

MARCH 6, 1969

35c

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

FILM AND TV MUSIC The Multi-Faceted Lalo Schifrin

Henry Mancini: Mr. Lucky

Inside the Control Booth
WLIB: New York's Jazz Voice



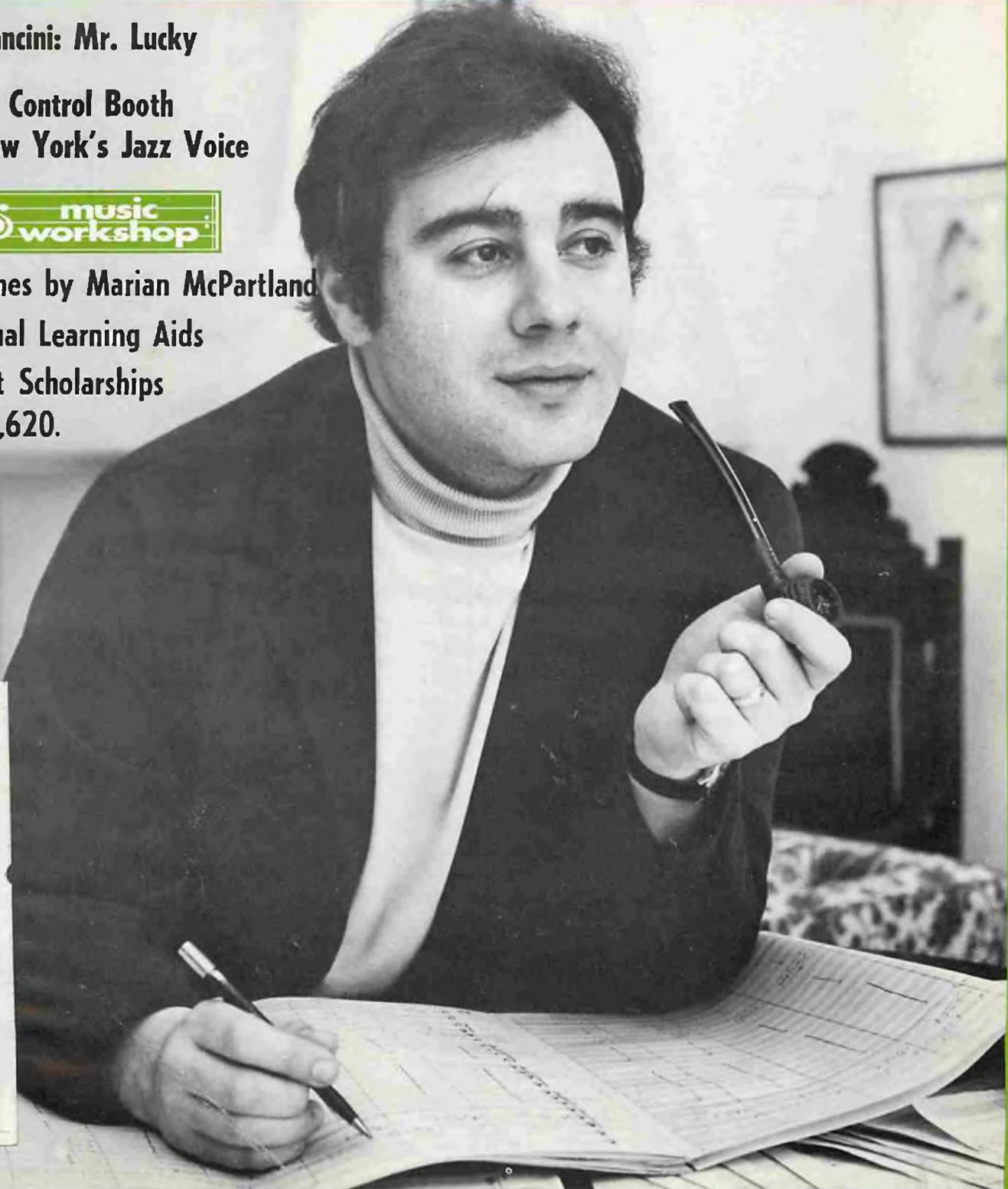
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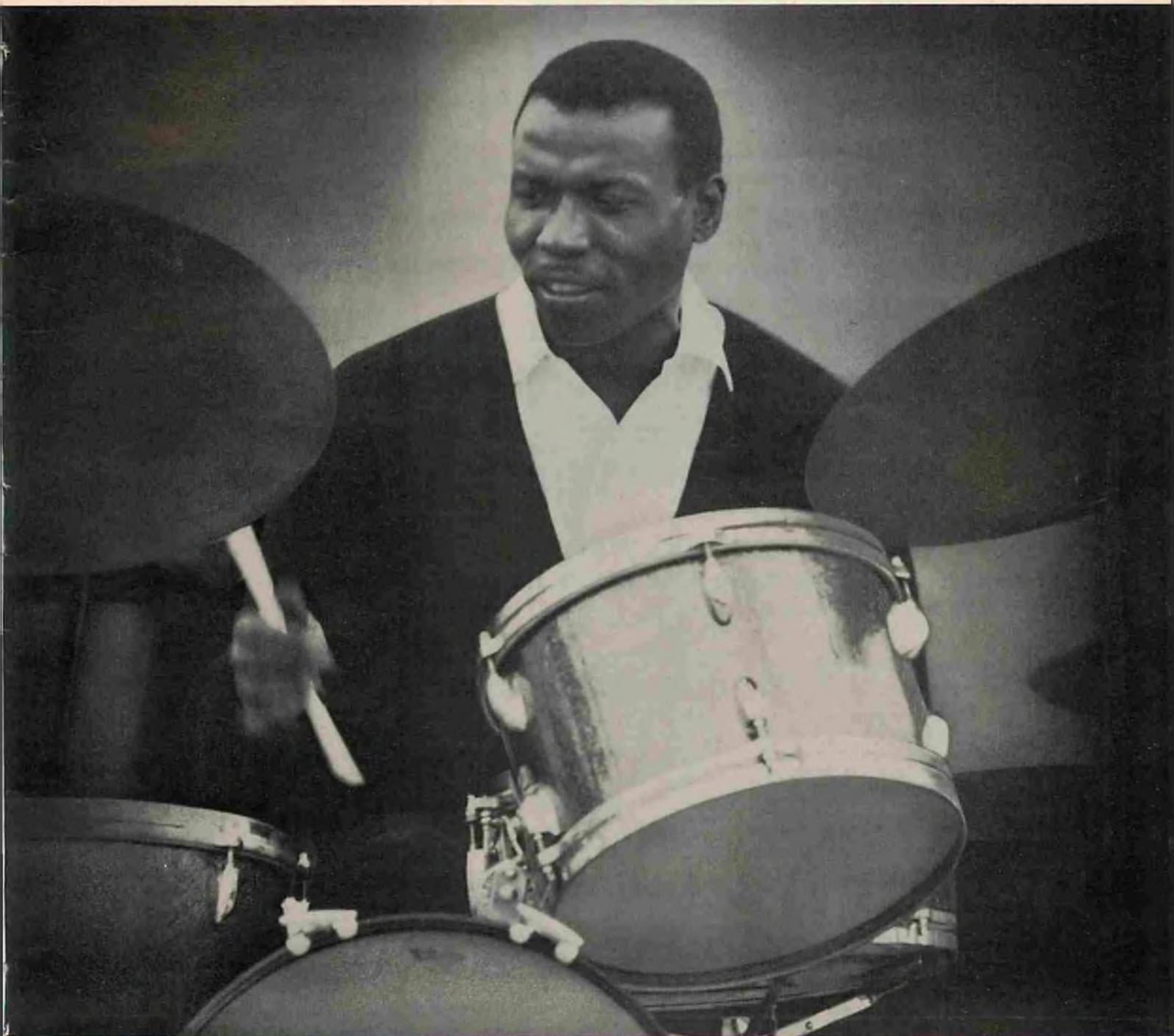
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By CHARLES SUBER

ON PAGE 40 you will find details on *Down Beat's* latest series of scholarship awards: 30 scholarships worth \$4,000 applicable to the summer sessions of the Berklee School of Music (Boston, Mass.). These awards are in addition to the previously announced 14 scholarships (\$1,120) to the Summer Jazz Clinics (see *Down Beat*, Jan. 9 through Feb. 20); and *Down Beat's* 12th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship awards (\$6,500) to Berklee's regular winter sessions.

For the 1969 school year, *Down Beat* is making available 58 scholarships worth \$11,620 plus coordinating other scholarship funds and programs for similar purposes.

Previous *Down Beat* scholarship winners include many of today's top performers and arrangers, such as Gary Burton, Luis Gasca, Keith Jarrett, Ladd McIntosh, and Gary McFarland. While these musicians now show polished and exceptional talents, it can be fairly said that they and other applicants were not "instant" stars. Their audition tapes or performances did not show full-blown professional talents. The *Down Beat* judges did catch something—not always easy to identify—through background noise, so-so accompaniment, poor mike balance, and an occasional clinker.

That something is the *potential* ability of the aspiring musician or arranger. That something is the chief purpose of these scholarships. No one should avoid applying for any *Down Beat* scholarship because he or she may be in awe of the present status of past winners, or the traditions of excellence common to the Summer Jazz Clinics and Berklee. All you (serious) players of any age have a good crack at it. We suggest that present high school players go for the Summer Jazz Clinic awards if they are presently engaged in school stage band or combo activity. If you are a graduating senior, or otherwise preparing yourself for college or professional level music study, then the Berklee Scholarship may be the more suitable prize to seek.

This year, a major instrument supplier, The Fred Gretsch Manufacturing Co., Inc. is contributing 15 full scholarships, at \$110 each—10 to guitarists, five to drummers—to the Summer Jazz Clinics to be awarded at the school festivals (see *DB*, Jan. 9). The American Music Foundation, acting through National Educational Services, Inc., makes Berklee scholarships similarly available. These AMF awards are also made available to two graduating seniors from any accredited high school in the United States at the discretion of the school music educator.

The means are simple, the way is easily open. Apply now, as the coupons say, for home higher learning. All it takes is for you to make a short tape of you and your thing. If you lack a machine, your nearest dealer would be pleased to "demonstrate." The total cost for the tape, postage, etc. shouldn't break a dollar. And you can win a great deal—a chance to learn and listen and grow. If you don't cop an award, you're still ahead. You did take yourself in hand, played your music for someone who wanted to listen, and grew somehow in the process. Those are good odds. Make your play.

(Address scholarship inquires to this column.) 



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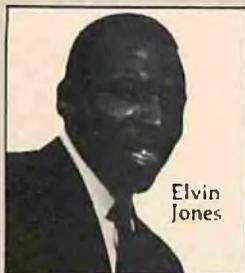
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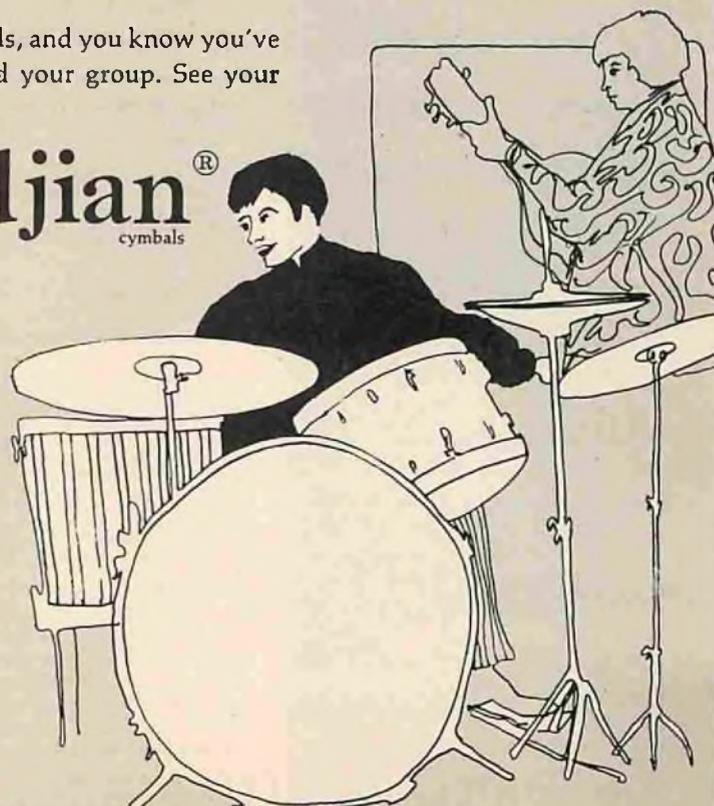
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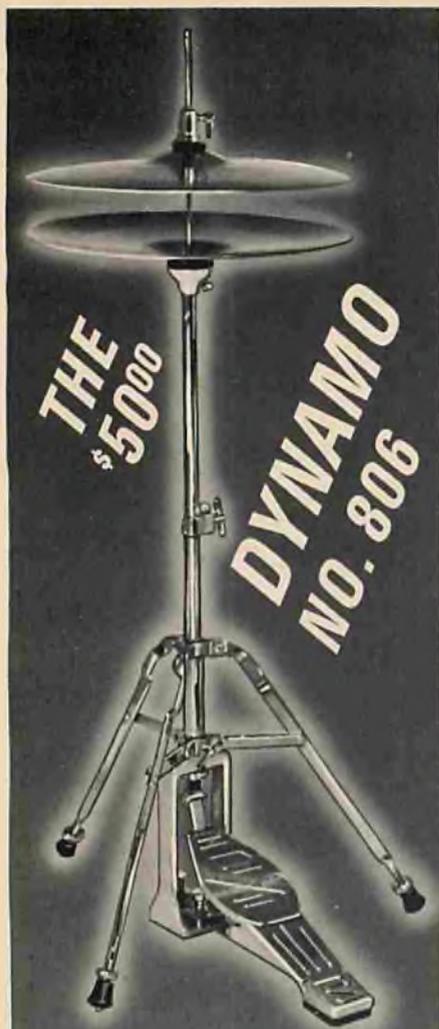
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contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 9 Chords and Discords
- 10 News
- 13 Bystander, by Martin Williams
- 14 Tale of a TV Taping: The Bunky Green-Stu Katz quintet on Chicago's WTTW. By Larry Kart
- 15 Unbuggable Henry Mancini: "Jazz has been . . . my lucky piece," says the composer-arranger. By Sammy Mitchell
- 16 Keeping Score on Schifrin: Lalo Schifrin and Harvey Siders discuss the art of film composing.
- 18 Chasin' the Apple: Ira Gitler pursues the New York jazz scene.
- 20 WLIB-FM: Radio with a Commitment: One station's approach to jazz on the air is explored by Cyra H. Greene.
- 22 Records Reviews
- 28 Rock Briefs
- 30 Blindfold Test: Wild Bill Davis
- 31 Caught in the Act: Tommy Vig • Cal State Jazz Festival • The New York Rock & Roll Ensemble
- 39 Music Workshop: Quincy Jones, by Marian McPartland • Audio-Visual Music Materials, by Donald J. Shetler
- 42 Strictly Ad Lib
- 46 Where & When: A guide to current jazz attractions.

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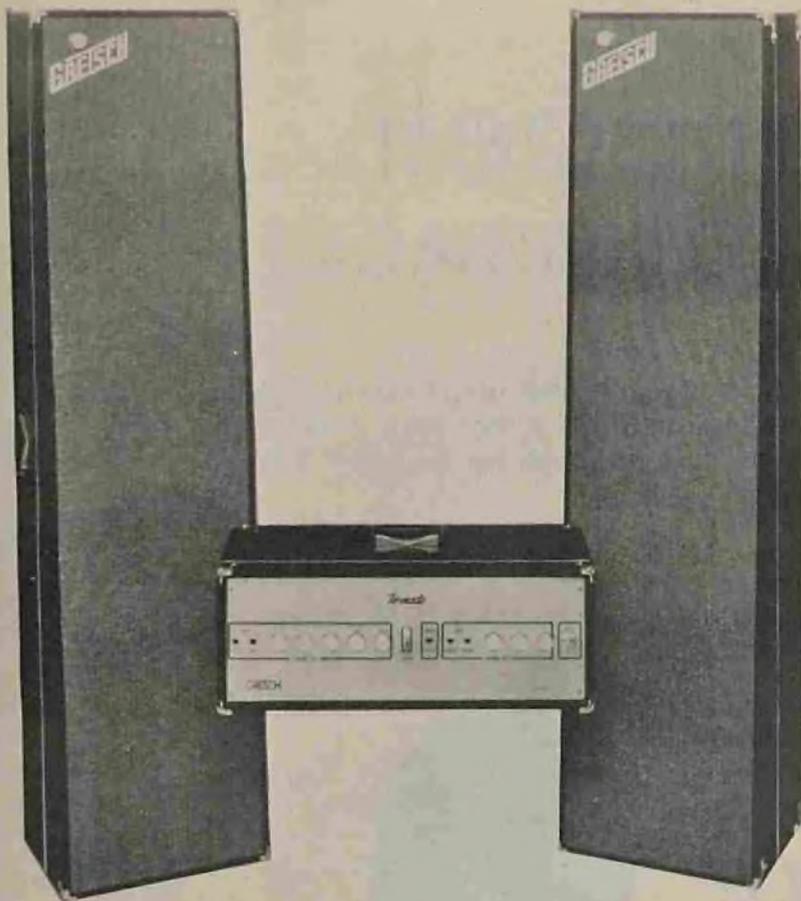
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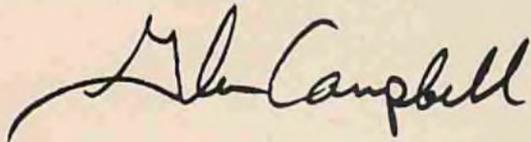
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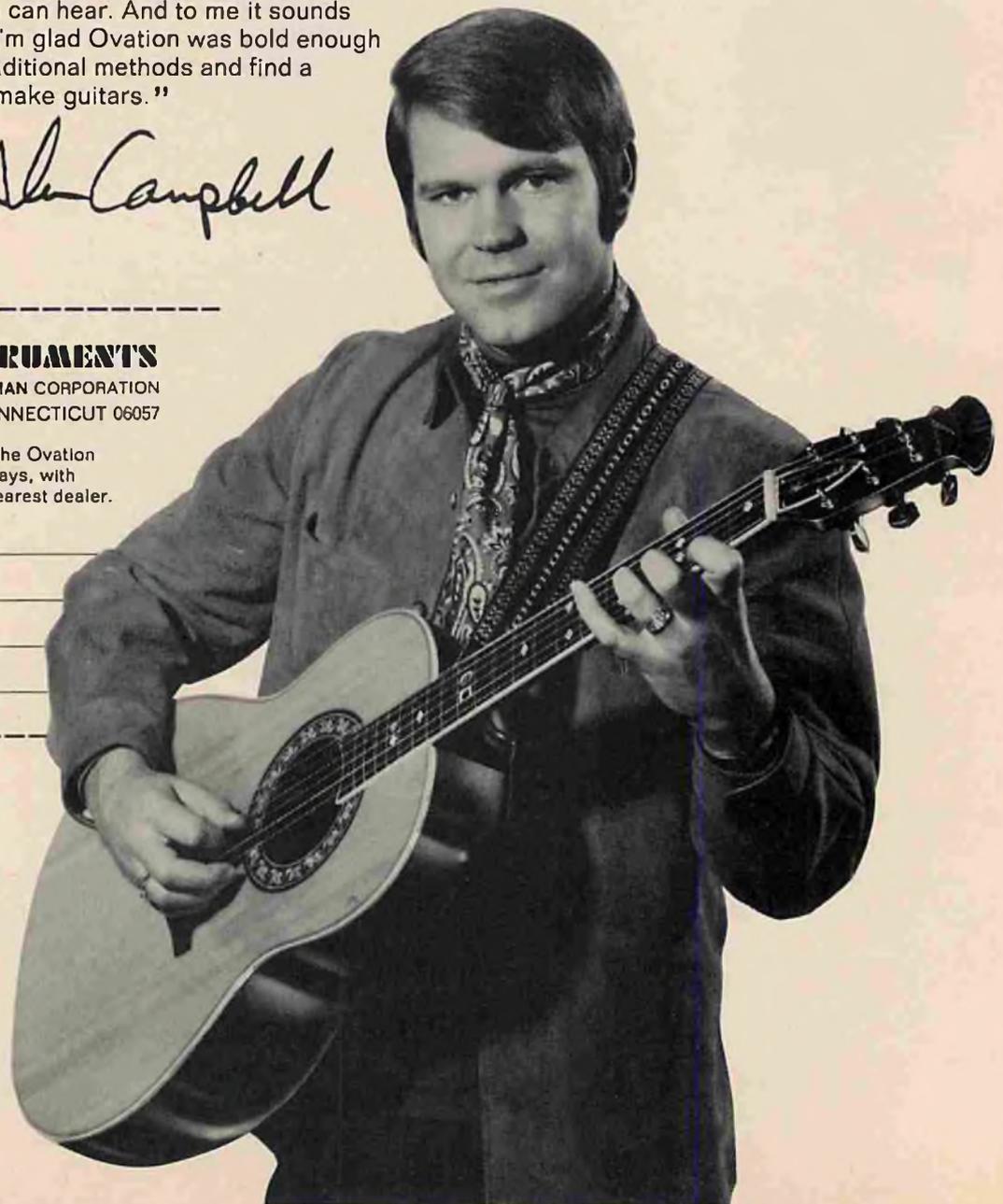
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

White Soul?

I am writing in regard to a column in your Dec. 12 issue by Martin Williams. Williams quotes a section of a critical review by William Kloman of *Cheap Thrills* by Big Brother and the Holding Company. Obviously Kloman doesn't approve of *Cheap Thrills*—no matter, as it is No. 1 on the *Billboard* chart of top LPs and Janis Joplin's single, *Piece of My Heart*, is No. 12 on *Billboard's* "Hot 100" chart. Big Brother is one of the most fantastic groups in the country. . . .

My main gripe, however, is Williams' objection to white groups or white individuals playing Negro music. He states that "jazz is free of such imposters," but I can point out Shelly Manne's theme for the *Daktari* television show. Perhaps this won't be accepted as an example by Williams. . . .

There are a great many bands playing "soul" that are all white, and although some lack the feeling for soul, most do not. Wayne Cochran is a good example of "white soul." He is sort of a white James Brown, and his show and sound are great. As a member of a soul band, I find this type of music very enjoyable and popular among young people. If a person likes to play soul, why should he get into a bag he can't enjoy? A person should do what he does best and contribute as much as he can in that field. I imagine however, that if an established musician like Don Cherry decided to blow *Old Black Joe*, no one would complain—right?

