

FEBRUARY 20, 1969 35c

# down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

## 13th Annual Brass Issue

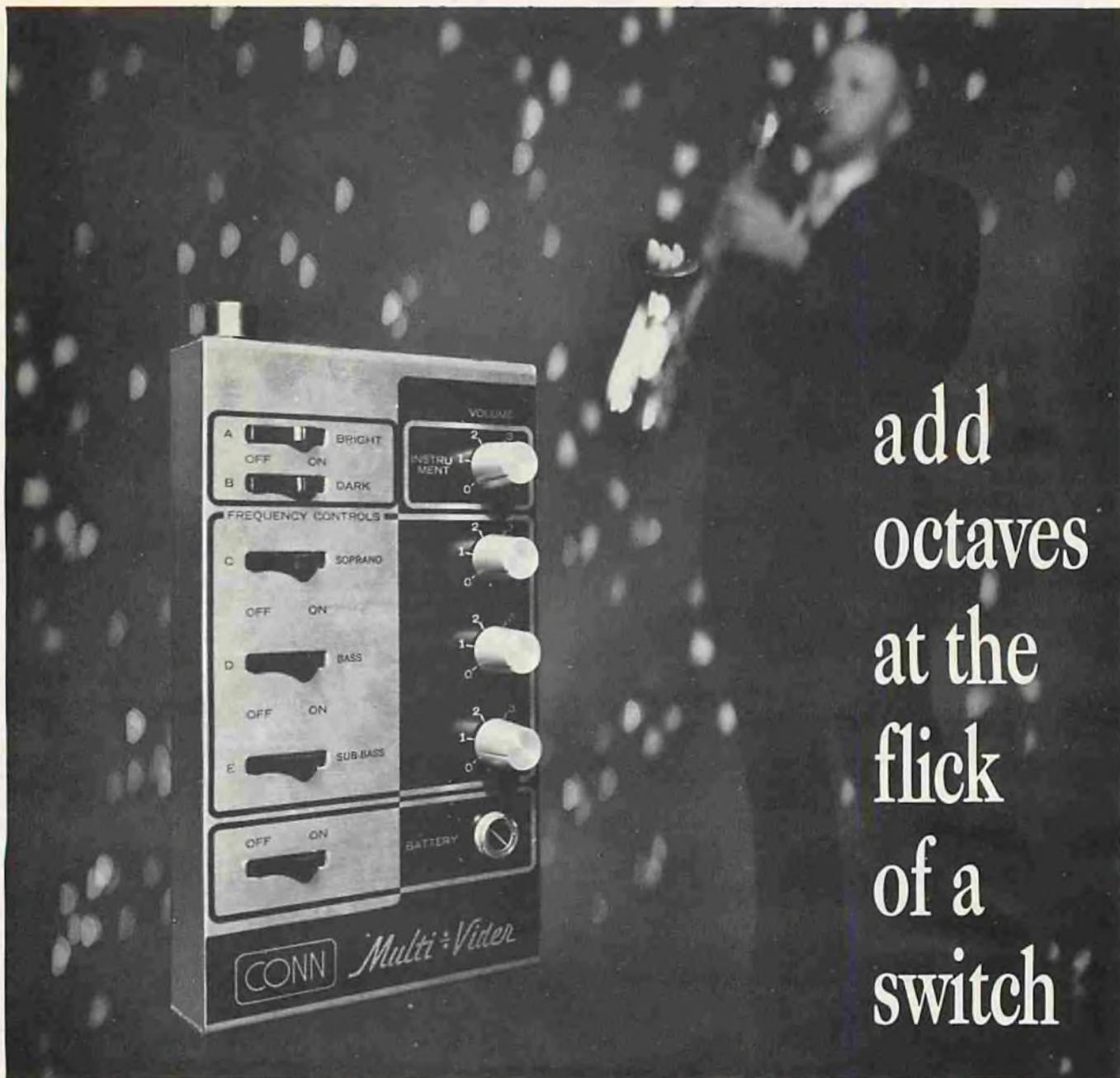
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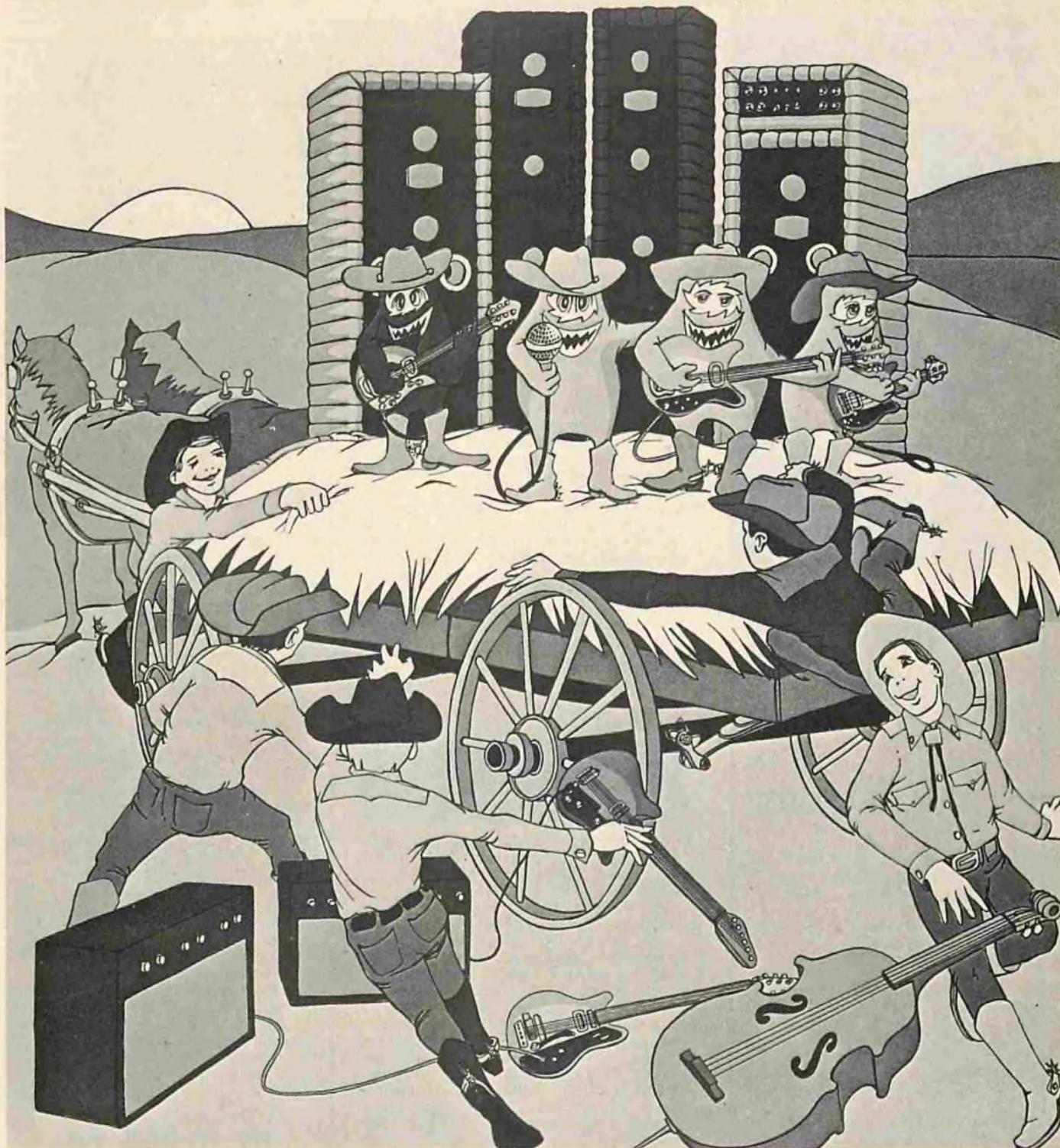
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**THE FIRST CHORUS**

By CHARLES SUBER

IN OUR Dec. 26, 1968 issue we spoke of some characteristics of the *Down Beat* audience. We now have completed the compilation of a larger six-month survey. This is what we know:

Current issues are selling in excess of 80,500 copies, about 76% by subscription. The remaining 24% are sold in music stores or on newsstands. (You can help us both if you tell us who does not have *Down Beat* on sale.)

Some of the demographics have changed slightly with the larger sampling now available: average age is 23.2 years; 91.3% male; 71.6% single; 2.3 children each (of those married). Virtually all (92%) readers are musicians who play an average of 3.1 instruments each, and own 2.7 instruments each. Most of the instruments owned are first-line, professional quality and therefore, relatively expensive. (The entire survey shows again and again the seriousness of the *Down Beat* reader about his music. He buys "out of income" for whatever he believes to be of assistance to his learning and performance of music.)

The kinds of instruments owned or played are interesting. For the first time in a *Down Beat* survey, the guitar family is first in preference (the majority acoustic guitars, not electric). The standard acoustic piano is second, virtually tied with the saxophone family. Drums follow, then the trumpet family, clarinets and string bass (electric bass almost twice as popular as acoustic bass). Flute comes next, followed



closely by organ and mallet percussion. Other brass and reed instruments, violin, viola, cello, harmonicas, penny whistles and the like finish up the list.

The majority of our readers are student musicians (27.9% college or university; 22.2% junior and senior high school). Professional performers and educators make up another 26.8%. The remaining 23.1% are musicians playing their instruments as an avocation, out of school.

To the question *What kind of music do you play?*, the answers are varied and therefore exceed 100%. First preference is jazz, 70.1%, followed by popular, 54.6%; rock 'n' roll, 44.7%; classical, 38.5%; blues and folk, 38.3%; country-and-western, 8.9%, and other, 11.3%. This music is played in combos (44.2%); stage or dance band (30.4%); concert band (22.9%); marching band (15.8%); symphony (6.7%). Each musician spends an average of 15.8 hours per week playing his instrument(s). He spends an average of \$31.14 per year on printed music materials; \$152.59 a year on 47.4 disc recordings (add another \$42 a year for tapes).

The *Music Workshop* feature added to *Down Beat* last July has made the top five in reader preference. The other features most often "always read" are jazz record reviews, feature articles, *Blindfold Test* and news; followed by *Jazz On Campus*, rock & pop record reviews, *Strictly Ad Lib*, book & music reviews, and *Chords & Discords*.

So much for consensus. Thank you for providing the source material. Now we'll get on with the future.

**education in jazz**

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately followed by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My



PHIL WILSON

own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.

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

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

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*Phil Wilson*

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# COMMENT

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## BUFFET STILL NUMBER ONE

The various publication popularity polls are reporting in for best-of-everything; musician, group, arranger, band boy, and electrician-in-residence for rock 'n roll groups. Two stellar Buffet performers won top prizes: Pee Wee Russell on Clarinet (DOWNBEAT) and Pharoah Sanders on Sax (JAZZ & POP). These spots also were recorded by these famous Buffet musicians: Clarinet—Tony Scott, Jimmy Giuffre, Phil Woods; Saxophone—Charles Lloyd, Marion Brown, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, and Jackie McLean... SATURDAY REVIEW gave a Best Record of the Year nod to Harold Wright for Brahms Clarinet Sonatas on the Crossroads label and David Weber for Schumann's Fantasiestucke Opus 73, on Lyricord. HI FI/STEREO REVIEW singled out for praise Stanley Drucker for his Nielsen Concerto on Columbia and Robert Marcelus for a Mozart Clarinet Concerto, also on Columbia. The pros all prefer to play Buffet, always the winner in a vote of confidence.



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February 20, 1969

Vol. 36, No. 4

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Cover photo: Urbie Green; courtesy Mobile Jazz Festival

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Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and MUSIC '69. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilm) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

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MAHER PUBLICATIONS:  
DOWN BEAT; MUSIC '69;  
MUSIC DIRECTORY; NAIM DAILY



Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL. 60606, Financial 6-7811. Dan Morgenstern, Lawrence Kart, Judith Gordon, Editorial. Margaret Marchi, Subscription Manager.

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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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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### For The Record

I'd like to second reader Stanley Crouch's high praise of Ed Blackwell as one of the great drummers of our time (*DB*, Dec. 26). Just for the record, though, I want to point out that the measure of Blackwell's talent was taken in *Down Beat* previous to the recent write-ups by Valeric Wilmer and Harvey Pekar.

In the Aug. 31, 1961 issue I wrote at some length about Blackwell in an article called *New Jazz in the Cradle* (Part II), describing the Orleanian as "the most inventive drummer I had ever heard" and "among the most probing musicians on . . . [his] . . . instrument today." Also, I recall having seen an interesting and valuable article on Blackwell in England's *Melody Maker* sometime last fall. (By Miss Wilmer.—Ed.)

I'm pleased to find the fraternity of Blackwell admirers growing. As Crouch suggests, his is a rare talent, even in a period of rapid development in jazz drumming.

Charles Suhor  
New Orleans Correspondent  
*Down Beat*

### Miles' Coat Tails?

. . . . I found the Readers Poll results satisfying albeit at difference with my own preferences in a few categories.

It is interesting to note how high in their respective categories the sidemen with Miles (Davis) placed.

I admire their work enormously, but really question whether Herbie Hancock rates over Peterson, Evans and Garner; Tony Williams is a superior drummer to Max, Blakey, Roy Haynes, Chico Hamilton; Shorter is in a class with Hawkins, Zoot, Joe Henderson, and Ron Carter belongs above Mingus, Paul Chambers and Jimmy Garrison.

Joe Kleinsinger  
Bronx, N.Y.

### Blues Cheer

Being of the blues cult, I found your Jan. 9 edition particularly appealing. Your heretic statement that guitarist T-Bone Walker has B. B. King beat (*Record Reviews*) confirmed my sentiments.

Also of interest was the *Caught-in-the-Act* on (the) Butterfield Blues Band. Glad to see this artist finally being recognized in the jazz world. (You could toot your trumpet for Blood, Sweat and Tears as well.)

. . . . Keep your metaphysical mag in good blues condition.

Lenny Jordan  
Culver, Ind.

### A Plug For Buzzy

. . . . Elvin Bishop did not play with Paul Butterfield at Carnegie Hall as Don Heckman noted in his *Caught-in-the-Act* (*DB*, Jan. 9).

Buzzy Fietin is Paul's new guitarist. I think he's hardly old enough to be "eligible" for our great armed forces, and yet he puts men twice his age to shame. (It was quite embarrassing when he played next to "Super" (?) Session at the Filmore two weeks after Carnegie. Bloomfield sounded like a beginner in comparison. . . .)

Old Buzzy happens to be the best around today. *Listen* to him.

Steve Slagle  
Cinnaminson, N.J.

*Thanks to reader Slagle, but don't blame Heckman. He left the guitarist's name blank, and we filled it in wrong.* —Ed.



### Death and Jazz

Much as I respect the opinions of Don DeMicheal, surely his statement that death is "seldom dealt with in jazz" (*DB*, Dec. 26) is too sweeping a generalization. . . .

From my own collection of LPs I abstracted the following titles which, I'm sure, could be expanded considerably by other readers. Firstly, think of all the blues, vocal or instrumental, which arise as statements about the death of a person. Secondly, related to this, are the tunes dedicated to dead jazzmen; a few at random spring to mind: *Poor Eric* by Larry Willis, *Blues For Bird* by Lee Konitz, *Little Peace* by Charles Lloyd. Funeral marches were an integral part of the development of early jazz. Such tunes as *St. James Infirmary*, *Strange Fruit*, *Frankie and Johnny* and *Gloomy Sunday* are recognized tunes for jazz performance, and Johnny Dankworth, the English composer and bandleader, has arranged Shakespeare's *Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun* in a jazz setting.

Andrew Hill has composed a funeral march, *Dedication*, and Denny Zeitlin's *Blue Phoenix* is based on a myth of death and resurrection. Surely the jazz settings of the Mass take cognizance of death, and there are several extended jazz compositions which include the concept of death: Handy's *Tears For Ole Miss*, Mingus' *Half-Mast Inhibition*. The English Mike Westbrook's Concert Band's *Celebration* includes a "Dirge", and a Third Stream piece by Canadian composer Norman Symonds, *Nameless Hour* (recorded in 1967 with Duke Ellington as soloist) is dedicated to the memory of Albert Camus. And surely the religious-mystic background to the last work of the late John Coltrane also contains an acknowledgment of the notion of death. . . .

Not all concepts of death in jazz need be elegiac and funereal; DeMicheal calls *A Genuine Tong Funeral* in parts "sardonic and satiric". . . .

"Seldom dealt with in jazz," Mr. DeMicheal? "Seldom" perhaps begs the question. Certainly, death is not an overwhelming interest in jazz but it has its place and is dealt with, together with other matters.

Peter Stevens  
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

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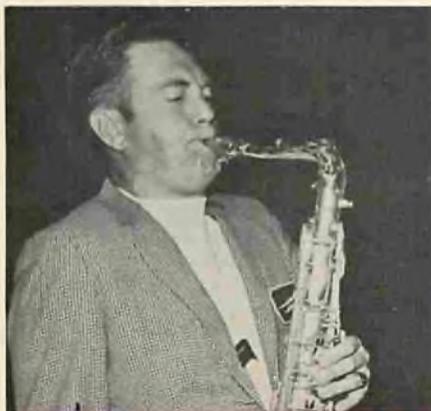
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Buddy DeFranco - Leblanc (Paris) Clarinet

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## JAPANESE WRECK TOUR BY MILES DAVIS GROUP

Miles Davis and the members of his quintet were packed and ready to leave for a scheduled 13-concert tour of Japan when the bad news came: No visas would be granted.

"They had us on tenterhooks right up to the end," said Davis' personal manager, Jack Whittemore. "The Japanese promoters kept cabling us that things looked 'favorable,' but the visas never came through. When we got the final refusal, the only explanation given was 'personal reasons.' All 2400 seats for the opening concert in Tokyo Jan. 6 were sold out."

Japanese reluctance to admit U.S. jazzmen is nothing new—the policy has been more than stringent since the arrests and convictions for narcotics offenses of several touring drummers in 1967. Up to now, however, certain unofficial guideposts seemed to exist, making it clear that no musician with a record of convictions—no matter how old or how minor—would be admitted.

It was for this reason that Davis had engaged drummer Jack DeJohnette for the tour, since regular quintet member Tony Williams had been in trouble in Japan. This was to no avail, however. Davis himself has never been convicted of any offense, but the fact that he has an old arrest record (including one for traffic tickets) leads Whittemore to suspect that the Japanese policy of exclusion has been broadened to include simple arrest without conviction.

This hypothesis is bolstered by the fact that drummer Sunny Murray was denied a visa last year, though his only scrape with the law has been an arrest for trespassing when he was a teenager. Also, the tour of a famous jazz ensemble was cancelled last fall when a visa was denied to a member of the group with an ancient narcotics arrest on his record. On the other hand, a famous drummer who was refused admission in 1967 was granted a visa in 1968.

"The policy is mystifying," Whittemore says. "Miles is terribly disappointed." And so, one might surmise, are his thousands of Japanese fans. Considering the great popularity of American jazz in Japan, the government's discriminatory policy towards its foremost practitioners appears to go beyond the normal boundaries of inscrutability.

## N.Y. MUSEUMS SPONSOR MODERN MUSIC SERIES

For the first time in its long history, New York's august Metropolitan Museum of Art is presenting a jazz series. Three concerts, under the title *Jazz at the Met*, will be given on Tuesday during February and March. These are evenings when the Museum remains open, enabling patrons

to see the special exhibition *Harlem On My Mind; The Cultural Capital of Black America, 1900-1968*, as well as to hear the music.

