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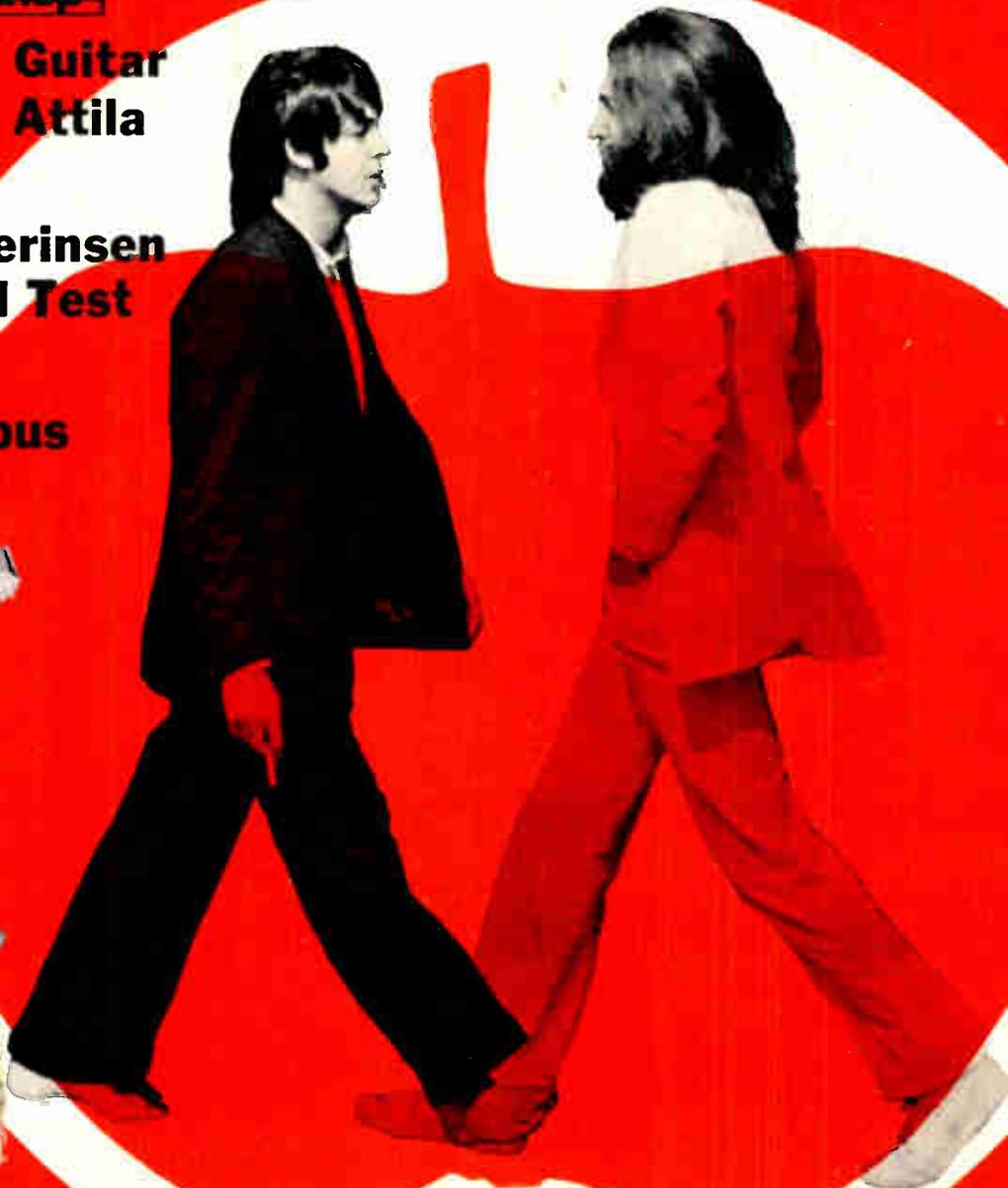
down beat

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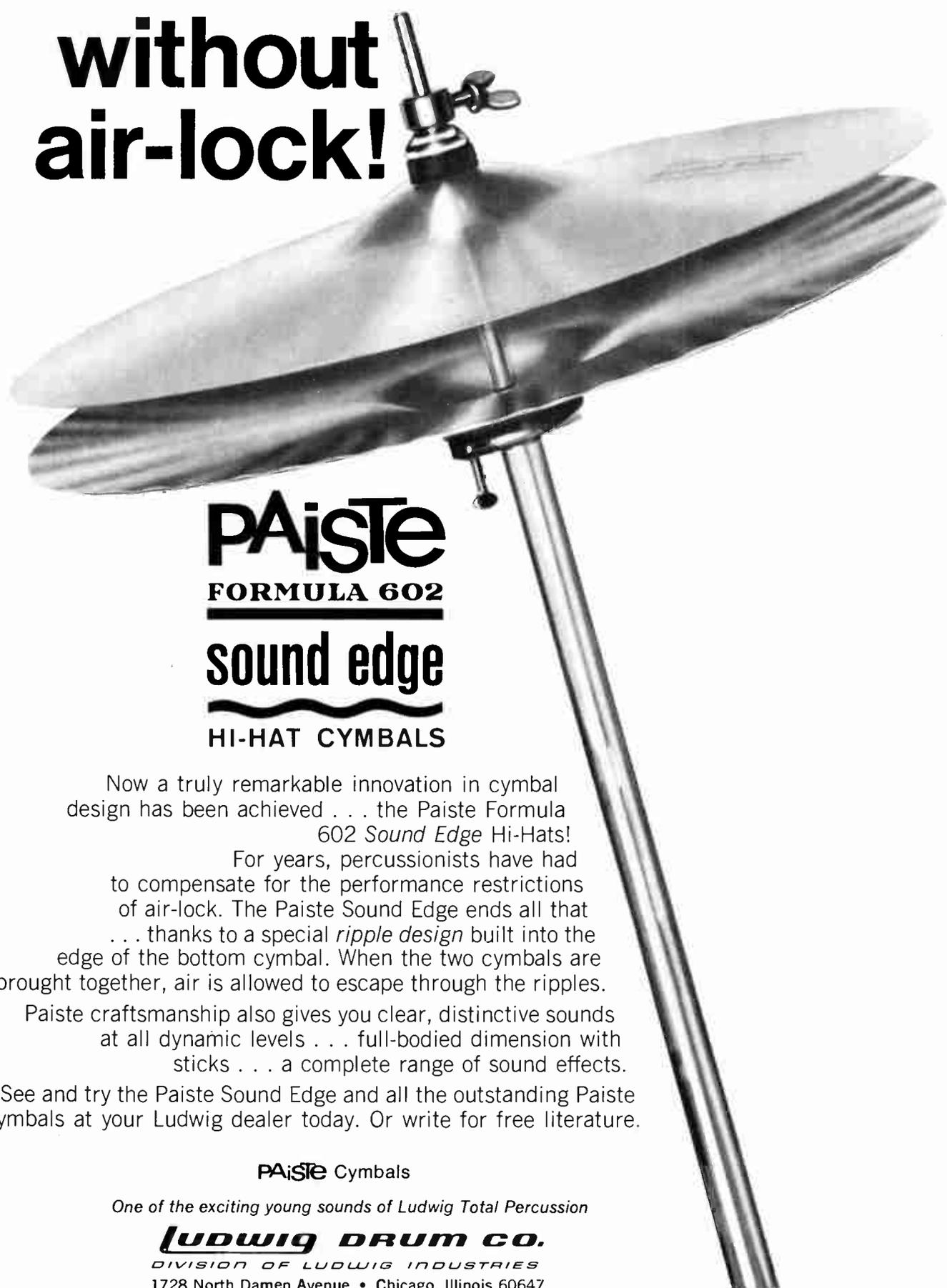
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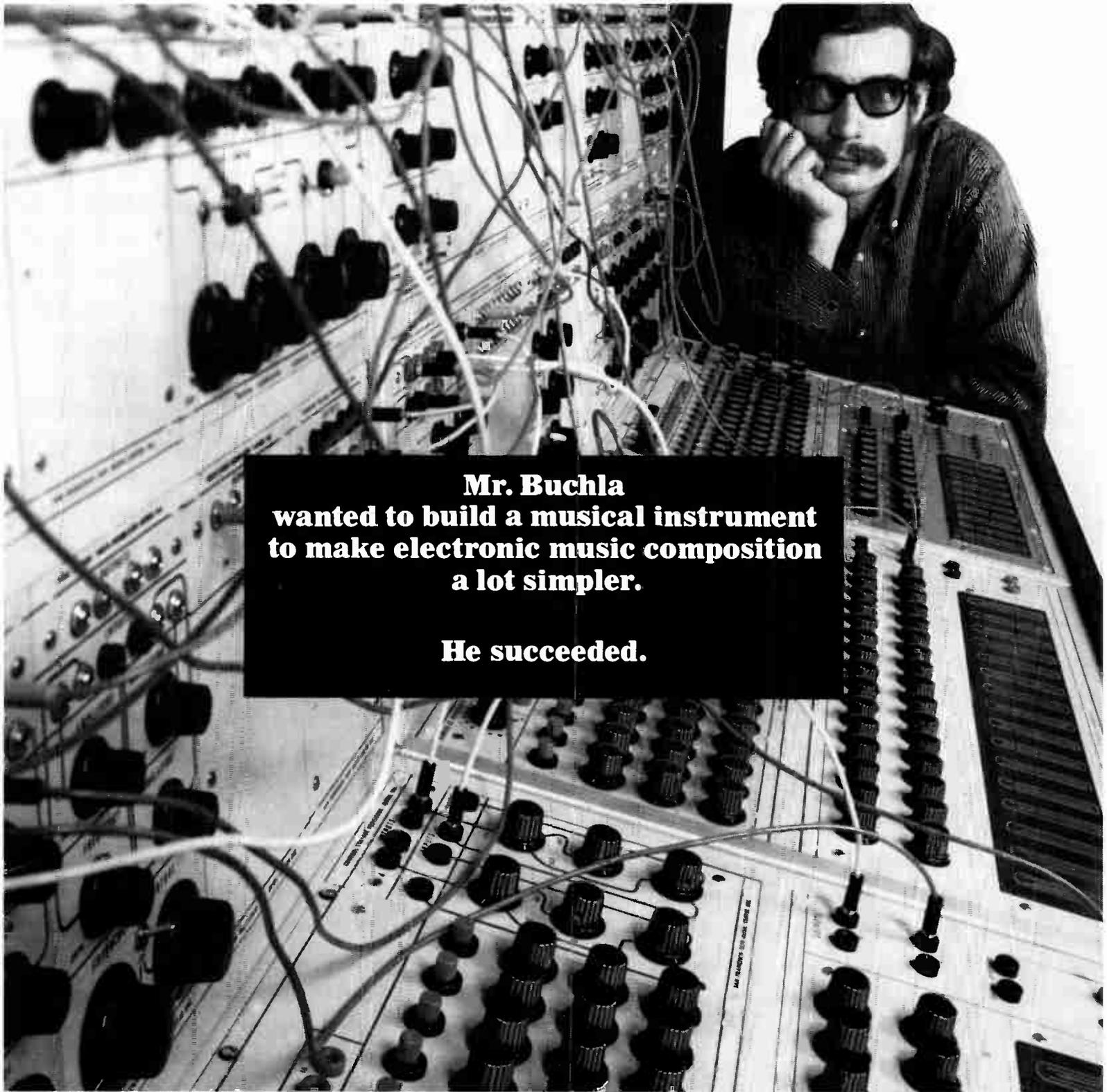
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By CHARLES SUBER

LAST ISSUE we began to list some of the many ways music educators and students can get with a total and varied music program. We left off with the admonition not to structure young musicians into forms or styles to fit the aesthetic notions of the educator. Now let's go on to some more particulars on what the with-it music educator needs for his survival.

8. Learn and teach arranging. Beginning at high school level, it is safe to say that a worthwhile, viable contemporary music program cannot exist without student arrangers. Before you can have student arrangers, you must offer theory and harmony. With the good texts now available there is no unsurmountable problem. Please don't be defensive and say that there is no more time in the school day. If the students want and need it, there is some time, some place. A more understandable block might be rustiness or lack of knowledge on the principles and techniques of arranging. But if you consider the creative opportunities you can open up with your students, (re)learn with them. The word is rapport.

9. Learn and teach the basis of improvisation. If all your previous musical orientation has been "serious", the closest you have come to improvisation is someone else's cadenza. If you have some jazz background, you may still find it difficult to teach improvisation. In either case you must get and use the new improvisation methods now available. Remember that improvisation can be learned; it is not some mysterious power open to a chosen few. (No, you can't learn to improvise like Miles Davis. But you can learn to improvise to the extent of your own sensitivities.)

10. Prepare new music curricula outlines for your administrator or your school board. If you want some good samples ask the following people, they will be glad to help. For elementary grades: Dr. Herb Wong, Principal of the Elementary Lab School, University of California, Berkeley; Clem De Rosa, 11 Bayard Drive, Dix Hills, Commack, New York 11725. For junior and senior high schools: George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., Notre Dame High School for Boys, Dempster Road, Niles, Ill.; Mrs. Lena McClin (for a music major), Kenwood High School, 4959 South Blackstone, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Robin Stringer, Borel Jr. High School, San Mateo, Calif. For college level: Dr. Paul Tanner, School of Music, Univ. of California at Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. Gene Hall, Stephan Austin University, Nacogdoches, Tex.; David Baker, School of Music, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

11. Apply student musical performance and arranging abilities to a multi-media pattern. A good place to start is to write (or arrange) music for your local film society. The challenge is excellent. The results are satisfying and on-going. You don't have to wait to learn frame-by-frame synchronization. You can start by using your existing library to create backgrounds. Then start to re-arrange (and re-voice) the charts for better effects and relevance to the film story line or abstract concept. (In the March 5, 1970 issue of *down beat*, we are starting a regular instruction column on how to write for cinema and TV films.)

There will be more to come. In the meantime, stretch out. 

His Mother Never Dreamed He Would Start Out Playing in a Cathouse.



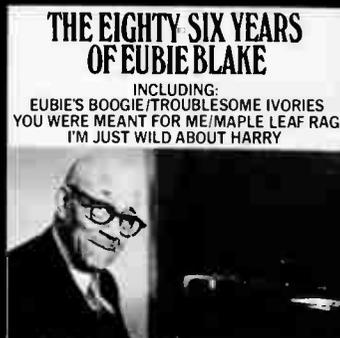
When Eubie Blake took his first job playing ragtime piano at Aggie Shelton's Baltimore Brothel, his mother threw a fit. And when Eubie played at Greenfeld's Saloon for gamblers, pimps and hip-swinging whores, Mrs. Blake had no mercy.

So Eubie went to Atlantic City and played for another kind of audience. "Hey, Eubie! Give me my song!" cried Irving Berlin. "Hey, Eubie! Lemme see you do that again!" begged pianists like James P. Johnson and Willie "The Lion" Smith, who came from New York to hear him play.

But Eubie was still not content.

So he went to Broadway and wrote a song for Sophie Tucker. And then he wrote a song for Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward. And then he wrote his ragtime operetta, "Shuffle Along," which helped launch the Negro cultural renaissance of the Twenties and gave Harry Truman his campaign song ("I'm Just Wild About Harry") 26 years before he decided to run.

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January 22, 1970

Vol. 37, No. 2

down beat

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On Newsstands Throughout the World

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Excerpts From A Long Salvo

Admittedly, I am an unreconstructed free-enterprise conservative who believes in law and order, the Judeo-Christian moral code, and that the U.S. should win the war in Vietnam. (There's an excellent possibility I will qualify for the position of arch-reactionary in your mag's eyes.)

At the same time, I have carried on a deep and never-flagging love affair with music in general and jazz in particular. Bird, Bud, Miles, Max, Mingus, Trane, Evans (G. and B.), Baker, Mulligan, Dornham, Cannonball, Nat, B. Henderson, Horn, Hutcherson, Land, C. Brown, Rollins, Mobley, Rich, J.J., Elvin, Hank, Thad, Garrison, Flanagan (T., not Ralph), Springfield, Blood, Sweat&Tears, etc., etc.; you get the message; I've dug them all in person or on record. I have a record collection numbering over 500, at least half of them jazz-oriented.

During 15 years, I've read many a down beat, and although I never subscribed, I usually read every issue from cover to cover. The thing I always liked about your magazine was that it did not pretend that it was interested primarily in anything but the world of jazz . . . (the writer here cites some things he has liked and disliked).

. . . I have noted, however, down beat's tilt towards the left in very recent years . . . (there follow some comments about rock and attempts to "graft (it) onto the basic improvisatory art of jazz", an attack on Nat Hentoff (who has not been a down beat contributor since mid-1967), and "your continued support of far-out civil rights groups, etc. etc.")

. . . All of these things apparently reached their inevitable zenith in your issue of Nov. 13, 1969 and the piece (a full page, characteristically) on the so-called "Liberation Music Orchestra" of Charlie Haden. Even the name of the group is a give-away to those familiar to the Red line as established in the *Daily World* and other "liberal" publications.

There are so many things I could comment, expand, ruminate and go on about, that I'm going to confine my remarks and observations to just a few points. One of the songs on the album is *Song Of the United Front* by Hanns Eisler and Bertold Brecht. To state this information, and then give us no further background on these gentlemen is akin to . . . reading that Adolf Hitler is the author of *Mein Kampf* and nothing else. . . .

(There follows a lengthy dossier on Eisler and Brecht, pointing to the former's supposed role as an important agent of the Communist International in the U.S. and to the fact that he was the brother of Gerhart Eisler, "the infamous Comintern agent who spread Communist subversion throughout the world," and the latter's well-known political and social convictions.)

. . . I also noted that members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were in the studio for the recording . . . it is a well-

known fact that (the brigade) was liberally laced with Reds, fellow-travelers, dupes, dopes, pinks, punks and perverts . . . including "Steve Nelson . . . one of the top red Fascists on the West Coast". . . .

. . . All in all, it is a possible valuable propaganda ploy for the Communists to work in this country, and it's simply amazing to me that musicians of the caliber of Haden, Rudd, Cherry and Paul Motian could get sucked into something so blatantly little concerned with music per se, but pushing for left radicalism. I suppose it's a sign of the times. But it is sad and ironic. . . .

Roger Schwartz

Seneca, Calif.

I wrote a lengthy reply to Mr. Schwartz' long letter, and obtained his permission to condense it, for which thanks. As I pointed out in the reply, we made no secret of the fact that the Liberation Music Orchestra was left-oriented. That, after all, was what made the story news, since, as Mr. Schwartz implies, jazz musicians are not noted for their political involvement. As for the late Hanns Eisler (a student of Arnold Schoenberg and a prolific and respected Hollywood film composer) the inclusion of one of his songs on the album hardly furnished the occasion for a detailed analysis of his controversial political background. Brecht, it seems to me, is far too famous to require similar identification. And the scattered remnants of the Lincoln Brigade invited to the session hardly constitute a clear and present danger to the security of the U.S.A. It seems odd, more than 30 years after the tragic conclusion of the Spanish Civil War, that there should still be people who could become alarmed about a nostalgic salute, perhaps naive but well-intentioned, to those who, after all, fought against Hitler and Mussolini before the rest of the free world joined the battle. But Mr. Schwartz' letter is, to say the least, interesting.—D.M.

Way Out West

On the strength of your recommendations in your Holiday Record Shopping Guide (*DB*, Dec. 11), I went out and bought a few records. One was by a group called West—*Bridges*, on Epic. Wow, Wow, Wow! Where has this group been hiding? They are just fantastic!!! Surely would like to know more about them. Move over, Beatles, Rolling Stones—here's a real groovy group.

Liz Pratchett

Floral Park, N.Y.

Clarity Reigns

Re: Book Reviews: LeRoi Jones' *Black Music* (*DB*, Oct. 30, 1969).

Perhaps Mr. Jones' critical attitude is racist. Perhaps, also, jazz is actually a racially exclusive entity. The *experience* that is both the progenitor and nucleus of jazz is racially exclusive, as Jones contends. Jazz itself is therefore a necessarily racist (sic!—Ed.) entity because of this exclusiveness. Like many other cultural manifestations, jazz, is esoteric. So are spirituals and Viennese waltzes. That doesn't bother me.

Marylin A. Wilson

St. Louis, Mo.

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.

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STONES' PRESS CONFAB: SHADES OF MARX BROS.

The Rolling Stones held a press conference at the Rainbow Room in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, and all it did was make a good case for a beggars' banquet.

Calling the Stones' confrontation with the media bizarre is giving madness the better of it. The scene was somewhat to the left of pandemonium, and it really wasn't the Stones' fault. Their PR outfit provided a room that holds about 200, and more than 300 reporters, TV-types, and assorted phonies managed to jam their way in.

Everybody was miffed. Reporters screamed because only those in the front row could see the dais clearly. Everyone else, it seemed, climbed on the Rainbow Room's posh chairs while waiters frantically tried to pull them down. Only the Marx Brothers could have done it better.

When some photographers shouted for additional lighting, Keith Richard of the Stones turned a beet red and snapped: "We don't have a switch up here, baby!" He was so furious his single earring swung wildly from his right earlobe.

A few sensible questions managed to filter through the maze of inanities. One concerned the report of the President's Council on the Prevention of Violence. Mick Jagger was asked if he agreed with the report, which urged a softening of penalties for marijuana use. A change in the law, Jagger said, would reduce the antagonism between young people and the police.

By this time, the war between the newsmen and the waiters had intensified. A reporter standing on a chair was about to ask a question when a waiter, who had stealthily moved up from the rear, pulled the chair out from under him. The scribe fell to the floor, bleating and cursing.

"Order in the court," Jagger demanded. But the reporters by now seemed more interested in the waiters' counterattack, and the Stones grasped that they were losing their audience.

Five waiters were desperately trying to dissuade the felled newsmen from suing the Rainbow Room, and a press agent was vainly trying to calm the throng.

