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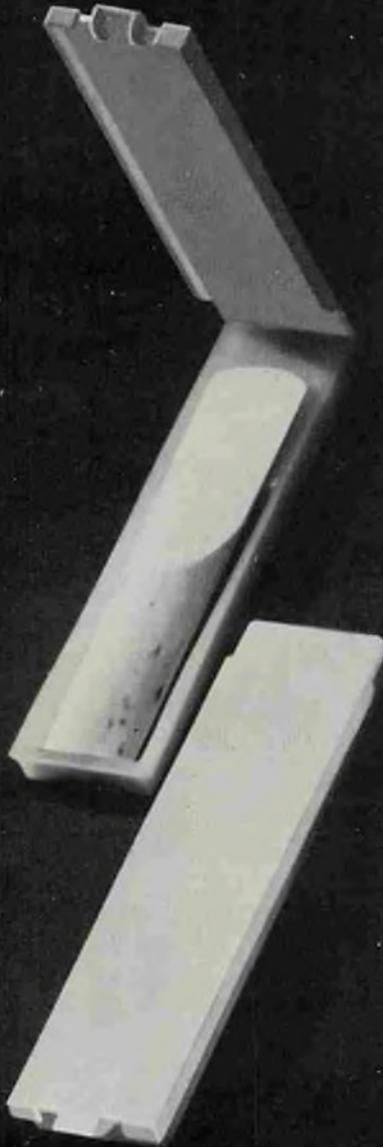
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THE WINDS OF change are blowing o'er the land.

There are hints and evidences of changes in the music world that are worth noting for their present and future effect. This is not a crystal ball reading but a quick look at the evidence at hand.

The "jazz-is-dead" virus has been isolated to a tiny group of head-shaking critics, passe musicians, record company hucksters, and other musical Cassandras. The cry itself is a mournful wail of self pity coupled with some "good-old-days" delusions. It should come as no surprise to *Down Beat* readers that jazz is alive and well and living wherever you wish it to be. The point is that too many people have been gulled by word labels without recognizing the music's content for what it actually is. Now—and more so in the immediate future—musicians are looking at jazz as the umbrella term it is. A term that encompasses most of soul, rhythm-and-blues, and bits and pieces of ever evolving rock. The change is to a more positive attitude of how and why jazz is many things to many people.

The idea of jazz as part of a so-called third stream of musical composition is also dead. It is being properly replaced by the use of jazz in musical forms heretofore reserved for classical composition . . . symphony, fugue, oratorio, concerto and combinations thereof. Another element



coming into increased use can only be classified so far as electronic music. Somewhere this side of John Cage and the nether side of synthesization there is this other tool and means of expression for the musician. This is not yet the time or place to debate its merits as music, only to note the change.

Music education is changing at a more rapid pace than the schools themselves realize. Since most new music forms and styles are under the supervision of youngish faculty members (or not in the formal music curriculum at all), music school deans are not often aware of what is changing in their domain. The fact that most deans are unaware of jazz at large remains true but there are signs that some awareness is seeping in by osmosis. Above and beyond the deans are the institutes and foundations that remain wedded to an almost incestuous regard for safe and established projects that bear little relevance to music as it is. But winds are wafting even into the marble halls and carpeted offices. Social and political pressures are springing loose some attention and funds to something other than museum music. Call it, if you will, a war on poverty of the mind.

The most significant changes in music—or rather the attitudes to music—are coming about by forces we only dimly understand. The United States is rapidly becoming an over-populated country, not in proportion of people to land but of people in cities. We are 200 million now, most likely 300 million within the next 30 years. It's not only how our technology will change to meet this crushing demand but how our outlets to sanity—music and the arts—will change.

Stick around.

education in jazz

by Alan Dawson

I've been teaching at Berklee now for over 12 years, years of growth for the school and, I believe, a time of very important growth for me as a teacher and performing musician. I enjoy and



ALAN DAWSON

profit from my continued professional career combined with a full teaching load. Teaching keeps you abreast of what's going on; you keep in touch with the young musicians and learn from them. Playing with professionals sharpens my own abilities and concepts which I can then transmit to the ever eager students. If we at Berklee can continue to instill the standards of professionalism in our students then all music and all music teaching is benefited.

Alan Dawson

Alan Dawson joined the Berklee faculty in 1957, is now supervisor of Drum Instruction.

Dawson began his professional career at the age of 14 with Boston band-leader Tasker Crosson, and then on to Sabby Lewis' big jazz band. After a stint in the Army band at Fort Dix, he joined Lionel Hampton with other jazz greats: Art Farmer, Quincy Jones (a Berklee Alumnus), Jimmy Cleveland, and Clifford Brown. His first records were made in Paris, while touring with Hampton, with Brown and Gigi Gryce. In recent years Dawson has been in great demand but has limited his away-from-Berklee playing to occasional brief tours with Dave Brubeck and making most of the big jazz festivals. In Boston he plays with most jazz groups coming into town as well as appearances with fellow Berklee faculty members Herb Pomeroy, John LaPorta, and Charlie Mariano. He will be featured (with Clark Terry) at the New Orleans Jazz Festival June 1-6.

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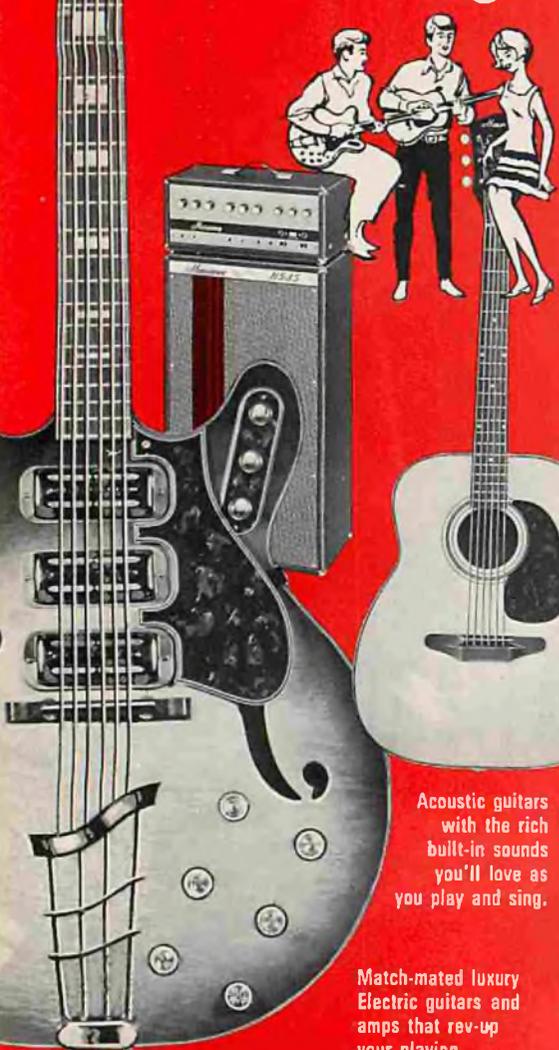
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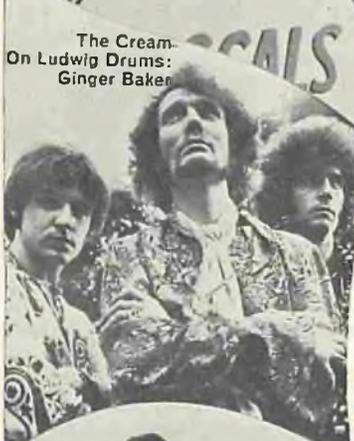
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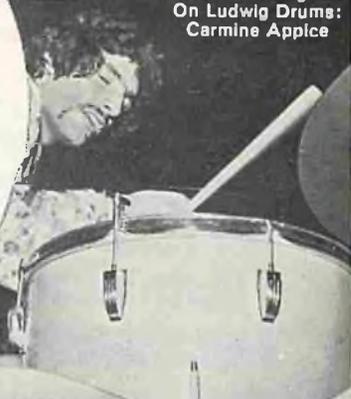


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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Stars And Swipes

I have twice read John Litweiler's review of Ornette Coleman's *New York Is Now!* (*DB*, Jan. 23), and I have played the record once.

According to your reviewer, the album is "burdened with one of the most totally unsympathetic rhythm sections that Coleman ever has worked with." Jimmy Garrison's "occasional uses of counterrhythmic figures sound unfortunately stiff," while Coleman's "freedom seems to psychologically inhibit the drummer." Moreover, the horns mix with the drums like "oil and water", and on *Broad Way* "Garrison chooses to play the duller lines possible."

Dewey Redman apparently gets a "broken bugle sound" on his tenor, and there is "calculated disorder" in a program that is "quite nutty." Although *Garden* has a "stodgy" theme, the performance is a "tour de force", Coleman leading "Garrison and Jones through a menagerie of tempos and emotions." "The height of collective lunacy is achieved," Litweiler claims, "in the indescribable *Commercial*, in which nothing really happens. . . ."

Despite these observations, the record is awarded five stars. I submit that this is extremely unfair to musicians who operate in other categories where collective lunacy is not a virtue, where stars and half stars are customarily deducted for minor faults (cf. Harvey Pekar's review of *Introducing Duke Pearson's Big Band* in the same issue).

Since jazz is now a music of many styles and facets, the allocation of records to sympathetic reviewers makes sense, but the star system has obviously outlasted any usefulness it ever had. It would be better, I believe, to award stars annually by a consensus of your reviewers rather than at the spur-of-the-moment whim of an individual.

Stanley Dance

Rowayton, Conn.

Whose Who?

Harvey Pekar deserves a medal for his appreciation of the Who (*DB*, Feb. 6). In a day where fans and critics can only show "me-too" adoration for such lesser groups as Cream and Hendrix, it is refreshing to see this superlative group put on top where it belongs.

It is odd that Pekar seems to underrate Roger Daltrey. The tone, expression and range of this man are amazing. Perhaps he missed Daltrey's unbelievable rendition of Bo Diddley's *I'm A Man* on the first British LP. And while free with his well-deserved praise of *A Quick One*, he neglected to mention *Real*, from the third American LP, which is of at least equal significance.

But the rest of the description is superbly accurate. The group must be seen live to be appreciated. While many so-called greats (Ginger Baker, et al.) rely on microphones to amplify their styles, Keith

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Thomas R. Roth, Jr.

Deerfield, Ill.

Harvey Pekar's fine article on the Who in your Feb. 6 issue was an example of a type of writing found all too infrequently in your pages. Initially, I thought his piece was merely a conventional assessment of a relatively unknown (in the U.S.) rock group, but Pekar's sly wit and dead-pan approach soon had me chuckling. His citation of some of their lyrics and his discussion of Peter Townshend's nose were especially nice touches. Let's have more of these droll put-ons.

Myron Brigman

Chicago, Ill.

Schlitten Rates

Ira Gitler did a beautiful article on Don Schlitten (*DB*, Jan. 23). I think that many readers, including myself, did not realize that there are only two independent jazz labels in existence. Pat Martino, Eric Kloss, Jaki Byard, Sonny Criss, Steve Lacy, Eric Dolphy and Booker Little aren't the type of musicians a record company enjoys commercial success with.

In fact, it's not too easy to make it on jazz alone. It takes an artist like Schlitten to look at the business end of jazz like an artist. Cats like him keep jazz alive. . . .

Christian Beltley, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Past Recaptured

What I enjoy most about reading *Down Beat* is the past issues. The articles I may have missed keep me informed and give me plenty of insight on the jazz world today.

One article in particular that I always enjoy studying, shall I say, is the article you had on Coltrane: *Man in the Middle* (*DB*, Dec. 14, 1967). I had really never known him until I bought one of his albums (*Ole Coltrane*) and began listening to him. I now have 20 of his albums and respect this immortal man as much as I do his jazz.

Jazz is a great thing these days, as I have found out. I intend to keep my subscription going as long as *Down Beat* keeps going. It's quite a "gig!"

Jim Burns

Elkhart, Ind.

Fire And Brim-stone

Regarding the record reviews in the Feb. 6 issue: First of all, in John Litweiler's review of the James-Brim *Tough* album, I feel he unjustly dismisses the three Brim sides. . . . Brim is accompanied by Little Walter, Freddy Below and, I believe, Robert Lockwood. A review of the album in *Jazz Journal*, the English publication, did give the personnel. . . . The Elmore James tracks featured the Johnny Jones Band, with J. T. Brown, the sax player referred to in the review. Odie Payne was the drummer in the group. If the album is as important as Litweiler

states, how come the low rating?

Al Heineman's *Wheels of Fire* review was far too generous to Cream. Heineman is far too prejudiced towards Cream to be able to dispassionately review their work. Also, how much of Cream's impact depends on volume? To me, more than it should. I enjoy your publication very much, and keep up the fine work.

Ronald Weinstock

Cleveland, Ohio

Cap'n Handy In Connecticut

Chris Albertson's review of two Cap'n John Handy LPs (*DB*, Dec. 26, 1968) contained some inaccuracies (and since mention is made of the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club, I forward the ensuing comments).

1. The CTJC did assemble the band for the RCA date. Brad McCuen's attention and cooperation for a recording of this group was solicited by the club, and it is to McCuen's credit that he recognized the value of featuring Handy in a traditional setting. As Albertson notes, this was quite different from the first RCA album which featured Handy with a six-piece swing band.

2. The Jazz Crusade album was recorded and issued quite independently of the CTJC. It is true that the club was instrumental in bringing John Handy to Connecticut in Dec. 1965 . . . and on several subsequent occasions, but it did not or-



ganize or sponsor the Jazz Crusade recording date.

To the best of my knowledge, this date was (made in) March or April 1966 . . . at least two years prior to the second RCA session. Thus, the two releases were not "recorded around the same time" as stated in the review.

I am sure it is not always easy to ascertain all the ins and outs of each record reviewed, so I trust you will accept the above comments not as criticism, but as a means of correcting the record.

Albert Vollmer

President

Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club, Inc.

Dionne's Blindfold

I have always enjoyed *Down Beat* and especially your *Blindfold Test*. It really did it to me to hear a real artist like Dionne Warwick (*DB*, Feb. 6) tell it like it is, about so-called singers Bassegy and Uggams. Keep up the great work.

Lou Gray

U.S. Army

It Wasn't B.

In the New York *Strictly Ad Lib* (*DB*, Jan. 23), you stated that Billy Eckstine sang at the tribute to Ella Fitzgerald. May I correct you? It was not Eckstine; it was a very talented young singer named Harold Dumont, who has appeared on TV several times recently with Nipsey Russell. He has an unusual voice, and I should like to see much more of him.

Phyllis Cohen

Fort Lee, N.J.

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WEIN BRINGS JAZZ TO NEW YORK ROCK CENTER

George Wein, that intrepid entrepreneur of jazz, has done it again. On March 2, he initiated a regular Sunday night jazz series at New York's Fillmore East, until now the almost exclusive domain of rock, blues and pop.

"I think this opportunity for a weekly venue for jazz is the most important thing that could happen to the music in New York," said Wein, and judging from the promising lineups for the first two events, he may well be right.

The March 2 kickoff featured Clark Terry's big band; The Newport All-Stars; the Herbie Hancock Sextet; Thelonious Monk with a special sextet, and the Billy Taylor Trio. March 9 is slated for Duke Pearson's big band, Wild Bill Davison's Jazz Giants, the Bill Evans Trio with guest Jeremy Steig, the Roy Eldridge Quintet, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Tickets are scaled at \$3, 4 and 5, and curtain time is 7 p.m. Emceeding chores will be handled by WLIB-FM's house trio, Billy Taylor, Del Shields and Ed Williams.

GOOD NEWS: COLEMAN, DON CHERRY REUNITE

Ornette Coleman, who has been relatively inactive in recent months, will debut a new group in concert March 22 at Loeb Student Center of New York University in downtown Manhattan.

The new quintet reunites Coleman with cornetist Don Cherry, recently returned from Europe. The remaining members are musicians with whom Coleman was associated during 1968: tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman, bassist Charlie Haden, and young Denardo Coleman, the leader's son, on drums.

Bob Messinger, Coleman's new manager, told *Down Beat* that he intends to concentrate on college and other concert bookings for the group rather than night club appearances.

Coleman and Cherry last appeared together in 1962, and their reunion might well be one of the year's major jazz events.

THIRD BERKELEY JAZZ FEST SET FOR APRIL

The University of California at Berkeley will present its third annual jazz festival April 25-26 at the Greek Theater on the U.C. campus.

Artists booked for the two evening concerts are Max Roach, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, the Archie Shepp Quintet, Herbie Hancock's new sextet, and Nina Simone with a 10-piece instrumental and vocal backup group.

Roach will appear with his quintet and a 25-voice chorus. Selections from the

drummer's *Freedom Now Suite* and *It's Time* will be performed.

The Saturday afternoon concert will present a history of African rhythm, narrated by Adderley, with Roach and percussionist King Errison. The festival was negotiating at presstime with Art Blakey, Tony Williams, Big Black and Mongo Santamaría.

As in previous years, the festival will be the culmination of a full Jazz Week on the U.C. campus. Shepp will be artist-in-residence during this period and will lecture and conduct seminars.

Other artists and activities remain to be announced.

PRIZE TOPS TATE TOUR; SAXMAN CHARMS FRENCH

Buddy Tate's recent European tour was a great success. The band he led had a group personality and the kind of individual talents that a discriminating audience still demands, particularly in France, Switzerland and Spain, where Tate is certainly more esteemed than in his own country.

The tenor saxophonist's own solos never failed to communicate, and trombonist Dicky Wells also enjoyed a triumph.



Buddy Tate
Ovation

"What a wonderful surprise," Hugues Panassie wrote, "to see him back in good health, looking 10 years younger, and blowing as wonderfully as in his best days." Among the other musicians, trumpeter Dud Bascomb, reedman Ben Richardson, pianist Skip Hall and bassist John Williams had previously been familiar to most fans only by records, so their playing and appearance were always a matter of lively interest.

A complete concert by the band was recorded in Bordeaux, and Tate also made an album with trumpeter Bill Coleman. Luckily, he was in Paris for the reception

at the Hotel de Ville given by the Prix de l'Academie du Disque Francais and presided over by Edgar Faure, Minister of Education. Tate got an ovation when Mme. Faure presented him with the diploma for the annual Prix du Jazz, which had been awarded to his fine Black and Blue LP, *When I'm Blue*. It was made on a previous tour with organist Milt Buckner and drummer Wallace Bishop.

Also present were such celebrities as Fernandel, Jean Marais and Regine Crespin, all of whom were impressed by Tate's manners and noble bow to Mme. Faure. Fernandel, the famous comic actor, sent him a message via Michel Perrin: "Comme je ne parle pas l'american, voulez-vous m'excuser aupres de M. Tate et lui dire toute mon admiration."

POTPOURRI

Trumpeter Clifford Thornton has been appointed Visiting Professor in the music department at Wesleyan University and will be teaching a course in Afro-American music during the spring semester. Thornton's *New Art Ensemble* was heard in concert Feb. 27 at New York City's Donnell Library.

Reedman Adolphe Alexander, 70, died in New Orleans of pneumonia in January. He was associated with the late Oscar (Papa) Celestin and numerous other New Orleans jazz groups.

Members of Clark Terry's big band are tutoring a junior 21-piece band made up of teenage instrumentalists each Tuesday from 2 to 5 p.m. at Club Barron in Harlem, where the Terry band is currently appearing Monday nights.