Scheduled to open the series on Feb. 4 was Nina Simone. The Modern Jazz Quartet will appear on Feb. 18, and the Charles Lloyd Quartet will play the final concert on March 11. Starting time for all concerts is 8:30 p.m.

Another program of Tuesday evening concerts is underway at the Whitney Museum. Presented in conjunction with Composers' Showcase, the Whitney series has been described as "offering a panoramic view of contemporary American music." Scheduled for the Jan. 21 concert, *Sight and Sound*, were electronic tape and computer music utilizing tapes by Milton Babbitt, Kenneth Gaburo, Mel Powell (yes, that Mel Powell) and Vladimir Ussachevsky; lighting compositions by Anthony Martin; the Aeolian Chamber Players with percussionist Raymond Des Roches; Jean Erdman and her dance ensemble; the reading voices of Mildred Dunnock, Martha Scott, Lee Bowman, and a film by Lloyd M. Williams.

On Feb. 4, *The Composer Today* featured Aaron Copland and Walter Piston conducting their own works, and Virgil Thomson and Ned Rorem at the piano, accompanying mezzo-soprano Betty Allan in their songs.

For jazz lovers, *New Dimensions in Jazz* on Feb. 18—a date that conflicts with the MJQ at the Met—will present Jimmy Giuffrè, Sonny Rollins and Cecil Taylor performing works commissioned for the occasion. The Carnegie String Quartet will premiere two pieces by Ornette Coleman.

The series ends April 15 with the Collegiate Chorale in a special concert of American works conducted by Abraham Kaplan.

The only charge for the concerts is the regular \$1 admission to the museum. Tickets are available starting the Wednesday before each concert, and will be on a first-come basis. Starting time at the Whitney is also 8:30 p.m.

## FINAL BAR

Clarinetist George Lewis, 68, died Dec. 31 in Touro Infirmary in his native New Orleans of pneumonia and Hong Kong flu.

Born George Louis Francis Zeno, Lewis acquired his first instrument, a toy fife, at the age of 7. At 10, he had his first clarinet, bought for \$4 in a pawn shop. He made his professional debut at 13.

Lewis was among those New Orleans jazzmen who did not leave home in the '20s. After working with such local bands as Buddy Petit and Chris Kelly, he formed his own group in 1923, with Henry (Red) Allen on trumpet. His first tenure as leader was brief, followed by work with Kid Howard, Kid Rena and Evan Thomas, among others.

When the Depression made work for musicians scarce, Lewis became a stevedore on the New Orleans waterfront, but he continued to play whenever possible. "I played any job, even for 75 cents, just to be playing," he said in later years.

Lewis' musical career took wings again when he was in his 40s. After the rediscovery of trumpeter Bunk Johnson, with whom Lewis made his first recordings in 1942, the New Orleans revival began



to gather momentum, and Lewis left his home territory for the first time in 1945, coming to New York with Johnson's band.

When Johnson retired in 1947, Lewis took over leadership of the band, which included trumpeter Kid Shots Madison, trombonist Jim Robinson, pianist Alton Purnell, banjoist Lawrence Marrero, bassist Slow Drag Pavageau, and drummer Baby Dodds (later replaced by Joe Watkins). When interest in traditional jazz began to level off, Lewis returned home, playing at Manny's Tavern and the El Morocco on Bourbon Street.

It was in the mid-'50s, however, that Lewis rose to the height of fame. With his band, he toured England in 1957 and the European continent in 1959, played all over the U.S. including the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival, and recorded prolifically. In the '60s, he made several trips to Japan, where he became very popular. During these later years, he was also associated with the Preservation Hall revival of traditional jazz in his home town.

A small (he weighed less than 100 pounds), soft-spoken and gentle man of great personal dignity, Lewis was plagued by ill health and accidents throughout his life, but his resilience was extraordinary. His moving biography, *Call Him George*, written by Dorothy Tait under the alias of Jay Allison Stuart, was published in 1961.

Lewis' musicianship has been a controversial subject. On the one hand, traditionalists overpraised him as a genius; on the other, modernists dismissed him as archaic and incompetent. Viewed dispassionately,

sionately, his music clearly has definite technical and conceptual limitations. Lewis was not a sophisticated musician. But his distinctive tone with its singing vibrato, his lucid ensemble style, his ability to communicate joy in making music and his deep feeling for the blues often made up for dubious intonation and other shortcomings.

Lewis had a great influence on revivalist musicians of the last 25 years, both in the U.S. and abroad. In particular, he affected English clarinetists. Perhaps the most gifted of his many disciples is Sammy Rimington, a young Englishman who makes his home in New Orleans.

Some of Lewis' best recorded work with his own bands can be found on the LPs *Jazz at Vespers* (Riverside) and *George Lewis and his New Orleans Stompers* (Blue Note), but there are many others. His most famous (and best) piece is *Burgundy Street Blues* (AM version), and he also excelled on such classic New Orleans numbers as *Closer Walk With Thee*, *Just A Little While To Stay Here*, and *Ice Cream*.

Lewis' funeral, at his own request, was in the grand tradition, featuring the Eureka and Olympia Brass Bands and a special marching band made up of admirers from Europe, Japan and the U.S. It attracted thousands of spectators as well as network television crews.

Bassist Paul Chambers, 33, died Jan. 4 of internal complications at University Hospital in New York City. He had been ill for several months with tuberculosis and other ailments.

Born Paul Laurence Dunbar Chambers Jr. in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 22, 1935, he began playing tuba and baritone horn in Detroit in 1949. Switching to bass, he worked with Kenny Burrell and other local combos until going on the road with Paul Quinichette for eight months. Arriving in New York in 1955, he was heard with the groups of Bennie Green, Joe Roland, J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding, and George Wallington.

At the end of that year, he joined the Miles Davis quintet and rapidly established himself as one of the important bassists in jazz, winning the *Down Beat* International

Critics Poll as New Star in 1956.

When he left Davis in 1963, Chambers,



along with rhythm section mates Wynton Kelly and Jimmy Cobb, formed a trio



## State Of Mind

**NOT  
LIKE  
OLD  
TIMES**

By MICHAEL ZWERIN

"LOOK, MAN, you just aren't going to find that old-time certainty, that involvement, in jazz any more. Maybe someday, but not now. Those cats playing rock 'n' roll have got it, no matter what you think of their music." Nico Bunink was in his midtown loft. His two children played around the heavy discussion, occasionally interrupting with their little games, while his old lady, Elena, prepared a duck for our dinner.

Bobby, a straight-ahead bebopper—or what's left of him—shook his head in disagreement. "All we need is more places to play," he said. "Rock 'n' roll is okay—I like a lot of it—but that's still not where it's at." Bobby is working for an import-export house at the moment; "temporarily."

Nico is a piano player with some Bud Powell in him, plus a lot more. He's currently working, with Herbie Lewis on bass, at Casey's, an "in" restaurant and bar in the Village. The gig is from 11 until two. It may be the best gig in town. Casey—Chinese, actually K.C., who owns it—once said to him: "Look, Nico, it's your scene. You play what you like."

Coincidentally, I've also been at a couple of private parties recently where Nico played. One of them, for fashion photographer Bert Stern, was particularly chi-chi. Nico hired Joe Beck, guitar, Hal Gaylor, bass, and Donald McDonald on

drums, and he played electric piano. The band swung in a soft, electronic—"rock" if you insist—manner which completely captivated all the "right" people there including, judging from their smiles, the band.

"I think jazz has to go somewhere near where you guys were the other night," I said. "That old-time one, two, three, four walking bass and ding-de-de-ding on the cymbal just doesn't make it anymore. It's not enough unless it's the best—Miles' rhythm section or somebody else that good. Otherwise, rock time with the bass and drums playing patterns and breaking it up is much more interesting. I'd rather listen to mediocre rock than mediocre jazz any day."

"Man, I love jazz . . . that's what I play. It's the first music that turned me on," Nico said. He grew up in Amsterdam, Holland, where his parents listened to the classics continually. It gave him no interest in music at all, until a friend played Bird's *Cool Blues* for him, and he went right out and rented a piano.

I met him shortly after that, in Paris, where he was working with Allen Eager down at the Club Chameleon. Then—at 21—he was gawky and his hands, though talented, seemed to run away from him. He has since played and listened to everything at every opportunity. His love for music comes through at Casey's, the enthusiasm not audibly dampened by the excessive noise factor there. He worked for awhile with Kenny Clarke and Lucky Thompson in Paris, Mingus and others in America, and settled in San Francisco where he grew his hair long and it turned a bit grey.

He rides a big bike. That, plus his hair and the way he dresses, convinces some people Nico is a hippy. But he's not really any one thing, which is why he can say to Bobby: "Listen, man, LISTEN! That's all you got to do. Why do you have to stay in one bag? What

are you, a mouldy fig or something?"

It was probably his Dutch accent as much as the ironic use of that mouldy-fig expression, but everybody, including Nico's kids, laughed—except Bobby. "Nobody appreciates good music any more," he said. "Not like the good old days."

"What good old days?" I said. "Everybody was starving then too. The only difference is they had some kind of faith in their music to keep them going. Now they don't even have that and it's very sad, but instead of looking for something else like Nico, they just get very paranoid. You certainly can't call Nico a rock 'n' roll musician . . ." Bobby didn't nod agreement. ". . . can you?"

"No, I guess not," he finally muttered, "but I've heard him go into that bag at times, and I think it's a shame. He's too good. Come on, man . . ." to Nico ". . . you're just fooling around with that electric piano for the money. Come on, admit it."

"No, I dig that instrument, man. But *too*, you know, not *only*." At Casey's, playing a standard grand, Nico can quote you Bud Powell or Red Garland verbatim. He can also turn you on with his own lyricism. Casey's may be the last place in town where they have jam sessions. Late, after 12, when the jet set has gone home, people like Jeremy Steig, Dizzy Reece and David Amram fall by almost every night for a set or two. Mingus sat in a couple of times.

So you can't really "accuse" Nico of being a hippy—whatever that is—assuming it's an accusation.

"Look, baby, when I open my club you'll see. People will come to a jazz club run right, where the music is presented properly and the prices are in line." Bobby has been talking about opening a club for eight years. "They're starving for the real thing in a hip club."

"The duck's ready," Elena said. "Let's eat."



which later toured as a unit backing Wes Montgomery. After the trio disbanded, Chambers free-lanced in New York with Tony Scott at the Dom, Charles McPherson at Minton's, and with Barry Harris at West Boondock.

Renowned for both his arco and pizzicato solo work, Chambers was also a sensitive, powerful section player who helped lift every group in which he worked. In addition to recordings made with Davis and myriad other modern jazzmen, he made a number of albums under his own leadership for Blue Note, Vee-Jay and Jazz West which included several of his compositions. *Mr. P.C.*, written for him by John Coltrane, is in Coltrane's *Giant Steps*, an album in which Chambers also appears.

Services were held Jan. 8 at the Unity Funeral Home, 8th Ave. at 126th St. Eulogies and prayers were delivered by Rev. John Gensel, and Bishop Miller of the African Orthodox Church, who is Wynton Kelly's uncle. A bass choir consisting of Richard Davis, Herbert Brown, Milt Hinton, Bill Lee, Larry Ridley, Gene Taylor and Reggie Workman played *Come Sunday*, *Dear Old Stockholm*, and two hymns.

## POTPOURRI

The two "babies" of the Duke Ellington band, singer **Trish Turner** and bassist **Jeff Castleman**, both 22, were married Dec. 22 in Las Vegas, the day after the band closed at the Sahara Hotel. Pianist **Joe Castro**, with whom Castleman played prior to joining Duke, was best man. In addition to a host of Ellingtonians, drummer **Sonny Payne**, in town with **Harry James**, and singer **Joe Williams** were among the guests. The groom's father, **Bill Castleman**, is a former professional trumpeter.

A small but potent jazz festival was held Jan. 19 at the Ferry Boat club in Brielle, N.J., under the leadership of ex-Ellingtonian **Jimmy Hamilton**. Trumpeters **Buck Clayton** and **Bill Berry**, tenorist **Richie Kamuca**, pianist **Wynton Kelly**, drummer **Jake Hanna** and singer **Al Hibbler** were among the participants.

The **Billy Strayhorn** Memorial Scholarship at New York's Juilliard School of Music became a reality when **Duke Ellington** presented a check for \$30,000, repre-

senting the proceeds of the Oct. 6 benefit concert for the fund at Philharmonic Hall, to **Peter Mennin**, director of the school.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** The **Ron Davis** Dancers and **Oliver Nelson's** orchestra gave a Carnegie Hall concert right after the new year. The youthful dancers performed to compositions by Nelson and others, while the orchestra was also featured separately in excerpts from Nelson's *Jazzhattan Suite*, spotlighting such soloists as **Richard Williams** and **Marvin Stamm**, trumpets; **Jimmy Cleveland**, trombone; **Jerry Dodgion**, alto; **Joe Henderson**, tenor; **Patti Bown**, piano; **Ron Carter** and **George Duvivier**, basses. . . . Pianist **Ross Tompkins** had a busy holiday season doubling from his gig with **Mousey Alexander** at Plaza 9 to one at the Half Note with tenorists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**. In the early part of the evening, while Tompkins was at the Plaza, **Pat Rebillot** and **Dave Frishberg** filled in for him at the Half Note. Frishberg also wound up doing an entire weekend with **Alexander**. **Bill Takas** was the bassist with

*/Continued on page 41*



## RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON 1968

### Background Music

By **BURT KORALL**

WITH THE COMING of another adventure in four seasons, one's spirits rise. Hope springs eternal in the heart of the musical observer. In the process of shifting gears for movement into the new year, I thought about popular music, 1968. So a few comments on the music and its makers.

**Contemporary Pop Recordings:** The avalanche of contemporary pop recordings, both in the singles and LP markets, was notable for a sharply defined lack of diversity, despite the multiple influences operative within today's product. Only one record in 10 strikes with impact and excites one sufficiently to motivate re-play. What we get is an original and nine carbons. The record industry obviously bases its operations on imitation. The ruling criterion is *success*. It's follow the chance-takers—ever so few in number—who already have opened paths and captured audiences. I suppose it's always been this way; therefore we must be thankful for those who lead rather than follow. Dylan and the Beatles personify this independence of spirit.

**Art Pepper:** The former Stan Kenton star who periodically has emerged and disappeared over the past 20 years recently returned to action as featured alto

saxophonist with the Buddy Rich band. His work on the ace drummer's current LP release, *Mercy, Mercy* (World Pacific ST 20133), provides assurance that he has not lost ground during the years of waste. If anything, he has moved forward. Pepper plays imaginatively, with strength and subtlety and inner-directed lyricism. His chief showcase is Don Piestrup's sensitively-etched arrangement of Burt Bacharach's *Alfie*. The saxophonist makes a memorable statement in the language Charlie Parker created—to which he brings much of himself—as he strikes an appropriate and provocative middle ground between buoyancy and melancholy. The future lies straight ahead. It's up to Pepper now.

**Martial Solal Trio: On Home Ground** (Milestone MSP 9014): The distinguished French jazz pianist, with Gilbert Rovere (bass) and Charles Bellonzi (drums), is brought into bold relief on this outstanding "live" recording, taped at the Blue Note in Paris. One of the modern idiom's most satisfying improvisors, he rarely fails the listener, regardless of the type of material under consideration. Dick Katz, the well-known pianist who is now also an executive with Milestone, provided the liner essay for this album. It brings you closer to what Solal accomplishes, illuminating his ways and means—and those of his colleagues—and some of it bears repeating:

"The rhythmic, harmonic and melodic freedom that pervades his work here is certainly the work of a very sophisticated artist. His sense of abstraction is extremely well-developed. . . . This kind of freedom of expression is most rare, being based on a thorough understanding of the implications of the composition, and depending upon the kind of self-discipline from which *authentic* artistic freedom springs. In contrast to the hiding-behind-the-noise bedlam so prevalent these days,

these three men do not need to leave themselves places to hide. What they do involves *knowing* as well as feeling."

**Ersatz:** Americans must be singularly prone to accepting and buying ersatz. Cases in point—money-making albums recreating past glories of the swing era. The latest in this continuing line of LPs was released in November by Capitol and trades on a once great and still much-esteemed name, Artie Shaw. Titled *Artie Shaw Re-Creates His Great '38 Band* (ST 2992), it heralds Shaw's return to the recording studio after a 14-year absence.

The clarinetist conducted and produced the set but did not play. Walt Levinsky, an NBC staff musician and name band sideman, portrays Shaw, duplicating his sound and general style. Other leading New York studio jazzmen fill the band's sections, among them ex-Shaw trumpeter Bernie Privin, trombonist Buddy Morrow, lead saxophonist Toots Mondello, pianist Bernie Leighton and drummer Don Lamond. What results is an exact reproduction of Shaw's 1938-39 hits—*Begin the Beguine*, *Back Bay Shuffle*, *Traffic Jam*, etc.—down to note-by-note facsimiles of the solos.

The presentation is pleasant, the music well-played, often convincing and deluding—if you can or want to be fooled. But, the project doesn't have any *musical* reason for existence. Most of the original recordings are available on RCA. Even airshots of this great band, at sites of major triumphs (New York's Hotel Lincoln and Pennsylvania), have been released by RCA.

I could partially fathom the reasoning behind the creation of this album if Shaw had rounded up as many of his old sidemen as possible for a reunion and performed himself. As it stands, the only recommending factors are the sound and improved studio techniques. **CS**

# URBIE GREEN: THE URBAN-RURAL SCENE

## BY IRA GITLER



URBAN CLIFFORD GREEN has really lived up to his first name since coming off the road in the early '50s, but there is still quite a bit of the country in the soft-spoken trombonist, who as a young boy aged 4 to 6 lived on a farm in his native Alabama.

After a typical, fully-packed five-day week in New York City, Green escapes to his 40-acre farm in Mt. Bethel, Pa., 78 miles away, where his 20 head of pure-white Charolais graze. "They are a French breed and the largest beef cattle in the world," he explains. Occasionally, Green will send a cow to market, but when one is sold it is more often to another breeder. This is his sixth year at a "hobby" in which a friend got him interested.

For 15 years Green has been in the recording, TV and radio studios, backing singers and doing all manner of jingles and commercial work. But that hasn't been all, by any means.

The trombonist's outside activities early in this span included a month with Benny Goodman, an appearance in the film *The Benny Goodman Story* and, eventually, a three-month tour fronting the Goodman band in 1957. The following year he formed his own big band for college concerts and dances. It played Birdland in 1959 and recorded for ABC-Paramount and RCA Victor.

In the '60s, Green has fronted the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra and his own large aggregations for a total of four engagements at the Mark Twain Riverboat. It was during his most recent

stay at the huge cellar club in the Empire State Building that I had a chance to chat with him between sets.

This time, Urbie formed a sextet especially for the job. The group has a rather different instrumentation and a varied approach that definitely encompasses the "now" sound. With the trombonist are Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Howie Collins, guitar; Dick Hyman, piano and organ; John Beal, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums. There is plenty of room for blowing, in a format that provides dancing and listening music of yesterday and today. When the beat goes rock, Hyman shifts to the organ and the two brass men make use of their King-Vox amplifying, octave-expanding devices. Although the decibel level can get a bit high at times, Green's general credo is to "create excitement through musical intensity rather than volume.

"I like all kinds of music," he says, "but I like to play all kinds of music if I don't have to basically change my style. The rock rhythms are fun to play, and it's great the way the people are responding to the fellows because they are playing the way they like to play."

Green is very happy to have the experienced support of Hyman and Johnson. He calls the drummer "Father Time"—and not in reference to his age. He is particularly enthusiastic about Stamm, with whom he recently recorded for Verve. He calls the young trumpeter's album, which was scored by Johnny Carisi, "one of the best I've

heard for arranged jazz." (See review p. 23).

