz scene, Kirk Lightsey, has left town to serve as pianist and musical director for singer O. C. Smith . . . Latest jazz group to appear on the CPT television show was the Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums). Current personnel of pianist Harold McKinney's house band for the show includes trumpeter Marcus Belgrave, tenorist Sam Sanders, bassist Rod Hicks, and drummer Ike Daney. McKinney and Belgrave serve in Hicks' quintet, currently appearing afterhours at the Rapa House. Rounding out the group are tenorist Donald Walden and drummer Bob Battle . . . The Nu Art Quartet (Marvin Cabell and Charles Miles, reeds; John "Yogi" Cowan, organ; James Brown, drums) have formed their own record company. First release on their Marda label was a single of Miles' original *The Black Bandit* backed by *California Dreaming*. Miles has since left the group. His replacement was guitarist James Ullmer. The quartet continues six nights a week at the Fireside Lounge of the Twenty Grand . . . Tenorist Jimmy Stefanson's Monday night spot at Cleme's Pour House in

suburban Warren lasted only a week, but Monday music continues, currently with Larry Nozero's quintet. Pianist **Danny Stevenson's** trio continues as house band the rest of the week . . . Musicians looking for a chance to play should make it to the Ivanhoe, where pianist **Marian DeVore** and her trio (**Ernie Farrow**, bass; **Paul Ambrose**, drums) are hosting Tuesday night sessions.

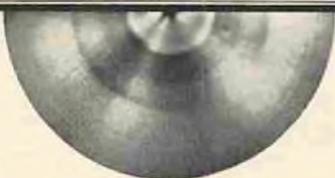
New Orleans: Alto saxophonist **Earl Turbinton's** new Jazz Workshop club will follow the pattern of the traditional jazz halls in its no booze, all-ages-welcome policy. The Workshop will feature jazz of all eras, however, and plans are in the ofing for live theater, art shows, and special student performances . . . The University of Southwestern Louisiana Alumni Association sponsored a concert by the **Dukes of Dixieland** at the New Orleans Press Club. The Dukes are set for a performance at the Presidential Inauguration in Washington, D.C. . . . **Jay Cave**, the most sought-after bassist in town, is leading his own trio in afterhours sessions on Fridays at the Blackbeard Lounge. Cave's sidemen are pianist **Bill Newkirk** and drummer **James Black** . . . The award-winning Loyola University Stage Band played a concert with the popular **Ronnie Kole Trio** at Jesuit Auditorium . . . Vocalist **Sandy Lea** and tenor man **Rene Netto** are now with **Art Seelig's** intermission combo at the Famous Door . . . The winter lineup at **Al Hirt's Club** includes **Cannonball Adderley**, **Marion Taylor** and the **Dave Akins Trio**, the **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Big Tiny Little** and **Fats Domino** . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club celebrated Christmas with a December 27th party at the Roosevelt sparked by veteran trumpeter **Dutch Andrus** and his band . . . **Willis Conover**, advisor for *Jazzfest '69*, was in town for a planning session with festival director **Durel Black** in December.

Cincinnati: **Carmon DeLeone**, former drummer with the **Dave Engle Trio**, presented his studio big band in three jazz concerts held in various parts of the city. The band, primarily an experimental group, consists of trumpeters **Jerry Conrad**, **Bill George** and **Al Keiger**; trombonists **Paul Pillar** and **Reese Dusenbury**; saxophonists **Mike Andres**, **Joe Gaudio**, **Dick Yeager** and **Larry Dixon**; bassist **Lou Lausche**, and percussionists **DeLeone** and **Jimmy Madison** . . . **Buddy Rich** played a one-night stand at Madeira Manor in November for **Nashy Enterprises**, a group of jazz enthusiasts who often hire name bands for their private parties. In the recent past, they have put together "party-concerts" featuring **Woody Herman**, **Count Basie** and **Pete Jolly** . . . The **Ron Enyeart Trio** is presently working at **Herbie's Lounge**, featuring **Sam Jackson** on piano, **Burgoyne Denny** on bass, and **Enyeart** on drums. Blues singer **Bill Caffy** is also appearing with the trio . . . The **Bany Brothers** (**Dave**, guitar; **John**, bass) are the featured attraction in the cocktail lounge at **Brentwood Bowl**. **John Bany** formerly worked

with trumpeter **Don Goldie** . . . Tenor saxophonist **Jimmy McGary** is fronting a group at **New Dilly's** which features **Dave Matthews**, piano; **Kenny Poole**, guitar; **John Young**, bass, and **Grove Mooney**, drums . . . The **Lee Stolar Trio** has been working at the **Living Room** recently. Bassist **Alex Cirin** has rejoined the trio, and drummer **Jimmy Madison** is the latest addition to the group . . . The **Woody Evans Trio** has returned to the **Playboy Club**. With pianist **Evans** are bassist **Ed Conneley** and drummer **Phillip Paul**. Also at the **Playboy Club** is **Dave Engle's** trio with bassist **Lester Bass** and drummer **Ron McCurdy**.