Alto saxophonist Marion Brown and his ensemble (Ambrose Jackson, trumpet; Gunter Hampel, vibes; Barre Phillips, bass; Steve McCall, drums) recorded music for the soundtrack of Marcel (Black Orpheus) Camus' new film, *Le Temps Fou*, in Paris. Phillips also appears in the film. An album by Brown and Hampel, *Gesprachsfetzen* (Conversational Fragments), was recently issued on the German Calig label.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: They are doing other things besides protesting on New York's college campuses this winter. New York University and Columbia have been the scenes of swinging instruments rather than swinging clubs with jazz concerts and festivals, some with free admission. The NYU activities began in the Loeb Student Center Feb. 2 with a concert by singer Carol Sloane with Zoot Sims, ten-

or saxophone; **Attila Zoller**, guitar; **Hal Caylor**, bass, and **Allan Schwartzberg**, drums. On March 30, the quintet of saxophonist **Arnie Lawrence** will play a similar session in the Loeb lounge starting at 3 p.m. It will be free and open to the public. So was the second NYU Jazz Festival, produced by **David Bell** at the same location from March 3 through 6. Pianist **Toshiko** was scheduled to lead off the proceedings with the help of tenorist **Lew Tabackin**. **Art Blakey** and his **Jazz Messengers** were due in the afternoon. March 4 was to be divided between **Roland Hanna** in the a.m. and **Freddie Hubbard** in the p.m. Lawrence and **Elvin Jones** were to split the March 5 program, with the **Clark Terry** big band set for the wrap up . . . The Columbia Jazz Festival, according to student coordinator **Cindy Stevens**, was slated to begin Feb. 24 with Art Blakey, and continue with **Gary Burton**, March 10; **Elvin Jones**, March 24; **Muddy Waters**, April 14; and **Freddie**

Hubbard, April 28. Concerts are at the Wollman Auditorium of Ferris Booth Hall, 115th St. & Broadway, from 8:00 to 9:30 p.m. Tickets are \$2.00 . . . Meanwhile—and don't get confused—NYU's University Heights campus, in the Bronx, will duplicate the series of *Jazz—the Personal Dimension* scheduled for Carnegie Recital Hall. Here are the groups and the dates: **Gary Burton**, NYU, Feb. 17; **CRH**, Feb. 21; **Pee Wee Russell**, NYU, March 17; **CRH**, March 21; **Art Blakey**, NYU, April 14; **CRH**, April 18; **Elvin Jones**, NYU, May 5; **CRH**, May 9. NYU uptown concerts are Mondays at 8 p.m. and cost \$2.00; Carnegie Recital Hall concerts are Fridays at 8:30 p.m. and cost \$3.00 . . . Trombonist **Ake Persson** arrived from Sweden in January. **Clark Terry** is trying to corral him for his band, which plays every Monday night at the Club Baron. Incidentally, Terry's men invariably do their pre-Baron, Monday evening dining at The Doll House, located on Lenox

Ave. between 132nd & 133rd. It's run by former Count Basic bassist **Jimmy Lewis**, and the menu, divided into soul and continental, is said to be a gourmet's nirvana. Also on the big band front, **Duke Pearson's** bunch began regular Sunday stints at the Village Vanguard Feb. 9, from 5 to 11:30 p.m. The **'Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** recently celebrated its fourth anniversary on Monday nights at the club . . . Singer-pianist **Blossom Dearie** did the month of February at the Cafe Carlyle on Madison Ave., with bassist **Ron Carter** and drummer **Al Harewood** . . . **Bobby Scott** has been signed to do the motion picture score—his first—for *The Slaves*, a film that will also give singer **Dionne Warwick** her first movie role . . . Pianist **Junior Mance** was in residence at the Top of the Gate through the first half of February. With him were **Wilbur Little**, bass, and **Rudy Collins**, drums. Pianist-singer **Dottie Stallworth** was the opposite attraction. The



OUR DEBT TO EUROPE

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

NOT LONG AGO I received two letters that brought back to mind the extent of America's debt to Europe in the recognition of jazz.

The first, from Stockholm, was written by Harry Nicolausson, editor of *Orkester Journalen*. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that this magazine was 35 years old last month, founded November 1933. No other jazz magazine has lived that long, as far as I know. Also this month I have been editor of *Orkester Journalen* for 30 years, which I guess is a record hard to beat."

My mind crossed the decades to the years when, in pre-World War II London, access to jazz information was incredibly difficult. In the very early 1930s there was no *Down Beat*. *Metronome*, which was to become a major jazz magazine in the 1940s, was dedicated mainly to brass bands until George T. Simon slowly revamped it to a jazz and dance band orientation in the later '30s.

The London *Melody Maker*, founded in 1927, was a pop music magazine but left some space for jazz. John Hammond sent a monthly news column that helped alleviate our starvation. Later the magazine went into a weekly, tabloid format and the jazz content was stepped up.

What I did not know then, and just found out from a second letter, was that one of the world's oldest surviving jazz publications is Finland's *Rytmi*. Editor Risto Ennekari, in a letter detailing plans for the third annual Pori International Jazz Festival (coming up next July),

casually tossed in the information that *Rytmi* was founded in 1934. This would put it on about the same level of longevity as France's *Jazz Hot* and America's *Down Beat*; but for the first few years, *Down Beat* was only peripherally concerned with jazz.

In England, too, in the 1930s, there were several small independent jazz publications that came and went. Altogether, it may be claimed without any danger of exaggeration that 75% of the specialized writing on jazz during the 1930s appeared outside the United States.

It is a very safe bet that if you were to look up the obituary pages of the *New York Times* for the days following the deaths of Jimmie Harrison, Eddie Lang, Bennie Moten, even Bix Beiderbecke, you would find either a brief, perfunctory mention or none at all.

If jazz in the 1920s and '30s had been accorded even one-tenth the recognition it has gained during the past decade in national newspapers and magazines around the U.S., a mountain of information would exist about great artists who lived and died in obscurity, men and women about whom semi-artificial biographies have been constructed and legends have grown. Imagine, for instance, if Bix or Bessie Smith had enjoyed during their peak creative years the depth of coverage now accorded—in *Down Beat*, the *N.Y.* and *L.A. Times*, the *New Yorker*, and dozens of other outlets—to the Don Ellises and Carmen McRaes!

Search through the Afro-American press and you will find that white America was not alone in ignoring or downplaying the contribution of jazz. The first continuous writing by a jazz critic in any American Negro publication appeared under my byline when I was London correspondent for the *New York Amsterdam News*; but most of what I wrote concerned subjects other than jazz, since I was aware of the limited interest, throughout all strata of American society, in this music as an art form or even as something newsworthy.

There is an ironic footnote. Most European jazz fans speak or read English, at

least to the extent that they can understand most of what is now printed about jazz in the English language. (Nowadays more than half of *Rytmi* is printed in English, in an attempt to boost its circulation beyond Finnish-speaking circles.)

The pioneer publications abroad, which virtually created the international interest in the worldwide demand for jazz, now find themselves in the position of competing with the very American publications whose existence they helped make possible.

This situation, coupled with the saturated condition of the European jazz market, had led to problems that could not be foreseen. "The interest for jazz here (in Sweden) is not what it used to be," says Nicolausson, "and it is getting tougher every year to keep the magazine going." Even a government subsidy, he adds, has not proven generous enough to sustain things satisfactorily. "I could use a sponsor," he says, "but jazz sponsors are very scarce."

Nicolausson's former competitor, Nils Hellstrom, ran *Estrad* for 30 years but finally had to throw in the towel a couple of years ago. Sweden, like almost all other countries, is too small for more than one profitable jazz magazine.

It would be tragic if the foreign jazz press were squeezed out of existence, either through competition or through the shrinkage of interest in the subject. Somehow or other, though, I suspect that most of these modestly distributed but stubbornly principled publications are going to survive. If jazz today is a minority music, as their circulation in 1969 would seem to indicate, does this have any dire significance? It merely means that after all these years the wheel has come full circle.

Without their regular overseas flights, many of the leading bands and combos today would have trouble making it through the year. Without the help of these European editors and writers, who have waved the flag so long and so proudly for the music they love, the bands and combos quite literally might never have gotten off the ground. **ES**

Mances followed pianist **Bill Evans**, who was accompanied by **Eddie Gomez**, bass, and **Marty Morell**, drums. **Andy Bey** took care of the vocal-piano spot on that bill . . . **Lee Morgan** and **Horace Silver** have signed new contracts with their longtime affiliate, Blue Note records . . . Former WABC disc jockey **Alan Grant** has left New York for the sunny environs of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. . . . The Village Gate went to "The Memphis Sound" in early February. One weekend featured **Albert King**, **Buddy Guy** and **King Curtis**, while the next spotlighted **B. B. King**, **Judy Clay** and the **Bar-Kays**. Saxophonist **Curtis** then moved into Shepherd's with his quartet, supplanting the Brazilian swingers, **Tamba 4** . . . **Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble** did all the Sundays in January at Slugs'; percussionist **Warren Smith's Composer's Workshop Ensemble** did the same in February; and drummer **Sonny Brown's** octet occupies the same slot in March . . . The **Jazz Musicians Association** has issued its first record, a 45 single featuring violinist **John Blair** and flutist **James Spaulding** with the **John Lewis** trio (**Mickey Tucker**, piano; **Major Holley**, bass; **Lewis**, drums). It sells for \$1.00 and may be obtained from JMA, Box 127, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. . . . Another JMA'er, drummer **Ron Jefferson**, led his **Jazz Instrumental Choir** in a weekend gig at the Port of Call East with **Ted Dunbar**, guitar, and **Allen Murphy**, bass . . . **Bobby Timmons** has been appearing at the Needle's Eye . . . **Charles McPherson's** quintet did a February concert for the Hartford Jazz Society.

Los Angeles: **Elvin Jones** was in town for a two-week stint at Shelly's Manne-Hole. It was billed as Jones' trio, but reedman **Joe Farrell** never made the gig, and bassist **Jimmy Garrison** arrived two days late. There was a lot of sitting in: **Sonny Criss**, **Hampton Hawes**, **Ray Draper** on tuba, and **Roland Kirk**. Even Jones required a sub one night: **Frank Butler**. Eventually, the gig worked into what the billing promised with the advent of **Harold Alexander**. The Charlotte, N.C.-born reedman raised many eyebrows, and Jones expressed his hope that the threesome could remain intact. Much will depend on tempers: the night before closing, Jones and Garrison had to be pulled apart after the job, backstage. Following the Jones trio, **John Carter** and the **New Art Jazz Ensemble** (**Bobby Bradford**, trumpet; **Carter**, reeds; **Tom Williamson**, bass; **Bruz Freeman**, drums) played three nights, then **Ruth Price** with **Shelly Manne's** quintet for three nights, before the **Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson** Quintet opened . . . **Jackie and Roy** made one of their rare West Coast visits, working three nights at Donte's while taking care of their main purpose for the excursion: taping guest appearances on the **Smothers Brothers Show** and the **Donald O'Connor Show** . . . Also visiting Los Angeles, but not for happy reasons, was trumpeter **Al Porcino**. His father passed away in mid-January. Since leaving **Buddy Rich's** band, **Porcino** has been playing in the pit for *Promises, Promises* . . . Also

playing trumpet in a new setting: **Chet Baker**. He is leading a quartet at the refurbished Melody Room—a jazz oasis in the midst of the rock-bound Sunset Strip. Baker looks good, sounds good, sings well and is being courted by A&M records. With **Chet: Frank Strazzeri**, piano (doubling on baritone horn); **Dave Dyson**, bass, and **Art Frank**, drums . . . KBCA disc jockey-actor-reedman **Chuck Niles** is wearing a promoter's hat these days. He is beginning Sunday sessions in the Golden Galleon Room of the Marina Del Rey Hotel. (The **Page Cavanaugh** Trio plays there Mondays through Saturdays). The initial concert March 9 will feature **Joe Sample**, piano; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Shelly Manne**, drums, and at presstime, **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibes. On March 16, **Hank Devega** will be featured on amplified soprano saxophone, backed by **Dave Mackay**, piano, and **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass (drums not yet set). Adding to the front line: **Gerald Wilson**, who seldom gets a chance to blow with a small combo. Niles also helped organize the first in a series of Tuesday concerts at the Smoke House in Encino. He was assisted by guitarist **Ron Anthony**, who works there regularly as part of the **Bobbi Boyle** Trio. Debut session featured **Conte Candoli**, trumpet; **Anthony**, guitar; **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Dick Wilson**, drums. Plans call for concerts every fourth or fifth week. **Ray Bowman** is now presenting avant garde groups at the Ash Grove. First concert featured the **Quintet de Sade**; the second was devoted to the **New Art Jazz Ensemble** (same personnel as the **Manne-Hole** gig) . . . The **Sound of Feeling** had some strings attached for their two successive Sundays at Donte's: a quartet to be exact. In addition to the front line, twins **Alyce** and **Rhae Andree** and **Gary David**, there were **Joe Roccisano**, reeds; **Ray Neapolitan**, bass, and **Maurice Miller**, drums . . . **Joe Pass** and **Ron Anthony** have been rehearsing together in hopes of doing some out-of-town gigs. The two guitarists worked at Donte's recently, backed by **Jim Hughart**, bass, and **Donald Bailey**, drums . . . Drummer **Dick Berk** and pianist **Don Randi** have been working together at **Sherry's**. Rounding out the trio: **Harvey Newmark**. Berk also worked with **Marty Harris**, piano, and **Ray Neapolitan**, bass, backing singer **Rick Pierce** at the Hong Kong Bar. **Neapolitan** and **Berk** will be together again when they back **Mose Allison** at Shelly's for two weeks. Following the **Manne-Hole** gig, Berk will join **George Auld** on a one-month Japanese tour. In that group will be **Auld**, **Marty Harris**, and **Carson Smith**, bass. Berk was also with **Don Menza's** group at Donte's when **Roland Kirk** sat in. Personnel: **Jay Daversa**, trumpet; **Menza**; tenor; **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **Tom Azzerello**, bass . . . Pianist **Joe Bushkin** came out of semi-retirement in Hawaii and put together a good trio and a successful gig at the **Mirador** Hotel in Palm Springs. Doubling on amplified trumpet and contributing his usual share of vocals, **Bushkin** was supported by **Monk Montgomery**, electric bass, and **Donald Bailey**, drums . . . **Les McCann** played two weeks at Shelly's **Manne-Hole**,

with **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass, and **Donald Dean**, drums . . . **Joe Castro** was held over for the entire month of February at **Tracton's** . . . **Singer Melba Moore**, who is married to trumpeter **Bobby Bradford**, changed her first name to **Monette**. Decision was based on the fact that another **Melba Moore** exists. The latter is alive and well and currently in the New York production of *Hair*. The new **Monette** did two weeks at **Ye Little Club** in **Beverly Hills** . . . **Erroll Garner's** three-week gig at the **Hong Kong Bar** marks his first Los Angeles club date in seven years. Until now, his schedule has been heavy on the concert circuit . . . The **Craig Hundley** Trio resumed their tour with **Johnny Mathis**, working the midwest, east and southwest. Amidst the concertizing, the trio managed to squeeze in the **First Winter Jazz Festival** in **Cleveland**, plus the **Cummings Auxiliary Ball** at the **Beverly Hilton** Hotel in **Beverly Hills** . . . Highlights of the February meeting of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** of **Southern California** was the **South Frisco Jazz Band**, led by banjoist **Vince Saunders**, with **Ray Ronnie**, cornet; **Roy Brewer**, trombone; **Mike Baird**, clarinet; **Ron Ortman**, piano; **Bob Rann**, tuba. The band has been playing at the **Pizza Palace** in **Huntington Beach** for three uninterrupted years . . . **Stan Kenton** reedman **Bill Fritz** has instituted a class in improvisation at **California Institute of Arts** (where he has been teaching for six years). **Fritz** will conduct a class in **Jazz Composition** and **Jazz Ensemble** at **Fresno State College** in **August**. **Fritz** is sharing directorship of the **Collegiate Neophonic Orchestra** this season with **Don Erjavec** . . . Of the 75 albums certified by **RIAA** as one-million sellers in 1968, **Ray Charles** could claim credit for three: *A Man and His Soul*; *Ray Charles' Greatest Hits*; and *Ray Charles—Modern Sounds in Country and Western, Vol. 2*. *The New Yorker* is preparing a profile on him and he recently received an award from his alma mater in **Orlando, Fla.**, the **St. Augustine School for Deaf and Blind Children** . . . The fate of the **Jazz Suite** is now in the hands of a U.S. banking referee. A combine of eastern investors had hoped to rescue the plush but ill-fated **Beverly Hills** night spot. Now they are waiting for the outcome of the involuntary bankruptcy petition filed against its original prime movers, **Dr. Joseph Noble** and **Gene Von Baur** . . . **Don Rader's** big band played at Donte's and a week later did a gig at the **Narcotic Rehabilitation** facility at **Corona, Calif.** Other big bands making the scene at Donte's recently included **Paul Hubinon**, featuring vocalist **Irene Kral**; **Dick Grove**, featuring pianist **Pete Jolly**; **Don Piestrup**, **Louis Bellson** and **Larry Cansler** . . . **Mel Torme** is grinning since his \$500 fine, imposed by **AFM Local 47**, was reversed by the union board. **Torme** was slapped with the fine for crossing a picket line last November in front of the **NBC Burbank studios**. That was during the **AFM** strike against the **TV** networks. **Torme** convinced the board that when he arrived at the studio it was so early, no pickets were on duty. Had there been, he would have respected their line.

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A Drum Is A Woman: The Swinging Dottie Dodgion

by

Carol Sloane



Dottie Dodgion backs Al Cohn and Zoot Sims

DOTTIE DODGION is a drummer. Dottie Dodgion is also a lady; a happily married woman and a proud mother. She is a skilled artist deserving wider recognition (plaque designers please take note) who has gained respect and enviable status among her musician associates. And, in the words of Bob Brookmeyer, she also smells better than most musicians.

She is a Libra, for those of you who are into that. Some fragmentary characteristics of this sign: realistic, rarely abstract, positive thinkers dealing in absolutes. There are other qualities associated with Libras, but these few describe Dottie rather well.

Her attitude toward the challenge of performing in a world dominated by men is clear and precise. The drums are not male or female. She offers the reminder that women have been playing drums or their equivalent for centuries, especially in countries with a long history of civilization.

One of the key factors in her successful approach to the competition she faces daily in her profession can be found in her own home: "My husband, Jerry Dodgion, encourages me one hundred percent of the time, and without his support it would be very difficult to play or function in music." Dodgion, a fine alto saxophonist and flutist, is a practicing, working musician whose professional credentials are impeccable. Aside from doing numerous club dates and much studio work, he is a regular member of the explosive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

One obvious reason why the Dodgions' is a happy marriage is that they are in the same business. There are too many situations in which one partner has only detached sympathy for the occupation in which the other functions. Jerry and Dottie have sustained their

relationship through mutual respect, understanding, concentrated effort and genuine devotion. Tired phrases? Perhaps they should be considered simple and refreshing affirmations of a tradition in this day of "How's your old lady?"

Dottie places special emphasis on the importance of Jerry's constant strength and counsel. A minor example of this can be found in the story she recalls of their first home in San Francisco, a typical architectural mountain which required a 156-step climb to the front door. With one of her famous face-breaking smiles, she remembers how those stairs would be especially tall on nights when they'd both played a job. "Jerry carried the drums up every step every night. Now that's love!"

This provoked a question about the hardship that is involved for a small woman in hauling drums all over town. Dottie is not delicate, but she's not on the Olympic weight-lifting team either. "It's not that tough," she answered. "Besides, what about harp players?" The subject was closed.

The last time I saw Dottie, she was playing her regular Sunday night job in a club on Manhattan's East Side. (She can also be seen frequently at the Half Note with Al Cohn and Zoot Sims.) The Sunday night job is located on the site of the old Blue Angel, where the atmosphere is a kind of New York version of an English pub, calculated to lure "the beautiful people."

Some of these were on hand that night, and Dottie and her friends provided the proper tunes and tempos for dancing. But later in the evening, she and her associates (Lenny Pogan on Fender bass and Bob Phillips on piano) got into some good swiny things. It was a pleasure to hear, and especially delightful to watch Dottie.

There's usually a soft smile on her

face, and the feeling that all is right with the world can overtake you if you wish to succumb. Dottie watches the soloist carefully on the first chorus, and when the piece has been established with various colors, she shifts lightly into the enjoyment of her role as a member of the section. Dottie's time is razor-keen, and her complimentary accents throughout the stretch-out choruses are subtle, encouraging and tasteful.