Jack Hayward

Tallahassee, Fla.

Rollins Rave

Once again the readers have picked Stan Getz over Sonny Rollins. It certainly is the supreme insult to Sonny. Not that I want to knock Stan Getz, for he is a fine tenor player—but even in live performance he is by far out of Sonny's class.

Though most of the other winners are reasonable choices, this one selection makes the whole Readers Poll meaningless. What serious jazz fan could make such a selection? And oh yes—I voted!

Peter Deley

Montreal, Que., Canada

Reader Deley might consider the importance of records. Getz made several good albums in 1968, while Rollins made none. Even so, the margin between them was not wide. —Ed.

Sassing Sassy

We were appalled at the rating of two stars Sarah Vaughan gave to Barbra Streisand's striking rendition of *He Touched Me* (*Blindfold Test*, Jan. 9). Upon analyzing Miss Vaughan's review, we find that her opinion is based on two premises: (1) that *He Touched Me* is a "dirty song," and (2) that it is too dramatic.

We find nothing "dirty" at all in this song. If Miss Vaughan had payed closer

attention to the lyrics, she would have noted that the only implied contact between two bodies is stated in the line, "He put his hand near mine, and then . . . he touched me." We can see nothing obscene in the touching of hands, and perhaps Miss Vaughan's interpretation shows an underlying prudishness in her character.

Miss Vaughan's charge that Miss Streisand is overly dramatic is also totally unwarranted. Miss Streisand always "becomes" the song and truly "lives" the lyrics she sings; she transcends mere recitation of the words, which, alone, truly makes her the greatest singer of this generation. Love has been dealt with cynically much too frequently, so Miss Streisand's baring of her emotion is bound to be criticized by those who are too "cool" to feel with her.

Eric Pryne
Wesley Anderson
Mike Green

Walla Walla, Wash.

Appalled

I was appalled by your review of John Handy's *Projections* (*DB*, Jan. 9). This album can be compared to his fantastic first album, *Live at Monterey*.

John Litweiler seems to condemn Handy for being influenced by Bird, Trane and Ornette. These three musicians have influenced countless numbers of musicians, many of whom are fine musicians, Handy being one of them. Handy and (Mike) White make the album, with (Mike) Nock keeping them together. Handy plays beautifully.

It is necessary to point out that at the end of *Senora Nancye* he plays an octave above the normal reach of the alto. White works nicely with Handy and his solos are excellent. This is Handy's first album with piano and Nock demonstrates what a capable musician he is.

Three stars is an insult to this record. I hope other people don't react in the same way as Litweiler. Looking forward to new sounds by a great new alto player.

R. Bader

New York City

* * * means "good."

—Ed.



For George Lewis

Old man, with your black wand
You have led me to joys and sorrows
Hitherto unknown.

As I sat at your feet in that rustic hall
I knew you had uncovered layers of me
And touched my soul and given it
flight.

Old man, I read about your death today
In a long column of the New Year's
New York Times.

Can't we go back once more to that hall?
Play "Winin' Boy Blues" one more time!
Because I have not yet learned

All you would teach me.
You left too soon, old man.
I can feel only the sorrow now.

Gerard Reed

Old Greenwich, Conn.

education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

The Berklee School is my musical Alma Mater.

That's where I learned how to use the tools of my trade.

In Berklee classes and musical labs. I found many of the practical applications of musical theory, and



QUINCY JONES

learned many of the practical uses of instruments. I learned by doing. And I worked in school the way I later worked as a professional musician, and the way I'm working today.

The writing and arranging work at Berklee is especially valuable because it's a part of music that a young player either has to learn hit-or-miss by himself, or through study with private tutors, or through experience on the road.

I've run into many young musicians in cities all over the world who have not only heard of the Berklee School, but who want one day to go there. Its reputation has spread through the work of its graduates.

In these days when big bands are scarce, it's important that there is a place like Berklee for young players to go for practical musical training. If they work hard at the courses of study available, they'll be well prepared to take a place in the world of popular and jazz music. They'll find that they are equipped with the theory, and the practical experience necessary to back up that theory.

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Quincy Jones

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SECOND NEW ORLEANS JAZZFEST IN JUNE

In the wake of New Orleans' successful first jazz festival last June, plans were laid to make the event an annual affair. Among the first steps taken by the festival's board of directors was to appoint Willis Conover artistic director for an 11-year term.

The dates for the *Jazzfest 1969* will be June 1 through 7. As was the case last year, there will be numerous special events as well as formal evening concerts. These will include parades, open-air concerts, river-boat cruises, jam sessions, etc. In addition, there will be a Creole Cuisine Food Festival, sponsored by New Orleans Jazz Federation president Scoop Kennedy.

Among the attractions already set for the festival are the Count Basie band plus alumni Buck Clayton, Dicky Wells, Buddy Tate and Earle Warren; Roy Eldridge; Sarah Vaughan; Stan Getz; drummer Zutty Singleton, who hasn't appeared in his home town for many years; pianists Eubie Blake and Willie (The Lion) Smith; Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Toots Thielemans, Jaki Byard, Richard Davis, and the University of Illinois Jazz Band.

Most of these artists will be heard more than once, and in more than one context, according to Conover. The final night of the festival will be entirely devoted to New Orleans jazz. Portions of the festival will be filmed by director Sidney Smith for possible television showing.

BUSY TOUR OF EUROPE FOR CANNONBALL & CO.

On March 12, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet (Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannon, alto; Joe Zawinul, piano; Vic Gaskin, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums) kicks off a three-week European tour under the production aegis of George Wein.

The tour opens in La Creusot, France, proceeds to Bordeaux (14); Graz, Austria (15); Zawinul's home town, Vienna (16); Stockholm (17); Oslo (18); the German cities of Hamburg, Stuttgart and Frankfurt (19-21); Zurich (22); Bergamo (23); Rome (24), and Brussels (25); takes a well-deserved breather on the 26th and closes in Paris the following day.

Cannonball appeared as soloist with the Toronto Symphony Jan. 25, in a concerto grosso composed and conducted by Bill Fischer, *Experience in E*, based on a theme by Zawinul.

Fischer also recently conducted the augmented Berlin Philharmonic in a work in similar form written for Herbie Mann, *Blues in D=Beautiful*, at a recording session. The added musicians included trumpeters Benny Bailey and Carmell Jones; trombonist Ake Persson, and altoist Leo Wright. This piece is also scheduled for a Toronto performance this season.

CHICAGO'S AACM GETS WEEKLY RADIO PROGRAM

The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, Chicago's valuable avant garde organization, are the hosts for a new radio program heard every Thursday at midnight until 2:30 a.m. Friday mornings on WHPK, the University of Chicago's AM and FM station.

The station's jazz director, Drew Leff, announced that the show is coordinated by pianist Richard Abrams (the leader of the AACM) and trumpeter Leo Smith. The content of the programs is determined entirely by the musicians, and includes live and recorded music as well as commentary and discussions.

In addition to the AACM show, WHPK features jazz every weekday night in the midnight to 2:30 a.m. time slot. The station is at 88.3 FM and 640 AM, and can be heard well outside the Hyde Park-Woodlawn-Kenwood area.



Anita O'Day began a special six-week engagement at New York's Half Note Feb. 18. The club plans to feature a different horn man each week in the stellar singer's accompanying group, among them tenorists Brew Moore and Zoot Sims.

FINAL BAR

Composer Vernon Duke, 65, died Jan. 16 in St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, Cal. while undergoing surgery for lung cancer.

Born Vladimir Dukelsky in Parafianovo, Russia, he left after the Bolshevik Revolution and lived in Europe before coming to the U.S. in 1929.

Though he composed a number of classical works, the best known being his score for the Ballet Russe's *Zephyr et Flore*, Duke was most prominent as a writer of popular music. He scored a number of Broadway hits, among them *Garrick Gaieties*, *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1934 and 1936, and *Cabin in the Sky*. He also wrote music for films.

From such scores came many songs that are evergreens, including *I Can't Get Started*, *April in Paris*, *Taking A Chance On Love*, and *Autumn In New York*.

Duke was also a prolific writer of books and articles. His autobiography was entitled *Passport To Paris*. He was also the founder and director of the Society for Forgotten Music.

Guitarist Johnny Moore died Jan. 5 at his home in Los Angeles at the age of 62. Moore, along with pianist-vocalist Charles Brown and bassist Eddie Williams, hit the top in the '40s and early '50s as Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, earning five gold records—their biggest seller being *Merry*



Johnny Moore
Five Gold Records

Christmas Baby. Cause of death was a kidney infection (Moore had only one kidney) which weakened him during the recent flu epidemic.

After the Blazers disbanded, Moore recorded with various groups, but he was not professionally active for a number of years prior to his death. Most of his recent activities were devoted to coaching young musicians. His younger brother, Oscar—Nat Cole's original guitarist—worked occasion-

ally with Johnny in 1947 and '48. Oscar, now living in North Hollywood, told *Down Beat* that a musical tribute had been planned at the funeral services, but a cousin died the same day and plans were dropped.

Trombonist **Nat Story**, 63, died Nov. 21, 1968 of a heart attack at his New York home. Born in New Orleans, he played on the Mississippi riverboats, then became a dependable section man with the big bands of Chick Webb, Andy Kirk and Lucky Millinder. In recent years, he played with Doc Stocker's Dixieland Jazz Band.

POTPOURRI

Drummer **Oliver Jackson** left the **Earl (Fatha) Hines Quartet** to join **Oscar Peterson** in January, replacing **Bob Durham**. His replacement with Hines is **I. D. Duncan**, formerly with singer **Damita Jo**. Hines has added vocalist **Marva Josie**, and is currently at Seattle's Olympic Hotel. He opens at the Colonial in Toronto Feb. 24, and will be at New York's Plaza 9 starting March 25. Saxophonist **Budd Johnson** and bassist **Bill Pemberton** round out the group.

Carol Sloane has resumed her active singing career. She appeared at the **Frog & Nightgown** in Raleigh, N.C. in January with pianist **Don Friedman** in her group and returned to the club for a week starting Feb. 18. Miss Sloane also did a concert at New York University Feb. 2 with **Zoot Sims**, and opens a three-week stand at San Francisco's hungry i March 13. The singer has been rehearsing new material with her musical director, bassist **Hal Gaylor**, and guitarist **Atilla Zoller**. **Bob Messinger** is handling bookings.

Trumpeter **Jonah Jones**, who recently signed with Motown Records, has augmented his group to a quintet with the addition of guitarist **Jerome Darr**. A new face in the group is drummer **Cozy Cole**, who was associated with Jones for many years in the **Cab Calloway** band and the **Stuff Smith** combo. Pianist **Andre Persiani** and bassist **John Brown** continue their long tenure with the trumpeter.

Lionel Hampton's band at President Nixon's inaugural ball included a million-dollar trombone section of **Garnett Brown**, **Al Grey**, **Jack Jeffries**, **Benny Powell** and

Britt Woodman. Other bands appearing at the several balls in the nation's capital included the **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Dave Remington**, **Les Brown** and **Eddie Condon**.

A center for the study of popular culture has been established at Bowling Green University, Ohio. Donations of all types of recordings representing the American cultural spectrum, with no restrictions on size, age or form of the materials are being encouraged from private collectors, record companies, radio stations, etc. Materials related to recordings and the general dissemination of music (catalogs, sheet music, programs, periodicals, etc.) are also being sought. Parties interested in making such donations should contact Dr. Ray B. Browne, director or William R. Schurk, audio librarian, at the university, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402.

The **Newport Jazz Festival** will be held this year from July 3 through 6, while the **Folk Festival** will take place July 15 through 20. It is advisable to make reservations for lodgings as soon as possible.



RANDOM NOTES OF AN LP LISTENER

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

ADMIRERS OF Ornette Coleman's piece for woodwinds, *Forms and Sounds*, might like to know that an earlier version, under Coleman's leadership, was recorded in England. It was released on International Polydor in a 2-LP set, along with seven pieces by Coleman's trio, under the collective title *An Evening with Ornette Coleman* . . . On that second, faster take of *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* in Epic's Encore Series Louis Armstrong *V.S.O.P.* album, the vocal and the first 16 measures of the trumpet solo will convince you that by 1931 this man had outlined everything jazz musicians (including Charlie Parker) worked on for the following 25 years—and longer . . . The first Thelonious Monk solo album done for Riverside, the one called *Thelonious Himself*, has appeared again. It contains his best version of *'Round Midnight*, and that superb reading of *I Should Care* which, if only for its very personal evocation of the sound of the piano, would be a masterpiece . . . Bill Evans' version of *I Loves You Porgy* recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival is an exceptional performance emotionally. Evans explores the piece in a variety of ways, yet he does not break the spell evoked by his first few bars. . . . A curious reissue album sneaked out on Columbia's low-priced Harmony label

(before the company decided to change the label name to Odyssey), *Sing Sing Sing* (without commas) by Benny Goodman. The title piece is in the 1938 Carnegie Hall concert version. And there is a long "jam session" version of *Honey-suckle Rose* which, as the brief liner notes do not acknowledge, comes from the same source. It includes men from the Ellington and Basie bands, and has exceptional solos by the Count and Lester Young . . . Odyssey reissues include a Gerry Mulligan album called *Jeru* which sneaked out on Columbia a few years ago to little response. It has a beautifully organized pair of solos by Mulligan on *Get out of Town*, and a sensitive ballad reading on *Lonely Town*. . . . If anyone still wonders what the shouting is about apropos French pianist Martial Solal, he should give attention to Milestone's first Solal album, the one recorded in concert at the Salle Gaveau, particularly Solal's six-plus minutes on *Jordu* and his *Aigue-Marine*. The former is much better organized and has a much firmer sense of form than shown by most American pianists by whom Solal was influenced, in my opinion . . . The original score for the Conrad Rooks movie *Chappaqua* was not done upon the sitar, but by Ornette Coleman with Pharoah Sanders, David Izenzon, and Charles Moffett, plus a string-dominated ensemble. The music was reportedly considered too strong for the movie, almost a distraction, and a background by Ravi Shankar was substituted. However, a French release on CBS Disque of 2 LPs offers Coleman's version as recorded for the film. . . . If we must have double, "fly leaf" albums, the packaging of the new Epic Encore sets, with thin, flexible cardboard, seems an ideal solution that won't take up as much extra space on the shelves . . . According to the current

listings in the Schwann catalogue, Verve is re-pressing its Charlie Parker series. Time to start hounding your local record dealer to get them in. They are all worth having, except the *Plays Cole Porter* set. . . . If Angel can be laying plans to re-issue its entire Schnabel-Bethoven sonatas on its cut-price Seraphim label, why can't a jazz series—Verve's Parker one, say—reappear intact, as a cut-price series. Without the pointless editing found on Verve's VSP label, that is. (The Art Tatum solo albums, Verve?) . . . The arrival of Prestige records' Historical Series of jazz reissues means that the company joins Milestone as an independent now actively reissuing jazz (and what with Victor's Vintage, Columbia's Epic Encore sets, and Decca's Jazz Heritage series, we ain't doing badly). Prestige LPs by Dicky Wells (the 1937 Paris classics) and Walter "Foots" Thomas (with some exceptional Coleman Hawkins) are to be followed by Don Byas' early European records and a collection of Django Reinhardt with Hawkins, Benny Carter, and others. Future plans include some Dizzy Gillespie and some Monk unavailable since 78 r.p.m., and music by the legendary trumpeter Freddy Webster . . . One of the scandals of current record production and marketing is the introduction of false, electronic stereo. Classical collectors are furious that the magnificent sound of Toscanini and the NBC symphony is being destroyed by spurious engineering, jazz collectors are bitter that the unique sound of Ellington circa 1937 is made echo-ugly by electronics. Congratulations are therefore in order to Miles Kreuger for his refusal to use electronic stereo in the show music albums he has collated for Columbia and Epic, and to Epic for its decision to limit itself to mono only for future jazz reissues. 

TALE OF A TV TAPING



JOSEPH CARRERA

Jan. 8, 1968. The Bunky Green-Stu Katz quintet (Green, alto saxophone; Katz, vibraharp; Richard Abrams, piano; Dan Shapera, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums) is rehearsing the taping of a *Chicago Festival* TV show for WTTW, the city's educational station. In the control booth, someone is noting the order and approximate length of the solos. The studio is criss-crossed by anxious men carrying earphones and clipboards, who move with the brusque efficiency of adults working in the midst of children.

Under the hot lights, the group sounds surprisingly relaxed. Scrunched unobtrusively into a corner, we bob our heads to the music, which gains a special zest as it floats over and through the science-fiction atmosphere of a television studio.

The rehearsal ends, and the musicians move in our direction, eyes somewhat glazed from the adjustment to relative darkness. I'd last heard Stu Katz play vibes 10 years ago at the Old Gate of Horn, so I tell him, "I'd forgotten how you play vibes," meaning it as a compliment. Katz, jazz' answer to Groucho Marx, says, "I'd forgotten how myself!" (His main instrument is the piano.)

More conversation, but the musicians are preoccupied, thinking about the taping to come.

The audience, mostly friends of the musicians, begins to file into the tiers of seats behind and alongside the bandstand. Bob Kaiser, the producer-director of the show, who has been responsible for many good jazz programs, invites us into the control booth to witness the taping and we eagerly accept.

Think of World War II movies of submarine warfare—the dim, eerie light of radar and sonar, the pulsing electronic sounds, the tense commands—you'll have a good picture of a television control booth. The director faces three black and white monitor screens, one for each camera, with a color screen to his right. In front of him is a microphone which he uses to direct

the movements of each camera and indicate which image will appear on your home screen. The coordination of mind and eye this requires is remarkable, for the director must not only see clearly what is happening at any given moment, but also envision and direct the placement of all three cameras for the shots to come.

The control booth fills with station personnel and guests. Our curiosity is tempered by a desire to remain discreetly in the background. A countdown begins. Then tension of a rocket launching is added to the submarine atmosphere. The scene is faintly comic, as men use and are used by the machines.

The first sounds of music enter the booth, strangely warm and human in this environment, but the director's commands dispel this mood as he begins urgently to cue the cameras—"Camera A, tight on the vibes . . . C, get ready for a long shot . . . B, the pianist's hands, not his face!" At his side, the assistant director tells him who will solo next, giving him time to plan his next moves.

On the first tune, the group seems a little tight until the guiding force of Richard Abrams' accompaniment makes itself felt. The others can rely on and

relax within his strength. Katz digs in during his choruses, his choice of notes unpredictable and astringent. Green's sinuous lines recall but do not repeat his playing during rehearsal. Abrams, the president of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, Chicago's avant-garde organization, demonstrates that he also has vast skills in the post-bop idiom.

The tune ends, and, in the booth, Kaiser admonishes the stage manager to cue the audience applause. The next selection is a Green composition, *My Kind of Groove*, and it is a gently soulful one. The composer's solo makes use of bagpipe-like effects, and Kaiser brings all three cameras in close, shifting quickly from one to another to mirror the music's circular rhythms.

Katz' *Pour Autre Vie* follows (he also wrote the first piece, *Come Again*) and some tricky exchanges between piano and drums make for ticklish moments in the control booth, as Kaiser attempts to switch back and forth right on the beat. I notice then that in the midst of his decisions, Kaiser has been digging the music as much as anyone, swaying gently with the beat. He seems almost another member of the group, and that kind of involvement must be one secret of his success.

The last piece, Green's *Love*, has a charming chanted refrain that sticks to the mind (if some aware a&r man wants a hit, *Love* is waiting for him). The show's half-hour time limit is nearing, but Kaiser wants to fade out on the refrain. He goes 30 seconds over, but he's got it. On educational TV, you can run 30 seconds long.

It's over, and amid the general relaxation there are congratulations all around. Musicians, technicians and audience mill about, unwilling to dissipate the bond of mutual effort and attention. Finally we exit into the cold of a Chicago night, looking forward to seeing the program a few weeks later.

—Larry Kart



JOSEPH CARRERA

Unbuggable Henry Mancini

by Sammy Mitchell



JAZZ MUSICIANS KNOW what a fickle, fire-and-ice mistress they serve; rich in doling out aesthetic blessings, perhaps, but very lean on material rewards. Some of her most avid exponents, disgusted with an existence that alternates between feverish flushes of prosperity and a feeble pulse fluttering along at poverty level, desert to more staid and steady milieus.

But jazz will grant an occasional cornucopia, as in the case of Henry Mancini.

Mancini's skillful sculptings of jazz—mostly background and in some instances live—for the *Peter Gunn* TV series brought him a bumper crop of good notices praising the invigorating music.

Mancini says: "Jazz has been very much my lucky piece." *Peter* really opened the gates for him.

Not that this was strictly a turning point; Mancini was already out front in Universal-International's music department's stable of writers. Over a six-year period, he had contributed to many films, among them *The Glenn Miller Story*—an Academy Award nomination—*The Benny Goodman Story*, and Orson Welles' *A Touch of Evil*. But *Peter Gunn* accelerated Mancini's steadily rising reputation. The barometer shot

way up under the heat of publicity surrounding the TV show's jazz score.

Jazz is only a part of Mancini's well-charted areas of interest: besides scoring for films—*Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, *Charade*, *Hataril*, *Experiment in Terror*—and songwriting successes—*Wine and Roses*, *Charade*, *Moon River*—which brought the barometer up to household fame level, Mancini conducts symphony orchestras, makes tours with his own concert package, and does the college circuit with the band of the University of Indiana. Among his current and future assignments are a further collaboration with lyricist Johnny Mercer (*Moon River*) on a Julie Andrews show, and with Norman Jewison on *Gaily, Gaily*. There are also his big band recordings, infrequent, perhaps—*Uniquely Mancini*, *The Blues and the Beat*, *Mancini '67*, and *Big Latin Band*—but reaffirming his jazz affiliation.

The albums, as well as *Music from Peter Gunn* and *More Music from Peter Gunn*, have been large sellers, reaching beyond jazz confines. They have been received in mass terrain with nearly the same enthusiasm as his mood albums and orchestrations of movie scores. Mancini's brand of swing is beautifully balanced, always in good taste, and has

appeal for both jazz buff and tyro. A stellar elite of Hollywood jazzmen add gloss to Mancini's diverting arrangements which allow for richly set solos.