"Watching you people," said Jagger, "is like being in the front row at one of our concerts." With that, the Stones rolled out of the Rainbow Room, leaving behind a phrenetic, cacophonous scene that could have been requested by his Satanic Majesty himself.

—Stan Fischler

N.Y. MUSICIANS GROUP OPENS RECORD STORE

The Jazz Musicians Association, founded in 1967 as a self-help program for musicians by drummers John Lewis and Ron Jefferson, has opened its own record store, the JMA Record Box, at 221 Avenue A

(corner of 14th St.) in New York City.

The opening was attended by Horace Silver, Richie Havens, Jackie McLean, and Gil Noble, host of ABC-TV's *Like It Is*, which recently devoted a program to the JMA. The shop carries all kinds of records but will spotlight new releases on the JMA label, which recently made its debut with an album featuring Jamaican trumpeter Roy (Bubbles) Burrowes.

NEW CROP OF HONORS REAPED BY ELLINGTON

Tired but triumphant, Duke Ellington and his men returned home from a European tour. They had played in 32 cities in 35 days without a day off, often giving two concerts the same night. As they filtered through customs at Kennedy Airport, Mercer Ellington was confirming with each musician the departure time next morning—less than 24 hours away—when they would fly to Detroit for a Sacred Concert for the National Council of Churches.

The sacred concerts had really been the highspots of the tour, first in Stockholm, where Alice Babs again took over the major vocal role, then in Paris at Saint-Sulpice, and finally in the church of Santa Maria del Mar, Barcelona. "It's very interesting, and a great thrill," Ellington said, "to write an hour-and-a-half of lyrics in English, and then to hear them sung with the accents of three different tongues."

In Stockholm, a long rehearsal attracted almost a capacity audience. At Saint-Sulpice, with the Swingle Singers participating, there were reckoned to be nearly as many people outside—unable to get in—as there were inside during the performance. In his address of welcome, the Cure of the church, being translated, said:

"In Saint-Sulpice church, sacred music has been illustrated by such names as Clerambault, Widor and, in our day, by Marcel Dupre. Tonight it is Duke Ellington and his orchestra we are greeting. Despite the fact that this kind of sacred music is unexpected in our church, I did not hesitate for a moment to welcome it, and I do so now with the greatest joy. If it were necessary for me to explain why, I would borrow Duke Ellington's very words, because they do away with all risk of misunderstanding—'Every man prays in his own language, and there is no language God does not understand.'"

The enthusiastic reception of this concert in an important Catholic church was significant in itself, and it was confirmed by the performance in Barcelona, which Ellington regarded as "an absolutely perfect concert." The veteran Tom Whaley, who traveled ahead to rehearse the choirs, was still ecstatic a fortnight later. "They had such pure voices there," he exclaimed, "and a really great conductor!" Despite the fact that only ten in the choir spoke English, he too considered their interpre-

tation matchless. The success of these sacred concerts brought so many inquiries from other churches throughout Europe that an additional tour this summer is now a distinct possibility.

Another occasion, of an entirely different nature, occurred Nov. 11 at the Alcazar in Paris, where Ellington's birthday



GIUSEPPE PINO

was celebrated belatedly but expensively before an audience that included Baron Edmond de Rothschild and Salvador Dali. The octogenarian Maurice Chevalier was there to greet him as a former colleague, and to present him with his own famous straw hat. "You brought back my youth to me," he said, recalling their appearance together in New York more than 40 years before. In reply, Ellington said, "It is an honor to wear this straw hat, the symbol of Maurice Chevalier, whose shoes no one else in the world can fill." A cake—*en forme de camembert geant, trois metres de diametre*—descended from the ceiling twice, the first time nearly on Ellington's unsuspecting head. After the second, safe descent, *trois danseuses nues* emerged and disembarked to the general satisfaction. By the time the guest of honor left, very late, he had been presented with some 250 roses by artists of all kinds.

The visit to Prague was Ellington's first behind the Iron Curtain. There he found "a very sensitive audience." He was given the key to the city, and a convivial reception at the U.S. Embassy followed the concert. One incident touched him particularly:

"Seven kids followed me to my room in the hotel. They spoke no English, but their actions were very positive. After shaking hands, they started giving me presents—enameled animals, a hunting knife, all sorts of things. 'Give me your addresses,' I said, 'so that I can at least send you my thanks and a Christmas card.' Then I discovered that they were all from Russia—musicians who were playing a show in Czechoslovakia."

There were honors and expressions of affection wherever he went. In Berlin, the

jazz festival was dedicated to him. He was received by Prince Bertil, the Regent, in Sweden, King Gustavus being in Italy at the time. Ambassador and Mrs. Annenberg gave a luncheon for him in London. "They were very hospitable and gracious," their guest said.

Owing to personnel changes before departure, the band at different times included Rolf Ericson, Benny Bailey and Nelson Williams in the trumpet section, and Ake Persson in the trombone section. Norris Turney brought the reed complement to six, and Wild Bill Davis, at the organ, added a new color to the Ellington palette.

—Stanley Dance

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson quintet and pianist Teddy Wilson were the main attractions at the Downbeat for the month of December . . . Rasaan Roland Kirk and The Vibration Society did a weekend at the Vanguard and were then held over for the following week . . . Zoot Sims did three weeks at the Half Note . . . Two members of the World's Greatest Jazzband, ensconced at the Roosevelt Grill, took turns leading groups for the Sunday sessions at Uncle John's Straw Hat. Trumpeter Billy Butterfield had Frank Orchard, valve trombone; Sam Margolis, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; and Eddie Locke, drums. The following week, trombonist Carl Fontana used Zoot Sims; Nat Pierce, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; and Jake Hanna, drums. Claude Hopkins played solo piano opposite the main group on both occasions . . . Elvin Jones and his trio (Joe Farrell, reeds, flutes; Wilbur Little, bass) played a Sunday session for Jazz Interactions at Danny's. Jones and Farrell were presented with some of their down beat awards by associate editor Ira Gitler . . . Trumpeter Kenny Dorham conducted the third in a series of three seminars sponsored by New York University's Institute of Afro-American Affairs. The subject was "The New Mood in Jazz", demonstrated musically by Dorham, pianist Lonnie L. Smith Jr., and bassist Mickey Bass. They were joined on some numbers by Kalik on flute and soprano saxophone . . . Tenor saxophonist Bobby Jones was featured with the house rhythm section of pianist Toshiko, bassist Wilbur Little, and drummer George Solano, at the second "Swing Nite" at the Lorelei on East 86th St. Saxophonist Bobby Brown and guitarist Mel Nussbaum were in front of the trio in the third week of the series. Taurean Associates, which runs the Monday sessions, joined with Saki's Ltd., New York's largest singles organization, to present an evening of dancing, socializing and jazz at La Martinique on West 57th St. Baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne's Zodiac orchestra played for dancing for three hours and then tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin was featured in concert, backed by Toshiko, Little and Solano . . . McCoy Tyner's quintet and Lee Morgan's quintet each did a week at Slugs' . . . The Morgans included George Coleman, reeds; Harold Mabern, piano; Buster Williams,

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TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION sometimes has a tendency to examine music from a viewpoint slightly too scientific for comfort, as if the performers were under a microscope rather than a microphone. For this and other reasons, the NET special devoted to Peggy Lee and seen on many stations this fall was a doubly welcome and uncom-



Peggy Lee

mon human documentary.

Produced by Robert Foshko, with David Prowitt as executive producer, the show reflected a concept that was unusual in more than one respect.

It was neither a self-conscious technical exploration of some specialized form of music (jazz, baroque, rock) nor a dispassionate look at a pop festival. Instead, it took the viewer on a genuine behind-the-scenes tour with a nationally respected classic pop (i.e., older than 30) artist. By the end of the program, which ran an unusual 75 minutes, you knew a little more about how an artist conceives a personal appearance, what happens at rehearsals, how the arrangers work, what problems arise—everything, in fact, up to the moment of the first show on opening night. (Permission was not granted to film the Las Vegas, Nev., performance itself.)

That Miss Lee is a perfectionist is one of the most publicized facts of her career. Foshko enabled us to see that perfectionism at work—at her home in Beverly Hills, in her dressing room, at a preview held in Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum, and finally backstage at Las Vegas' International Hotel, where the premiere took place.

There were intimate glimpses not only of Miss Lee as planner, schemer, and actress-vocalist but also of arrangers Johnny Mandel and Dick Hazard, of her musical director-pianist Lou Levy, and of others who work closely with her, such as Mundell Lowe and Francisco Aquabella.

Her voice-overs were used here and there to point up certain aspects of the designing of her show. Lighting cues, electronics, the public-address system, orchestration, transportation, and the rest were

dealt with, never too technically, but in sufficient detail to assure an air of authenticity.

Having watched Miss Lee at close quarters before several of these nervous opening nights, I can attest to the genuineness of the manner in which this insight was presented, even to the mandatory good-luck kissing of each musician, the last-minute ditching of an arrangement that didn't seem to work out, the great concern for pacing, tempos, the rest.

In the course of studying all this we were treated to some 15 minutes of the preview show itself. The songs heard in full included *Shadow of Your Smile*; Jim Webb's *Didn't We?*; her recent hit, *Is That All There Is?*, the poignant Lieber-Stoller song; and *Spinning Wheel*, which I could have done without. Wally Heider's sound was generally commendable; the camera work was effective without becoming tricky.

This was an informative, mildly educational show that also shaped up as exceptional music.

* * * *

ABC's *Music Scene*, seen Monday evenings, presented, according to its own proclamation, "the greatest music in the country," or words to that effect. A tie-in with *Billboard*, it covered as many artists and songs as possible from that publication's chart-toppers. I did not survive the first half of the TV season.

A program I caught late in October made it reasonably clear that the slogan should have been "best-selling music" rather than best or greatest. This came as no surprise, since one does not expect to find Miles Davis or Bill Evans among the Hot Hundred.

Sly was there with his *Family Stone* (all too aptly named, I reflected, as those sledge-hammer drums got to work); Bobby Sherman sang *Little Woman*, which was No. 6 that week, and we were fortunate enough to see in glorious color the No. 1 song in the entire, whole United States, *I Can't Get Next to You*, performed by the Temptations.

This sort of thing, as the producers clearly realized, has to be leavened with some nonmusic. David Steinberg was on hand; fortunately Tommy Smothers was able to engage him in a genuinely funny, fast-moving sketch, with Steinberg as a psychiatrist and Smothers as the patient. Their timing and talent outstripped any of the program's musical moments.

For the apple-pie-motherhood crowd there was Merle Haggard ("in response to requests for equal time," said Smothers with tongue firmly in cheek) singing something called *Okie from Muskogee*. In barely three minutes Haggard delivered himself of a rousing denunciation of long hair, hippies, sandals, beads, and pot, extolling the virtues of his old home town "where even squares can have a ball."

Oh, yes, there was a house band on *The Music Scene*. Pat Williams led it, and on this show they got to do the show's theme on camera. The music was completely without melodic distinction, but I did catch glimpses, I believe, of such men as Al Aarons, Bob Brookmeyer, and Jimmy Cleveland, gigging in the Hollywood salt mines.

(db)

ARTIE SHAW: Nonstop Flight from 1938

By John McDonough

BEFORE LEAPING into the neglected and interesting subject of Artie Shaw in recent years, there is an anecdote that establishes a truth about Shaw and perhaps explains why, to Shaw, neglect is sweet.

In 1965, he imported from England a very good little thriller called *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*. As a show-business pro, he knew the film had to be publicized if it were to attract customers. He couldn't get the stars, Geraldine Page and Richard Attenborough, to make a tour on its behalf, but he knew that a tour would be pointless without a name. The alternative was to make the swing around the country himself.

But there was one basic problem: the name Artie Shaw had no association in the public mind with movies; there was no *Dancing Co-ed* cult in the country. Hence, he spent most of the considerable air time he got trying to persuade interviewers that he was not plugging his latest Victor disc (which would then have been 20 years old) or a one-nighter at the Meadowbrook.

Chicago was typical. At a local television taping, he found himself on a panel with Cesar Romero, a silent film actress plugging a book, an aging columnist from a local paper, and the host himself, Jack Eigen—none of them under 50.

After 15 minutes on such matters as what ever happened to the big bands and the glories of Glenn Miller, he finally, after much effort, turned the discussion into the area of the contemporary film. At this point Romero jumped in with, "Yes, why don't they make films like they used to?" Shaw sighed, sank into his chair, and resigned himself to another 20 minutes on the genius of Busby Berkeley and the decadence of "all those art films coming out." He tried to make a distinction between the epidermis epics being loosely called art films and the work of Resnais, Truffaut, and Antonioni, to which the response was, "Who they?"

Shaw is exceptionally honest, sometimes to the point of abruptness with persons his patience cannot endure. And he dislikes excesses of nostalgia. Following the taping, there were no long goodbys or pleasantries. As he descended in the elevator, he could be heard muttering mild profanities to a friend about "another one of those social security rallies."

The problem is that Shaw is a man very much concerned with the present but often trapped because he is such an imposing symbol of another day. He carries his past like an albatross. Everywhere he goes he must convince people he is no longer a bandleader.

"I don't care about 1938, and all that crap about the big-band sound," he will snap. "That isn't it today. Everybody's always talking about the good old days . . . the good old days led to Hitler and war. I don't believe in that. I don't believe in the 1938 Ford, either. If you're going to buy a Ford, you buy a 1970 Ford."

With every new person he meets he must go through the ritual of responding to the question: do you ever play the clarinet for fun these days? Or some variation thereof. Shaw has developed an acute sensitivity to that question and can detect it forming in a person's mind.

"The answer is no," he will say, with

slightly more than a bit of impatience.

"How can I just play around, noodle as it were? If I'm going to do it, I'm going to do it. Should I spend six months getting so I could make a sound and then just noodle? That's a waste of time. It's like asking Joe Louis if he shadow-boxes for amusement. Once you stop something, you stop it."

At the parties he attends with his wife, former actress Evelyn Keyes, he posts himself as far away from pianos or phonographs as possible. Should the sound of *Frenesi* or *Back Bay Shuffle* waft across the clatter of clinking glasses and chattering guests, Shaw will tighten up. To him, it's just another way of sneaking up on him with that question again.

But yet, there are those who have seen his look of impatience melt into an expression of critical concern as he listens to the music, perhaps imagining new notes going in where he indelibly carved the old ones 30 years ago. In fact, even though Shaw sold or gave away nearly all his instruments a decade ago, he still keeps one lone clarinet around the house somewhere.

"Just keep it around as an old cavalryman might hang onto a saber," he said with a shrug.

This aversion for 1938 and the old days does not mean that Shaw looks with some kind of shame on the music he made during the years between 1938 and 1954. If he would play it a bit differently now, that does not mean he's sorry about the way he played it then. The fact is that it is the audiences and not the music at which Shaw shudders when looking back. For 15 years he peered into the faces of perhaps a million listeners from the bandstand, each an adversary to be scolded when confronted and avoided whenever possible. His outlook remained substantially unchanged from the time of his first success until he put down his horn for good in 1954.

His public posture, he has said, had no relation to his basic nature; his status as a swing idol had nothing to do with the music he was playing and his aspirations as an artist. In fact, it was inimical to both.

"I had become a sort of cockeyed celebrity," he said. "People began to point at me in the street, ask for my autograph, stare at me, and do all the nonsensical things people generally do with those they themselves have put up onto the curious pedestal erected for these oddities, these freaks, the public personalities who achieve success. I felt as if I were going around in a fish bowl with people staring and pointing at me and telling other people who in turn stared and pointed and ogled and giggled and whispered to each other. I began to develop a near-paranoid kind of behavior. Only, unlike a paranoiac, my behavior was based on the fact that people actually were following me around."

They were morons, he said, in his famous blast at the jitterbugs. He scrapped that first band, like a man bent on snatching defeat from the jaws of victory, but came back with a long series of excellent groups, each of which seemed to tempt popularity just close enough so that Shaw could spit in its eye.

His attitude toward the last audience he played for in 1954 was little changed from

that of 1939. To him they seemed just middle-aged morons now, with incomes in five figures. One night he mounted the stand at the Embers in New York City and found his audience aflutter with conversation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he lectured them, "I'd like to remind you that it's almost axiomatic that music sounds better against silence. Not dead silence, just enough so that we can hear ourselves play."

Through the ups and downs of his public life, he always seemed puzzled over why people could not just come and listen to his music, enjoy it, and then leave him alone. He hungered to be ignored. But in spite of all the indignities and personal hangups he suffered as a celebrity, he still retains a certain pride in the music he made during that period of his life.

Perhaps this explains why he broke silence last year and agreed to supervise and conduct a session of re-creations of things from his 1938 repertoire. The idea was originally conceived by Allan Livingston during his tenure as president of Capitol records, and Shaw's pleasure with the results is evidenced by the fact that he allowed it to be released. Like everything else he has ever done, he took even this sentimental journey seriously.

"I was one of the top people in my business," he said without any pretended modesty. "I can't do this sort of thing frivolously. I either do it seriously or not at all. For what it was, it was okay. I thought it came pretty close to the original sound and carried much of the feel of that band. And Walt (Levinson, who played Shaw's clarinet parts) did as good a job as anyone could expect."

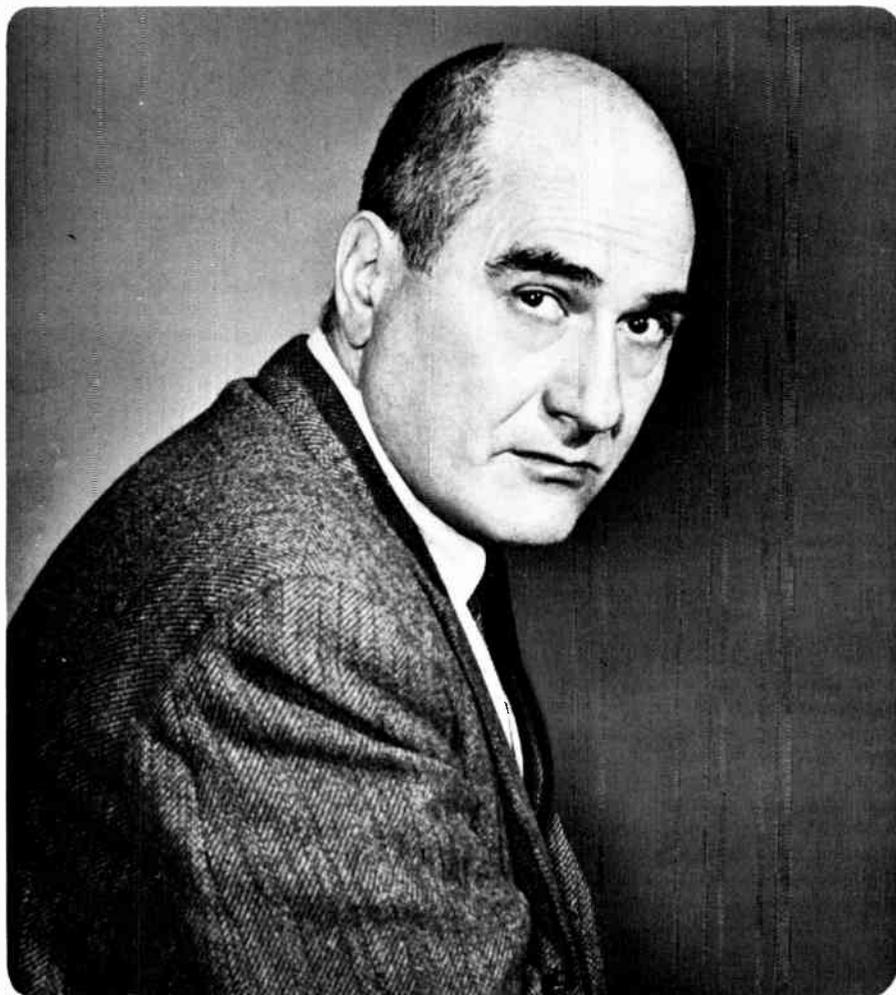
But enough is enough, says Shaw. No more ghost LPs.

He also seems pleased with the occasional reissues from Victor, material which he still controls under his old contract with the company. *Reader's Digest* has been putting together a four LP set of 1938-1945 Shaw as part of a December big-band bonanza that will include records by Tommy Dorsey and, later on, Benny Goodman. Unlike Goodman, who waxed some new sides for *RD* recently in Victor's New York studios, there will be nothing new from Shaw. That's not for him.

"Benny keeps doing that," he said. "That's not my bag. I haven't got the time to spend doing that stuff."

Indeed, Shaw's most enduring achievements in music are in the Victor vaults, a testament not in need of improvement. It's all there on Victor except his brief meeting with bop in 1949, which is represented by two interesting tracks (*Crumbum* and *The Shekomeko Shuffle*) on long-in-print Decca DL 74462. There are the Gramercy Fives of 1941 and 1945; the spunky, free-wheeling group of 1938 and 1939, which, when pushed by Buddy Rich, was the most exciting if not experimental of the Victor bands; the more restrained, disciplined band with strings of 1940; the outstanding group of 1941 that featured Hot Lips Page; and the highly sophisticated and stringless orchestra of 1944 and 1945 that frequently was sparked by Roy Eldridge. There is even Shaw's partnership with Billie Holiday, documented ever so

"I felt as if I were . . . in a fishbowl with people staring and pointing at me . . ."



briefly on *Any Old Time* (LPM 1570). "Nobody would let me record her," he reflected. "People were up tight about that stuff then. The vice presidents didn't want the band to play too much jazz either. Dance music was what was selling."

Across this musical spectrum rode Shaw's often brilliant and always dazzling clarinet, undoubtedly one of the most stylized and personal instrumental sounds of the swing years. In this respect, he is comparable to Sidney Bechet—his sound was so much his own that he did not spawn a school of imitators. On clarinet, Shaw remains one of a kind, lesser lights Jerry Wald, Tommy Reynolds, et. al. notwithstanding.