She's not a basher, but not because she is hampered in any way by her sex. She points out that playing the drums doesn't take that much strength—the skill is often in the wrist. Discussing this further after the set, she particularly stressed that it's not just the wrist but total coordination which is essential. "I have the greatest respect for a drummer who has the stamina and endurance to play consistently well for one night—who sounds as good at the end of the evening as he did at the beginning," she emphasized.

She is sensitive in her playing and more importantly, is sensitive to all with whom she shares the stand. She is a *listening* musician, and her concept of how the drums should be played is further clarified when she cites several favorite drummers who also fall into that category. Billy Higgins, Al (Tootie) Heath and Mickey Roker are three colleagues she admires, and she credits Kenny Clarke as the first and most significant influence on her playing. To him she attributes her understanding of the drummer's role as part of the total sound rather than a separate entity.

There are several rock drummers she likes, and she specifically mentioned Ginger Baker of Cream. Asked about Buddy Rich, her tongue-in-cheek reply came almost instantly: "He plays good for a man."

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BUDDY RICH: Jazz Missionary

by Dan Morgenstern

LARRY KART



THOUGH IT WAS a bitter cold Chicago winter night, there was a line outside the Kinetic Playground more than an hour after the doors had opened.

There was nothing unusual about that. The Playground is the city's foremost rock emporium, and each weekend, thousands of young people pay the not inconsiderable sum of \$5 to take in its triple bills of attractions.

There was something unusual about the bill that particular weekend, however. In addition to The Rotary Connection, one of the better local groups, and The Buddy Miles Express, an import, there was a first for the Playground: a jazz band. Buddy Rich, "World's best drummer," and his orchestra.

As you push inside, your ticket is taken by a young lady flanked by a man in a Karate outfit—with black belt. A number of other working Karate experts—mostly brown belts, though—are scattered throughout the cavernous space of the Playground. As we check our coats (a mistake) we hear two city cops chatting. "Well, everything seems copasetic," says one. "Yeah, we might as well move on," the other agrees.

As your eyes adjust to the odd lighting and your ears to the volume of noise, it seems a place where Karate belts are more for show than for action, and cops are not needed.

There are lots of people, even in the foyer, almost all quite young. (Curfew announcements are made here; Chicago has a 11 p.m. weekend curfew for people under 17; not, however, strictly enforced.) All kinds of young people. Some resemble the newspaper cartoonists' shaggy stereotype, but many more merely seem comfortable being what they are and wearing what they wear. Some—a very few not pretty girls—are even dressed up in the oldtime Saturday night beehive style of the

neighborhood. Even fewer are black, and fewer still are older.

For five bucks, the Playground gives you live music, a continuous light show, and continuous noise between acts. It also gives you a snack counter, with pleasant, non-professional (but quick) help, and medium-heavy prices. The strongest thing you can get is bad but very hot coffee.

In the regions around and near this counter, there are a few things to sit on—low and nondescript. Elsewhere, and especially inside the huge, circular room that is the heart of this spartan playground, you sit on the floor, baby. If you don't, the people behind you can't see. (You can stand between breaks in the show, or in the rear.)

The management provides no pillows, and the floor is just plain hardwood. When the place opened, as the Electric Theater, the floor was meant for dancing. But you can dance to records; the present audience for live pop music, at least at such prices, is a listening audience.

In the center of this circular room, suspended from the ceiling, is a structure resembling the housing on the belly of a Zeppelin, or the multi-faceted eye of a huge insect. This structure contains the people who control the visual environment. The folks who control the audio level peep through a glass pane in the wall opposite the bandstand.

As we enter, the Rotary Connection has just completed its set. Most people are standing, and the Buddy Miles Express is in the process of setting up. Recorded music is playing—loudly, as seems inevitable in any public place that features the latest in sounds.

It's harder to get used to the lights. The big eye in the ceiling is a projection booth, and it projects from all sides. Different things. Slides, including colorful enlargements of lab specimens, most of them

diseased (they have the prettiest colors), in constant rotation. Completely abstract optics of various sorts, many with individually moving parts, some pleasant, some not. Film with split and multiple screens. And mixed media—everything at once.

All this, though not often suited to the music, is bearable and sometimes vaguely enjoyable. But then there is the strobe torture—quick bright light and quick total darkness, penetrating even closed eyelids, and probably as potentially harmful to the eye as too many decibels definitely are to the ear. (If you're interested in futures, buy hearing aids—they're bound to soar in 20 years.)

The strobe torture comes 'round about once between sets, and all you can do is have a little fun moving your hands around—looks like silent movies run at the wrong speed.

I'm almost positive that nobody really enjoys this exercise in masochism (except the sadists in the control booth), but everybody bears it patiently. I'm almost sure, too, that few people really enjoy canned music the moment live music stops. But they work with it. And they don't seem to mind sitting on the floor, which is hard and not clean, soiled with cigarette butts and candy wrappers and just plain dirt. They're not dressed up; they're supple. Some sit on each other, or in a comfortable group huddle, and when you have to bump or kick or step on somebody a little (everyone is careful), or somebody does it to you, you smile and are smiled at. Everyone seems uncommonly pleasant, and in a novel way, polite.

Young people, often accused of being noisy, dirty, drug-taking protesters, could indeed teach their elders a lesson in civilized group behavior. Perhaps extreme audio-visual stimulation has a tranquilizing effect, but other things are involved.

After an interminable length of time, Buddy Miles has his Express set up. (Setting up is a ritual in rockland. Setting up fast is considered nonprofessional, but then, there is all that electronic equipment. . . .)

The canned noise dies down, and there is a moment of semi-silence and semi-darkness. Then Miles, front and center, towering massively behind his drums, kicks off an instrumental called *The Train*.

The band, both musically and visually, is a kind of cross between r&b and rock; definitely a soul sound. The instrumentation is two trumpets, two tenors, baritone, organ, guitar, bass, drums. Miles' beat is strong and direct, and he leads the band from his drums. The horns (all formerly with Sam & Dave) do not solo at all, merely play riffs, but they seem to have good chops, and one wonders what they might come up with if turned loose. They do a thing with swaying in time—not as pronouncedly as a Memphis group would, not Apollo style, more like an afterthought.

The solos, when they occur, are handled by organ and guitar. The guitarist, Jerry McCarty, is excellent, especially his fills behind Miles' singing. That singing—and the pounding beat—are the thing. Miles can milk a blues-ballad, and he's really into something with his version of Otis Redding's *Cigarettes and Coffee*. Though the other numbers are a bit too long, that one makes it. Excepting a few rather soft shouts (there are such things) one misses the responsorial comments the music calls for.

The set ends with another instrumental, *Wrap It Up*, featuring some breaks by Miles that are propulsive but elementary. He keeps steady time. The set is enthusiastically received. People begin to uncoil from the floor, in what seems like a slow-motion standing ovation. Miles introduces his entire group individually, sustaining the pleasant impression his music has made.

Canned music begins again, after some announcements about future bills (including one that sounds fine: B. B. King, Albert King, and Paul Butterfield). Aided by some of the Karate boys, the Buddy Rich band is beginning to set up, and though they are almost twice as many musicians as the Miles band, they get ready much faster.

In their traveling tuxedos, behind their music stands, the jazzmen look a bit odd in these surroundings, especially behind the varied fashions of the Express. Uniform is at once a word returned to its original meaning. It's a young band, with few faces familiar from the last time we saw Buddy & Co., and some familiar from other bands. They look businesslike but not tense—after all, this is their second night here.

Buddy appears, the canned noise dies, and there is scattered applause. Everybody has settled back on the floorboards again; it's more crowded now. Buddy is wearing a stylish grey suit and blue shirt and tie—no pendants or turtlenecks—and he looks ready. He settles down behind the set, makes a few fine adjustments, kicks off a goodly tempo, plays some patterns that cue in the band, the saxes roll off the first

bars of *The Rotten Kid*, the brass join in, and we're off on the Buddy Rich Express.

The band sounds tight but not too tight, and there is some nice chase stuff between the two altos. At first, the band sounds surprisingly soft, until one realizes they are using only normal amplification over a not very good house system, and one's ears gratefully readjust to music at a normal level.

But from the start, the drums come through clear and clean. A great drummer has a good sound and needs no amplification. Each beat, each accent is crisp; the bass drum is tuned just right, not soggy and not hard, the cymbal's ping is not harsh, but has carrying power. The man who is creating these sounds seems totally absorbed in what he is doing.

Rich kicks off the next piece, almost without stopping for the applause—definitely audible but on the polite side. Each soloist, though, has gotten a hand, and by the third number, which is *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, there is recognition applause after the first few bars. That was unexpected.

Now both the band and the audience are getting vibrations. Joe Romano, the featured tenor, unfurls some spirited solos, and the applause lets him know about it. The band plays as if it were delivering a most urgent message, as perhaps it is.

What has been gradually happening is that the phenomenal beat and moving force of Rich has infused the whole scene. Even the still unrelated lightshow seems to be moving in time to his time, and the floor transmits it directly. Not many listeners move in tempo with the music (nor did they for Miles). When you can tap your foot at all while sitting on a crowded floor, it soon becomes painful—but there is a kind of swaying in the room. A total rhythmic environment.

Rich, who has used a drum code to call each new number, like Count Basie uses a piano code, rolls the band into *West Side Story*. Here, the recognition applause is surprisingly strong. The chart has become faster at the opening. Rich has played no long solos until now—there have been powerful eruptions, subtle punctuations, a little stretching out for a chorus or two, but above all, constant swing carrying the band, and an occasional kick booting it. No slacking off.

But on *Story*, there is some telling to be done. Before the climactic solo, the arrangement, with its time-changes and open spaces for drum fills and commentaries, has built a musical foundation for what's to come. And we all know it's coming.

But for an occasional shout to bring a section in, there has been no sound heard from Buddy other than that of the drums, and there is none now. No smiles or gestures, either; only concentration.

As his solo starts, and builds, using all manner of ingredients—like that unbelievable single-stroke roll—there are no show-business touches. Only the greatest show on earth: The privilege of watching a human being doing something marvelous that no one else can do quite that way.

He gets through. What happens now is a standing ovation, not a stretching exercise, and there are even shouts from this oddly genteel crowd. If you've been to a few things, you can tell applause that

means an audience has had a genuine experience.

Buddy Rich takes the mike. He's standing now, not a big man, but holding that stage. He's wet, but not sopping, and he breathes like a conditioned runner after a good mile. He's still not smiling, nor is he grim; his expression is that of a fighter who has won, is proud of it, but doesn't gloat.

"Thanks," he says. "Thank you very much." More applause, and he continues. "You're a great audience . . . This is our first time here . . . We've enjoyed playing for you . . . Thank you." Like that.

More applause, and a few V signs flash. Buddy flashes back, and now he smiles. He begs off to more signals from the floor.

Maybe you don't think that's much, what Buddy said. Not very original. Everybody tells an audience that. Well, if you know Buddy Rich, you know he doesn't flatter an audience. He will, in fact, at times make it clear to even the biggest bonthead in a club what he thinks of the clientele. Whatever else Buddy Rich may be known for, he's not an effusive spieler. What he says he means.

He need not have said anything to make it clear that this night meant more to him than playing for the dine-and-dancers at the Riverboat, the losing souls in Vegas, or even the fans at a jazz festival.

He has done his own thing without compromise for a young and new audience (mostly—two girls behind us had debated whether Buddy looked like he did last time on Johnny Carson or not), and he has won them over.

There is no logical reason in the world why he shouldn't have, being Buddy Rich, but the game isn't played by logic, but by faith, and faith has been vindicated.

Among Rich's other secrets is the fact that he genuinely likes young people. It makes him play, makes them listen, and gets the message across.

Some day, they might book Buddy Rich opposite Ginger Baker. I wouldn't want to miss that. I'd even sit on the floor all night again—but next time I'll keep my coat.

EB



Buddy Miles Express

Elvin Jones: A Different Drummer



ELVIN JONES is a noumenon among phenomena. I wouldn't say he is the only one: Chick Webb, Sidney Catlett, Jo Jones, Harold West, O'Neil Spencer, Klook (Kenny Clarke), Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, Anthony Williams. . . . This is not a list. It has to be remarked merely that the noumenon, in fact, breaks through all the time. New York is the city of drummers. They abound; and they can read anything, cut anything the first time: but that is only an earth supplied so that various trees may push forth.

I know it was Arthur Lourie (and I think it was in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the late-'20s) who made the distinction between melos and melody. Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was the example. I am interpreting (that's dangerous), but melos is the musical complex—in fact, that which ushers the thing into sound—and melody an incredible rarity—a miracle. It is quite certain that a "melody" is like a pretty girl, and I'm sure the unfortunate aspects of this have been unenjoyed by many N.Y. musicians. The tunes don't hold enough material to be mined adequately. But there it is, the tradition (secondary sense) of jazz. I don't think anyone has ever really emerged from it and still kept on playing jazz. Billie Holiday transformed those lyrics and magicked herself into a poet almost every time she sang.

Jones within melos introduces its real counterpart. We have the counterpoint of "melody." One has to study it! But the counterpoint of melos is rhythm. Rhythm must be used contrapuntally. The very fact that the soul cannot tolerate a great many repetitions of the same rhythmic pattern decrees this. A change in dynamics alone is contrapuntal.

I hear all the time Jones setting up seemingly irrelevant rhythmic blocks that coalesce in stimulation because they are the marrow in the bone of music.

He is thus completely Klook, playing inside the music. Not, as with Klook, hiding his traces so that on *Bag's Groove* you are hardly aware there is a drummer and not a heart. Jones lays out his traces in a most adroit way, enclosing Max and Klook in his own sound-conceptual projection. I wouldn't like to define "projection" but he "projects" as much as either. And it is a type of projection which is the most interesting for me. Klook charted out the possibilities of humor in playing the drums—a thing for which he has been given no credit—and because of this those possibilities remain at about

JAN PERSSON



the same state of development as when he left. He is better off in France—far too witty for over here. (But things are changing.) Max burns with a calm, still fire. And this is the section of Elvin that people claim they can't see.

What I cannot figure out is a certain reluctance to really land on the possibilities of humor in Jones' drumming. I know that an avoidance of Klookisms is a sine qua non of 1969 drumming. I have really never heard Kenny Clarke imitated, though I have been unregaled by countless jobs done by well-intentioned people in the styles of Max Roach and Mr. Jones.

What Elvin has is an entirely new ingredient. If you listen, he now gives a feeling of well-being, happiness. It is Eastern because it is a permanent state of the soul bursting out. You have a voice speaking! A moment in time.

It is this well-being that inspires the rhythmic figures that is the trick. Behind it there is a humor seeing the world as surreal. A different humor. A different drummer. (But maybe they all hear the same one? Maybe, and maybe not?) Kenny is, I believe, a child of the time between La Belle Epoque and the Second War. His heart cracked a little then, as did everybody's, but out of it came the flower of bebop drumming. The whole thing: cymbal, not high hat, playing the ta-te-tum backwards so you have that 4 and 3 creating the inebriation necessary to sustain those musicians. His humor operates within a tradition that is a little difficult to partake of in this time.

Elvin's well-being thing is something else. He cannot be vanquished. The world will come to him on his terms or he knows how to do without. On that drumseat he is an artist vastly amused by what is going on in the world out here. He knows the horror, absolutely, and that if one doesn't put one's eyes on the daylight of the soul, he too will be engulfed.

This giving quality (and how could there be a sense of well-being in anyone but one who gives?) he faces the world with, in his music.

A woman I was with one night down there said, "He plays the drums as naturally as I walk. . . ."

If you are like me, you may feel in Elvin's music, all the while, the strange smile of a man sometimes called Klookamop, and with good reason. After all, who else brought in the sleigh bells?



"KEEP IT SWINGING": COZY COLE

by Dan Morgenstern

"YOU CAN UPDATE the music and have everything new in there, but for God's sake keep it swinging. You have to have that beat."

So says Cozy Cole, a man who knows whereof he speaks when the subject is keeping a swinging beat. He has been doing just that for almost 40 years—a fact that seems well nigh incredible when you consider his appearance and marvel at his skill and endurance on the bandstand. Like so many of the great jazz veterans, he seems to get better with the years.

Among other things, it's a matter of attitude. "An athlete's time is limited," he explains, "but in music, there is no age limit. As long as you keep your mind and your ears open to what's happening and take care of yourself, you can play till you're 80."

Currently, Cole is back on the road for the first time since disbanding his own group, giving a welcome lift to trumpeter Jonah Jones' popular quintet. In the interim, he'd been busying himself in New York City, where he makes his home, recording, doing concerts, and playing such pleasant gigs as the one with singer Eartha Kitt at the Plaza's swank Persian Room.

"She had a whole new book by Gerald Wilson," Cole says, "and it felt great to play those charts in a big-band setting." But he is pleased to be working with Jones, an old friend and colleague.

"Jonah and I go way back to the Stuff Smith days on 52nd Street, records with Billie Holiday, and then, of course, Cab Calloway's band. Jonah was even with me for a short while when I had my own group. We're pals from way back—from the *lean* days. . . .

"I'm happy with Jonah. I feel good on the bandstand. Everybody gets along fine (the other members are pianist Andre Persiani, guitarist Jerome Darr, and bassist John Brown), we're swinging, and we project to the audience."

This was amply demonstrated during a recent engagement at Chicago's London House, where the band did an excellent job of keeping the audience consistently involved, despite the competition from the victuals.

Though Cole made his presence constantly felt, laying down a smooth and absolutely steady beat, there were no drum solos until the very end of a long set. Then, Cole brought the house down with a beautifully constructed turn, his polyrhythmic inventions displaying a coordination that few drummers approach.

While he is a masterful soloist, and in fact was among the first drummers to be showcased at length on records with a big band, in such memorable Calloway classics as *Ratamacue*, *Paradiddle*, and especially, *Crescendo in Drums*, he does not milk this vein unduly.

"Everybody seems to turn a deaf ear to long drum solos," he elucidates. "Most drummers don't seem to make them musical. They put all their eggs in one basket. You have to temper it off so it will build and build; use dynamics.

"There's noisy loud, and there's loud that sounds good. You need taste and technique to make the drums sound like a musical instrument. You must tune the set so it doesn't sound hard, and of course,

rhythm is very important. . . ."

Cole has always been concerned with making the drums musical. As a youth in high school in New Jersey, he played with the school band and studied with a private teacher in New York. He turned professional while still in his teens, making his recording debut in 1930 with none other than Jelly Roll Morton (he was featured on *Load of Cole*; reminded of this, he smiles and says: "That was a long time ago. . . ."), went out with his first big band, led by singer Blanche Calloway, Cab's sister, in 1931 ("Ben Webster was in it, and Edgar Battle on trumpet; they were all good musicians, but those are the only two who became well known,") and soon graduated to Benny Carter's outfit, a star-studded team "with Teddy Wilson on piano; Keg Johnson, Dicky Wells and Big Green, trombones; Bill Coleman and Bill Dillard on trumpets—I must have progressed fast to go with a top musician like Benny Carter."

With Carter, Cole worked at Harlem's famed Savoy Ballroom, and had a chance to study at first hand the great Chick Webb, whose band was in permanent residence there.

"Chick Webb was the beginning," he states. "He got us all going. And then there was Gene Krupa—he really brought drums into prominence. All of us idolized Chick, all the drummers: Gene, Jo Jones, Buddy Rich, Jimmy Crawford, and later, Max Roach and Art Blakey. Anybody who was around then." (Webb died in 1939.)

"We'd all come to the Savoy and stand around Chick, and it seemed that the more drummers there were around, the better he'd play. He could roll on his bass drum with the foot pedal . . . he had a beautiful conception and a great band. He inspired all of us.

"His theme song was *Get Together*, and if you were playing opposite him at the Savoy, you had to watch it. They'd wash you away with just that one number . . . that was the end of it right there."