His own most recent album is *21 Trombones, Volume Two* for the Project III label. It features Green as soloist with 20 (count 'em—20) brothers of the slyphorn fraternity and a rhythm section. Players such as J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Lou McGarity, Will Bradley, Jimmy Cleveland and Garnett Brown are among the 20 grands. Green mentions Brown, along with Julian Priestler, Wayne Andre and Barry Maur, as some of the younger trombonists he admires.

His own early idols were Jack Jenny, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, Trummy Young and Murray McEachern, and he carries the banner of the trombone tradition created by these men with a beautiful sound, marvelous control in all registers and an overall mellifluous style.

Green, who learned piano from his mother, also had two older brothers who played trombone. "They helped me get started on the right track," he says. The eldest, Al, originally a pianist, has gone back to the keyboard as a trio leader in Colorado Springs. Jack, who like Urbie played with Woody Herman, is still active musically in North Carolina.

When Green was in high school in Mobile, Ala., members of the Auburn college band heard him playing in a local club and asked him to join the Knights, as they were known. This meant transferring to a high school in Auburn.

When he made the move, young Urbie didn't realize that it was the beginning of life on the road. By the time he was 16, four years after taking up his instrument, Green was working with the Bob Strong and Tommy Reynolds bands. After tours of duty with Jan Savitt and Frankie Carle (during a long Savitt engagement in Los Angeles, he finished high school), he joined Gene Krupa for a four-year period ending in October 1950, at which time he went with Woody Herman. While he had attracted the attention of fellow musicians with Krupa, he made himself well known to the jazz audience with Woody.

In 1969, Green will probably do more traveling than he has since the mid-'50s. Many of his trips will involve high school and college dates as a

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# WHAT CHARLES TOLLIVER CAN USE

by valerie wilmer

"I CAN USE some of that! Yeah, I can use a whole lotta that!" The enthusiastic voice that came echoing jubilantly down the aisle of the rapidly emptying concert hall belonged to a slender, bespectacled young man named Charles Tolliver. A radiant grin lit up his usually serious face as he loped toward the stage with an unhurried grace recalling his trumpet playing.

"Yeah," he repeated happily, "I can use it." This typically understated jazz musician's compliment was aimed at the Charles Lloyd group, which had just finished a successful concert. Tolliver was paying tribute to Lloyd's integration of disparate musical forms, an ability that Tolliver himself has demonstrated.

Tolliver, at 26 a young veteran who has played with Jackie McLean, Horace Silver, Roy Haynes, Art Blakey, Booker Ervin, Ray Charles, Willie Bobo, Sonny Rollins, Hank Mobley, Gerald Wilson, McCoy Tyner, and Max Roach, won the trumpet award in the deserving talent section of the 1968 *DB Critics Poll*. At that time he was a member of the Max Roach Quintet, a progressive yet deeply rooted unit suited to Tolliver's allegiance to jazz basics.

It is this attitude that has directed his entire musical career and colored his image a slightly reactionary hue in the estimation of the farther-out avant-garde musicians. Tolliver, despite his youth, has a maturity of approach that belies the brief five years he has spent as a professional musician.

He has strong views about contemporary music and the *laissez faire* attitude of some jazz musicians toward their art, and he is not afraid to stick his neck out. He considers the rush to play in the freedom bag no more than a jump on the bandwagon and blames record companies for tempting artists into this type of playing by suggesting greater financial rewards than can be realized.

Said Tolliver: "When the avant-garde movement really started to roll, the record companies started saying, 'Let's do something new, man. Let's not go back to the old Charlie Parker stuff.' But actually, it can't do anything much for any record company, commercially.

"Only a big, big name like Miles Davis can afford to play what he wants to play and still sell. It just doesn't happen with a new artist coming along. Even Charles Lloyd—he's gotten a lot of exposure, but his records haven't sold *that* much. I imagine that they've sold as well as or more than any other avant-garde player, but now the record companies are shying away from the new artists."

Tolliver set forth his personal philosophy concerning music:

"No man should discard what has been created in the past for the sake of creating something lesser in value. I feel, as Charlie Parker felt, that jazz is meant to swing, and pretty notes are to be played. Otherwise, the beautiful and fruitful legacy that he and others created, the legacy which even allows us to call ourselves jazz musicians, is destroyed."

His face took on a disparaging look, and he added, "Nothing is more ridiculous

than to hear some musicians, especially the younger ones, say 'Man, that's old!' When you hear them play, you know immediately, if not sooner, that they didn't dwell on any of the basics."

The trumpeter speaks from firsthand knowledge of those who reject the essentials as old hat. His initial contacts with the world of professional musicmakers were in 1964 on New York's lower east side, where he mingled night and day with the men who are now in the advance guard of the new music. He knew that he could take what would have been an easier road—free improvisation—but preferred to stay true to his earlier promise: to learn all that he could about music and the horn in order to help perpetuate the Parker legacy. He also hoped to follow in the footsteps of his major idol and influence, the late Clifford Brown.

"I don't see how any modern American player can himself leave a legacy without going through that which was established before he came along," he explained. "That's what I'm trying to do. It's been slow, but for me it's the only satisfying way. I've sort of forfeited my avant-garde ranking, and, consequently, I didn't get out there as quick as I could have. But I felt that I had to go the route I went."

Tolliver was born in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1942, and brought up in uptown New York City. He pays tribute to his grandmother, Lela, for instilling musical inspiration in him at the age of 8. She brought him a cornet. "She is responsible for me musically," he said.

After spending three years at Howard University in Washington, D.C., Tolliver decided that music would be the best career for him to pursue, and at the age of 21 he returned to New York and started to play around the city.

Through Jim Harrison, the ubiquitous promoter who has been responsible for many concerts, dances and club appearances by people like Hank Mobley, Booker Ervin and Jimmy Heath, Tolliver met Jackie McLean, and at the age of 22 he made his first recording, *It's Time*, with the alto saxophonist.

"Harrison is a fine producer for jazz—I owe much of my early exposure to him" declared Tolliver, who owes plenty to McLean too. "Jackie is a fantastic teacher although he probably doesn't know it himself. He's always doing something new, always trying out new things, and this is something that keeps you on your toes all the time. He is good for young musicians to be around."

Tolliver himself considers it "amazing" that he elected to stay "inside" jazz and limit his jousts with the extreme avant garde while retaining a contemporary flavor in his improvisation.

"But I did incorporate a lot of that stuff into my playing," he added. "It's actually just a natural thing to play that way from an emotional standpoint, as long as it swings. That's what was the greatest thing about John Coltrane and his group. He probably had the most complex group that ever was, harmonically, yet they still swung—up until the time he

decided to be something altogether different.

"But John is really responsible for the way everyone is playing these days. Everybody is playing his total concept, or rather, his group concept because the four men in his group were such strong individuals. That's something that Max (Roach) always says: if you have strong individuals in a group, the group will go. I call John our second father. Bird was the first and now there's Trane. I would really like to have a trumpet quartet with the spiritual feeling that Trane's group had because it really uplifts you, both the players and the people who listen."

His contemporaries in the freedom field respect him for his opinions even when he challenges their sincerity and musical qualifications, probably because, as he said, "If I'm asked how I feel about something, I'll tell them and explain my reasons. I don't bite my tongue and they dig that."

He does have an unswerving way of explaining his attitude toward the new music.

"You have two types of people involved in the avant garde, apart from the out-and-out youngsters just coming along," he began. "First you have a man who has been practicing on his instrument through the latter part of the bebop era, yet wasn't able to break through, wasn't exposed, even though he was a good player. Then there comes the new jazz, and he incorporates some of that into his work, and if he's lucky, he can get out there and continue to play in that sort of way. But you know that he's a good musician.

"Then you have guys who may practice and practice and practice, but it just doesn't happen. They came through the latter part of the bebop era, too, trying to get exposure but they just never could make it, never could *play*. I mean, you can always tell if a guy could really play as far as bebop is concerned because it's an exacting jazz form. Then here comes the new music, and it's a bandwagon for him to get on. It relieves the pressure of actually having to produce on a strict level, and I think that quite a few of the players of the new music have sort of embraced and gotten out here through this attitude.

"Mind you," he added, "when you talk of 'new music', I feel like 'what's new?' Jazz always has to go forward, and it's always happened like that. Harmonically, I think the new thing is beautiful, but I have some reservations about it rhythmically. It seems like when you get away from actual *swing*, like really *laying it down*, you lose the feeling of playing jazz, no matter what you do. Some of the stuff you hear today, it's debatable as to whether it could actually be called 'jazz.' It seems to belong with chamber music and that kind of thing."

There can be no question about the authenticity of Tolliver's jazz credentials; the list of the people with whom he has shared the bandstand helps make that clear. One of his hardest taskmasters was Sonny Rollins, a man he described as the greatest influence on him of all the leaders he has worked with.



"I made a gig with Sonny at the Village Vanguard in 1966, and it was really memorable," he recalled. "At that period, Sonny would go right into a song and wouldn't tell you what key it was in or anything. The tempo might be fast or slow, but you had to chime in immediately and know what to do, hear the key and *play*. That's quite challenging, you know, but it really is a help to people who're trying to play right. I've always tried to play what I feel to be the right way, and Sonny really kept me on my toes."

Tolliver would like to see all young players have a similar experience. "That would really tell you something about them," was his acid comment. He also said the young players don't devote nearly enough time to achieving technical facility.

"When I was a kid, I used to sneak into Count Basie's bar and hear the guys who are stars today playing on a Monday night," he said. "It was only a session, man, but you'd practice all week to make that Monday night in order to get up there and play and *swing*. That doesn't happen any more. Guys can't be bothered with all that old stuff, like learning your horn."

In 1967, while working in California with the Gerald Wilson band, Tolliver received a call from Roach, who wanted him to replace Freddie Hubbard in his quintet. Hubbard was, at the time, the doyen of the younger trumpeters, and pundits speculated on Tolliver's ability to fill his shoes. With a mixture of good taste and lyricism, Tolliver made sure that in the inevitable comparisons with his predecessor, to whose playing Tolliver bears a tonal resemblance, he would not fare badly.

He says he regards his time with Roach as a milestone in his career and the last step on the road to full-time leadership.

"There is no one particular benefit from being with Max," he said, "because he's like a teacher, really. The main things he stresses are group discipline and playing

as an individual in order to strengthen the group as a whole. Compositionwise, he encourages everyone in the group to write, too. I've really gotten everything out of it, and over-all it's probably been my best musical experience. Max helps you grow in every way, musically, because he leaves no stone unturned."

Now that Tolliver is concentrating on getting his own group together, he reveals strong views on the subject of presentation, explaining, "I've always felt that you could be an artist and still be able to communicate with the audience without having to say, like, 'You don't understand what I'm doing—just sit there and listen!'"

Nevertheless, he has little time for "entertainment" as such.

"With people like Horace (Silver) and Cannonball (Adderley), their kind of communication is a total one, where they want to tell the people the name of the song, what time it's in, and all that kind of thing. I feel—and I've learnt this from playing with McCoy Tyner in between gigs with Max—I feel that you can create a concert-type thing in a club by starting a song, playing it and going straight into the next one.

"A lot of times you want to connect different songs, and applause in between is a waste of time. Miles is the person who first started doing this, and Max does it too. It really keeps you on your toes, because the musicians who are working with you know all the things that you're going to do, but they don't know in which order you're going to play them. It sort of gives you something, because if you start playing the same three tunes a set every night, it becomes a static kind of thing."

The trumpeter also said that today, jazz stands a better chance of esthetic appreciation in the concert hall than in night clubs.

"In most of the clubs you get people coming in who like to hear the music to

wash away the dust of their everyday lives, but they're not really *interested*," he said. "The music just sounds good to them, and that's it. There are a few clubs that I like to play, but I think that serious music should go on the concert stage.

"One of the problems of the jazz musician is that he has been incubated in the clubs, and that's all he knows—at least it's that way with the older guys. They've come through the club thing, being involved with the dope, whisky, and all sorts, but I just think a little differently. Maybe it's because I'm younger, though it's all right to play some clubs where you have a good sound system and people who have come to hear music."

He cited Ronnie Scott's Club in London, saying, "It's fine—there's not too much hustling going on like there is in a lot of clubs in the States, especially in the black ghettos. There you have a cross section of all kinds of people coming in and out, and they're not really interested in what's going on musically. I mean, you're playing for yourself, but that's not enough. You should be communicating too."

Tolliver also would like to see less emphasis placed on the actual word jazz.

"It's like black people always had to sit at the back of the bus, but now they can sit up front," he said. "Classical music has always been in the front of the bus and popular music in the middle, but jazz has always had to sit at the back. I've been seriously thinking of calling my own group Music Incorporated, not the Charles Tolliver Quartet or anything like that. Otherwise it gives off the feeling, 'Oh, it's just another jazz unit.'"

A nonconformist in a field almost overgrown with exotic conformity, Tolliver probably doesn't have to worry about being described as "just another" in any musical context. His thoughts about jazz may not inspire his contemporaries to roars of delight, but his playing is bringing joy wherever he turns. 

# The Irrepressible Wild Bill Davison

by Helen McNamara



JACK BRADLEY

WILD BILL DAVISON had traveled too far, played the clubs too long, met too many people to settle down to an orderly existence in Hollywood.

It just wasn't his kind of place. Instead, with a grin, he fluffs it off with: "It's the squarest town in the world."

A near-fatal illness may be one reason why he would rather forget his two years on the West Coast, even though that harrowing episode worked to his advantage. Now back east, living in Greenwich, Conn., leading a new band, the indomitable cornetist at 63 is as impetuous and optimistic as ever, taking better care of himself, smoking and drinking less, getting a bit more sleep.

His reputation as a jazzman spans four decades, from the 1920s when he was a leading spirit of the Chicago jazz gangs, through the '50s as one of Eddie Condon's more voluble stars and into

the '60s when his European expeditions prompted considerable critical acclaim. In Germany they call him, affectionately, Wild Wilhelm, only he isn't all that wild.

Like his music, which can be blue and sentimental or brash and bold, he has two sides: the exuberant, gum-chewing extrovert on the bandstand and the man at home, expending excess energy on hobbies of building model boats, painting furniture, collecting antiques.

William Davison, born, appropriately, in Defiance, Ohio, has seen the music he helped make famous wane in popularity. Yet he is convinced that traditional jazz is far from through.

The reception given his new band, the Jazz Giants, is one good reason why he feels there is an audience that still appreciates his kind of jazz, especially

when it's played by top professionals.

"Why," he said, "each man in this band could be a leader. We complement each other. There are no prima donnas."

Playing piano is Claude Hopkins, the bandleader famed in the '30s. Clarinetist Herb Hall, brother of the late Edmond Hall, has an adept style of his own. Trombonist Benny Morton's skillful playing is a reminder of his vast experience, dating back to his days as a sideman with Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, and Count Basie. Immense rhythmic support is provided by Arvell Shaw, a former Louis Armstrong all-star, and Buzzy Drootin, an experienced and potent drummer.

The Jazz Giants played their first engagement in March, 1968, in Toronto, Ontario, just five months after Davison had encountered the first serious illness

of his life. Early in October, 1967, the cornetist was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital, bleeding internally from a perforated ulcer.

His wife, Anne, later remarked: "It is a miracle he pulled through."

Though he was on the critical list for a week, Davison, one month later, was touring Britain with Alex Welsh's band, playing with all his customary vigor. British critic Eddie Lambert noted: "If his recent serious illness had robbed his playing of any power, the effect was minimal and temporary."

When he returned home, he decided that it was time that he leave the West Coast, although he had one regret. His most rewarding moments, musically speaking, had come from his appearances with trombonist Abe Lincoln's band in San Francisco. "The swingingest band in the city," he said.

Davison had moved to California so that his wife, former movie actress Anne Stewart, could be near her daughter Diane, who is an assistant producer at Warner Bros.

"I miss my daughter, of course," she said, "but I realized that Hollywood was not the place for Bill. It's great if you are a studio musician, but he nearly went crazy."

Davison grinned and repeated, "It's got to be the squarest city in the world. Everything folds up early because everybody has to be up at 5 a.m. They don't go out at night . . . they live around their swimming pools."

"I guess I put together a million boats and antiques every piece of beat-up furniture I could find within a radius of 75 miles. I antiques everything but my wife."

Anne, who says "anybody who can survive Wild Bill for 15 years deserves the Congressional Medal" added that he then built a coffee table "three feet wide and eight feet long." Under its glass top there's a complete railroad, its trains coursing through town and countryside, in and around mountains and lakes.

"I call it my Hollywood disaster table," Davison said, "but I'm really proud of it." Among the tiny buildings he points out replicas of the old Genett record company, where he made his first record in 1924, and Eddie Condon's Club where he worked for 12 tumultuous years and of which he said:

"The Condon club? It was like New Year's Eve every night. We even had a coffee table in front of the band to hold our drinks. It was like a party, and you were playing with top musicians, all the pros. Even the replacements were good."

"The club was always crowded. I can remember only one summer when it was a little slow. Every night there were new faces in the audience. They

came from everywhere. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, movie stars, professors, scientists, writers."

Even Anne Stewart, who didn't know very much about jazz, much less Wild Bill Davison, went there.

"I didn't even want to go that night, but friends insisted. 'You have to go,' they said. 'You wouldn't go to Paris and not see the Eiffel Tower, would you?' " What she did see was Wild Bill Davison. Six months later he proposed.

Even during his Condon days, which he says were "as exciting as any musician could have gone through," Davison was leading a split-personality existence.

"I lived 42 miles up the Hudson River," he recalled, "and drove that distance every night for 12 years, from 1946 to 1958, and never had an accident . . . loaded as I was some nights! . . . And never missed a night."

In the daytime he ran an antique shop and in his spare time made lamps out of old horns, a project that is immortalized in the words of Eddie Condon. Irritated at Davison's enthusiastic account of his latest hobby, while on the stand one night, Condon leaned over to Davison and muttered: "Will you quit that gabbing, pick up that lamp and play it."

Since Davison departed from the now-closed Condon club in 1958 he has worked as a freelancer, heading various groups of his own and fronting the Salt City Six, the Surf Side Six, a band of Detroit studio musicians and the Abe Lincoln band. Off and on, he has appeared with Marshall Brown, a valve trombonist and arranger whom he greatly respects, who has provided him with a library of 270 or more arrangements of standard tunes, dance music and jazz.

Davison is known as a Dixieland musician, but he dislikes being restricted to the same old songs, pointing out that in Chicago days he rarely played the Dixieland standards.

"We were doing all the latest 32-bar songs," he said. "I didn't learn the Dixieland tunes until I went to New York in 1940."

"In Chicago it was the New Orleans guys who were playing the original Dixieland songs, while the Chicago musicians took the popular songs of the day and played them in Dixieland style."

The Jazz Giants, he said, have similar ideas. "We lean to the Chicago style, a swingier type of jazz than most Dixieland groups, and we play everything from New Orleans tunes like *Tishomingo Blues* to ballads."

He's also pleased by the band's spirit, saying, "When a band is happy, the audience is happy. A lot of bands today don't portray anything. What they

should do is get off their rear ends and play! Some guys make you unhappy to look at them."

An audience can affect a band's performance, Davison has found, noting, "If an audience wants a band to play, you'll blow your brains out for them. If they don't care, then the band develops the same attitude."

The best audiences are in Britain and Europe, he contends. "I have tapes where the applause is so tremendous you almost fall over backward listening to it," he said. "You're so spoiled you don't want to come home to a blasé audience. Some places in the States, they couldn't care less. They don't even know who's playing, even if the name is in lights outside. Sometimes if they say to me 'where's the leader?' I say he just went out for a pint."

