

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

BRASS ISSUE

TRUMPET GIANTS

DIZZY GILLESPIE: *"Spiritual Satisfaction . . . is Everything"*

ART FARMER: *"The Whole System Is Scared"*

LEE MORGAN: *"Jazz Is Getting the Short End Of the Stick"*

THE TRAGIC STORY OF FATS NAVARRO



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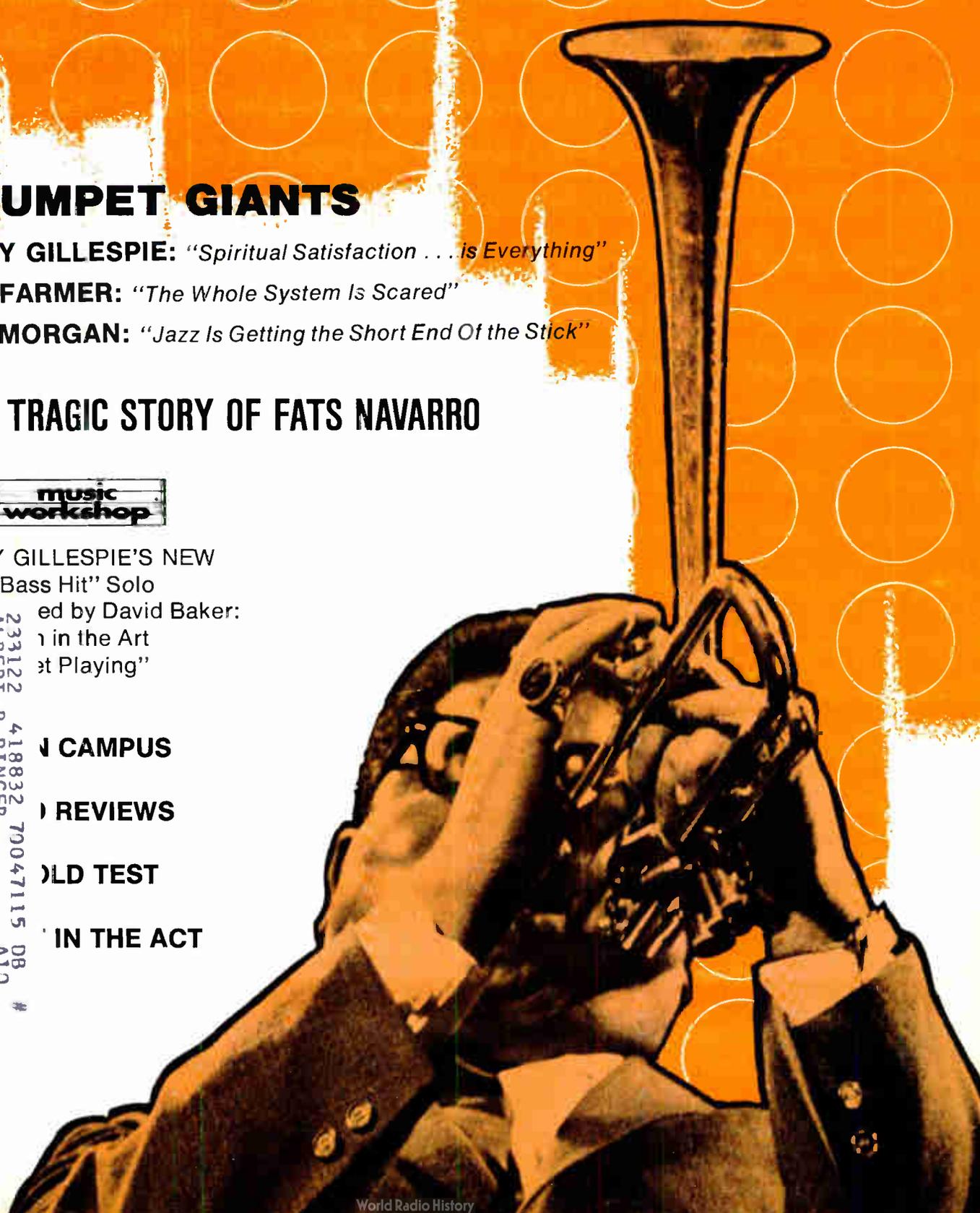
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 **THE FIRST CHORUS**

By CHARLES SUBER

POLARIZATION is a necessary ingredient in any social, political, and cultural reform or (r)evolution. Before you can swing out against anyone or anything you must first identify your objective. Then comes the separation of confronters and confrontees with the number of neutrals diminishing as things heat up. The current turmoil over the reformation of school music is no exception to this classic pattern. Here is how the battle lines are forming.