Cole also admired Sonny Greer, Duke Ellington's man. "Sonny was a great drummer, and still is. He fit that band like a glove. When he left, Louis Bellson came in, and he was wonderful, but it was a different thing

"Sonny would sit up there with his chimes and gong and tympani, and you'd hate to set up your little kit following him. When I went with Cab, I got myself a fancy setup."

That was in 1939, after the stint with Stuff Smith and lots of other experience on the Street and in the recording studios. Cole had become one of the most sought-after drummers for record dates, and from 1935 on, he made dozens and dozens of records, with Billie Holiday, Bunny Berigan, Red Allen, Mildred Bailey, Chu Berry, Roy Eldridge, literally everybody who was somebody—"even the Andrews Sisters."

"It was on 52nd Street that I really got acquainted with all the drummers," Cole remembers. "Buddy Rich was down the block with Joe Marsala; Jo Jones with Basie at the Famous Door; Ray McKinley

"I knew how drums should sound, but couldn't make mine sound the way I want-

ed. The more you study, the more you find out you don't know, but the more you study the closer you come. Hearing all the great drummers inspired me to go back to school. Bobby Christian, whom I met when I was with Stuff, arranged and conducted and could play all kinds of percussion—he inspired me to study. Lou Singer, a great pit drummer; the late Billy Gladstone—these drummers seemed to know so much about the basics. They could play good jazz, and everything else as well."

It was after his stint with Calloway, which lasted until 1943, that Cole really began to study to the hilt. The years with what was then one of the best big swing bands around *had prepared* him well.

"Cab had a great band: Jonah, Dizzy Gillespie, Chu Berry, Hilton Jefferson (a wonderful saxophone player); the rhythm section was Benny Payne on piano (he's with Billy Daniels now), Danny Barker on guitar, Milt Hinton, and myself. But then, in 1943, I had a chance to go on CBS radio staff with Raymond Scott and stay in town." (In those days, it was almost unheard of for a black musician to get a network staff position—Cole and, he says, Emmett Berry and Billy Taylor were the first.)

While with Scott, Cole enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music. "I had five subjects on Saturdays: theory, harmony, piano, tympani, and drums. I studied drums (and vibes) with Milton Schlessinger, tympani with Saul Goodman of the New York Philharmonic, and with other great teachers. Studying theory and harmony makes you play better. It gives you that background."

It was with this background that Cole came to one of his most unusual engagements, causing him to leave the security of his staff job. ("Specs Powell replaced me, and he's been there ever since," he points out.)

This was a featured role in the Broadway musical *Carmen Jones*, which was a great hit. "I think I'm the only drummer to have been featured in a big Broadway show with his name in the program," he says with some pride. The show, in which Cole not only appeared on stage but also played in the pit orchestra (under the baton of Robert Russell Bennett) ran for a year and 11 months on Broadway, for eight months in Chicago, and then toured other cities, for a total run of about 3½ years.

Asked if he became bored playing the same music for so long, Cole said: "Playing the same thing over and over, you know exactly what you're going to do, but if you like music, you can hear that everybody's in tune, that it sounds good—and you can still enjoy it."

Besides, Cole had little time to be bored, even if he had been so inclined. "After a while with *Carmen*, I doubled into *Seven Lively Arts*, which had Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr and Benny Goodman in it, and I was running back and forth between the Broadway Theater on 53rd and Broadway, and the Ziegfeld on 54th and Sixth Avenue. At least they were pretty close."

After this doubling stint, Cole also

managed to do eight weeks with Benny Goodman's band at the Paramount. "For the first five weeks, we did eight shows a day. No days off, and you were on that stage at noon. Benny had a great band then, with Bernie Privin on trumpet, Stan Getz on tenor, and Mel Powell, a fine piano player, but in *Carmen Jones*, I was playing castanets, hand cymbals, wood-blocks and snare, and with Benny, it was high hat and four beats on that bass drum—it knocked the devil out of me. . . ."

Playing stage shows, however, was no novelty to Cole by then. With Calloway and other big bands, he'd done his share of that kind of work.

"In a Broadway show, you rehearse three or four weeks before opening, but with the big bands, we'd go into a theater and rehearse a 1½ hour show in one day. The first show would be our dress rehearsal. You had to watch your cues, working behind singers and playing for the chorus line—catching the girls with your cymbal when they kicked their legs up.

"Jimmy Crawford, who played a lot on Broadway after he left Jimmie Lunceford, says that in a Broadway pit, you can throw away your music after the opening. But that was after years with Lunceford. Young drummers today don't have these opportunities, backing singers, playing for shows—we'd even put on little shows with the band on our own, as well as playing for the dancers. Other instruments, too—trumpeters would have to practice their long notes to play a good ballad; ballad playing calls for great musicianship."

While he regrets this lack of tough, practical schooling for today's young players, he looks at their efforts with sympathy. "Some kids today are very talented, and when you talk to them, you find they are most willing to learn. The main thing about rock is a good beat, and you can incorporate jazz into it. Some of the kids are very good; they have some nice patterns going. But the older musicians who adapt themselves to play rock can interpret it better. Take Sticks Evans—he's a tremendous rock drummer, but then, he's so well schooled. You can't become a doctor overnight."

Cole has considerable first-hand experience as a teacher. For several years, he and his good friend Gene Krupa operated a drum school in New York, and Cole enjoyed the work.

"I love what teaching will bring out when you have a good student, and it's a great satisfaction to see a kid you've taught out there wailing. I love to teach, and maybe five or 10 years from now, I'll go back to it. But I love playing much better," he explains.

The decision to quit the school was made for Cole. "Gene was out on the road with his band when I got a sudden hit with *Topsy*, and then I formed a group and went out, and though we had some fine teachers on the staff, a school with both heads not there didn't make much sense.

"*Topsy* took off while I was with the Arthur Godfrey Show. I made the record with a bunch of guys from the studio band—Dick Hyman played organ and made the arrangement, and there was

Bernie Privin, Peanuts Hucko, Urbie Green, and Bert Farber on piano. It was a great surprise, and a good surprise."

Topsy hit in 1958, and Cole, who had never been afflicted with leaderitis, got together a fine little combo with which he toured for several years. After a while, his home base became the Metropole on New York's Times Square, where he settled in for a long stretch, and where, despite certain handicaps, a lot of great music was made.

In 1963, Cole took time out for an unusual trip which he recalls with great pleasure. He was invited by the State Department to take his group to Africa. "I had my five-piece band, plus a variety act and a fine emcee, Mildred Small, who spoke fluent French. We played 15 countries—85 cities in five months. We started off in Casablanca, Oran, Algiers, then Dakar, Liberia, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Ghana . . . there were drums everywhere we went. African drumming is a different style from jazz drums, but the rhythm excelled anything I'd ever heard.

"And there was no age limit—drummers in their 80s would get the darndest rhythms going with their hands. In one place, 15 or 20 drummers entertained us. They warmed up behind a curtain for about an hour and a half, and when it opened, they were covered with sweat. Then they really started to play. You've never heard anything like it. . . ."

Cole also fondly recalls his 4½ years with Louis Armstrong. "That was a great group—Jack Teagarden, Hines, Barney Bigard, Arvell Shaw, Velma Middleton. When we opened in San Francisco, a number of people told me they'd come to see us because a group like this certainly wouldn't be together long. Luckily, we did stay together quite a while . . . those days are good to remember. Louis—there is a man who loves his work. He really loves to play."

And so does Cozy Cole. Never content that he knows all there is to know about his craft, he is always ready to try a new approach. For example, some years ago, a stay in the hospital for an appendectomy gave him time to read a book he had picked up in his travels in Europe, dealing with a theory known as the match-grip.

Based on the principle that this way of gripping the drum sticks was more natural than that commonly in use, it appealed to Cole. "It's the grip used for vibes and tympani, so why not use it for drums? You get better leverage, and don't have to change your grip for other instruments. It was hard to change over, but at the Metropole, I had a chance to practice it on slow numbers.

"The only problem was that my left hand was weak at first. It took a year before it felt comfortable. Other drummers would come in and tell me I was holding my sticks wrong. So I'd have to go through the whole ritual time and again. By now, lots of teachers are using it. The other grip is just a tradition that has come down from the marching bands."

It was this willingness to experiment, perhaps, that made Cole fit in so well on one of the first bebop sessions on record, the Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker date in February 1945 that produced *Groovin'*

High, Dizzy Atmosphere, and *All The Things You Are*. Did the music seem very different to him then?

"It was different," Cole replies, "but Dizzy and Charlie had good experience behind them, and it was still swinging. So it was a new development, but it wasn't that hard to fit in. I'd drop bombs—not at will, but where it meant the most, and it was in the groove. It was easy to work with them. They knew their instruments, and they knew how to swing.

"People talk about the swing era, but that swing will never go out of style. What Duke Ellington said so many years ago still holds—if it ain't swinging, you're not saying too much. I don't mean go back to a simple triad, 1-4-5 and back to the tonic. Don't play it like 1901. But Cadillacs still have four wheels.

"I've made some albums in recent years—a date for Coral with four drummers (Bobby Rosengarden, Specs Powell, Jimmy Crawford, and me) all playing different rhythms, and another with Krupa, Ray McKinley, and Panama Francis, and some day I'm going to make a record playing piano, but what I'd really like to do is to make over *Ratamacue*, *Crescendo in Drums*, and *Paradiddle*—update 'em and put them right into today's market."

Now that would be something—and you can bet your sweet bippy that it would swing. 



CLARENCE SCHMIDT

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albartson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, 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.

Bobby Hutcherson

TOTAL ECLIPSE—Blue Note 84291: *Herzog; Total Eclipse; Matrix; Same Shame; Pompeian.*
Personnel: Harold Land, tenor, flute (track 5); Hutcherson, vibes; Chick Corea, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Considering Hutcherson's marvelous accompaniments on his earliest Blue Note LPs with Dolphy, McLean, etc. (especially his beautiful partnership with Anthony Williams), it is really a pity that he chose a pianist for his rhythm section here. Chambers' drumming is superb throughout, with shifting cymbal patterns to accompany the many changes of tempo and mood in *Total*, *Same* and *Pompeian*, and the very flexible Johnson usually responds with contrapuntal ideas which "resolve" into fresh areas of opposing and matching rhythmic interplay.

The music of Johnson and especially Chambers throughout the program (what a difference from the drummer's first LP with Hutcherson!), and the glimpses of the leader's original creative power throughout, most notably in his fantastic *Same* solo, make this an important album. Hutcherson, of course, is one of the few genuinely outstanding transitional figures. His ideas in past times have been provocative, daring and wide-ranging, and here his ideas as soloist and composer have been refined into truly beautiful expressions. Corea and Land are trustworthy players who can guarantee a reasonably high performance standard.

Herzog, a remarkable Hutcherson line, is one of those up-tempo ascending-key goodies, opening with a vibrant solo by the composer that captures the structural spirit of middle-period Milt Jackson. The sailing, swinging Land, in the same mood, offers a strong tenor solo full of light and air and bright things. Unusual that Land has been as much unaffected by several younger generations of tenormen. Elsewhere on the record his work presents valuable aggressive hard bop strength without including pungent melodic ideas or more than momentarily significant structural devices. Nonetheless, in this context his sound and style are pleasing.

Corea's *Matrix* is another good line, and his own solo is the highlight of the performance, balancing, as it does, personal melodic-harmonic ideas against a monumental but dissonant conclusion—certainly his most interesting contribution here.

Pompeian is the LP's "outside" piece, with very active Johnson behind a vibes solo that moves carefully through mysterious harmonies into a tinkling group improvisation (add flute, oriental bells, cymbals, dissonant treble piano sounds), all finally resolved by the return of the line. It is a very nice impressionistic piece—the improvisation is subtly varied sonorically

and solidly constructed, which prevents it from becoming overly flowery.

The high spot of the LP is *Same*, because of the rhythm section's mighty work (even so, Corea should have laid out behind the vibes solo), and one of the finest solos Hutcherson has yet recorded—a very long, angular beauty that moves through several tempos (softly, carefully indicated by Chambers) before a moderately fast clip is realized. Hutcherson offers a surprise bag of melodic twists and turns, and shapes his resonant sound accordingly. A sweet work.

The title piece is, for my taste, less interesting. Hutcherson's explorations are largely behind him now, and if his style always was a mature, original one, it still has grown in detail and confidence. Thus it is a compliment to say that this LP is much what you'd expect: the music is stimulating, the players are all strong. Unpretentious, straight-ahead, here are five fine musicians doing their thing very well—and how many other LPs these days offer as much?

—Litweiler

Carmen McRae

THE SOUND OF SILENCE—Atlantic SD 8200: *The Sound of Silence; I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good; MacArthur Park; Watch What Happens; Stardust; Don't Go Away; Gloomy Sunday; I Sold My Heart to the Junkman; Poor Butterfly; My Heart Reminds Me; The Folks Who Live on the Hill; Can You Tell.*

Personnel: Miss McRae, vocals; orchestra arranged and conducted by Jimmy Jones or Shorty Rogers.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the first opportunity I've had to review my favorite singer and I'll sincerely try to avoid being gushy and flowery. It may be difficult, however, because Carmen has again given us near-flawless performances on every track. I've been listening to this extraordinary singer for a long time, and the words of Lennon and McCartney seem most appropriate: "It's getting better all the time." If that's possible.

Carmen has always been superior, and I am astounded to hear her seemingly top herself on each successive album. Those who have heard her perform in a club know what it is to feel genuine pain when she sings of pain; cry genuine tears when she tells of loneliness, rejection, lost love and despair. To be able to transmit these feelings so clearly is a skill few singers ever come close to achieving. With sincere affection, I've long referred to Carmen as The Teacher. Certainly she has taught me much: diction, phrasing, intonation and respect for melody and composer.

Carmen possesses one marvelous quality which cannot be taught: she chooses great songs. For example, let's examine the selections here. Six of the best standards; two new songs by the talented young singer-composer Margo Guryan; one Paul

Simon tune; an abbreviated version of Jim Webb's *MacArthur Park* (more on this later). *Junkman* and *My Heart Reminds Me* complete the set. All are proof of Carmen's fastidious approach to material, which has been a consistent factor throughout her career and is one of the reasons she has retained her coveted position.

Carmen takes some potshots at the tired syndrome, "I prefer ballads." I suppose she'd probably rather sing ballads, for they are what she does best. But she knows it's not possible or practical to throw away the more swiny things, so she chooses interesting, challenging up-tunes. *Don't Go Away*, *Silence* and *Can You Tell* are all good, contemporary songs done to perfection. It is possible to make a great deal of sense with material much lighter in weight than a *Folks Who Live on the Hill*.

As for her choice of arrangers, if I ever record again, please may I have Jimmy Jones? It's been at least 10 years since I've heard such sensitive, uncomplicated, beautiful and perfect settings for ballads. Jones creates musical love-cushions for Carmen on which she reclines regally. If you're lucky enough to have a headset, get lost for a minute with it on *Stardust* or *Folks*. If they don't say "Love" to you, you may not know what the word means. And Jones gives her the same framework on *I Got It Bad* and *Watch*. Sheer heaven.

Shorty Rogers wrote the remaining arrangements, especially a very effective *Gloomy Sunday*. The others are musical, simple, but swiny charts.

On *MacArthur Park*, Carmen sings the middle section only: the meat of the tune and the most lyrical portion which begins with *There will be another song for me, for I will sing it*. For me, this is the section of the tune that makes the most sense and apparently Carmen agrees. The lyric is of the sort she handles so gracefully (I am reminded that Sinatra once recorded only the verse to *Stardust*).

I guarantee you will marvel at this album. If you're not already a McRae nut like some of us, you'll no doubt be hooked after this. Carmen is one of the great pleasures of life. Like clean snow, strong coffee, real trees at Christmas time or a good football game. If you appreciate such things, you'll understand Carmen. And besides, I'd love to turn you on.

—Carol Sloane

Tom Scott

RURAL STILL LIFE—Impulse 9171: *Rural Still Life #26; Song #1; Freak In; With Respect to Coltrane; Juss Messin' Around; Body and Soul.*

Personnel: Scott, tenor and soprano saxophones, clarinet, bass clarinet, tenor and alto flutes; Mike Lang, piano, clavinet; Chuck Domanico, bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is an uneven but very exciting col-

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lection, and it demonstrates, among other things, that whatever one thinks of the Don Ellis Band, the concepts he's involved with can be made to work brilliantly.

All the players here, save Guerin, are Ellis alumni, and the arrangements emphasize the Ellisian trademarks of bizarre time signatures, a heavy reliance on the contemporary rock idiom, and the structural use of electronic distortion and superimposition.

All four musicians play very well throughout, with some minor cavils: Dommanico is a fine, swift soloist but does little of note as an accompanist except keep time and play changes; Guerin doesn't really get hold of the full drum palette, depending too much on cymbals and too little on drums (in all fairness, he does a superlative job of timekeeping in the highly complex metrical frameworks of many of the tunes); and Scott, as he freely admits in the liner notes, is at this point so involved with so many disparate musical contexts that a clear personal style does not emerge.

None of this, however, diminishes the feeling of exhilaration and exploration that runs through the session. The quartet blends together insightfully, overcoming with scarcely a backward glance the difficulties imposed by the metrical and electronic experimentation.

Lang is really the glue, emphasizing the rhythmic and harmonic motifs when necessary while maintaining the freedom to create countermelodies and broaden the chord structures. He also swings like mad in any time signature, as in his funky-butt solo in 7/4 on *Still Life*, a very Ellisian line.

It's Scott's date, though, and when he's right, there's a compelling sense of urgency and emotion in his playing. His tenor spots on *Freak* are exemplary, and he makes intelligent use of the loop echo both in his solo and on the coda, ending with a haunting cry echoing painfully. In the chaotic ensemble playing following the solos, he throws in some light-handed r&b licks—incongruous, ironic and effective.

Oddly (or maybe not), Scott's two best solos are on two of the more conventional tunes: *Messin'*, a pleasant Mike Barone line with interesting accents, and *Body*.

Scott reworks *Body* beautifully on soprano, finding the most surprising intervals and eschewing the conventional passing notes; the tune is scarcely discernible, but Scott's new melodies are striking. On the 1st chorus, after playing involved harmonic games with the bridge, he holds a note for four bars on the verse, which provides a stunning contrast.

The best track is Scott's homage to John Coltrane. The metrics are original (two half choruses, the first containing four bars of sinuous 9/4, the second containing six of a harder-driving 5/4 and one of 6/4—asymmetrical symmetry if you will), but the line is most appropriate, out of the *Africa/Brass* and *Love Supreme* idiom.

The session is sometimes rough—occasionally the players go out on a limb and saw it off behind them—but the album is alive and vital, and when it works, it really works.

—Heineman

Archie Shepp

THE WAY AHEAD—Impulse AS9170: *Damn If I Know*; *Frankenstein*; *Fiesta*; *Sophisticated Lady*.

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Grachan Moncur, trombone; Shepp, tenor saxophone; Walter Davis, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Roy Haynes or Beaver Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This isn't the best LP Shepp has made, but it's worth having. Those who aren't particularly crazy about "the new thing" might even enjoy some of it because two performances, *Sophisticated Lady* and *Damn if I Know*, a typical post-bop tune by Walter Davis, aren't that far out by today's standards.

Damn if I Know begins with the melody stated by Carter. After the bassist has finished his spot, Shepp solos. He's accompanied on this track by the rhythm section, Moncur and Owens. They provide him with relaxed, easy-going backing but his solo work is extremely violent. He seems to be playing from the guts. His improvising, though not very melodically imaginative, is tearingly forceful. He uses rests well to set up some wild, explosive effects.

During the first part of *Frankenstein* Shepp solos strongly, accompanied by bass and drums. Then Owens and Moncur come in to provide him with a pre-established background. Following this is a section containing collective improvisation, during which Moncur and Owens play very well.

Fiesta, a Shepp composition which seems influenced by Charlie Mingus, has some good solo work by the tenorman. It also contains a long, very nice Shepp-Owens duet. I wish that Owens, a brilliant musician, had been featured more on this album: he really doesn't get much of a chance to cut loose.