The change of attitude in U.S. audiences bothers him.

"I think that people have lost the knack of having fun," he said.

He remembers with affection his days in Chicago when he worked in theater orchestras, making fabulous money.

"I was earning \$11,500 a year, and that was more than senators made," he said. "I drove Packards and lived it up. That's when I was tagged Wild Bill."

"I loved those times—the excitement of working in the theater, doing a different show every week, watching the chorus girls dance by, playing in an orchestra of 35 men. We didn't get a lot of solos, but if there was any jazz needed—say a solo behind the dancers—I was always elected. That's when I started playing *Blue and Broken Hearted* and *Ghost of a Chance*."

"Sometimes, though, I might only get 10 bars of solo work in the whole show. I had to have an outlet, so after work I'd hurry down to the Sunset to hear Louis or over to the Grand Terrace where Earl Hines' band was playing. And I'd sit in, play for nothing, just as long as I could play jazz."

Davison still exudes a magnificent zest for life and his music. He admits that the jazz scene is in transition, but he's optimistic about the future.

"In England . . . and, yes, even in some parts of the States, those long-hair guys and gals come to hear and dance to Dixieland," he said.

"I think they are fast reaching the point where they can't stand those guitars any more."

But whatever the audience reaction, he's the complete professional. He dislikes being late for the job and wants to be at the club "at least half an hour before we start. I don't go for this business of straggling on the stand about one minute before."

Said Mrs. Davison, who should know: "He lives for his music." 

# Record Reviews

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

## Louis Armstrong

V.S.O.P. (VERY SPECIAL OLD PHONOGRAPHY), VOL. 1—Epic Encore EE 22019: *Chinatown*, *My Chinatown*, *Stardust* (two masters); *You Can Depend on Me*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *The Lonesome Road*; *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* (two masters); *Kickin' the Gong Around*; *Home*; *All of Me*; *Love, You Funny Thing*; *New Tiger Rag*; *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*; *Laud, You Made the Night Too Long*.

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Zilmer Randolph, trumpet; Preston Jackson, trombone; George James, Al Washington, Lester Boone, saxophones, clarinets; Charlie Alexander, piano; Mike Kendrick, banjo, guitar; John Lindsey, bass; Fred (Tubby) Hall, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I've always preferred Armstrong's work of the 1920s to that of the '30s, perhaps because small bands are more to my taste than big ones but more probably because I feel his playing with the Hot Five and Seven and with Earl Hines was superior to his later efforts. My taste and feeling have not changed, but I cannot dismiss his '30s output as casually as I once was prone to do. (Ah, the "critic's" burden! Now he has to dismiss with effort!) I still can dismiss the band, and I wish Armstrong had, for it is generally a whimpering thing (the rhythm section is okay, but the sax section assaults the ear).

Be all that as it may, Pops was in great form on the three dates that produced these tracks. All were recorded in Chicago, the first seven (including two gorgeous *Stardusts*) in November, 1931; the next five (two *Devils*, one superb and the other merely excellent) in January, 1932; the last four in March, 1932.

Armstrong's solos are majestic in their lyric sweep, and the one on *Night* is, as pointed out in the excellent liner notes, on the level of his earlier *Tight Like That*, which is a very high level indeed. (There's also some reference to another past triumph, *West End Blues*, in the series of cadenzas that end *Home*.) His use of double-time is actually more artful and subtly injected than in his earlier work. He was at this time also using longer phrases (particularly evident in the slower version of *Devil*) and more often employing repetition as a tension-building device. His technical control was awesome, as admirable as his utter relaxation, even at hell-bent tempos. And his singing—when it wasn't marred by excessive mugging and outright clowning—was something beautiful to behold (the first master of *Stardust* and *All of Me* provide exquisite examples).

My favorite tracks are the rare masters of *Devil* and *Stardust*. Both are slightly slower than the versions that have had wide distribution, and the tempos may account for Armstrong's marvelous ease of execution. Comparison of his solos on the different versions of the same tune shed light on the subtlety of his playing at this point in his career. For example,

in the faster *Stardust*, he doubles up in one part of his opening solo, but on the slower version, at the same place, he throws off a dazzling string of triplets—the idea is basically the same, but what a difference! His closing solo on the slower version is even more stunning; it is a slowly opening rose, a little prayer, an improvisation of the highest order. If for no other reason, this one track makes the album indispensable to the serious jazz student.

—DeMicheal

## Don Ellis

SHOCK TREATMENT—Columbia SC 9668.

My review of Don Ellis' *Shock Treatment* appeared in the Sept. 19 *Down Beat*. The Oct. 17 issue contained a letter from Ellis regarding the record and my review of it: "The copy that was reviewed was one about which I am embarrassed and not proud," Ellis stated. "Upon the completion of the album I did the mixing and editing here in California and then sent the finished product to New York. It wasn't until the album was already released that I heard a pressing. Much to my horror I found that without consulting me the whole album had been changed around—rejected masters and unapproved takes were used . . . unauthorized splices were made . . . whole sections were cut out. . . ."

The unauthorized version of the album was withdrawn from the market, but only after thousands of copies of the LP were released. The album has been redone and I have obtained a copy of it.

I did not assign a star rating to the original LP, feeling that such a rating would not adequately summarize the album's value. I said in my review that Ellis deserved a good deal of credit for his use of unusual meters and electronic devices but criticized some of the compositions for being trite and some of the arrangements for being musclebound a la bad Stan Kenton.

I thought the soloists, aside from Ellis, were unimpressive and that Ellis' work, while good, wasn't nearly as adventurous as it had been in the early '60s.

The corrected LP has one less track than the one originally reviewed. *Seven Up* and *Zim* were dropped and *Night City* was added. It's a bad trade. *Seven Up* and *Zim* were among the best pieces on the first LP. *Night City* is a pretty song with lyrics sung by a chorus. It's slickly arranged and sounds as if it might be used as background for a TV production number. It doesn't come close to making up for the loss of *Seven Up* and *Zim*.

The other "corrections" on the Ellis-approved version of the LP are generally for the better, but not that significant. There are plenty of clichés and much bom-

bast on both versions. *Beat Me Daddy Seven to the Bar* is, for example, a raucous, banal drag on both LPs.

As long as I'm writing this addendum I'd like to add some reflections on Ellis. I think he was on the verge of becoming a great trumpeter in the early '60s. Certain other observers also had a high regard for his work. But there were and are those who put him down, sometimes for reasons that (whether they are conscious of this or not) had to do with anti-intellectualism (Ellis has been influenced by classical musicians) and Crow Jim. Some have characterized him as a good technician but not much of an improviser. That's baloney. His recorded work from the early '60s indicates that he not only was a technically fluent soloist but that he had an original and advanced style. Then he makes an album like this and his detractors say, "Uh huh, this proves Ellis always was a philistine."

If Ellis sticks with his rather commercial big band for awhile longer, he quite possibly will be underrated as a jazz improviser by future jazz critics and historians, just as bandleader-soloists Harry James (listen to him on the 1938 *Just a Mood* by Teddy Wilson) and Artie Shaw have been.

—Pekar

## Woody Herman

CONCERTO FOR HERD—Verve 6-8764: *Concerto for Herd*; *Big Sur Echo*; *The Horn of the Fish*; *Woody's Boogaloo*.

Personnel: Tom Nygaard, Neil Friel, Luis Gasca, John Ingliss, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Mel Wanzo, Jetty Chamberlin, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto & soprano saxophones; Joe Romano, Roger Newman, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Al Daily, piano; Carl Pruitt, bass; John Von Ohlen, drums. Track 1: add Russell George, electric bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This set of sparkling performances was recorded at the 1967 Monterey Jazz Festival. The main attraction is the three-movement *Concerto* so skillfully crafted by the highly talented Bill Holman, truly a master of writing for the large jazz ensemble.

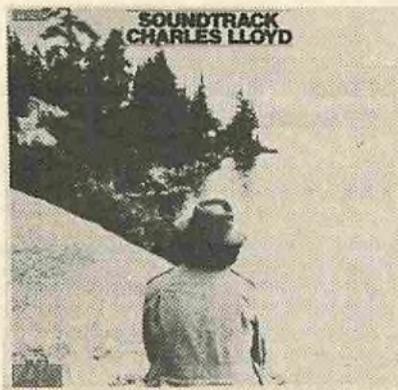
Though Holman has a good feel for melody (the second movement is especially handsome), I find his keen sense of orchestral color and texture even more attractive. His voicings call to mind those of Ralph Burns and Duke Ellington. Nonetheless, Holman stamps all his work with his own brand: taut textures through which light shines finely.

The band does full justice to his work, executing the sometimes tricky passages with ease and shading beautifully. Though the emphasis is on the written, there are excellent extemporaneous statements by Dailey (a rouser), Fontana (boppishly cool at times, warm and tender at others), and Nistico (a bear who chews his way

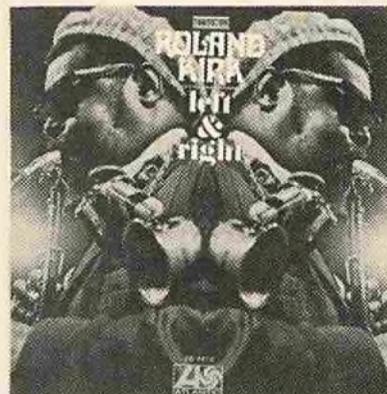
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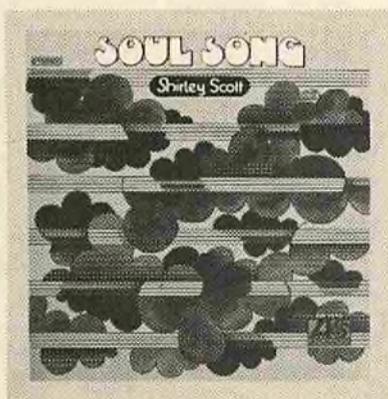
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**SILVER CYCLES**  
Atlantic SD 1517



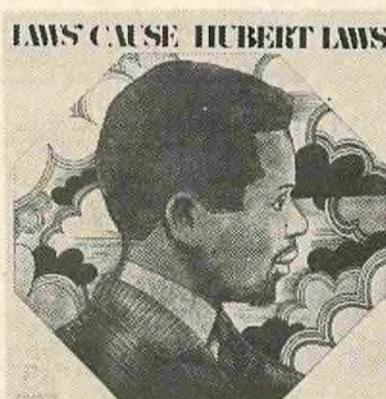
**CHARLES LLOYD**  
**SOUNDTRACK**  
Atlantic SD 1519



**ROLAND KIRK**  
**LEFT & RIGHT**  
Atlantic SD 1518



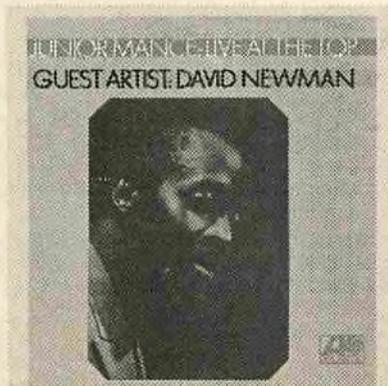
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through the tapestry of the last movement). Solos of lesser import are offered by Herman (on all three horns), Gasca, Romero and Payne.

Though not a solo in the usual sense, Pruitt's bass lines in the second movement are superb. And for controlling the band through *Concerto's* several tempos, for keeping the heat turned up high in the back row, and for displaying exquisite taste as well as drive, drummer Von Ohlen deserves unbridled acclaim.

*Big Sur* and *Fish* are something of let-downs after *Concerto*, but *Boogaloo* gets up and struts, thanks to the boiling rhythm section, well-done solos (Romero, Gasca, Fontana), and, most of all, the splendid roar of the Herman Herd in full flower.

—DeMicheal

**Lee Morgan**

CARAMBA—Blue Note BST 84289: *Caramba*; *Suicide City*; *Cunning Lee*; *Soulita*; *Helen's Ritual*.

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

**Donald Byrd**

SLOW DRAG—Blue Note BST 84292: *Slow Drag*; *Secret Love*; *Book's Bossa*; *Jelly Roll*; *The Loner*; *My Ideal*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Sonny Red, alto saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Walter Book-er, bass; Billy Higgins, drums and vocal.

Rating: ★★½

**Blue Mitchell**

HEADS UP—Blue Note BST 84272: *Heads Up!*; *Feet Down!*; *Togetherness*; *The Folks Who Live on the Hill*; *Good Humor Man*; *Len Sirrah*; *The People in Nassau*.

Personnel: Mitchell, Burt Collins, trumpets; Julian Priester, trombone; Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, flute; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Al Foster, drums.

Rating: ★½

When Lee Morgan's first records appeared, I recall that he was hailed as a logical successor to Clifford Brown. There were points of similarity—a full, brass-proud tone, and a great rhythmic ease—but Morgan soon demonstrated that his musical personality was quite different from Brown's glowing good spirits.

Few musicians project a personality through their instruments as directly as Morgan does (Roy Eldridge is one, and perhaps that's a clue to Morgan's virtues). I have never met Lee Morgan, but I would be surprised if he were not a witty, sarcastic, playful man. To describe the way Morgan projects this personality, I thought of mentioning separately his tonal flexibility, unpredictable choice of notes, and slyly relaxed time feeling, but, listening again, I realized that Morgan makes an inseparable emotional unity out of these devices.

Since Morgan's *The Sidewinder* became a hit, it seems as if every one of his albums, and many other Blue Note sessions as well, have a track which attempts to duplicate its mood—a repeated rhythmic pattern with a triplet feel, over which the horns play at length in an attempt to find a good, downhome groove. God knows the results can be depressing if the groove isn't found, but *Caramba* is certainly a success. Although the rhythmic stew has some Latin American spice this time, Morgan and Maupin make it all blues eventually.

Morgan's playing is rather episodic, but

I wouldn't trade any number of well-constructed solos for one dancing figure he plays as Maupin riffs behind him. Maupin, who seems to be exploring Coltrane's material with Rollin's methods, also solos strongly on this track, and there are several passages where a Rollins-like cadence is brought off in grand style. He has a hard but rich tone, and I think he would increase the emotional range of his music if he could let it become as flexible and expressive as Morgan's.

Cedar Walton's solo is at first austere in its adherence to the Latin pattern. As the horns join him he moves into some delightfully relaxed and genuinely soulful blues piano.

The other excellent track, *Suicide City*, reminds me that Morgan and Wayne Shorter were once close associates. The tune has that Shorter aura in which harmony tends to become sonic color rather than musical rhetoric. The rhythmic pattern is complex (at one point Billy Higgins sounds like he's playing backwards!) and Morgan takes full advantage of it. I don't know of another trumpeter (Dizzy Gillespie, perhaps) who could flow through this tingling rhythmic maze with as much ease. (Listen to the way he uses split tones to expand the possibilities of note placement.)

Maupin is not as rhythmically secure as Morgan here, and he occasionally displays an annoying quality which seems characteristic of younger, New York-based musicians—an alternation between so-called "inside" and "outside" playing (Joe Henderson is a prime example of this). In the "outside" passages, pieces of late-Coltrane, Ayler, etc. are used merely as noise elements, and their relation to the rest of the solo seems more social than musical. The musical cynicism implied by such an attitude alarms me, but perhaps it's a symptom of what New Yorkers call the "rat race." Although the other tracks do not have the overall impact of *Caramba* and *City*, each has something worth hearing.

Lee Morgan discovered his musical voice early, and he has learned to bend every means to its expression. Donald Byrd, on the other hand, seems to have been searching for an appropriate musical voice throughout his career, and his music suffers from his apparent inability to find one.

The first Donald Byrd was a clear-toned trumpeter with a gift for light and graceful playing on the chords. In succeeding years he used fewer notes, a brassier tone, and attempted to assimilate more blues feeling, but these were changes of costume rather than changes of heart. The Yves St. Laurent of this search for a style was Miles Davis, since Byrd has listened closely to him right up to the present. On this album you can hear Byrd play bits of Davis from *Sketches of Spain* through *E.S.P.*, few of which are well-integrated.

To me, the most unfortunate of Byrd's stylistic experiments is his attempt to be a "soulful", blues-based musician. He bends notes right and left and ends many phrases on "ah-uhm" cadences, but it all sounds unconvincing. *My Ideal* finds him more at ease (at home?) although he plays with a hymn-like solemnity that does not always suit the melodic material.

His associates perform capably; the rhythm section is quite alive; and Billy Higgins steps out for an indescribably hilarious vocal on *Slow Drag* which is worth the price of the record. Higgins is so naturally and soulfully himself in word and deed that one feels he could give the secret to Byrd by the laying on of hands.

When Blue Mitchell came to prominence, he was a fully formed musician, and during his years with Horace Silver, the only change was a general tightening of technical control. I don't know how a musician who was consistently inventive within the limits of Silver's style could make such a dull record as *Heads Up*. Perhaps it was just a bad day in the studio, but I think the album's conception, for which Duke Pearson seems responsible, was the real stumbling block.

The gritty sound of a medium-sized bop band (distorted by echo) is heard over a leaden "soul" rhythm on material that, for the most part, the musicians can not approach head on. This is a group of highly professional players, and while there are few musical mistakes here, there are few musical decisions to be made in such a situation. —Kart

#### Marvin Stamm

**MACHINATIONS**—Verve 8759: *Machinations; Souldades; Wedding Dance; Bleaker Street; Eruza; Flute Thing; Jes' Plain Bread; The March of the Siamese Children; Sunny.*

Collective personnel: Stamm, trumpeter, flugelhorn, piccolo trumpet; Bernie Glow, Burt Collins, Joe Shepley, Ernie Royal, Markie Markowitz, trumpets, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, Ganett Brown, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Tommy Mitchell, Pete Phillips, bass trombones; Morty Lewis, Sol Schlinger, Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Dick Spencer, George Young, reeds; Joe Beck, guitar; Nick Hyman, piano, organ; Chet Amsterdam, electric bass; Bill LaVorgna, drums; Joe Venuto, vibraharp, tuned cowbells; Johnny Carisi, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

I should have reviewed this LP the first week I had it, for then I was quite taken with it and found it a fascinating album. I've been listening to it fairly regularly over several weeks now, and find that it no longer impresses as much as it first did. I can only assume that initially I was more impressed with the electronic and recording effects than actually was warranted. The novelty has worn off, and I have been taking a closer, more jaundiced look at it lately.

Make no mistake—it's a solid, well-crafted and occasionally stimulating piece of work. And it brings back to jazz activity one of the more interesting composers and orchestrators the modern idiom has had, Carisi. His writing here is highly imaginative, full of arresting colors, textures, and rhythms, and is shot through with a great deal of excitement. The attempts to reach for the latter occasionally get in the way of real music-making, however, and too many of the effects employed to bring this about are simply that—effects and little else.

While Stamm is billed as chief soloist, the album is more properly a group achievement, for the band and Carisi's deft arrangements are the real stars of the proceedings. And there's plenty of solo space for such as guitarist Joe Beck—who continues to impress with his dazzling, still growing command of a number of techniques and idioms, all executed with finesse, unerring taste and power to spare

—and for baritone saxophonist Sol Schlinger (featured on the album's title track), trombonist Urbie Green (on the wryly-titled *Bleaker Street*), Morty Lewis on tenor saxophone and flute, Dick Spencer on flute, and so on.