On the side of the angels are virtually all constructive critics of school music education, most young-minded educators who are genuinely concerned about young people, most jazz musicians who are involved in music education, and, most recently, the leaders of the Music Educators



National Conference. Running hard to keep in step are thousands of educators who scent a change and want to do right. You can recognize many of these by their almost frantic repeated avowals of "We must teach rock, like, today."

The black hats are identified as school boards, administrators, and college music education professors who remain impervious to heat—or seem to. Positive identification of the bad guys is sometimes blurred by well-tempered alibis like: "But we don't have the money." . . . "There's no room in the schedule" . . . "Thelonious who?" But these kinds of defenses do serve a positive purpose. They become sharply drawn cliches, like drawing a line around dialog spoken by characters in a comic strip. The epithet "establishment" is less and less used as the M.E.N.C. and various of its state chapters don white hats and robes.

Trying to stay aloof and out of the middle are most of the "nice" people. These are the kind who say, "My roommate in college used to play jazz" . . . "We've got a good stage band with some swell Kenton arrangements" . . . I wouldn't mind helping the kids but it's a rough neighborhood." And there are those who feel secure in their tenure and are quite agreeable for the other guy to get involved in something "that's beyond me."

Where do the learning musicians fit? They are not really combatants. They are the basic argument and why it all is happening. It is the pressure of millions of young people and the social fabric into which they are woven that is the *raison d'être* of the whole scene. Music education does not have problems that are basically different from all education and the rest of modern society.

Peace and war, black and white, poor and rich, free and repressed—these are issues that effect all our lives. It's not too surprising that music educators and their administrative superiors keep missing the connection. Most of them have also missed the concept that music is part of the humanities and an integral part of personal creativity and growth. Music is not a thing apart from anyone or anything.

According to the script, the white hats will win. This assumes that the baddies are going to be done in. And that depends on who fights and who looks on. 