Don Piestrup, who wields a powerful pen as a composer-arranger himself, says of Mancini's sound: "He mixes like a magician. Tightness, relaxation, rhythm, always in the right proportion. And his French horns are the greatest to be found anywhere, either jazz or classical. They're beautifully balanced."

And of the man, trumpeter Jack Sheldon says: "Mancini himself is one of the reasons the sessions come off so well. He's just so unbuggable—nothing fazes or upsets him—and generally likeable. The kind you push yourself for."

Mancini's baton gives the cue to the omega of Hollywood virtuosi—among them Shelly Manne, Jack Sperling, percussion; Larry Bunker, Vic Feldman, vibes; Max Bennett, Ray Brown, bass; trumpeters Pete Candoli, Buddy Childers, Ray Triscari; trombonists Dick Nash, George Roberts, Jim Halliburton; Bud Shank and Harry Klee, reeds and flutes; French hornists Vince DeRosa and Dick Perissi; these, and musicians of similar caliber. But it also cues the young musicians of the University of

/Continued on page 36

Keeping Score on Schifrin

Lalo Schifrin and the art of film music

by Harvey Siders

THERE ARE as many ways to approach the subject of Lalo Schifrin as there are facets of his artistry. One could devote an entire article to his legitimate learnings and show how his earliest exposure to serious music was enhanced by hearing string quartets played in his home, and later crystallized by his father's position as concertmaster of the Buenos Aires Philharmonic Orchestra. We could follow that right through to studies with Juan Carlos Paz, the Schoenberg of South America, and subsequent training in Paris, skipping his abortive pursuit of a law degree in his native Argentina. And we could bring the "classical Lalo" up to date with a listing of the concert and chamber works he has written and is continually commissioned to compose.

We'd have to mention the cantata he fashioned from his TV score to *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*; the a cappella chorale, *No Nation Shall Take Weapons Against Nation*; the *Double Concerto for Violin and Cello*, which Schifrin wrote for Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky; or the *Canons for String Quartet*, which is being readied for its March 24 debut; or the work which Zubin Mehta commissioned for the 1969-70 season of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. It is called *Encounters* and Schifrin is integrating a jazz band with the larger orchestra. And there would be the ballet, *Jazz Faust*, written for a festival in Washington, D.C., in 1962.

If we stayed on a "classical" kick, we'd have to recount his conducting debut at the Hollywood Bowl: a concert that featured his own music and that of Villa-Lobos and Ginastera; the soloist was Laurindo Almeida. There was the usual amount of nervousness until the manager of the Philharmonic dropped the bomb that Schifrin would have to begin the program with the *Star Spangled Banner!* The only time he'd heard it was while watching President Kennedy's inauguration on TV. So the concert-master spent some frantic moments with him before a dressing room mirror (a session Lalo describes as "surrealistic") teaching him the anthem, stressing the opening drum roll and that crucial *fermata* near the end. Schifrin was so preoccupied with that dramatic hold that he was not prepared for the response to the drum roll cue: "The whole orchestra stood up. I almost had a heart attack and I said to myself, 'My God, what have I done?'" But he kept his cool and got through the ritual.

Turning to another facet, we could dwell on his writing and playing in the jazz idiom. Among jazz aficionados, Schifrin is best known as Dizzy Gillespie's pianist from 1960 through 1962. But how

many know he had a big band in Buenos Aires in 1956 for which he did the charts? And when Dizzy heard it during one of his tours, he became the catalyst for Schifrin's move to New York and, ultimately, suites such as *Gillespiana* and *New Continent*. We would trace Schifrin's jazz career from his trio with Eddie de Haas, bass; and Rudy Collins, drums. We could delve into the free-lance arranging he did for Basie's band, for singer Pat Thomas (remember *Desafinado?*), for Stan Getz, Johnny Hodges, Bob Brookmeyer, Sarah Vaughan, Eddie Harris; or his gigs with Don Ellis' workshop ensemble. We could follow him to Paris, where he played with Chet Baker, or back to New York for more experimentation with Gunther Schuller and gigs with Quincy Jones, then out to the West Coast and his Grammy-winning albums *The Cat* (for Jimmy Smith) and his *Jazz Suite On the Mass Texts*; his chamber jazz album for Verve, *Marquis de Sade*, his jazz-cum-rock offerings for Dot; his concert piece, *The Sphinx*, for Stan Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra. We could also join him at Donte's or some other club where he sits in on those rare evenings when he feels the need to interrupt his ever-increasing commitments.

Ready for another Schifrin? This is the one well known to video viewers. They've heard his scores for *Mission: Impossible*, they've taken to its swaggering 5/4 the way Viennese took to Strauss' 3/4. He won two Grammys for that theme. And he earned an Emmy nomination for *Small Rebellion*, a segment of *Chrysler Theater*, in which the only instruments were the highly personalized trumpet of his former boss, John Birks Gillespie, and the bass of Ray Brown. And there was the *Mannix* theme, *T.H.E. Cat*, and specials such as *The Making of The President, 1964*, and the three-part *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*.

There are enough credits so far for three bona fide careers. Yet they serve as a mere introduction to his basic calling and the real substance of this article. The essential Schifrin we're keeping score on is the film composer-scorer-conductor. That's the Schifrin who began in 1963, shortly after leaving Dizzy's combo. His free-lance arranging in New York included some albums for the MGM label. That company's music publishing head, Arnold Maxim, was quite pleased with what he heard, and sent Lalo to Hollywood to score two films—his first American films. Lalo had been an established film composer in Argentina, and six years earlier had won the Argentine equivalent of the Academy Award for his jazz-flavored score for *El Jefe*.

For his American film-scoring debut, he drew a low-budget Ivan Tors film, *Rhino*, which he prefers not to discuss; and *Joy House*, a Jane Fonda film shot in Paris, which Lalo feels was inferior to the score he designed for it. Subsequent assignments were more in keeping with his prodigious talents.

One talent he lacks is remembering all the movies he has scored. With a little prodding, we came up with a dozen more titles: *Once A Thief*, *Murderers Row*, *The Black Cloak*, *Blindfold*, *Cincinnati Kid*, *The Liquidator*, *Cool Hand Luke*, *Cogan's Bluff*, *The Fox*, *The Brotherhood*, *The Eye of the Cat* and one not yet finished, *Che*. In all, he has scored 21 films in this country: an impressive track record for five years. Small wonder the phrase coined by Los Angeles disc jockey Gary Owens served as the title for a recent Dot album: *There's A Whole Lalo Schifrin Going On*. There's a whole Lalo Schifrin that goes into each score, too, and Lalo seems to bask in the musicological research required of him in order to match the background of the scenario.

When he was writing the score for *The Brotherhood*, Schifrin remarked, "I'm discovering things about Sicilian music which are fascinating. Once you study that music, you realize that only in that kind of an island, and that kind of a background, could a brotherhood like the Mafia develop. There is something sinister and happy in their music. The lyrics of the love songs are about skeletons and skulls, and while much of their music is supposed to be joyous, it often has a menacing Jew's harp that sounds so ominous."

Cool Hand Luke gave the composer the prestigious satisfaction of an Academy Award nomination, and also provided him with insight into another type of music hardly indigenous to the Argentine: bluegrass. He admitted having listened to banjos prior to that assignment without paying too much attention. "They had a pleasant folk music sound, and certainly a peculiar style. But now I had the chance to discover the intricate lines—I went inside the banjo. A good banjo player gets those intricate lines by instinct, the way an African drummer plays polyrhythmically. They are asymmetrical, irregular and very angular. And this triggered my score."

Cool hand Lalo knew precisely what he was after, and got Howard Roberts to play that theme. He also singled out Ray Brown for his rhythmic support in that score, Mike Melvoin for his "tack" piano, and Earl Palmer for his country drumming.

If the services of such swingers can

be singled out for their contributions to a hillbilly score, then jazz instrumentalists must be valuable in general to a film-scorer. Schifrin was quick to agree, pointing out that the new breed of jazz-flavored film and TV composer (Quincy Jones, Dave Grusin, Shorty Rogers, Johnny Mandel, Neal Hefti, Johnny Williams, Oliver Nelson, Henry Mancini, Gil Melle, Don Ellis, Roger Kellaway, Willie Ruff) has been aided by a new breed of director and producer. According to Schifrin, men like Stuart Rosenberg, Richard Fleischer, and Mark Rydell have provided an understanding atmosphere in which the scorer with a jazz background can feel free to experiment, or at least use the wealth of west coast jazz musicians who can be found in the studios. The last-named, Rydell, is a former jazz pianist himself. Although the score of the film he directed, *The Fox*, contained little or no jazz, Rydell was the pianist.

While the stigma has not been completely removed from jazz, it is no longer a dirty word in the film industry. An increasing number of scores are jazz-flavored, but more significantly, an increasing number of jazz musicians are getting the studio calls. They may not always get a chance to swing in the dues-paying sense, but by merely having a jazz background they have a built-in advantage. Schifrin feels their greatest asset is the ability to improvise—whether around chord symbols or in a “free” situation. Related to that is the jazz musicians’ ability to play “legitimately.” As Lalo put it—unaware of the double entendre—“they swing either way.” In other words, the legitimate musician cannot play jazz: he cannot *phrase* the way a jazz composer desires, let alone improvise on a given harmonic pattern. But the jazz musician can and does play legitimately.

Schifrin’s prime example was Ray Brown. “He is an all-around bass player. He is so incredible with the bow, it sounds like he plays cello. I had him in the bass section, with all those legitimate basses, for *The Brotherhood*. This is what counts—musicianship.”

There were others cited by Schifrin for the same two-way versatility: Bud Shank, Tom Scott, Buddy Collette, Plas Johnson (he singled out Plas for his playing in *Bullitt*), Frank Rosolino, Mike Melvoin, Shelly Manne, Larry Bunker, Emil Richards (Lalo had high praise for the latter three “because they can play all kinds of percussion and mallet instruments and tympani”), Bill Plummer and, when he was still in this country, Red Mitchell.

Regarding free form, the composer has occasionally resorted to that technique—and with gratifying results. “In *Hell In the Pacific*, there was a scene which is pure fantasy. It follows the confrontation between Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune. In their imaginations, they kill each other. I was going to do that scene one way, then at the last minute I decided it would be more effective to use a tenor sax playing very wild, contemporary, avant-garde jazz. Free—completely free and wild—with the tenor attached to an electronic device with lots of ‘reverb.’ For that I called Tom Scott, and it worked out very well. All the harassment and turmoil were

conveyed through that music,” he says.

Another situation in which Schifrin used free form is more recent. There is a high-speed chase in one of those two-hour “movies for television” with the deceptive title, *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*. “I used Tony Ortega, Don Ellis, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne. I didn’t tell them what was going on on the screen. In fact, I didn’t even let them watch the screen, because there was the danger their music would be too ‘cartoonish’—you know, trying to catch every movement. (The cartoon is the one medium in which he is not too experienced, but he knows enough about it to admit it is the most difficult. As he explained: “The cartoon technique calls for the music to accompany each action. If that were used for films or TV, it would sound ridiculous.”) So I just let them play and keep the counterpoint going. It was incredible how it worked out. It was fantastic.” Anyone who knows Lalo is familiar with his use of the word “fantastic.” It makes an appearance about once every four minutes and comes out sounding “fahn-TAHS-teek.” Lalo is continually amazed at the success of matching free improvisation with the visual happenings, but as he pointed out: “It is up to the composer to see *where* the musician is allowed to improvise.”

Hell In the Pacific called for a situation in which Schifrin “controlled” an unusual free device. It occurred in the beginning of that film. The action was chaotic; there was much tension, and Schifrin hit upon an idea to convey “nervous sound”: he instructed—or rather the score instructed—pianist Mike Lang to throw golf balls onto the strings of the instrument. “He held the damper pedal down, then threw six golf balls at the strings in the middle register, and he got the precise sound I wanted. When it calls for it, I will experiment. Like the *Eye of the Cat* I did over at Universal. It is a horror movie, with a script by the same who wrote *Psycho*. I tried a technique to get sounds that will precede screams. I have string players rapping their instruments with their knuckles, or with their finger tips, hitting the music stands with their bows, or even rubbing the chairs they were sitting on with the heels of the shoes.

“I have a reason for all this: it gives me an effect which is very light and very percussive at the same time. You see, no matter how softly a percussion instrument plays, it is still a percussion instrument. But by experimenting with different devices, I got a sound that was quite indeterminate—a sound that came like a murmur from all over.”

Such experimentation is fascinating to hear, and fascinating to write about, but it is not characteristic of Schifrin. Basically he is a very tonal, very straight-ahead composer, whose gift for melody and orchestration adheres to the mainstream of contemporary music. One of his most successful scores, which relied on conventional means, was devoted to a most unconventional film, *The Fox*.

The D. H. Lawrence story is a study of an erotic triangle whose two female angles are caught up in the world of lesbianism. The choice of instrumentation was based

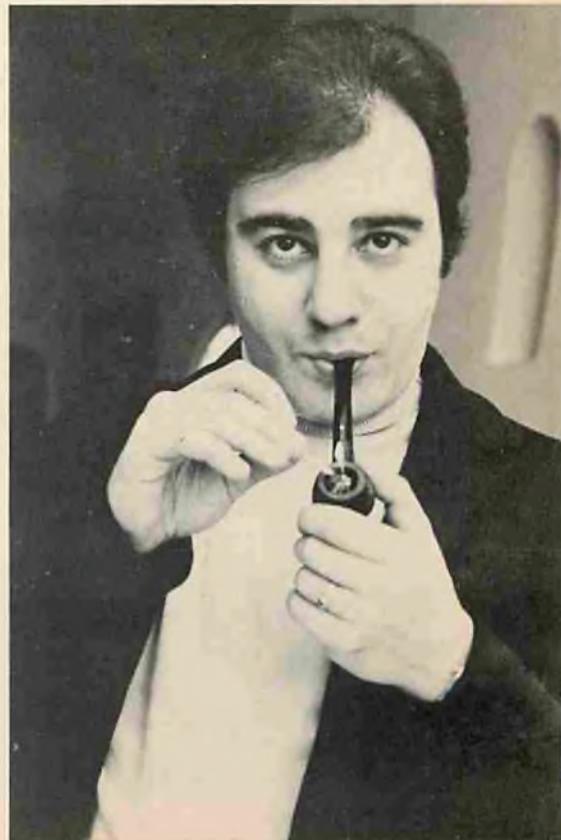
on considerable thought, plus hours spent looking at the rough cuts (uncedited film). Schifrin utilized a most delicate orchestral texture for a most delicate subject: a chamber ensemble comprised of a string quartet, a few woodwinds, one harp and percussion.

“I decided that a chamber approach would be best to convey the intimacy and desolation. As you know, the setting is Canada and there is lots of snow. The simplicity of the chamber music allowed me to contrast the warm emotions inside the house with the cold, bleak panorama outside.”

How effective was Lalo’s probing, yet indirect approach? Well, the film and its score have been wedded for posterity. Many who saw *The Fox* were probably so absorbed by the visual action that they failed to get the aural message. To Lalo, however, there are two criteria by which he was able to judge his efforts, and they are both extremely meaningful. First, his score for *The Fox* has received a preliminary nomination for an Academy Award. The recognition that accompanies the word “Oscar” is self-explanatory. There is no way to minimize its importance, and Lalo is too level-headed to do so, but even he would admit that there is a vote of approval that is more deep-rooted, more enduring and less political than any Oscar.

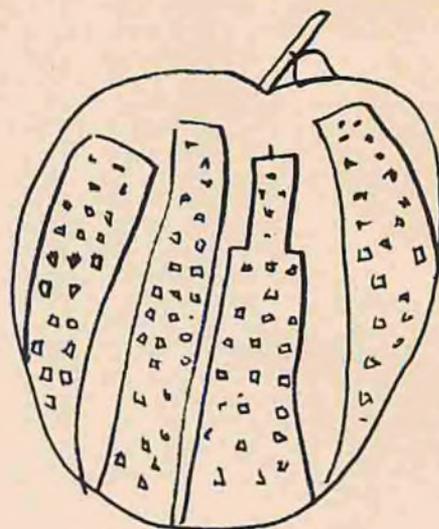
As he recalls it: “You know, studio musicians play all day long. They go from one studio to another—movie studios in the morning, TV studios in the evening, maybe a record date at night—and there is very little that surprises them. But when they get caught up in the excitement of what you are trying to do, then they get the same feeling and they all try to collaborate. Believe me, when they applaud after

/Continued on page 35



CHASIN' THE APPLE

by
Ira Gitler



MARY JO SCHWALBACH

TO SOME PEOPLE, the concept of jazz musicians as entertainers means a kind of mugging and posturing just short of funny hatville. To them, jazz is a serious art that can only be played creatively when the musicians look like they're really suffering. But jazz is no less "serious" or artistic when a musician communicates a spirit of involvement in and sheer enjoyment of the very act of playing, which can be very entertaining.

At Plaza 9, shortly after the coming of the new year, the Newport All Stars played the kind of bubbling, joyous, thoughtful, timeless music that made one forget what an abomination 1968 had been. With two such masters as Red Norvo and Barney Kessel flanking the little giant, Ruby Braff, the solo power was formidable. George Wein, while no Earl Hines, has mellowed with time and now has a relaxed though jabbing beat that leaves no room for anxiety. His rhythm associates were obviously grooved by the band and matched their professionalism with enthusiasm.

At 31, Larry Ridley is a young veteran of considerable accomplishment and bass acumen; at 48, Don Lamond is an ever-youthful veteran of unassuming manner and prepossessing skill. It was edifying to see Ridley simultaneously appreciating and inspiring his elders.

The band's repertoire consisted of things like *Royal Garden Blues*, *All of Me*, *C-Jam Blues*, *Am I Blue*, and an *Undecided* that finally jumped in the direction of the *Woodside*. Mainstream, you say? Yes, and heartstream and brainstream, too.

Kessel's long lines, as lanky and lithe as his physique, loped out on *Garden* and his winged fingers propelled *C-Jam* around the room. His comping, too, was a continually spirited asset to the group.

Norvo was a benevolent presence throughout, even when he wasn't playing. On *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place* he broke out his "shoe-tree" mallets for an aurally unique solo spot. After Kessel's contribution, the vibist returned to close with a fun-provoking, elbow-signalling

routine with Lamond.

Braff's cornet wafted lovely melodies through the air on *All of Me* and in his feature, *These Foolish Things*. It was in high spirits on *C-Jam* and showed eyes for Louis with a quote from *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* on *Am I Blue*, and one from *Swing That Music* on *Undecided*.

The hinted-at *Barbecue* was thoroughly hot-sauced in the next set when guest Bobby Hackett sat in. The two cornetists complemented each other beautifully on *Pennies from Heaven*, *I'm Comin' Virginia*, the aforementioned *Undecided* and *In A Melloitone*, in which Hackett's delicately singing, lace-like improvisations were outstanding.

Proceedings and heart-cockles had already been warmed by renditions of *Fools Rush In* and *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* from Tony Bennett, who had wandered in with Hackett. Bennett and the small-group, jamming atmosphere suited each other well.

George Wein produces jazz festivals and jazz tours. He also produces good jazz groups. On this night, the all stars were at the center of a miniature jazz festival. The sitting-in even spread to the house trio of drummer Mousey Alexander, when Warren Chiasson made it a foursome, courtesy of Norvo's vibes. (Red told us that Gary McFarland had done the same the night before.) Paul West was the bassist with Alexander, temporarily replacing regular Ridley, who was busy enough. Ross Tompkins is the very capable pianist with the group, which ostensibly plays for dancing, but also supplies some very easy listening.

Plaza 9, newest of Manhattan jazz spots, has an atmosphere conducive to good listening with its red velvet, borders of white light bulbs, and elevated, well-illuminated stage. The music charge of \$4.00 (\$5.00 on weekends and holidays) may be prohibitive to some, but for those who can afford to spend a dollar, it is a rewarding room. The food is the same as served in the other Plaza room (the Persian, dahl-ing) and that means quality.

The ambiance is also very much together further uptown at The Playhouse (that's Minton's, baby) and the prices



JACK BRADLEY

Newport All Stars: L. to r.: Larry Ridley, Barney Kessel, Ruby Braff, George Wein, Red Norvo, Don Lamond.



FRANK LOWMAN

Bobby Hackett

here do not wilt the wallet. The Playhouse is two places in one. The front half is a long bar—a neighborhood bar you might call it (the neighborhood is 118th St. off 7th Ave.)—while the back section is a compact room with tables. In between, but belonging more to the back room, is the bandstand, which happens to be opposite the kitchen door through which people periodically troop to pick up take-out orders of the succulent soul food purveyed by the club. Ex-band leader Teddy Hill runs a tight ship in all departments and makes the Playhouse a very warm, groovy place.

Occupying the bandstand during the final month of 1968 was the Charles McPherson quintet. With the alto saxophonist were George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; and Clarence "Scoby" Stroman, drums. This group plays with grace, melodic beauty, tough swing and an empathy that reaches out and massages the audience's back muscles.

McPherson is proof positive that "Bird Lives" in more ways than Parker's recorded legacy. He has become more and more personal, but still retains that pure bebop spirit. His sound is a soaring song. Coleman, an extremely versatile and underrated player, is well equipped to work in the modal bag, as he often demonstrated, but in the context of this band, he responds to the heart and warmth inherent in the style and plays at his very best.

Not only was he supple and inventive on the movers, but his feature, *Sophisticated Lady*, was an exploration in the class of history's heavy tenor stylists.

The dean of the group is Harris. The cats from the bar area move in closer when the band starts playing and exhort the musicians to bear down all the more, but never more than when Barry is off on one of his completely absorbed and absorbing ivory-ebony excursions.

Harris' helpers are a fine team. Morrison is a grand veteran who knows what the whole thing is about. To say he does his job would be an understatement; he brings to it that little extra feeling that has nothing to do with the fact that he is being paid. Stroman, whom some may

remember from his past association with Randy Weston, makes his beat literally leap as he continually lifts the group to joyous levels. His top cymbal work and accenting with hands and feet are extremely reminiscent of Max Roach in his halcyon days with Bird.

The repertoire consisted of standards like *All the Things You Are* and *Melancholy Baby* (not a request by drunks); Parker pieces like *Scrapple from the Apple*, *Mohawk* and *Cheryl*; Monk's *'Round Midnight*; Harris' own *Luminescence*; McPherson's *Little Sugar Baby* and the freshly-minted *Horizons*. The music and the food (look out for that corn bread!!!) put a smile on my face that defied the sub-teen temperature outside.