There are many fine moments scattered through the set, and I suspect arrangers will find hours of pleasure and ample food for thought in Carisi's charts, which are multi-hued and multi-faceted enough to repay as much close attention as one wishes to lavish on them. *Eruza, Bleaker Street* and *Souldades* are lovely things indeed, and there are plenty of fascinating textures and rhythmic delights in these and the other pieces. The soloing is particularly distinguished; in fact, there's not a dull solo moment in the whole set. Stamm's tone on all the instruments is perfectly controlled, and he's fairly luminous on his brief *Flute Thing* slot. Beck is masterful throughout, and Green's a gas on *Bleaker Street*.

This is as exemplary a set of contemporary-styled orchestral music as one can find anywhere, and it handily outdistances all other attempts to blend jazz and contemporary idioms I've heard recently. Without those occasional overreaching effects, it would easily be a five-star album. Hear this, by all means.

Welcome back, Johnny Carisi.—Welding

#### Stanley Turrentine

**THE LOOK OF LOVE**—Blue Note BST 84286: *The Look of Love; Here, There and Everywhere; A Beautiful Friendship; Blues for Stan; This Guy's in Love with You; McArthur Park; I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco; Emily; Cabin in the Sky; Smile.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, flugelhorn; Jim Buffington, French horn; Benny Powell, trombone; Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar (except track 3); Hank Jones or Roland Hanna (tracks 2, 6, 9) or Duke Pearson (track 1), piano; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate or Mickey Roker (tracks 2, 6, 9), drums; strings; Thad Jones, arranger.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The mating of jazz and strings has traditionally been a shotgun affair, often with a misguided a&r man holding the gun. They can live together, but rarely do so in complete union of purpose. I would cite the 1963 *Symphonic Ellington* LP as a possible exception. Also, Charlie Parker produced some remarkable playing with strings 15 years ago, although the strings served only a passive role as background (Bird often said these were his favorite own recordings). On the other hand, Artie Shaw's experiments with strings in the early '40s made little impact in regard to jazz, and the great jazz soloists have rarely been well served by strings.

This record is the first on which Blue Note has seen fit to use a string ensemble, but the results are not likely to settle the debate. Though it is best classed as an "easy listening" album, a strong jazz feeling dominates the proceedings.

Turrentine is an excellent musician who knows the real tonal limits of his instrument and works within them. He plays in a full-toned manner but without the growl that characterizes the Hawkins-Webster school. In fact, his frequently shallow vibrato suggests a tone closer to Lester Young's in places, though his attack is entirely different.

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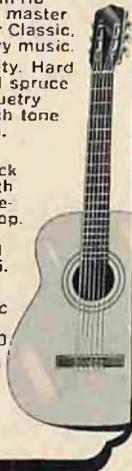
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world, and his frequent clusters of notes add a boppish flavor. All but one of the tracks are ballads and provide Turrentine with material for many fine solos—moody but not brooding. Only on *Friendship* does he emerge into a moderately fast tempo for a thoroughly swinging and relaxed solo.

For backdrop, Thad Jones has fashioned 10 tasteful arrangements which keep the soloists in the spotlight throughout. His scoring for strings and soft brass provide a muted and satisfying musical cushion. All in all, a pleasant record, though jazz has yet to define a role for string sections other than passive support. —McDonough

### George Wein

GEORGE WEIN IS ALIVE AND WELL IN MEXICO—Columbia CS 9631: *I Never Knew; All of Me; Have You Met Miss Jones?; Take the A Train; If I Had You; I Can't Give You Anything But Love; Blue and Sentimental; The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise.*

Personnel: Ruby Braff, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The tracks are from the Newport Jazz Festival tour in Mexico, and were recorded in the spring of 1967 in Puebla and Mexico City. The sound and balance are faultless. Technically, the performances are profes-



sionally competent, and also without fault, but the fire and cohesion that is inevitable when musicians of this caliber really decide to commit themselves is lacking.

Ruby Braff is easily the outstanding performer. He thinks, has a great beat, and is given to bending and shading his notes and phrases in a delightful manner. Brash and flaring in his solos, he always manages to give a muscled balance to his lead in the ensembles. On *All of Me*, following Russell's laconic solo, Braff shows off his superior low register sound. Then, shooting upward, he finishes his chorus with great jabbing lines—a first-rate performance.

Freeman turns in his best solo on *All of Me*; beautiful playing almost entirely in the low register. Russell seems never to have really gotten warmed up.

Lesberg is excellent throughout. As a measure of his ability as a jazzman, listen to him on *A Train*; his instant responses to the various turns of each of the soloists, and the superb quality of his sound. Wein plays short, unobtrusive solos, and does a creditable job backing the horns. Lamond is one of the great drummers, and his addition has made this a marvelous rhythm section. Listen to his backing of Freeman on *A Train*.

More albums of this type are in order. The law of probability certainly makes a five-star album possible. —Erskine

## OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

*The Great Louis Armstrong—1923* (Orpheum 105)

Rating: ★★★★★½

*The Immortal King Oliver* (Milestone 2006)

Rating: ★★★★★

*The Great New Orleans Rhythm Kings* (Orpheum 102)

Rating: ★★★★★

*The Great Muggsy Spanier* (Orpheum 101)

Rating: ★★★★★

*The Great Bix Beiderbecke* (Orpheum 104)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Most performances on these albums were recorded between 1922 and '25 by musicians working in the Chicago area. Collectively, they offer something of a picture of the jazz scene there at the time—the cross-pollination of musical ideas, different interpretations of the same idea, and the occasional flash of a new idea.

One can imagine what Chicago of the '20s was like—the writers ("Hog butcher for the world"), the newspaper men (*Front Page*), the gangsters and politicians (Capone and Bath House John), but most of all, the musicians.

Bassist Jim Lanigan, the old man of the Austin High kids, recalls that a musician had only to walk down the street with his instrument to be offered all kinds of jobs. Floyd O'Brien—one of the truly original trombonists to develop during the '20s—remembered being in one of the several bands that played at Friars Inn, where the New Orleans Rhythm Kings were the stars but didn't start playing until midnight, and making more than \$300 some weeks. He'd come home and throw the money on the kitchen table before his probably non-plussed parents (he was still a teenager). Floyd also claimed to be one of the few white musicians to sit in with Oliver's Creole Jazz Band at Lincoln Gardens. Then there were Muggsy and George Wettling and Davie Tough digging Oliver and Louis and Baby Dodds from the Gardens' balcony; Bix at Lake Forest Academy, not much of a student of mathematics but an apt pupil of the Kings and Oliver; Leon Rappolo, clarinet with NORK, high on pot, his ear against a telephone pole, playing harmony to the singing of the wires as they danced in the wind; and...

Easy to fantasy. Maybe it really was like that, but more likely it was as it has always seemed to be: musicians trying to play the best music possible and still make a living, copying each other, battling each other in the ongoing contest of improvisation, trying to do something that will gain the admiration (a mixture of love and hate) of their fellows.

So there is left the music, and finally it is the music that counts, not memories or fantasies.

How good was it? Compared to what? The NORK was far superior to the tea-dance bands of 1923 but was not the band the Oliver group was. Bix played things in 1924 that Oliver and the NORK's cor-

netist, Paul Mares, couldn't come close to because they were less able technically and more flat-footed rhythmically. Spanier in 1924 was an echo of Oliver, and all echoes are weaker than that which sets them vibrating. Armstrong, a member of the Oliver band, was not the soloist he was to become, but the essentials were there, the little one can hear of them in the Oliver performances.

For drive, swing, heat, heart and beauty, the Oliver Creole Jazz Band tracks (11 in the Orpheum Armstrong and five in *Immortal King Oliver*) are head and shoulders above the rest of the 1922-25 representations.

The best way to listen to the Oliver band's recordings is to become immersed in the sound, not worrying too much with picking out individual voices but being engulfed by that throbbing, writhing wall of sound. Then the spirit of the Creole Band comes clear, even though the acoustic recording does not. Sure, there are solos—beautiful ones—but it is the band's rocking, biting collective work that overwhelms.

The Orpheum collection is made up of performances recorded in March and April, 1923, and first released on Gennett: *Alligator Hop* (perky Johnny Dodds clarinet work but corny slap-tongue alto saxophone playing by Stomp Evans), *Krooked Blues* (preaching Oliver cornet in the last ensemble), *Gonna Wear You Off My Mind* (not up to the level of the other tracks, but with what sounds like a two-cornet/trombone break, a departure from the usual two-cornet breaks), *Froggie Moore* (fine Baby Dodds woodblock work and driving Armstrong lead), *Snake Rag* (strutting ensembles and lots of two-cornet breaks), *Chimes Blues* (Armstrong's first recorded solo, modest but nice, with a surprising use of quarter-note triplets in the next to last phrase), *Just Gone* (like *Snake Rag*, all ensemble but not as exciting), *Canal Street Blues* (beautifully lyrical clarinet solo by Dodds, probably a common-property solo since variations of it show up in the work of other clarinetists during the '20s), *Mandy Lee Blues* (two Oliver wa-wa breaks), *Weatherbird Rag* (two breaks in duet by the cornetists), *Dippermouth Blues* (classic clarinet and cornet solos, the latter played with a quiet deliberateness not present on the band's Okeh recording of the tune).

The Milestone LP's Creole Band tracks were made in late 1923 for Paramount and include two versions each of *Mabel's Dream* and *Southern Stomps*.

There is not a tremendous amount of difference between the two *Dreams*, but Oliver swings harder in the last chorus of the second master. Neither, however, is quite as good as the band's Okeh version, made a few months later; in fact, the Oliver performances on these two albums are generally slightly less impressive than those recorded for Okeh (12 of which are available on an Epic LP, *King Oliver and His Orchestra*, which may be hard to find).

The first take of *Stomps*, issued here for the first time since 1923, is a beauty, even better than the previously reissued second master. It sounds like Armstrong leading the ensemble in the opening chorus on both masters, but the highpoint

of the performances are Dodds' lovely legato clarinet breaks and the two-cornet breaks, all of which come off better in the first version.

The fifth Creole Band track on Milestone is *Riverside Blues*, which has more of Dodd's dark-toned clarinet work to recommend it, plus an Armstrong solo that mostly repeats the melody of the tune but with a curlicue added to one of the phrases that makes the solo outstanding.

*The Immortal Oliver*, made in 1924 for Autograph, includes two tracks that shed considerable light on Oliver's ability as a cornetist. These are *King Porter Stomp* and *Tom Cat Blues*, duets with Jelly Roll Morton manning the piano. Here we see Oliver plain: his playing has a lot of punch, but

his use of syncopation is rather heavy-handed, and, generally, his time is stiff and ragtime-derived; there is a lack of vibrancy, almost a coldness, in his open-horn playing but heat and poignancy in his wa-wa mute work; his improvisations have a limited melodic scope, but he had a flair for the dramatic, as his first two breaks on *Tom Cat* show (one uses space well and the other employs held notes to advantage, devices also employed by other New Orleansians, such as clarinetist Leon Rappolo). Though Oliver dominates both performances, there is some charged interplay between Morton and him in *Tom Cat*. These duets, perhaps made as celebration of the middle-aged participants' past glories in New Orleans, make an interesting comparison with the Armstrong-Earl Hines

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relatively avant-garde duet on *Weatherbird Rag*, recorded about four years later.

The other Orpheum tracks were made in 1928 in New York City for the QRS label. *Bozo, I'm Gonna Take My Bimbo Back to Bamboo Isle*, and *Speakeasy* are by Clarence Williams' band, featuring Oliver in the fast company of clarinetist Bennie Moten, trombonist Ed Cuffee, and tubaist Cyrus St. Clair (a marvelously agile player), all of whom play excellently, (in most cases better than Oliver).

Oliver, however, takes the honors in the three remaining tracks, recorded about the same time by approximately the same group. These are accompaniments to Sarah Martin, sort of a polite Bessie Smith. The titles are *Death Sting Me Blues*, (a gem), *Mistreatin' Man Blues*, and *Mean, Tight Mama*. Oliver's work is excellent—the blues always brought out the best in him. Again, comparison with Armstrong is called for: in 1925 Armstrong recorded with Bessie Smith, and his playing that day, especially on *You've Been A Good*

at the time, as was Rappolo's *Tiger Rag* solo.

The other titles in the album are *Farewell Blues*, *Discontented Blues*, *Bugle Call Blues*, *Panama* (nice low-register clarinet and a cornet break taken in Oliver's deadpan style), *Livery Stable Blues*, *Oriental*, *That's A Plenty*, and *Mad*.

The Rhythm Kings obviously were an important influence on Beiderbecke and the Wolverines (the group represented on *The Great Bix*), particularly in matters of arranged passages and general joie de vivre. In fact, they expanded both, the first admirably, the second to the point of frivolity. Perhaps it was their youth, though they were not much younger than the NORK men (most of the musicians heard on these five LPs were either in their early 20s or late teens). The Wolverines suffered terribly from vo-do-de-o-do-itis (even Bix had a mild case), and this makes it hard to stomach some of their performances. And with the exception of Beiderbecke, the Wolverines could not, man for man,

playing (dynamics, for example, were out the window). Spanier mirrors Oliver in several instances, especially on *Buddy's Habits* (also recorded by the Oliver Creole Band), *Mobile Blues* and *Steady Roll* (hot Mugs with plunger). The most interesting soloist is clarinetist Volly DeFaut (this unsung hero of the '20s could play with the best of them—for evidence listen to his low-register work on *Chicago Blues*). The other titles are *Really A Pain* and *Hot Mittens*, both made of cornball stuff.

The second side of the LP is much better. The first two tracks, *Why Couldn't It Be Poor Little Me?* and *Everybody Loves My Baby*, are by the Stomp Six and were cut about a year and a half later. Spanier's playing is less staccato than before and shows the tempering influence of Armstrong and, to lesser extent, Beiderbecke. DeFaut is again present and plays superbly. *Everybody* is interesting in that there is more solo space than ensemble, an uncommon circumstance at the time.

The four remaining tracks, made in



Young Louis

*Old Wagon*, is strikingly similar to Oliver's work on the Sarah Martin accompaniments, which, despite the sequence, shows Oliver's strong influence on his protegee.

The New Orleans Rhythm Kings swung less than the Oliver Creole Band but had a charming gaiety. The NORK approach was basically the same as Oliver's: collective improvisation, with some worked-out passages, spiced with short, melodic solos. The major differences besides the degree of swing: lesser soloists in NORK, excepting the gifted Rappolo; a pervasive vo-do-de-o-do-ishness epitomized by the moaning of Jack Pettis' C-melody saxophone; a lack of rhythmic resilience in the lead work of cornetist Mares, who somewhat resembled Oliver in this respect and who also showed Oliver's influence in his solos using a wa-wa mute; and not enough variation in tempos (almost everything is medium fast).

The best tracks on the Orpheum album (which duplicates *Tin Roof Blues*, issued several years ago on Riverside but now unavailable) are *Eccentric* and *Tiger Rag*, made in 1922 with eight men, and *Tin Roof Blues* and *Maple Leaf Rag*, made in 1924 with only five men. The first two titles and *Maple Leaf* have rollicking ensembles, plus good breaks by the horn men. *Tin Roof* has a delicately etched clarinet chorus, fine Mel Stitzel piano, and Georg Brunis' well-known trombone solo, one that probably was common property



Bix

match the NORK's musicianship, shaky as that was at times.

Still, these records, made in 1924 for Gennett, are important because they displayed a musical attitude that Beiderbecke was to carry with him throughout his short career. They also provided several devices he used on later, and better record dates: whole-tone scale runs by the horns, voiced in parallel; retarded endings; and the sugar-and-spice mixture of free-wheeling collective ensembles with tightly arranged passages. But above all, Beiderbecke's basic style was set at this time (he was 21): clear, bell-like tone; a graceful lyricism sometimes ripped by complex, fast-flying phrases.

The best tracks—that is the best Bix—are a roaring *Tiger Rag* (Bix is all over his horn), *Tia Juana* (the band's outstanding record), and *Copenhagen*. On these, particularly *Tia Juana*, the young cornetist puts his solos together with less effort (especially rhythmic effort) than on the other tracks. The other performances range from corny to very good; they are *Fidgety Feet*, *Jazz Me Blues*, *Riverboat Shuffle*, *Susie*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *Sensation Rag*, *Lazy Daddy*, *Big Boy*, and *Oh, Baby*.

The first side of the Spanier LP consists of performances by the Bucktown Five made for Gennett in 1924, when Spanier was only 17. The group had more fire than the Wolverines, but sometimes the members' passion got in the way of sensible



Muggsy

1927-28, have Spanier coupled with clarinetist Frank Teschemacher. *China Boy* and *Bull Frog Blues* by Charlie Pierce's orchestra, a fairly large assemblage driven by a good rhythm section but weighed down by a leaden saxophone section. Spanier's *China Boy* solo is excellent—hot and whiplashing; he sounded then the way he'd sound the rest of his life. He makes bows to both Beiderbecke and Armstrong in his *Bull Frog* improvisation. Teschemacher is inconsistent; he seemingly couldn't decide whether to be reflective or buoyant, and his solos are unsatisfying.

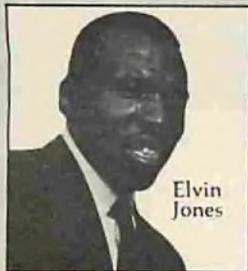
Tesch is in top shape on *Friar's Point Shuffle* and *Darktown Strutters Ball*, both by the Jungle Kings. He plays lyrically on *Friar's*, a blues, and with Jimmie Noone-like ease on *Strutters*. Red McKenzie sings both tunes in his best ease-along style. Joe Sullivan offers red-hot Chicago-style piano solos, which are rolled along by George Wettling's Doddsish drums and Jim Lanigan's bubbling tuba. Spanier casually leads the loose ensembles, his stiff time a thing of the past. In its place is a sureness he never lost.

Chicago, however, lost jazz about this time. New York beckoned and most of the musicians heeded its call—that was where the money was, that was where the best musicians and the best music were. But for a time, Chicago had about all of it.

It must have been some time.

—Don DeMicheal

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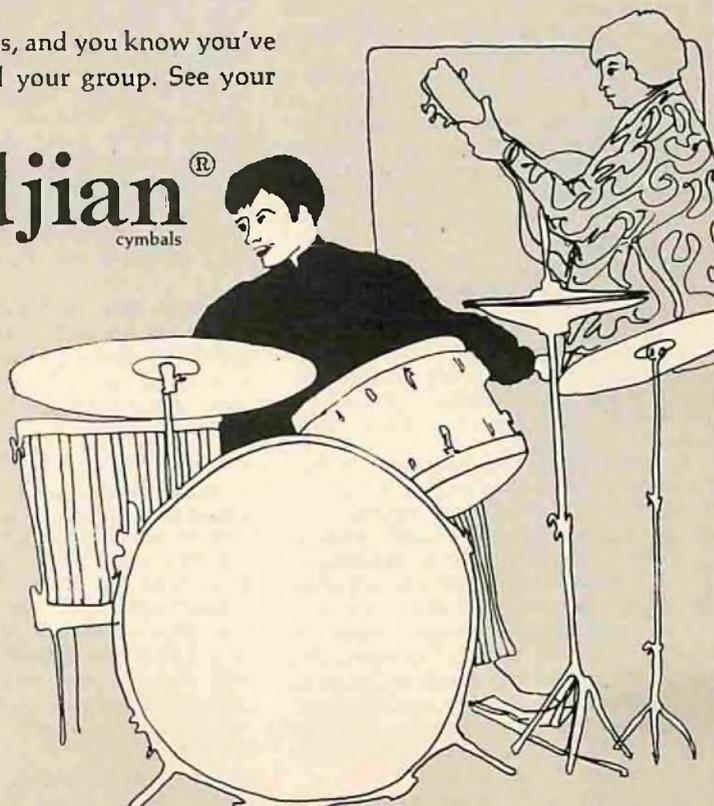
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# BOBBY BRYANT/BLINDFOLD TEST

Bobby Bryant will shortly be heard as leader in his own big band album, recorded in January. This will be a long overdue debut for a major talent.