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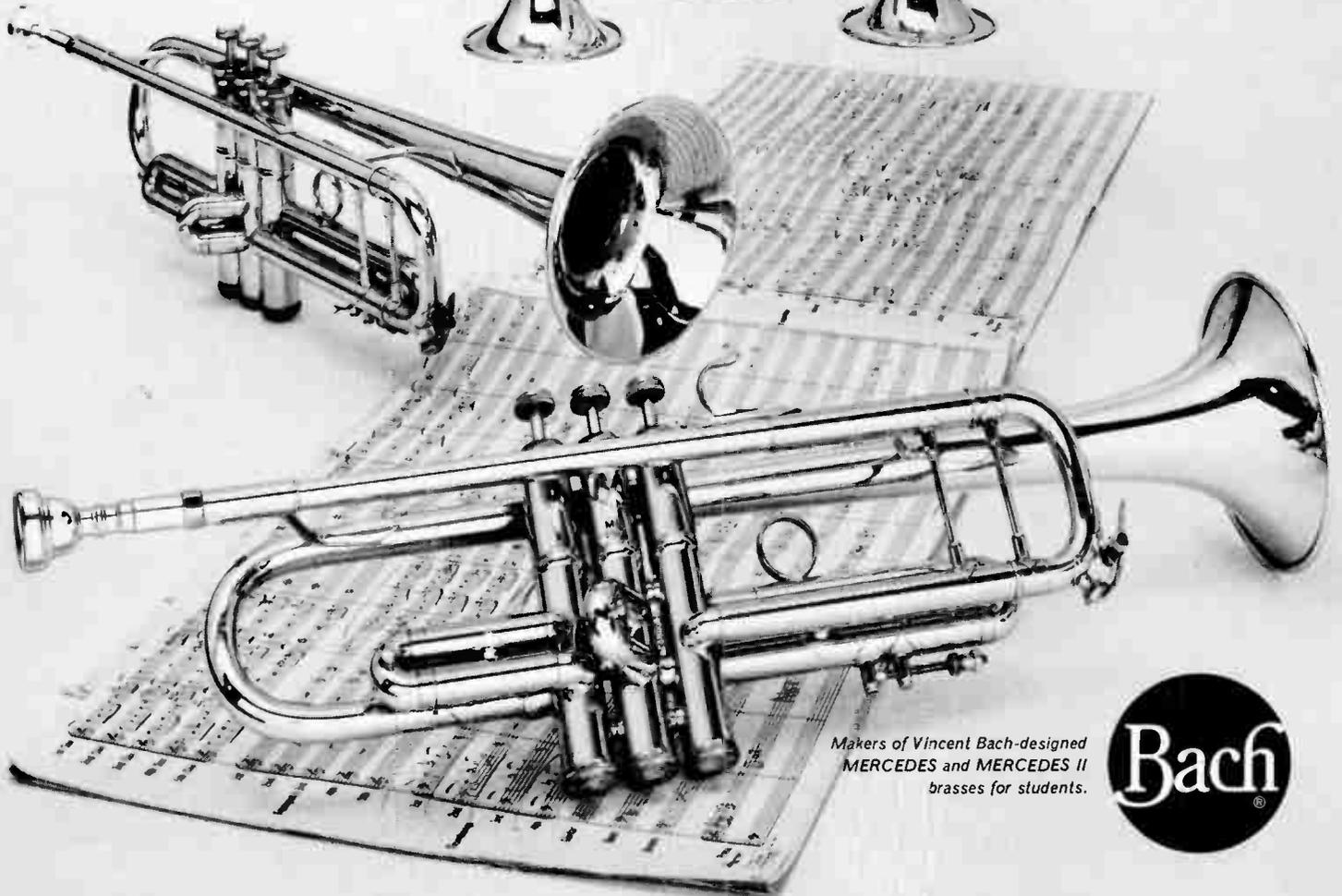
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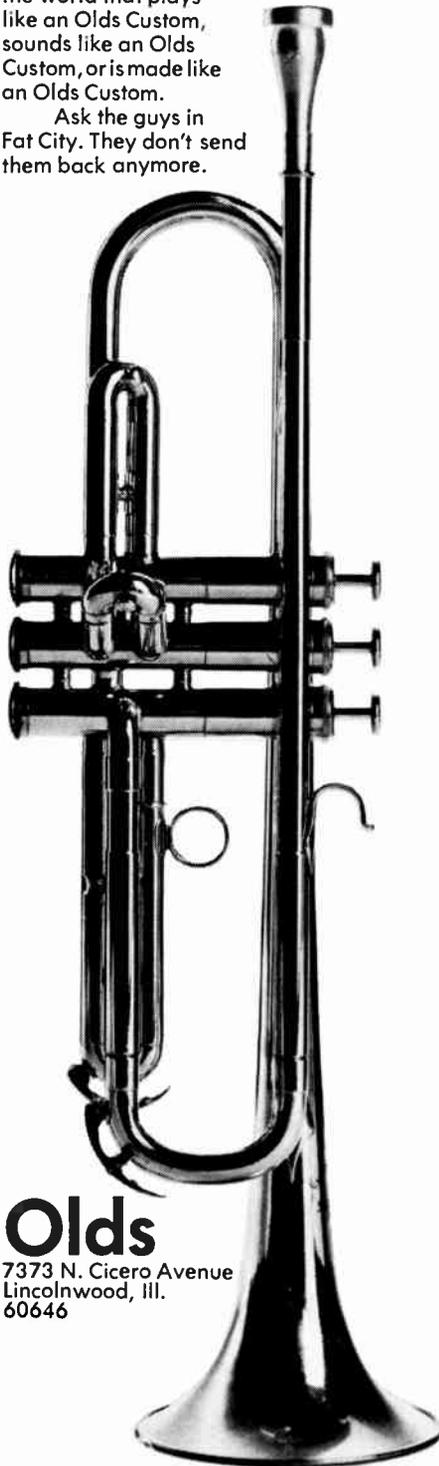
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February 19, 1970

Vol. 37, No. 4

down beat

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contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 8 Chords and Discords
- 11 News
- 12 Background Music, by Burt Korall
- 13 Jazz Can Be Sold: Lee Morgan: The young but widely experienced trumpeter expresses his views to Joe Gallagher.
- 14 Fat Girl: The Legacy Of Fats Navarro: The meteoric career of a jazz genius, traced in detail by Ross Russell.
- 17 Elegy For Tony Fruscella: A moving tribute to the late trumpeter by a close friend, Robert Reisner.
- 18 Art Farmer: Ambivalent Expatriate: The fluegelhornist, now living in Europe, is still searching. By Lars Lystedt.
- 19 Record Reviews
- 22 Blues and Folk, by Pete Welding
- 26 Blindfold Test: Dizzy Gillespie, Part 2
- 28 Caught in the Act: Dizzy Gillespie • Berklee School Holiday Concert • Benny Powell
- 34 Music Workshop: Dizzy Gillespie's "One Bass Hit" Solo, by David Baker • Jazz Education in England by Brian Priestley • Jazz On Campus

Cover photo of Dizzy Gillespie by Joe Alper. Design by Robert Robertson.