Sophisticated Lady has fine duet work by Shepp and Carter (Shepp has the lead and Carter improvises nimbly around him) accompanied sensitively by Haynes. Shepp employs rich colors and textures here that indicate the influence Ben Webster has had on his playing.

A great deal of credit should go to Carter, Haynes and Harris for their work here. Carter is a consummate bassist. Haynes, a great veteran of the bop era, deserves praise for his ability to adapt to Shepp's kind of music. Harris, who appears on *Frankenstein* and *Fiesta*, plays very tastefully and imaginatively; his work in the rhythm section is so varied and musical that it, in itself, is a delight to listen to.

—Pekar

Martial Solal

ON HOME GROUND—Milestone 9014: *Caravan*; *Somebody Loves Me*; *Lover Man*; *Lady Bird*; *Tea for Three*; *TNT*; *Blues Muscobiste*.

Personnel: Solal, piano; Gilbert Rovere, bass; Charles Bellonzi, drums.

Rating: ★★½

I was reminded while listening to this session of the way my dog runs on ice: he achieves fantastic speed and coordination for a short stretch, and then his feet slip in four directions and he goes sprawling.

There is no denying Solal's technical mastery—he's in a league with Oscar Peterson and Denny Zeitlin and only a step behind Art Tatum and Earl Hines—or his ability to assimilate different idioms, but those qualities work against him. He can do anything, and knows so much, and con-



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sequently, his solos are potpourris of dissimilar ideas with no logical construction or consistent mood. He *can* swing, for instance, as he does on *Somebody*—he just doesn't for very long. And he's very cold—brilliant light but precious little heat.

The rhythm section doesn't contribute much either. Bellonzi seems to forget for interminable stretches that his equipment includes a snare, toms, and a bass drum. His spiritual home is the stuck hi-hat, and he depends upon it too much.

There's a great deal of unison and alternating riff work between Solal and rhythm, but it is never allowed to build long enough to do what riffs are supposed to do in terms of tension and release. Probably the central problem is that neither Bellonzi nor Rovere can keep up with Solal's kaleidoscope imagination and blinding speed long enough to develop complementary lines.

The side of standards generates little interest, except a glimpse of what might have been. *Somebody* does swing, as I said, and there are sections of welcome warmth on *Lover*, but Solal undercuts them by tricking them up and by closing with a stunningly inappropriate classical quote. This is mindful of Tatum as is the quote from *Humoresque* on *Bird*, but Tatum—usually—exercised taste in his interpolations.

Caravan strongly resembles the Duke Ellington-Charlie Mingus-Max Roach version on *Money Jungle*, especially in the drone effect established by Rovere, but Solal is a great deal less concerned with the melody than Ellington was, and the rhythm—by accident or design—doesn't set itself until the second verse of the initial statement. (Taste again: a quote from *Pop Goes the Weasel* closes the release. Feh.) Solal is stronger rhythmically in his solo than usual, though, and there are some nice moments.

The three originals are more complex and, to that degree, more interesting.

Solal's solo on *Tea* is spare and effective in spots, although it doesn't really go anywhere. *TNT*, a line deriving from the same influences present in much of Zeitlin's and Clare Fischer's work, is composed of short phrases alternating symmetrically between a chorded quasi-misterioso effect and tremulously fast, sure-fingered runs. In the sections of his improvisation corresponding to the latter phrases, the pianist plays under even quarter notes with the left hand and dazzling runs with the right; the result is most exciting. The tune moves through a false ending into swing time and back to the high-speed tempo before closing.

Blues is the best cut—a strange, sharp-chorded line that barely hints at the conventional blues changes. In the middle of Solal's jagged solo, Bellonzi picks up a ride beat, and the pianist moves into unaccented mysterious chords, producing a chilling, moving tension. Shortly thereafter, Solal moves to stutter chords whose rhythm Bellonzi duplicates on toms, a nice effect, though slightly prolonged and apparently begging for admiration.

I don't know. People whose judgment I respect greatly, including jazz pianists of the first rank, dig Solal. And his talent and imagination are large. But there is a very

French tendency to overreact to the often self-indulgent romanticism of the 19th and early 20th centuries, to deride too much self-revelation. This reaction has some sound intellectual bases, but it arises as well from fear of putting one's real inwards on display; one laughs at emotionalism because one is afraid his emotions are laughable.

Perhaps I'm digging deeper than the subject warrants, but it sounds to me as if that's where Solal is. —Heineman

Various Artists

BARNES, ALCORN & BIGARD—Jazz Crusade JC-2017: *Bourbon Street Parade*; *Blueberry Hill*; *Maryland, My Maryland*; *Yearning*; *Down In Honk Tonk Town*; *Beale Street Blues*; *Fidelity Feet*; *Mood Indigo*; *The Sheik of Araby*.

Personnel: Alvin Alcorn, trumpet; Bill Bissonnette, trombone; Paul Barnes, clarinet, alto saxophone; Dick Griffith, banjo; Dick McCarthy, bass; Alex Bigard, drums.

Rating: ★ 1/2

Jazz Crusade is a sort of vanity label, headed up by trombonist-drummer "Big" Bill Bissonnette, as he likes to be known. He has written the "notes" for this album, too, which consist entirely of a blow-by-blow description of the final track and why it "is one of the great masterpieces of traditional jazz history" (feel an odd sensation of foreboding?). This piece of exposition is far closer to being a "masterpiece" than is *Sheik*, and demonstrates one forester's inability to see his trees.

"This *Sheik*," Big Bill writes, "is the textbook recording of traditional jazz. If someone ever asks you what traditional jazz is just put it (sic) on the turntable, listen quietly, and when it is over say: 'That is traditional jazz. If you like that go out and start collecting traditional jazz records. If you didn't like it, forget it baby and start looking for another field because traditional jazz is not for you.'" A sincere statement from a dedicated man, as anyone can plainly see.

I didn't like it, Bill. And anyone who knows me knows I love traditional jazz, as a musical language, as much as the next fellow and the fellow on the other side of *him*. I say don't buy this record—unless, of course, you're a subscriber to Jazz Crusade already and like what you're getting. There is so much wrong with it, and so little to commend it, when compared with records of both similar and dissimilar styles, that there is no reason for it to exist.

Positively, there is Alvin Alcorn, who manages to perform decently despite the odds (the full star is for him), Barnes' alto playing in general (he is primarily a saxophonist, who plays some clarinet), McCarthy's apparent ability to remain calm in the face of chaos, and Bigard's drumming on the first chorus of *Sheik*, which he subsequently voids by his playing on the last chorus. Bigard, like Cie Frazier, is very good at parade-style snare drumming, and swings hard with it, but, unfortunately, he rushes when he falls into more conventional jazz methods. This may make for uncomfortable listening.

So may Griffith's "soloing" on the choruses given to the rhythm section, and so may Big Bill's intonation and inaccuracy. He irretrievably torpedoes himself on the first chorus of *Yearning*, and by including this track reveals himself to be either

totally unselfish or totally tin-eared.

Inside and out, this album is indeed a classic, though not in the intended sense. Jazz, it's been said, should make one laugh and feel good. I laughed at this LP, but I feel bad, because it boldly pretends to be something it isn't, and if it gets to even one poor soul who doesn't know any better, it's done some damage. And do we need that, good friends?

The jacket and labels—could it have cost any more to make them accurate and consistent? *Fidgety Feet* (misspelled on the liner) is self-consciously given first by its original title, *War Cloud* (label) and *Warcloud* (liner); *War Clouds* is correct. The "A" side lists the album's title, and the "B" lists the personnel, omitting McCarthy and the presence of the saxophone.

Closing thoughts: the drums are over-recorded; Judy Bissonette needs a better camera; Bill needs a better freehand printer. Don't expect the verse to *Honky Tonk Town* (you wouldn't anyway, would you, if you know this idiom) because it's too difficult. (Imagine trying to figure out the changes to that verse, while being satisfied with those used on the release of *Yearning!*) And, buy or not, take a minute in the shop to read the notes; fervor like that is rarely seen in print. "Compatible stereo" is claimed.

—Jones

Various Artists

RHYTHM 'N' BLUES, Vol. 1 (The End of an Era)—Imperial LM-94003; *No One to Love Me* (The Shawweez); *Keep Your Feet on the Floor* (The Jewels); *Teardrop Eyes* (The Dukes); *Made to Love* (The Sharpstones); *I Want Your Love* (The Mellow Drops); *Darling Please* (The Bees); *Are You Forgetting Me* (The Kidds); *You Played the Part* (The Spiders); *My Secret* (The Barons); *Chimes* (The Pelicans); *He's the Fat Man* (The Hawks); *Please Return* (The Jewels); *Red Sails in the Sunset* (The Five Keys); *Ray Pearl* (The Jivers).

Rating: See below

Since rock has gotten to be an "in" thing, some people have begun to take a scholarly interest in it, and the forms of music it grew from. Some record companies (Atlantic, Columbia, Roulette, Mercury) have responded by reissuing LPs of old rhythm-and-blues and rock 'n' roll performances. Some of these reissue albums have included fine work by important artists, but this LP is esthetically poor—although it may be of interest to the r&b record collector.

R&b, it must be remembered, was a commercial form of music even before white kids were turned on to it by the likes of Alan Freed. Certainly some great performers, for example, Ray Charles and James Brown, have been classified as r&b artists. But many r&b records were cut by people with limited talent hoping to make a lot of money fast. Many weren't particularly well received when they were issued, and sound dated now.

These selections were cut in the early and middle '50s. Some have been previously unissued. The quality of the tracks ranges from terrible to pretty good, though most are just dull. *No One to Love Me*, with its shaky lead vocal and its corny talking parts, is so bad it's funny; people who dig camp may want to hear it.

On the other hand, there are a few decent things on the album. *Red Sails in the Sunset* is a smooth, pleasant performance by the Five Keys (the group that

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had a hit recording of *Ling Ting Tong*, as some of you may recall).

Despite the generally poor quality of its tracks, the LP does have some historical importance. The characteristic sounds of r&b of the '50s, e.g. raw tenor saxophone solos and monotonous vocal accompaniments, are very much in evidence. It's a useful document for students of American popular music who want to hear what more-or-less typical r&b was like.

Especially in view of the fact that it probably won't make much money from this LP, Imperial deserves a pat on the back for releasing it. —Pekar

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Benny Goodman, *Clarinet A La King* (Epic EE 22025)

Rating: ★★★½

Earl Hines, *Hines Rhythm* (Epic EE 22021)

Rating: ★★★★★

Gene Krupa, *That Drummer's Band* (Epic EE 22027)

Rating: ★★★★★

Artie Shaw, *Free For All* (Epic EE 22023)

Rating: ★★★★★

Epic has unleashed a fresh package of six jazz reissues under the banner of its Encore series. As in the previous release, one is a blues collection (Big Bill Broonzy) and the rest are from the early and middle swing period (in addition to the above, the Louis Armstrong album reviewed in the Feb. 20 issue). There have been a few changes in the method of presentation, and before looking at the matter a word should be said about the manner.

First, producer Frank Driggs has wisely abandoned the previous practice of beefing up the sound with echo and stereo. (The echo last year was especially annoying when slapped on the intimate Ellington small band sides.) Here, the music is allowed to stand on its own technical merits, and it stands tall. Second, a greater percentage of the tracks are new to LP issue. Last year's releases were all based on 12-inch LPs issued in the mid-1950s to which four "new" tracks were added. And third, all the discographical information is now printed on the back cover—a small but important point.

The most diligent job of discography is contained in the Goodman set. Four selections (*The Earl*, *Buckle Down Winsocki*, *St. Louis Blues*, and *Peter and the Wolf*) are previously unissued takes. Three others (*Let's Do It*, *If I Had You*, and *Clarinet A La King*) were issued but soon withdrawn and replaced with takes Goodman considered superior. The remaining selections came out routinely as 78s but have never been on LP. For this thoughtful job of programing, a deep bow to Russ Connor, who has one of the most complete Goodman collections in the world and knows his way around the deep, dark vaults of Columbia.

Yet this is not the record it should be, since Connor was forced to work under certain restrictions imposed by Columbia. As a result, no material by the Goodman

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sextet with Charlie Christian is included, a discouraging fact, since that was Goodman's most enduring work of the 1939-41 period. In fact, one of the most perplexing aspects of an otherwise enlightened a&r mentality at Columbia is why the 1941 *I've Found a New Baby*, which contains perhaps Christian's most brilliant recorded solo, has never gotten onto an I.P. An Encore set devoted to these Goodman-Christian sides and some of the many alternate takes thereof would be a price-less addition to long-playing jazz literature.

These regrets aside, however, there is much of interest presented here. Sid Catlett's forceful drumming on *Clarinet* (too forceful for Goodman's tastes) strikes sparks not present in the more familiar version (on CL 2483). *Caprice XXIV*, *I'm Here*, and *Peter* are swinging big band flights with Goodman, Goodman again and Cootie Williams, and an airy Basie-like rhythm section taking honors respectively. *Limehouse*, *St. Louis*, and *If I Had You* were the first sextet sides without Christian, and though it shows in a relative listlessness, there are good solos from Goodman, Lou McGarity and Mel Powell. Five other selections are pleasant Peggy Lee ballads and novelties, and *Winsocki* offers a vocal by Goodman.

The Hines album covers a wider period of time, beginning in 1933 and proceeding into 1938. Hines already had moved from the so-called trumpet style with which he made his initial reputation in the late '20s. The single-note lines appear more intricate than in his earlier recordings, and all his work here sounds remarkably con-

temporary to modern ears. He doesn't play a poor solo on the entire record. He displays a fierce drive on the swingers, with dizzying attacks of notes, often in odd rhythmic and tonal juxtapositions. Listen to the last four bars of his chorus on *Cavernism* and imagine the reactions in 1933 of those who were accustomed to the comfortable stride styles of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson. Another early beauty heard here is *Harlem Lament*, a bit less startling, but note for note—and there are plenty—one of Hines' finest records of the 1930s.

Most of the charts are by Jimmy Mundy, who knew how to write in the tense, hard-driving idiom which was de rigeur in the 1930s. His *Mad House* (1934) is taken a bit slower than the Goodman version (1935), though both have their merits. It is odd, however, to find a tuba in the Hines rhythm section this late. It was outdated by then and adds a corny, late '20s touch not appropriate to the swinging arrangement. (An interesting point of comparison is offered in the Hines and Goodman versions; a chance to measure at roughly the same time and in the same musical framework the swirling runs and complex cross-rhythms of Hines against the more introverted, contemplative style of one of his most celebrated admirers, Jess Stacy.) Though it is listed in the liners as a head arrangement, *Flany Doodle Swing* may also have been a Mundy effort, as it sounds similar to his earlier *Take It Easy* (1933), later retitled *Swingtime in the Rockies*. Other Hines arrangers represented are Henri Woode, whose chart for

Rosetta is a bit dull, Quinn Wilson, Cecil Irwin and Willie Randall.

Other musical highlights include the brilliant *Pianology* and the very good *Rhythm Stundae*, both from the same 1937 session. The former also offers a driving chorus by Budd Johnson, whose style then was a curious blend of Hawkins and Young, and a blistering split chorus in which trumpeter Walter Fuller, the best soloist in the Hines brass section, takes the release. *Honeysuckle Rose* provides a satisfying glimpse of Hines in a quartet setting with clarinetist Omer Simeon, Johnson, and drummer Wallace Bishop, whose rhythm is a bit heavy.

The band as a unit was a fine, unpretentious, swinging group in the Henderson tradition, but without the distinctive style that marked Lunceford, Ellington and Basie. Its greatest strength was the leader, who was (and is) a brilliant soloist and who had a sharp ear for spotting good men with whom to surround himself.

The critics have been taking pot shots (no pun intended) at Gene Krupa for 30 years and more. He's too heavy; he rushes the beat; he is too loud; he has no subtlety, etc. It became fashionable to put him down as too much of a showman and not enough of a jazzman, and overlook the fact that within his acknowledged limits he can function with a wonderful flamboyance and excitement that has sparked many bands and small groups. (Admittedly, the harsh criticism has probably been a reaction to the equally strong tendency of

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others to confuse his showmanship with his musicianship and overrate him.)

Though he was (and is) an excellent and versatile technician, his work at its most natural and characteristic best crackles with the hollow, ricocheting snap of the rimshot followed in the next beat by a mighty wallop on the bass with foot pedal. Surrounding this basic framework is a curiously chaotic counterpoint between ride cymbal and snare, underlined by a more or less steady pulse on the bass. In solo, he frequently begins with a roll which he introduces a contrasting rhythmic pattern after a few bars. Once established, he'll bounce off a cluster of controlled rimshots at regular intervals, which invariably catch the listener with their infectious

variations on the basic beat. Finally, he'll break the tension with a climactic barrage of thunder. The result is a loose, unrestrained, and probably indiscriminating spontaneity that comes over well on records in the right setting and can be thrilling when seen in person.

Unfortunately, Krupa recorded too few of his best jazz performances (RCA owns a small-band date from 1937 with Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, Goodman, et al.), preferring to dwell on ballads, novelties, drum showcases and covering hits by other bands. The selections presented here find Krupa generally restrained, surfacing in a few brief solos. Side one contains eight instrumentals: *He's Gone*, a routine swing killer diller; *Feeling Fancy* and *Blues*

Krieg, two originals featuring some Lesterish tenor by Sam Donahue; *The Sergeant Was Shy*, an inadequate imitation of the Ellington piece done 11 months earlier; *Who*, an uptempo chart sparked by Krupa's heavy but driving drums. *Hamtramck*, *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Full Dress Hop* are pleasant swingers, the latter borrowing its opening from *Lester Leaps In*.

Side two is dominated by Anita O'Day and Roy Eldridge, who together gave the Krupa band its most enduring identity. Miss O'Day is best when playing it straight; her *Georgia On My Mind* is the vocal highlight of the LP. Eldridge has a beautiful turn on *Green Eyes*, first a rip-roaring duel with Krupa and then a wonderful, full-throated solo against the band with Krupa playing the crispest high hat cymbal in the album. Eldridge is elegant in the Armstrong manner on *Walls Keep Talking*. *Drummer's Band* opens in *Sing, Sing, Sing* fashion and reaches its climax in another Eldridge-Krupa sparring session.

When Artie Shaw decided to abandon his string-ensemble concept of dance music in 1937, he said, perhaps with a touch of bitterness, that he was going to organize "the loudest damn band in America." But Shaw's superior sense of musical taste ran counter to his angry declaration, and what emerged was the fine though not particularly original dance band heard on these selections. Based on the familiar formula of byplay between saxophone and brass sections, it was set apart by the Shaw clarinet, which was one of the most distinctive (and curiously, least imitated) styles of the era.

These records were made for Brunswick between May and December, 1937, before the band's first big hits for Bluebird. Many of the arrangements (including *I Surrender Dear*, *The Chant*, *Nightmare*, and *Non-Stop Flight*) were re-recorded for Bluebird later, generally with better results as far as the band and rhythm section were concerned but not always in the case of Shaw, whose style had already matured and who contributes some wonderful playing on these sides. Here, as later, the key element in his style is the tone—round and full in the lower and middle registers and capable of startling the ear with sudden, piercing and perfectly executed ascensions into the upper ranges. His phrases were often tied together with quick, complicated little clusters of notes, slurred together like scoops of sound. His rhythms were more daring than Goodman's, although the intricacy of his style didn't often lend itself to the driving swing which Goodman achieved by sticking to eighth-notes.