Denmark: The biggest sum of money ever awarded from public funds to a Danish jazz musician, 10,000 Kroner, has been granted altoist and bandleader **John Tehicai**. The leader of **Cadentia Nova Danica** will spend the money, which he received from the Department for Cultural Affairs, on a study tour of India. Tehicai is particularly interested in studying yoga . . . After having finished her two-month engagement at **Timme's Club** in Copenhagen, pianist **Mary Lou Williams** played two days in Aarhus at the **Trinbraedtet** with trumpeter **Arnvid Meyer** and his sextet, after which **Miss Williams** and the band played some one-nighters in smaller Danish towns. **Teddy Wilson** took over at **Timme's** . . . On Wednesdays during December, January and February, Danish television will show programs, running for a total of 3½ hours,

from the **George Wein Newport** tour which hit Copenhagen Oct. 27-29. The two programs shown before Christmas featured **Count Basie** and **Gary Burton** . . . Tenorist **J. R. Monterose** played a couple of weeks at the **Montmartre** in Copenhagen during November. After drummer **Albert Heath** left Denmark (*DB*, Nov. 28, 1968) the drum chair at the **Montmartre** has usually been occupied by **Bjarne Rostvold**. **Kenny Drew** and **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen** continue to take care of the piano and bass department . . . **Annisette** and the **Savage Rose**, a rock group formed last May, has been far the most successful phenomenon in Danish show business during 1968. The group, which featured drummer **Alex Riel**, former Danish Jazz Musician of the Year, had its second LP released some weeks before Christmas . . . Classical composer and pianist **Niels Viggo Bentzon** is contemplating a cooperation with **The Maxwells**, a group which gained national attention during the first Danish version of the musical *Hair*. Some years ago, **Bentzon** recorded an album, *Third Stream Jazz*, with altoist **Franz Beckerlee's** quartet, featuring trumpeter **Hugh Steinmetz** . . . French tenorist **Alain Tubar-Nooval**, 25, who played in Denmark with cornetist **Don Cherry's** group, was killed in a train crash near **Hobro, Jutland** . . . In early 1969 two Scandinavian TV producers, **Steen Bramsen** from Denmark and **Olle Helander** from Sweden, will be traveling in the U.S., particularly the South, to produce programs about the origin of jazz.



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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.
Baby Grand: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Broadcasters Inn: Otto McLawler.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Striker, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Club Baron: Clark Terry, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jimmy Hamilton.
Fillmore East: Blood, Sweat & Tears, Jethro Tull, Savoy Blues Band, 1/24-25, Iron Butterfly, Led Zepelin, Move, 1/31-2/1, Canned Heat, Pentangle, Wayne Cochran, 2/7-8.
Forest Hills Inn: Dnyton Selby, tfn.
Forum Club (Staten Island): Pat Trixie, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
14 and 16: name pianists.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: unk.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Luigi II: Mary Hurt.
Mark Twain's Riverboat: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young.
Needle's Eye: pianists, wknds.
Network 55: Mary Hurt, Betty Anne & Julius, tfn.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco, Joe Coleman, Mon.
Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Plaza Grove (Fairlawn, N.J.): John Noble, Bobby Grandsen, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Franklin Bros., Earl May, Wits End.
Plaza 9: unk.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Raffael Restaurant (Corona): Pat Trixie, Les Jenkins, Paul Raymond, Joe Fontana, Joe Arden, Fri.-Sun.
Rainbow Grill: unk.
Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
The Scene: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Shepherds: unk.
Signs of the Zodiac: Warren Chiasson, Fri.-Sun.
Slugs: unk.
Small's Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Irap Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom McNeil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sketeer Best.
Tom Jones: unk.
Ton of the Gate: unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope, Slim Stewart.
Village Gate: Nina Simone, 2/7-8, Jackie Wilson, 2/21, 22, 28, Jerry Butler, 3/1.
Village Vanguard: Thal Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Wells: Horace Parlan, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Lueuing, Mon.-Sat. Dave West, C. J. Cheramine, Sun.
Blackbeard: Jay Cave, Fri. afterhours.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Club 77: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Downtown: Buddy Prima, hb. Ellyna Tatum, wknds.
Fairmont Room: Laverne Smith, Charlotte Champagne, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig, hbs.
Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland, 2/3-22.
Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
Jesus Auditorium: Loyola University Stage Band, Ronnie Kole, 2/2.

Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Off Limits: David Laste, wknds., afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Rendezvous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Stereo: Roger Dickerson, wknds.
Sylvia's: Porgy Jones, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Flug, tfn.
Vancresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claiborne, tfn.
VIP (Mason's): June Gardner, Germaine Buz-zile, tfn. James Rivers, Wed.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Louis Jordan, Hudda Brooks.
Black Fox: Vee Jay, Dave Holden, Perri Lee, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Cosmic Brotherhood, Mon.
Buccaner (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanno Miller.
Caribbean: Leon Holloway, Red Holloway, Mon.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Club Cashbah: Dolo Coker, Sam Fletcher.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Mike Barone, Wed. Big Bands, Sun. Dan Rader, 1/26. Oliver Nelson, 1/31-2/1, 2/7-8, 2/14-15.
Duke's Glen Cove (West Los Angeles): Calvin Jackson.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): Joe Bushkin.
Elks Club (Santa Ana): New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California, sessions 1st Sun. of each month.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing. Concert Jazz Quintet, Tue.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): George Shearing to 2/10.
Jilly's (Palm Springs): Willie Restum.
Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Horace Silver, 1/29-2/9, Cal Tjader, 2/12-23, Latin jazz.
Sun. afternoon. Hobby Bryant, Mon.-Tue.
Masters Inn (Santa Monica): Mary Kaye.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
Moonfire Inn (Topanga): Gil Melle, Mon.
Parisian Room: Henry Cain.
Pied Piper: Skip Cunningham, Karen Hernandez, Wed.-Sat. Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, wknds.
Playboy Club: Hob Corwin, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Elvin Jones to 2/2. Jazz Crusaders, 2/6-15, Shelly Manne, wknds., Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle, Joyce Collins, Tue.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kyndard.
Tracton's: Joe Castro.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Westside Room (Century Plaza): Earl Grant to 1/26.
Woodley's: Jimmie Hamilton.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn.
Carlo's: The Marksmen, tfn.
Celtic Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Esquire Club: Bernard Hutcherson, Fri.-Sat.
House of the Lions: Bill Bulub, Barbara Parker, tfn.
Le Apartment: Dan Wintermantle, tfn.
Little Willow: Bill Kent, Terri Andre, tfn.
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Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur. Gretchen Hill, Fri.-Sat.
Parkway North: Sacco Walters, Don James, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Spanish Door: Dave Yenn, cocktail hr. Mon.-Fri.
Peanuts Whclub, Mon.-Sat.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

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Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun.
Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Kirby Stone Four to 1/26, Jonah Jones, 1/28-29, Ramsey Lewis, 2/11-23, Tamba Four, 2/26-3/23, Jack McDuff, 3-25-4/14, George Shearing, 4/15-5/4.
Lurlean's: name singers, Vernell Fournier, wknds.
Mill Run Playhouse (Niles): unk.
Mister Kelly's: George Carlin, Chris & Peter Allen to 2/2, Jackie Vernon, Maxine Brown, 2/3-16, Miriam Makeba, 2/17-3/2, Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name jazz groups.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Quiet Knight: Blues, Wed.-Sun.
Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicago Footwarmers, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat.
Tejar Club: various name groups.

DETROIT

Act IV: Bob Snyder, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Yusuf Lateef to 2/3.
Berkshire Motel: Wilbur Chapman, Fri.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's (Madison Heights): Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sun.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Casino Royal: Rudy Robinson, hb.
Chateau: Don DeAndre, Tue.-Sat.
Cleme's Four House (Warren): Larry Nozero, Mon. Danny Stevenson, hb.
Drome: unk.
Frolic: George McGregor, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Horseshoe (Petoskey): Levi Mann, Mon.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Charles Harris, Wed.-Sat.
Ivanhoe: Marlan DeVore, Tue.-Sat. Sessions, Tue.
Mr. F's Beef and Bourbon (Sterling): Austin-Moro Band, Sun.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Morrie Baker's Showplace: Lyman Woodard, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Tue.-Sat.
Rapa House: Rod Hicks, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.
Twenty Grand: Nu-Art Organ Quartet, Thur.-Tue.
Vineyards (Southfield): Jim Voorheis, Dick Wigington, Wed.-Sat.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Mon.-Sat., Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

KANSAS CITY

Attic Lounge: Fab Four, tfn.
Bagdad On Broadway: The Tripod, tfn.
Casa Blanca: Joel Santiago, afterhours.
Castaways: Big Bob Dougherty, tfn.
Cha Cha Club: King Alex & the Untouchables.
Channel 3: Frank Smith, tfn.
End Zone: Phil Miller, tfn.
Bob Ford's: Baby Lovett, Joshua Johnson, tfn.
Green Gables: Pete McShann.
Horseshoe: Betty Miller, Milt Abel, tfn.
Inferno: Mac Trucque, tfn.
Jewell's: Louis Chachere, tfn.
Lemon Tree: Pete Eye. Sessions Sat. afternoon.
The Levee: George Winn & the Storeville Seven, tfn.
Lorelei: Sandy Allen, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
New Orleans Room: Eddie Smith.
OG's: Calvin Keyes.
Oscar's: The Choppers, tfn.
Penthouse (Hilton Inn): Carolyn Harris, tfn.
Playboy Club: vocalists, nightly. Russ Long, Sat. afternoon.
Roadrunner: Jimmy Keith, John Lawrence, tfn.
VII Arches (U-Smile Motor Hotel): Gene Moore.
Twelfth Of Never: The New Breed, Wed.-Sat.

BALTIMORE

Alpine Villa: unk.
Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): name jazz groups, Sun.
Peyton Place: unk.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.
Rne to 12/29. George Shearing, 1/22-tfn.

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