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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

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



PHIL WILSON

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

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

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

I don't know exactly what musical directions each of my students will choose, but I do know that each will leave Berklee well prepared technically and musically for a career as a professional trombonist.

Phil Wilson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Respect

The exchange between Dan Morgenstern and Alan Heineman (*DB*, Dec. 25) displayed an encouragingly tolerant spirit. Both men went out of their way to show respect for the other while expressing differing viewpoints. This discussion stands in marked contrast to the unfortunate pitched battles of personality that have appeared in *down beat* in recent years. I hope that the example of these two gentlemen will help foster a spirit of cooperation . . . within—and without—the pages of *down beat*.

Now, some respectful words from my point of view to each man. Mr. Morgenstern: it seems a bit premature to expect to find an Ellington or Parker among the young people of a young music. It should be remembered, also, that rock does not emphasize individual talent to the extent that jazz traditionally has done.

Mr. Heineman: you usually tailor your rock writing to a jazz frame of reference, which is understandable and often desirable, since *down beat* is essentially a jazz magazine. I think a few more ventures into the rock frame of reference—which you explored some in your part of the Newport exchange—would be valuable to *down beat* readers.

Michael L. Sugg

Portland, Ore.

Footnote

I wish Alan Heineman, who says he likes me, had left my name out of his *Rock, Jazz and Newport* statement (*DB*, Dec. 25). I've often been guilty of wanting to be liked by everyone (though not through my writings), but in this case I'd rather be liked a bit less and understood a trifle more.

Ira Gitler

New York, N.Y.

Correction

Your issue dated Jan. 8, 1970 contains erroneous data in its report of the merger of (New Orleans A.F. of M.) locals 174 and 496.

The meeting of Local 174 which approved the terms of the agreement was on Aug. 18, not July 28. But this is not important.

What is of moment is the flat statement that Local 496 "has a greater per capita wealth than its brother local. . . ."

This is not and never has been true. Local 496 deserves great credit for building what is a remarkable treasury for black locals in this country, and for excellent management of same. However, with a CPA final report of about \$58,000 gross worth and almost exactly 400 members, this per capita worth amounts to almost \$145. Local 174, with less than 1,100 members, had a CPA-report value of more than \$250,000, or a per capita of about \$227.

This now-merged local of 1,500 musicians could not afford to let such misleading data go unchallenged, as to people in far-off places this would read like another case of someone's possibly being taken advantage of.

The two locals negotiated for four (not three) years, and have arrived at a workable, dignified and acceptable agreement. The Federation ordered our merger only to overcome a dissident minority. Since the merger, nothing but mutual respect, confidence and a desire to improve the lot of



professional musicians in this area has prevailed.

We believe this will continue to be the case, and ask the co-operation of others not to "make waves" for us.

David Winstein
President
Local 174-496

New Orleans, La.

A Debatable Point

A point of subtle disagreement concerning Cannonball Adderley's explanation for the demise of jazz (*DB*, Jan. 8) prompts this reply.

Adderley circuitously tries to develop new ideas for a major problem in jazz: white America doesn't economically or artistically support jazz. His concern for jazz is genuine; however, he adds nothing original for solving the problem.

The roots of jazz are black, have been black, and continue to be black. A life of suffering in a racist society fosters an art form of this nature. Cannonball's answer to the problem demands that jazz must lose some of its identity. I don't think so.

When America becomes a place where the Constitution is fully accepted, and when repression is part of our folklore, that is when white Americans will be psychologically able to understand an oppressed people's music.

Robert Orenstein

Redondo Beach, Calif.

Buddy, Don't Rock The Boat . . .