An imposing man physically and musically, Bryant the Giant has been hidden for too many years in the studios (he is now in his fourth year on staff at NBC), touring as lead trumpet for several years with Vic Damone (1960-65), and lending his powerful sound to the brass sections of commercial recording bands.

Born May 19, 1934 in Hattiesburg, Miss., Bryant played trumpet and tenor saxophone with local bands. He spent five years (1952-57) at the Cosmopolitan School of Music in Chicago, earning his Bachelor's degree in music education with a trumpet major. He played with a Latin group at the old Club De Lisa, with Red Saunders' band, and in strip joints. Later he went to Atlantic City with Larry Steele's *Smart Affairs* show.

His best jazz has been heard with the Gerald Wilson Orchestra; also on Oliver Nelson's *Live from Los Angeles* album; and in the *Jazz for a Sunday Afternoon (West Coast Scene)* set, taped at Marty's. An album with his own sextet is on Cadet. Recently he has led a combo two nights a week at the Lighthouse and fronted a big band at Donte's. This was his first *Blindfold Test*.  
—Leonard Feather

**1. NAT ADDERLEY.** *Bittersweet* (from *The Scavenger*, Milestone). Nat Adderley and Mel Listle, cornets; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Well, I wish they had made a better take on that; it could have been a lovely thing. It's an obvious attempt at a modern-type dance arrangement thing that young adults are doing. I think there's room for a lot of that, but the trumpet players (and by the way, I have no idea who they were) sounded like they were being a little too careful with the changes. They weren't particularly inventive at all; just trying to get through the chart and the changes was the feeling I got.

I think the strings were lost, and the cymbal, boy! The drummer was really pounding away there. I think I'd give it two stars.

**2. WOODY HERMAN.** *Big Sur Echo* (from *Concerto for Herd*, Verve). Luis Gasca, trumpet; Woody Herman, soprano saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; John Von Ohlen, drums; Don Rader, composer.

That sounds like a big band having a lot of fun. I liked the arrangement, I liked the way the thing felt; sounds like the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. I liked the soloists, I liked the way Snooky Young plays trumpet there. Maybe Pepper Adams on baritone; Jerome Richardson on soprano saxophone.

Well, if it's not that band, it's just really reminiscent of those players and that band . . . sounds like Mel playing drums to me, and I like all of it. Four stars.

**3. DON ELLIS.** *Indian Lady* (from *Electric Bath*, Columbia). Don Ellis, trumpet, composer; Mike Lang, piano; Steve Bohannon, drums; Chino Valdez, Latin percussion.

My compliments to them on the performance. I think that's Don Ellis. My compliments to Don for choosing the right setting for himself. I don't know if any other setting would be as flattering to him as a soloist as that band is. My compliments for the work that must have gone into all of those arrangements, which are all extremely hard to play, to count, and you get more than two people trying to do that together and you really got a problem, so the band plays well together. It's hard to get bands that play 4/4 together, let alone multiple rhythms.

The drummer, just fantastic! Five stars to the drummer . . . if it's Steve Bohannon,

really a great man; too bad he had to leave us so early.

The entire conception . . . when you put it all together, add it up, and present it, I really don't think much of it, personally. However, I know that that type of thing can drive the average listener, or less-than-average listener, into a frenzy, and cause quite a bit of excitement.

So, five stars to the drummer and four stars for the rest of it. I think Don Ellis is the most interesting soloist in his band. I like Mike Lang very much, although I think he was forced to play a certain way in that band; he's much better than that.

Chino Valdez must have made quite a contribution because he really is quite a drummer and very easy with the multiple rhythms.

**4. DICKY WELLS.** *Bugle Call Rag* (from *Dickie Wells in Paris*, 1937, Prestige). Shad Collins, Bill Coleman, Bill Dillard, trumpets; Django Reinhardt, guitar.

Well, if that was recorded before the last 25 years, it's very good. . . . I mean anything earlier than 25 years, because it sounds like a pretty dated kind of conception; however, I suppose, then it was made to show off the trumpet player, and it does. It sounds like he played some things he had been practicing, and they came off fairly well. I have no idea who it is.

I was a little surprised to hear the guitar player playing like that. . . . I liked the guitar. He fooled around with the rhythm a little bit, and I didn't think that was being done when this kind of record was being made.

I liked it; I would say two stars.

**5. CLARK TERRY.** *Secret Love* (from *It's What's Happenin'*, Impulse). Clark Terry, Varitone trumpet; Don Friedman, piano.

That's one of the few trumpet players who excite me. It was Clark Terry. Had it been anybody else except Terry I think I would have hated it, but I love the way he plays, I like everything he does, even with that Varitone thing . . . I dig his conception of life . . . I like it when he says "Good morning" . . . really, really dig him.

Terry's performances are so great and they're so much of everything, he just sort of overshadows everybody that he



plays with, to me. . . . When the piano player played I could hardly wait for him to get through. He's probably a very fine piano player, but I wanted to hear more of Terry.

That's the way it is when he records. Four stars.

**6. MILES DAVIS.** *The Sorcerer* (from *The Sorcerer*, Columbia). Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano, composer; Tony Williams, drums.

Sounds like Miles and maybe George Coleman. I think Miles is much more pleasing on the slower things, in a little different setting than the avant garde setting. There gets to be a certain sameness about his performances that sort of leaves me cold.

He still is Miles and deserves a great deal of credit for his lyricism; however I don't know how lyrical you could be in a setting like that . . . on a composition like that. The composition just doesn't call for lyricism, and I think lyricism is his really good suit, really where he's strong. The sameness which is occurring on his recent records I don't like.

The guys around him are very exciting; they are inventive enough, and certainly a great deal of energy goes into their performances. If it were not for that amount of energy, especially in the case of the drummer, they would really sort of fall flat.

Three stars.

**7. DIZZY GILLESPIE.** *November Afternoon* (from *Something Old, Something New*, Philips). Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone; Tom McIntosh, composer.

I don't believe there's a small band in the whole land of jazz that plays as exciting arrangements as Dizzy Gillespie and Moody. I think they're just fantastic. I dig everything that Dizzy does. Moody is always smoking, always just on fire!

Dizzy deserves an awful lot of credit for being able to surround himself with excellent musicians and still be the leader. He really doesn't *have* to play on every tune, he doesn't *have* to prove himself anymore, and then again quite often he doesn't; but you back him up in a corner and you've got your hands full!

He really is an exciting man. When I listen to him I'm always just flabbergasted. Five stars.

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Count Basie: Swinging In the New

JAN PERESON

**Count Basie**

Riverboat/WPIX-TV, New York City

Parsonnel: Gene Coe, Sonny Cohn, Al Aarons, Osear Brashear, trumpets; Grover Mitchell, Steve Galloway, Richard Boone, trombones; Bill Hughes, bass trombone; Marshall Royal, alto saxophone; Bobby Plater, alto saxophone, flute; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone, flute; Charlie Fowlkes, baritone saxophone; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Norman Koonan, bass; Harold Jones, drums; Marlena Shaw, vocals.

Ending another successful engagement at the Riverboat, the Basie band was featured New Year's Eve in a widely advertised TV show on New York's Channel 9 between 11 p. m. and 1 a.m. The ads, boldly headed *Countdown with Basie*, primarily relied for communication on a striking black-and-white sketch of Basie at the piano.

On the face of it, this represented an achievement for jazz, the kind of hoped-for breakthrough that might even entail the eventual eclipse of the Royal Canadians as the traditional New Year's musical fare. The excitement Basie aroused last year in the same spot had, one assumed, been duly noted in appropriate quarters. Alas, good taste and faith are not to be expected in the '60s.

Also in the ad was a diminutive reproduction of the Playboy emblem and a reference to the Playboy Club, the implications of which were soon all too visible and audible. After Basie had played just two numbers—*Why Not?* (Al Aarons, inad-

quately miked fluegelhorn, and Eric Dixon, flute), and *Frankie and Johnny* (Bobby Plater, alto, and Sonny Cohn, plungered trumpet)—the viewer was transferred to a world of juvenilia, bunnies and morons, where Jay and the Americans "entertained." Cornily gauche, they were an affront on such an occasion.

That the occasion was prime time was also emphasized by the commercials, which came clotted in intolerable groups of three. The station that attributed significance to Basie's music in its ads yet permitted the ugliest possible interruptions of it. Thus an interpretation of the late Billy Strayhorn's *All Heart* was destroyed midway in Marshall Royal's solo by repellent messages on behalf of detergents, mashed potatoes and cereals.

Given these conditions, the "countdown" was somewhat trying. As the minutes before midnight sped by, the manufacturers seemed hysterically determined to cleanse the world with mouthwashes, toothpastes, soaps, detergents and deodorants. How many viewers cursed them deeply for their tiresome persistence? The only relevant commercial came towards the end of the program. It was for aspirin.

Less boring than the commercials were the people who waved and grinned stupidly at the cameras, and those who danced soulfully, cheek to cheek, oblivious to everything but each other and the rhythm

of *Splanky* (Lockjaw Davis). As last year, the crowd of celebrants was happily and comfortably interracial, but the cameras did not do them the same justice until late in the program, when there were some attractive dissolves.

After midnight, after *Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here* and *Happy Days Are Here Again*, after *Jingle Bells* with Eric Dixon, and after lots of murky shots of people getting wet inside and out in Times Square, there was a merciful reduction in the emphasis on soap and deodorants. Now Basie came into his own, his music even accompanying visits to bunnyland and the pointless ritual shots of cabs cruising down Broadway.

Besides one or two unidentified fragments, there were Lockjaw romping on *Bye, Bye Blackbird*; Al Aarons still poorly miked on Eric Dixon's *Repetition*; Marlena Shaw doing her blues best on *Goin' to Chicago* and *Everyday I Have the Blues*; *April in Paris* one more time; Eric Dixon (tenor) on Benny Carter's stirring *Vine Street Rumble*; Sonny Cohn on *L'l Darlin'*, with the piano player coming through very sympathetically; Frank Foster's superb *In a Mellotone*, with a good spot of Boone talk on trombone and a marvelous chorus for the reeds; and exciting tenor by Lockjaw on a surprisingly down *Hang On, Sloopy*.

It was getting close to one now, and the band was grooving, but everybody had to go through the detergent and toothpaste hoop again before it rode out on the blues, Eric Dixon, Bill Hughes and Sonny Cohn swinging brightly in their solos. Maybe Sonny will get more attention in 1969. He certainly deserves it. In this last selection he used a derby, the way Snooky Young used to do.

The band acquitted itself admirably and with steady dignity throughout. Basie's announcements, drily devoid of any hokum, were always to the point. Although the cameras often focused on Harold Jones, he never played to them, but always for the band, to which he appeared to be listening attentively. Basie's part of the program, was, in short, thoroughly enjoyable, great for dancing, and a happy accompaniment to the transition from 1968 to 1969. But next year, couldn't a manufacturer be found who would permit that transition to be made more smoothly, in better taste, and with fewer reminders of human greed?



Sonny Cohn: Deserving

Imagine the good will that would be felt towards the makers of some honorable product who merely wished viewers a Happy New Year, superimposing their name and message on the screen once or twice without interrupting the music. For the record, at least one viewer went to bed on the first night of 1969 without brushing his teeth, gargling, washing, or deodorizing himself.

—Stanley Dance

### Don Piestrup Orchestra

The Casuals, Oakland, Calif.

**Personnel:** Bill Atwood, Rick Baptiste, Pat Houston, Forrest Buchtel, John Bellman, trumpets; Dick Leland, Jeff Sharp, Rudy Acia, Barry Erlich, Ken Little, trombones; Norman Allen, Art Dougherty, Jules Broussard, Mol Martin, Alan Hoeschen, reeds; Hourii Gaines, piano; Harley White, bass; Vince Caleano, drums; Piestrup, leader.

In the past, with this band, it has been the inconsistent date; its talents, for the most part, confined to the purdah of regularly held Monday night rehearsals. With this series of once-monthly Sunday afternoon concerts at The Casuals on Jack London Square it's beginning to reap public attention. In performances worthy of rooftop shouts, the band is providing barren Oakland with its only consistent oasis of jazz. These Bay Area musicians, some in steady niches, some free-lancing, a few in "lay" occupations—Pat Houston, the lead trumpet, for instance, is a plumber—could challenge most of the existing big bands.

The spirit of the band is completely Piestrup's. Formed by him some four years ago, weaned and raised on a host of his sizzling originals, it swings through every nuance and corner of a superb book, admirably reflecting his wizardry in writing;

melodic themes beautifully plotted, subtle detours in harmonics, searing ensembles—the trumpets could blister asbestos.

Piestrup went down to L.A. two years ago to carve a fortune out of the smog (he flies up to front the concerts) and large credit is due baritone saxophonist Al Hoeschen for maintaining impeccable section work, snaring class soloists when replacements were required, keeping a tight rein on rehearsal times, and pacing the band through additions to the book.

The originals were all couched in medium or fast tempos with two exceptions. *Movement One* was an intense piece, away from the straight ahead, tinged in the abstract, with spidery lines creating a cobweb of colors and sudden vaults from melancholy into swing, *I Dream of You* a moth-soft ballad.

*Girl Talk* seems to have been settled on for the band's theme and is a solo feature for Houston's climb into the top-gallants. A superlative lead trumpeter, Houston is as facile in jazz phrasing as section mates Buchtel and Atwood. Tenorist Martin, altoist Broussard, and Atwood set Olympian standards on solos in *Early Start*, a driving piece with clipped phrases banded back and forth between the sections that fanned into wild clamor.

*Blues Out There* and *A Moment's Notice* were also fast brews, even more berserk in mood and tempo. Tenor and alto had heated says in *Blues* and Buchtel was lucid on *Notice*. *Long Day's Journey* and *Music Man* were alike in pensive openings with sudden spurts into Gordian knots of

complexity and incisive solos from tenor, alto, Buchtel and Atwood on trumpets, and Sharp's trombone.

Bass trombone, with a gradual one-by-one entry of the section, spiritedly kicked off another forceful swinger, *Marshmallow*, a maelstrom of fluid rhythm and interweaving reeds and brass peppered by solos from Buchtel and lead alto Docherty. *Never Will I Marry* had the saxophones on a high drone, then climbing like lianas around brass barks, and *Track 17*, a string of fiery solos led to an apocalyptic climax.

*New Blues*, *Group Spot* and *Goodbye Yesterday* are Piestrup originals in the Buddy Rich book. They were as aptly performed here, and made even more mail-fisted and powerful by the three extra brass.

Numbers other than originals were all effectively touched up: *Ecorol*, a strong trombone feature with a Latin American entrance and exit and four-four and Buchtel trumpet between; a highly charged *Willow Weep for Me* (also in the Rich book); *Green Dolphin Street*, with a flutish introduction and ceilings in brassy excitement; a lazily swinging *Georgia*, with glowing ensemble precision, and high Houston on *Here's That Rainy Day*.

*Doodlin'* was a simple riff that sorcery fully turned on transformed into a ball. Blazing ensembles and a profusion of good solos, tenorist Martin, altoists Broussard and Docherty, trombonists Sharp and Leland (on tenor instead of bass) and the trumpets all taking individual solos, and then wild jamming.

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**Premier**

Gaines' piano, White's bass, and Lattano's drums lit up everything they touched.

One could spout geysers of enthusiasm about Piestrup's writing and his band's swinging realizations—a monster with hydra heads that really hiss for sections—until persons that haven't caught it in performance would think themselves drenched in myth. Hearing is believing.

—Sammy Mitchell

### Franz Jackson

Top of the Gate, New York City

Personnel: Leon Scott, trumpet; Preston Jackson, trombone; Jackson, clarinet; Lil Armstrong, piano; Ike Robinson, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Tommy Benford, drums; Jean Carroll, vocals.

This was a Sunday afternoon concert jointly sponsored by the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club and the New York Hot Jazz Society. It proved to the capacity crowd of trad-jazz-starved New Yorkers that at least some of the jazz that came up the river has not gone down the drain.

The group, with the exception of the New York-based Benford, flew in from Chicago and had been working together for some time. Trumpeter Bob Shoffner, a King Oliver alumnus and a very fine player, was originally scheduled to be with the band, but illness prevented his making the trip. His replacement, Scott, was not someone with whom I was familiar, although Jackson announced him as a former member of Jimmy Noone's band at the famous Apex Club. He is a powerful trumpeter with a good tone, obviously quite at home in traditional jazz.

The band as a whole sounded very

good—a hearty crew of youthful old-timers reminding us that it all began not so very long ago. Lil Armstrong was her vivacious old self, evoking shades of the Hot Five with her bubbling solos, aiming her Instamatic at the audience between numbers, shrieking with glee when some-



Franz Jackson: Joyful

one hit a particularly right note or frowned when someone was less fortunate.

Jackson's clarinet climbed smoothly out of the lower register to soar joyfully in a series of superb solos, occasionally gliding into a familiar riff from a later era and always providing the perfect complement to the rest of the activity. He was par-

ticularly dexterous on *Fidgety Feet*, while *Apex Blues* served well to demonstrate his ability to lend poignancy to a slow blues.

Preston Jackson played his role well in the ensemble and contributed many good solos, but I was most impressed by his beautiful obbligatos behind the vocals, particularly his accompaniment to the leader's guttural rendition of *Mecca Flat Blues*.

Miss Carroll, a young lady who has been Jackson's vocalist for two years, sang four numbers. She has a strong and good voice which fares better at slower tempos.

Robinson and Oldham kept up with things on banjo and tuba respectively, while drummer Benford, already a veteran when he went to Europe in 1932 with violinist Eddie South, really sparked the rhythm section. (After the concert, Lil Armstrong whispered to me that she thought Benford's playing was good but a little bit "too modern.")

All in all it was a good, if not solid, four hours of the kind of jazz one hears all too little of in New York. It may be that there is not enough of a following for traditional jazz in the city to warrant a regular presentation of this kind of music. Jimmy Ryan's, one of the few nights spots in town to feature old jazz, caters mostly to visiting out-of-towners, and the crowd which came to the Top of the Gate to hear Jackson and his Chicagoans was an alarmingly familiar one. Nevertheless, the Connecticut and New York clubs which sponsored this event are to be commended for giving us a few vintage hours.

—Chris Albertson

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# music workshop

## CURTIS FULLER By David Baker

ONE OF THE truly vital voices on the trombone scene belongs to virtuoso instrumentalist Curtis Fuller. His playing background is wide and varied and has included the big bands of Dizzy Gillespie, Quincy Jones and Gil Evans and the small groups of Lester Young, Art Blakey and James Moody. That he is held in high esteem is reflected in the fact that he is one of the most recorded trombonists in jazz.

Among his more obvious assets are:

1. An exceptionally beautiful sound.



2. A very distinctive melodic conception.

3. Impeccable time and sense of swing.

4. Phenomenal speed and meticulous articulation.

Equally important in his make-up is the maturity that allows him to resist the temptation to capitalize on his considerable technique at the expense of the music. His wealth of experience enables him to draw material from varied sources in seemingly endless quantity. The above factors make Curtis Fuller one of the most consistently exciting and imaginative players in jazz today.

The solo is from the album *Sliding Easy* (United Artists UAL 4041) by the Curtis Fuller Sextet. The composition is a blues for Charlie Parker called *Bongo Bop*.

The main continuing interests in the solo are rhythmic and melodic rather than harmonic. Fuller primarily uses basic harmonies, and colors them simply with major and blues scales. In this solo he uses virtually no substitutions.