As a maker of phrases, Shaw was often an iconoclast compared with Goodman. He played multiple little clusters of notes in which the tones were often smeared together so as to create scoops of sound. His swift flights, spanning all registers, were often accented by sudden diminuendos and crescendos that gave his legato runs a slurred effect. Hear the second eight bars of his solo on *Traffic Jam* (LSP 3675). His phrases were joined so as to create very long lines of improvisation, stretching out across several bars, as in *Nonstop Flight* (LPM 1217, out of print), to name one of countless examples. Or if one wishes to hear his entire bag of tricks in a tour de force, try *Concerto for Clarinet* (LPM 1570) or *Suite No. 8* (LPT 1020, out of print).

But there was more to Shaw's power than his willingness to take melodic

chances with daring phrases. After all, there was really nothing basically revolutionary about anything he played. It was his tone, a tone like no one else's. Some have criticized it (along with his attack) as clinical and sterile in its polish and perfection, as if musical accomplishment were incompatible with a good jazz performance.

His technique allowed him to express anything he could conceive, and his tone gave substance and often majesty to his ideas. It was round and full to the point of being lush in the lower and middle registers, but it was his control in the upper register that was most impressive. He was capable of pulling off sudden jabbing leaps into the highest ranges that startled the ear and pierced the senses. Listen to his break on *Nonstop Flight* or hear him shimmer above the ensembles in *Summertime* (LPT 1020).

His blues playing was often spectacular. Hear his two-part arrangement of William Grant Still's *Blues* (LPM 1648), in which his intense vibrato in the highest register can make a listener shiver, or his more modest down-home approach on *Summit Ridge Drive* (LPM 1241, out of print but soon to be reissued on Camden, minus two tracks) with the first Gramercy Five, or *The Sad Sack* with the second.

All these elements were supported by a band that produced perhaps the most varied and subtle tapestry of swing-era orchestrations of any group of its time (as always with the exception of Duke Ellington). The reeds of the 1941 and 1945

bands became colors in Shaw's tonal palette and no longer shouted at the brass in call-and-response figures. Arrangements such as *Man from Mars* (LPT 6000) and *Carioca* (LPT 6000 and LPT 28, out of print) disappeared from the books. He even began to explore the Debussy-influenced forms of impressionism in pieces such as *Evensong* (LPT 1020). These were and remain the definitive Artie Shaw.

As for the recent Epic reissue of his early big-band work (EE 22023), the less said the better, as far as Shaw is concerned. "I'm sorry to say I have no control over that," he noted. "If I did, I would say no. Here they are taking masters that were made long before I felt that I was ready to do anything that would come back and haunt me later. Generally, when you have no control over something, it doesn't represent you. I wasn't settled when I made those things."

Before he left music, Shaw made his last musical testament in the form of four Gramercy Five LPs, released 15 years ago by Norman Granz' Clef empire (MG C-159, 160, 630 and 645). Consistently tasteful and occasionally showing some fire—with guitarist Tal Farlow and pianist Hank Jones in the personnel—they were made under Shaw's auspices and leased to Clef. He still owns them, the lease having run out years ago, and thinks highly enough of them to consider a re-release under the right circumstances.

But he's not looking very hard these days for such an occasion, and doesn't pay much attention to the contemporary band scene. Count Basie, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, and even Buddy Rich mean little to him.

"That doesn't interest me," he said. "It's all been done to death." And he makes no point of listening to rock and its messages.

"I'm not interested in lyrics," he said. "I used vocalists only because it was commercially necessary, and whenever possible, it was a put-on, like Tony Pastor doing *Indian Love Call* or *Rosalie*. Today it's just about the same as then, a big, bloody bore. There are things the Beatles do that turn me on, but most of the things today are just crap. Simple as that."

In the last 15 years Shaw has turned his attention, among other things, to marksmanship and competition with a high-powered target rifle. Since he returned from a stay in Spain in 1959, he has lived with his wife in a 22-room mansion (which he describes as an "Edith Wharton house") nestled in the green hills of Lakeville, Conn., in the heart of very wealthy and very social country. The home sits on the shore of Lake Wonomscopomuc, a mirror-smooth body of water Shaw shares with the Hotchkiss School.

A country squire and gentleman farmer, Shaw at 59 is a tall, handsome man, bald except for a cluster of dark hair around the sides of his head, which he often cuts down to the skin. When the weather is right, he can be observed, dry fly in hand, trolling around the lake. For exercise, he went through a wood-chopping John Henry period and may still take a whack for fun. He digs sports cars.

The other half of Shaw's life is wrapped up in Artixo Productions, Ltd., housed in a suite of offices at 58 W. 58th St., in

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Buddy Rich in London: The Agony and the Ecstasy

By Stephanie de Pue

SATURDAY NIGHT late show at the Victoria Theater, London, England. Buddy Rich finishes the set with *West Side Story*, his usual incandescent *West Side Story*. He is dripping with sweat but glowing, taking a standing ovation and then encores. His second encore is *Channel 1*. The hall is crackling with electricity when he comes off, but he's limp, and his wife remonstrates with him.

His manager of many years doesn't remonstrate, he just questions: "Buddy, to follow *West Side Story* with *Channel 1* as an encore?"

"When you've got a great audience, and they're with you, you give them everything you've got," says Buddy quietly, and then, "I'm starved. Let's go to Alvaro's."

We drop them at Alvaro's on King's Road, Chelsea—one of London's more fashionable eat-and-be-seen spots, first taking them on a quick tour of the famous Chelsea boutiques where Kathy, Buddy's 15-year-old daughter, wants to go shopping.

Sunday night is a taping session for BBC-TV at Ronnie Scott's, top jazz club in London. The invitation-only audience starts arriving an hour early. By show time, the club is packed. People are standing—there are, of course, more people here than were ever invited. It's an audience of musicians, more drummers than you could shake a stick at, a dream audience.

Audience and performers couldn't be more together during the taping. Buddy is doing his own emceeing, being really really funny. After *West Side*, he tells the story of when he recorded it for American TV, and the producer said to him, "It's marvelous, just the most exciting thing we've ever heard. Now if we added dancing girls in swinging costumes, it would really be a knockout. . . ." He thanks the BBC for the absence of dancing girls, for the chance to just play and rap. Keeps expecting to have to cut for commercials. But there are no commercials tonight, and when the red light goes off, Buddy has taped a full hour. The band personnel have all done an excellent job, including the horn man Buddy picked up over here just two days ago—he thought his predecessor was goofing. Richie Cole on alto did some very good solo work, but the Buddy Rich orchestra has only one star.

Red light's gone, cameras are gone, but

the audience doesn't want to go, and neither does Buddy. He begs for a 15-minute break, and he's back with *Ruth*, most requested chart of his new LP, *Buddy and Soul*. He says he's got a terrible toothache, can hardly talk, and introduces Stan Getz in the audience.

Then Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross, late of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, and both living in London now. Buddy summons Jon to the stage for a jam. Jon's every note still sounds like it was carved in crystal, shimmers in the air.

Now Buddy is calling Annie up too. Her voice is shot—she's making a living dubbing movies. Buddy knows it, Jon knows it, Annie knows it—I guess we all know it. But she's up there, and she's going to sing with that busted-out voice. She asks for *Jumpin' at the Woodside*. There isn't a kid in Buddy's band much over 21, some are even younger, none of them has been with him more than a year, and maybe some of them have never jammed before. Buddy has to hum *Woodside* for them.

Annie can't hit all the notes, and some she can't hold, but she hasn't lost her intonation or her rhythm, and Jon can carry her through the ensemble. Then she's out there, on her own, taking her solo in that busted voice, with no hesitating. Annie Ross is a great girl, and nothing can follow this. Buddy is almost incoherent, thinking about other times and places.

His teeth are hurting too much for him to eat, so it's back to the Dorchester, which is where Buddy Rich stays when he plays England now. In a \$400 a day suite, where he builds fires in his fireplaces, contrary to all the house rules. Buddy likes looking at a roaring fire in a fireplace, and sometimes the years don't only take. They give you a little something too, sometimes—Buddy Rich stays at the Dorchester now and is going to play for the Queen of England tomorrow night.

During the night, his toothache gets much worse—it's been coming on for six weeks now. Annie Ross knows a dentist who loves music. He comes over, does what he can. Buddy's five front lower teeth are rotten. The dentist puts a packing on them, gives Buddy a pain killer, agrees to stand by on Monday, Command Performance day. And if necessary, he'll work on Buddy nights after the last show—he isn't too booked up at 1 a.m. Buddy can't get over the idea of a dentist making a house call. . . .

Afternoon rehearsal time arrives, and Buddy is feeling no pain. The first act is a peculiarly English mish-mash. A couple of singing, hoofing comics who may be funny to the English. A pretty good tumbling act. A rather nasty female impersonator with unsavory material. Cilla Black—sweet voice, but she needs a recording studio. Shari Lewis—the girl's got talent. Finally, the big production number from *Mame*, supposedly starring Ginger Rogers. That lady's voice is very gone, and she keeps her mouth shut tight. The number is also so choreographed that all she has to do is work her way from left rear stage to right front stage, kicking three times somewhere in the middle. The chorus boys are all wearing white britches, soiled on the right knee from a real Busby

Berkeley sweeping-to-the-floor bow, and they don't have a fresh change for the night.

Buddy is on right after intermission; he has seven minutes for *West Side*, and he's going to be facing one hell of a cold audience. He does his time exactly, gets a standing ovation from the chorus boys and girls in this tough rehearsal audience, and it looks like he's going to steal the show.

A hapless operatic soprano has to follow him, then the impersonator again. Herb Alpert—very colorless, all the life seemingly gone out of the group. Tom Jones with his own orchestra.

As show time nears, Buddy's pain killer starts wearing off. His English record distributor has sent him half a case of Moët Chardonnay champagne, and he's a little high, very nervous, and in pain. His manager says no more champagne, but Buddy begs a sip to calm his nerves. The coldness of it brings tears to his eyes from pain, and then he's really crying, the first time he's ever cried before a show. He just can't believe it, that he's been invited to play for the Queen of England, that he's going to—here, tonight, now. Nothing he has ever done has impressed him like this.

After assurance that he's the best drummer there is, and that he's going to walk away with the show, he finally gets himself together and into his tux, the dentist comes to give him further first aid, and he's on.

The stage manager kept Buddy out there for 11 minutes, with what must be the worst audience in England. (They say you usually aren't even heard over the rattle of the diamond bracelets).

They heard Buddy over the diamond bracelets. He needed another packing after those 11 minutes: the dentist said it was the greatest night of his life.

We watched the royal introductions on the backstage monitor. Buddy looked like he just might faint, but he met first the Queen, then Philip, then Princess Anne. He didn't remember what he'd said afterwards, except that Philip seemed the most swinging.

Then it was on to the hushed elegance of Tiberio's . . . Dom Perignon champagne (seven of us finished six bottles of champagne that night). . . . Scampi the way Buddy likes it best. Rapping about *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Easy Rider*, the Queen's diamonds. How much all us Americans miss late night movies and Johnny Carson. Britain offers little comfort to insomniacs: TV's off at 11 most nights, radio at 2 a.m. every morning. It makes for long, long nights. The Riches live in Vegas now, which we all know goes all night, I'm a New Yorker, and we'd all had the 2:30 a.m. willies.

Buddy dances with his daughter, and a fellow diner thanks him for giving him his most unforgettable musical experience that night.

He comes back to the table and tells us all, although he must have heard that a thousand times, and then you can see. That now he believes it: Skinny little Buddy Rich from Brooklyn, with the funny, homely face, has been to London town and played for the Queen. CLB



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

WHEN IRISH JAZZ IS SWINGING BY WILLIS CONOVER

THE FOX INN was so jammed with people I could hardly open the door for air. The music sounded good but I had to get outside a minute. I stood in the cool courtyard, looking at the countryside and sipping from a pint glass of draught Guinness. Through the open window I could hear tenor sax, trumpet, guitar, bass and drums, playing *Milestones*. This was Ireland?

The Industrial Revolution of the 18th and 19th centuries missed Ireland almost completely, leaving it pure—and poor. There are busy cities—Dublin and Cork and, in the north, Belfast—and some good-sized towns and many tiny villages; but most of Ireland is a patchwork quilt of rolling, impossible, Technicolor green. Irish water doesn't taste of chemicals. Irish sunlight is more silvery than golden. A white-glove inspection will reveal no grime.

Irish musical tastes are pristine too. Turn on the radio and it's like the 1930s and '40s all over again, minus any really swinging bands. If you can't name the singers, you expect any moment to hear Guy Mitchell and Teresa Brewer. No jazz, no rock. But music is in the soul of every Irishman. Irish speech is music itself. The accent varies from town to town (and from lyrical to unintelligible) but every sentence ends with the national glissando.

Young people at a seaside resort near Galway congregate nightly to sing in unison, and from memory, early songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Standing in a Tralee pub, a portly young man drops out of the conversation and begins singing *Around the World* in clear Irish tenor, unshackled by bar-lines or key. Some pubs are known as "singing pubs." It doesn't matter if you can sing or not; everyone gets up and does a turn at the microphone. The songs are often reminiscent of American country songs, probably because of their common ancestry.

Music in these pubs continues until 11:30 p.m. when the bartender starts his nightly litany: "Time, ladies and gentlemen." He is ignored, as he knows he will be. He must repeat it at two-minute intervals at least four times, pretending more and more asperity, till finally it comes out, "Please, ladies and gentlemen, time!" That's it. Now he means it. Everyone quits and goes home.

I had badly needed a vacation. Where



PAT MAXWELL

Willis and Shirley Conover and Jim Riley imbibe the spirit of Ireland

could I go for two weeks, somewhere beautiful and quiet and not ridiculously overpriced? I phoned an old friend at Pan American Airways who travels a lot and might know such a place.

"Ireland!" he said. "It's very inexpensive, it's beautiful, Pan Am flies there non-stop, the Irish tourist bureau is the world's best, they'll get you accommodations even when everything's booked, the Irish people love Americans, every one of them has a relative in the USA, they'll talk your head off if you give them a chance."

"You're doing all right yourself," I said. "Are you Irish?"

"Of course! I'll give you some names and phone numbers in Ireland. I should tell you, though, Ireland isn't much for night clubs or jazz. Not even Dublin."

Good, I thought. I'd been listening to music around the clock. For two weeks, I didn't even want to talk about it.

But my conscience hurt. My *Music USA* broadcasts have listeners' clubs around the world. There are 29 Friends of Music USA chapters in the Republic of Ireland, 20 in Dublin. I really should try to say hello. Maybe I could get together with them in one place for one evening. But where?

I remembered Jim Riley, alto saxophonist with the Joe Timer orchestra in Washington, D. C., in the early '50s. It seemed to me Jim had a pub somewhere in Ireland now. I found his address in the November 30, 1967 down beat: Fox Inn, Ashbourne, County Meath, ". . . set snugly in the woodlands near Dublin." I phoned him from Washington.

"Sure," Jim said, "invite your club members to The Fox. I'll get some musicians together and we'll play jazz." It was short notice. My secretary immediately airmailed notes to all the Dublin chap-

ters. I was leaving for Ireland the next day.

So now *Milestones* competed with mooing cows. Also *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Walkin'*, Bill Potts' *Brazilville*, Hank Mobley's *Hank's Tune*, and a Quincy Jones blues. The musicians were Jim Riley (tenor these days instead of alto), Mike Nolan (flugelhorn and trumpet), Mark Chapman (guitar), Aiden Barry (bass), and Pete Ainscough (drums), all Irish except Riley, who is Irish-American, or in local parlance a Returned Yank. Barry and Ainscough stayed onstage for a Dixieland set by Leuder Ohlwein (banjo, from Estonia) and Nicholas Mielke (trombone, from Poland). At intermission, Riley put on a tape of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra's second *Live at the Village Vanguard* album. Then he was behind the bar again, helping his wife Sheila and barmaids Maureen and Dymna to rehydrate Brian and Brendan and Terence and Patrick and Michael and Fergus and Sean and 90 other Friends of Music USA from Dublin. In the public bar adjoining the jazz room, local farmers and jockeys and long-distance truck drivers quaffed and chuckled and talked of horses, crops, the weather, and the Kennedys.

JAMES F. RILEY, born 1930; B. S. in Social Science, Georgetown University; Bachelor of Music, Manhattan School; Master of Arts in Music and Music Education, Columbia University Teachers College. Road manager, Buddy Morrow orchestra, 1960-1. Alto sax with Thornhill, Krupa, Larry Elgart, Boyd Raeburn, Sam Donahue, Urbie Green, others. Taught woodwinds, Glen Cove School System, 1962-5. Moved to Ireland in 1965 with the intention of buying a public house and opening a jazz room. Lost his moustache, kept his serious sense of duty and his wild sense of humor.

/Continued on page 32

EUROPE'S ANSWER TO WOODSTOCK:

THE FIRST ACTUEL PARIS MUSIC FESTIVAL

BY JANE WELCH

A FESTIVAL RECENTLY took place in Europe quite unlike any the continent—or any other place, for that matter—had ever seen before. Where Woodstock was a social revelation, the first Actuel Paris Music Festival was a musical revolution. This revolution was accomplished in the programming, which included all the kinds of music in which the new musicians and composers of today are involved.

The festival was a daring project from the start, conceived with optimism (and not without the happy naivete that allows such an idea to be born on so large a scale in the first place), and successfully executed despite considerable difficulties for sponsors, festival participants, technical staff and—due to the nasty late October weather in the cold, damp Kluisberg woods of Belgium—the audience.

The fact that it was a success (over 75,000 attended during a 5-day period) proves that audiences are ready to hear this type of music and, like the Woodstock masses, are willing to make sacrifices to take part in a musical milieu truly representative of their taste. The music was NOW, the audience was NOW and, despite all business or political opposition which attempted to abort the festival, the time was right and the baby was born.

For jazz lovers, it was a welcome occasion, because the coexistence of jazz and rock proved viable. The audience had come mostly to hear the heavy rock groups, but embraced the jazz groups with equal, and even increasing enthusiasm.

The Actuel Music Festival of Jazz, Rock and New Music was originally planned to take place at Paris' Les Halles. It was produced by the dynamic Jean Georgakarakos (called "Karakos" for short) and youthful Jean Luc Young of BYG Records, a progressive new French record company. It would have been the first festival of its kind in Paris, and all advance advertising and performing contracts had been drawn up with Paris as the festival location.

Then the boom fell. The Paris police vetoed the City of Light as the festival site. The police were certainly not discouraged from taking this strong measure by the various established local promoters, record companies and TV corporations who were not especially eager to see any competitive "happenings" nor wished for new blood to enter the rather closed show-business setup traditional to Paris.

The business motivations for the protest are understandable. The sad and incomprehensible thing is that La Belle France today is a country which both fears and ignores its own youth. The authorities fear hippies, and hypocritically deny permission for events which might attract large groups of young people in the name of vague possibilities of violence and drug abuse. All the producers wanted was to get young people together to hear music—period. Somehow, in France, the music, which was the main objective of the festival, got lost in the confused politics of contemporary French society, and the first Actuel Paris Music Festival had to take place in exile, in a tent near the

Belgian country town of Amougies.

This usually tranquil Franco-Belgian border town won a permanent place in the annals of the European press and in the minds of youths who came from all over the continent to attend the five-day music marathon. Due to circumstances beyond its control, the festival evolved into a sort of continental Woodstock, with some very important modifications.

People began to shoot in from England, Holland, all corners of Belgium, and from other assorted countries to witness this French enterprise taking place on Belgian soil, where even the French themselves were foreigners.

Try to imagine cars, buses, and vehicles of all descriptions carrying rock groups and their mounds of equipment bumping all over the countryside; drivers asking, in many languages, for the way to Tournai, Belgium, and then discovering, once they got there, that the festival was located even further away, in Amougies.

At the festival itself, everyone met on common ground—as strangers. The bulk of the audience, however, was French. Parisians who originally would have gone to Les Halles decided to load up cars and make the three-hour drive to Belgium. Many were exuberant students (as usual, the Paris upper level schools were having a debate about something or other—this year it included the opening date of school, and October passed without any decision) still on the loose before the grim academic grind was to resume. The Belgians attending were far more conservative and cautious—and very curious. And the peaceful townspeople themselves, accustomed only to Sunday summer strollers through the Flemish woods, were astounded by this massive outpouring which transformed their town, for a short while, into a continental hippie haven.

From the start, the festival was a huge endeavor, almost impossible to produce even under ideal conditions. Over 50 groups were scheduled to appear, with

light shows, over the five-day period, with a gate charge of roughly 10 francs (less than \$2) per show for all. A near-cancellation of the festival occurred only five days before the opening, making necessary the last-minute transfer of everything to the site in Belgium. That it came off at all, despite all the efforts to destroy it, is due to producer Karakos, a man of unusual determination and vision. Karakos is neither weak nor afraid. One of the brave risks he took was to include both the new music and free jazz. He could have played it safe, taken the easy way out, and had just another rock festival, but he chose not to. Chiefly due to his progressive spirit, and the knowledgeable assistance of his jazz & r man at BYG, drummer Claude Delcloo, the first Actuel Paris Festival succeeded in bringing jazz and rock together where Newport '69 had failed. As soon as Burton Greene's group, the first jazz group to appear at the festival, had finished its set, the positive audience reaction affirmed that this neophyte Festival was about to establish itself as the most revolutionary and significant showcase of contemporary music on the continent.

If any single individual could be said to represent the spirit of those attending the Festival, it was its co-host, the music-loving Mother of Us All, Frank Zappa. Exuding intelligence, wit and wry humor, Zappa darted around like a 2001 Fred Astaire, charming everyone in sight and becoming a friend to all. He was in the car taking saxophonist Roland Alexander and myself into Brussels upon our arrival in Europe. He assured us, on the way into town, that the many old buildings and interesting monuments we passed on the way were really run-down Holiday Inns getting ready to close for the push to the suburbs.