I'm a music student at Ohio State University. . . . I've been a fan of Buddy Rich and his band since their first album, and I totally agree that the drive this band puts out makes it Number One. I feel the band reached its peak on the *Mercy, Mercy* album where he had the best roster of personnel ever, with a tune for everyone from rock to jazz to dance music, with the emphasis on jazz.

. . . Rich likes young people and wants them to listen to what he and his men have to say, (but) I feel he is going overboard in his attempt towards rock music. . . .

I agree with the three-star rating given his *Buddy and Soul* album (*DB*, Nov. 27). The band was just getting a good style going . . . I, for one, would like to hear more sounds of jazz come from this swinging, hard-driving drummer and band.

Dale Nenandal

Solon, Ohio

U.S. AID FOR JAZZ: PILOT PROJECT IS ON

The National Endowment for the Arts has initiated a pilot program of assistance in the jazz field.

In announcing the program, it is stated that "the Endowment views the term *jazz* broadly in its total generic implications as being both a social and a fine art and not restricted to any particular historical area or form of presentation but as a compelling phenomenon which will continue to reflect American life in new forms of expression."

Only limited funds are available for the pilot program in 1970, totalling \$20,000. However, a considerably larger allocation has been requested for 1971.

Grants will be awarded for projects submitted in the following categories:

Individual non-matching grants of up to \$1,000 to American jazz composers and arrangers for commissioning new works and funding completion of works in progress; matching grants of up to \$1,000 to colleges, universities, and schools of music to establish short residencies for composers, arrangers, instrumentalists, critics, and instructors to present workshops and clinics; individual non-matching grants of up to \$500 to musicians and students to provide travel and living expenses to tour and study with professional jazz artists for a short period (up to two weeks); matching grants of up to \$1,000 to public and private elementary and secondary schools or to non-profit, tax-exempt organizations to present in-school jazz concerts (grants to be matched by presenting institution and applied to artists fees only); matching grants of up to \$500 to educational television stations and individual non-matching grants of up to \$750 for development of original jazz program concepts for TV or concert presentation, and such additional grants as the Endowment's Advisory Panel on Jazz may propose.

Deadline on submission of all applications is March 15. Letters of inquiry may be sent to the Office of Music Programs, National Endowment for the Arts, 1800 F St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506, and should include a brief outline of the project; when, where, and by whom it would be carried out; and the amount of support requested.

The advisory jazz panel consists of Willis Conover, Chairman; musicians Bill Evans and Milt Hinton; Pastor John Gensel; Russell Sanjek, Vice President of BMI, and *down beat* editor Dan Morgenstern.

SOMETHING SPECIAL: CRUISING WITH COUNT

While ice and snow was the daily menu for most of us, a select few began the new year in style, cruising aboard the Queen Elizabeth II from New York to

Jamaica, the Virgin Islands, and Barbados.

So what makes this news, you may ask. Well, for this particular cruise, a 10-day affair that began Jan. 5, the entire Count Basie Band was on hand to provide more



than suitable accompaniment, marking the first time a big-name jazz band has been thus deployed.

Among the lucky people aboard were Sarah Vaughan, octogenarian pianist-composer Eubie Blake, drummer Jake Hanna, and our own Leonard Feather, whose report will appear in these pages soon.

RESIDENT JAZZ GROUP FOR UNIV. OF MASS.

The University of Massachusetts in Boston has established a jazz quintet in residence—an unprecedented move.

Nicholas Tawa, chairman of the university's music department, said that plans are to hear the quintet in "live lectures" for the courses in American music and jazz, and at special evening concerts. "At all times," he added, "the University and Boston community will be invited to attend, free of charge."

Members of the quintet, led by drummer Alan Dawson, are Lennie Johnson, trumpet; Andy McGhee, tenor saxophone; Ray Santisi, piano, and Tony Teixeira, bass. All are instructors at the Berklee School of Music. The group made its debut Jan. 9.

GIL EVANS ALL STARS WAX FOR NEW LABEL

New recordings by Gil Evans are as rare as mint copies of King Oliver Gennets, so it's good news that the eminent arranger-composer has waxed an album included in the first batch of releases by a new label, Ampex.

Featured in Evans' ensemble are Jimmy

Cleveland, trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Billy Harper, tenor saxophone and flute; Joe Beck, guitar; Herb Bushler, bass, and percussionists Elvin Jones, Donald McDonald, Al Mouzon, and Susan Evans.