Speaking of food—and ambiance again—the Empire State Building's Riverboat has adopted a new policy in the kitchen and on the bandstand that seems to be working out fine. Up to 10 o'clock one can choose from an attractive dinner menu and drink *all* one wants for only \$9.95. After 10, a supper menu, and the same beverage deal, can be bought as a package for only \$6.95. This has brought healthy business during the week and turn-away throngs on the weekends. As if this wasn't enough, there was much music for dancing and listening from three groups when I visited the club in early January.

Eddie Bonnemere led an organ trio that seemed to please the dancers but was a bit too loud for the diners. Urbie Green's sextet, with its occasionally amplified brass and Dick Hyman doubling on organ,

sometimes took on the aspects of a modern-day, pocket-sized version of the big dance band. It ran the gamut from *What's New* and *Take the A Train* to *The Sidewinder*. The group's singer, Kathy Preston, who did a fine *Travelin' Light* among some other very excellent vocals, is young but already has the attributes of the best of the band singers from a bygone era.

One of the finest singers from that period is Maxine Sullivan, mainly occupied with teaching school these days. In her first major nightclub appearance in some time, she looked silver-haired and marvelous and sounded silver-toned and delightful in numbers like *Lady is a Tramp*, *Harlem Butterfly*, *They All Laughed* and *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*. On the latter, she had excellent obbligato support from the muted cornet of Bobby Hackett and the plungered trombone of Vic Dickenson.

In their own set, Bobby and Vic did just what one would expect of them. They made easy, beautiful music easily and beautifully, backed by pianist Lou Forestieri, bassist Tito Russo and drummer Joe Brancato.

Everything seemed more easy and more beautiful at the Riverboat. Even the waiters were more relaxed. Previously, I always used to sense a tension when I descended the big staircase. I guess it all started when a maitre'd right out of a Warner Bros. World War II flick—a kind of minor-league Helmut Dantine—gave me a hard time. I'll have to drop my unofficial name for the club now. I used to call it the U-boat. 



DON SCHLITTEN

Charles McPherson

WLIB-FM: Radio With A Commitment

by Cyra H. Greene



Billy Taylor: "Jazz has no one type of Champion . . ."

MANIFESTING A SPIRIT that bucks currents, a "Voice of Jazz" is heard in New York town. A full-blooded jazz radio station, WLIB-FM has a commitment, even though the American market has not always been a committed market.

The station's founding master-mind and program director is Billy Taylor, no stranger to a radio audience. Between the AM side of WLIB, the AM and FM of WNEW, and then the advent of WLIB-FM, Taylor has been heard by New York radio audiences for nine years.

WNEW, a popular metropolitan station, hired him in the mid-'60s, when they repeatedly found his WLIB jazz show ratings popping opposite those of the very successful William B. Williams, then reputedly

New York's highest paid disc jockey. As a result, Taylor joined the ranks of those jazz personalities who were making realistic attempts to communicate their message to a larger cross-section of the listening audience.

After a musical policy change at WNEW, Taylor returned to his AM jazz show on WLIB, which Mercer Ellington had held down for him during his two-year "leave of absence." He brought all of his audiences together, he feels, at this point, and the show climbed to its highest level.

What audience, one might logically ask. New Yorkers have witnessed the high tides and the more recent low ebbs of long-time jazz shows (such as Symphony Sid's and Mort Fega's). Taylor claims his audience

is both black and white, young and old: teenagers who've outgrown rock and, wanting something new, are moving toward jazz, and tuned-in young adults who dig various kinds of jazz along with other music.

The average person in the jazz audience is a dedicated person, a liberal, black or white, Taylor claims. Attitudes range from militant to moderate, and they listen because they are drawn by the manner in which the station tries to present its thing—i.e., from many points of view.

"Jazz was created by black people but jazz isn't directed solely to black people, for jazz does not exist in a vacuum," Taylor says.

"We get a lot of support from the white

audience. You can see that by the attendance at a jazz concert that the station has been heavily leaning on: This gives you a clear idea of who's listening. In fact, jazz has no one type of champion."

Taylor says he can appeal to several types of audiences because he is a musician first, a pianist-composer, which permits him to speak firsthand, better than the producer, consultant or writer.

"I know" is my virtue (compared with those who say 'I think')," he claims, and what Taylor knows is how jazz is received in the nation's biggest cities; how jazz should be presented in ghetto areas (the concept of the Jazzmobile was his); how to present concerts at universities and in city halls; how jazz is received in a club.

You can't ever get into just one bag of jazz, Taylor feels, or you'd be off the air in two minutes. However, fans will be fans, and some press him hard to play only their kind of jazz. Surely the leaning of a jazz radio station today is still towards an ethnic audience—the Big Pulse and ARB ratings indicate this—but the Taylor-made approach seems to be teaching and attracting a new audience. From Luceford to Ornette, Billy covers the full scale of styles, though he himself grew up with late swing and bop, with Pres and Parker and Gillespie.

When Taylor started the FM end of the station, he brought in Del Shields from Philadelphia—a very successful disc jockey in his own right. While Taylor managed the late afternoon show, Shields easily fell into the spot which, for jazz listeners, had been vacant all too long in New York—that is, jazz for night people. With the ease of his delivery, and the conscientiousness of a man really responsible to the community, Shields immediately won the respect of all.

He is, by far, the frankest D.J. in New York. He puts it to you—loud. I think this quality makes one totally comfortable with him—as is the case with any person when you know for sure where he stands. This contributes to his—and the station's—popularity.

In the program notes for a recent concert, Shields was quoted as saying, in effect, that it is unfortunate that jazz fans hardly ever get the chance to know the musicians, and how strongly he feels that a great part of knowing the music is familiarity with its creators.

The warmth of the artists (like Bill Cosby coming on with "This is your cousin . . .") spot-announcing their support of the station and their kinship with the producers of the programs makes the audience feel that they, too, know them personally.

When the end of Shields' program nears, he tells listeners that Viv Roundtree is sitting and waiting for him to finish; instead of her real name, though, it's "Miss Sweet Souttree" for whom we are told to wait. Vivian, who had been sitting in for each of the men whenever necessary, has since become a regular member of the staff—and, believe it or not, she's in the time spot at night where there are more females in the audience than at any other. (Normally, in New York City, jazz listeners are clocked as mostly male in all time slots—

at least by the radio-rating books. I'm sure she'll keep that audience intact, for women and men alike dig her taste in music.)

Even though Ed Williams begins the WLIB jazz day with *Maiden Voyage*, I've saved him for last. To me, he represents the most philosophical of the station's jazz voices and sums up the special kind of dedication the Jazz Voice of New York stands for. In a serious, sincere way, Williams conveys information about the artists and their music, and does it so agreeably that you gradually discover how much you've learned—about the old as well as the new.

His afternoon program, which apparently has many musicians listening, becomes a very gentle and tasty accompaniment to anyone's daytime activities.

"Programming is a very private thing," Williams says. "I see a show in terms of a totality: How I open a show sets the mood for the whole program—as well as letting you know how I'm feeling that day. I relate what I do to what musicians do with their stuff. Programming is a musical instrument too, and juxtaposition is very important. So is mood and so is the segue—which to me is a continuation of a thought." His thoughtful segues do come around—it is evident that he and engineer Roul Hardy work as a team.

"I stay free of any given stereotyping of tunes, or music. *per se*," Williams continues.

"A song that's sad for one is happy for another—who's to say a sad song is sad! There are no unique experiences—you learn that there's another who holds your feeling too . . . however esoteric. So if somebody calls me up and thinks that the Afro-American history I just presented on the air was directed solely at the black community, and says 'Yeah man—that's good. That's where it should be at', well, I let him continue to think it was directed there—even though maybe it wasn't only for him. Others who think it was for them as well can think that, too. Neither side is alone with its feelings.

"Like the *Nefertiti* album, and Wayne Shorter's tune *Fall*. I think that's just plain beautiful. Some people call it sad, though. I could do a thesis on this tune, but since I'm not doing these these days. . . .

"Billy (Taylor) gets my highest rating as a man, and as a boss . . . which he really isn't. Billy, as program director, and above all as a musician, is aware that you can't give a person a job and then tell him how to do it. He develops the idea and then surrounds himself with people who're capable of embellishing it. He'd never tell anyone how to do his thing.

"Music is an essential tool for me—a black man, a young black man who is trying to be free. And to relate. I always presume that what I say and what I feel just comes out and is communicated."

After a discussion unraveling some unpleasanties, Williams will suddenly play McCoy Tyner's *Utopia*.

The community has been well served by WLIB's responsible and dedicated personnel.

Mayor Lindsay has paid the station many visits to speak to his WLIB constit-

uents. During the trauma of the aftermath of Dr. Martin Luther King's death, the initiative of WLIB's staff and the response of the listeners became a very moving interdependent thing. One felt somehow comforted: at least a little less lonely. (When Wes Montgomery died and I felt so so bad, I knew immediately where to turn. And I doubt that I was alone in my first impulse.)

As an outgrowth of community response, Shields has continued to operate a two-way radio telephone communication with listeners in the one program that is apart from jazz on WLIB-FM—*Night Call*. Controversial opinions converge—opinions from pacifists, Wallaceites, militants; discussions of the high price of food in black ghettos; appearances by spokesmen for organizations like NEGRO, who set up businesses for blacks around the country, etc.

Ever since the champion of nonviolence fell, WLIB has been playing Nina Simone's tribute to the King—the song she wrote and sang the night after the assassination.

The flip side of what WLIB is about is humor. The individual personalities get into their own kinds of things. Williams has mini-quizzes during the afternoon. One of his prizes was a coveted pair of tickets to a jazz concert in Long Island, but the concert was cancelled the afternoon before!

Taylor never fails to surprise this listener when he suddenly declares: "This has been a paid announcement." Especially when referring to a recording; he always sounds as if it was his own very special favorite.

Shields for a long time presented very turned-on Monday night sessions at La Boheme, an upper-west side club. You got to hear artists like Houston Person, Ronnie Cuber, George Benson, et al.—rare treats.

The growth of WLIB-FM has been considerable, especially in the last year; this doesn't mean, however, that the station's problems are all over. There are many things yet to be done, and the station itself must grow to meet these problems. There's not always money to do this, and everybody must still work triple time to succeed—and to maintain the already hard-won recognition.

Taylor explains this well—and emphasizes the station's responsibility to educate, and to support jazz activities. "Jazz is misunderstood by people who sell the entertainment business (movies, records, clubs, concert work). Control, most of the time, is in the hands of insensitive people who can't see how you can make money on it." Those who say they don't like jazz usually don't know what they're talking about. "Of jazz music there's a blanket ignorance.

"The unfortunate thing is that jazz people are sometimes the cause of their own defeats and sell-outs; performing musicians as well as producers and writers, etc. They just don't appreciate who they are themselves, nor what they have," he says.

The existence and substantial survival and expansion of WLIB-FM, a committed jazz station, is more than encouraging, and there are similar enterprises in other major cities. Where there is jazz on the air, there's hope.



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Karl, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, 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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Lee Konitz

THE LEE KONITZ DUETS—Milestone MSP 9013; *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Variations on Alone Together*; *Checkerboard*; *Erb*; *Tickle Toe*; *Duplexity*; *Alphanumeric*.

Personnel: Track 1: Konitz, alto and baritone saxophones; Marshall Brown, trombone, euphonium. Track 2: Konitz, alto; Joe Henderson, tenor. Track 3: (a) Konitz, amplified alto; (b) Konitz, tenor; Elvin Jones, drums; (c) Konitz, alto; Karl Berger, vibraharp; (d) Konitz, tenor; Eddie Gomez, bass; (e) Konitz, alto; Berger, Gomez, Jones. Track 4: Konitz, alto; Dick Katz, piano. Track 5: Konitz, alto; Jim Hall, guitar. Track 6: Konitz, Richie Kamuca, tenors. Track 7: Konitz, tenor; Ray Nance, violin. Track 8: Konitz, alto and amplified alto; Brown, Henderson, Kamuca, Katz, Hall, Berger, Gomez, Jones.

Rating: ★★★★★

An album of this quality does not come along often. It differs from the run-of-the-mill jazz LP in many ways: based on an original and venturesome concept, it was planned and executed with care and craftsmanship, and it is free from all extramusical trappings. For once, an undertaking in the realm of jazz was carried out from start to finish in a worthy manner.

What is involved here is artistry of the highest order standing on its own merit; nakedly, so to speak. Lee Konitz has always been a completely honest musician, incapable of meretriciousness or false pride.

At times, this obstinate courageousness may have been a hindrance to his progress as a performer (i.e., as a breadwinner), but this record is proof positive that it has been no hindrance to his development as an artist, which here reaches a new plateau.

The idea of the album (it was Lee's) was, like all great ideas, startlingly simple: the creation of a number of different playing situations with a number of different players whom he felt drawn to play with, but one at the time, in strict duet settings—the most intimate possible way to make music.

This basic concept is departed from only thrice; in the variations on *Alone Together*, which begin as pure solo and end as quartet, and in the final piece, where all the participants (except Ray Nance, who was late for work) join together. Both these exceptions are entirely in context and serve to round out the *gestalt* of the album.

One could hold forth at length about the many beautiful and fascinating things that happen here. No two of these "confrontations" are alike; they differ not only in such elements as outline and texture (some are free improvisations, others are based on predetermined materials), but also in ambiance. There are dialogs and there are conversations.

Each listener must discover for himself

the many delights to be had from this music. One of its most marvelous aspects is that it never sounds the same twice.

The two voices may complement each other, may become entwined, move apart, come together again; one may become dominant, then the other. If one wishes to interfere, he can bring forward at will one or the other by adjusting the stereo balance, then bring them back together and hear them differently.

Another remarkable feature is the spectrum of jazz covered by the album. Twice, there is specific recreation: Louis Armstrong's *Barbecue* solo from the 1927 Hot Five version is played by Konitz and Brown (in octaves, over a pre-recorded stop-time background), and Lester Young's famous *Tickle Toe* solo from the Count Basie record is played in unison by Konitz and Kamuca on tenors.

In the latter case, this comes as a fitting climax to a very Prez-inflected conversation. In the former, what is most astonishing is that Konitz, in his brilliant playing prior to the quotation, suggests Louis in both spirit and sound (!) to such a degree that the quoted material actually sounds less Louis-like.

Another surprise is Joe Henderson on *You Don't Know What Love Is*, really getting together with Konitz, in sound and feeling. What is surprising is not that the two could get together in this way, but how they did it.

Erb, though based on "a graph containing instructions as to dynamics and range" by Jim Hall (according to Gunther Schuller's good liner notes) is more abstract in quality than the duet with Nance, which is completely free improvisation. In *Erb*, there are moments when Konitz uses pitchless key-clicking in a way that is meaningful, and if such a thing be possible, beautiful.

Duplexity is fascinating. Nance becomes so absorbed in improvising in a classical context (he plays with beautiful expansiveness what sounds like a succession of cadenzas) that he resists Konitz' repeated suggestions to enter into jazz dialog, including a rapid-fire quote from *Lester Leaps In*. Yet they are together.

Since I don't want to turn this review into a play-by-play, let me just say that of the *Alone Together* variations I like best the duet with Karl Berger, whose sensitivity and clear, pure sound were an overdue revelation, and that *Alphanumeric* is a lot of fun, with superb Elvin Jones (on the duet, too) and extraordinary multivider and/or overdub effects by Konitz, including a duet with himself.

My favorite is *Checkerboard*, the duet with Dick Katz (who produced this record). Konitz and a piano, of course, in-

evitably bring to mind Lennie Tristano, and Dick and Lee, without imitation, at moments seem to recreate that long relationship which meant so much to Konitz, but from which he eventually had to liberate himself.

That, however, is not the essential thing about *Checkerboard*, which contains some of the loveliest and strongest lyrical playing I've heard, and on which two musicians come together as closely as seems possible.

As Schuller mentions, this piece makes one think of the great Armstrong-Hines duet *Weatherbird*; one of jazz' true masterpieces. Entirely different, *Checkerboard* is also a true masterpiece. Both are joyful musical affirmations of love—of the best man is capable of.

This album is such a remarkable achievement—supervisor Orrin Keepnews and engineer Elvin Campbell—should not go unmentioned. If you get only one record this year, make this the one.

—Morgenstern

Steve Allen-Oliver Nelson

SOULFUL BRASS—Impulse A-9168; *Torino*; *Sound Machine*; *Going Out of My Head*; *Can't Take My Eyes Off of You*; *Spooky*; *125th Street and 7th Avenue*; *Green Tambourine*; *The Dock of the Bay*; *Goin' Great*; *Things I Should Have Said*; *Go Fly A Kite*; *Melissa*; *Last Night Was A Bad Night*.

Personnel: Allen, rock-si-chord; unidentified big band conducted by Nelson.

Rating: ★★

The problem with musical hybrids of this type is that while they seek to attract two diverse audiences, they usually end up being ignored by both. This particular set is a modest effort to fuse a few current fads from the rock sound—"today's bag", the liner notes call it—with the more venerable institution of the big band.

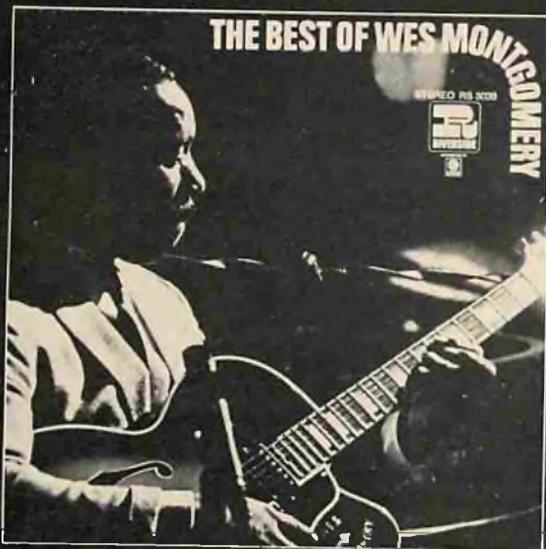
From the rock world comes the rock-si-chord, a small, electric keyboard instrument of the organ family, which Allen plays with his customary good taste, and a heavy, monotonous, overly accented beat that puts a damper on any possibility that this gig might have swung. (One thing rock does not do is swing!) A few pop numbers are thrown in as teeny-booper bait along with the Pan American Airways jingle, *Goin' Great*.

From the big band idiom come a dozen simple but generally fine arrangements by Nelson, which unfortunately are trapped within the extremely confining rhythm, and a crew of anonymous musicians, most of them brass men.

Though the big band feeling dominates the album, it never creates enough excitement to rise much above the level of brassy background music. It's basically a pop session of limited interest to jazz listeners.

—McDonough

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Henri Chaix

ORCHESTRE HENRI CHAIX REMEMBERS THE GREATS—Swiss Philips 843811PY: *Timme's Blues; Love Do I; Devilish Song For A Bishop; Sharps And Flats; Blue Turning Grey Over You; Little Stride For Big Ben; Count's Basement; Lay-By; Champion Training Blues; Honey-suckle Rose; Rose Room; Casa Bar.*

Personnel: Jo Gagliardi, trumpeter; Andre Falst, trombone; Roger Zufferey, alto saxophone; Michel Pilet, tenor saxophone; Marc Erbetta, baritone saxophone; Chaix, piano; Alain De Bois, bass; Romano Cavicchiolo, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Based in Geneva, Chaix' octet accompanies visiting American soloists on Swiss tours when not appearing in jazz concerts or at their home club. It is the former capacity that inspired this album.

Chaix arranged all the titles and composed three. Each is dedicated to a past guest—Stuff Smith, Rex Stewart, Wally Bishop, Willie (The Lion) Smith, Bill Coleman, Ben Webster, Milt Buckner, Ray Nance, Champion Jack Dupree, Sidney Bechet, Albert Nicholas, and Buck Clayton respectively. No attempt is made, however, to copy or simulate the style of the dedicatee on "his" tune beyond the natural inclination of the players. Gagliardi and Zufferey are the most derivative, suggesting Clayton and Johnny Hodges respectively, and Chaix himself is obviously a Waller man.

Blue Turning Grey and *Champion* are unaccompanied piano solos, and Chaix performs the dissimilar styles with deftness, accuracy, and no shortcuts. *Honey-suckle* and *Big Ben* are lightly sketched frames for Chaix, who proves himself an accomplished stride pianist. The remaining tracks are varyingly less interesting, owing to the dated quality of the writing and anonymity of the other soloists although Zufferey makes the most of his Hodgesisms on *Love Do I*, which he has all to himself. Some variety in ensemble color—furnished by a clarinet or two doubling, and some jammed or semi-jammed ensembles—would have perked up things immensely.

The notes suggest that the album was executed in haste (it was recorded on June 5 and 8, 1968) and perhaps the band had to do a lot of last-minute cramming, which could account for the tentative spots here and there (one of these is the trombone work on *Bishop*). That portion of the notes describing the dedications is in French, but, fortunately, a capsule history of the band—prior to 1961, it was Claude Aubert's—is given in English. The average playing time is about three and a half minutes per track, and the stereo is compatible.

It would have been only three stars, but I'm a pushover for stride piano. —Jones

Hank Crawford

DOUBLE CROSS—Atlantic 1503: *Double Cross; Jimmy Mack; Glue Fingers; I Can't Stand It; In the Heat of the Night; The Second Time Around; Mud Island Blues; Someday You'll Want Me to Want You.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Melvin Lastie, trumpets; Tony Studd, trombone; Crawford, alto saxophone; David Newman, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Jack McDuff, piano (track 5 only); Carl Lynch, guitar; Jimmy Tyrell, electric bass; Bruno Carr, drums. Tracks 7 & 8 only: Fielder Floyd, John Hunt, trumpets; Crawford, alto saxophone, piano; Wendell Harrison, tenor saxophone; Alenzo Shaw, baritone saxophone; Charles Green, bass; Wilbert Hogan, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Not every record has two sides. Many

producers lack the imagination to encourage a simple duality of talent from their artists. As a result, too many albums suffer from sameness of sound.

Crawford's LP has the advantage of sounding like two albums: side one is devoted to his characteristic, hard-edged, staccato, "spat-out" approach to medium up-tempo blues, while side two features his equally characteristic soulful legato blowing and slow funk.