Specific points of interest:

1. The recurring triplet motive at:  
(B) 6, 7, 8 and 10  
(C) 10, 11 and 12

This triplet figure acts as an effective contrast to the 8th and dotted 8th and 16th rhythms.

2. The burst of 16th notes at:  
(C) 2 and 4

A lesser player with the same technical equipment would probably have succumbed to the temptation to doubletime the whole chorus.

3. The feeling of anticipation and tension set up by the silence for the first two and a half bars of letter (D).

4. The climax of the solo: (C) to (D) achieved through increased rhythmic activity and greater intensity.

As with the other transcribed solos in this column, a deeper appreciation may be gained by listening to the record. 

# MALLET PERCUSSION STUDIES By Bob Tilles

THIS IS the first article in a series of mallet keyboard studies.

As the mallet series develops, we will study basic scales, chords, and alterations of chords and progressions as well as blues and other harmony and theory exercises.

It is important for the classical player as well as the jazz musician to know and play his scales and chords.

Play the following exercise on any keyboard instrument you may have available (e.g., vibes, marimba, xylophone, bells [muffed], piano, organ, accordion, etc.).

Two mallets. Start left hand or right hand and use alternate sticking.

## C MAJOR SCALE

The handwritten notation shows the C Major Scale and five basic chords with fingerings:

- C MAJOR CHORD:** 1 3 5 1 3 5 1 5 3 1 5 3 1
- C MINOR CHORD:** 1 b3 5 1 b3 5 1 5 b3 1 5 b3 1
- AUGMENTED 5TH CHORD:** 1 3 #5 1 3 #5 1 #5 3 1 #5 3 1
- DOMINANT 7TH CHORD:** 1 3 5 b7 1 3 5 b7 1 b7 5 3 1 b7 5 3 1
- DIMINISHED 7TH CHORD:** 1 b3 b5 6 1 b3 b5 6 1 6 b5 b3 1 6 b5 b3 1

Transpose and play the major scale and the five basic chords in every key.

The next mallet exercise adds altered chords to the basic chords just studied.

Practice this exercise in every key, using alternate sticking. Start slowly, work up speed gradually. Transpose to all other keys.

## C Major Scale

Printed musical notation for the C Major Scale.

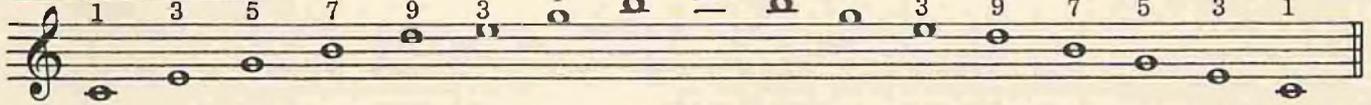
## C Major 6th Chord

Printed musical notation for the C Major 6th Chord with fingerings: 1 3 5 6 1 3 5 6 1 6 5 3 1 6 5 3 1

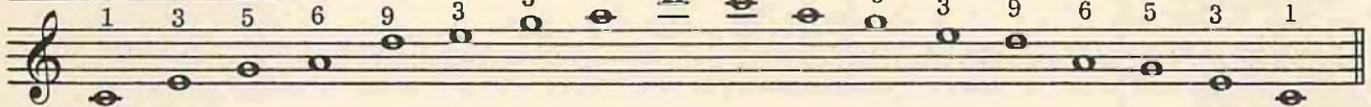
## C Major 7th Chord

Printed musical notation for the C Major 7th Chord with fingerings: 1 3 5 7 1 3 5 7 1 7 5 3 1 7 5 3 1

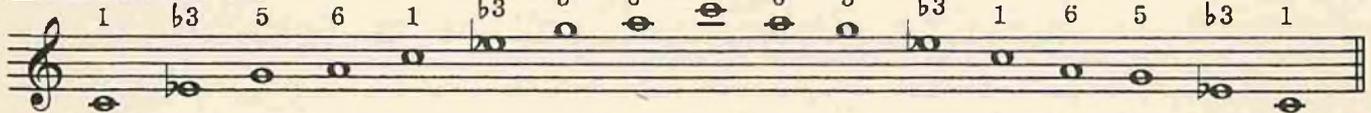
### C Major 9th Chord



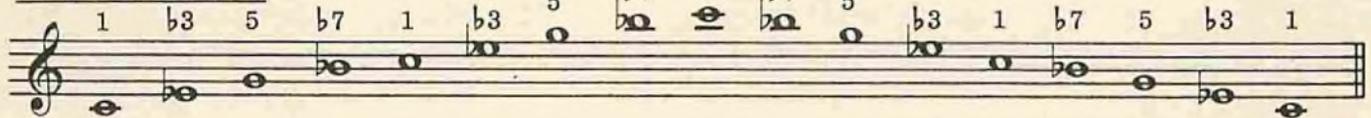
### C Major 6th<sup>9th</sup> Chord



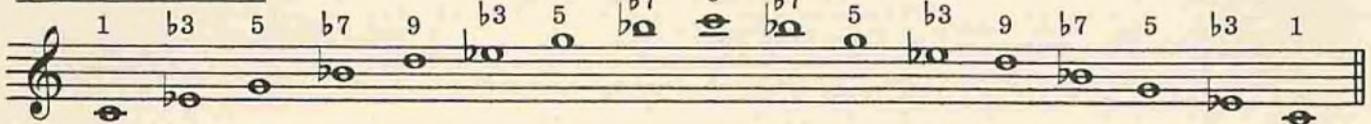
### C Minor 6th Chord



### C Minor 7th Chord



### C Minor 9th Chord



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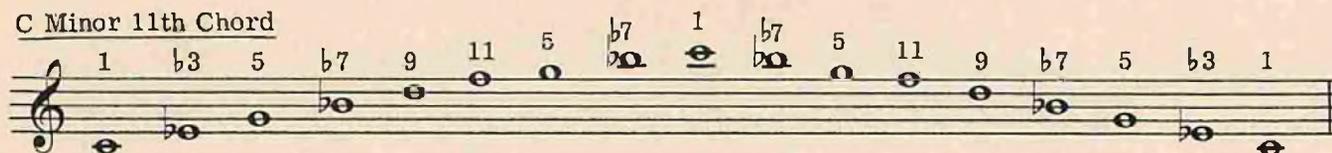
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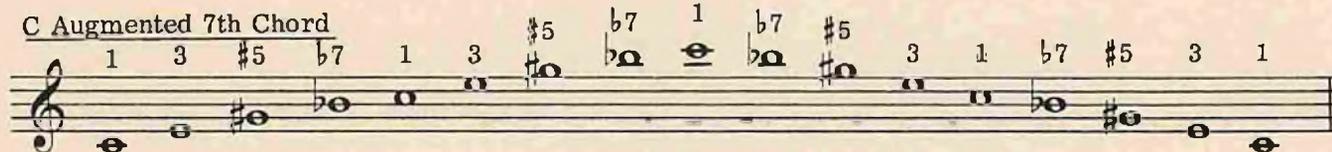
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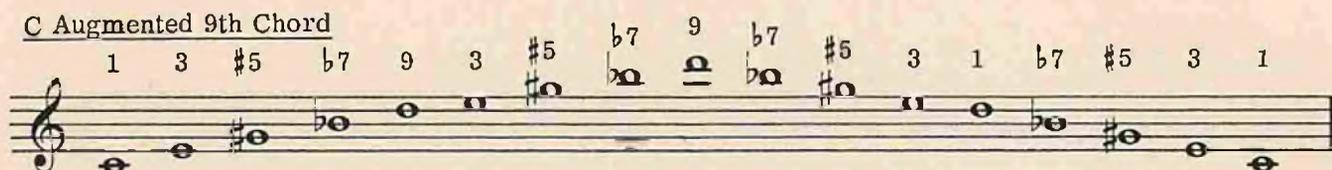
### C Minor 11th Chord



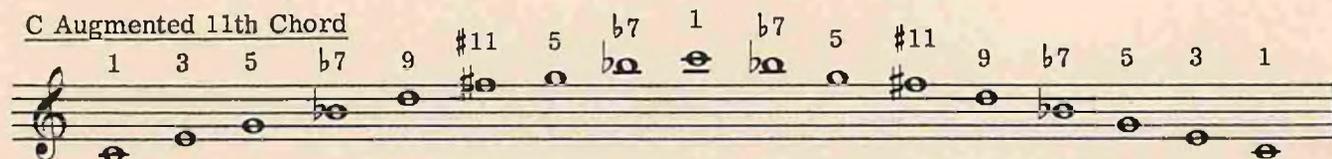
### C Augmented 7th Chord



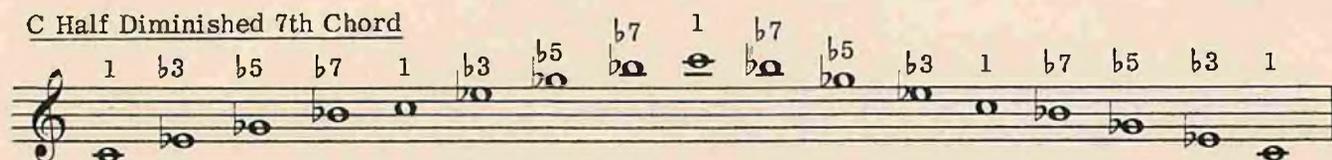
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C Dominant 7th Chord

1 3 5  $\flat 7$  1 3 5  $\flat 7$  1  $\flat 7$  5 1 3  $\flat 7$  5 3 1

C Dominant 9th Chord

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

C Dominant 11th Chord

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

C Dominant 13th Chord

1 3 5  $\flat 7$  9 11 13  $\flat 7$  1  $\flat 7$  13 11 9  $\flat 7$  5 3 1

In our next column we will study four-mallet exercises.



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BOB TILLES is one of the country's outstanding percussion instructors and clinicians. He is on the faculty of De Paul University School of Music and is director of the De Paul Percussion Ensemble.

Tilles has been a staff percussionist with CBS in Chicago for 13 years, and has also worked for NBC, Mutual Broadcasting, and all major record companies. Among the conductors he has played for are the late Dr. Frederick Stock, Ray Bloch, Norman Leyden, Dick Schory, Bert Farber and Dick Hyman. Adept at drums, mallets, and timpani, he has experience in such varied areas as symphony and ballet, film sound tracks, and jingles as well as popular and modern music.

Among the artists with whom Tilles has worked on TV, radio and records are Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Erroll Garner, Nat Cole, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Tony Bennett, Marian McPartland, June Christy and Nancy Wilson.

After service in the 346th Army Service Force Band during World War II, Tilles studied at the Midwestern Conservatory of Music and then attended the Roy C. Knapp School of Music. After graduation with high honors, he taught at the Knapp School for 11 years.

Tilles is the author of *Practical Percussion Studies*, a popular drum book, and *Practical Improvisations*, a modern harmony book, both published by Henry Adler/Belwin. He has composed two percussion ensembles published by Creative Music. He is a regular columnist for *The Ludwig Drummer*, and has contributed to many leading music publications. His column will be a regular feature in *Down Beat*.

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## GREEN

(Continued from page 15)

soloist. He will appear with stage band or concert bands, and sometimes with both. He already has played this year at Arlington High School in Indianapolis and was impressed with the level of proficiency in the band. "We did *Sunny*, *Perdido*, *Stardust* and *The Green Bee*, a rock version of *The Flight of the Bumblebee* which Tommy Newsom arranged for me. Some of the band directors think that including pop and jazz material makes the kids more interested, and I agree."

On Feb. 20-21, Green will be in San Antonio for the Music Educators' Convention where he will play with the North Texas State Lab Band. In late winter and early spring he is slated to serve both as soloist and clinician in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

He doesn't have any particular method for instructing young musicians. "I just get out and talk to the kids about what has worked for me over the years," says Green, who at 42 still looks boyish enough to be mistaken for one of the students to whom he will be lecturing.

"When some of the kids talk to me I get the feeling that we can become too serious about music. Some of them are so bugged with this 'art' business. Music should be fun. After all, don't musicians have some of the greatest senses of humor?" he says.

Green's main advice is simple: "Try to play your instrument well, so you can express what you want to. The important thing, to me, has always been to express the way I feel."

In April, he will take his current band—including a very fine vocalist, Kathy Preston—to Cleveland's Theatrical Restaurant where he also worked last August. (On that occasion, he was backed by the trio of Intercollegiate Jazz Festival winner Jack Murphy.) There are no fixed charts in Urbie's sextet, and you can tell that he is enjoying the opportunity to improvise away from the limitations of the studio.

When Urbie is at his Pennsylvania farm, he often runs over to the nearby Deer Park Inn to jam with pianist Johnny Coates, or drops in at baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron's music shop, 15 miles away in Stroudsburg. Sometimes he just sits on the porch and wafts melodies into the bucolic atmosphere. One day the cows responded by coming toward him at a rapid gait. "I thought they were stampeding but they stopped at the fence," he recalls.

Although he left Woody Herman in 1952 for a more settled life, at heart Urbie Green is still with the jazz herd.



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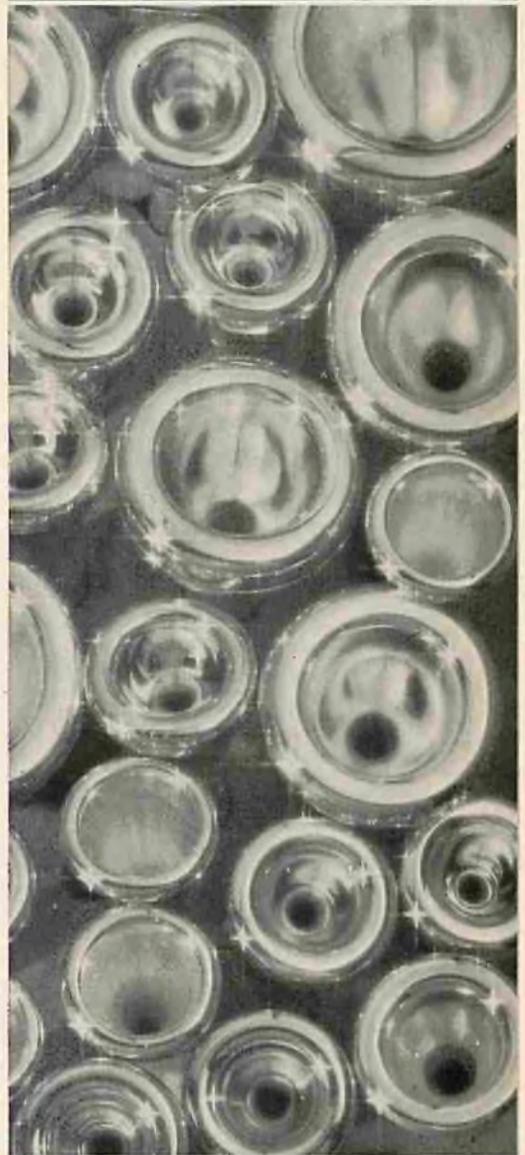
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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

Cohn and Sims but the drummers were many, beginning with Mickey Roker and continuing through Alan Schwartzberg and Dottie Dodgion. Schwartzberg then departed for four weeks at Ronnie Scott's in London as part of Stan Getz' new group which includes Stan Cowell, piano, and Miroslav Vitous, bass . . . Herbie Mann and B.B. King were the after-Christmas through New Year's Eve attractions at the Village Gate. January weekends belonged to Nina Simone, Montego Joe's septet, and the Swordsmen, a vocal duo. Gary Burton held forth at the Top of the Gate for the first two weeks in January. With the vibist were guitarist Jerry Hahn, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Bill Goodwin . . . Peter's, at 2108 Clove Road on Staten Island, has been featuring the trio of drummer Art Blakey Jr. on weekends since mid-December. Featured is pianist Bobby Timmons, while Mickey Bass was on bass . . . Tenor saxophonist Tyrone Washington did a Monday night at Count Basie's with Lonnie Smith, piano; John Williams, bass, and Michael Shepherd, drums . . . Babs (Speedy) Gonzales was the focal point for a Jazz Interactions Sunday session at The Scene with the Horace Parlan trio. Accompanying pianist Parlan were Morris Edwards, bass; Al Mouzon, drums . . . A Friday-the-13th Exorcism by Steve Tintweiss' Purple Why was held in December at Gallery 55 in Brooklyn. Personnel included Earl Cross, trumpet and wood flute; Marty Cook, trombone; Sam Rivers, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; Tintweiss, bass, melodica, vocals, composition and recording; Randy Kaye, percussion; Shelly Rusten, photography . . . Chico Hamilton's sextet and Roy Haynes' quintet each played a week at Slugs' in the first half of January. A Monday night appearance by vocalist Betty Carter at the far east club had them lined up outside the club. The *Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon* series had trombone, tenor saxophone and trumpet features in consecutive weeks. Curtis Fuller, Grachan Moncur and Julian Priester slid through the first session; Sam Rivers, Bill Barron and Benny Maupin set the tenor of the second; Charles Tolliver, Jimmy Owens and Woody Shaw were the Gabriels of the third . . . Pianist Ran Blake taped a show for Channel 13 with *Down Beat* writer Michael Cuscuna as emcee . . . The Gaslight Club's *Road Shows* band is made up of Johnny Windhurst, trumpet; Vernon Brown, trombone; Sal Pace, clarinet and tenor saxophone; Gary Pace, piano; and Harry Stump, drums . . . Trombonist Benny Powell's sextet and singer Leon Thomas played a post-New Year's concert for the Hartford Jazz Society. The sextet was peopled by Richard Williams, trumpet; Harold Vick, reeds; Milt Sealey, piano; Gene Wright, bass, and Omar Clay, drums. Vick also played with percussionist Warren Smith and the Composers Workshop Ensemble, featuring guest artist Hattie Winston, in a concert under the auspices of the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Mark's Playhouse.

  
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Also with Smith were **Johnny Coles**, trumpet; **Julius Watkins**, French horn; **Jack Jeffers**, bass trombone; **Howard Johnson**, tuba and baritone saxophone; **Bross Townsend**, piano, and **Herb Bushler**, Fender bass.