The liner notes by Jeff Scott, who must have set a record for inaccuracies in his notes for Columbia's *Benny Goodman's Greatest Hits* two or three seasons back, offer some revealing remarks by Shaw but contain an error that should be set straight. Scott asserts that the version of *Non-Stop Flight* heard here is an unissued master, but it was most recently issued on a 10-inch Epic LP (LN 1102) in 1955 and prior to that on LG 1017 in 1954. He also cites the recording date as February, 1938, whereas the vital statistics on the back say December 30, 1937. —John McDonough



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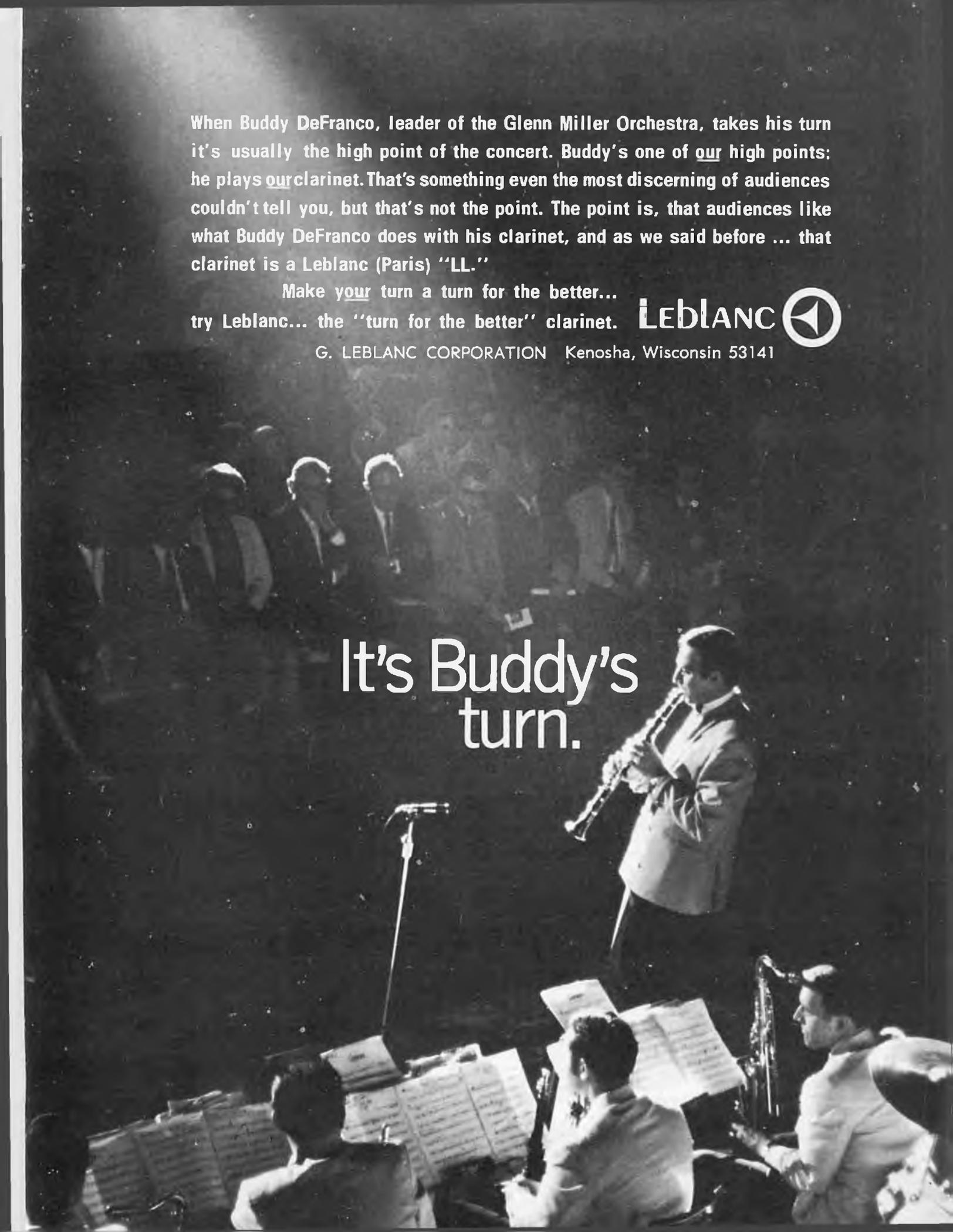
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TOMMY VIG/BLINDFOLD TEST

Tommy Vig was a highly desirable subject for a *Blindfold Test*, since he is a man with firm convictions and a desire to express them. He is the type who, when outraged by some event or other, really does write to his congressman or to the President.

Born in Budapest in 1938, Vig, like Gabor Szabo, fled Hungary during the 1956 uprising. He had graduated from Bartok Conservatory at home but continued his studies at Juilliard.

In the U.S. he divided his time between commercial assignments with the likes of Martin Denny, Esquivel, Meyer Davis, and occasional jazz gigs with Bill Evans, Duke Jordan and others.

As more and more of his work tended to center in Las Vegas, he took up residence there a couple of years ago. Living with his wife Mia (one of the Kim Sisters), he divides his work into two sharply separated compartments. To make a living, he plays drums and vibes in the casinos. To satisfy his soul, he plays vibes, composes and arranges, and gives occasional concerts locally. His suite *Four Pieces for Neophonic Orchestra* was performed by that ensemble in Los Angeles in 1966.

"In my mind," he says, "I am already preparing answers to angry letters that will greet this *Blindfold Test*."

—Leonard Feather



1. CHARLES LLOYD. *Love-In* (from *Love-In*, Atlantic). Lloyd, flute, composer; Keith Jarrett, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

First of all, I don't know why you play this for me; I don't like it; it's very primitive. I don't see too much merit in this and, anyway, it has no jazz value; I don't know what the commercial value is, if it has any. I notice that the pianist could play much better things than this. It was like an extended, rockish blues with the last dominant 7th chord extended maybe two or four bars; they dwelled upon that a little longer. The flute, when it's playing the melody, is sometimes out of tune; perhaps it's an Eastern instrument and not a regular flute; otherwise I don't see why he would be playing it out of tune sometimes.

Sometimes good musicians do these things; I don't know why, maybe it's because of commercial aspirations, but I'm not going to rate it at all.

2. SUN RA. *Street Named Hell* (from *Sun Song*, Delmark). Sun Ra, piano, composer; Bob Barry, drums; Jim Hearndon, tympani. Recorded 1958.

I liked the first chorus the best. First of all, I was relieved that you played something that I liked. The tympani was used very well in the first two or three choruses. Later on it started to go down; the tympani and the drums played eights with a bass background, and neither that background nor any of those eights were too interesting or very good.

It reminds me a little bit of some of the things that Charlie Mingus did, but this is not this brilliant a talent. Some of the drum things that were played reminded me of Shelly's playing, but I think he would have stayed in time and would have been better. I would rate it 2½ stars.

3. LOUIE BELLSON. $3 \times 5 + 16$ (from *Breakthrough*, Project 3). Bellson, Freddie Thompson, composers; Bellson, drums; Doug Allen, percussion.

After the first 15 seconds I was pretty sure it was Buddy Rich, with a fantastic and exact technique that I don't think too many other drummers have. I don't know if he plays this arrangement in the club, but it seemed to be a more modern one than he usually plays. I would say Bill

Reddie wrote the chart and I liked the slower and simpler part in the middle when they go into half-time the best. I would rate it four stars.

4. ROY AYERS. *Stoned Soul Picnic* (from *Stoned Soul Picnic*, Atlantic). Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Herbert Laws, flute; Gary Bariz, alto saxophone; Ayers, vibes; Herbie Hancock, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Laura Nyro, composer.

This is the thing I really don't like; I would say it's bad and phony and ugly, except for the vibes solo, which shows good talent and good technique and swing . . . I don't know who it was; it reminded me of Terry Gibbs a little bit and I hope none of my friends are involved in this. I don't like the tune, arrangement or their conception—none of them have merit or truth or high artistic aims or anything . . . I just dislike everything about it.

All the components that this consists of, like let's say the rock rhythm or this half-rock rhythm, individually I don't like them. But, put together like this, it's very bad.

This makes me really mad that they do this and, frankly, the people who play, they are . . . I don't like to say. I simply don't understand why they do this so much.

I wouldn't rate this at all.

5. STAN KENTON. *Man* (from *The Jazz Compositions of Dee Barton*, Capitol). Mike Price, lead trumpet; Jay Daversa, trumpet; Ray Reed, alto saxophone; Barton, drums, composer.

It's Stan Kenton's band. It was a modal composition and arrangement with different superimposed feelings on the 3/4 time. Like the usual big band sessions, they probably didn't have enough time to correct other little mistakes, or they just didn't want to edit it too much . . . the lead trumpet player certainly plays very high. The soloists were mostly, to use one of your expressions, perfunctory. However, it was pure jazz with no other but musical purposes, and as we have seen, that in itself is a rare quality. So, for the braveness . . . I don't know when it was recorded. If it was recorded recently, certainly it's a great merit that it's free and trying to say whatever he wants to say, regardless of commercial purposes.

For that I would give 3½ stars. Judging

it from the highest possible viewpoint of pure jazz, 2½.

6. GABOR SZABO. *Theme from Valley of the Dolls* (from *Bacchanal*, Skye). Szabo, guitar; Jim Stewart, second guitar; Louis Kobok, bass; Jim Keltner, drums; Hal Gordon, percussion.

A pseudo-classical guitar opening, with electronic manipulation . . . later a rumba beat was added. Perhaps it's a rock tune; I can recognize them sometimes by the total lack of logic, while Western scales and harmonies are abused. Most of them, including the Beatles tunes, can be compared to the painting of that monkey who is given paint and just splashes it on the canvas. Since the monkey is using regular paint, they consider it a painting. This can be considered music, I guess, because it uses musical instruments, and abuses them.

No musical value. Pity so many jazzmen become like stupefied; they listen to these torturous melodies and progressions that are like abusing bad tunes that were written in the early 1900s—take them and put little melodies there—it's just atrocious. I hope I will never lose my sanity and do things like this.

7. JAZZ CRUSADERS. *Promises, Promises* (from *Powerhouse*, Pacific Jazz).

Leonard, is this supposed to be a jazz *Blindfold Test*? This was very boring; I wouldn't want to listen to it even while having dinner. I don't rate it at all.

8. PHIL WOODS. *Alive & Well* (from *Alive & Well in Paris*, Palthe-Marconi). Woods, alto saxophone; George Gruntz, piano; Henri Texier, bass; Daniel Humair, drums. Recorded Nov. 1968.

This reminds me of the Benny Golson-Art Farmer group. I would have rated this kind of jazz three stars 12 years ago. I don't know when this was recorded, but it's very dated.

I'm extremely sorry you played so few things that I liked; things like Coltrane, Albert Ayler, Miles Davis, Lee Konitz, Milt Jackson, etc., or anyone with swinging, original, beautiful ideas, high aims and pure music.

I listen to classical music more than I listen to jazz. I don't like anything commercial or anything with a rumba beat added.

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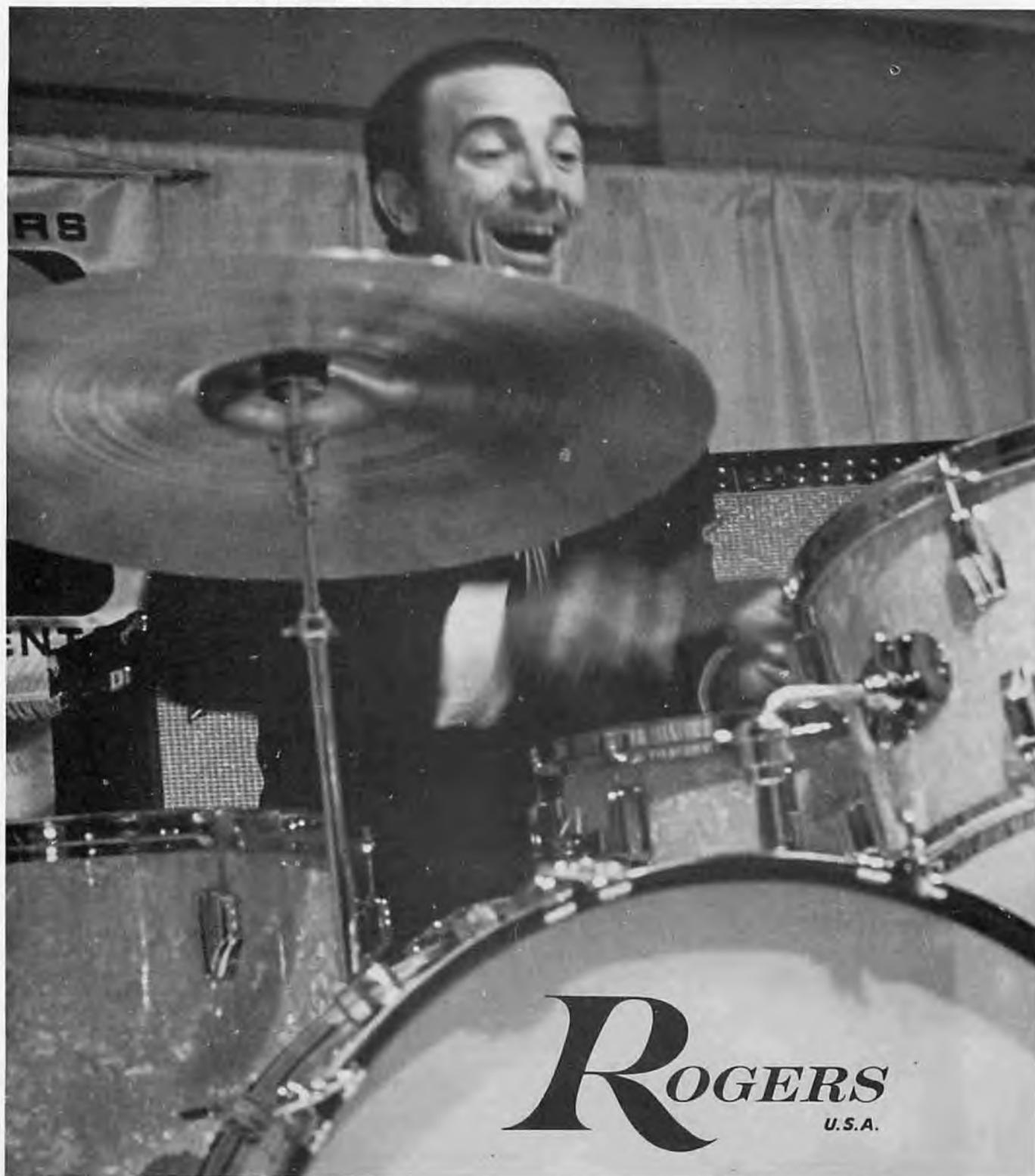


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Carol Sloane is back!

Ending a two-year hiatus from jazz, the attractive singer chose this new room for her second club appearance in as many years, and once again displayed a singular command of the bitter-sweet ballad and a sense of scat commentary that surely would bring a smile to Ella Fitzgerald's face.

Her varied sets were stunning; her voice impeccable—richer, fuller, more finely disciplined now, with exquisite intonation



Carol Sloane
Remarkable Performer

that belies the long, wasteful silence of the last two years.

Hers is a voice with a raw silk texture, a luxurious yet resilient quality, a varied instrument that comfortably ranges from much of the quieter Ellington material (there's a promising album here) to several fine up-tempo blues things, including her best received number, *Centerpiece*. Even her sidemen applauded the latter.

Word of mouth and rave reviews built SRO crowds in this 175-seat room, and these crowds were mesmerized. The Saturday night audience sat in concert-like quietness, ultimately demanding and receiving an unscheduled fourth set of eight songs.

The delights of Miss Sloane's selections

are many, but for several members of her audience there was particular nostalgia in *Here's That Rainy Day*, a song she sang through many wonderful sets in New York clubs.

Her listeners—one jazz pianist traveled more than 500 miles round trip to hear her again—were fascinated by her understanding of the verse, which she employs in most of her songs. Especially interesting and affecting were those to Ellington's *I Got It Bad* and *Stardust*.

Miss Sloane is one of the few singers who cares enough or seems to know enough about the potential of the verse, which is a sad commentary on our jazz singers of the last decade or so. Often she presents these "prologues" a cappella, yet she never fails to segue into the melody exactly on key! A remarkable performer, she is never afraid of the dramatic approach (favored by her idol, Carmen McRae) but always eschews overstatement.

Backing her during the week-long engagement was Don Friedman, an enviable accompanist, always tasteful, weaving subtle embellishment behind the singer's lyric line.

Both artists, though, were not well served by club owner Peter Ingram, an erratic drummer who tends to lose control of tempo in the up numbers; and bassist Shelton Williams, who sometimes steps heavily on other people's lines, mainly because he seems unfamiliar with a number of selections, even classics like *Stardust*.
—Bill Morrison

Mother Earth

The Boston Tea Party, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Reverend Stallings, tenor saxophone, vocals; R. Powell St. John, harmonica, vocals; Tracy Nelson, piano, vocals; Clayborne Butler Cotton, organ, piano; Toad Andrews, guitar; Bob Arthur, electric bass; Lonnie Castille, drums.

Prediction: This band is going to be very, very big. It deserves to be.

When it hits, it will do it, initially, on the strength of Miss Nelson, a powerful, tasteful rock vocalist, and the only white chick besides Janis Joplin to have assimilated the black idiom with no hint of posturing. There is bound to be an endless string of comparisons between the two girls. There shouldn't be. Apart from coming on black (which Janis does physically and vocally, Tracy only vocally) and a couple of superficial similarities (both extend "o" syllables with a kind of yodel—"wo-oo-wo-oo-wo"—and their ranges are both roughly contralto, though Tracy's is slightly lower than Janis'), they are two different girls. Tracy apparently takes her chief inspiration from rock 'n' roll singers, while Janis is a more Southwest blues belter; Tracy is in control of her vocal effects at all times, while Janis, who is more exciting at first (and more excited) often reaches for phrases she can only approximate. More debatably, Janis' singing seems slightly more feminine than Tracy's—Tracy is with Mother Earth, but Janis is Earth Mother—although it should be emphasized that Miss Nelson is very appealing indeed, onstage and off.

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Tracy has another thing going for her that Janis, until recently, at least, did not: She's with a highly competent band, the core of which is Castille, who is, right now, among the most accomplished rock drummers. He made every tune in the set exciting, even when the arrangements in themselves were not. The only relatively weak links are St. John, whose harp play-



Tracy Nelson
Tasteful and Appealing

ing is thin and derivative and whose vocals are positively irritating, and Arthur, also unoriginal, and on the first two or three up-tempo numbers, unable to keep up. Cotton contributed a couple good Otis Spann-influenced piano spots, but was only adequate on organ through most of the set. He's capable of much more, however, as his work with Charley Musselwhite has amply demonstrated.

Apparently, Stallings is relegated to being the warm-up singer, which is unfortunate—he's an excellent soul singer, and did a nice version of *Higher and Higher*. The arrangement, however, emphasized a slightly too heavy back beat, which vitiated the song's movement. He played nice tenor on Little Willie John's *I Need Your Love So Bad*, helped immeasurably by Castille's work. Miss Nelson's vocal was just right: forceful but not a whit overstated. On the coda, the band dropped out, leaving her and the bass and drums; her power is such that there was no loss of tension or drive.

They did the title track from their album, *Living with the Animals*, a harmoni-

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cally dull piece partially rescued by its lyrics but altogether defeated by St. John's singing. Then a piece with no title given—very nice arrangement. On the out chorus, first the "4" beat was emphasized, then the "3"; Stallings and Andrews played free during the bridge, and the tempo slowed for the final eight bars.

Hideaway, an up-tempo blues, featured some booting tenor work by Stallings, except that for his first solo choruses he seemed mesmerized by the tonic note and returned to it far too often. When he broke free of it, he did fine. Adequate guitar and boring harp solos followed. Miss Nelson took the set out, first with the c&w-inflected *I Wanna Be Your Mama*, then with a hard rock version of *I Know* (good Cotton on piano) that segued to a swinging *So Fine*. Stallings' tenor was mean and raspy on *I Know*, and Miss Nelson's vocals were absolutely perfect—unstrained but hard-driving and impeccably performed. No histrionics; what she goes after, she hits, and the audience knew she was deep into the material without her having to advertise it.