It makes for a good, two-sided venture into pure rhythm & blues, and as such, justifies some ragged edges. None of the raggedness can be heard in Crawford's playing. It is restricted to the charts: dull backing; uninspired riffs; trumpets voiced too high; baritone saxophone sticking out self-consciously with uninteresting phrases; ditto for the electric bass.

More's the pity, since such talent as Newman and Adams were on part of the date. As for McDuff's single contribution—*Heat of the Night*—he underscores the need for sympathetic piano comping behind Crawford. It is far superior to Crawford's heavy reliance on guitar backing. As for Crawford's own keyboard contributions, he keeps his foot on the pedal so much that it accounts for the mud in *Mud Island Blues*. His axe is the sax, and its direct, emotional, uncomplicated ability to communicate via the blues makes this album worthwhile.

—Siders

Lou Donaldson

MIDNIGHT CREEPER—Blue Note BST-84280: *Midnight Creeper; Love Power; Elizabeth; Bag of Jewels; Dapper Dan.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Donaldson, alto saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; George Benson, guitar; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

In his liner notes for this album, a New York disc jockey devotes half his space to telling us that jazz, in effect, is dead. It has, in his opinion, become "middle aged and sterile." The notes do not make it clear whether the writer is including this album in his judgment but, if that's what he's trying to tell us, I must to some extent agree.

The album is not exciting; it sounds very much like many other sessions that have crossed my turntable—just like too many Dixieland versions of *Fidgety Feet* have a rather dulling similarity.

On the other hand, like those versions of *Feet* (or any other war horse from the traditional stable), closer listening does reveal striking passages of individual expression.

For what it is, then—an organ, rhythm and two-horn blowing session—this is a good album, with some fine playing by five musicians whose musical abilities range from above average to excellent. Let's face it, a record featuring George Benson has to be interesting, and Blue Mitchell always has something to say. They speak eloquently here while Donaldson for the most part rambles on in his usual polished but somewhat routine fashion.

If jazz has stagnated, it is sessions such as this one that prove it. Even the tunes are cut from the same old cloth, a further indication that we have reached the point where some of the most imaginative writing on the American musical scene is being done by young, non-jazz

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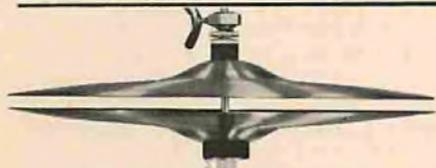
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—Albertson

Booker Ervin

THE IN BETWEEN—Blue Note BST 84283; *The In Between*; *The Muse*; *Mour*; *Sweet Pea*; *Largo Tyra*.

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Ervin, tenor saxophone, flute; Bobby Few Jr., piano; Covera Jeffries Jr., bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here's one of the better albums Ervin has made. The repertoire is varied (Ervin wrote all the originals, and each has something to recommend it), ranging from the mournful *Largo* to *The In Between*, a direct, hard-charging piece. *Muse* begins and ends with exotic, near-Easternish sections; in between them, however, some wild up-tempo improvisation occurs. *Tyra* is an attractive, rather melancholy tune that would make a good theme for a TV or movie drama of modern city life.

Ervin's playing is commendable. As usual he demonstrates that he can swing powerfully, and he also paces himself intelligently. His solo on *Mour* is particularly well constructed. However, his sensitive, poignant playing on *Largo* is, for me, the highlight of the album. He projects a feeling of gentleness and pain reminiscent of some of Lester Young's work.

Williams does a pretty good job. A good technician with a big tone and a fine range, his work here has plenty of power and is usually inventive. In the past, his playing has sometimes been marred by tastelessness, but here he controls himself rather well, except during *Muse*, on which his squealing and screaming is a drag.

Few, who displays a post-bop style here, is subtle and restrained, yet firm in his solos. He uses the upper register of his instrument frequently and well.

Jeffries, Few and McBrowne make a springy-strong rhythm section. The bassist is an experienced musician who hasn't yet acquired a national reputation. He performs solidly. McBrowne's crisp, biting rhythm section work keeps the soloists on their toes.

—Pekar

Joseph Jarman

AS IF IT WERE THE SEASONS—Delmark DS 417; *As If It Were the Seasons* & *Song To Make the Sun Come Up*; *Song For Christopher*.

Personnel: Jarman, soprano saxophone, alto saxophone, fife, recorder, bassoon; Charles Clark, bass, cello, koto; Thurman Barker, drums; Sherri Scott, vocal. On track 3 add: John Jackson, trumpet; Lester Lashley, trombone; Joel Brandon, flute; Fred Anderson, John Stubblefield, tenor saxophones; Richard Abrams, piano, oboe.

Rating: ★★★★★

Joseph Jarman is a lyricist of exceptional range and intensity. As both soloist and leader-composer he claims for song areas of feeling that until now have been outside its province.

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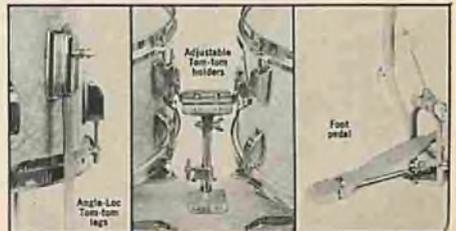


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Certainly it is wrong to argue that any piece of new music is valid merely because it “reflects the chaos and turmoil of the times,” but that fallacy should not obscure the workings of a characteristic and vital process by which the artist makes the grit and shale of his and our world yield new kinds of order and beauty.

Sigfried Gideon has made the point that each age regards certain areas of experience as impervious to order. He mentions that the 18th century archeologist and art-historian Winckelmann, while traveling through the Alps, had the shades of his carriage lowered because he could not bear to look at the “chaotic” scenery. Less than a century later, the English art critic Ruskin was thrilled by the beauty of the same vistas, opposing them to what he felt was the inherently chaotic and ugly landscape of industrial England. Perhaps this process of making order apparent where before there seemed only chaos is the only sense in which the history of the arts can be viewed as progressive. And probably this is the essence of art’s therapeutic function for man, since otherwise he would feel surrounded by a seemingly hostile visual, sonic, and emotional environment.

On *As If It Were the Seasons* we see this process at work. The center of the piece is a melody of uncompromising strength. As vocalist Sherri Scott slowly exposes it, I hold my breath, fearing that so lyrical a statement will take a wrong turn and become merely pretty. Instead it remains true to itself—one of the most beautiful melodies that this century’s music (of any kind) has produced. And it is without question a jazz melody, perhaps a brother to late Lester Young. Certainly no “classical” composer of our day could have created it.

Jarman builds his composition around this magnificently conceived song, which does not fully appear until approximately two-thirds of the piece has occurred. Before, we hear fragments and variations of the melody on cello, bassoon, flute, and alto saxophone, imbedded in a relatively quiet landscape of sounds which do not have the point-to-point relation we expect of musical discourse. In my notes I have the phrase—“music the body might make if breathing were music”—and that is as close as I can come to a verbal equivalent.

When the melody finally arises, this long passage is felt as necessary preparation, without which the melody would have a different force. After Miss Scott states the melody (do not overlook the words), she repeats it as Jarman joins her in an improvisation that at first may seem merely an exploration of the alto saxophone’s sonic potential. Instead, if the melody and what has preceded it are kept in mind, one hears Jarman’s accompaniment as a passionately lyrical fusion of the melody he has created with the “non-musical” sounds out of which it arose.

The tension subsides, and a bowed bass ostinato flows without break into *Song To Make the Sun Come Up*. In its relatively short compass, this piece succeeds completely in finding a musical equivalent for a natural event. The sun *does* come up in this music, as vividly as the waves break in *La Mer*.

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Jarman's associates are equal to the music's demands. I have never heard Clark and Barker play better, and Miss Scott sings the difficult vocal line accurately without slighting the meaning of the words.

I don't want to devote as much space to *Song for Christopher* (dedicated to the late Christopher Gaddy, one of the few pianists who was finding his way in the new music). Not necessarily because it is a lesser achievement, but because musical guideposts already exist that lead in its direction (Coleman's *Free Jazz* and Coltrane's *Ascension*.) Mention should be made, however, of Brandon's playing during the first large ensemble passage; the remarkable counterpoint between Brandon, Jarman on bassoon, and Lashley; the exhilarating moment when Barker, cued by Abrams, switches from brushes to sticks; Abrams' churning piano solo; and the solid work of Anderson and Stubblefield.

I think this recording is a remarkable achievement, and I congratulate all involved. Listen to it. —Kart

Michel Legrand

AT SHELLY'S MANNE-HOLE—Verve 6-8760: *The Grand Brown Man; A Time for Love; Ray's Riff; Watch What Happens; My Funny Valentine; Another Blues; Willow, Weep for Me; Los Gatos*. Personnel: Legrand, piano, vocals; Ray Brown, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

No offense to Legrand, but this is the best Ray Brown record since *We Get Requests*, issued under Oscar Peterson's name. Brown's playing is the point of musical

focus on these performances, recorded last year at Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. This is so even when he is merely providing support to Legrand's brittle and sometimes cold piano work or wispy, wordless vocals. Though more a supportive player than a soloist, Brown has a good share of the solo space and fills it well in his usual virile manner. He has choruses on every track except *Love*, and even there his bass lines are so strong I couldn't take my ears off them. His unaccompanied introductions to *Willow, Blues*, and *Valentine* are the highpoints of a rather pedestrian date.

Legrand is a facile player, but his chattering improvisations too often are laced with hysteria. He certainly is not a strong enough pianist to carry a trio. Nor is he helped much by Manne, who seems utterly uninterested in what was happening, which is understandable, since so little was, no offense to Brown. —DeMicheal

Wes Montgomery

WILLOW, WEEP FOR ME—Verve 6-8765: *Willow, Weep for Me; Impressions; Portrait of Jennie; Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Oh, You Crazy Moon; Four on Six; Misty*.

Personnel: Wynton Kelly, piano; Montgomery, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★★

These performances were recorded at New York's Half Note in summer and fall, 1965. They're probably leftovers from Montgomery's *Smokin'* album, issued about three years ago. For this release, Verve later added horns, playing tasteful Claus

Ogerman arrangements, to most tracks, and they successfully cover an occasional bare spot in the improvisations and handsomely fill out the ballads.

There seem to be two nights represented here. On one, unfortunately, Montgomery and the Kelly trio couldn't get much going. These so-so performances are *Jennie, Moon* (Montgomery used reverberations to bad effect on both), *Surrey*, and *Six* (the last two also suffer from some heavy-handed editing that cuts off Kelly's solos in mid-stride).

The other tracks, however, make up for all such deficiencies. On all three, Montgomery is the only soloist, and he has himself a whale of a time. When he was at the top of his game, as he is on these tracks, his work shone with a brilliance denied most other musicians.

Willow is a long, highly imaginative flight of fancy, the symmetry of his hard-driving solo a thing of luminous beauty. On the swift-paced *Impressions*, the single-note guitar lines sing effortlessly, giving way gracefully to an adventurous (and supple) climax of chords mixed with octaves.

Montgomery could do no wrong when his muse was hot upon him, and it often led him to try and accomplish things that few others could even conceive. This is what happens on *Misty*, which is as good a Montgomery performance as exists on record. A classic.

The album's three great tracks are worth the price of admission. —DeMicheal

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Calor Szabo

DREAMS—Skye 7: *Galatea's Guitar; Half the Day Is Night; Song of Injured Love; The Fortune Teller; Five Dance; The Lady in the Moon; Ferris Wheel.*

Personnel: Tony Miranda, Ray Alonge, Brooks Tillotson, French horns; Gary McFarland, piano; Szabo, Jim Stewart, guitars; Louis Kabok, bass; Jim Keltner, drums; Hal Gordon, various percussion; Julius Schacter, violin.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Szabo had himself very much together for this album. Gone are the distasteful flirtations with vocal groups, watered-down rock, and all the other dregs that sometimes were thrown like a cloak over his talent. Here we have Szabo's music without clutter. It is an unclassifiable blend of jazz, pop, and various ethnic and "classical" musics. It is imagery music of the first order.

Different performers and musics call up different visions in my mind . . . I see calico and feel heat when Billie Holiday sings, watch little mechanical men march across my nose when Baroque music is played, revel in weird Kurt Weillesque fantasies when Monk and Rollins improvise, envision green valleys melting into Northern Lights as the Ellington band merges its voices, etc., etc. But I see and smell clouds of incense when Szabo plays well and in proper context (and McFarland's sketches and the accompaniment provide such a context for these performances).

Szabo improvises several finely sculpted solos that arch high over his backing. Perhaps the most striking example of Szabo at his best comes on *Injured Love*; his improvisation is like a slowly opening flower.

Another less obvious aural pleasure to be found is in the empathy evident between Szabo and Stewart. The second guitarist seems at times to read his leader's mind. Stewart gets a chance to step forward on *Moon* and plays a pleasant if unspectacular solo.

In all, this music is exceptionally well conceived and performed. —DeMicheal

Cal Tjader

SOLAR HEAT—Skye 1: *Ode to Billie Joe; Never, My Love; Felicidade; Mambo Sangria; Here; Fried Bananas; Amazon; La Bamba; Eye of the Devil; Solar Heat.*

Personnel: Tjader, Gary McFarland, vibraphone; Mike Abene, electric piano, harpsichord; Joao Donato, organ; Bobby Rodriguez or Chuck Rainey, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Ray Barretto, Orestes Vilato, Latin percussion.

Rating: see below

This is a very pretty album, and as easy listening material it's a five-star session. It's beautifully recorded, and the sound of the group is crystalline, uncluttered and insinuatingly virile.

As improvised jazz, however, it's nowhere. The longest cut on it is 3:25, and so the solos, almost all of which are by Tjader, are limited to a chorus or two—seldom a very imaginative chorus or two, at that. Also a detriment is the stingy amount of music; the album comprises only 27:04 of playing time.

That said, it should be noted that Tjader's way with a line is as lovely as anyone's, though his inventiveness is wholly melodic, never harmonic and seldom rhythmic.

An exception—in his best solo on the date—occurs on *Mambo*, where he surprisingly and effectively turns the rhythm around with an uncharacteristic repeated phrase.

Aside from the leader's lyricism, the album's other plus factors are McFarland's spare and often perfect voicings and the omnimorphous Tate.

If you're into Tjader, or Latin jazz, or like pretty music to dream or rap over, the album should appeal. If you listen to music, and expect players to improvise meaningfully, to put something on the line, it'll hold no interest. —Heineman

ROCK BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

A few recent offerings definitely to be avoided: the Fugs' latest outing, *It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest* (Reprise 6305)—overarranged, heavy-handed pablum from a once ballsy, irreverent group; it seems the more they learn about music the less interesting their music becomes. *The Secret Life of Harpers Bizarre* (Warner Bros. 1739) is slick but thinly-veneered—a beautifully surfaced empty box. *Nonstop* (Bell 6023) by the Box Tops contains nothing but determinedly boyish schlock-rock aimed solely at the teenybopper market: purchase at your peril. The new British group Family pursues a number of directions—hard rock, pretentious art rock, etc.—in its initial LP *Music in A Doll's House* (Reprise 6312) but never seems to get into it. They have a fine command of the instrumental conventions and are given a good production job; still they never manage to focus their talents to any solid end. *Dancin' Through the Streets* (Uni 73022) by a group billed as "The Johannesburg Street Band" (but sounding strangely like Hugh Masekela's band) beautifully outlines the harmonic and melodic limitations of South African cabaret music in one of the dullest sets I've heard in a long time.

The primary purpose of this column is to warn the reader of some of the grosser, less interesting or blatantly commercial of current rock recordings, concentrating in the main upon albums by "lesser" or secondary groups (the major rock performers get quite enough attention elsewhere) that might appear at first glance worthy of some attention. From time to time we'll also remark upon some efforts by these types of performers that are honestly into something.

Take the (I presume) Los Angeles-based group the Ill Wind. Heard of them? Probably not, as their first album *Flashes* (ABC 641) has received virtually no notice or publicity in the rock press. Yet, they're a remarkably fresh, inventive group who are attempting to get something original and serious going. Their first album is by no means wholly successful—they're still very much overshadowed by their influences—but on the face of it they're going in the right direction, and certain portions of the album succeed quite nicely. Their major influence seems to be the Jefferson Airplane, in that Ill Wind pursues contrapuntally-structured accompaniment (rather than harmonic) on several of their songs, as does the Airplane. A number of the patterns are derived from various Airplane performances, but Ill Wind is more electronically oriented in its textures than is the Airplane (the acoustic sound domi-

nates most of the latter's successful pieces). What holds a number of the group's performances from succeeding is the lack of a really strong instrumental solo voice, though it must be admitted that a couple of their pieces here suffer from either pretension (i.e., *My Dark World*) or obviousness (*Little Man* and *L.A.P.D.*). One of the most charming and unpretentious of their pieces is *Walkin' and Singin'*, which has a lovely melody line but not very interesting words, unfortunately. They're worth a listen—and encouragement. If they can remedy their few shortcomings, they'll be a topnotch group.

Another interesting group whose initial American LP has just been issued is Britain's *The Pentangle* (Reprise 6315). The quintet consists of Britain's two leading folk-rock guitarists, Bert Jansch (of Donovan fame) and John Renbourn, singer Jacqui McShee, bassist Danny Thompson, and drummer Terry Cox. All acoustic instruments, by the way. Like the *Ill Wind* LP, this record is only partially successful but is important for what it suggests in terms of potential. To my thinking, the set is seriously flawed by the singing of Miss McShee, whose tone is undistinguished and whose delivery is just not very exciting. The selection of material, moreover, doesn't grab me very much—the British folksong *Let No Man Steal Your Thyme* is given a bland performance, and the blues *Way Behind the Sun* is grotesquely gutless. The accompaniment is strictly first-rate, however, and the solos between

the vocalist's efforts are quite compelling. For my money, the album justifies itself and, in fact, makes a strong bid for consideration as an important LP through one masterful performance, the instrumental *Bells*. The interplay is simply stunning, the guitar work of Jansch and Renbourn exciting and inventive, and the work of Cox and Thompson very sensitive. The bassist and drummer are jazz musicians, who play with great taste and good feeling. Similarly, the two guitarists have worked through the conventions of folk playing into the more demanding area of jazz improvisation. Then, too, the stereo recording is superb, very intelligently employed to enhance the performance. The use of the pan-pot (a device permitting the gradual movement of a signal from one channel to the other) during Cox's drum solo is skillfully handled and imparts a real sense of movement to the piece. This album derives from the British label Transatlantic, and Reprise ought to seriously consider the issuance of Jansch and Renbourn's earlier LP collaborations, particularly the *Bert and John* set (Transatlantic 144). The group suggests nothing so much as a sane, professional version of that absolutely mad but stimulating British group, the Incredible String Band, whose striking, unique brand of musical eclecticism I heartily recommend. The ISB has three albums on Elektra—*The Incredible String Band* (7322), *The 5000 Spirits or the Layers of the Onion* (74010), and *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter* (74021), all

interesting and full of wry, musical iconoclasm and instrumental virtuosity.

Rave Department: One of the handsomest, most perfectly conceived and executed albums I've heard in recent months is *Did She Mention My Name?* (United Artists 6649) by Canadian singer-guitarist-composer Gordon Lightfoot. Recognized for some time as one of the most arresting and poetic of the new breed of songwriters, Lightfoot is emerging as a performer in his own right—perhaps the consummate performer of his own songs (which have, incidentally, been given excellent readings by a number of other, better-known rock and pop artists). Produced by John Simon, this most recent Lightfoot album is a gem throughout—beautiful songs superlatively performed, with burnished arrangements that perfectly complement Lightfoot's haunting, crystalline images. The uncredited string writing on a number of the pieces is just beautiful, in the same league with recent efforts for string sections by such as Clare Fischer or Claus Ogerman. Lightfoot is a romantic, to be sure, but he is a clear-eyed realist at the same time; the combination results in songs that are lyrical, full of tenderness and compassion, but above all real, honest, and totally without artifice. The whole album is a gas, but especially memorable are the lovely *Pussywillows*, *Cat-tails*; *The Last Time I Saw Her*; *The Mountain and Maryann*, and the title song, *Did She Mention My Name?* Unqualifiedly recommended. This is in every respect an essential set. 



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WILD BILL DAVIS/BLINDFOLD TEST

Wild Bill Davis is the often-uncredited founder of a generation of jazz organists.

With occasional exceptions, such as Fats Waller and a few Count Basie records, the organ was almost totally ignored in secular jazz until the late 1940s. Then Davis, who had spent three years (1945-48) as a pianist and arranger with Louis Jordan, bought a Hammond, took six weeks off to stay home, practiced and then again joined forces with Jordan for a record session.

The date produced *Tambouritza Boogie*, with Davis at the organ, a sleeper hit. Soon afterwards, Davis cut two sides as a leader, with just guitar and drums (plus his friend Duke Ellington sitting in on one side). It was released on the Mercer label, which Mercer Ellington and I were running. To disarm the anti-organ fanatics, I had the label copy read "Wild Bill Davis and His Real Gone Organ," which in those days sounded very hip.

The "Wild" has stuck to Bill ever since, just as the organ-guitar-drums formula has become a staple of jazz and r&b in bars and grills. With the advent in 1956 of Jimmy Smith (who had been digging Davis in Atlantic City) a second wave of organists flooded the jazz world.

Below is the first all-organ *Blindfold Test* with this console pioneer. He was given no prior information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather



1. SHIRLEY SCOTT. *For Dancers Only* (from *Roll 'Em*, Impulse). Miss Scott, organ; Sy Oliver, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

That's a very interesting arrangement. It's *Wham, Rebob, Boom, Bam*, the old Lunceford thing; and, of course, it's Shirley Scott. In recent years Shirley has adopted this particular sound, and this is one of her most predominantly identifying marks. This is a very high, brilliant sound, sort of clarinetish.

The organ is a very peculiar sort of instrument. If you get it into one vein, the sound can be overshadowed or overweight and maybe the melodic line not dominant enough. Then with a sound like this, it's pretty difficult to play with any sort of effect when you play it with fullness; a sound like this is better as a single note.

The arrangement on this is very good. It could be one of four arrangers—I think Sy Oliver originally did it, or it could well be Gerald Wilson, Oliver Nelson or Quincy Jones. The arrangement is interesting in that they change the keys and, therefore, different from the original Lunceford one. I would rate this four stars.

2. DICK HYMAN. *Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out* (from *Sweet, Sweet Soul, Command*). Hyman, piano and organ (overdubbed).

That one has me stumped. I'm trying to remember the name of the tune.