The Ampex label represents the entry into the record field by the leading producers of stereo tapes, an interesting development in view of the oft-heard speculation that tapes of various kinds might eventually replace the phonograph record. The Ampex label, according to a spokesman, will concentrate on "locating and developing significant contemporary artists for a variety of audiences."

We're glad they located Evans.

POTPOURRI

Is there a Bessie Smith revival under way? The great blues singer's name is heard with increasing frequency these days, and two recent developments may be straws in the wind. First, a biography by music critic Carman Moore, *Somebody's Angel Child*, has been published in Crowell's "Women of America" series. Though aimed at younger readers, it is of general interest. Second, Columbia records has embarked on a monumental project: A 10-LP release of the complete recorded works of Miss Smith. Produced by *down beat* contributor Chris Albertson, the series will debut with a 2-record set this spring, followed by monthly releases of single LPs. The material will be presented in chronological order and will include all tracks currently available on the 4-record *The Bessie Smith Story*, which will be phased out of the catalog.

The great Benny Carter seldom comes east, but in early February, he visited Princeton University under the auspices of the school's Afro-American Studies Program. The multi-instrumentalist and composer-arranger conducted two seminars, one on television and film music, the other on jazz ("Nature and Future"), and also gave a free jazz concert, supported by Roland Hanna, piano; Ron Carter, bass, and old friend Jo Jones, drums.

Bing Crosby saw *The World's Greatest Jazz Band* on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, liked what he heard, and promptly invited the band to play at his Jan. 24 Pebble Beach, Calif. golf tournament, flying them in from Las Vegas on his private Boeing 707. The WGJB recently recorded some singles for Project 3, including three new pieces written especially for them by prominent composers Hoagy Carmichael, Gordon Jenkins, and Johnny Mercer.

The Jazz Institute of Chicago is presenting a month of Sunday sessions in February at Sloppy Joe's (Dearborn and Hubbard Sts.). The series kicked off with bass trumpeter Cy Touff's quintet Feb. 1 and continues with tenor saxophonist Von

Freeman's group (Feb. 8), an all-star traditional band led by trombonist **Georg Brunis** (Feb. 15), and trumpeter **Gene Shaw's New Americans** (Feb. 22).

In the early morning hours of Jan. 13, devotees of NBC's *Today* show were treated to a capsule history of jazz, *From Ragtime to Rock*, hosted by **Hugh Downs** and featuring cameo appearances by **Willie (The Lion) Smith**, **Bud Freeman**, **Lionel Hampton**, **Gerry Mulligan** and **Dave Brubeck** with **Jack Six**, bass, and **Alan Dawson**, drums, a rock group called the **Jam Factory**, and the *Tonight* show house band led by **Doc Severinsen**. Seen on film clips extracted from a jazz series made for Goodyear in 1962 were **Louis Armstrong** (with **Trummy Young**) and **Duke Ellington** and his band (with a nostalgic glimpse of the late **Shorty Baker** among the trumpets). There were also snatches of recorded music by **Charlie Parker** and **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Count Basie** with **Lester Young**. In the house

band, leader **Severinsen**, tenorist **Al Klink**, pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Bob Haggart**, drummer **Ed Shaughnessy**, and trumpeter **Snooky Young** (who took one of his rare but welcome solos) were spotlighted. **Ira Gitler** and **down beat** got credit for "historical research."

Kenny Sargent, 63, one of the first and most popular crooners of the '30s, died Dec. 20 in a Dallas, Tex. hotel of a heart attack. He joined the **Casa Loma Band** as a saxophonist and singer in 1931, staying until 1943. For the past 10 years, he had been a midnight-til-dawn disc jockey in Dallas. His biggest hit was *For You*.

The fourth season of *Jazz: The Personal Dimension* kicks off with the first of four concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York Feb. 6, featuring the **Junior Mance Trio**. **Herbie Hancock's** sextet is slated for March 6; **Freddie Hubbard** and his group will perform April 3, and **Jaki Byard's** trio will be on hand May

1. The concerts are presented by the Carnegie Hall Corp. in association with the Rutgers University Institute of Jazz Studies.

A course, *Jazz Mainstream, U.S.A.*, will be taught by **Rudi Blesh** at New York University's School of Continuing Education from Feb. 5 through April 30 on Thursday evenings from 8:30 to 9:55 pm. Included will be field trips to nightclubs to hear outstanding jazzmen.