Zappa listened to the avant garde jazz with the same rapt interest as to the rock, and even with childlike innocence sat in with Archie Shepp's group. He was seri-



Inside the tent at Amougies

JACQUES BISEGLIA

ously interested in anyone who approached him with questions. "Nobody understands rhythm", Zappa complained in a rap with Burton Greene on the band bus. "Most people don't know what they're listening to, and some musicians don't know what they're playing." Burton agreed, and then added, "When I play, I'm the one who messes up my own arrangements." Frank befriended many jazz musicians. "You guys gonna play tonight?" he questioned Dave Burrell and Clifford Thornton, shivering in the unheated music tent one early morning. "Yes . . . sometime," they answered. Zappa returned a wise, sympathetic look. "Yeah", he said softly, and walked away.

The majority of the people who had taken all the trouble to get to this festival came for one purpose—the music. And there was plenty of music—there was even *too much* music (about 12 hours per night)—a great deal of it, fortunately, very good. Many of the hippies slept for free in the barns near the country roads surrounding the festival camp grounds, guests of the permissive Flemish farmers. They were drawn to the festival by the staggering collection of rock groups to be presented. The Pretty Things, Soft Machine, Ten Years After, Captain Beefheart, Yes, and Sam Apple Pie all scored very heavily with the crowd. Blossom Toes was a good acid-rock group which both the audience and the jazz musicians casually lounging around waiting to play dug. Zappa sat in with them (and with several of the other rock groups).

I especially dug the Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation, with some very greasy soul blues vocals by Victor Brox. Also East of Eden—a surprising group which weaves together free form saxophone sounds, old Bird tunes, a legato Wayne Kingish *Charmaine* phrase or two, Edgar Varese sounds, and a swinging violin bit of pure Irish jigs and reels. The most popular rock groups were probably Pink Floyd and definitely Colosseum, who completely tore it up, especially with John Hiseman's strong backing and soloing on drums. They proved they're one of the strongest groups around, and their scheduled U. S. debut early this year is something to look forward to.

The Festival also presented a few groups representing so-called new music, a kind of experimental chamber music, sometimes incorporating jazz elements. On first hearing, it would be unfair to pass judgment—but I'm not exactly looking forward to the next exposure.

A revolutionary aspect of the festival (about 25 per cent of which was devoted to "free jazz") was the unabashed acceptance of all the jazz by the people who had ostensibly come to hear rock. It seems that what is wanted is the most contemporary of musics—and free jazz and rock both fit the bill. I asked some of the kids if they liked free jazz. One girl answered, "Oh yea! You walk . . . you dream . . . you feel just fine." (Rock doesn't turn them on in this way.) Who made them feel like that? "Don Cherry, very much . . . and Archie Shepp . . ."

It was interesting to observe that this generation's initial run-in with jazz happened to be with some of its most violent,



JACQUES BICEGLIA

Frank Zappa, Philly Joe Jones, Earl Freeman, Louis Maholo, John Dyani, Grachan Moncur III, and Archie Shepp meet in a jam set.

dissonant and complex forms. Veteran jazz aficionados (including boppers) can't easily get into this music, and even after they dig what's happening, they don't *feel* it.

It's a jazz expressive of an angry (but healthy), involved generation growing up in the violent world of today. This festival was their festival—never looking back, everything straight ahead. This does not mean that Dizzy or Elvin should pawn their axes, or that Dexter Gordon won't continue to destroy nerve centers in the 1970s (and pick up new ears along the way—these kids get sophisticated very fast), or that Don Byas won't go on being the youngest saxophone player around. But the boys had better move their chairs over a bit and make room for a few new men in the band, because *they're ready* . . . and here come de judge!

Truly representative of the new jazz spirit, the Noah Howard/Frank Wright Ensemble tore into the crowd at Amougies with a saxophone duet resembling the street sounds of riots and sirens and horns. Pianist Bobby Few, whose steady, agile stream of notes and ideas seemed endless, generated electrifying excitement. And a very strong Muhammed Ali tied the whole thing together on drums, carrying a tempo verging on lunacy.

Watch these young men, responsible for some of the festival's jazz surprises, very carefully in the future: Jamaican multi-reedman Kenneth Terroade, who overflows with ideas; Leroy Jenkins, playing mad violin (try also to catch Alan Silva on electric violin sometime); the phenomenal, indefatigable Beb Guerin—a French mother of a bassist who seems to think up-tempos were invented to be doubled and who would rather commit suicide than lay out; alto man Arthur Jones, with his expressive tone and style; the brilliant pianist Dave Burrell—rapid and very sure runs, building high towers

housing phrases of wit, fragments of romance (a snatch of *West Side Story*), and wiggly chords, and in solo never forgetting stride or Second Baptist; the unquestionable taste of Parisian drummer Claude Delcloo—always there, never in the way, and very carefully playing all around the angry percussiveness of the horns; Clifford Thornton's concise, direct statements on cornet, and his innovativeness in introducing to jazz that ancient instrument, the shenai; the professionalism of Jean-François Jenny Clark, a powerful bassist of great flexibility who could probably play in any jazz bag he had a mind to; trumpeter Teddy Daniel, underplaying and giving just the proper balance and shading to round out an ensemble, never seeming aware of his own importance; Joseph Jarman on soprano sax, furiously filling the air with his personal insistence; Norris Jones on bass—a powerhouse . . . deep sounds and sure changes . . . dynamite.

And never forget the lament and the hope. Africa. Rhythm, old instruments, chants—roots. Grachan Moncur III's regal opening trombone dirge, calling the meeting to order. Philly Joe Jones and Louis Maholo beating the drums for the strong, long march. And Archie Shepp's group, on its own terms, making its own rules with concessions to no one, slicing through the damp early morning air like a clean blade in a very dirty world.

Regretfully, it is impossible to mention all the hundreds of other musicians who appeared in these five days. Even more regretfully, it was impossible to listen properly to all the groups. I attempted various yoga positions in vain attempts to see the performers and finally settled for poking my head through the floor of the stage, somewhat like an opera prompter without a box. (A *cold* prompter at that.) In the chilly tent, I couldn't make sitting

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THE SPIRIT OF 78 by Patrick Murphy

EVERY COLLECTOR talks about putting his 78 r.p.m. jewels on tape in some organized format but usually doesn't do anything about it. We did something about it, and with perhaps obsessive dedication.

It has exacted sacrifices.

I recall the day my partner in *Mission 78*, fellow jazz buff Gregg Perry, had to tell his wife that the bed couldn't be made yet because Marie, Liza and Bouncy were resting on the pillows. *Marie* (Tommy Dorsey/Victor), *Liza* (Chick Webb/Decca) and *Bouncy* (Johnny Guarnieri-Red Norvo/Continental) were waiting to be sequenced into "78 Hours," Volume 26 of our taped 78s.

Social and business friends, leaving my apartment shoes in hands after being led across 78-strewn floors as if they were crossing mine fields, smiled good-naturedly. But they seldom returned.

Despite this we have, over two years, developed a commonplace idea—taping our 78s—into a continuing project uncommon in its thoroughness, its flexibility, its freshness and, most important, its payout in more than 100 hours of renewed (and often new) listening pleasure.

At the time of this writing, we have taped 33 volumes (7-inch reels containing some 60 selections each) of jazz or jazz-oriented sides recorded between 1935 and about 1955, including air checks and other performances only recently issued. Those 20 years are a time-curtain behind which the Benny Goodman Trio and Duke Ellington (among our earliest) and the piano-less Gerry Mulligan Quartet (among our latest) mingle freely—and fascinatingly.

That's about 2,000 sides, or 1,500 more than we first intended to tape. But at that time (as Mel Brooks' 2,000-year-old man recalled about the first cross), we didn't know it was eloquent.

The 33 volumes range in lead-off tunes from Les Brown's classic *Jumpy Stumpy* to the intricate *Doodletown Fifers* by Sauter-Finnegan to Billie Holiday's elegant *I Wished on the Moon*.

Our approach may interest others who have contemplated the 78-taping task but have despaired of reducing it to manageable portions.

Lining Them Up

The first step, besides the one that busted Glenn Miller's *Little Brown Jug*, was to construct a stock list of the 78s in our possession which we wanted preserved on tape. Almost at once, the list began growing, from our still-unended forays into the second-hand world (Murphy's March on the Salvation Army, 1967-68, and the Perry Goodwill Store Tour of the same period are now history). Reissues on LP and 45 and tapes from other collectors also enlarged the list. We used jazz history books, old magazines and what discographies we could find to explore the world of 78.

We first sought just those sides which we recalled from earlier days but did not have. Soon, however, our 78 consciousness was expanded by new discoveries. It broadened beyond such familiar passions as Bill Harris' *Cryin' Sands* and Art Tatum's *Man I Love* to embrace, for example, the Winding-Getz group's crisp *Loaded*, all of the titanic Lester Young



Greg Perry and Pat Murphy performances with the Kansas City Six and Seven, and the svelte 1949 Miles Davis originals—plus some respectable jumpers by cats like, yes, Bob Chester and Freddie Slack.

The stock list was divided into three parts: big bands, combos, and tenor saxes. (Later, a vocal category was added.) Each was further divided into "up" and "slow". We now knew what we had, and the slots were there for orderly assimilation of new material.

Next question (and yet more fun): How to put it on tape in the most listenable format?

The Power Game: Programming

The solution, a natural, was to utilize the resource any disc jockey would draw upon to ensure maximum freshness: contrasting material. Wherever practically possible, each 78 entry would be followed by a selection of contrasting tempo, mood, era, style and size of group. Balance of artists also was critical, dictated by the supply on hand.

Entering sides to form a 78 volume, in alternating turns, thus becomes a game of chess-like mental demands and poker-like suspense.

Dizzying power rides shotgun on every move, and inside sits fearsome responsibility. When you counter the entry of Goodman's *One O'Clock Jump* (1938 concert) with Stan Getz' chifion *Stella by Starlight*, you're not checkmating somebody's king. You are making history.

The contrast-programming method brings your entire 78 collection book back to life dramatically. Suspended as though on ice for 20 and 30 years, sounding figgy when brought out and played singly (if they ever are), they are thawed and made vibrant in 1970 by the contrast method.

When did you last listen to Count Basie's 1940 *Broadway* with one of Lester's milestone tenor solos? Or Charlie Parker's *Just Friends*, a mighty floodtide of ideas

in the midst of their labors against a restrictive shoring of violins? Or the loose electricity of the greatest band jazz has ever known, the First Hermand Herd of 1944-46? On tape, set between contrasting numbers, they pop up like unexpected but welcome old friends.

Some of those "old friends" who gained our new or strengthened admiration through consistency of performance across the 33 volumes (excluding the obvious giants) are: Altoists Johnny Bothwell and Pete Brown; Nat Cole, with both his vocal and piano work; Will Bradley's boogie band; early Buddy DeFranco; trumpeters Charlie Shavers, Harry James (in jazz solos with his '40s bands), and unsung but sure-footed Joe Thomas; pianists Johnny Guarnieri and Erroll Garner; trombonist Kai Windling and Dickie Wells; tenorists Sam Donahue, Allen Eager, Dave Mathews, Vido Musso, and Ike Quebec—plus the genius of Eddie Sauter with the McKinley, Goodman and Shaw bands; the versatility of Tommy Dorsey's bands; and the still-magic sound of the Krupa-Ventura-Napoleon trio.

Seven Years with the Wrong Leader by (brace yourself) Horace Heidt has some easily-swinging moments, but who would ever give it a chance? In Volume 20, it follows Don Byas' brooding tenor on *Worried and Blue*; by suddenly breaking the mood and style, it announces itself. And it is heard.

Instant Engineer

A short note about the long labor:

Equipment: Gregg, the manufacturing arm of *Mission 78*, uses an old Metzner Starlight variable-speed turntable, jacked into an Ampex 2000-series tape recorder. To dub copies from the master, he jacks one 2000 into another. The point is, you needn't be an EE to tape 78s. True audiophiles might cringe at some of the noise, or at the vision of a Siamese kitten pouncing on the spinning reel of tape during a "take", but we get the job done.

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Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

The Beatles

ABBEY ROAD—Apple SO-383: *Come Together*; *Something*; *Maxwell's Silver Hammer*; *Oh! Darling*; *Octopus' Garden*; *I Want You (She's So Heavy)*; *Here Comes The Sun*; *Because*; *Medley: You Never Give Me Your Money*; *Sun King*; *Mean Mr. Mustard*; *Polythelene Pam*; *She Came in Through the Bathroom Window*; *Golden Slumbers*; *Carry That Weight*; *The End*; *Her Majesty*.

Personnel: John Lennon, George Harrison, guitar, vocal; Paul McCartney, bass, vocal; Ringo Starr, drums, vocal; unidentified keyboards (piano, organ, Moog synthesizer), strings, percussion; George Martin, recording director.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Is there anyone who doesn't like the Beatles? Their latest album provides no reasons for any change in one's esteem for the four intrepid Liverpuddlians, who so far have pretty well weathered the various temptations of fame and fortune, John Lennon's dilet-antics with his betrothed to the contrary notwithstanding.

It no longer is necessary to proclaim that the foursome's astonishing success is not manufactured but the result of genuine talent; their durability is proof enough. Here, there is no breakthrough of the order of *Sgt. Pepper*; basically, the album is just the latest collection of Beatles songs. But that's quite enough: 17 new pieces, ranging from teasers (the one-chorus *Her Majesty*) to full-fledged additions to the canon (*Come Together*; *Something*; *Here Comes the Sun*, several more).

Perhaps the most telling indication of the Beatles' fertility is the medley: eight (or 7½) songs, each of which has more substance than one is likely to find on entire albums by lesser groups, presented in almost throwaway fashion. That they can afford to do this sort of thing speaks for itself, especially so since their work together these days is done entirely within the confines of the studio.

What is it that makes the Beatles so likeable? Maybe it is that they never seem to strain for effects yet are meticulous craftsmen; that their humor, even when rather gruesome (as in *Maxwell's Silver Hammer*), is never offensive; that their satire (as in *Oh! Darling*, a masterful takeoff on '50s groups) is never malicious, their lyricism (as in *Something* or *Sun King*) never maudlin, but that their work still has punch and conviction. Or maybe it can all be summed up in that old, unfashionable phrase "good taste"—plus genuine musicality and poetic imagination.

It is sometimes overlooked on this side of the pond how very British (English?) the Beatles are. Much of their creative strength, I think, rests in their working-class roots, their folk humor (transmuted but not violated by individuality), their honest attitude towards sex, love, and life itself. They are not poseurs, and the variety of influences they have been able to

absorb and utilize are not grafted on to their work but have become organic parts of it. Thus, for example, the clear Ray Charles influence on Harrison's *Something*, or the obvious r&b roots of *I Want You* never result in the blackface embarrassments produced by some other white admirers. Again, there is no straining, which is an important secret in this realm of black magic.

As usual, Lennon and McCartney are responsible for the bulk of new material, and *Come Together* and especially *Because*, with its *Moonlight Sonata* vamp and pretty three-part harmony, show that Lennon is still very much himself when he wants to be. Also very fetching is John's *Sun King*, with some Italian lyrics thrown in, while *Mustard* and *Pam* display his fey humor. McCartney's *Maxwell's* and *Bathroom Window* are good examples of his funny side, while *Slumbers* shows him at his most melodic.

But it is Harrison, in my opinion (excepting *Because*) who weighs in most heavily here, with *Something* and *Here Comes the Sun*. I've always had a special affection for his work, which is very personal, melodic, and convincingly lyrical.

Ringo contributes *Octopus*, which resembles a children's song in its artlessness but also is susceptible to other levels of interpretation. His drumming on the opening track, by the way, is very good. Throughout, the four demonstrate solid musicianship; no instrumental virtuosos, they take good care of business and always know what they want.

Recording quality, mix, balance and background is of that high quality with which the name of George Martin has become synonymous. This music never grates on the ear, not even in the climactic crescendos of *I Want You*, and the discreet, tasteful employment of the Moog is the best musical use of this questionable invention to which this listener has yet been exposed.

This is high caliber Beatles fare; the missing star is merely in deference to their very best works, among which I would include the generally underestimated *Magical Mystery Tour*. —Morgenstern

Roy Ayers

DADDY BUG—Atlantic 1538: *Daddy Bug*; *Bonita*; *Tbis Guy's In Love with You*; *I Love You Michelle*; *Shadows*; *Emmie*; *Look to the Sky*; *It Could Only Happen With You*.

Personnel: Ayers, vibraharp; Sonny Sharrock, guitar (track 6); Herbie Hancock, piano; Buster Williams (tracks 1, 5, 8) or Ron Carter, bass; Mickey Roker (tracks 1, 5, 8), Bruno Carr (track 6) or Freddy Waits, drums; woodwind quartet led by Jerome Richardson; string quartet led by Gene Orloff.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Ayers has let himself get over-arranged by William Fischer. He is ordinarily a

strong, original vibist, not in the class of Jackson, Burton or Hutcherson, but a fluent and arresting player nonetheless.

But Fischer (and the leader, too, one supposes) have chosen for the most part unexciting tunes, predominantly ballads, often Latin in flavor, and have put Ayers in the role of colorist rather than soloist.

Consequently, neither Ayers nor Hancock make many remarkable statements. Ayers' best is on *Sky*, a quiet Latin setting for a charming tune, with a stunning reed chart. Ayers demonstrates for really the only time on this session what he has shown in abundance elsewhere: a distinctive ear for unusual harmonies.

Hancock is provocative on the title cut, which features another superb reed chart: widely-spaced, shrill comments by the quartet. The tune, however, seems to wind down and stop arbitrarily after the pianist's characteristically sensitive solo.

The rest of the album is forgettable, pleasingly arranged and competently performed, but rather suffocating to the soloists and best heard as background music.

—Heineman

Wild Bill Davis

DOIN' HIS THING—RCA Victor LSP 4139: *Weasel's Kid*; *Londonderry Air*; *Cherry Orchard*; *Bo Bee Ba Biff*; *The Groaner*; *Generator*; *Dinab*; *Deedle Lum Bum*; *Dreaming by the Fire*; *Puss in Boots*; *Funny Thing*.

Personnel: Davis, organ; Bob Brown, alto and tenor saxophone, flute; Dickie Thompson, guitar; Orville Mason, Jymie Merritt, Fender bass; Bernard Purdy, Chris Columbus, Earl Curry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The three sessions which make up this LP are solidly in the rhythm-and-blues-rock groove.

Weasel, *Generator*, *Deedle*, and *Funny* are pounding raucous tracks not unlike the boisterous, frenetic performances Sam Butera used to dish out. This is largely due to the presence of Brown's tenor sax, which is long on decibels but short on musical interest. The results make one appreciate the excitement of those JATP tenor binges that earned the contempt of so many critics. Even the ones that were played so gratuitously to the grandstands had more merit as improvisation than the tenor work heard here.

On the other hand, Brown plays alto with considerable grace and appeal on *Bo Bee*, a briskly swinging riff tune. He plays flute on *Groaner* and gets some volatile effects on unison playing with Davis. Some unintelligible groaning, probably by Brown, doesn't add to the performance. His alto returns to render an imitation of Johnny Hodges in *Dreaming*, which finds Davis in his most lush and romantic mood.

Cherry Orchard emerges as the top track. It's a nicely modulated, attractive tune played straight. —McDonough

Roland Kirk

VOLUNTEERED SLAVERY—Atlantic SD 1534: *Volunteered Slavery; Spirits Up Above; My Cherie Amour; Search for the Reason Why; I Say a Little Prayer; One Ton; A Tribute to John Coltrane (Lush Life, Afro-Blue, Bessie's Blues); Three for the Festival.*

Personnel: Charles McGhee, trumpet; Dick Griffin, trombone; Kirk, tenor saxophone, flute, nose flute, manzello, stritch, gong, whistle, vocals; Ron Burton, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Sonny Brown or Charles Crosby, drums (tracks 1 through 5); Jimmy Hopps, drums (remaining tracks). Vocal backgrounds on tracks 1 through 5 by the Roland Kirk Spirit Choir.

Rating: ★★★★★

Few contemporary jazz musicians can match Roland Kirk when it comes to generating excitement. He is like a human horn of plenty, bursting at the seams with sounds that intrinsically fuse the most disparate jazz styles and embody the idiom's finest elements. He is the Herman Herd stampeding, Jelly Roll stomping or Coltrane signifying—he is JAZZ.

This album presents Kirk in two settings. Side one finds him in a studio with a six-piece group plus a tambourine-shaking choir, while the other side, featuring him with a rhythm section, is taken from the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival.

Kirk's remark over the introduction notwithstanding ("If you want to know how it is to be free, you've got to spend all day in bed with me"), *Volunteered Slavery*, the opening track, is a store-front church set to jazz, the instruments building up a delightful and thoroughly rhythmic cacophonous chorus, above which Kirk soars freely, quoting from the Beatles' *Hey Jude*. My only complaint is that the track ends too soon.

The Roland Kirk Spirit Choir is heard on *Spirits Above* with results more reminiscent of Mary Lou Williams' 1963 recording of *Anima Christi* than of Kirk's own previous efforts with the Coleridge Perkinson-directed voices on the *Slightly Latin* album four years ago. I prefer the older recording, as far as that goes, since this vocal group tends to sound like a Broadway chorus, especially on *Search for the Reason Why*.

Search and Stevie Wonder's *My Cherie Amour* are decidedly the album's weakest tracks, although the latter contains some good flute playing by Kirk.

The longest cut on side one (almost 8 minutes) is *I Say a Little Prayer for You*, popularized by Dionne Warwick and Aretha Franklin, but given staying power with the present recording which swings merrily right to its unusual ending.

There are no weak spots on side two. Kirk comes on like Gang Busters over Ron Burton's traditional blues piano and *One Ton* ends with the enthusiastic audience predictably clamoring for more. That request is granted in the form of a beautiful three-tune *Tribute to John Coltrane*, which alone is worth the price of the album.

Kirk's tenor masterfully captures the ethereal pulchritude of "Trane on *Lush Life* and his manzello combines with Burton's piano, no longer traditional, to do *Afro-Blue* equal justice. Then it's back to the tenor for a gutsy *Bessie's Blues*, leading straight into the happy romp entitled *Three for the Festival*, which contains a highly emotional, thoroughly Kirk-ish flute sequence.