It sounds like it could either be Earl Grant or Milt Buckner. Whoever is playing piano is also playing organ—seems like an overdub.

It's a very good old commercial tune. The playing is very timely as far as the tune is concerned—very bluesy-like. It seems that whoever's playing is trying to keep within the time of the tune. I'd rate that three stars.

(Later): It's Dick Hyman? Well that's interesting, because Dick and I knew each other 20 years ago. When I first worked in New York as a single, I was alternating with him at Wells' uptown—he was playing piano and I played organ. He's always

been a very fine musician.

3. JIMMY McGRUFF. *Hobnail Boogie* (from *The Big Band, Solid State*). McGruff, organ; Buster Harding, composer; Manny Albam, arranger.

This is a blues number, and I think it's Jimmy Smith. Of course, he's been closely imitated, and if this isn't him, it could be either Jack McDuff or Jimmy McGruff.

The arrangement is very good. It's strictly a blues thing—I don't know what the title of it is. It's very well done musically, but the blues has been done so much along these particular lines that we'll just give it a three-star rating.

4. JOHNNY HODGES. *Rippin' and Runnin'* (from *Rippin' and Runnin'*, Verve). Hodges, alto saxophone; Willie Gardner, organ; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Freddie Waits, drums; Tom McIntosh, composer.

I don't know what the title of this is, but it's a very interesting little tune. Everybody knows it's Johnny Hodges. I don't know who that is on organ. The organ wasn't used very effectively, I feel. It sounded like Grady Tate on drums and Grant Green on guitar.

This could have been done more effectively, more into it. It was very good on the first part and the last part, and the middle was only pretty good. I'd give it a three-star rating. Johnny and I have worked together on records for many years, and we've made about six or seven albums.

About the bass on this record—many times, when you put a bass in with an organ, an engineer has to be very shrewd and very careful in order to get them both effectively; one can very easily overshadow the other. Usually in the studios they have the bass overshadow the organ quite a bit. This seemed to happen here; the organ was way in the background.

5. COUNT BASIE. *That Warm Feeling* (from *Basie Straight Ahead, Dot*). Basie, organ; Sammy Nestico, piano, composer, arranger.

I'm almost sure that was a Neal Hefti arrangement, and it sounded very much like Count Basie's band, but it wasn't Count Basie on piano, and I don't know

who that was on organ. It sounded, to begin with, like Count Basie on organ, or someone playing the way Count Basie plays organ sometimes. But by the rhythm section, I'm pretty sure it's Basie's band.

I would give this a four-star rating—not as far as the organ is concerned, though, but as far as the complete thing. I don't think I would play the organ in that particular way; it seemed to be used only to color the arrangement. The performance was good musically, interesting and relaxing.

6. CLARE FISCHER. *Afro-Blue* (from *Mantecal*, Pacific Jazz). Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Fischer, organ, arranger; Mongo Santamaria, composer.

I have no idea who that was. It was predominantly the bongos and conga drums. It sounded to me more like music for some special effects. I could hear an organ in there which wasn't very effective.

The trumpet solo on there was very good; I liked that better than anything else. I imagine this could have been just a little more interesting. Would there be such a thing as a 2½-star rating?

7. JIMMY SMITH. *This Nearly Was Mine* (from *Livin' It Up*, Verve). Smith, organ; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

I'm not sure who that was on organ. It was sort of in between Groove Holmes and Jimmy Smith. It might have been Jack McDuff. The tune, of course, was *This Nearly Was Mine* from *South Pacific*.

A very good arrangement—I'll give that five stars. That arrangement was very interesting. I thought that the use of the strings with this organ worked very well in this case. Of course, I always think that the organ could be a little fuller, but with the big band, it was well done.

There's a very interesting release or bridge in this tune that they didn't play in this version, but it still sounded very good.

The arrangement on that could have been by Oliver Nelson. He played saxophone with me in the summer of 1959, and his arranging abilities now have grown to be so versatile in his all-around concepts.

EB

Tommy Vig

Ceasars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

Personnel: Louis Valizan, Bobby Shew, Wes Hensel, Leo Mascione, Jim Fuller, trumpets; Archie LeCocque, Dan Trinter, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Gus Mancuso, trombone, baritone horn; Ralph Pollak, Tex Bouck, Allen Robinson, Haig Eshow, French horns; Ted Snyder, tuba; Dick Paladino, Charlie McLean, Tom Hall, Ladd McIntosh, Benny Bailey, reeds, flutes; Adelaide Robinson, piano; Tom Marth, guitar; Ernie McDaniel, bass; Santo Savino, drums; Roger Rampton, Leo Camera, percussion; Vig, vibraharp, conductor. Guest soloists: Dave Johnson, tenor saxophone, flute; Wolf Adler, clarinet; Ronnie Simone, piano.

For the past several years, Tommy Vig, the young Hungarian-born vibraharpist, percussionist and composer-arranger, has organized, produced and presented a big band concert at the Circus Maximus in Ceasars Palace.

The concerts are a labor of love, made possible with the support of Local 369 of the AFM and the management of the big casino-hotel. Las Vegas, which must be one of the most unreal places in the world, is an oasis for musicians in terms of work, but hardly in terms of opportunities for artistic self-expression. The talented players assembled by the tireless and enthusiastic Vig rose to the opportunity for more challenging music-making than is their usual lot, a point driven home by the fact that most rehearsals had to take place in the early morning hours, after the night's work was done.

Though Vig and his cohorts take music seriously, there was nothing stuffy about the presentation. Vig has a flair for showmanship and a zany sense of humor, which expressed itself in the dramatic curtain raiser, *Enecs Guinepo* (spell it backwards), revealing a rear view of the orchestra members, accompanied by taped sound effects, and climaxing in the firing of a toy cannon by the leader.

Another instance of Vig's wit was the surrealist musical collage *Noit Art Surf for Clarinetist and Jazz Band*, dedicated to Ralph Nader and Fred W. Friendly. For this, Vig appeared costumed as an angel, while the band repeatedly chanted: "Who is to say what good music is . . . what good music is . . ."

Musically, the piece juxtaposed sublime



Tommy Vig
Ideological Humor

Mozart, played "straight" by legitimate clarinetist Adler and pianist Simone, with such orchestral goings-on as a mock Dixieland passage and violent ensemble outbursts. For the final crescendo, light effects joined in the fray, and then the piece concluded with a sustained, solitary clarinet note.

The raison d'être for the composition, as expressed in Vig's program notes, was "the proposition that there is such a thing as quality in auto safety, in television . . . and radio broadcasting, and that to try to better a situation according to high ideals and principles is *not* a lunatic, useless exercise in futility reserved only for those who can't accept the so-called 'ugly facts of life.'"

This is a commendable ideology, and it was even more commendable that Vig chose humor as his weapon to express it.

But the keynote of the concert was music *per se*. Among the highlights in a varied and well-paced program were Vig's vibes work on his own effective setting of *Sunrise, Sunset*, in which he made good use of "stopping" devices and used the stick end of his mallets as a rasp; trombonist Archie LeCocque's remarkable solo on Vig's *Just for You*, revealing an exceptionally smooth upper register (one would have liked to hear more from him) and well set off by interesting flute voicings and very high trumpet (Valizan), and guest soloist Dave Johnson's vital, hard-swinging tenor and flute spots on the contiguous *Studium Blues Minorae* and *Jet Flight in G Minor*.

Johnson, who integrated the concert (there are not many resident black jazz musicians in Vegas) is a real find. His tenor work was fluent and strong in a straightforward, unaffected, warm-toned vein, and he swung like a demon. On flute, he demonstrated equally excellent musicianship, throwing in some Roland Kirk-like vocal effects which the sizable audience enjoyed audibly. The piece also had very effective reed and trumpet work, sectionally and individually, including a short solo spot for Valizan, who has fantastic chops.

Red Rodney, the scheduled featured trumpet soloist, had to undergo dental surgery just prior to the concert. I had been looking forward to hearing him, but was not disappointed by the job turned in by the substitute soloist, Bobby Shew, who was ready and able.

Shew acquitted himself especially well on *Memories*, a nostalgic piece by George Vig, Tommy's violinist father, sensitively arranged by his son, who again made good use of flutes and piccolo (the reed men were all great doublers, also doing well on the various clarinets).

I was glad to hear again Ladd McIntosh's *Forever Lost In My Mind's Own Eye*, as good a work as I remembered it from a Villanova Collegiate Jazz Festival several years ago. The talented composer-arranger-saxophonist is a recent transplant to Vegas.

Altoist Charlie McLean contributed a number of exciting solos, indicating that he should be much better known, and Adelaide Robinson, a last-minute sub, performed ably in the section and produced



GEORGE HARTMAN

Dave Johnson
Fluent and Strong

a fine solo effort on *Satan Takes a Holiday*. (In addition, her miniskirted legs lent a further visual dimension to the proceedings.)

As an ensemble, the orchestra performed the often demanding scores with precision and aplomb, trumpets and reeds in particular achieving a blend unusually fine for a pick-up band. The augmented rhythm section also took care of business.

And then there was Vig, of course—the catalyst and moving force behind it all. Contributing the bulk of the arrangements plus several original compositions, directing with inspiring vitality, and soloing with taste and discretion (he didn't hog the spotlight for himself), he fully measured up to the ideals expressed in his program note.

—Dan Morgenstern

Cal State Jazz Festival

California State College, Los Angeles

This was an unorthodox and enterprising jazz festival. Sponsored by the Associated Students, the event departed from convention in several respects. It was held during regular school hours, starting around noon on both days and running clear through the afternoon. It used established talent as audience bait—Gerald Wilson's orchestra, the Shelly Manne Quintet and the Jazz Crusaders—but rounded out the shows with a community band and a coffee house combo, both from Watts; a couple of units organized by the Community Center of Cal State's Black Student Union; two professional combos of lesser-known local jazzmen; and a student band from L.A. City College. (Ironically, Cal State's own college jazz band didn't take part, because they felt that musically they were "not ready.") Not a single singer was heard on either day.

No admission was charged. The audience was composed of students, many of whom had to cut classes to be *there*, and some members of the public. Steve Sandmeyer, a 28-year-old Cal State senior and dedicated jazz fan, staged the shows smoothly, with relatively little sound trouble.

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WARREN RIDELL

Horace Tapscott's Watts Jazz Orchestra (l to r): David Bryant, Walter Savage, Lester Robertson, Cerion Middleton, Edwin Pleasants, Ike Williams, Black Arthur Blythe. Not shown: pianist Tapscott; drummer Everett Brown.

The first concert, held in the campus theater (capacity about 400), opened with the Watts Jazz Orchestra. A dectet led by pianist-arranger Horace Tapscott, this was described by the leader as "a community orchestra using musicians who have something to say." What they had to say was expressed in a very free bag, in which all the major avant garde influences of the 1960s were detectable.

Playing originals—*The Black Apostles*, *The Giant Has Awakened* and trombonist Lester Robertson's ballad *In Times Like These*—the group made for raw, gutty, provocative listening. The best soloists were Edwin Pleasants on flute, a Coleman-influenced alto player named Black Arthur, Cerion Middleton on tenor, and Ike Williams on trumpet. There were two bassists, Dave Bryant and Walter Savage, who with Everett Brown on drums and Tapscott on piano coalesced into a limber, loose rhythm team.

Tapscott was featured on *Lush Life*, the only standard, which he played in a heterodox manner: searching, biting, ponderous. The band was apparently concerned more with feeling and mood than form and mechanics. Its set ended with an overwhelming, super-Shepp-like crescendo on *The Daughter of Cochise*.

In contrast with the rough-and-tumble approach of the Watts group, the Jazz Crusaders furnished a perfect example of smooth (but not slick) togetherness. Except for bassist Leroy Vinnegar, the members have been together since their high school days. The consequent ESP-like rapport among them showed particularly well on the ensemble passages of *Milestones*, *Eleanor Rigby* and Charles Davis' waltz, *Half & Half*. Drummer-leader Stix Hooper, Joe Sample on piano, and Vinnegar provided a sympathetic rhythmic substructure for the blowing, sometimes relaxed, of Wayne Henderson on trombone and Wilton Felder on tenor.

Trumpeter Kyo Turner, 20, had the tough job of taking over from the Crusaders; still the audience remained tuned in to his Black Student Union-sponsored quintet, with its Miles-and-Trane reper-

toire. At the drums was 19-year-old Reggie Golson—yes, Benny's boy. The most professional of these dedicated youths was a Hancockish pianist named Herbert Baker, 15 years old. (I never cease to be amazed by the quality of teen jazz talent; youths like Turner and Baker show how counterfeited are the claims that jazz is dying.)

Drummer Donald Dean took over next for a set with Hadley Caliman on tenor, Bill Henderson, piano, and Henry Franklin, bass. To round out the afternoon, the New Art Jazz Ensemble presented Bobby Bradford, the Texas trumpeter who has worked with Ornette Coleman; John Carter, reeds; Tom Williamson, bass, and Bruz Freeman, drums. Free-form was again the keynote, as the group will soon reveal to a wider audience on an LP for Revelation.

The next day's concert, presented in the college's Trident Lounge, was held in an informal atmosphere; some visitors were seated in armchairs or on couches, and at one point dozens had to stand in the back, so crowded had the lounge become during Gerald Wilson's set.

Semaj and Suttal (both of whom, I was told, had reversed their real names) fielded some Middle Eastern influences on trumpet and tenor, with a fearlessly free drummer named Fred Hampson and a competent bassist, Tom Savage. At times the combo sounded like the Ecaroh Revlis quintet without its leader.

Shelly Manne completely revamped his unit some months ago. The new group has a much more modern orientation; the leader's own work, too, seems to be leaning in the direction of a more obliquely stated beat. John Gross' tenor lacks color and personality, but the new trumpeter, Gary Barone, is a luminous player with a wealth of contemporary ideas. Playing Terry Jones' waltz, *Illusion*, he switched to flugelhorn in a delicate unison exposition of the theme with Gross.

Manne's repertoire, composed mainly of functional theme for blowing, included John Morell's *Don't Know* and Steve Bohannon's *Steve*, written by the late drummer-organist and named in his memory.

The most attractive feature of the new Manne group is pianist Mike Wofford, a totally engaging and very mature performer, who blew up everything from a zephyr to a tempest, according to requirements. Bob West, one of the town's best bassists, complements Manne and Wofford spiritedly.

Gerald Wilson's band has gone through some personnel changes. The trumpets were Wilson, Jerry Rush, Larry McGuire, Herbert Anderson and Jay Daversa; the trombones Frank Strong, Thurman Green, Alexander Thomas; the reeds (a formidable team) Hank De Vega, Tony Ortega, Ernie Watts, Harold Land Sr., Ray Bojorquez and Richard Applin; plus Harold Land Jr., piano; Dave Dyson, bass; Chuck Carter (Wilson's cousin) on drums, and Robert Fouchet, bongos.

A beautiful band, a beautiful audience—at the end of the set there was a completely honest standing ovation. No big band in jazz, not even Ellington's, has more of the stamp of its leader than Wilson's. The ensemble sounds are as vividly textured as the solos are individually exciting.

The set included *Del Olivar* (named for a matador who once threw Wilson an ear); *Viva Tirado*, with some brilliant Rush trumpet; *Down Here on the Ground*, on which Wilson himself excelled in one of his too-rare solos, and Wilson's colorful chart of *Light My Fire*.

The Harold Lands, father and 18-year-old son, both distinguished themselves. Commercial but musically valid touches were

the solos by Ortega on piccolo and De Vega on varitone-soprano. During *Watermelon Man*, using the octave divider, he played a soprano and baritone duet with himself, displaying such astonishing fluency that there were several flurries of mid-solo applause.

The entire trumpet section, collectively and individually, lit its fire. Ray Bojorquez was the most updated of the reedmen with his Trane-borne tenor. Dyson's bass was a little too heavily amplified, but no one man can overpower a band like Wilson's. This was one of the most satisfying big band sets I have heard in years; it is a tragedy that hardly anybody outside California ever gets to hear this superb band in person. Wilson, as always, made a personable and commanding leader.

Everything after the Wilson set had to be anticlimactic. It should be mentioned, though, that Bojorquez played a set with his own quartet: Kent Glenn, piano; Chuck Glave, drums; Dave Parlato, bass. The Jazz Innovators, a BSU workshop group, was somewhat limited in its concept compared with the other youth combos. (Ron Ballard, Fender bass; Don Ballard, drums; Robert Barber, tenor and soprano; Charles Young, conga, and Gary Burnett, piano).

To Bob McDonald, who started directing a band at LACC 20 years ago (before many of his present sidemen were born), fell the unenviable assignment of following Wilson directly. Symbolically, two of his sidemen—young Harold Land and trombonist Alex Thomas—had just played with Wilson. Both are LACC freshmen.

Comparisons aside, this is a college band of high standards with a strong book, including an original by Bob Florence (one of the band's alumni), an effective piece called *Mixture 79* by Mike Barone, and a couple of well-orchestrated standards such as *Beautiful Love*. John Mewborn is a valve trombonist and arranger of conspicuous promise. The rhythm section, generally capable though not yet entirely together, included Bob Lanning, a son of singer Roberta Sherwood, on drums. (Steve Bohannon once held this chair.)

The Cal State Festival proved, more than any other point, that the line between amateurs, workshop semi-pros and full-fledged professional jazzmen is constantly attenuating. Moreover, those in the audience who stayed around for the non-name groups reacted to them with a concern and a sense of involvement rarely found outside a college campus.

As Sandmeyer remarked, "Maybe, if other colleges find out how well we did here, they'll be encouraged to try something similar." —Leonard Feather

The New York Rock & Roll Ensemble

The Bitter End, New York City

Personnel: Michael Kamen, oboe, English horn, guitar, keyboard instruments; Brian Corrigan, Cliff Niveson, guitars; Dorian Rudnytsky, cello; Marty Fullerman, drums, oboe.

The New York Rock & Roll Ensemble, refreshingly, has virtually nothing in common with any other rock 'n' roll ensemble. Don't let the name mislead you; it is like describing Ben Franklin as a Philadelphia



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printer. They do play rock 'n' roll, very good rock 'n' roll—among other things. It is the other things that make them uniquely worth going miles to hear.

That an alleged rock 'n' roll combo turns out to be musically somewhat polyglot is certainly no novelty today. The Beatles led the way, and it instantly became the fashion to ransack every style and idiom for absorption into the big beat—alleged ragas come at us from every jukebox (though whether an Indian musician would recognize them is questionable).

The attempt to make a marriage between the jazz idiom and the classical is also nothing new; in a sense it began with Dvorak's *New World* symphony, and

"ragging the classics" was popular in the '90s; in our own time we have had a positive flood of such activity; and, lest we forget, Brubeck. I have been an unfailing listener to these efforts; unfailingly curious and unfailingly disappointed, as anyone familiar with my writings will remember.

What is so different about the NYR&RE? Brains, I guess—musical brains. Herewith, in this historic issue of *Down Beat*, Berton abandons a lifelong suspicion that jazz + classical = 0 and admits that somebody finally made it work. (For me.)

The night I heard the Ensemble, they dipped into a variety of bags, always with great taste, competence and charm; but the specific mix that bagged me was the

one—no accident, I'm sure—that I had always considered the most likely to succeed: baroque and jazz (i.e., blues-rock).

Kamen sauntered to the organ and without bothering to sit down, began to play some Bach tune—I forget what, possibly the opening statement of a three-part invention. He then warmed to his work, sat down as he continued to play and added the counterpoint for good measure, if memory is trustworthy, even enriching it with a bit of ad lib pedalpoint (exactly as Bach or any of his contemporaries would have done, without asking anybody's permission). There was no jazz or rock "influence" here, just good, sensitive Bach-playing in a manner worthy of a Juilliard student (which he is, and Rudnytsky and Fulterman are Juilliard graduates). At this point Rudnytsky joined on cello—still just baroque style.

Next, Corrigan and Niveson, who had been digging it, got behind them with a heavy beat on their amplified instruments, adding a bluesy obbligato that was scalp-tlingling; the Rubicon was crossed and no harm done—on the contrary. Somewhere soon after that, Fulterman was rattling away on drums, and Kamen himself was tearing into the keyboard like a real crusher, a la Johnny (Hammond) Smith.

There we were, in a new cra, at least for me. You might have felt an agreeable shock as they shifted gears, but never any lapse of what I call esthetic relevance: the central question in any artistic experiment.

I hesitated to use the word "experiment." I should make it clear that insofar as getting across their main point is concerned—namely that when done with taste and talent, music is music, and the experiment is over—they've done it and beautifully. In a broader sense, of course, they are experimenting continuously; their search for a style and format is probably only at its beginning.

Quizzed on that point, they confirmed the impression that their material is partly written, partly improvised, much of it being head arrangements. Some, at least, of the group are able to improvise in the classical idiom as well as in jazz/blues/rock; at one point, I know, they took off on a classical theme and developed it with perfect credibility, quite in the style of any 18th-century court musician, demonstrating that they have made themselves at home in their mixed bag.

As I have indicated, the content of their music covers a wide spectrum: straight rhythm-and-blues, soul-tinged tunes of various sorts, acid-rock songs, early English madrigals and other material from the classical and preclassical periods, folk songs of different genres and styles, Oriental songs and themes. . . . And they all sing—musically and in tune.

The audience never knows next what it will hear from these young men (all are under 24). Rudnytsky, who plays fine classical cello and also looks like someone's romantic idea of a poet, is given to ironical sermonizing in his parents' native tongue, Ukrainian, between solos.

If you love good music—any color, any species—and are curious to hear it put through some fresh changes, don't miss this group. —Ralph Berton

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SCHIFRIN

(Continued from page 17)

a cue (a "cue" is a sequence of film that requires music), it means something. That doesn't happen every day. It did with *The Fox*."

It could very well happen with *Che*, his next assignment. Schifrin had remarked that in his nearly six years in Hollywood, he had scored motion pictures about the south, about Sicily, about the Pacific, but never one with a Latin-American theme. Finally, along came *Che*—with its semi-documentary approach about Che Guevara. Schifrin recently returned from location in Puerto Rico and expressed his enthusiasm this way: "the picture doesn't take sides. It sees Guevara, in a series of flashbacks, through the eyes of those who loved him, and those who hated him. In a sense, the music will have to be detached and objective. It's very challenging."