Bobby Hackett and **Vic Dickenson** were in Freeland, Mich. from Jan. 12 through 24 and in Rochester, N.Y., Jan. 26-Feb. 4. They are slated to play in Grand Rapids, Mich. Feb. 12-21. Drummer **Don Reid** has replaced **Jimmy Madison**, who left to join **Roland Kirk**.

Soul Pieces, with music by pianist-organist **Freddie Roach**, has moved from its Newark location to Monday nights at the Bert Wheeler Theatre in the Hotel Dixie at 250 W. 43rd St., New York City.



BLOWING THE COBWEBS OUT

Background Music

By BURT KORALL

THERE'S MORE THAN a little of the squirrel in every record devotee. A progressive disease for which there seems no apparent cure, collecting generally takes hold during the years of youthful fanaticism. By the time the collector is professionally involved with evaluating the work of others, his home has taken on the look of a record distributorship on the brink of failure—much to the chagrin of wife (or girl friend) forever trying to put some order into this comfortable chaos.

The record disease, however, does have its brighter side. Within the numerous packages arriving at your address daily, weighing down the usually jolly mailman, are that select few that make all the listening worthwhile. An unexpected discovery, and it's Christmas all over again.

Not long ago, *All Smiles*, on English Polydor 583 727, featuring the **Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band**, found its way into my hands. Admittedly, I came to the record a shade expectant, being something of a big-band freak. But I was more than pleasantly surprised. This international unit, unpretentiously, and with a springing gait and imagination, blows the cobwebs out of the ears and makes the hairs stand up on the back of the neck, merely by doing a great job with familiar materials.

It confidently walks a contemporary tightrope, not cutting open new paths or conjuring up visions of "the good old days." This may not seem like much to the

so-called visionaries among us. But it's something in this era of the instant player, when professionalism curiously is out of fashion in certain circles.

Crucial to determining the **Clarke-Boland** band's thrust and character is drummer **Clarke**, who, with co-percussionist **Kenny Clare**—formerly of the **Johnny Dankworth Orchestra**—makes rhythms dance, while speckling them with primary and secondary colors.

Not having heard **Clarke** at any length since visiting with him in Paris in 1963, I've fallen victim to the forgetfulness fostered by absence and neglect of his other recordings. No doubt though, the man remains a giant; he has forgotten more than most drummers will ever know about moving and shaping music. Beguiling brush work, always a primary **Clarke** asset, his 1-1-1-1-1 sound on the ride cymbal—indeed, his mastery of the entire kit in the service of the music—make for pleasure and provocation for the listener and certainly for his sidemen.

Co-leader **Boland's** arrangements, charged with the melodically flavorful and the rhythmically tart, are outwardly simple and seem exceedingly playable. However, with the repeated listening to this album of standards one comes to the realization that the impression, though not false, bears editing.

The **Belgian** pianist-arranger's work is sophisticated and attractive. He is particularly adept in writing for reeds, provoking interest by creating groovy rhythmic patterns while bringing variety to the fabric of sound in both long and short passages. His striking harmonies, particularly in the reeds; his use of sections, a single instrument, duos, or trios of horns; and his blending of elements or using of them to counter one another—all these things provide the ears with unusually evocative vibrations.

Precision and the taste of the earthy are well combined by the sidemen, who are able to translate the arranger's impulses and stamp the music with their own mark. They also provide the band with a sense of family, all too rare in the States.

We have **Ellington** (most of all), the **Jones-Lewis** explosion, **Basie**, **Herman**, **Rich**. And—from what some West Coast observers have told me—**Don Ellis** is coming on strong. But only these bands remain to remind us what the big-band thing can be like when it's right.

Expatriate Americans dominate the **C&B** band, both in number and in the size and quality of their contributions. The trumpets include **Benny Bailey** and **Idrees Sulieman** (**Art Farmer** joined shortly after the album was made). **Johnny Griffin** and **Sahib Shihab** are among the reeds. **Nat Peck**, a long-time American in Europe, is one of the trombonists. **Jimmy Woode**, the ex-**Ellington** bassist, has found a home with **C&B**. **Dave Pike** is the featured guest vibist. Quality Europeans such as **Britain's Tony Coe** and **Ronnie Scott**, tenor saxophonists, deserve good words.

The album gives evidence that this band could well become Europe's pride. What we hear has roots in the past, but is not yesterday. What we sense is a striving for invention on a contemporary level. The result is a band of today—optimistic-sounding, swinging, going with the concept that tomorrow will be a brighter day if we use all we know and work from there.