Volunteered Slavery is an album which

no serious jazz collector should be without.

—Albertson

Harold Land

THE FOX—Contemporary S7619: *The Fox; Mirror-Mind Rose; One Second, Please; Sims A-Plenty; Little Chris; One Down.*

Personnel: Dupree Bolton, trumpet; Land, tenor saxophone; Elmo Hope, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Since its initial appearance on the Hi-fi jazz label in 1959, this album has become an underground classic. Though *The Fox* has the instrumentation and extended solo space of a typical blowing date, it is far more than that—a dark, ambiguous totem which stands beside such milestones of the '50s as the Monk-Miles-Milt Jackson-*Bags* Groove date and Monk's *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, perhaps a roadside shrine to some forgotten god or a rune that will lead its translator to an abandoned treasure.

It is no discredit to Harold Land to say that the guiding force of this album is the late Elmo Hope. Four of the pieces are his (*Mirror, One Second, Sims, and One Down*) and his unique conception permeates every corner of the music.

Hope was an early associate of Bud Powell, and his music might be described as an attempt to fuse Powell's demonic intensity with Monk's analytical structures. The task was, perhaps, an impossible one, since Monk's best solos and compositions, no matter how odd the parts, are as complete as any music has ever been, while Powell's music seemed to deny the possibility of rest and resolution. But, impossible or not, Hope tried to do it, and, if sometimes the results were only fascinating fragments, in the right setting he could put it all together. It happens on this album.

To get the flavor of his music, listen to the way the ringing chord which ends *The Fox* leaves that performance suspended in space, or hear how his brief interlude between Land and Bolton on *Mirror* compresses a chorus of harmonic movement into one bar. And note, especially, the shuddering, slurred figure which comes midway in his *Mirror* solo—a moment that explains Land's statement that "I was in awe of him." Land also says, "Elmo truly had a touch of genius," which seems an accurate and just epitaph for this courageous musician.

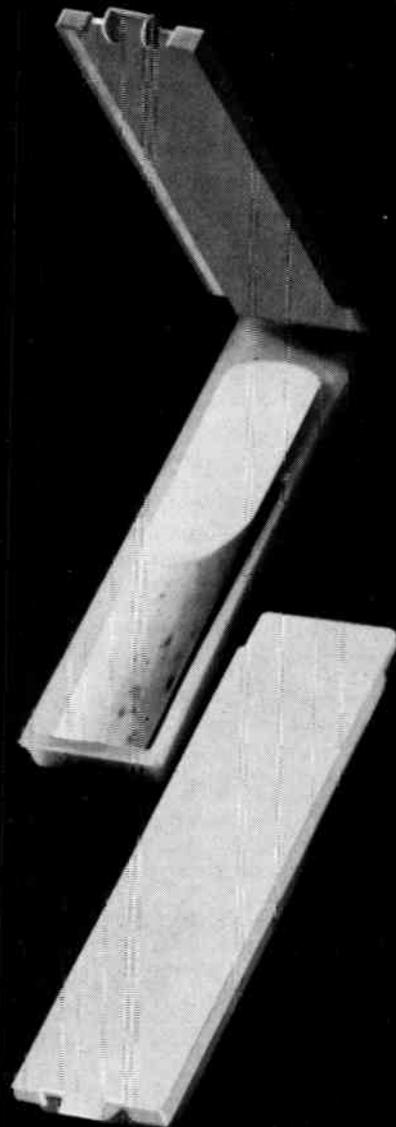
The support Hope received on this date was ideal—Bolton's soloistic immediacy in the ensemble passages is particularly important in making each performance a single entity instead of a series of solos. His own choruses are nervous, intense extensions of Fats Navarro—he takes a lot of chances and, like Hope, his bold courting of chaos creates an aura of grandeur even when chaos wins out.

Land is a more stable improviser than Bolton, and he responds strongly to the difficult changes of Hope's compositions. His solo on *One Second* is surely one of his best, and his thoughtful improvising on every track is never less than excellent.

Lewis and Butler make a fine rhythm team, and Butler, who is given a number of opportunities, takes a magnificent solo on *One Down*. Like everyone else on this date was really up for it, and, as a result, Elmo Hope's conceptions were, for once, given their just expression. Music of such

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honesty and depth will always be rare, and its oblique, vulnerable beauty gives it a special place in the history of jazz.

—Kart

Steve Marcus

THE LORD'S PRAYER—Vortex 2013: *Hey Jude, Part I; Hey Jude, Part II; Amy; Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues; T. with Strings; Wild Thing; Hope; America; The Lord's Prayer.*

Personnel: Jack Gale, trumpet; Dave Gale, trombone; Marcus, soprano and alto saxophones; Tom Zimmerman, tenor saxophone; Ed Xiques, tenor saxophone (track 1), bass (tracks 6, 9); Herbie Hancock, piano, electric piano; Frank Stuart, guitar (tracks 2, 5); Miroslav Vitous, bass; Larry Clark, drums (tracks 1, 4, 6, 9), vocals (tracks 2, 4, 6, 9); Bob Moses, drums (tracks 2, 3, 5, 7); Rachel Perkins, recorder (track 8); string quartet led by Gene Orloff (tracks 2, 5).

Rating: ★ ½

Portrait of a fine young talent gone to hell. The album is full of jokes that aren't funny: the rhythm is painfully askew on *Wild Thing* (a parody of a kind of pseudo-hard rock for teenies which is already a parody by definition); drummer Clark yowls and flails on a short take of *Tom Thumb* (*Marat/Sade* orchestrated by a mongoloid); this cute little girl, Rachel Perkins, plays *America* badly (is it cute, or funny, or just *touching*, Steve?); a false take on *Prayer* followed by fragmented, free playing, singing a half-line here and there from the original (sacrilegious, get it?).

Then there are the longer, "serious" cuts. Some good music, if one has the stoicism to wade through the crap. Hancock has a lovely, wandering electric piano solo on *Amy*, short up-and-down runs balanced exquisitely by silences. This occurs between two tenor solos by Marcus; the first is lifted virtually intact from Trane's *Meditations*, and the second is less specifically but equally derivative of later Trane.

Jude I is another joke, a Salvation Army voicing of the melody. It then slides into rock and into *Part II*, and Marcus solos freely and aimlessly over the repeated riff of the original.

Strings is a startlingly conventional, lush orchestral arrangement. It runs only 2:06, but there is some fine, sensitive counterpoint between Zimmerman on tenor and Marcus on soprano.

Vitous' *Hope*, the longest track, begins badly. Marcus' tenor statement is disjointed to no purpose, and Hancock initially seems bored, serving up his own cluster clichés. But he moves on to more horizontal concepts than he has been using lately, and some of the lines are really interesting. Vitous takes a nondescript solo, but the interplay among him, Hancock and Moses (who is normally about as emphatic as a wall) is prescient and exciting.

Marcus can play his axe as his earlier albums demonstrate, and he's admirably exploratory. At the moment, he's still looking around for his voice. This ain't it. —Heineman

Red Beans And Rice

RED BEANS AND RICE FEATURING RAY DRAPER—Epic BN-26461: *Happiness; Empty Streets; Trilogy; Gentle Old Sea; Let My People Go; Mess Around; Home; If You Ever Wanna.*

Personnel: Phil Wood, trumpet, fluegelhorn, piano, vocal; David Dahlsten, trombone, congas; Draper, valve trombone, tuba, vocal; Rodney

Gooden III, bass clarinet, vocal; Richard Aplan, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Bob Hogans, organ, valve trombone, vocal; Tommy Trujillo, guitar, vocal; Ron Johnson, bass; Paul Lagos, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

In 1958, a couple of albums appeared (on the Prestige/New Jazz and Jubilee labels) by the Ray Draper Quintet. They were unusual because of the instrumentation (tuba, tenor sax, piano, bass, and drums) and they proved to be durable because the tenor saxophone player was a guy by the name of John Coltrane.

Draper was in his late teens at that time. Soon after, he dropped from the scene, the victim of drugs. That phase of his life is happily in the past and has been for some years. Ray Draper is back as a leader with an *au courant* sound that is vastly different from his previous recordings.

In his brief liner notes, he explains that he formed Red Beans & Rice in the spring of '68 and that it represents "food for the soul". He makes no pretense of this being a jazz or rock album which, in fact, it isn't. It does contain elements of both musics, but the result, like the music of Blood, Sweat and Tears or King Crimson falls into a new category, as yet unnamed.

So let us forget the fact that Draper's past is in jazz and simply judge this album in terms of what is happening on the American music scene today.

Among its weak points, the vocals rank high. We should by now be used to hearing singers of limited vocal ability, but in this case, the singularly uninteresting lyrics make the limitations of the various vocalists even more painfully apparent. Only *Gentle Old Sea* (presumably sung by Phil Wood) features a bearable vocal. Wood arranged that tune as well as *Trilogy, Home and If You Ever Wanna*, and he is clearly the group's most interesting arranger.

Instrumentally, tenorman Richard Aplan stands out and it is to the group's credit that they have made him the principal soloist.

If Draper manages to keep this band together and if he comes up with some material that says something, lyric-wise, as does his excellent poem, *The City*, reproduced on the back cover, I think he might capture some of the popularity which B,S&T and Sly and the Family Stone are currently enjoying.

This album does not quite make it, but it is a promising start. —Albertson

Spontaneous Combustion

COME AND STICK YOUR HEAD IN—Flying Dutchman FDS-102: *Blue Sir-G-O; Space Shout; Don't Make Promises; Thumbs Up; Night Thing; Stone Shake; Time Stitch.*

Personnel: Tom Scott, amplified alto and soprano saxophones, tenor saxophone, flute and clarinet; Jim Horn, alto saxophone and bass clarinet; Mike Melvoin, organ, electric piano; Dennis Budimir, Mike Deasey, guitars; Larry Knechtel, Fender bass; Jimmy Gordon and John Guerin, drums; Gary Coleman, percussion. All arrangements by Coleman.

Rating: ★★

As the mating of jazz and rock becomes increasingly common we will inevitably see many such marriages end up in failure. This album represents one disharmonious mismatch that would seem destined to end up on the rocks, so to speak.

The group consists of eight young Holly-

wood studio musicians who, according to the liner notes, seem to think they've struck a new chord. But they have sadly missed.

Their music contains elements of Coltrane, the Mothers of Invention, early '60s "soul jazz" and basic rock, but they fail to blend these ingredients and the result is an awkward mish-mash which, with two exceptions, is a study in tedium.

Some of the tracks, *Blue Sir-G-O*, for example, sound like the sort of thing Hollywood conjures up for a jet-set night-



club scene—very manufactured and predictable.

The exceptions are the last tracks on each side, *Thumbs Up* and *Time Stitch*. They feature some interesting work by Tom Scott (on tenor) and Jim Horn (on bass clarinet). However, neither track is worth the price of the album when one considers the relative wealth of uniformly good LPs currently available. This first effort of Spontaneous Combustion generally fails to ignite. —Albertson

Gabor Szabo

GABOR SZABO 1969—Skye 9: *Dear Prudence; Sealed with a Kiss; Both Sides Now; Walk Away Renee; You Won't See Me; Michael from Mountains; Stormy; In My Life; I've Just Seen a Face; Until Its Time for You to Go; Somewhere I Belong.*

Personnel: Szabo, Francois Vaz, guitars; Mike Melvoin, organ; George Ricci, cello; Louis Kabok, bass; Randy Cierly, electric bass; Jim Keltner, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

The Gabor Szabo who was a strong, unusual developer of intricate, eclectic solo lines when he first achieved recognition has evanesced. In his place, we have the Szabo who interprets currently popular tunes, for the most part, emphasizing paraphrases of melodies more and chordal improvisation less.

That ain't necessarily bad. And on its own terms—as highly refined entertainment—this album succeeds quite well. The guitarist has a way of distilling tunes, eliminating the dross and delivering a delicate, pure essence. He has a good ear for promising pop songs: one would expect him to be attracted by Joni Mitchell's lines, and by the Beatles', but even among the Lennon-McCartney-Harrison crop, he selects some of the lesser known material (*Prudence*, e.g.). Occasionally, his taste lapses: his reading of *Sealed* is lovely, but the tune itself is unalterable schmaltz; same for *Until Its Time*, which has distinguished lyrics but a monotonous melody—made even less palatable by Ricci's B-movie cello accompaniment. On the other hand, the arco cello and bass on *Sealed* are highly appealing.

The best Szabo is on *Both Sides* (a nice

chart with inventive guitar figures) and *Renee*, another mildly surprising selection. Dig, especially, Szabo's offhand comments on the out chorus. He does a modal improvisation toward the end of *See Me* that has some striking moments, though it isn't strongly developed, and there is a drama in the slow crescendo that's curiously lacking in much of his other playing.

The best cut is *Seen a Face*. Highly imaginative arrangement: the verse flows deliberately and regularly, while the refrain is voiced in a misterioso-soul vein buttressed by Melvoin's understatedly funky organ. The leader plays his longest solo of the date here (most of the rest of the cuts run 3:30 or less), and again there are some stunning harmonies, but certain sections absolutely scream for a traditional blues lick to resolve them, and Szabo either can't or won't oblige. Sometimes, such a technique can produce functional tension, but here, it's merely annoying.

In any case, there isn't much outstanding playing on the album, but there are some brilliant listeners at work, chiefly Szabo, who has the gift of simultaneously making you hear a familiar tune as if for the first time and adding something to it. One can only wish he'd add and build more and refine less.

—Heineman

ROCK BRIEFS

BY ALAN HEINEMAN

I ALWAYS do this. Leave records lying around, I mean. I'll get to them this/next week/month. So here's some stuff from the To Be Reviewed pile, some of it from early in the summer. And I know nobody's waiting to see what I have to say before he buys what he's going to. (Well, yes, Mom, but I mean nobody *else*.) But here goes, anyway.

It was a bad summer, all told. The latest Canned Heat (*Hallelujah*, Liberty 7618) is perfectly wretched. More of the same self-indulgent drivel that has marred all their work after their first excellent album. Hard to figure; these cats know music backwards and forwards.

Then there was *Here We Are Again* (Vanguard 79299), the most recent Country Joe and the Fish effort. A couple of nice cuts, but some sappy orchestra charts by Ed Bland and especially Sam Charters, and why doesn't somebody tell Charters to stop thinking he's an a&r man or an arranger? He's beautiful at finding talent, but he won't leave it alone. Anyway, what's always been the best thing about the Fish is the blend of love and commitment in their work. Musically, it's not too great, but there's been *something* going down. Not on this session: sort of parody, sort of jazz, sort of romantic, sort of dull. And incredibly insipid lyrics, most by Joe McDonald, which they had the nerve to reprint. Better without.

Ssssh (Deram 18029), by Ten Years After is just not a very exciting record. Someday this group is going to find what they *really* want to do, and then everybody up against the wall. Alvin Lee does all the vocals and most of the solo work,

on guitar, and his chops are not to be believed. But what was, on their first couple albums, a fine joint venture with a main soloist/vocalist, has become a one-man show, and Lee is erratic. *The Stomp* has some more amazing guitar by Lee; so does *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, but that cut has lots of waste space instrumentally as well, and features a badly strained vocal. *Stoned Woman* is a good track: hard lyrics, well delivered. *Two Time Mama* is just Lee, accompanying himself on acoustic, and his instrumental work complements his vocal quite well.

Finally, toward the end of the summer, three fine albums were released: Mother Earth's *Make a Joyful Noise* (Mercury 61226), Creedence Clearwater Revival's *Green River* (Fantasy 8393), and Colosseum's *We Who Are About To Die Salute You* (Dunhill 50062). I reviewed the latter in the Nov. 13, 1969 issue, and would only reiterate that it kills me.

Clearwater is one of my pet groups, partly for unattractively egocentric reasons: so far as I know, my laudatory review of the band in a summer 1968 concert at Stanford was the first national ink they got. I continued to hawk them when I got back east that fall; then *Susie Q* broke nationally, so it turns out they scarcely needed me. The rest is at least mini-history. In any case, *Green River* is more of the same utterly, instantly recognizable blend of blues into good old rock-'n'-roll. (People seem to want to call the sound "river music," whatever that is.) For me, *Bayou Country* was a little tighter and had more variety than *Green River*. But both are sessions you'll want to own. Interesting contrast: John Fogerty does virtually all the lead guitar and solo vocal work, like Alvin Lee. But Clearwater is a group, and Fogerty is anything but an ego-tripper. He may also be the best white rock singer around, with that natural, scratchy, resonant, unself-conscious delivery of his, and flawless timing. *Green River*, *Commotion* and *Bad Moon Rising*, the latter a really gutty, gassy rock thing, all got air play; the two other cuts worth considerable attention are *Sinister Purpose* and the loping, melancholy *Lodi*.

Finally: Mother Earth. The album has a "Country Side" and a "City Side"; on the former, several Nashville country players, notably fiddler John Gimble, contribute substantially to the tunes' success. The group is also blessed with one of the finest (and least noticed) rock drummers around, Lonnie Castille. Rev. Ronald Stallings, who can play fine tenor, though he doesn't here, sings convincingly, especially on *Stop the Train*. (I'm unmoved by the vocals or harp work of R.P. St. John, Jr., but he writes *some* interesting lyrics.)

Yes. And then there's Tracy Nelson. With a voice meant for listening. With style, taste, control, discipline. She does six of the eleven vocals on the session, and I defy you to find a phrase that isn't exactly appropriate; you will be struck by a number of passages that are stunningly more than that, of course. *You Win Again* may be the best thing any predominantly rock band has done in a country vein; I include The Band, for whom I have no great admiration.

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DOC SEVERINSEN / BLINDFOLD TEST

Carl H. Severinsen has the singular privilege of being the most seen (and presumably therefore most heard) bandleader in the world. His audience as bandleader on NBC's *Tonight* show is estimated at anywhere from 12 to 18 million according to which night of the week you watch.

Born in Arlington, Ore., Doc studied with his father, a musician and dentist. He paid several years of early dues as a touring sideman with name bands. Associated with numerous future jazz stars in the Ted Fio Rito band in 1945 (he was then just 18), Doc played with Charlie Barnet off and on from 1947-49 and later joined Tommy Dorsey. After a couple of years with other road groups, such as the Noro Morales and Vaughn Monroe bands, he settled in New York as a staff musician.

Severinsen came to the attention of jazz-oriented viewers as a soloist in the staff band on the 1954-55 Steve Allen Show.

In 1958 he played in Billy Taylor's house combo on NBC's documentary series *The Subject Is Jazz*. Four years later he joined the *Tonight* show band, then under Skitch Henderson's baton. He took over leadership in the fall of 1967. This was his first Blindfold Test. —Leonard Feather



1. QUINCY JONES. *Killer Joe* (from *Walking in Space*, A&M). Benny Golson, composer; Quincy Jones, arranger; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Hubert Laws, flute; Ray Brown, bass.

I don't know what that is, but I've heard it before on the radio and was impressed. I like the piece; it's beautifully laid out. A great arrangement.

One of the things I liked about the solos is that they managed to play some real nice jazz without losing their discipline . . . both the trumpeter and flutist were real fine players. I like the way they used—I think it's an alto sax along with the trumpet to play the lead line.

Whoever that trumpeter is, he sounds like he's been influenced a lot by Miles Davis. It sounded to me like an excellent attempt to put jazz in a rather commercial vein. It's the sort of thing I'd enjoy listening to. However, I suppose some guy at a record company would say, 'Now if they'd just put a rock beat to that . . .'

I liked the bass player, too. That's about three stars.

2. BOB JUNG. *Sweet Dick* (from *Jung!*, Command). Conte Candoli, trumpet; Jung, alto saxophone, composer, arranger.

Those are studio players doing a jazz-rock version of a very carefully contrived song. I think the best thing they could have done was to have left the pretty bridge out and just gone with the riff thing, and let it all hang out.

The trumpet player is a good player. I think he's a little better than he showed there. It sounded like he was holding himself in so he wouldn't show too much for the commercial market. That might be one of Bobby Bryant's things. I didn't care too much for the actual sound . . . the recording . . . it didn't impress too much.

I'd give the trumpet player three stars and the record two.

3. BOBBY BRYANT. *Cristo Redentor* (from *Earth Dance*, World Pacific). Bobby Bryant, trumpet, arranger; Duke Pearson, composer.

That's a very impressive opening . . . a lot of guts. They did what they need to do on a record, got off the mark right away. But the quality of the recording didn't seem to be too good; it's not clear.

The piece and the arrangement are a

good vehicle for the trumpet solo and I thought whoever it was played it real good. I had the impression that it might be Bobby Bryant. That's about a three star job all the way around.

One further comment: it seems to me that maybe they reached their climax a little too soon, and they put the trumpet up in the high register too soon. They could have held off for one more chorus, because by the time he got up high, by the time he was really sizzling, they'd been laying on him too long.

4. DON ELLIS. *Ferris Wheel* (from *The New Don Ellis Band Goes Underground*, Columbia). Ellis, trumpet, composer, arranger; Glenn Ferris, trombone.

Yeah, that's something else! It's got to be Don Ellis. The trombone player's got some imagination. Now, that's a perfect example of the utilization of a big band in today's bag. They've forgotten all about Glenn Miller and Les Brown and all that, and they've just gone to what it should be.

There's nothing you can say about that . . . that's just great all the way. Great arrangement, beautifully recorded, great playing. That's four stars plus . . . make that five stars! That trombone player . . . came as close as you can to using a trombone vocally . . . a lot of communication.

5. LOUIS BELLSON. *The Moment of Truth* (from *Breakthrough*, Project 3). Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Bellson, drums; Bill Holman, arranger.

It's not fair for me to comment on that one. I've played the chart with Louis. I don't know how anybody can get such a happy sound out of a pair of sock cymbals as he can. His personality all through is just happy and positive and good; and anything Louis is connected with for very long is gonna sure sound neat and really good.