**Los Angeles:** This city contributed its share of low-resistant swingers to the onslaught of Hong Kong flu. The un-hip bug claimed among its victims **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Jimmy Rowles**, **Bill Perkins**, **Frank Rosolino**, **Bob Florence**, **Joe Pass** and **Larry Bunker**. Brookmeyer and Rowles missed the first two weekends of a three-weekend gig at Donte's. The group, fronted by Brookmeyer, also included Perkins, reeds; **Buddy Clark**, bass; **Bunker**, drums. **Mike Barone** subbed on trombone; **Frank Strazzeri** subbed for Rowles . . . Another bug-inspired substitution found pianist **Mike Lang** filling in for Bob Florence during an interesting one-nighter at Donte's that paired **Bud Shank** and a saxophone section. Included in that section were **Bob Cooper**, **Tom Scott**, **John Lowe**, **Jack Nimitz** and **Bob Haradaway**, with **Howard Roberts**, guitar; **Bob West**, bass, and **Bunker**, drums . . . Also on the ailing list: **Buddy Rich**, who characteristically, quickly recovered from a hernia operation. Also characteristically, Rich was doing more than he should have—like helping to move the piano on the stand at the Hong Kong Bar (where his band was ensconced for three weeks) . . . A Chanukah festival at the Los Angeles Sports Arena boasted **Della Reese**, **Eartha Kitt** and **Billy Daniels** . . . **Gil Melle's** electronic quartet is at the Moonfire Inn in Topanga on Monday nights. Original plans had called for Wednesday gigs, but the night was shifted in an attempt to improve business . . . Business at Cappy's in Van Nuys promptly collapsed before its new Sunday jazz policy was allowed to get off the ground. The **Morabito-Rogers** quintet lost out to the familiar signs of indifference; poor advertising and a hopelessly out-of-tune piano. On either side of the hyphen were co-leaders **Bruce Morabito**, piano, and **Ron Rogers**, tenor saxophone; also **Don Karian**, trumpet; **John Duke**, bass; **Fred Stofflet** (one of the charter members of Gil Melle's Electronauts), drums; and **Lyn Keath**, vocals . . . A newcomer to Los Angeles, guitarist **Don Overberg**, displayed his stuff at Donte's for two successive Guitar Nights. Overberg came here from Las Vegas to work with **Jerry Lewis**. That gig led to others. In the group: **Clare Fischer**, electric organ; **Buddy Clark**, bass; **Clüz Harris**, drums. Fischer had a non-alcoholic glow on over his new album, *Thesaurus*, featuring his 18-piece band. He recently signed with Atlantic. **Albert Marx** produced the album. Another recent signing had **Father Tom Vaughn** switching from RCA Victor to Capitol. The padre of the piano claims the clerical bit will be underplayed in terms of promotion. His recent appearance on KABC-TV's *Mornings at 7* have been in multi . . . **Louis Jordan** and his *Tympany 5* were at the Bill of Fare. **Hadda Brooks** is still holding down the solo piano spot in the Other Room, which is the other room

at the club . . . **Wild Bill Davis** and his trio just finished up at **Redd Foxx's** . . . **Ernie Andrews** at **Memory Lane** was backed by **Sweets Edison's** trio . . . **Rita Moss** was the first name to play the revamped **Shifty's** in San Diego. The singer-pianist-organist fronted a trio (**Oliver Luck**, trombone and drums, and **Larry Honing**, bass), but it should be considered a quartet, what with her four-octave range . . . Also in San Diego, **Duke Ellington** conducted a post-Christmas Sacred Concert at the First Methodist Church . . . While the **Craig Hundley** trio was sharing the stage of **Melodyland** in Anaheim with **Johnny Mathis**, the three youngsters played a command performance pre-Christmas concert at the Council Chambers in Los Angeles' City Hall. Following the **Melodyland** gig, the **Hundley** trio headed for the midwest and another campus concert tour . . . The end of '68 and the beginning of '69 saw increased jazz activity in Hawaii. **Sarah Vaughan** was the New Year's Eve headliner at the **Ilikai** in Honolulu. In the same city, **Lou Rawls** was the first attraction as the **Imperial Hotel** opened for business. The **Baja Marimba Band** opened there Jan. 17. **Rawls** was back home in time for a three-day "soul happening" at **Melodyland** with **Duke Ellington** . . . Back in the local area, the **Black Fox**—formerly **Marty's-on-the-Hill**—has added **Perry Lee** and her quartet on Sunday afternoons and Monday nights. Headliners are still **Dave Holden** and **Vee Jay** . . . The **George Gande** trio finished up a long stay at **Smugglers Inn** . . . The unofficial house trio of **Dick Shreve**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass, and **Stix Hooper**, drums, recently backed singer **Mike Clifford** at **Ye Little Club** in **Beverly Hills** . . . The **Century Plaza Hotel** had some great jazz vocalese going on at the same time in its two main rooms: **Mel Torme** in the large **Westside Room**, backed by **Al Pellegrini** and his orchestra; and **Carmen McRae** in the lounge, the **Hong Kong Bar**, backed by **Norman Simmons**, piano; **Cluck Domancio**, bass, and **Frank Severino**, drums. **O. C. Smith** has just been signed to open in the **Westside Room** April 1. The last time **Smith** played the **Century Plaza** it was in the lounge, but now that's too small for him . . . **Gabor Szabo** played **Shelly's Manne-Hole**, using **Francois Vaz** on second guitar. At the same time, his former confrere of the fret, **Jimmy Stewart**, was in **Puerto Rico**, at the **Sheraton** in **San Juan**, conducting and occasionally getting into the act with **Chita Rivera** . . . The **Three Sounds** followed **Willie Bobo** into the **Lighthouse**. The **Afro-Blues Quintet**, who used to work Sundays at the **Lighthouse** are now recording for **Uni Records** (a label put out by **Universal Studios**) under the name of the **Aquarians** . . . **Ernie Freeman**, who has been arranging hits for various singers year after year, has now started his own label, **Silver Cloud** . . . **Antonio Carlos Jobim** was in town for two album dates: one on his own for **A&M**; the other for **Frank Sinatra** on **Reprise** . . . **Sears**, **Roebuck** announced it will not handle **Sergio Mendes'** latest **A&M** album, *Fool on the Hill*. Reason: the "hill" shown on the back cover providing support for the

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members of **Brasil 66**. Apparently, Sears would like to make a clean breast of the whole situation. **Paul Winter** is the latest jazz name to sign with A&M records. The reed man's combo will be known as a **Contemporary Consort**, and is currently on a 27-city, 17-state tour—a consort tour, of course . . . **Quincy Jones** leased a "small" British castle while in London on *The Italian Job* for Paramount. Jones has added a new publishing firm to his corporate image: Ula Music Company—named for his wife. The latest addition is BMI; his earlier QJ Music Company is ASCAP. **Laurindo Almeida** did the score for *Jean Navarro*, an animated short for Murakami Wolf Films . . . **Gil Melle** is scoring a documentary called *Watts* . . . That was **Herb Jeffries** in a straight dramatic role in *Stopover* (part of NBC's *The Virginian*).

**San Francisco:** A team around town were the **Cal Tjader** and **Vince Guaraldi** groups, Tjader with **Al Zulaieca**, piano; **Jim McCabe**, bass; **John Rae**, drums; **Armando Perez**, conga; and Guaraldi with **Bob Addison**, guitar; **Kelly Brian**, bass; **Al Coster**, drums. They played together on several dates during the month of December, but at the old year's end went their separate ways, Tjader to El Matador, Guaraldi to the new jazz club at Palo Alto, *The Exit*, where he took over from the **John Handy** quintet—Handy on alto, saxello, flute, oboe; **Mike White**, violin; **Mike Noek**, piano; **James Leary**, bass; **Bert Matthews**, drums . . . **Web Lolman**, owner of *The Exit* (no hard liquor served), plans a "jazz unadulterated" policy, and uses three house trios on different occasions: **Ed Kelly**, piano; **Harley White**, bass; **Jod Sharper**, drums, Tuesdays through Thursdays; **Bill Bell** on piano Fridays and Saturdays with White and Sharper again on bass and drums, and **Jimmy Young**, piano; **Andre Garand**, bass; **Clarence Becton**, drums, on "Jazz Until Dawn" sessions Sunday mornings. Cal Tjader was to be among future guest groups . . . The **Lee Schipper** quartet (Schipper, vibes; **Bob Strizich**, guitar; **Peter Marshall**, bass; **Al Coster**, drums) was scheduled to play a mid-day concert at the U. of California campus on Jan. 8, Schipper's second on returning from a long State Dept.-sponsored African tour . . . Basin Street West brought the new year in on a three headliner attraction: **Jimmy Witherspoon**, comedian **Redd Foxx**, and the **Don Scalletta** trio . . . The Jazz Workshop featured **Les McCann's** trio . . . The Circle Star Theater at San Carlos had a trinity package scheduled for mid-January: **Carmen McRae**, **Joe Williams**, and the **Ramsey Lewis** trio . . . "An Evening With Carmen McRae" opened the third student-initiated jazz series on the U.C. campus in Zellerbach Auditorium Feb. 1, culminating in the Jazz Festival April 25-26. (Following the concert, Miss McRae plans an extensive tour of major supper clubs with **Sammy Davis.**) Events and artists for the U.S. Festival '69 will be announced after the McRae concert . . . **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** were at *Mandrake's* in Berkeley early in January . . . The *Ente*

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Sisters and the George Duke trio saw the Trident at Sausalito through all of December. The jazz-on-the-waterfront club plans an extensive overhaul, and will be closed until March with the first slated attraction Rufus Harley . . . Altoist Jules Broussard, with Tom Coster, organ, and Dick Whittaker, drums (occasionally backing singer Roxanne Duncan) has now added amplified baritone to his Thursday through Sunday appearances at the Off-Plaza . . . Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra debuted the West Coast in a concert at the College of Marin Gymnasium followed by concerts at the Oakland Auditorium and S.F. Art Institute. Nimrod Hunt, (Nigerian) trumpet; Charlie Stephens, trombone; John Gilmore, Marshall Allen,

Pat Patrick, Danny Davis, James Jackson, Danny Thompson, Robert Cummings, reeds; Alro Wright, cello, viola; Clifford Jarvis, drums; June Tyson, vocals; Lois Climons, Judy Holton, Deborah Brooks, Elendar Barnes, dancers, were the personnel; all revolving round Sun Ra on piano, clavoline, clavinet, space-master organ and sun harp, and all doubling percussion variously on barrages more primeval than space . . . The Firehouse Five Plus Two came up from Hollywood Dec. 13-14 and shared the bandstand at Earthquake McGoon's with residents Turk Murphy's Jazzband . . . Lou Rawls and Hugh Masekela were the duo at a one-nighter Jan. 10 at the Oakland Coliseum . . . The John Handy group, the

Hylar Jones quartet, Rafael Garrett's Circus, and vocalist Millie Foster held a John Coltrane memorial concert at the Both/And club on Sunday, Dec. 22. At the Both/And much of the time, was the Fourth Way (which is Handy's group sans Handy) . . . The Hylar Jones quartet and the Modern Afro-Jazz Quartet played a one-nighter at the New Drum Auditorium . . . The Pair Extraordinaire were at El Matador for a week in December . . . Big Mama Thornton had a two-week engagement at the new hungry i on Ghia-delli Square after the Jazz Workshop . . . Meridian West (Julie Iger, flute; Lawrence Yagt, guitar; Nat Johnson, bass; Allan Phimental, drums) was at the S.F. YWCA for a one nighter . . . African songstress Letta Mbulu joined with the Rev. Cecil Williams and the Jim Young trio for a "Soul Christmas" at Glide Church Dec. 22.

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**Philadelphia:** Members of AFM Local 274 (Philadelphia's black local) reportedly had a heated meeting after the national office sent instructions to combine with Local 77 (the white local). There is strong sentiment in both directions on this issue. Jimmy Adams, president of Local 274, spent many hours with members of his local explaining the situation. Harry (Skeets) Marsh, John Lamb, Tommy Simms, Skip Johnson and many other notables took an active role in the long, crowded meeting. No final decision is to be made until after a meeting at the national office in New York . . . Roland Kirk was slated for a one-week engagement at Peps Musical Bar, starting with a one-day visit to Laurettas Hi Hat Club in Lawnside, N.J. on Sunday Jan. 5 . . . The Stardust Inn in Chester, Pa. presented Jimmy McGriff on the weekend of Dec. 27. Al Grey and his group played the room for the New Year's Eve show . . . Betty Burgess, former Arthur Prysock organist, had an extended stay at the Top Shelf in Ardmore, Pa., after appearing at the Cosmopolitan A.A. in South West Philly . . . Vocalist Ernie Banks returned to the First Nighter Supper Club, following Bunny Sigler and the Jazz East Trio . . . Sarah Dean, popular vocalist who sang in the Lawnside, N.J. area for many years, is now sharing the bill with Betty Greene at the Sahara. Spanky De Brest, former Art Blakey bass man, has been featured regularly at the Sahara . . . Pianist Gerald Price and bassist John Lamb got into some exciting moments together at the Clef Club (the Club Room of AFM Local 274) recently, and one wonders if they would not be wise to form a group together? Price's trio was backing vocalist Bobby Brookes . . . Johnny Austin, popular local bandleader who once had a house band at the Click and later led at Wagners Ballroom, was set to open with a 12-piece band at the Riviera Ballroom in Collingswood, N.J. for a two-week engagement . . . When Muddy Waters was at the Electric Factory, he seemed to find his way to the Sahara each night for some soul food and a listen to Betty Greene and her group . . . Charlie Chisholm is readying a big band for his Quaker City Jazz label. The group uses organ

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rather than piano to get that strong soulful bottom the Al Grey big band had. The group rehearsed at Peps recently . . . Vocalist **Dionne Warwick** was featured at the Latin Casino during the holidays, and the fellows in the band had much praise for her arrangements . . . **Fred Miles' American Interracialist Jazz Society** has started a series of meetings at the Sahara on Sunday afternoons . . . The Record Mart has moved its center city shop from Chestnut to 16th St. between Market and Chestnut due to the erection of a skyscraper in the area. It is hoped the new store will offer rehearsal space for **The Nazz**, a rock group the owners have been backing . . . Vocalist **Joe Valino** was held over at the Picasso, a suburban room that seems to be getting back to live entertainment once again . . . Organist **Trudy Pitts** brought her group to the Chianti recently.

**Detroit:** As usual, the Christmas season was session time in Detroit. It started when multi-instrumentalist **Roland Kirk** joined an afterhours session at the Rapa House which also featured pianists **Hal McKinney** and **Teddy Harris**, bassists **Rod Hicks** and **Ed Pickens**, drummers **Bob Battle**, **James Brown** and **Doug Hammon**, trumpeters **Donald Towns** and **Jesse Virdon**, tenorist **Donald Walden** and trombonist **Patrick Lanier**, recently returned from the service . . . The following night, Kirk's last at the Drome, he hosted a guest star in drummer **Roy Brooks**, in town for the holidays. The next week Brooks was back to sit in with McKinney's quintet (**Marcus Belgrave**, trumpet; **Ike Daney**, drums, Hicks and Walden). Another famous holiday visitor who sat in was pianist **Barry Harris**. Other participants included pianist **Claude Black**, formerly a familiar face on the Detroit scene but currently resident in Toledo, and a number of Detroiters, including Hammon, Towns, Virdon, bassist **Ernie Farrow**, trombonist **John Hair**, trumpeter **Little John Wilson**, and McKinney's vocalist **Gwen McKinney** . . . The Detroit Creative Musicians' Association Christmas Concert, held at Detroit Repertory Theatre, featured Brown's sextet (Belgrave, Hicks, Walden, bassist **John Dana** and reed man **Auron Neal**), playing a program of contemporary standards and Hammon leading a quartet (trumpeter **Doug Halliday**, tenorist **Larry Nozero** and Dana), quintet (pianist **Dave Durrah**, altoist **Al Crawford**, Lanier and Dana) and octet (all the above, plus Belgrave) in several of his own compositions. Adding variety to the program was a poetry reading by poets **Naima**, **Slick Campbell**, **Jesse Waits**, **Elton Hill**, **Harry Mann** and **Nick**. The poets were backed by Campbell on alto and by each other on various African instruments. The group was augmented by **Charles Miles** on conga drum. Miles is now back in his more customary role as altoist-flutist with the **Nu-Art Quartet** at the Fireside Lounge of the Twenty Grand. He replaced guitarist **James Ullmer** . . . Hammon recently took still another group (Ullmer, Dana and tenorist **Marvin Cabell**) to Ann Arbor to inaugurate afterhours music at Mark's Coffee

House . . . Vocalist **Mark Richards** has replaced **Wilbur Chapman** as featured attraction at the Robin's West Lounge in the Berkshire Motel. Backing Richards are drummer **Ralph Jay's** trio (**Keith Vreeland**, piano and **Louis Reed**, bass).

**New Orleans:** Several drummers were involved in a game of musical chairs here last month. **Don Rabb**, drummer with pianist **Buddy Prima**, was replaced by **Al Hirt's** drummer, **Fred Staehle**. The chair vacated by Staehle was filled by **Paul Ferrara**, who left the **Al Belletto** group at the Playboy. Belletto brought in **Louis Timken** from the Top-of-the-Mart, where he had been working with clarinetist-guitarist **Paul Guma**. **Frank Vicari** is

filling in with the **Guma** combo. Meanwhile, drummer **Charlie South** left the **Dave West** trio at the Bistro and was not replaced at presstime . . . **Willie Tee**, who sings and plays organ with his blues and jazz group here, had a single released on Capitol, *I'm Only a Man* . . . Reed man **James Rivers** and his trio are playing weekends at a downtown club, **Laura's** . . . **Pete Fountain** and **Ronnie Kolo** were among the artists featured on NBC's New Year's Eve *Parade of Bands* broadcast. The ubiquitous **Kolo** also brought his combo to the Loyola Field House to play for the Sugar Bowl basketball tournament . . . A French Quarter key club called the Dungeon went public recently and brought in pianist **Dave (Fat Man) Williams** and



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vocalist **Ellyna Tatum** . . . Deacon John's blues band is featured with an Afro-Art show at the Greystone Lounge in Algiers, La. . . . Vocalist **Marian Taylor** and the **Dave Atkins Trio** were recently featured at the Al Hirt club.

**Baltimore:** The off-again, on-again jazz policy at the Alpine Villa is off again . . . **Greg Hatza**, the young organist who was playing weekends at Lenny Moore's last year, has moved over to Henry Baker's Peyton Place. **Sonny Stitt** played Peyton Place over the Christmas holidays . . . Earlier in December, guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and his regular group (pianist **Richard Wyands**, bassist **Martin Rivera** and drummer **Bill English**) played a Left Bank Jazz Society Sunday concert. The following week, on December 8, altoist **Lee Konitz**, recently back from eight months in Europe and sounding better than ever, brought in a group for the LBSJ consisting of valve trombonist **Marshall Brown**, Baltimore pianist **Dick Katz**, bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Jack DeJohnette**. Konitz and the group concentrated on jazz standards but ranged from **Louis Armstrong's Struttin' With Some Barbecue** to **Bela Bartok's** waltz-time piano exercise, **Thumb Under**. An added attraction was vocalist **Babs Gonzales** who, in between trips to the bandstand, hawked copies of his book, **I Paid My Dues**. A portion of the concert was filmed by WMAR-TV for incorporation in a film, **Soul of Baltimore**, which was recently shown on TV.

**Pittsburgh:** **Nina Simone** drew about 1500 buffs to the Pittsburgh Hilton Hotel for the Dec. 27 **Walt Harper** jazz workshop, which still failed to match the capacity houses of 3000 pianist-entrepreneur **Harper** had last year. Sidemen were **Weldon Ervine**, organ; **Al Shuckman**, guitar; **Gene Perla**, bass; **Don Ellis**, drums . . . On the other side of town, the same evening saw a jazz concert sponsored by the Gulf Oil employees club which attracted about 600 to a combination dinner-dance concert. Mainstreamers were featured: **Ex-Raymond Scott** and **Bunny Berigan** saxophonist **James Pelow**; **Hal MacIntyre** alumnus **Reid Jaynes**, piano; **Jan Garber's** one-time bassist **Harry Bush**, trumpeter **Hershey Cohen** and drummer **Dick Brosky**. Vocals were by **Jeanne Baxter** and the **Three Belles**, **Ed Cox** and **Tom Evans** . . . An up-and-coming combo from the Bridgeville-Carnegie, Pa. area is helping the younger set dig jazz standards as well as well-arranged rock. They are the **Caravelles**, with co-leaders **Rick Funaro** and **LeRoy Molinaro**. Instrumentation is **Funaro**, lead guitar; **Molinaro**, **Art Aloise**, rhythm guitars; **Sam Schmeck**, bass guitar; **Fred Amendola**, drums. Their **New Year's** gig was at the Gallery in Bridgeville . . . The **Route 22 Holiday Inn** turned on the college set with **Duquesne University** student and recording star **Eric Kloss** on saxophone. Pianist **Frank Cunimondo** was followed by his fans to the **New Kensington, Pa. Holiday Inn** . . . The **Three Sounds** brought **Crawford's Grill** a large Christmas following.

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