Actually, if Schifrin's next assignment were to score a home movie on the sale of Girl Scout cookies, it would still be a challenge. He is a man obsessed by his art—both the aggressor and the recipient in a requited love affair. "When I'm writing music for films, some kind of chemistry happens. It's sort of magical—maybe you should call it alchemy. You have a piece of music on tape and that is one entity, and you have something projected on the screen and that is another entity. But when you combine them, the result is *not* the sum of their parts, it is something *more*."

"Let me tell you, besides music, the closest thing to me is film-making. I am a fan of films, especially the classics. I have always followed Fritz Lang, Rene Clair and Eisenstein. I have been influenced by the book that Eisenstein wrote in collaboration with Prokofiev: *Audio-Visual Counterpoint*."

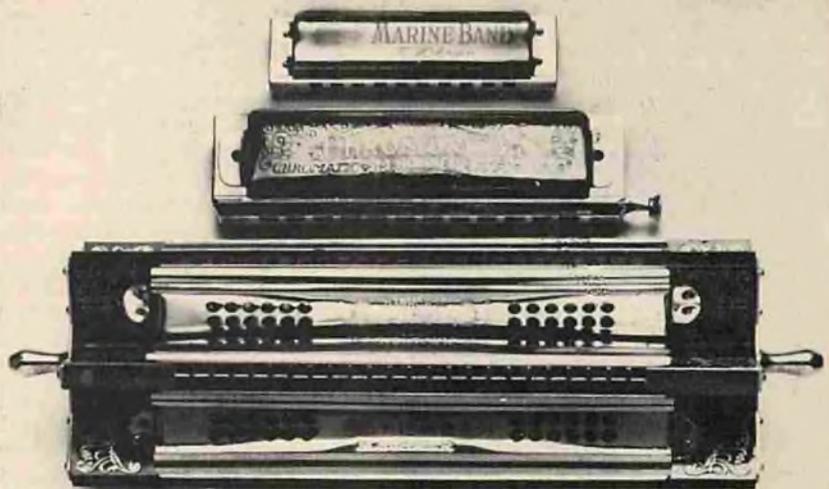
There are other books as meaningful to Schifrin: one is by Henry Mancini on film scoring; the other, on the same topic, is by Earle Hagen, and it contains some thoughts by Schifrin himself. The reason for his concern about these books is his concern for the future of film composing. "David Raskin has a class on scoring at UCLA, and Earle Hagen is teaching it privately (Hagen, incidentally, will expand his teaching activities next fall to include a UCLA extension course), but the main thing is, a young composer shouldn't be discouraged by the technical processes involved in film synchronization. It can be learned quickly and it's really no problem. The main problem is to be a composer first and then to have a feeling for the dramatic."

He credits Stanley Wilson, head of Universal's music department, with putting him through his mathematical basic training. "More important, Stanley taught me what *not* to do."

So the negatives have been eliminated, the positives have been accentuated, and Schifrin and the whole jazz community await that fateful night in April when the Academy Awards are given out. If fortune smiles (she's been winking at him all the way from Buenos Aires to Beverly Hills) there shouldn't be a single audible complaint. Whatever Lalo wants, Lalo deserves.



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MANCINI

(Continued from page 15)

Indiana. A marked improvement comes, he says, when they leave the cloister of the campus and the orchestra commences a tour. He sees the road as a kind of puberty rite. "It's then they begin to really emerge as musicians," he explains.

Still touching on the college subject, he adds: "Of course, now and then there are wails from the 'jazz is dead' Jeremiahs. You wonder how familiar they are with the college scene: what furnaces of enthusiasm some of the jazz workshops are in presentation, in ideas and arranging. Those college bands are the crucibles for tomorrow's jazz musicians. Even with the knowledge of the battleground jazz can be, all the economic knocks and blows, jazz musicians are what some of those kids want to be."

When another Jeremiadic chord was struck during the conversation at the poor standing jazz has when compared with other subjects, to the point of being altogether neglected in some colleges, Mancini preferred to transpose it to a lighter vein.

"We know it has a long way to go in some schools and colleges," he commented. "But look at the long way jazz has come. The faculty heads who are still a little archaic and old hat about it will eventually yield, I think."

Mancini, one would imagine, is like that, preferring benignity to complaints. The balding, handsome, 44-year old composer-arranger may still be on the battlefield, but it's from choice. He has made booty enough, and is well cushioned from the knocks and blows, but with all his triumphs, there are no traces of conceit.

It might be a minor clue to his character that, at the climax of his own show at Lake Tahoe's Sahara, his circumspect parting advice in reference to the casino was, "Be careful when you go out there!" That beats the customary cheery urging to go out and break the house system.

The show, a resume of Mancini hits played with a large string section allied to sizable brass and reeds, was not intended as a jazz package. There were numerous solo spots for Bud Brisbois' trumpet, Lee Callett and Sam Most on tenors, and an extended break for Jack Guilfooy, the University of Indiana band's drummer. Mancini emphasized that the solos were handled with no restrictions. "But the jazz is only a segment; purely an appetizer," he says.

He was reticent as a Trappist when it came to talking about the past—there seemed to be a light taboo on discussing that—though the road has been lined with triumphs. Grammy awards

for music for *Peter Gunn*, *Mr. Lucky*, and for *The Blues and the Beat*. *Billboard*, *Down Beat*, the Motion Picture Academy, have all handed him bouquets; acclaim has come from a good many quarters.

For all that, in conversation concerning himself, he's a futurist, very interested in his teamings with Mercer and with Jewison. Such facts as that he was Cleveland-born, was introduced to flute at the age of 8, took up piano at 12, a few years later manifested an attraction for arranging (his first teacher was Max Adkins, conductor-arranger for the house orchestra at the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh), enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music after high school, had his studies interrupted by the draft in 1943, was discharged in '45 and joined the Tex Beneke band as pianist-arranger—all this was gleaned from Mancini's office.

There was a general touching on persons and opinions. Coltrane? "Great in so many ways." Don Ellis? "His experiments are relevant to today and to the probing character of jazz." Rock? "It represents a part of this period. Accept it or reject it, there it is."

He was adamant in his opinion that the conventional five-man saxophone section is on the way out. Not only that in many cases saxophonists have had to adapt themselves to woodwinds and become adept at handling three or four different instruments in the extension of orchestral color, but that as a sound it was passé.

"But," Mancini continued, "there's a danger in writing things off. Some of the more extreme modernists don't listen closely enough to other phases of music, or they would hear greater or more valid changes taking place within established formats than in their own revolutions. For all the talk of boundary smashing in music, innovation, daring experiments, I haven't heard anyone to touch Erroll Garner. He's so underrated; many young jazzmen don't understand him. Within an apparently innocent number, a realm of melody, there's such witty dissonance and disturbance, taking of different directions, taking more chances than most modernists. And with Garner, the humor is always there."

On his own accomplishments, he says: "If you don't mind one plug from the past, I'm particularly proud of my book on orchestration, *Sounds and Scores*. It showed French horns as a resonant and integral part of jazz make-up, the French horns and trombones in some new voicings, flutes in modern styles, and a string section applied to jazz and pop scores. It's been pretty well received by most professionals and music students. You could say it was a labor of love."



db music workshop

QUINCY JONES By Marian McPartland

THANKS FOR all your letters, suggestions, questions, etc.—please keep writing! I have a note from Larry Johnson, a 19-year-old architectural student at Howard University, who says: "I've played piano for seven years, starting out with classical music; then I became interested in jazz in my last year at high school, and I've been playing it for about four years now. I have also begun to get interested in arranging and scoring for movies and television like Quincy Jones. How should I begin?"

Quincy Jones is an extremely talented composer, performer and arranger—you picked one of the top people as an example for yourself, and that's good. Needless to say Quincy Jones didn't just accidentally start to write for films—it took years of study and performing in other areas before he reached the position he holds today. At the age of 10 or thereabouts, he sang in a vocal group in church—later he studied at the Schillinger House (now the Berklee School of Music). He took trumpet lessons with Clark Terry, played in Lionel Hampton's band for two years, and had his own big band for a while. He also arranged for many other orchestras, groups and singers. He was an a&r man with Mercury records for a while, and only in recent years started writing for films. Undoubtedly the experience he has had in so many other fields gave him the knowledge he is now putting to such good use in Hollywood. I mention all this in passing because I believe a great many people don't realize how much work and thought goes into the learning of one's craft, or how long it takes to be recognized even after reaching a high level of performance.

It certainly would help you to get a book on arranging, at least to show you the various technical aspects of writing—voicings, the range of various instruments, the different clefs, and so on. I think one of the best books is by Russ Garcia: *The Professional Arranger and Composer*, published by Criterion Music. It has everything in it you will need to know except the actual creative ideas—these are up to you.

There is, I expect, a group or band at your school that you can play with to try out your arrangements. Keep writing, playing, listening—learning everything you can, by trial and error (as we all do!) and don't miss any opportunities to get your arrangements played. Listen a lot to all the music you can, live and on records—try to get some scores by the arrangers you like, and study them so that you can understand better what they are doing.

Here is a song by Quincy Jones that you may be familiar with: *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*. It is a rather haunting, flowing melody and I have written out a little

of it as it appears in the sheet music copy (Example I) and also with a few changes one might make in the harmony when arranging it for a band (Example II).

It seems to me that there is quite a similarity between music and architecture. In designing a house you'd start from a

preliminary sketch and work from that until the building gradually takes shape, wouldn't you? Well, in music you sketch out your arrangement at the piano, starting from the basic melody, and build on it, gradually adding to it, note by note, until you have the finished score. **db**

Example 1

Handwritten musical notation for Example 1, showing a melody and accompaniment in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Example 2

Handwritten musical notation for Example 2, showing a melody and accompaniment in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings, with some changes from Example 1.

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Marian McPartland was impressed with 14-year old bassist John Burr and 12-year old drummer Richard DeRosa at a concert sponsored by the Performing Arts Curriculum Enrichment Program (PACE).

AUDIO-VISUAL MUSIC MATERIALS

By Donald J. Shetler

AS THE LINE from an old pop tune goes "... there'll be some changes made." Without question, "change" is the watchword in education today. Along with a few other synonyms one finds in almost every reference to what's happening in music education—"innovative" is perhaps one of the most potent.

This column is the first in a new series that will attempt to report on some of the more significant changes in the world of music teaching and learning. Although a chief concern is the new hardware and software resources, a number of innovative approaches will be dealt with in future issues. To give you a taste of our future coverage, here are a few observations lifted from an address presented to an international group of music teachers assembled for a recent conference at Interlochen, Mich. The remarks were part of a demonstration of new instructional media, describing some of the new approaches now being used in music teaching that merit continued study:

1. PROGRAMMED INSTRUCTION:

Published materials are now available in several areas of music theory and literature and in direct and supplemental instruction in performance skills. Experimental materials are now being developed for use in teaching musical form and design. Computer-assisted instruction in music is being studied at IBM. . . .

2. FILMS AND FILMSTRIPS:

The use of these aids has gone far beyond that of experiment and basic research. We are able to supplement instruction in all areas of music teaching by the use of films and filmstrips with high fidelity sound. Also available are films or video tapes of locally produced or commercially produced television shows. School systems are beginning to build libraries of films and filmstrips that circulate throughout the system. Newly available are single concept films on 8mm cartridges. Projection equipment has been remarkably improved. It is now possible to feed optical sound tracks through high fidelity amplifier systems and produce entirely satisfactory sound to accompany films.

3. RECORDS AND TAPE RECORDINGS:

Examples of excellent musical performance are available for all levels of music teaching. We have still not realized the full potential of use of stereo record playing equipment. My recommendation is that we install such equipment in every music classroom. It is possible to obtain highly portable solid state record players and tape recorders that will produce beautiful sound for use in music teaching. Since music is an auditory experience, we cannot continue to reproduce music on poor equipment improperly operated, and often poorly programmed for the curriculum. We should make extensive use of stereo tape to record rehearsals to document concert or contest performances. An accurate image of recorded sound is important in teaching children concepts of correct intonation and expressive tone quality. I

have recommended that we abandon the use of disc recordings in much of our music teaching and make increased use of high fidelity tape recorders.

4. **RADIO AND TELEVISION:** High fidelity multiplex FM radio is available to residents of a large part of the country. It is not as widely used as it could be for both in school and out of school listening and study. Music teachers in some areas tell me that they have recorded rarely performed works on high fidelity stereo tape for use in the schools. If you do not presently have stereo or multiplex FM broadcasting in your area, explore the possibility of the establishing of such a station. . . .

An important new development is the availability of comparatively low cost portable video tape recorders. Operation is simple and fidelity of both picture and sound is excellent. . . . It is possible that in the very near future we may be able to make a wider use of commercially-produced video tapes. The NET music series are now available, both on video tape and as 16mm films.

5. **VISUAL SYSTEMS:** 35mm slide projectors equipped with magazines are keyed to high fidelity tapes offer an excellent presentational technique especially suited to the study of music literature and history. Overhead projection is another rapidly expanding field. Prepared materials are now available from several publishers and rapid preparation equipment, simple to operate, has become available at reasonable prices. Such equipment is highly recommended for use in all music teaching. Overhead transparencies are especially useful in the study of musical theory and in making printed scores available to large groups for study.

In future columns I hope to present some of the exciting new approaches to music teaching and learning in more depth. We plan to explore the use of videotape techniques for the analysis of performance problems, methods for excerpting records for the production of audiotapes, and an examination of some of the new technology for programmed instruction in forthcoming issues of *Down Beat*. If you have special problems or areas of interest that you feel would be important for us to discuss, please write to this column in care of *Down Beat*. 

DR. DONALD J. SHETLER is Professor of Music Education and Associate Chairman of the music education division of the University of Rochester Eastman School of Music; Director of Development at Eastman, and Associate Director of Development for the University of Rochester. Before joining the Eastman faculty in 1965, Dr. Shetler was chairman of the music department at Case Western Reserve University. Known particularly for his creative use of audio-visual techniques in music education, he is the author of *Filmguide for Music Educators*.

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New York: New Yorkers will be treated to several concerts in March. On March 15 **Sonny Rollins**, with a small group of still undetermined size, the **Jaki Byard** quartet, and **Artie Simmons** and the **Jazz Samaritans** will appear at Town Hall. This will be Rollins' first New York date in some time . . . Judson Hall will be the scene of a trio presentation by pianist **Keith Jarrett**, bassist **Charlie Haden** and drummer **Paul Motian** March 8 . . . **Roland Kirk** played Count Basie's Lounge in early January and was followed by a quintet co-led by **Milt Jackson** and **Jimmy Heath**, which then did a week at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn. The rhythm section—pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Bob Cranshaw** and drummer **Mickey Roker**—recorded under Walton's name for Prestige with a front line of **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone, and **Blue Mitchell**, trumpet . . . **Al Mimms** and **Leon James** danced at Town Hall on Jan. 18 . . . Right after New Year's, trumpeter **Don Ayler** and alto saxophonist **Noah Howard** did a late afternoon concert at Town Hall . . . Trumpeter **Eddie Gale** presented his "Ghetto Music" at Carnegie Recital Hall. He also did a spot on Channel 7's *Like It is* with host **Gil Noble** . . . Miss Lacey's, the club next to Carnegie Hall, closed after a year . . . Tenor saxophonist **Brew Moore** played a successful Sunday session for Jazz Interactions with **Dave Frishberg**, piano; **Jimmy Garrison**, bass; and **Johnny Robinson**, drums . . . The N.Y. Hot Jazz Society's Sunday soiree Jan. 19 at the Half Note featured **Jimmy Rushing** backed by an all star band . . . **Bobby Hackett**, **Vic Dickenson** and **Maxine Sullivan** took time out during their stay at the Riverboat to do an afternoon show for the inmates on Riker's Island. An added attraction was **John Birks Gillespie** . . . French hornist **David Amram**, flutist **Jeremy Steig** and violinist **John Blair** have been among the sitters-in with the duo of pianist **Nico Bunink** and bassist **Herbie Lewis** at Casey's in the Village . . . **McCoy Tyner** and a big band and **The Jazzies** played a benefit for a scholarship fund for needy students sponsored by the Arts and Cultural Circle of Jersey City. WLIB's **Ed Williams** emceed the event, which was held at St. Peter's College . . . The Cooper Union Forum was the site of an African Dance and Music recital by **Babatunde Olatunji** and Company in mid-January . . . The **Jazz Prophets** did a concert for MUSE in early January . . . **Buck Clayton** did a Wednesday evening at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Atlantic signed singer **Little Jimmy Scott** . . . Drummer **Jack DeJohnette**, signed by Milestone, did his first album for the label with tenor saxophonist **Benny Maupin**, pianist **Stanley Cowell**, and alternating bassists **Eddie Gomez** and **Miroslav Vitous**. **Roy Haynes** took over on drums when DeJohnette switched to melodica . . . The release of a second **Helen Merrill-Dick Katz** album is imminent. The personnel includes **Thad Jones**, **Ron Carter** and **Hubert Laws** . . . Saxophonist **Eric Kloss** recorded his eighth album for Prestige.

Los Angeles: **Lou Rawls** shared the circular stage of Melodyland Theater with **Duke Ellington** and his band, and though afflicted with a variety of Hong Kong symptoms and a painful tooth extraction, went through his customary song and monolog set without complaining. His pianist-conductor, **Gildo Malones**, backed Rawls with two rhythm sections: the usual one (**Walt Namuth**, guitar; **Bobby Haynes**, bass; **Mel Lee**, drums) and another of Ellington bassist **Jeff Castleman** and drummer **Rufus Jones** . . . **Emil Richards** unveiled his **Microtonal Blues Band** at Donte's during a three-night stand. Richards has doctored a number of instruments and added others whose sound is strictly exotic to a quintet dedicated to "ethnic jazz." He retuned a piano so that it has 22-note scales; he performed similar surgery on a vibraphone so that it now boasts 33-note scales; there are bells with 31 tones, and an electric harpsichord and pitched gamelan gongs. Richards is patiently waiting for his Impulse album *Journey to Bliss* to be issued. He recently gave a seminar on microtonals in jazz for **Shelly Manne's** course on the esthetics of jazz at San Fernando Valley State College. Personnel in Richards' quintet: Richards, vibes and percussion; **Dave Mackay**, piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass; **Joe Porcaro**, drums; **Mark Stevens**, percussion . . . Bassist **Herb Mickman**, who was music director for **Sarah Vaughan**, left Sassy recently and moved to Los Angeles. As he put it, "I have the opposite views of **Buster Williams**." (The latter bassist moved to New York some months ago, tired of the studio scene and anxious to swing.) Mickman has been recording with **Carmen McRae** for Armed Forces Radio, and working with **Jimmy Rowles** and **Stix Hooper** at the Admiral's Dinghy in Marina Del Rey . . . **Don Menza** seems to be making Los Angeles his permanent home. The **Buddy Rich** tenorman fronted a quintet at Donte's for three Tuesdays, with **Jay Daversa**, trumpet (subbing for **Conte Candoli**), **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Tom Azzarello**, bass; **Dick Berk**, drums. Berk continues to keep himself busy: a gig at Donte's with tenorman **Georgie Auld**; **Marty Harris**, piano; and **Carson Smith**, bass. Also a recording session at Occidental College, in which pianist **Jeanne Grauer** led a combo that also included **Ray Neapolitan** on bass. The session was for John William Hardy's Revelation label . . . Pianist **Joe Castro** and bassist **Bob Mathews** are holding forth at Tracton's. Another duo—slightly less conventional in instrumentation—is now playing at the China Trader on Sundays and Mondays: **Jack Sheldon**, trumpet and vocals; **Joe Mondragon**, bass. **Bobby Troup** still has the regular group there . . . **Willie Restum** was held over at Jilly's in Palm Springs . . . Jazz-flavored singer **Patti Drew** was at the Playboy Club, followed by **Clea Bradford** . . . **Della Reese** was asked to extend her gig at Duke Kahanamoku's club in Honolulu when **Don Ho** made a premature exit. **Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '66** made their first tour of Europe in January. The touring group included **Lani Hall**, **Karen Philipp**, vocalists; **Sebastian Neto**, bass

guitar; **Dom Um Romao**, drums; and **Rubens Bassini**, percussion . . . **Doc Severinsen**, who fronts the *Tonight* band, got an extra chance to visit the west coast. His boss, **Johnny Carson**, played a three-night engagement at Melodyland. Severinsen fronted a pick-up group at the Anaheim Theater . . . Looks like there'll be one less outlet for avant garde groups. The Ice House in Pasadena melted after four years of offering much needed exposure to contemporary combos . . . **Earl Grant** was the recent headliner in Los Angeles, playing the Westside Room in the Century Plaza . . . **Kim Richmond** and his big band recently played a one-nighter in the back room of Robaire's—a French restaurant in Sherman Oaks. A newcomer with the band is singer **Jerry Whitman**, just arrived from Dallas. Another newcomer, at least in terms of charts for the Richmond band, is **Jerry Lilledahl**, presently chief arranger for the NORAD band at Colorado Springs . . . It pays to book in advance, and the Cocoanut Grove is taking no chances: they have **Ray Charles** inked for an Aug. 13 opening . . . Traditional jazz lovers plan a testimonial to veteran New Orleans bassist **Ed (Montudie) Garland** Feb. 23, at the Local 47 auditorium in Hollywood. The "Tudi Testimonial" is the first highlight of the Southern California Hot Jazz Society's 20th anniversary. Garland turned 74 just after New Year's. The following are scheduled to participate: **Teddy Buckner**, **Barney Bigard**, **Joe Darensbourg**, **Teddy Edwards**, **Pops Foster**, **Mike DeLay**, **Nappy Lammare**, **John Lucas**, **Matty Matlock**, **Turk Murphy**, **Alton Purnell**, **Alton Redd**, the **Firehouse Five Plus Two**, and **The Young Men From New Orleans** . . . **Al Hibbler** will stop off in Los Angeles during February on his way to a tour of Japan. He plans to make good use of the time to tape guest stints on the **Steve Allen** and **Donald O'Connor** shows. Decca Records is hip to the opportunity, too. The label will reissue three early Hibbler LPs . . . One of the town's most serious jazz fans, comedian **Bill Cosby**, wasn't able to do much uninterrupted listening when he came to hear **Willie Bobo** at the Lighthouse. Too many admirers asking for autographs. The only way he can keep to himself is by getting right into the spotlight—that is, sit in, which he usually does on bongos or conga drums . . . **John Pisano**, guitarist for **Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass**, was married New Year's Eve. (That's one way to make sure you'll remember your wedding anniversary.) Congratulations also to **Harold Childs**, promoted from album field coordinator to national sales and promotion director for the material produced by **Creed Taylor** for A&M Records . . . **Hazel Scott** will be seen in a straight dramatic role in *The Experiment*, part of the *CBS Playhouse* series. Air date: Feb. 25 . . . **Nancy Wilson** will be seen as a special guest on *Presenting the Brothers Castro*, the first of a series of TV specials starring the brothers and aimed at Spanish speaking countries . . . **Bob West** has filled the void left by bassist **Al Stinson** with **Shelly Manne** and **His Men**, the others being **Gary Barone**, trumpet; **John Gross**, tenor; **Mike Wofford**, piano. The

group will be playing more in the leader's club. Their new schedule calls for them to spell the headline groups Sundays through Thursdays.