That trumpet was Marvin Stamm, undoubtedly; one of my favorites. When he came to New York to work in the studios, I tried to talk him out of it. I thought he was one of the few guys who could make a good living playing jazz. I personally would rather see him doing his thing in a solo capacity.

The chart is very good. The recording technique was sort of esthetic; they man-

aged to make it sound very much like a studio. I'd rather hear Louis do more. I think if he would play a tune that that would allow him and the other players a little more freedom . . . he was kind of hemmed in by the tune. Sounded like the record company wanted him to play a tune everybody would know. That rates three stars.

6. HERB ALPERT & TIJUANA BRASS. *The Brass Are Coming* (from *The Brass Are Coming*, A&M). Heitor Villa Lobos, composer.

That shows what happens when you mix John Hartford and Herb Alpert—you don't get either one. At first I thought it was going to show quite a bit of imagination, but it seemed to disintegrate into . . . it started out like it was going to be a chocolate milkshake and wound up vanilla.

But that's interesting. I've always liked John Hartford . . . I'll give the TJB two stars—for showing up! (Later: Villa Lobos . . . ? I didn't get him out of it either . . .)

7. COUNT BASIE. *Shiny Stockings* (from *Standing Ovation*, Dot). Harry Sweets Edison, trumpet; Marshall Royal, alto saxophone; Charlie Fowlkes, baritone saxophone; Harold Jones, drums; Frank Foster, composer, arranger.

There's some funny things about that record. Considering the vintage of Basie, I can't figure out that the trumpet player would have been Sweets Edison, but it sounded like him. He must have been there for a couple of days.

It started off like somebody imitating Basie, but once they got the bit in their teeth, it turned out to be Count after all. I couldn't help but think he was wishing Snooky Young was back in the band, instead of in the *Tonight* Show band. Sonny Payne was beautiful.

One way of telling whether it's Basie's band or not is when Marshall Royal starts to play that alto. They can imitate a lot of things about Basie, but when that sax section starts to play, they can't imitate that . . . Marshall and Charlie Fowlkes and those guys.

That's three-star Basie. On second thought, two stars for the first part and four stars for the last part . . . and for Sweets, four stars at all times. 

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Exterminator



VALERIE WILMER

"Jazz is alive and well and living in 'Lionel Hampton!"

Berlin Jazz Days

Philharmonie, Berlin, West Germany

Jazz festivals come in all shapes and sizes, but whichever way you cut it, there's usually something wrong somewhere. But this year's Berliner Jazz Tage (Berlin Jazz Days) was a giant of a festival. In music, presentation, acoustics and artistic scope alike it was, simply, the best festival I have ever attended.

And to crown it all, the festival ended on a wildly swinging note—or should I say, cascade after cascade of insanely swinging notes—from Lionel Hampton's vibraharp, piano and drums. It was Richard Williams, the hip young critic from the London *Melody Maker* who summed it up with a memorable quip: "Jazz is alive and well and living in Lionel Hampton!" Exhausted with clapping, laughing, stomping and just plain digging, we flopped out on the wire-cluttered stage of the Philharmonie and drank deep of the music's lifeblood. Contented smiles split every face in sight as the one and only Hampton came roaring back for what seemed like his twentieth encore, waving a magnificent bouquet and handing out flowers to the loveliest ladies.

I was so busy getting into Hamp's groove that I forgot how much his tastelessness had irritated me in London a few days earlier. Somehow his Berlin vibes were so warm you could even forgive his vocal on *Spinning Wheel* and the Herb Alpert-inspired chart for *A Taste of Honey*. Even the corny audience responses on *Hey Baba Rebob* were tolerable under the vibraharpist's spell.

Hampton's triumph came at the end of four days of tribute to Duke Ellington. Each artist had promised to dedicate a number to Duke and most did so, Stan Kenton, in particular, playing his *To Duke* solo with such feeling that he gave a new dimension to that overworked word 'sincerity'.

And for once at a festival there was plenty of sincerity in the air. There was no bull from musicians or organizers—

nor, come to think of it, from the audience. While my local observer apologized for the increasing propensity of Berliners to boo whatever fails to fit their musical picture, at least they reacted *honestly* to anything they disliked. Rather than an audience which just sits there, numb and silent, through a mundane performance.

I arrived too late to catch the first day, which had pianists Thelonious Monk, Lennie Tristano, Cecil Taylor, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Turner and Joachim Kuhn playing *Piano for Duke* under the searing television lights in the architect's dream called Philharmonie, but I gather that Taylor was boss. The festival began for me as it ended, with the vibraharp. I don't know whether it has something to do with Gary Burton's popularity, but suddenly this dainty instrument is everywhere. Expatriate Dave Pike headed a quartet that featured guitarist Volker Kreigel and managed to sound remarkably similar to Burton's mob. The long-haired, moustached and frilly-shirted Pike looks a lot different from the serious young man I caught in this same town three years ago, but he still can swing. Austrian bassist Hans Rettenbacher now doubles on 'cello and the group is completed by a strong and inventive German drummer, Peter Baumeister.

The Dave Pike Set was enjoyable and exploratory in its own way but with the Miles Davis Quintet next on the menu, it served merely as an appetizer.

I don't think Miles has rated a less than glowing review anywhere over the past year but on this night he played like a god. Gradually, as his use of notes becomes even more sparse, a new power has developed in his trumpet playing. During the course of an intense, 40-minute set, the elegant, self-possessed trumpeter channelled all his personal furies into his horn.

In spite of the surging torrent of his music, Miles appeared to hit a mellow personal groove as he stalked around the stage on tiptoe, moving like a cat on a

hot tin roof. Crimson velvet trousers, black leather waistcoat with thongs trailing on the ground when he bends his knees to blow, all set off by a brilliant orange silk scarf—these are mere trappings to a man whose physical magnetism is so intense that he could go onstage in a raggedy ankle-length raincoat and still cause a riot.

Wayne Shorter played his tail off, too, always getting to grips with the music, shaking it but never breaking it. More saxophone players should try keeping their cool the way Shorter does. He has always been one of *the* tenormen, and now he's also out-of-sight on soprano.

As for the rest of the dynamic unit, suffice it to say that without Chick Corea, Dave Holland, Jack De Johnette and their big ears, Miles would not have the freedom to tread so surely in his new, unrestricted direction.

Britain's John Surman followed, sharing the stage with two more expatriate Americans, Barre Phillips (bass) and Stu Martin (drums). I sat this one out and watched the color TV monitor instead (color being still a new thing in Europe), but from what I heard, Surman was his usual exuberant, hard-hitting self on baritone and soprano saxophones. He too is now an expatriate, incidentally, having left London for the artistically more sympathetic atmosphere of Continental Europe.

Fourth man out was Stanley Newcombe Kenton, leading his Berlin Dream Band which included several Americans, among them Carmell Jones (trumpet), Jiggs Whigham (trombone), Leo Wright (alto saxophone and flute), and Billy Brooks (drums). Noting that the house had emptied after Miles' performance, I was nevertheless unprepared for the torrent of booping that greeted Kenton's initial foray. The band played loudly through a series of familiar Kenton items including *Artistry in Rhythm* and *Intermission Riff*, and the jeering rose to a crescendo as a good third of the audience slowly disappeared.

Kenton took it fairly well, all things considered, for apparently his new charts had gone astray and he had no option but to rely on old standbys. To cries of "Get back to Disneyland", he grabbed the microphone and announced: "Well, it sure is nice to be back here in Berlin—can't think what kept me away so long." He then said that he was going to play his own Ellington tribute, *To Duke*, and strode purposefully to the piano where he proceeded to do *his* thing and to hell with the rest of you.

Ake Persson blew raucous trombone on *Peanut Vendor* and the pensive Carmell Jones had a couple of tasty spots, but the heavy-handed *Malaguena* with which Kenton closed came as a real lowspot after the supremacy of Miles and the virility of the young Europeans.

Saturday night began with a predictable set from George Wein's Newport All-Stars, with Joe Venuti the only lively performer. Bassist Larry Ridley does a fine job with this group, although it seems a rather unusual trip after his work with Horace Silver. Of the front line, though, Venuti is the only one whose music surges at you, reminding you that *this* is what jazz is all about.

Pretty ideas played over a gently swinging rhythm are fine every now and then, but jazz is about fire, guts, energy—soul. And violinist Joe Venuti, at 68 or 70 or whatever age he's claiming for himself this week, has all these qualities tucked away behind his balding head and tubby frame.

It goes without saying that the Magnificent One, Duke Ellington himself, has these qualities too. When he walked debonairly onstage to lead a desperately exhausted, travel-weary crew, no-one could have dreamed that he had the prospect of two hours sleep at the most between then and the next all-smiles, let's-go-fellers, gig.

With Ake Persson and Benny Bailey added on trombone and trumpet respectively, and Norris Turney as sixth man in the reed section, the band ran through a relatively unambitious selection that included *El Gato*, *Rockin' in Rhythm* and *Sophisticated Lady*. They did it all with the urbane ease that lets the Ellingtonians win all the games—even when they're asleep on their feet. New bassman Vic Gaskin was superb throughout in the support he gave, and on *La Plus Belle Africaine*, he really shone.

The most memorable moment of the evening, though, came after the cats had fled to their hotels to grab some sleep. Duke came back and was joined by Gaskin, drummer Rufus Jones and an enthusiastic Turney, who played some delicious flute. Then Benny Bailey, eager not to waste his chance of blowing more with Ellington, wandered back and nursed his mellow fluegelhorn through a truly emo-

tive *I Can't Get Started*.

Poor Rufus Jones, though. All the dues-paying of life on the road showed in his sorrowful face as three times he climbed down weakly from his drumseat, and three times saw his boss called back again. He shook his head in disbelief all through *C Jam Blues* until Ellington announced that he would play a new self-portrait entitled *Das Kleine Ferig (The Little Square)*. And then he wrapped it up with a moving solo piece, *Meditation*, which comes from his new sacred work. The audience gave him one standing ovation after another, and tired though he was, Duke still found time to be gracious to all and sundry at an after-concert reception in his honour hosted by the Mayor of Berlin.

The last night of the Jazz Tage had something for everyone. A Danish rock group, Burnin' Red Ivanhoe, opened the proceedings with a couple of originals before they were joined by alto saxophonist John Tchicai. Some of the musicians—trombonist Kim Menzer and alto saxophonist-organist Karsten Vogel—have worked with Tchicai in jazz contexts before; now they are doing their rock-jazz fusions thing. And, may I add, doing it a damn sight more convincingly and capably than most. With a soloist of Tchicai's stature and understanding, the fusion came across strongly and was emotionally stimulating, especially on Vogel's *Saxophone Piece*, which spotlighted Tchicai's controlled beauty.

One gets the impression that the Berlin jazz fraternity just have to find something to boo, and those who didn't give a hard

time to the electric guitars of the Danes reserved it for, of all people, Sarah Vaughan.

Miss Vaughan, who sang with the consummate artistry that is her birthright, did nothing out of place to merit the scattered booing, but there are, sadly, some people who consider themselves so hip that they have to jeer at someone who is offering nothing more than artistry at its finest, making no claims to be wildly exciting, trendy or iconoclastic. It was a pity that these tasteless, faceless ones made Miss Vaughan's stay on stage uncomfortable for both her and those who wanted to listen.

Hampton wrapped it up as only he can, and I doubt whether I've seen any other musician made so genuinely happy by the sound of applause. He was mobbed and embraced by everyone from artistic director Joachim Berendt downwards, and at that moment the spirit of living jazz illuminated every face in the vast concert hall. Jazz, indeed, is alive and well and living in Lionel Hampton.

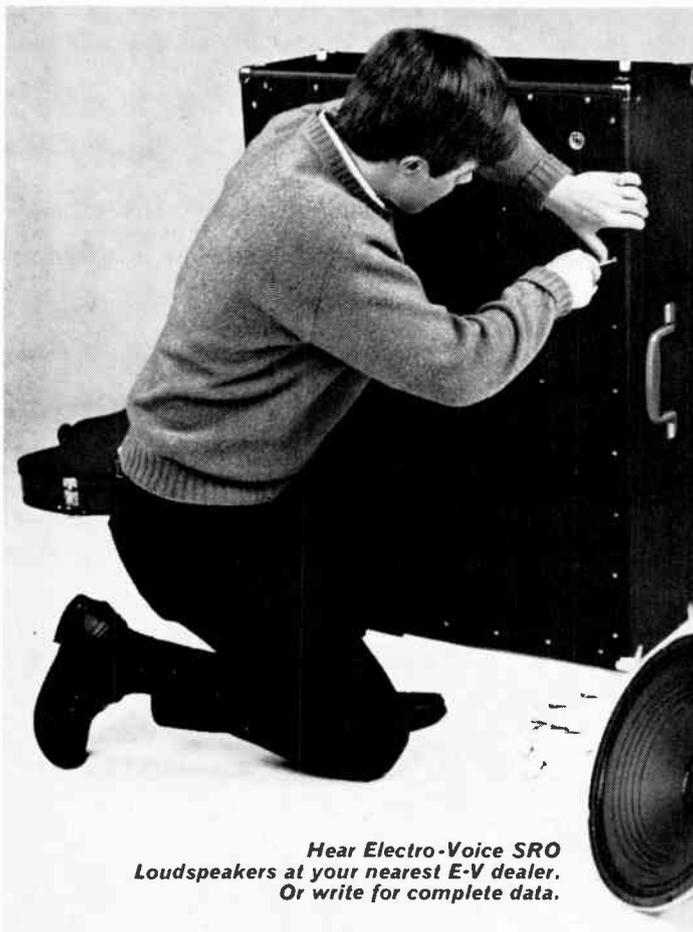
—Valerie Wilmer

Zoot Sims/The Dukes of Dixieland

Economy Hall, New Orleans

Personnel: Sims, tenor saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Chuck Badie, bass; Harold White, drums. Dukes: Frank Assunto, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Charlie Borneman, trombone; Harold Cooper, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Rudy Aikels, bass; Freddie Kohlman, drums.

The original Economy Hall was on Ursuline St., and the bands that played it included King Oliver's and Buddy Petit's. Like such other celebrated jazz empori-



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ums as Thom's Roadhouse and Funky Butt Hall, it was a place for dancing as well as listening and drinking, and the new Economy Hall in the sumptuous Royal Sonesta Hotel on Bourbon St. was opened last summer as a successor. There are problems to be overcome, including poor acoustics and a lack of promotion. But given its location, a name policy, and a hotel manager sympathetic to jazz, the room should flourish.

Sims arrived in town all but unheralded to share the stand with the house band, the Dukes. The word spread, and by the end of the engagement, Sims was filling the room. On all but the really furious up-tempo pieces each band attracted dancers without sacrificing the music. The tacit understanding seems to be that the bands will play jazz, and if you consider jazz music to dance to, well, go ahead on. But don't ask for *Tuxedo Junction*.

On the evening under consideration, Sims opened with Fats Waller's *Jitterbug Waltz*, taken at a medium-up clip and swinging relentlessly from the first phrase. His long solo was full of splendid flutters, swoops, and shouts. Frishberg evoked the stride era in a couple of opening choruses and then settled down to develop some of the rhythmic possibilities of 3/4, building and releasing tension, turning the time around, and making judicious use of space. All with a finely honed humor. Why isn't there a Frishberg trio LP?

Badie, a New Orleans bassist called in after the engagement was under way, had relaxed considerably during the run and turned in a loose, walking solo with none of the time-lag problems that plagued him earlier.

My Old Flame had the dance floor packed. The hallmark of Sims' ballad style is a remarkably unsentimental romanticism. Warmth with detachment and humor. Passion without bathos. Lyricism and an artless swing arising from total confidence and relaxation. Frishberg was a listening accompanist, responding to Sims' ideas as well as supplying the appropriate harmonic propulsion.

Watch What Happens, done as a bossa nova, coaxed one middle-aged couple—big blond people—onto the floor. The rhythm was strange to them, but they were determined to find a step to fit it, and they went through changes. Sims had one half-opened eye on them. They tried a new combination. Nothing. Sims went into his second chorus. They discarded their conventional steps, let go of one another and started experimenting with variations on the fox trot. Sims leaned into the solo, and they hit upon what looked like a Mexican hat dance without a hat. The audience applauded. Sims returned to his three more choruses. The piece ended, and Sims honored his celebrators with a half bow. Lovely moment.

The rhythm section hit a perfect groove on *Red Door*, and Sims poured out chorus after chorus of stomping jazz. He used a favorite device, repetition of a phrase, capped by the slightest hesitation, and then a plunge back into the solo. Furious improvisation and no discernible clichés. Frishberg, who moves on the bench like a dancer, worked his variations on *San* into a vigorous solo, his right hand making

lightning raids on the upper register. Sims and White exchanged choruses, the drummer nearly matching Sims' energy.

Willow Weep for Me brought out more of Sims' ballad magic. And the dancers. *Pernod 806* was a 16-bar piece harmonically like *Doxy* and *Hurry on Down* and taken way, way up. Badie had time problems, but Sims didn't seem to notice. He roared through the familiar changes, his tone taking on a darker quality, the music intensifying with each chorus until the point where he ended his solo several minutes later. The effect was like the release of a head of steam.

It Had to Be You incorporated an easy kind of swing, a Basie kind of swing, and Sims was closer to Lester Young than he had been all night. Frishberg employed tremolo to amusing effect. The set closed with Al Cohn's *Zoot Case*, a loping blues line from the early '50s that Sims uses as his closing theme.

The warmth of the audience toward Sims was impressive, as was his toward them.

The Dukes of Dixieland can be classified as a Dixieland band because of repertoire and reputation rather than style. Leader Assunto's phrasing and tone are closer to Fats Navarro than to Bunk Johnson. He is our leading Dixiebob trumpet player. When Kohlman and Assunto trade fours on *Sweet Georgia Brown*, it sounds more like New York in 1947 than New Orleans in 1925 or the '40s revival.

Bassist Aikels is greatly responsible for the contemporary sound of the band. His choice of notes in the ensembles reflects his thorough schooling and his experience with modern groups, and he's a melodically inventive soloist.

On Waller's *Keepin' out of Mischief* Now, Assunto set the reflective mood in an opening out-of-tempo chorus, unaccompanied, followed by an ensemble exercise in dynamics and then a lacy Waller-esque solo by Ewell.

Cooper, a small, quiet, man, does the difficult clarinet things easily. His rideout with Assunto had the intensity of a Sidney Bechet-Tommy Ladnier duet. On *Saints* (which doesn't have to be a drag), Cooper went up into the superfalsetto range of the clarinet, impeccably in tune, and played

a lot of phrases that would seem corny if they weren't so flawlessly rendered. He was poking fun at the *Saints*, but what could have been contemptible was transformed into genuine humor. The Maynard Ferguson of the clarinet. Sims correctly pegged Cooper as "a bitch."

Assunto played fluegelhorn on Lennon and McCartney's *Here, There, and Everywhere* with concern for the considerable melodic values of the piece. In the second chorus he offered slight embellishments, with an attractive vibrato. Over six weeks, I've heard him play the tune perhaps a dozen times; it's never the same twice, and it's always lovely. Assunto's work takes on softer outlines when he's playing fluegelhorn. Unlike many of the players who pick up the bigger horn, he uses it to express a different emotional range of his music—and not only on ballads.

Royal Garden Blues gave Ewell an opportunity to stride, which he does with a soft touch and great authority. *Man Here Plays Fine Piano*, one of his albums declared years ago, and nothing has changed. Assunto's choruses were reminiscent of the lyricism of Kenny Dorham, and Aikel walked the band into a driving ensemble close.

Borneman's trombone was blowsy in the Kid Ory tradition on pieces like *Bourbon Street Parade*, but his solo in *Georgia on My Mind* was understated and tasty. Assunto sang . . . well . . . and played a lovely fluegelhorn solo. Ewell had a masterly chorus on *Georgia*, creating a melody the rival of the original. The audience didn't applaud, but Assunto did.

On *Bill Bailey*, Ewell quoted *Singing in the Rain*, and Assunto wrapped up the piece with ringing phrases out of Louis Armstrong.

Kohlman's drum feature was *Sleep*, and the long solo had continuity and thematic development. He made good use of his time in the spotlight, but Kohlman was most impressive behind the band, driving the ensembles and booting the soloists along. His time is impeccable, and the success of this latest edition of the Dukes is due in great measure to Kohlman, one of the most inspirational drummers New Orleans has produced.



Frank Assunto: Our leading Dixiebob trumpet player

But Assunto is the leader and guiding force of the band, an excellent player, a good singer, a witty emcee, and, with his modish new wardrobe and hair style, an imposing stage presence. Assunto has weathered the difficult period following the death of his brother Fred and the end of the Dukers as a family enterprise and built one of the finest small bands in jazz, categories aside.

—Doug Ramsey

The Who/Chuck Berry

Royal Albert Hall, London, England.

With so many British rock groups striving for a kind of superficial blackness on the one hand or a tinge of the mysterious Underground on the other, it raises more than a glimmer of patriotism in my heart when I behold the Who. With a couple of notable exceptions the others fail to sound either black or into their own thing, but the Who's music, stage presentation and attitudes have remained staunchly and unaffectedly native throughout their heroic career.

When they closed the final Saturday of a week of Pop Proms at the Royal Albert Hall, the four tearaway lads from Shepherds Bush, West London shared top billing with Chuck Berry, the first hero of all the British rock merchants. In spite of their usual considerable display of showmanship which includes Pete Townshend's athletic leaps in the air, Roger Daltrey whirling the handmike around his head, and Keith Moon's camp conducting and grimacing in the drumseat, they still come over without an ounce of pretension. There's no messing about where the Who are concerned—they just walk on stage, plug in and get on with it.

Announcing Eddie Cochran's *Summertime Blues* ("My favorite piece of rock 'n' roll"), Townshend commented: "This is American music played in an English manner." And so it was. The blues was dressed up in rock 'n' roll suiting but the tailoring was unmistakably British.