When Miss Nelson and/or Stallings are out front, this is one of the most interesting bands around. The present group has been together only a few months, so it's a little early to tell, but if Arthur and St. John were merely having off nights, or if they grow, the band has no limits. Dig Mother Earth. —Alan Heineman

Jazz As Dance

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Al Minns, Leon James, dancers; Henry Bradley, vocal and guitar; Ralph Berton, narrator.

This afternoon program, part of a series entitled *Saturday Is Family Day at Town Hall*, was introduced with breezy paternalism by Ormond Drake (Director of Town Hall), who introduced Pastor John Gensel, who introduced Ralph Berton, who introduced Al Minns and Leon James. The interracial audience contained a large proportion of cheerful youngsters whose spirits were momentarily dampened by so much talk, but once the dancing began they were quickly in good humor again.

Pastor Gensel's job was to dedicate the event to the memory of the late Marshall Stearns, and he did it with his usual sincerity and modesty. Berton's was to provide a linking commentary between dances—a necessity when and if Minns and James needed to take a breath—and to act as a kind of cheerleader. His references to racial differences, although well intended, were a little sticky at times, and occasioned minor embarrassment in some sectors of the audience. The dancers frequently amplified his comments on the various dances with wit and brevity, and when they illustrated how some of the Harlem dances were done downtown, it was with tolerant humor and no discernible malice.

Generally, Minns was responsible for the more acrobatic (or hot) dancing, James for the less demonstrative (or cool) kind where mime could take the place of energy, but when the two came together their understanding was so complete that the ability to exchange roles was often obvious.

If the program has not been filmed, it

should be, for it provides a marvelous supplement to *Jazz Dance*, the Stearns book. No amount of written description can take the place of seeing the dances performed, and in this case they were presented in roughly chronological order.

First came the Cakewalk, the slave's satirical translation of the master's pomp and artificiality; then the Camel Walk, an animal imitation dance, comically performed by the lanky James; the Buck Dance was an Afro-American variation on the Irish jig; and the Shimmy ("a good way to lose weight," as Minns demonstrated) became the rage after World War I through what Stearns has called the "naive" version of Gilda Gray. Then James did the Jig Walk, in which some may have recognized the Slop, Minns the sensual Snake Hip, and James the grotesque Black Bottom, another Negro dance of venerable origin that was a sensation when it hit Broadway in modified form via Ann Pennington and George White's *Scandals of 1926*.

By this time, historically, Harlem was beginning to become the place to go, and the Afro-American the arbiter of dancing styles. The Shim Sham, James explained, is still done in TV musical shows as the company shuffles prior to its final bow. The Charleston, with the audience encouraged to clap the beat, was shown in a sedate form (James), as it was "after it went to college and became more expressive" (Minns), as a "scarecrow" speciality (James), and as the Stop Charleston (both dancers).

Henry Bradley was then introduced. "Being born in Harlem robbed me of the opportunity of being an ethnic blues singer," he explained. "They come from far-off, exotic places like Birmingham, England, and Memphis, Egypt." He sang John Lee Hooker's *Crawlin' King Snake* and several other blues with a big, resonant voice and rather fulsome delivery. It was all a far cry from the "urban blues" as defined in Chicago, but the theatrical quality in his singing apparently did not disturb young contemporary ears.

After intermission, the return to the dancers, both veterans of the Savoy ballroom, was a return to authenticity, to something more convincing. The Lindy Hop or Jitterbug was shown in two phases of increasing virtuosity; the Suzie-Q was danced in downtown (James) and uptown (Minns) versions; Peckin', essentially another animal imitation, was followed by Truckin', a dance that always varied greatly from performer to performer; Boogie Woogie was demonstrated as by a self-conscious dowager downtown (James) and in uninhibited Savoy fashion (Minns); Shorty George, whose identity was fortunately not explained to the schoolchildren, had unusual oriental arm motions inspired by the then-popular Sabu films; the Big Apple, although of white origin, was interpreted with "uptown feeling" to Ellington's *Rockin' in Rhythm*; and last came the Twist as danced by someone not hip (James), by a ballerina (James), and by the Ivy League (Minns). For a finale, the dancers called to the stage their children, grandchildren and friends for a half-abashed display of rock 'n' roll.

The house was sold out and the program

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was to be repeated March 1, when more care, hopefully, was to be given the selection of the accompanying records. Berton explained that they had been, unavoidably, a last-minute choice. More by the bands that played the Savoy ballroom would probably prove more inspiring for the dancers.

In professional terms, jazz dance may, as is often claimed, be a dying craft, but that it is still alive among amateurs was evident enough later that afternoon at the Celebrity Club on 125th Street, where Buddy Tate was playing for a wedding. He played the boogaloo, a cha-cha, and sang *East of the Sun* with band responses a la *Marie*, but in between there was uncompromising jazz. The people danced to it—grandmothers, wives, daughters and baby sisters, from 2 to 70—with great pleasure, abandon, and considerable skill. Jazz and dancing and a good time go very well together still.

—Stanley Dance

The Incredible String Band

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, organ, violin, guitar, mandolin, various string and percussion instruments, vocals; Rose, organ and vocal accompaniment; Licorice, percussion and vocal accompaniment.

The Incredible String Band is one of the most eclectic and creative groups of the new pop or experimental folk music, or whatever label you care to put on them. In their second short tour of the United States, they appeared at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall to a surprising near-capacity house.

Heron and Williamson presented some of the most brilliant contemporary songs in a deft and beautiful manner at this concert, which lasted almost three hours. In composition and performance they draw upon modern folk music, jazz, rock, Indian music and the ethnic musics of Scotland, Russia, Wales, Jamaica and the Near East. They use a variety of instruments in a variety of combinations. They improvise, employ the pentatonic system, a raga-influenced style, and innumerable song forms. Both men possess expressive, gentle, yet impish voices.

Their subjects are beauty, mysticism, idealized love, nursery tales and happy dreams. In that respect they are similar to Donovan, and they have his subtlety and sincerity, plus a bit more musicianship.

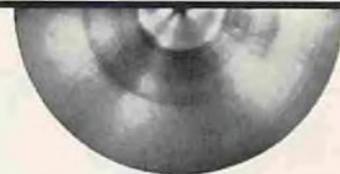
They performed a number of new songs from their forthcoming double album as well as favorites from their last two recordings, including the moving, varied *Cellular Song*. One of their most recent compositions, yet to be recorded and tentatively called *Virelai*, is a 12-minute piece reminiscent of *Song of the Volga Boatmen*. Heron kept time on a small gong and the girls maintained an eerie, wordless choral line while Williamson sang the lead choruses.

Words fail to describe the feeling generated by the Incredible String Band. They are impossible to pigeonhole. Suffice it to say that they are, on the evidence of their rare New York appearances and two Elektra albums, among the most exciting, beautiful and inventive musical innovators currently working. Look them up.

—Michael Cuscuna



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DODGION

(Continued from page 17)

How did a girl come to play the drums? For one thing, she was influenced by her father, who still plays drums on the West Coast. Once, when a musician was about to hock his drumset, he decided to buy it for his daughter. Dottie credits her husband and Eugene Wright, the former bass player with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, with being the most important influences in her life—the men who gave her the insight to love the music she now plays.

"If it hadn't been for J.D. and Eugene, I would probably be a plain housewife today. They are the reason I'm a drummer, because they taught me everything: dynamics, color, texture, discipline—everything."

It was about eight years ago that Dottie began to be a serious drummer. Before that, she had worked with the amazing Charles Mingus. She was singing bass lines with him, and there would be long hours of rehearsal—at the time, Dottie didn't read music, and had to hear and memorize all that Mingus set down for her. There were times when the regular drummer would be late, and Dottie would fill in on brushes and snare until his arrival. But all this was before she met Jerry Dodgion.

Every day is a challenge for Dottie. Every day is not new and exciting or bright and shining for her because she knows life just ain't like that. She practices; she works often, in and out of town, and she takes care of the house in the country where the Dodgions moved about a year ago. They have found a measure of peace and quiet there, surrounded by trees instead of concrete.

Their teenage daughter, Debbie, fulfills yet another role for Dottie, that of mother and companion. As to her future plans, Dottie smiles and says, "I'm just trying to make it through 'til Tuesday." Daughter Debbie may have suggested a direction, if only in fantasy form, when she once enumerated the members of her "dream" group: Jerry Dodgion on alto, Eugene Wright on bass, and Dottie on drums.

Dottie Dodgion's place in jazz is firmly established, as is her place as a wife and a mother. She is serious about music and has every intention of remaining a working musician. Dottie Dodgion is no female drummer added to a group for flash or visual interest. Men adore her and treat her talent with respect. She has their full acceptance. Perhaps she has the best of two worlds.

Throw away your copy of *The Feminine Mystique* and go listen to Dottie play.



AD LIB

(Continued from page 16)

Torme will be seen on five major network shows within the next three months: Two Carol Burnetts, Jerry Lewis, Jonathan Winters and a *Hollywood Palace* . . . Clea Bradford played the Playboy Club, backed by the Bob Corwin Trio . . . Nancy Wilson is scheduled for seven concerts in Tokyo between May 16 and 24 . . . Sarah Vaughan, Louis Armstrong and Lou Rawls are among the first to be signed by Continental Airlines to record their commercials. The airline was apparently impressed by what the Fifth Dimension did for TWA . . . Chico Hamilton appeared at the Brazilian Jazz Festival in early February. Where was it held? In Mexico City—you figure that one. In other south-of-the-border happenings, Brazilian talent will find a ready, helping hand extended by Sergio Mendes Enterprises. Mendes has expanded into music publishing, record production and talent development. For the first time in his career, Mendes produced a disk for someone else; a single for a blind organist from Rio de Janeiro, *Munfredo Fest* . . . Don Schlitten invaded the West Coast, stayed long enough to record Sonny Criss' latest Prestige album, then headed back east. Supporting Criss: Hampton Hawes, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums . . . Bob Crosby's *Bobcats* are still in business—they helped out in a two-day Arthritis telethon staged by a local independent TV station, KTLA . . . Horace Silver followed Willie Bobo into the Lighthouse and brought a tremendous crowd with him. His is one of the most sought-after East Coast groups here . . . The Concert Jazz Band from the University of Nevada made its fourth annual tour of northern California college and high school campuses, under the direction of Gene Isaacs.

Chicago: The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians continues to move forward at a rapid pace. The organization has a new president, trumpeter Lester Bowie (former president Richard Abrams is now executive secretary), and concerts are being given at the Parkway Community House 7 nights a week. St. Louis alto saxophonists Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake and poet Bruce Rutlin were brought in Jan. 31 for a weekend of appearances, and the 5-hour concert on Feb. 2 was notable for variety and musical achievement. Tenor saxophonist Maurice McIntyre led the first group, which featured trumpeter Leo Smith, flutist Joel Brandon, soprano saxophonist John Stubblefield, pianist Claudine Myers, bassist Mehaka Uba, and drummers Ajaramu and Thurman Barker. Hemphill followed, with bassist Carl Richardson and drummer Jerome Harris (watch out for him). The next group performed a composition featuring the unusual (to say the least) instrumentation of bass saxophone, contrabass clarinet, baritone saxophone, bassoon, bass drum, and string bass, played respectively by Roscoe Mitchell (the composer), Anthony Braxton, Wallace McMillian, Joseph Jarman, Bowie, and Malachi Favors. After inter-



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mission, Lake and trumpeter **Floyd Leflore** were heard with the same bass and drum team that had backed **Hemphill**. Then poet **Rutlin** recited, with occasional accompaniment by **Harris** and others. The content of his poems and his rhythmic delivery brought a strong response from the audience. The *piece de resistance* was the AACM big band, led by **Abrams**, which featured excellent solos by **Stubblefield**, **Smith** (who has grown remarkably), **McIntyre**, **Jarman** and **Mitchell**. The following evening saw **Mitchell** and **Miss Myers** perform *A Tribute to Duke Ellington*, with **Brandon**, **Favors** and **Barker**. The inauguration of the AACM's radio show on the *University of Chicago's station (DB, March 6)* was delayed momentarily by the recent student sit-in, but communication proceeds on other fronts with the appearance of the first two issues of the organization's magazine . . . The **Bunky Green Sextet** (**John Watson**, trombone; **Green**, alto saxophone; **Ken Danish**, tenor saxophone; **Stu Katz**, piano; **Reggie Willis**, bass; **Jim Goldmark**, drums) gave a well-attended concert Feb. 1 at the U.C. campus . . . Pianist **Bob Wright**, appearing downstairs at the **Red Garter**, is a most versatile musician. His ragtime versions of **Coltrane's Giant Steps** and **Bill Evans' Waltz for Debby** are as effective as they are startling . . . The **Kinetic Playground** had a great modern blues bill Feb. 28 and March 1, with **B. B. King**, **Albert King**, and the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** . . . **Art Hodes** did a Sunday afternoon session at the **Edinburgh Castle Inn** Feb. 9 with trumpeter **George Finola**, **Bill Hunk**, **Jimmy Granato**, and **Hillard Brown** . . . Pianists **Judy Roberts** and **Eddie Higgins**, with their respective trios, have been holding forth at **Will Sheldon's** on **Rush Street** . . . Trumpeter **Norm Murphy's** band continues at the **Pigalle**, the longest steady engagement for a jazz group hereabouts in some time . . . Guitarist **Marty Grosz** was in the pit band for the successful local run of *Cabaret*.

Philadelphia: Tenor saxophonist **Bootsie Barnes** and drummer **Edgar Bateman** were among the guests at a recent meeting of the **Fred Miles' American Interracialist Jazz Society**, with such artists as **Sylvester (Middy) Middleton**, tenor saxophone; **Riley Roberts**, piano; and the **Soul Messengers**, featuring **Ron Hasty**, piano; **Lennie Moore**, bass, and **Fulton Hasty**, drums. The meeting was held at the **Sahara Hotel's Desert Room**, which is managed by **Dottie Smith**, former **Louis Jordan** vocalist. The affairs are held each Sunday at 3 p.m., prior to the regular matinee featuring bassist **Spanky DeBrest** and his trio with vocalist **Sarah Dean** . . . **Peps Musical Bar** had a dual attraction in vocalists **Ernie Banks** and **Bebbe** on the same bill. **Banks** had the **Gerald Price Trio**, and **Bebbe** brought the **Dave Levin Quartet**, featuring **Frank Tiberi** and/or **George Young**, tenor saxophone; **Dave Stephens**, piano, and a lot of surprises. **Tiberi** plays a **Coltrane-based** style that at times seems to have tongue-in-cheek touches of humor, and his gyrations often give the impression that either musi-

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cian or solo will eventually topple over. But he is a sure-footed musician with a solid foundation in jazz . . . A red carpet was actually put on the pavement between the Academy of Music and the Belvue Stratford Hotel when **Andre Previn** conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra at an anniversary concert recently . . . **Elmer Snowden** played a dance for the Knights of Service (a popular South Philly club). Featured with the veteran banjoist-guitarist were **Tommy Bryant**, **Arthur Danials**, **Wesley Robinson**, **Streamline**, **Lee Nelson** and **Joe Van Loan** . . . **Buddy Rich** and his big band did a return engagement at the Electric Factory recently, though it was a well kept secret . . . The **Barry Miles Quartet** was slated for a February concert at Princeton University. Tenor saxophonist **Lew Tabackin** has been featured with the group . . . **Don Patterson**, **Pat Martino** and **Billy James** played a week at **Scotty's Lounge** in West Philly. **Martino**, a Philadelphian, is not heard enough in these parts. When not on the road, he stays at home and practices . . . The **Robert Kenyatta African drummers** and the **Sam Reed big band** were scheduled at the **Blue Horizon Feb. 7** . . . An Afro variety show was slated for late February at the **Mantua Theater** on Lancaster Ave. Vocalist **September Wrice**, the **Byard Lancaster ensemble** and the **Neo-Otundila Music Ensemble** led by **Ron Everett** were listed among the attractions . . . Local jazz on the airwaves includes **Jake Hart** on **WIBF-FM 103.9**, Sundays from 8 to 12 p.m., and **Down Beat** contributor **Mike Cuseuna**, Mondays through Fridays from 10 to 3 and Saturdays and Sundays from 3 to 6 p.m. over University of Pennsylvania station **WXPN-FM** . . . Trumpeter **Gene Wilson** and pianist **Kenn Gill** were presented at the **Lee Cultural Center** in early January . . . **Ruth Henderson**, once a saxophone student of **Myrtle Young**, the popular lady bandleader, has begun a weekly column of New York jazz news for **Scoop USA**, the Philadelphia entertainment publication . . . This writer received an unexpected call not long ago to rush a complete sound system to **Peps Musical Bar**. Singer **Little Jimmy Scott** was in the middle of an engagement when the sound unexpectedly went bad. A large audience waited patiently until we arrived, unpacked and set up the system, and the former **Lionel Hampton** vocalist mounted the stage for a most enthusiastic reception.

Detroit: Death and resurrection were recent topics for discussion in Detroit's jazz community. The passing of **Paul Chambers**, one of Detroit's most notable contributions to the world of jazz, placed a temporary damper on the city's newly awakened musical spirit. He'll be missed by all who came to know and appreciate his full, swinging sound. Ironically, the **Blue Bird Inn**, where **Chambers** got some early lessons in his craft, came to life only a few days after his death after lying dormant for years. **Barry Harris**, another Detroit favorite, was on hand with **Ernie Farrow**, bass, and **Bert Myrick**, drums. Sharing the bill with them was pianist **Claude Black's** trio (**Dedrick Glover**,

bass; **Ed Nelson**, drums). **Benita Drake**, a highly respected songstress, sang with both groups . . . A recent **Detroit Creative Musicians** concert featured drummer **Bob Battle's** quintet (**Charles Miles**, alto, flute; **Reggie Roberts**, organ; **Ron English**, guitar). The fifth member, altoist **Aaron Neal**, was indisposed . . . **Cranbrook Academy** presented the **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** in concert. The quintet, composed of **Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass, and **Danny Spencer**, drums, performed before a very receptive audience under almost ideal conditions. The acoustics were exceptional. The group recently recorded their first album . . . The **Hobby Bar**, habitat of the **Charles Harris Trio** (**Larry Smith**, alto; **Harris**, organ; **James Youngblood**, drums) had some welcome visitors in the **Barry Harris Trio** and **Benita Drake**. For a couple of nights, it was "old home week" at this once-popular nightspot. This spirit continued throughout the week, culminating in a bash at **Baker's Keyboard** where **Harris** and crew joined the **Yusef Lateef Quartet** (**Hugh Lawson**, piano; **Cecil McBee**, bass; **Al Heath**, drums). It was a grand reunion for all the Detroiters . . . The **Robin Kenyatta Quintet** held forth for one night at the **U. of Michigan Creative Arts Festival** in **Ann Arbor** with **Roy Ayers**, vibes; **Mickey Tucker**, piano; **Oliver Turner**, bass, and **Ali Mouson**, drums. **Ayers** and **Tucker** were singled out by the enthusiastic crowd for their fine rapport . . . **Toby Steel** and **Harrison Crabfenther** are holding their own at the **Hideout**.