San Francisco: The Charles Lloyd quintet, Cabor Szabo quintet, and The Fourth Way were scheduled for a Feb. 8 concert at the Berkeley Community Theater (reputedly Lloyd's only Bay Area appearance) . . . Joe Williams and the Ramsey Lewis trio (Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, (drums) were with Carmen McRae for a week's engagement in January at the Circle Star Theater in San Carlos . . . The Turk Murphy Jazz Band, house outfit at Earthquake McGoon's, played a week in early January at North Lake Tahoe's Nevada Lodge . . . A week of encores for Duke Ellington at Bimbo's, where the maestro introduced visiting celebrity S.I. Hayakawa, who was cheered . . . The Fairmont Hotel's elegant Venetian Room's policy is becoming increasingly jazz-tinted. Ella Fitzgerald, Erroll Garner and Sarah Vaughan, all in close order, have had month-long engagements. Charles Coleman, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass, and Steve Schaeffer, drums, backed Sassy . . . The Both/And, closed for a spell, came out of lethargy with the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet, with Billy Higgins on drums. Pianist Mike Nock and bassist James Leary, both also operating in The Fourth Way and the John Handy Quintet, rounded out the combo. Nock has signed a recording contract with Apostolic Vanguard, who, merged with Pacific High, have built the west coast's first 12-track studio on Brady Street. During February, Country Joe and the Fish, The Charlatans, the Steve Miller Band, and Sly and the Family Stone were scheduled to cut sides. The company has an eye on jazz tenorist Bert Wilson from Berkeley . . . The University of Nevada Concert Jazz Band had end-of-January concerts planned for Oakland High School, Arroya High in San Lorenzo, and Richmond High . . . St. Columbus High sponsored a concert by Joel Borhani's Afro-Latin Quintet . . . The Vince Guaraldi group had an extended engagement at The Exit in Palo Alto . . . Cal Tjader's quintet was at El Mator all January. Organist Jimmy Smith, with Nathan Page, guitar, and Charles Crosby, drums, followed Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and the Vi Redd quintet . . . The Don Piestrup big band was scheduled for Jan. 26 at the Casuals in Oakland . . . The re-formed Don Ellis orchestra was scheduled at Basin Street West for a two-night engagement Jan. 24-25.

Paris: Slide Hampton recorded an album for Pathe-Marconi with German pianist Joachim Kuhn, Danish bassist Niels-Henning Orsted-Pedersen, and drummer Philly Joe Jones . . . For the same label, Sunny Murray recorded an LP with Bernard Vitet, trumpet; Becky Friend, flute; Ronnie Beer, alto saxophone; Ken Terroad, tenor and soprano saxophones; Alan Silva, violin and cello; Francois Tusques, piano; Bob Guerin, bass . . . Among

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other recent recordings, Pathe cut an album with **Bill Coleman**, trumpet; **Buddy Tate**, tenor saxophone; **George Arvanitas**, piano; **Pierre Sim**, bass; **Charles Bellonzi**, drums . . . **Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine** (**George Gruntz**, piano; **Henri Texier**, bass; **Daniel Humair**, drums) recently gave two successful concerts in Paris. From Feb. 8-19, with pianist **Steve Kuhn** temporarily replacing Gruntz, they toured the south of France (Marseilles, Aix, Arles, etc.) . . . **Art Farmer**, who shared the bill at one of Woods' Paris concerts, was featured in a TV show and will play a festival in Drancy, a suburb of Paris, backed by Arvanitas' trio . . . **Barney Wilen** started a series of concerts with his **Free Rock Group**. The band consists of Wilen, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Mimi Lorenzini**, guitar; **Christian Tritsch**, Fender bass; **Eddy Gaumont** and **Rashied Douari**, drums. **Dave Pike** played for three weeks in January at the Cameleon, where **Red Mitchell** started a two-week engagement Jan. 24, backed by pianist Arvanitas and **Charles Saudrais**, drums . . . **Benny Bailey** played the Chat Qui Peche for two weeks. He was replaced by American organist **Lou Bennett** . . . Clarinetist **Maxim Saury** signed an exclusive contract with Vega Records.

Philadelphia: Drummer **Lex Humphries** played two weeks at West Philly's Sportsman's Bar. This tasteful percussionist, best known for his work with the **Jazztet** and **Dizzy Gillespie**, is too seldom heard these days . . . **Lionel Hampton** was featured at the Continental Safari during the holidays . . . **Kid Haffey** joined the **Jolunie Williams** group for a few songs at AFM Local 274 and proved once again that he is the authentic jazz vocalist in these parts. Drummer **Williams** featured **Myrtle Young** on tenor saxophone, and young trumpeter **Nate Mitchell** sat in just long enough to create a most favorable impression. Two ladies, **Jill Frazier**, the former **Al Grey** vocalist, and **Pearl Williams**, also made a hit with the patrons. **Goldie Hill** and **Larry La-Bes** took turns at the organ, and guitarist **Fred Lacy**, once featured with **Lester Young**, was in the audience . . . **Nina Simone**, **Hugh Masekela** and **Young-Holt Unlimited** were slated for two performances at the Academy of Music Feb. 9. This famous concert hall, home of the Philadelphia Orchestra, may soon have more musical surroundings. A new rehearsal area for the orchestra is being planned, and a new, smaller auditorium is scheduled to be built nearby . . . The **Philadelphia Musical Academy Big Band** is rehearsing with much enthusiasm. Last year, they won many awards in the various contests across the nation, but I'm told they were just "warming up." The **Villanova** contest is set for early March . . . **WHAT-FM**, the area's commercial jazz station, changed its name to **WWDB-FM**. **WHAT-AM**, the parent station, retains its original call letters . . . **Bobby Durham**, **Oscar Peterson's** drummer, had the local musicians talking for days after his holiday visit to **Sonny Drivers' First Nighter Supper Club**. Vocalist **Ernie Banks** is back at

the room once again . . . **Evelyn Simms** found a new room in the Cherry Hill, N.J. area and has been booked for a long stay . . . Tenor saxophonist **Arthur Daniels** brought his group to West Philly's **Aqua Musical Lounge** after the holidays . . . Vocalist **Dottie Joy** sang with the **Al Grey** quartet at the Stardust in Chester, Pa. They recently finished an engagement at Philadelphia's **Cadillac Club** . . . Many of this area's traditional jazz fans were pleased to see that **Connie Jones** placed in this year's **Down Beat** poll. Jones, from New Orleans, did a long spell at the **Metropole Jazz Corner** with drummer **Coatesville Harris** and later at **Billy Krechmer's**, where he just about ran the band when Krechmer had to retire . . . Tenor saxophonist **Buddy Savitt** continues to be featured at the **Marriot Motor Lodge** on Sundays with his exciting jazz trio. Savitt is one of the most inventive saxophonists to come out of the Philadelphia area, but unfortunately hasn't spent enough time in other parts of the country to gain the recognition he deserves. **Al Stauffer** is the bassist with Savitt, and pianist **Mike Michaels** is the third member . . . **Al Grey** was to have joined members of the **Fred Miles American Interracialist Jazz Society** to attend a **New York Hot Jazz Society** session featuring **Jimmy Rushing**, but Grey joined the **Lionel Hampton** band at one of the inaugural balls in Washington instead . . . Bassoonist **Dan Jones' Nu Wind Trio** gave a concert at **Wayland Temple** Jan. 25. Jones tells us that he plays bassoon on the new **Left & Right LP** by **Roland Kirk** on Atlantic. Kirk recently played at **Peps Musical Bar** . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Christolme** has been featured at **Peps Musical Bar** with organist **Herbie Nix** and his group for several weekends . . . Singer **Billy Paul** and the **Stanley Johnson** trio were booked into the **S.S. Jimmy John** . . . **Trudy Pitts** and **Mr. C.** were held over at the **Chianti**; **Joe Valino** ditto at the **Picasso** . . . **Mike Pedicin Sr.** was booked at **Capriotti's** . . . **Palmubo's** has announced **Vic Damone** March 15-22 and the ever-popular **Mills Brothers**, March 25-29.

Pittsburgh: A fine jazz combo spurred the Pittsburgh celebration of **George Washington Carver Week** at the **Webster Hall Hotel**. The group played for dancing and for a show and pageant presented by dancer-vocalist **Rudy Moses** and his **School of Cultural Arts**. Most of the musicians teach at the school. They were **Art Nance**, tenor saxophone; **Chad Evans**, guitar; **Jimmy Saunders**, bass; **Robin Horsley**, drums . . . **Van Harris**, leader of a jazz-rock group, **The Vanguard**, has been getting numerous Pennsylvania gigs as the result of the local success of a new recording. The group recently returned from Canada . . . The **Coach and Eight** in **Shadyside** is featuring the quartet of drummer **Jerry Betters** Thursdays through Saturdays. His brother, trombonist **Harold Betters**, is a fixture at the neighboring **Encore** . . . The **Crow's Nest**, an anchored riverboat on the Allegheny River, has cocktail jazz featuring pianist **Maury Kelsey**, bassist **Larry Tamburri**, and vocalist **Jeanne Baxter** . . . Trumpeter **Hershey**

Cohen is becoming more jazz-oriented since he found a gig at **Bimbo's** favorite hangout of University of Pittsburgh students and alumni in Oakland . . . Pianist **Carl Arter** has a jazz group at **The New Diplomat Lounge** in East Liberty. Featured vocalist is **Patti Swan** . . . Pianist **Reid Jaynes** does a single at **The Win, Place and Show**, but musicians and jazz fans dig him most when he settles in at afterhours spots like the **North Park Sportsmen's club** in the North Hills. Organist **Valerie Petrone** also plays good jazz at the latter spot on Sunday afternoons.

Las Vegas: **Ella Fitzgerald** returned to the **Flamingo** for a four-week engagement, accompanied by the **Tommy Flanagan** trio (**Flanagan**, piano; **Frank De La Rosa**, bass; **Ed Thigpen**, drums) augmented by the **Russ Black** house orchestra, which includes trumpeters **Chico Alvarez** and **Red Rodney**, trombonists **Bill Harris** and **Archie Le Coeque**, and reedman **Bob Bashford** . . . Producer **Maynard Sloate** of the **Tropicana's Blue Room** presented the great **Earl (Fatha) Hines** and his quartet. **Count Basie** followed Jan. 16 . . . The **Riviera Hotel** had **Fran Jeffries** in the **Starlite Theatre**, where conductor **Stan Free** featured guitarist **Joe Puma**. **Morgana King** was due to follow Feb. 5 . . . **Vic Damone** was back once again at the **Circle F Theatre** in the **Frontier Hotel**, with **Joe Parnello** conducting a 26-piece orchestra . . . **Nevada Southern University** continues its policy of presenting monthly jazz concerts. On Jan. 9, the **Marvin Korral-Jack Holland** band performed arrangements by Holland, with a personnel of **Bill Clark**, trumpet; **Sam Cernuto**, trombone; **Koral**, **Arno Marsh**, **Joe Mirillo**, **Kenny Haig**, reeds; **Holland**, piano; **Chuck Andrus**, bass, and **Jimmy Campbell**, drums. On Feb. 9, trumpeter **Bobby Shew** was to perform arrangements by **John Boice** and **Dick Albeir**, and March 9 vibist **Tommy Vig** will be featured.

New Orleans: Drummers have continued to swap chairs in local groups since **Al Hirt** started a chain of job shifts by hiring **Paul Ferrara** from the **Al Belletto** group at the **Playboy**. Ferrara's replacement, **Louis Timken**, went back to the **Paul Guma** combo at the **Top-of-the-Mart** after a short stay with **Belletto**, who brought in **Reed Vaughan** from the **Ronnie Dupont** quintet at the **Bistro**. **Johnny Vidacovich**, drummer with the **Loyola University Stage Band**, is currently working with the **Dupont** group . . . The January meeting of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** featured the debut of a new group, the **Congo Square Marching Band**, led by guitarist **Danny Barker** . . . The **Dave Akins** trio with vocalist **Marian Taylor** played an engagement at the **Al Hirt** club in January. The group was highly touted by Hirt, who came in for several nights for a double billing at the club . . . **New Orleans** drummer **Vic Chaplin** joined British clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas** for a series of dates that will culminate in a summer tour of South Africa. Douglas is remembered for his work here at the **Dungeon** and the **Plimsoll Club** . . .

Pianist **Buddy Prima**, who surprised many Orleanians with his switch from jazz to rock, left the Downtowner on Bourbon Street and is headed for California . . . WDSU-TV features a tribute to the late **George Lewis**, written by newsman **Mel Leavitt**.

Dallas: Drummer **Juvey Gomez**, who garnered quite a following as leader of his own jazz trio featuring pianist **Jac Murphy**, has formed a new group after a year's stint with **Moe Billington** at Harper's Corner. Dubbed **Quartet '69**, the ensemble (with **Bobby Henschen**, piano; **Darrell Dearing**, bass, and **Bob Sickles**, flute and congas) has moved into Dallas' Commonwealth Club for a six-month engagement . . . Departing that same North Park Center address for the downtown **Statler-Hilton Stetson Club** was the **Paul Guerrero** trio, featuring **Jack Petersen**, piano and guitar; **Little Al Wesar**, bass, and the leader, drums and vocals . . . Meanwhile, good things are breaking for **Jac Murphy**. Winners at last year's Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, **Murphy** and his trio were to embark Feb. 14 on a 2½ month State Department-sponsored tour of Central America. The current **Murphy** group, fixtures at one of Dallas' few remaining jazz-only spots, the **Villager**, includes bassist **Alex Camp** and drummer **Frank Sandoval** . . . Arranger-bandleader **Euel Box** has terminated his 10-year position as musical director of **Pans Advertising** and is now writing on a freelance basis for the numerous Dallas jingle mills and for the suddenly booming local film market . . . **Freddie Crane**, **Al Hirt's** pianist for many years, now resides in Dallas and holds forth weekends at the perennially popular **Levee**, with **Tom Loy**, trumpet; **Loyd Hebert**, trombone; **Peyton Park**, clarinet and tenor; **Benny Bennett**, bass; **Dude Kahn**, drums, and leader-owner **Ed Bernet**, banjo.

Toronto: Count **Basie's** band played a two-night concert date at the **O'Keefe Center**, better known for its theatrical productions. **Murlena Shaw**, who sang with the band, stayed over for a one-week engagement, accompanied by **Bobby Fenton's** trio at the **Town** . . . Toronto trombonist **Rob McConnell**, who played with **Basie** (subbing for ailing **Grover Mitchell**), emerged with his own big band a week later at the **Savarin**. The 17-piece group, featuring five trombones, four trumpets and three French horns, was the largest band ever to play a Toronto lounge. The band can be heard on an **RCA Victor** release called **The Boss Brass** . . . **Wild Bill Davison** with the **Jazz Giants** was back at the **Colonial** for three weeks, then departed for **Washington, D.C.** to appear with **Eddie Condon's** band at one of the inaugural balls. While the **Giants** were in town, clarinetist **Herb Hall** and the rhythm section (pianist **Claude Hopkins**; bassist **Arvell Shaw**; drummer **Buzzy Drottin**) cut an album for the **Sackville** label . . . **Gary Burton's** quartet (guitarist **Jerry Hahn**, bassist **Steve Swallow**, drummer **Bill Goodwin**) were next at the **Colonial** . . . **Lonnie Johnson** is currently at the **Gaslight**.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.
Baby Grand: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): name groups.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Broadcasters Inn (Flushing): unk.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Striker, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Club Baron: Clark Terry, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Count Basie's: name groups.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jimmy Hamilton.
Fillmore East: name rock & blues groups.
Forest Hills Inn: Dayton Selby, tfn.
14 and 10: name pianists.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ullano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: unk.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
'L'-Shape Room (Huntington, L.I.): Nita Greene, Sun.-Mon. Guest Night, Mon.
Little Club: unk.
Luigi II: Mary Hurt.
Mink Twain's Riverboat: Bobby Hackett, Urbie Green, Maxine Sullivan.
Metropolitan Museum of Art: Charles Lloyd, 3/11.
Needle's Eye: pianists, wknds.
Network 55: Mary Hurt, Betty Anne & Julius, Exa Louise, tfn.
Peo Wee's: John Blair, tfn.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellucane, Joe Font, Peter Franco, Joe Coleman, Mon.
Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.
Plits Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Plaza Grove (Fairlawn, N.J.): John Noble, Bobby Granaden, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: John Blair, tfn.
The Playhouse: name groups.
Plaza 9: unk.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Raffael Restaurant (Corona): Pat Trixie, Les Jenkins, Paul Raymond, Joe Fontana, Joe Arden, Fri.-Sun.
Rainbow Grill: unk.
Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
The Scene: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Shepherds: unk.
Showense (Cresskill, N.J.): Johnny Morris, Russel George, Jimmy Fitzsimon, Tue.-Sun.
Slugs: unk.
Small's Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sulky (Weatbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom McNeil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Skeeter Best.
Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: Jackie Wilson, 2/21, 22, 28, Jerry Butler, 3/1.

Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wells: Horace Parlan, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Louis Jordan, Hadda Brooks, Black Fox: Vee Jay, Dave Holden. Perri Lee, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Cosmic Brotherhood, Mon.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Leon Haywood, Red Holloway, Mon.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup, Jack Sheldon, Joe Mondragon, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Sam Fletcher.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Mike Barone, Wed. Big Bands, Sun.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): Joe Bushkin.
Elks Club (Santa Ana): New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California, jam sessions 1st Sun. of each month.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): unk.
Jazz Suite (Beverly Hills): unk.
Jilly's (Palm Springs): Willie Restum.
Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cal Tjader to 2/23. Latin jazz, Sun. afternoon. Bobby Bryant, Mon.-Tue.
Masters Inn (Santa Monica): Mary Kaye.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
Moonfire Inn (Topanga): Gil Melle, Mon.
Musicians Union (Hollywood): Ed (Tudie) Garland Testimonial, 2/23.
Parisian Room: Henry Cain.
Pied Piper: Skip Cunningham, Karen Hernandez, Wed.-Sat. Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jazz Crusaders, 2/20-3/1.
Shelly Manne, wknds., Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle, Joyce Collins, Tue.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tractor's: Joe Castro, Bob Mathews.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Gus Poole.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmie Hamilton.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Count Basie, 2/23. Name jazz groups, Sun.
Peyton Place: Rufus Harley, 2/20-3/2.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Mon.-Sat. Dave West, C. J. Cheramine, Sun.

Blackbeard: Jay Cave, Fri., afterhours.
Cabaret: Marce Richardson, Sun.
Club 77: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dungeon: Dave (Fat Man) Williams, Ellyna Tatum, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Laverne Smith, Charlotte Champagne, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig, hbs.
Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland to 2/22.
Jazz Workshop: Willie Tee and the Souls, tfn.
Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Laura's: James Rivers, wknds.
Off Limits: David Laeste, wknds., afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Rendezvous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Stereo: Roger Dickerson, wknds.
Sylvia's: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touche: Armand Hug, tfn.
Vancresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claiborne, tfn.
VIP (Mason's): June Gardner, Germaine Buzile, tfn. James Rivers, Wed.

CHICAGO

AFIRO-Arts Theater: The Pharoahs, wknds. Shows, nightly.
Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.-Thur.
Butch's: unk.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun.
Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Kinetic Playground: various rock & blues groups, wknds.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 2/23. Tamba Four, 2/26-3/23. Jack McDuff, 3-25-4/14. George Shearing, 4/16-5/4.
Lurlen's: Name singers. Vernell Fournier, wknds.
Mill Run Playhouse (Niles): unk.
Mister Kelly's: Miriam Makeba to 3/2. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name jazz groups.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Quiet Knight: Blues, Wed.-Sun.
Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicago Footwarmers, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat.
Tejar Club: various name groups.

DETROIT

Act IV: Bob Snyder, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: unk.
Berkshire Motel: Mark Richards, Ralph Jay, Fri.-Sat.
Bob and Bob's (Madison Heights): Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokenbush's: Jack Brokenbush, Tue.-Sun.
Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Casino Royal: Rudy Robinson, hb.
Cleme's Pour House (Warren): Danny Stevenson, hb.
Detroit Repertory Theatre: Detroit Creative Musicians Assn. concerts bi-weekly, Sun.
Drome: unk.
Frolle: George McGregor, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Horseshoe (Petoskey): Levi Mann, Mon.-Sat.
Hobby Bar: Charles Harris, Wed.-Sat.
Ivanhoe: Marian DeVore, Tue.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Mark's Coffee House (Ann Arbor): Doug Hamman, Fri.-Sat., afterhours.
Morrie Baker's Showplace: Lyman Woodard, Thur.-Sat.
Mr. F's Beef and Bourbon (Sterling): Austin-Moro Band, Sun.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Rapa House: jazz Fri.-Sat., afterhours.
Twenty Grand: Nu-Art Quartet, Thur.-Tue.
Vineyards (Southfield): Jim Voorheis, Dick Wigington, Wed.-Sat.
Visgrer Inn (River Rouge): Dezle McCullers, Mon.-Sat., Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Tue.-Sat.

If you are planning to move, please let us know five weeks before you change your address. All you need to do is fill in this form and attach the address label from this issue of Down Beat. Please include your Zip Code.

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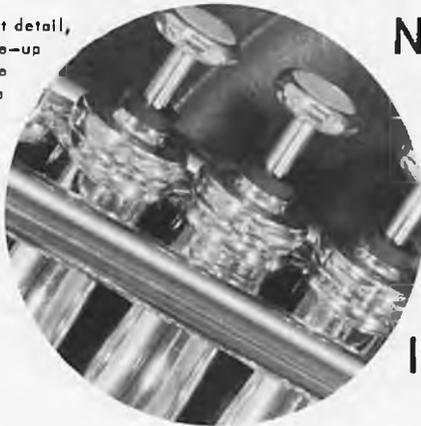
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