The thing I like about the Who is that theirs is an entirely honest performance. Sure, it's bitty and scrappy and the numbers you know from the records don't really sound quite the same, but you know that what you're hearing is all them; there's nothing phoney about it. For all his flamboyant buckskin suit, brazenly bared chest and dangling crucifix, Daltrey sings with a cockney accent that betrays, or rather, reflects his own streetgang origins, and likewise, Townshend's hip arrangements are the obvious product of a schooled musician. (His father, incidentally, was a famous saxophone soloist with the post-war Squadronaires dance band). John Entwistle, too, plays tough, well-constructed basslines that pulsate in the effortless way that only a sturdy musician can accomplish.

Moon is, in some ways, the weak link. Sadly, the group is much, much too loud so that you can't really hear all you would like to hear, but then his drumming, albeit heavy-handed, is still exciting in the rock idiom. And every now and then some of Townshend's essentially musicianly approach to rock comes filtering through the barrage of sound.

Where most of the other non-Underground groups just get on stage and bash out the requisite two or three chords and mandatory drum figures, the Who always seem to look for a musical solution. If it doesn't always work for them, that's because they are musicians of the hit-and-miss variety and though the schooling of Entwistle and Townshend is in evidence, they are nevertheless pop people by choice and thus their artistry is unconscious.

Except, that is when their music is presented in the form of an extended work like Townshend's rock-opera, *Tommy*. Townshend's skills as a composer and the originality that has been notable from *My Generation* to *Magic Bus* is totally exposed in *Tommy*, several selections from which were played at the concert. His writing stands up well to exposure, unlike the work of the majority of five-day wonders of pop writing, and movements like the opening *It's a Boy* and their single release, *Pinball Wizard*, are sturdy individual compositions.

As an instrumentalist, Townshend was one of the first, if not *the* first to introduce feedback into his solos—a technique which has since been claimed by Jeff Beck—and he still plays some very heavy, blues-flavored guitar. In particular, he excelled himself with an insidious wickedness on an oddly slow-paced *Shakin' All Over*.

Fortunately the Who have given up the destruction ritual which would in the past have had Townshend battering his guitar wilfully into an amplifier for the finale. Instead they gave us a fine extended version of *Magic Bus*, complete with free improvisation from the arms-whirling-like-a-windmill Townshend and Moon's cheery tornado. That the Who have never achieved the highest recognition in rock nor the dubious status of an Underground group is evidence of their uncategorisability, but in my book they are second only to the Beatles when it comes to originality. They have their bad days, but at this particular concert they were not far from their best.

Chuck Berry, on the other hand, is always at his best. How anyone can continue to sing the same old songs for nearly 15 years is beyond me, yet whenever he leaps into *Sweet Little Sixteen* or *Memphis, Tennessee*, it's like rock 'n' roll is here again, and new. Berry's repertoire and flashy guitar-playing are as old as his processed hair, his fake green brocade jacket and his white pointed-toe shoes, but they've worn well.

"My name is Chuck—just Chuck," he said gently when he came on stage. "I come to play for you—that's all." The audience let him. They took him into their hearts and let him drift through *Reelin' and Rockin'*, through *Nadine* and *Roll Over Beethoven*, through *Maybelline* and *Johnny B. Goode*. On the latter he zoomed from key to key and demonstrated what competent rock guitar is all about; then suddenly he walked to the back of the stage, leaned his guitar on top of an amplifier, waved at the friendly people—and then he was gone. All too soon the daddy of rock 'n' roll left his children, but the warmth remained as we spilled out into the streets.

—Valerie Wilmer



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Kenny Drew: Shimmering layers

GIUSEPPE PINO

Kenny Drew—Jimmy Heath

Club Montmartre, Copenhagen, Denmark

Personnel: Heath, soprano and tenor saxophones; Drew, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Mkaya Ntshoko, drums.

One of Europe's most renowned and long-established Jazz Clubs, the Montmartre in Copenhagen certainly owes part of its consistent success to the free and easy atmosphere, unpretentious and relaxing decor, and unpretentious and relaxing prices.

But even more, its popularity is undoubtedly due to the prodigious talents of Kenny Drew and Niels-Henning Orsted-Pedersen, respectively the club's resident pianist and bassist.

Drew, never really given credit as a front-rank pianist before he settled in Europe (and still less heard or thought of since) is compulsory listening for all those people who believe that once a jazz musician leaves New York to settle in Europe he can be struck off the list of people who have any major contribution to make to the ever-evolving jazz repertoire.

Let me declare here and now that Kenny Drew is playing one hell of a lot of piano, advancing the neglected but never lost cause of such illustrious stylists as Bud Powell and Red Garland, and also

producing a great deal of captivating originality which is true Drew.

He is really a mighty man on his instrument (which, he declares with a mixture of incredulity and contentment, is tuned three times a week—are you listening there in New York?) and excellent proof of this claim was the enraptured smile on the face of guest soloist Jimmy Heath during Drew's solos.

Kenny Drew builds his choruses like a demented architect, running up a gothic elevation and richly embellishing it, then tearing it down to replace it with a spare, gaunt modern structure.

Perhaps, in a sense, Drew tells it the way it used to be before the piano became swamped in major sevenths and for that alone he deserves a medal from the Bud Powell Piano Style Preservation Society.

But though he has extended, logically, the Powell approach, he still has so many things which are entirely his own, as he demonstrated in his solo on *Invitation* when he built up shimmering layers of cascading notes in one particularly inspired passage.

All this is not to underplay the role of tenorist Heath whose saw-edged tone and straight-ahead swinging approach perfectly

complemented the work of Drew.

He showed his confident command of the instrument in the opening bars of *On the Trail* and never put a finger wrong throughout the remainder of the set.

Autumn Leaves, taken at a brisk tempo, was undoubtedly the highlight of the set with Heath on soprano confidently exploring the intriguing chordal variations originally pioneered by Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons.

When Drew soloed, he took the tune into waltz-time for the first chorus and then burst into a hard swinging 4/4 with percussive and surging exuberance.

Heath stayed on soprano for *Invitation*, which had a superb solo by Orsted-Pedersen and the set concluded with Heath's own intriguing *Gingerbread Boy*, which had rousing solos from each man, with Heath giving a memorable lesson in playing the blues.

Both as soloist and accompanist, Orsted-Pedersen was outstanding throughout—a master in every department of bass playing. South African drummer Mkaya Ntshoko provided a compulsive and unremitting swing to the whole proceedings.

An unforgettable set, this session at the Montmartre, had it been recorded, could have provided irrefutable counter-evidence to the claim that jazz is dying on its feet. In Copenhagen's Montmartre, at least, jazz is very much alive and swinging. And we in Europe have to thank the fates for giving jazz this side of the Atlantic its Drew.

—Mike Hennessey

Lawrence Lucie/Eddie Durham

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Lucie, guitar; Durham, guitars, trombone; Kelly Owens, piano; Albert Winston, Fender bass; Sticks Evans, drums; Susan King, vocal, guitar.

This interesting concert, organized by Frank Driggs, was not heard by so many people as it should have been, perhaps because it coincided with the opening round of the debate between Mets and Orioles. It presented, notably, two musicians who came into prominence during the swing era and have been heard too seldom since.

Lucie, as the program stated, "has been one of the city's top rhythm guitarists since he first joined Benny Carter's Club Harlem Orchestra" in 1934. Subsequently, he was heard with Fletcher Henderson, Lucky Millinder, Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong and Mills' Blue Rhythm Band. For the last two decades, he has led his own group from time to time, although much of his livelihood has been gained as an accompanist in the rock recording factories. As Leonard Feather wrote in his first *Encyclopedia*, Lucie has been "inexcusably neglected by critics and historians."

Because Durham is a musician of unusually varied gifts, it seems ridiculous that he should have become something of a myth in his own lifetime. His rich talent ought to have ensured continued appearances before the public. Besides collaborating on many of the greatest Basie classics, like *Sent for You Yesterday*, *Swinging the Blues* and *Topsy*, he was responsible for such numbers as *Wham*, *Glen Island Special*, and *I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire*. One of the first to play electric guitar, and reputedly instru-

mental in teaching Charlie Christian, he is also a startling trombonist.

It was soon evident on the opener, *Satin Doll*, that the group would have benefited from more rehearsal, but attractive ideas began to emerge in Lucie's single-string solos, and in the ensemble, where Durham used baritone guitar for rumbling chords and riffs that suggested nothing so much as a trombone section.

Lucie's wife, Susan King, who used to record as Nora Lee King for Decca and other labels, then came out and sang three numbers that included *Ode to Billy Joe* and Buddy Johnson's *Since I Fell for You*. Durham's trombone was featured next on *Moonlight in Vermont*. He used a plunger in the first chorus, straight mute and plunger in the second. Two influences were audible: Tricky Sam Nanton's in the upper-register keening, and Snub Mosley's in the explosive jumps and audacious use of the slide. A resemblance to Mosley's approach was equally noticeable when he played open on *Perdido*, the first chorus of which was highlighted by his tolling guitar chords. It was on *Topsy*, however, that his rhythmic relationship to Christian was most evident, although he consistently delights in low, jungly sounds of a kind that are quite unique. After intermission, he was showcased on guitar again in an up-tempo blues, where he took off with complete authority in a series of churning improvisations.

Owens, Winston and Evans were each given generous solo opportunities, and the singer returned for affectionate versions of *God Bless the Child*, *I'm Still in Love with You* and *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*, but Lucie meanwhile scarcely featured himself enough. Everything he played was impressive in its technical assurance, beauty of tone, and rhythmic definition. He improvised easily, and filled in quickly and calmly when the others were momentarily at a loss.

Since these Saturday afternoon programs are designed to attract young people, there were several references to rock patterns, as on *The Creep*. Although heavy drumming is *de rigueur* in these, Evans was often too loud behind Lucie. That this resulted from an inability to calculate how strongly the amplified guitar sound projected into the hall was indicated by the fact that his accompaniment to the piano solos left little to be desired. This is perhaps the explanation of the elephantine beat that emanates from most drummers in the teen groups. And even with musicians so experienced as Lucie, Durham and Winston, the "ensemble" sound of their three amplified instruments was often decidedly muddy. Ears may choose to recognize this sound as "contemporary," but it is hard to justify on purely musical grounds.

With his wife also playing guitar behind him, Lucie finally came into his own on a splendid interpretation of *After Hours*, where he brought out all the durably moving qualities of Avery Parrish's masterpiece. The group by this time was beginning to feel comfortable within itself and to relax. In fact, the potential demonstrated in the last few numbers was such that further appearances should be mandatory. —Stanley Dance

ACTUEL

(Continued from page 17)

on the ground 12 hours a night. The scheduling of the groups was strictly impromptu, too. One night you had three jazz groups in a row, and the following night you could wait from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. for the first jazz group to appear. This lack of formal structuring was annoying to musicians and audience alike. The haphazard manner in which such groups as Dave Burrell's and Archie Shepp's were thrown on, well after 5 a.m., to a benumbed audience was highly unprofessional. No matter what reasons are offered for these follies (and the French can be very ingenious in their reasoning) the lack of attention to these most rudimentary of details cannot be excused under any circumstances.

Not considering the artists' basic physical needs for giving his best performance is not only anti-art, it is anti-human. And it is contemptuous. Serious artists deserve better. British saxophonist John Surman told me that when he was finally advised he would be going on it was nearly 8 in the morning (he had arrived to play some 10 hours earlier). By then, he and his group were so cold and tired, he said, that he couldn't tell me what he had played if his life depended on it. I hadn't the stamina to stay on after Dave Burrell's group had played its set (it was then nearly 6 a.m.) and regretfully missed Surman. When, on the next night I dragged myself back to the tent despite a fever, I was casually informed that "there might

not be any jazz tonight." It seems there were too many rock groups that had not yet been presented, and, this being the last night of the Festival, it was of some importance to get them on. I waited two hours to see if any definite program schedule would emerge but it was the old "wait and see" routine again, and I had to split shortly after midnight. The next day, I was told that the jazz groups of Chris MacGregor, Robin Kenyatta and Steve Lacy *did* go on after all, starting around 4 a.m. To them, to John Surman, and to the rock groups I missed, apologies, but it was inevitable under the circumstances.

The fact that there was no violence, no incidents, and no observable general use of drugs certainly should ease the minds of the concerned French authorities. The spectacle of thousands of kids trudging through the fields of Belgium in the late October dawn, happily fatigued after listening all night to their music, couldn't elicit fear from anyone.

Despite the non-ideal conditions under which it was held (to be completely fair, many of them not the Festival's fault) the positive fact remains that the Festival happened, that it reached a huge audience in spite of everything, and that it provided an opportunity for everyone to get together, socially and musically, to exchange thoughts, to listen to new music, and to learn. It was a strong beginning. It was musically fertile. It was the first festival to successfully combine several types of the most contemporary music under one banner. It should happen again, and next time on French soil. 

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

For five days recently, activity at the busy Boston beehive known as the Berklee School of Music was intensified by the presence of a six-man crew from the United States Information Agency's Motion Picture and Television Service, supervised by producer Fred Stein.

Some 10,000 feet of film in synchronous

Titled *Jazz School*, the Berklee documentary is one facet in a composite concerning life in the U.S. "In essence," says producer Stein, "it is designed as a TV series—almost like putting a mosaic together." Stein, who became aware of Berklee five years ago, visited the school in September with a writer to research the project. The filming ranged from atmospheric shots of the surrounding area to actual classroom activity.

Included are scenes of students discussing jazz and Berklee in the cafeteria; Charlie Mariano leading a group of for-



Herb Pomeroy rehearsing Berklee recording band

sound were shot for a 15-minute documentary designed for a series to be shown in Greece and the Near and Mid-East. The first version is in English. Then tracks are made in Greek, Turkish, Parsi, and Arabic. (India does its own dubbing.) The series is likely to be released this spring, and may be selected for showing in Europe after that.

eign students; Herb Pomeroy rehearsing the school's number one big band, and Lennie Johnson conducting a class in improvisation.

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FRANKS DRUM SHOP in Chicago has been the site of many a great drum clinic (such heavyweights as Buddy Rich and Joe Morello have been on hand) but the young students and old pros who packed the premises when Ed Shaughnessy came to town recently were nearly unanimous in agreeing that he had done the best job they'd ever witnessed. For nearly three hours, the versatile, richly experienced drummer demon-



strated, explained, joked, elucidated and *communicated*, always emphasizing musical values. He was plainly not there to show off his prodigious technique but to teach and enlighten. As an extra bonus, Shaughnessy gave a brief, lucid lecture-demonstration of Indian tabla drumming (which he has been studying for the past several years). All told, his was a masterly demonstration of the happy fact that teaching does not have to be dull, academic and didactic.

Campus Ad Lib: Add this festival to the 1970 calendar: Mundelein, Ill. Fifth Annual Mundelein Stage Band Festival, to be held March 21 at the local high school, sponsored by Karnes Music Co. For applications, contact George Bieber at the school. Some 30 bands and combos on junior and senior high school level. Clinicians-judges include Warren Kime and Warren Covington. Awards/prizes include scholarships to the Summer Jazz Clinics. Evening concert admission price: \$1 . . . Ed Shaughnessy and Ernie Wilkins have been added to the judges panel for the Third Annual Quinnipiac College Jazz Festival at Hamden, Conn. April 17-19 . . . Berklee Press Publications is releasing a new series of "now music" arrangements for high school use, scored for two trumpets, one tenor sax, one trombone, three guitars (lead, rhythm, bass), drums, and one vocalist. The arrangements are by students enrolled in the school's contemporary music courses . . . Bill Leavitt, head guitar instructor at Berklee has finished his new method book for beginning guitar students (class or individual instruction), *Guitar: Phase 1*. Leavitt's approach can be easily used by a general music teacher for youngsters in grades 4 through 12 . . . The staff of the Washington (D.C.) International Arts Letter have

compiled a list of 1300 *Grants and Aid to Individuals in the Arts*, available for \$8.95 . . . A Jazz Clinic-Festival has been scheduled at Illinois State University on April 4. Participating public school stage bands will receive a professional critique from a nationally known clinician to be announced. Interested schools should submit a tape to Ken Kistner, Director of Jazz Bands, Illinois State University, Normal, Ill. 61761 . . . The jazz program at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Tex., under the direction of Paul Guerrero, now carries a one-hour course credit for stage bands within the music department curriculum. Next semester, courses will be added in stage band arranging and rock/jazz improvisation. In September, Jack Peterson, former guitar instructor and arranger at Berklee, will join the S.M.U. faculty. (One of Peterson's rock/jazz charts will be published in a future issue of *down beat*.) . . . David Baker of Indiana University plans to finish his new book, *Arranging and Composing for the Small Ensemble*, by the end of May. *down beat* Music Workshop Publications have it scheduled for fall release. Baker will play a significant role in the seminars on Black Music at the big Music Educators National Conference in Chicago March 6-10.

SHAW

(Continued from page 12)

New York City. These days, things are abuzz as Shaw prepares to make his mark on Broadway—not at the Roseland, thank you, but in the legitimate theater.

Word came from Shaw last summer that he intended to produce a musical version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Through last August and September, he divided his time between lengthy auditions and scripting sessions with Hugh Wheeler, who will receive credit for the adaptation even though Shaw worked closely with him. Musical numbers, which will include several soliloquy sequences, will be by Carolyn Leigh and Lee Pockriss. With a budget of \$600,000, plus 20 per cent more standing by just in case, Shaw is in this for keeps. He's hoping for a March or April opening.

"I saw it as a musical project," he said, "because so much of the language in the novel is very poetic and could not be captured on stage in the prose of dialog. We hope to capture in music what we would not be able to convey as prose. I conceived of this more than two years ago, and it's taken this long just to get the legalities squared away, among other things."

Now that Shaw is part of the theater scene he, as a producer, must face the insurgency of the new freedoms being established in shows like *Hair* and *Oh, Calcutta!* But his attitude toward nudity on the stage is not unlike his feelings toward the big bands.

"I have no interest in that stuff," he said. "What the hell, I've seen my own body, and once you've seen one, you've seen them all."

He was attracted to Broadway because he came to feel that the film business, which has been Artixo's stock and trade until now, has become too computerized.

"Broadway has enthusiasm," he said. "It has people who care, who feel deeply, who are willing to risk a year or more of their lives on something in which they believe."

His interest in *Gatsby* is a result of his celebrated interest in reading, which he still pursues as diligently as ever. To him it's a way of sharing another man's experience, a way of getting a vicarious look at things he would never have time to cram into his own life.

"I just finished Teddy White's third *Making of the President*," he said, "from which I learned great amounts. White's outstanding gift as a writer is to dramatize something we all know about and put the reader in the thick of great events. It's a wonderful way to view history."

The author of two books—an autobiography and a collection of novellas—Shaw continues to write when he get time in Connecticut. "I've been working on something, but it's a long haul," he said. "Writing's a way of life. I can't get into that groove of up at 7, at my desk at 8, and write all day. No time. If I start something and get interrupted, it just doesn't get done."

The post-clarinet Artie Shaw is alive and well and active in his constant flight from his archenemy—1938.

SPIRIT OF 78

(Continued from page 18)

Speed: $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches per second. We found $7\frac{1}{2}$ captures too much noise, and $1\frac{7}{8}$ doesn't catch all of the musical signal.

Fidelity: Like-new 78s are generally better sources for taping than LPs bearing reissues, surprisingly, and their volume level is more predictable. And the 78 usually sounds better on tape than it did as a disc. Surface noise? Of course. But it is, remember, music to listen to from the other room.

We found that neither the moderate noise level nor the tremendous labor (juggling 78, 45, LP and tape inputs, sorting and breaking 78s, annotating) has dampened our enthusiasm.

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The answer: a specialized discography-index covering all volumes. On the Raeburn page, across from *Blue Prelude* and the notation of Johnny Bothwell as soloist, is an alphanumeric formula that reads, "9B-134-3".

It is the Perry Code. With crystalline clarity, it tells you that Boyd Raeburn's *Blue Prelude* is in Volume 9, on "side" B (the reverse-direction "side"), is located in the five-record set that begins at the 134 mark on the counter, and is the third tune in that set.

Besides the Code, whose simplicity makes a Dewey Decimal System listing look like Rube Goldberg's address, there is ample room for a wee bit of fetishism (leader and label tape of color combinations that vary with each volume) and for small statistics fixations (most-recorded song: *Body and Soul*, 18; most-recorded leader: Goodman, then Herman; most solos, trumpet: Gillespie, edging James and Eldridge).

Which brings us to the small dangers of the hobby.

Make sure you are the master of your Mission 78. From a complacent Jekyll loved by the family dog and picnic-ground rangers, it is a shockingly quick trip to the insatiable Hyde roaming America's back streets, stalking 78 dealers with unlisted numbers and little thrift-shop sales-ladies.

Side Effects? Few. The athlete's foot definitely will leave me, and I am told the lungs eventually do expell 78 dust.

The speech problem has been peskier. The day it happened, I had no excuse.

There had been warnings. The previous evening, when I ordered "Curry in a Hurry—Charlie Shavers/Keynote," everyone (even I) thought it a cute little joke. But when the waiter brought it, I laughed "Take It on Back—Cozy Cole/Continental."

That should have been the tip-off. Next day, in that fateful meeting, they asked me for the report. My mind was prepared to say, "I have a page-full of projects." My mouth muttered "I've Got a

Pocketful of Dreams—Ted Nash/Keynote."

Silence cloaked the room. The vice president stared.

"What's this? Double talk?"

"John Kirby/Victor!" I said heatedly, rising.

Gregg grabbed my shoulder. "Take it slow. I'm here," he whispered.

I jerked toward him; my eyes rolled. "Shep Fields' all-reed band/Bluebird on that first one," I giggled loudly, "and the second one, that's Goodman/Columbia."

They held my thrashing arms and the vice president gazed down at me. "Wow," he breathed.

I freed an arm and shook it at him. "Lennie Tristano/Capitol!" Then I screamed "Let Me Up—Harry James/Columbia!" They bundled me into an elevator, where the frightened girl saw me and said faintly, "H-half step down, please." I lunged for her and got out "Coleman Hawkins/Vic—" before they stuffed the handkerchief in my mouth.