Boston: In the first week of March, **WGBH-TV's Mixed Bag** show was cancelled. The show, an extension of **Father Norman O'Connor's** old **Jazz**, goes back some 13 years. In the fall of 1968, when photographer **Lee Tanner** and director **Dave Attwood** became co-producers, the show received a face-lifting. They employed the latest visual effects as well as using a broad spectrum of musics drawing heavily from the pop-folk-jazz scene. The reason the show was dropped is financial. **WGBH-TV's** budget is thinning out as the end of the season approaches, and **Mixed Bag** was among the first victims. Those who would like to see the show continue should write to **Michael Rice**, Program Director, **WGBH-TV**, 125 Western Ave., Boston, MA. 02134 . . . The fourth annual **Boston Globe Jazz Festival** took place on the weekend of Jan. 31 at the **War Memorial Auditorium**. Friday night brought forth **Dave Brubeck** and **Gerry Mulligan** with **Alan Dawson**; **Roland Kirk**; **The Mothers of Invention**, and the **Newport All-Stars** featuring **Red Norvo**, **Barney Kessel**, **Ruby Braff** and **George Wein**. Saturday evening had **Hugh Masekela**, **Nina Simone**, **B. B. King**, and **Sun Ra** and his 15-piece band. Featured on the Saturday afternoon **Jazz for Youth** program were **Gerry Mulligan**, the **Newport All-Stars**, and trombonist **Gene DiStasio's Brass Menagerie**. **DiStasio**, who recently changed the band's name from **Brass '68**, has been working on a new album for **Capitol**. With arrange-

ments by **Mike Gibbs**, **Rick Laird** and **Mike Gibson**, the band's personnel includes **George Zonce** and **Jeff Stout**, trumpets; **DiStasio**, **Gibson** and **Ed Byrne**, trombones; **Ray Picci**, reeds; **Mick Goodrick**, **John Abercrombie**, guitars; **Laird**, bass; **Peter Donald**, drums, and **Don Alias**, conga . . . **Richy Cole** has left the **Berklee School** to join **Buddy Rich** as lead alto. Bassist **Rick Petrone** also joined the band, while the **Glenn Miller** band recently acquired **Berklee** trombonist **Wayne Mogel** . . . **Jimmy Mosher** has gone out with **Mongo Santamaria** . . . **John LaPorta** is putting together a **Tribute to Johnny Richards** concert at **Berklee** . . . **Lennie's-On-the-Turnpike** had a tremendous weekend with comedian **Dick Gregory**, backed by the **Jimmy Mosher Quartet**. **ESP** specialist **David Hay** followed, backed by **Clark Terry**; **Carl Schroeder**, piano; **George Mraz**, bass, and **Alan Dawson**. **O. C. Smith** opened with a **Columbia** records party and kept **Lennie's** packed for a week, backed by **Kirk Lightsey**, piano; **Lou Large**, bass, and **Varner Barlow**, drums. **Wild Bill Davison** and the **Jazz Giants** followed, and on Feb. 3, **Mongo Santamaria** opened. Feb. 10, **Buddy Miles' Blues Express** roared through, with **Jimmy McGriff** following the week of Feb. 17. On Feb. 24, **Berklee's Thursday Night Dues Band** appeared, directed by **Phil Wilson**, followed by **Young-Holt Unlimited** for the remainder of the week . . . **Gene DiStasio** with **Jimmy Helms**; **Al Natalie's Tijuana Brass**, and **Bobby Short** recently traveled through **Paul's Mall**, while the **Jazz Workshop** featured, in succeeding weeks, **George Benson**, **Elvin Jones** and **Dizzy Gillespie**.

New Orleans: An **Al Hirt** special on **NBC-TV** featured a formidable trumpet quartet composed of **Hirt**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Don Ellis** and **Pete Candoli**. The show also included **Sarah Vaughan** and arrangements by **Benny Carter** . . . Pianist **Sweet Emma Barrett** now appears regularly at **Dixieland Hall** on **Bourbon Street** with the **Cottrell-Barbarin Band** . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** added clarinetist **Harold Cooper** and pianist **Don Ewell** during their February engagement at the **Al Hirt Club** . . . A new rock club, the **Bank**, opened on **Decatur Street** in the **French Quarter** recently. Owners **Benito Gomez** and **Galo Diaz** plan to bring in rock and blues groups like **Nectar**, **Deacon John**, **Plastic Blues Band**, **Mournin After**, and others . . . Pop-folk singer **Johnny Rivers**, a native of **Baton Rouge, La.**, was in **New Orleans** for a one-nighter at the **Loyola Field House** recently . . . Alto saxophonist **Al Belletto** will be among the judges at the **Mobile Collegiate Jazz Festival** competition . . . Trumpeter **George Jansen** underwent major surgery after falling down a flight of stairs at **Loyola University**. **Jansen**, who has trained innumerable brass players in the area for the last two decades, suffered partial paralysis as a result of the accident . . . **Ravi Shankar** is scheduled for an **April 1** concert at the **Municipal Auditorium** . . . **Pete Fountain** reopened his **Storyville Lounge** for the **Mardi Gras** season and brought in pianist **Harvey Rubin** to lead a trio on weekends.

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Baltimore: Tenor saxophonist Mickey Fields sat in with Groove Holmes when the organist appeared at the Lexington West in mid-January. Fields has a new album on Edmar, a subsidiary of Prestige, *The Astonishing Mickey Fields*, recorded live with the Holmes trio at the Left Bank Jazz Society and the Alpine Villa . . . Vibraharpist Jimmy Wells is playing nightly (except Sunday) at the Meeting Place, a new restaurant on Mt. Royal Ave. . . Dizzy Gillespie, with regulars James Moody, Mike Longo, Paul West and Candy Finch, opened the 1969 season for the Left Bank Jazz Society Jan. 26. The following weekend Max Roach's quintet appeared. With the drummer were trombonist Julian Priester, altoist Gary Bartz, pianist Ronnie Matthews, and bassist Jymie Merritt.

Denver: Charles Lloyd led his quartet in concert Jan. 19 at the Auditorium Theatre, playing to a largely empty house with regulars Keith Jarrett, Ron McClure, and Paul Motian . . . Ramsey Lewis played a Saturday night concert in early February at the University of Colorado's UMS Ballroom in Boulder . . . Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band from San Antonio, Tex. treated Denverites to Dixieland in a performance Jan. 26. Jim Cullum Jr., cornet; Jim Sr., clarinet; Cliff Gillette, piano, and Willson Davis, sousaphone, were joined by banjoist Carly Williams and drummer Harvey Kinderwater . . . Peanuts Hucko continues to swing nightly at his own club, Peanuts Hucko's Navarre. He is joined periodically by vibist Red Norvo. Hucko and his wife, singer Louise Tobin, were guests at President Nixon's inaugural ball. Hucko was instrumental in several fund-raising concerts for Nixon during the campaign . . . Guitarist Johnny Smith plays Saturday nights at Shaner's. He is joined by the Neil Bridge Trio . . . Organist Don Lewis gave two concerts sponsored by Hammond Organ Co. in mid-January.

Japan: *Swing Journal* magazine's 1968 Jazz Disc Award winners have been announced, with the Gold Award going to the album *An Evening with Ornette Coleman*, released in Japan on the Polydor label. Silver Awards went to Cecil Taylor's *Conquistador* on Blue Note, and to pianist Mal Waldron's *All Alone*, distributed by the Victor World Group. The "Jazz of Japan" award went to drummer George Ohtsuka for his trio's second album, *Page 2*, on Nippon Columbia. A special award went to RCA's *50 Years of Recorded Jazz*, a 3-LP set. Best Engineering Awards went to Oscar Peterson's Verve LP *We Get Requests*, and to Bengt Hallberg at the *Golden Circle* on the European label, Union, distributed in Japan by Nippon Gramophone . . . Mexican pianist Pepo Jaramillo made his second working tour of Japan in February . . . New York jazzmen Majib Shebazz, Norris Jones and Clarence Palmer (drums, bass and piano, respectively), were members of the group backing tenorman Sil Austin during the latter's one-month tour here in

late January and early February. Palmer, Jones and Shebazz stayed a few weeks longer to entertain as a trio at U.S. military and Japanese civilian clubs . . . Backing singer Astrud Gilberto from mid-February to early March on her second visit here were altoman Charlie Mariano, guitarist Attila Zoller, pianist Ben Aronov, drummer Airtio Moreira, and a bassist whose name was not available in advance . . . The Dave Dee rock group from Britain toured major cities here during February. Two of the band's records, *O.K.* and *Hold Tight* are currently best sellers here . . . Altoman Sadao Watanabe, who has scored and played background music for a 30-minute weekly television drama series that has top viewer ratings Japan-wide, will soon do the music for a full-length film starring one of this country's top box-office draws. Watanabe is also busy teaching at the Yamaha School of Popular Music, where he is the head instructor, and recording for TAKT, the Nippon Columbia jazz label . . . Singer Kekko Saijo, wife of reedman Hiroshi Okazaki, house bandleader at the Tokyo Hilton's Star Hill Club, just finished a month-long gig at the new Manila Hilton . . . Art Life Association, local promoters, refunded more than \$50,000 in advance ticket sales when trumpeter Miles Davis failed to obtain a working visa for an early January trip to Japan . . . Memo to Ira Gitler: Hiroshi (Baby) Sakitumi is a Japanese rock 'n' roll musician, and he works with the Mud-Max 5 . . . Rock singer-organist Akamatsu Ai, with The Ox, caused a near-panic in a Tokyo auditorium in January, when several of his young girl fans were trampled badly enough to require hospitalization. As a result Ai, only 18, may retire from rock music permanently at the insistence of his father, a well-known millionaire Osaka industrialist, who thought his son was only "playing for fun" with his school chums. In five weeks, The Ox zoomed to the No. 3 position among the estimated 3,000 rock groups in this country.

Toronto: Jimmy McGriff's quartet followed Gary Burton at the Colonial, who has booked the vibraharpist back for a date in May . . . At Stop 33, another vibes man, Frankie Wright, and his trio replaced Hagood Hardy, who had played there nightly for 18 months. Hardy is now in the process of organizing a quintet, featuring bassist Ian Henstridge and drummer Dave Lewis with singers Stephanie Taylor and Carrie Roma . . . Guitarist Lennie Breau, who can be heard on a recent RCA Victor album, has been appearing locally at George's Kibitzeria and the Pornographic Onion Coffee House . . . Jimmy Dale, conductor and arranger for CBS shows, has departed for Hollywood where he is leading the orchestra on the *Smothers Brothers Show* . . . Pianist John Arpin is now playing at Stop 33 during the cocktail hour, then on to Ports of Call where he is appearing with his trio . . . Jodi Drake recently appeared with Cy McLeans' quartet at The Penthouse.

Paris: The Club St.-Germain, which changed its jazz policy three years ago,

reopened as a dancing jazz club with a French group, Frick and the Swingers, composed of Xavier Chambon, trumpet; Francois (Frick) Guin, trombone; Gerard Badini, tenor saxophone; Gerard Raingo, piano; Pierre Sim, bass; Teddy Martin, drums . . . Bob Thiele gave a press conference in Paris at Hotel George V Jan. 22 . . . Veteran tenor saxophonist Benny Waters recorded an album for President Records backed by Marc Hemmeler, piano; Jean-Pierre Sasson, guitar; Riccardo Galleazi, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Humberto Canto, conga drums . . . A benefit concert was held Feb. 2 at the Museum of Modern Art for the family of the late Alain Tabar-Nouval, avant-garde saxophonist who died accidentally in Denmark. He was 25 years old and touring with John Tchicai . . . Organist Lou Bennett, who did a three-week engagement at the Chat Qui Peche, was backed by French West Indian guitar player Andre Conovant and German drummer Joe Nay . . . Steve Kuhn started a three-week engagement at the Cameleon Feb. 21. The pianist was accompanied by Jean-Francois Jenny-Clarke, bass, and Aldo Romano, drums . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet was scheduled to play Paris March 4 . . . Phil Woods and His European Rhythm Machine will share the bill with the touring Cannonball Adderley Quintet at their Paris concert at Salle Pleyel March 27.

Norway: Dave Brubeck, who drew the biggest jazz audience in Oslo last year with his new quartet featuring Gerry Mulligan, has been engaged for the famous Classical Music Festival in Bergen this summer. He will present his oratorio *The Light in the Wilderness* . . . Kenny Drew and Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen played with talented young drummer Espen Rud at the jazz club at Sogn, and were quite enthusiastic about him . . . The night before Christmas at Sogn, Art Farmer and Jimmy Heath performed with the Norwegian trio Bjorklund, Andersen and Christiansen in a program of Heath arrangements and compositions . . . Karin Krog's third LP will be released soon, a mixture of jazz and modern pop. She used tenorist Jan Garbarek and her own trio, led by Terje Bjorklund. The record will be released on her own label. Svein Finnerud's avant garde trio had their first LP released by the Norwegian Jazz Forum. From the Norwegian Jazz Federation comes an LP with music by organist Aril Boman and leading Norwegian jazz players, including a take from his concert at Hovikodden Art Center. The traditional band led by trumpeter Per Borthen also plans a first LP, so Norway soon will pass the 10 jazz LP mark. Miss Krog is responsible for three of these . . . Swiss drummer Pierre Favre and his trio visited Oslo Jan. 10. He held a cymbal clinic and presented pianist Irene Schweitzer and bassist Peter Kowald . . . Trombonist Ron Myers from Los Angeles, who has played with Stan Kenton, Don Ellis, Buddy Rich and Woody Herman and has lived in Sweden since May of last year, gave a wonderful concert at Club 7 in Bikuben in January.

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BLUE PERCUSSION

By

BOB TILLES

THE ENSEMBLE should have a loose Lunceford feel in a medium four tempo. A bass and guitar can be added: they can follow the B \flat blues changes at letter A.

After the first 12 bars, the first and second players (vibe and marimba) should play an accented, staccato effect—Basie piano style.

In letter A, bars 9 and 10, the 16th notes should be very short and punched out—they are also played this way in F and G.

Letter C can be repeated, and the first and second players can trade as many choruses as they wish. If a bass is used—the timpani can either tacit or ad lib softly during the solos.

Letter B trades solos between timpani, drums and bongos and the parts can be brought out, but the rest of the ensemble is more subdued and the percussion should be soft—except for solo fuis.

Letter G—ritard bar 12 and dictate the quarter-note triplets. Timpani tops the hold off, with an accented B \flat .

Intro Tempo - medium 4, $\text{♩} = 120$

Player I-Mallet Instrument
(Vibes or Marimba)

Player II-Mallet Instrument
(Xylophone or Marimba)

Player III-Orchestra Bells

(hard mallets)
Player IV-Timpani

Player V-Snare Drum (or Drum Set)
Player VI-Bongos

I

II

III

IV

V

VI

"Blue Percussion" is one in a series of percussion ensembles published by Creative Music and available through the Ludwig Drum Co., Chicago.

I II III IV V VI

soft mallets

brushes

I II III IV V VI

to four mallets

to two mallets

I II III IV V VI

1 2 to two mallets

to four mallets

8 V.A. four mallet chord background ad lib. rhythms and voicings loco

improvise solo ad lib.

(ad lib.)

Note: if desired, letter C can be repeated. Use 1st ending.

I II III IV V VI

8 V.A. Eb6 Bb7 Eb7 Eo7 Bb6 Fm7 Bb7 Eb7

four mallet chord background ad lib. rhythms and voicings

Eb7 Eo7 Bb maj 7 Cm7 Dm7 G7 (b9) Cm7

I II III IV V VI

8 V.A. Eo7 Bb6 Dm7 G7 (b9) Cm7 F7 Eo7

1 2 to two mallets

to four mallets

chord background (ad lib)

solo

I II III IV V VI

loco. Bb6 Bb11+ Bb6 Bb7 Eb7 Eo7

1 2 to two mallets

to four mallets

chord background (ad lib)

solo

WHERE WHEN &

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

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.
Carnegie Recital Hall: Pee Wee Russell, 3/21.
Art Blakey, 4/18. Elvin Jones, 5/9.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Striker, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Club Baron: Clark Terry, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Columbia Jazz Festival (Wollman Auditorium): Gary Burton, 3/10. Elvin Jones, 3/24. Muddy Waters, 4/14. Freddie Hubbard, 4/28.
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, jazz & blues groups.
Duke Pearson, Wild Bill Davison, Bill Evans w/Jeremy Steig, Roy Eldridge, Art Blakey, 3/9.
Forest Hills Inn: Dayton Selby, tfn.
14 and 10: name pianists.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Uliano, 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.
Loeb Lounge (NYU): Arnie Lawrence, 3/30, 3 p.m.
Luigi II: Mary Hurt.
Mark Twain's Riverboat: Bobby Hackett, Urbie Green, Maxine Sullivan.
Metropolitan Museum of Art: Charles Lloyd, 3/11.
Needle's Eye: pianists, wknds.
Network 66: Mary Hurt, Betty Anne & Julius, Exa Louise, tfn.
NYU's University Heights Campus (Bronx): Pee Wee Russell, 3/17. Art Blakey, 4/14. Elvin Jones, 5/5.
Pee Wee's: John Blair, tfn.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco, Joe Coleman, Mon.
Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.
Pitta Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Plaza Grove (Fairlawn, N.J.): John Nobile, Bobby Gransden, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: John Blair, tfn.
The Playhouse: name groups.
Plaza 9: unk.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Raffel 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: Sonny Brown, Sun.
Small's Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom McNeil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
Tappan Zoo Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sketeer Best.
Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Duke Pearson, Sun.
Wells: Horace Parlan, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Mon.-Sat. Dave West, C. J. Cheramine, Sun.
Blackboard: Jay Cave, Fri., afterhours.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Club 77: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Sweet Emma, Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Papa Celestin Band, hbs.
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: Big Tiny Little to 3/15.
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 Laste, wknds., afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Rendezvous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Stemmer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Stereo: Roger Dickerson, wknds.
Sylvia's: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
Vaneresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claiborne, tfn.
VIP (Mason's): June Gardner, Germaine Buz-zile, tfn. James Rivers, Wed.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Name jazz groups, Sun.
Meeting Place: Jimmy Wells, Mon.-Sat.
Peyton Place: Greg Hatza, Thur.-Sun.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawke, Tom Garvin, Donald Bailey.

LOS ANGELES

Ash Grove: Avant-garde jazz, Wed.
Bill of Fare: Chuck Bowen.
Black Fox: Vee Jay, Dave Holden, Ferri Lee, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanna Miller.
Caribbean: Leon Haywood, Red Holloway.
Center Field: Tommy Bush.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup, Jack Sheldon, Joe Mondragon, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Sonny Payne.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Jazz nightly. Guitar Night, Mon. 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.
Golden Galleon (Marina del Rey): Page Cavannah. Jazz concerts, Sun.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Erroll Garner to 3/23. Woody Herman, 3/26-tfn.
Jilly's (Palm Springs): Willie Restum.
Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Richard (Groove) Holmes to 3/23. Mongo Santamaria, 3/24-4/20. Tom Scott, Sun. afternoon. Bobby Bryant, Mon.-Tue.
Memory Lane: Tyrone Parsons.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
Moonfire Inn (Topanga): Gil Melle, Mon.
Parisian Room: Henry Cain, Richard Green.
Pic'd Piper: Ike Isaacs, Jack Wilson, Sam Fletcher, Harper Crosby, Karen Hernandez, Tue.
Pitruzzello's Restaurant (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, wknds.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Mose Allison to 3/15. Spanky Wilson, 3/18-21. Gary Burton, 3/27-4/5. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle, Joyce Collins, Tue. Jazz concerts every 5th Tue.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Tractor's: Joe Castro, Bob Mathews.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Westside Room (Century Plaza): O. C. Smith, 4/1-20. Lou Rawls, 4/22-5/4.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: The Pharaohs, wknds. Shows, nightly.
Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.-Thur.
Flower Pot: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Kinetic Playground: various rock & blues groups, wknds.
London House: Tamba Four to 3/23. Jack McDuff, 3-26-4/14. George Shearing, 4/15-5/4.
Lurlean's: Name singers. Vernell Fournier, wknds.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Parkway Community House: AACM concerts, Mon.-Sun.
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): Chiengo Footwarmers, Sun.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, wknds.
Tejnar Club: various name groups.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn.
Bears and Bulls: Gene Lynn, tfn.
Carlo's: The Marksman, tfn.
Contact Room: The Troupe, tfn.
El Dorado Lounge: Fred Washington, tfn.
Esquire Club: Bernard Hutcherson, Fri.-Sat. Sat. afternoon.
House of the Lions: Roger McCoy, tfn.
Kettle and Keg: Jim Becker, Thur.-Sat. Jeanne Trevor, Tue.-Thur.
Le Apartment: Dan Wintermantle, tfn.
Little Willow: Sam Gardner, tfn.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Parkway North: Sacco-Walters Duo, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. We Three Trio, tfn.
Spanish Door: Dave Venn, cocktail hr., Mon.-Fri. Peanuts Whalum, Mon.-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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