That's all over now. We continue to find and tape 78-era recordings, but at a less frantic pace. We know we'll ultimately get them all.

The speech hangup? Under control. It's like any hangup. You get your rest, keep your mind loose, and simply decide that once and for all you're going to *Kick It* (Gene Krupa/Columbia). 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

bass; and Tootie Heath, drums . . . Chico Hamilton's group played at Club Baron opposite singer Esther Marrow. With the drummer were Bill Campbell, Jimmy Cheatham, trombones; Steve Potts, alto saxophone; Russ Andrews, tenor saxophone; and Mickey Bass, bass. Also on the bill was a trio of Kenny Barron, electric piano; Bill Solters, bass; and Lenny White, drums . . . Duke Pearson's big band subbed for Clark Terry on a Monday night at the Baron, then did two Mondays for Thad Jones-Mel Lewis at the Vanguard when that band was in Europe, and finally played its gig for the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore . . . The Charles Byrd New Jazz Troupe, a 17-piece band under the direction of tenor saxophonist-arranger Byrd, played a series of Monday nights at Cafe La Mama on East 4th St. Personnel included Manny Duran, Eddie Preston, Mike Brunetti, Stu Wagner, trumpets; Bill Campbell, John Mosca, Lynn Welshman, Wes Norris, trombones; Pete Yellin, Charlie Williams, alto saxophones; John Scott, Terry Eaton, tenor saxophones; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone; Peter Mendelsohn, piano; Harvey Sarch, guitar; Don Perkins, bass; and Bruce Dittmas, drums . . . Ray McKinley, who opened with his orchestra at the Riverboat Dec. 8, will be on hand there until Jan. 17 . . . Trumpeter Jonah Jones' Quintet and Irish thrush Carmel Quinn were the holiday attraction at the Rainbow Grill . . . Singer Felicia Sanders, held over at the Downstairs at the Upstairs, finished up on Jan. 3 . . . Drummer Michael Sheppard's trio did a concert for MUSE in December . . . Vibist Teddy Charles, long absent from

the music scene, led his revived New Directions quartet at La Boheme in November and December.

Los Angeles Jazz may have gotten a much needed booster shot from a most unexpected source: James Brown. At a recent Hollywood recording session, Brown recorded an all-jazz album, backed by Louis Bellson and his band, conducted by Oliver Nelson, who also penned all the charts. According to Brown, it's the fulfillment of a life-long ambition. Brown, like the Beatles, is a trend-setter . . . Another trend-setter, Ray Charles, terminated his association with ABC Records after a mutually profitable eleven years. Just who will distribute his own Tangerine label is uncertain at this writing, but immediately after Ray and ABC parted company, the contractual scent was picked up by four labels . . . A different type of scent can be picked up in Hollywood these days: Della Reese and Carmen McRae just opened a boutique called Cardella's. How much time they can devote to it is problematical: Miss Reese's syndicated TV show was renewed for another 26 weeks, and Carmen recently returned from a South Pacific and Far East tour . . . The It Club, recently reopened and enlarged, featured King Pleasure for two weeks, followed by Chuck Rowen. Organist Dave Holden fronts the house trio (Freddy Robinson, guitar; Eddie Williams, drums). On the bill with Pleasure was jazz violinist Don Harris, who caused a sensation singing as he fiddled—something like Slam Stewart with a miniature bass . . . After five months of taking care of business, Lorez Alexandria closed at the Pied Piper. She was followed by Esther Philips. Same back up group: Ike Isaacs Trio, with Jack Wilson, piano, and Donald Bailey, drums. Karen Hernandez still has her trio there on Sunday afternoon and Tuesday nights. Lorez also took care of business at Chino (home of one of California's prisons for men) when a friend set up a concert for one of his buddies confined there, as a Christmas gift. The singer also did a concert for the students at Los Angeles High School . . . Peggy Lee, backed by Les Brown and his band, entertained at the Beverly Hilton for the benefit of heart research at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. From the day after Christmas through New Year's Eve, Miss Lee and Bill Cosby shared the stage at the Pavilion at Los Angeles' Music Center . . . The Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band did 10 days at the Marco Polo, in Vancouver, British Columbia . . . Willie Bobo played Memory Lane for two weeks, alternating with Harry Sweets Edison . . . B. B. King was due to open at the Whisky A Go Go Jan. 19, following a gig at San Francisco's Fillmore West . . . Les McCann brought his new trio into Shelly's Manne-Hole for two weeks. His new bassist is Jimmy Rowser; his fairly new drummer is Donald Dean. Changes also in Shelly's group, which alternated on weekends. Pete Robinson has taken over Mike Wofford's piano bench; and Junie Booth has replaced John Heard on bass. The front line is still Gary Barone, trum-

pet and fluegelhorn, and John Gross, tenor sax. Wofford is now about totally involved in studio work. Following McCann into the Manne-Hole were Gary Burton, The Advancement, Willie Bobo and the Jazz Crusaders, for two weeks apiece. The Crusaders, incidentally, played the Lighthouse, at Hermosa Beach, after spreading out in various personal directions for four months. The Lighthouse is now considered their home base. The only outsider (the nucleus consists of Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor sax; Joe Sample, piano; and Stix Hooper, drums) was Andy Simpkins, on bass. Howard Rumsey has installed a new sound system in the club. He had Gabor Szabo for one month, which is a rare length for a gig these days. It's coming up again shortly, however. Hugh Masekela followed for two weeks; Young-Holt for three; Cal Tjader for two; then Mongo Santamaria for one month, to be followed by Les McCann for two weeks. The club will close Sundays until Memorial Day . . . Ramsey Lewis contributed to three weeks of good business at the Hong Kong Bar. Jimmy Smith followed . . . Don Shirley made one of his rare West Coast appearances, playing a one-nighter at the Inner City Cultural Center with actress Beah Richards, who did readings of black poetry. Shirley fronted Mary Anna, cello, and Dennis Trembley, bass.

Chicago: Famous Chicago bluesmen gathered at the Club 1815 to give a benefit for Magie Sam's widow . . . After a five-year absence, Lee Konitz returned to his native Chicago to give three concerts—two for University in Exile and one for the Jazz Institute. Accompanying the saxophonist were bassist Jim Atlas and drummer Wilbur Campbell. Jimmy Fast Fingers Dawkins' blues band was also on the Jazz Institute bill . . . Buddy Rich played two recent one-nighters at the Plugged Nickel. Josh White Jr. performed at the club over the holidays . . . Judy Roberts' trio headlined at the London House before Dizzy Gillespie opened Dec. 23 for a three-week stand . . . Eddie Higgins is playing two nights a week at Maxim's . . . Former down beat editor Don DeMicheal switched from his customary drums to vibes at a dinner dance at the Ambassador West. With leader DeMicheal were Bobby Lewis, trumpet; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Joe Daley, reeds; Ken Sweet, piano; Truck Parham, bass, and Bob Cousins, drums . . . The Hall Brothers band's visit to Sloppy Joe's marked the public debut of present down beat editor Dan Morgenstern on hot comb. Trombonist Jim Beebe traded fours with Morgenstern on *Texas Moaner Blues*, and Salty Dogs leader Lew Green gave him a four-star rating for his performance . . . Trumpeter Gene Shaw's group, featuring guitarist Jim Mullerheim and drummer Tom Kronquist, is appearing weekends at the Wise Fools, a new pub run by Buck Walmsley, former jazz writer for the *Chicago Daily News* . . . Pianist Larry Luchowski and his trio (Ken Verden, bass; Skip Boesen, drums) are bringing jazz to the northern suburbs at Evanston's Mark III . . . Soul Junction, which opened

in mid-1969, was slated to close at year's end.

New Orleans: The Bistro and the Fountainebleau, two well-known clubs at Tulane and Carrollton Avenue, changed groups recently. Pianist Ronnie Dupont's jazz-based combo will be replaced at the Bistro by various show groups brought in from Las Vegas and Miami. At the Fountainebleau, pianist Frank Sparcello's trio was replaced by a new group led by pianist Bert Peck. Clarinetist Tony Mitchell's jazz-for-dancing quartet remains as the headliner at the Fountainebleau, and modern jazz pianist Dave West is still featured on Sundays at the Bistro . . . Arranger-trumpeter Clem Toca returned to New Orleans on the podium of the Pack's Circus Band and roared through a stack of jazz charts that drew favorable comments from local musicians. The band was paced by veteran trumpeter Lee Fortier and a 13-year-old-drummer, David Pruyn, son of versatile Baton Rouge brass man Bill Pruyn . . . The VIP was reportedly the site of a fantastic jam session recently, with Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, and the Modern Jazz Quartet among those on the stand . . . Art Neville and the Meters continue to grow in popularity with their blues-soul combination. They recently appeared in Trinidad, Las Vegas, and Hollywood . . . Pianist Ronnie Kole's trio was also on the road last month, between the closing of Kole's Bourbon Street Club, Kole's Corner, and the opening of the remodeled Old Court Tavern, where the group will be in residence . . . A nun on leave from Xavier University, Sister Elise, co-ordinated the massive Fayette, Miss., benefit music festival for the purpose of construction of a Robert F. Kennedy memorial park in the town. The festival, organized by Mayor Charles Evers, included Mahalia Jackson, the Staple Singers, and others . . . Tenor saxophonist Eddie Williams left blues singer Clarence (Frog Man) Henry to join Joe Tex . . . The Loyola University Jazz Lab Band and a vocal group called the Three Shades of Black were guest attractions at the Xavier University Jazz Band's winter concert.

Philadelphia: Sid Mark, the big man on WWDB-FM (formerly WHAT-FM), the local commercial jazz station, had Ella Fitzgerald and Al Grey as guests on a recent program. Ella was appearing at the Latin Casino with regulars Tommy Flannagan and Ed Thigpen in her backup group. Grey was at the First Nighter Supper Club for a two week stay with Sam Dockery, piano; Wayne Dockery (just back from touring with Freddie Hubbard), bass; Bobby Durham (on vacation on Oscar Peterson), drums, and Dottie Joye, formerly of the Red Caps, vocalist. Mark continues to hold the bulk of the area's radio jazz listeners, though he now has competition from two college stations, WRTI-FM (temple University) and WXPN-FM (University of Pennsylvania). There are also a growing number of jazz programs on other area stations . . . Bruce Mills, the young blind pianist, is still living and playing in the Rochester, N.Y. area. A visitor from Rochester recently surprised us with the news that

Bruce has added the organ to his pianistics and is seriously studying the instrument . . . Organist Trudy Pitts and drummer Bill Carney were scheduled to appear at the Clef Club. They are still quite excited about their recent tour of Europe, during which they also did some recording . . . Singer Joe Walston is improving rapidly. He has mastered the use of an echo-enhanced amplifier to the point of perfection and it would not be surprising if the handsome young vocalist found his way to a hit record. We caught Walston with organist Joe Johnson recently, and the two make a strong pairing . . . Singer Ernie Banks worked at The Happening, a center city spot, backed by a rock group rather than his usual jazz accompanists. The room books a variety of local groups and we were pleased to see that Jimmy Turner, the musicians' bartender who formerly booked talent at Peps Musical Bar and the old 421 Club, is now working there . . . Nels Nelsen of the Philadelphia *Daily News* wrote an article recently on Sonny Silverberg that should put him first in line for the title of Philadelphia's Damon Runyon. Silverberg was a familiar figure on the local jazz scene for years until he drifted into the hippy world of Rittenhouse Square.

Detroit: While Detroiters eagerly awaited the arrival of the second phase of the Jazz '69 concert series, Baker's Keyboard Lounge featured comedian Redd Foxx and electro-saxist Eddie Harris as the final attractions of the year . . . The Sewer, fast becoming the spot for genuine sounds around the city, has as its house-band Brent Major's quartet (Ron English, guitar; John Dana, bass; Bud Spangler, drums). Danny Spencer occasionally spells Spangler on drums . . . At the Black Horse, pianist Hal McKinney fronts a quintet composed of Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Pat Laneer, trombone; Ed Pickens, bass, and Archie Taylor, drums. Poet Yusef Ali assists verbally . . . Trombonist John Hair's quintet (Joe Thurman, tenor saxophone; Boo Boo Turner, piano; Robert Allen, bass; James Youngblood, drums) continues at Clarence's Bluebird. The group recently recorded their first album . . . The Playboy Club is featuring organist Bobby Cook with Sam Saunders, tenor, and Ed Nelson, drums. Saunders also performed with the Hal McKinney group at the Wayne State University concert sponsored by the Committee to End the War in Vietnam . . . Harpist Dorothy Ashby continues with her trio (Dick Bellen, bass; Doug Hammond, drums) at the Cafe Gourmet . . . Soul Expression #2 opened with Roberta Flack and Les McCann headlining. This initial show was in part a benefit for those injured in the fire which destroyed the original club.

Baltimore: Lenny Moore's has started Saturday afternoon jazz sessions featuring local musicians such as saxophonist Mickey Fields, trumpeter Mousey Johnson, vibist Jimmy Wells, bassist Donald Bailey, and drummer Jimhimi Johnson . . . ABC Productions has begun evening jazz sessions on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights at three local spots, the Carni-

val Lounge on Poplar Grove Street, the Uptown at Edmondson and Monroe, and Peyton Place on Pennsylvania Avenue, featuring some of the musicians from Lenny Moore's as well as guitarist Earl Wilson, pianists Yusef Salim and Donald Criss, bassist Phil Harris, and drummers Gary Whitmore and Johnny Polite . . . The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble (Brian Corrigan, guitar, vocal; Martin Fulterman, drums, reeds, and brasses; Michael Kamen, keyboards, guitar, horns; Clifton Navison, guitar, vocal; Dorian Rudnytsky, cello, guitar, and horns) played a Saturday night pops concert with the Baltimore Symphony Nov. 14. They opened by following the Symphony's version of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 with their own *Brandenburg* and then played *Winter Child* and *Anaconda*, all with the Symphony. The Ensemble then performed alone. Three of the musicians (Kamen, Fulterman and Rudnytsky) have Juilliard backgrounds; the other two are self-taught. All are good players especially adept at blending classical and rock styles; their playing with the Symphony was less effective . . . *Jefferson Airplane*, sponsored by the Student Union of the University of Maryland, played the Ritchie Colosseum Nov. 22 . . . Local reedman Jackie Blake, with pianist Leroy Hawthorne, bassist Phil Harris, and drummer William Mabry presented a memorial concert at St. Marks Church Nov. 23, playing original compositions by Blake and Hawthorne . . . The Peabody Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of former a&r man Cal Lampley, gave its first concert of the year at the Johns Hopkins University Nov. 24, performing three works originally written for the William Russo Orchestra . . . The Rolling Stones played the Civic Center, followed by Janis Joplin and the Butterfield Blues Band. The groups of Joe Newman, Pat Martino, Art Farmer-Jimmy Heath and Freddie Hubbard made up the November concert schedule for the Left Bank Jazz Society. (The Hubbard concert was a benefit for the Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington.) McCoy Tyner, with trumpeter Woody Shaw, altoist Gary Bartz, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Freddie Waits played the Dec. 7 LBJS concert. . . Jazz bagpiper Rufus Harley appeared in early December at Henry Baker's Peyton Place.

Dallas: Reopening of the two club rooms of the Hyatt House (formerly the Cabana Motor Hotel) was scheduled for mid-December with Moe Billington as the Regents Room house band and Don Jacoby as the first of a series of rotating groups in the Touche lounge. Formal dedication of the newly remodeled facilities was set for Jan. 21, inaugurating a name act policy which already has Joe Williams confirmed for an early 1970 date . . . The Keynote, one of Dallas' most popular spots, moved into larger quarters on Cedar Springs and took along singer B.J. Wright, whose trio had been a fixture at the smaller club for many years. With Miss Wright are Ray Wray and the Bar Association (Wray, brass and vocals; Andy Mitchlin, late of the Kirby Stone Company, organ and piano; Bob Thomas,

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/Continued on page 42

guitar and bass; Dale Cook, drums) . . . Pianist Herman Flowers leads a vintage blues band in daily matinees at Spot 77. Featured are Leo Phillips, tenor saxophone; Barefoot Mabley, drums; and legendary altoist Buster Smith, now playing bass. Flowers also does a single nightly at the Mustang Club in suburban Oak Cliff's Bronco Bowl . . . Onetime Dallasite Mark Franklin returned to the city as accompanist for Marilyn Maye at Harper's Corner the same week former Sam Houston State student John Hammond was performing similar chores for John Gary at the Fairmont Hotel . . . Speaking of Harper's, the Xavier Chavez Trio moved onto the bandstand following the Maye engagement for an indefinite stay . . . Jingle man Euel Box furnished the music for the annual Crystal Charity Ball with his own big band and an all-star intermission group including Ray Hurst, vibes; Moe Billington, piano; Brian Beek, bass; Roy Fink, drums, and vocalist Trella Hart. Miss Hart, long away from the club circuit due to a heavy jingle schedule, will be featured through February at the Royal Coach Inn's Top of the Castle, singing with the Kurt DeKuehn and Dave Williams groups . . . Buddy Rich has been advertised for a pair of concerts at State Fair Music Hall Jan. 23-24 with Petula Clark . . . Trumpeter Bill Briggs, once of the Stan Kenton band, has settled in Dallas, taking a post with Brook Mays music stores . . . The North Texas State One O'Clock Lab Band was chosen to kick off a series of noon Christmas Plaza concerts at a downtown Dallas office complex.

Germany Pavel Blatny, Wolfgang Breuer, Glen Buschmann, Gunter Hampel, Joe Haider and Hans-Ulrich Humpert contributed compositions for the '69 Jazzlabor organized by local jazz-club organizations in Mülheim/Ruhr and Dort-

mond . . . Among the groups touring Germany this fall were the Saints and Sinners, Oscar Peterson, Jimmy Smith, and several groups from the Berlin Jazz Days . . . The Third Wave and George Duke from San Francisco came to Villigen to record for MPS. They are also scheduled for a European tour next spring . . . The Dutch Swing College Band toured here in November . . . Free Music Production is the name of a young organization in Berlin which will be active in concerts, clubs and recordings. Associate members are Peter Brötzmann, Gerd Dudek, Pierre Favre, and others . . . The Modern Jazz Quintet Karlsruhe won first prize at the International Amateur-Jazzfestival in Zurich . . . Heinz Sauer of the Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet has been elected to represent the German Federal Republic at the international jazz concert of EBU in Amsterdam. Kurt Edelhagen from WDR opened the concert . . . The Dave Pike Set cut their third album within a year live at the Berlin Jazz Days, and toured Switzerland in December.

Sweden Born: A new jazz club, named "Ernest" as in Hemingway. Situated in the basement of a Stockholm center city drugstore aptly called "Drugstore", it has at this writing presented singer Jon Hendricks with his own group, Dexter Gordon, and singer Monica Zetterlund, the latter accompanied by the Steve Kuhn Trio with Rune Gustafson, guitar; Palle Danielsson, bass, and Aldo Romano, drums . . . The Dutch Swing College Band, a perennial favorite among trad fans all over the world for a quarter century, did a warmly received university tour covering six cities . . . At the Golden Circle, the hit of the last six months was the Jack McDuff Quartet, with the utterly impressive Joe Dukes on drums. The quartet did SRO business for 30 consecu-

tive nights. The ugly month of November was beautified by the Bill Evans trio, with the extraordinary technician Eddie Gomez on bass, and Marty Morell on drums. Evans was succeeded by a return engagement for Teddy Wilson . . . A film documentary, *Danny's Dream*, featuring renowned baritone saxophonist Lars Gullin, was recently shown twice on Swedish TV. Gullin has been living a secluded life for the last few years, rarely appearing in public, except for the yearly mini-festival in Emmaboda in the Southern part of Sweden, and an occasional concert now and then. A new LP, *Lars Gullin Live*, has just been released . . . The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band did an enthusiastically received but poorly attended one-nighter in Stockholm as part of their recent European tour . . . The owners of the double-club "Stampen" and "Gamlingen", Sten and Gun Holmquist, where the uncomplicated art of Swing is the thing, have opened a full-scale restaurant, Bolaget. It has already become the "in" watering hole for musicians, actors and groovy people in general . . . The Jimmy Smith concert late in November in Gothenburg had to be cancelled on account of poor advance sales. Gothenburg has always been a difficult town for jazz concerts. The trio did capacity business in Stockholm and Oslo, however . . . Berndt Egerbladh, versatile pianist and organist and prolific composer and arranger, left Umea for Stockholm, where he will divide his talents between playing and working as a TV producer. Following the Molde Jazz Festival, he recorded a single with Norwegian singer Karin Krog and trumpeter Ted Curson . . . Against all odds, the 2nd International Jazz Festival in Umea did break even, and plans for the 1970 festival are already being made. It will be a two-day event sometime in October, and the Franey Boland/Kenny Clarke Big Band and Sextet have been invited and have accepted.

Norway There has been much jazz activity in Oslo since the mid-October bonanza of five concerts in three days, by the Gary Burton Quartet, Oscar Peterson Trio, Jimmy McGriff Band, John Tchicai, and Joe Morello with Karin Krog and alto saxophonist Kalle Neuman . . . Don Cherry did a wonderful concert with tenorist Jan Garbarek's quartet . . . Lucky Thompson was here for concerts in Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger, and Trondheim, and Jimmy Smith performed in Oslo in November . . . Charles Tolliver and the Espen Rud Trio played at the student union in Kroa, and Art Farmer appeared with a trio and with the University of Oslo Big Band at Sogn. Both events took place Dec. 7, and were probably the last jazz bashes before Christmas. Farmer had praise for the Oslo band, which started less than a year ago, after the visit from the U. of Illinois Jazz Band. Tolliver dropped in on Farmer after his own concert, and the two trumpeters jammed together . . . The Keith Jarrett Trio (Gus Nemeth, bass; Paul Motian, drums) revisited Oslo in November, playing the Club 7, appeared on TV, and also made a trip to northern Norway, past the arctic circle.

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