Recorded in **Cologne, West Germany**, more than a year ago, the set was released there by **MPS** and in **England** by **Polydor**. **Prestige** recording director **Don Schlitten**, who has renewed the thrust of the company by getting into various new areas—i.e., the new historical series, spoken word, etc.—while provoking new interest in import artists like **Dexter Gordon** and **Sonny Criss**, has embarked on still another area of expansion. He is leasing for U.S. distribution well-recorded albums from Europe by significant artists. **Clarke-Boland's Fire, Heat, Soul and Guts** has already been released (**Prestige 7634**) and was given a 5-star review by **Larry Kart** in the Nov. 27, 1969 *down beat*.

Other releases should be along soon; a total of six LPs by the band were issued in Europe in 1969. Now if only someone could bring the band to the U.S. for a tour. . . .



Jazz Can Be Sold: Lee Morgan

by Joe Gallagher

"THE FIRST rock 'n' roll group I was in—me and Archie Shepp, and Reggie Workman for a while, too—was Carl Holmes and the Jolly Rompers." Thirty-one year-old trumpeter Lee Morgan—at 18 a member of Dizzy Gillespie's State Department band, long-associated with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, writer of *The Sidewinder* and leader of his own quintet—was illustrating a point.

"Music is coming so close together," he said. "Everybody's using a little bit of everybody else. A tremendous amount of beautiful material is coming from rock musicians, from Burt Bacharach, from Broadway musicals and motion pictures.

"Now you hear rock tunes with beautiful changes. You'll see now that, as soon as a tune comes out—especially if it's a nice one—just about every form will adopt it. You might hear strings, or somebody singing it, or a guitar, or a jazz group will put an arrangement on it. That means everybody experiences more."

When Morgan was coming up, he recalled, he played barmitzvahs and Polish weddings. At Mastbaum high school for the arts in Philadelphia he majored in music, and half his day was spent in some form of music—composition, harmony, solfeggio. There was a concert orchestra, a concert band, a dance band, a marching band.

"I've been through all that, besides the jazz—and rock 'n' roll," he observed.

One could almost feel the backbeat as Morgan reminisced by singing a bit of the Jolly Rompers' version of *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*.

"All that is beautiful experience," he said. "It's all our music. Jazz, rhythm-and-blues, spirituals. Look at Aretha Franklin, Sam Cooke. They came out of churches.

"I don't like labels. If you can play, you can play with everybody. Look at Coleman Hawkins, Joe Henderson. Whatever you prefer, you'll find sufficient quantities of talented musicians who prefer the same. But you should never limit your mind. With the new thing coming in, I'm one of those who prefer to swing a lot. But I've experimented with free forms, like on Grachan Moncur's *Evolution* and Andrew Hill's *Grass Roots*—playing without the rhythm, against the rhythm, disregarding it—the whole freedom thing . . . The avant-garde organist who plays with Tony Williams—Larry Young. I made an album with him, and the next week one with Lonnie Smith, a whole different thing. Then Reuben Williams had me and George Coleman, and we did some pretty show tunes, things by Burt Bacharach."

But with regard strictly to jazz, Morgan expressed a view nurtured in anger over its treatment.

"For one thing, if they gave our music a chance on television and AM radio," he said, "you'd be surprised how many people would be listening to it.

"The people who control the media work on a low level. *East Side/West Side* showed things, like interracial marriage, drug addiction, things that mean something to people. It was halfway good, so they took it off. *Green Acres* and *The Beverly Hillbillies* stay on. They insult

us. They try to make you feel that your whole life is going to be straight if you use this deodorant. The guy's marriage is falling apart, and all this is because he ain't tried Listerine.

"I'm sure that if they exposed jazz and all the other arts, the people would go for it. But they don't want to because once people start thinking, they'll do more and more of it. Jazz is a true thing, and it's got to be surrounded by truth. And they don't want to get into truth—not when they can do something else and make just as much money.

"I really can't understand why they don't get behind it. They could make their money from it. You know, if they can get on television and sell Playtex girdles . . . and tell you about midriff bulge and all that, they damn sure can sell some music if they want to. They say, 'Jazz is too hard to sell.' They've sold the Maharishi Yoga and Ravi Shankar playing sitars and everything. They can sell anything and make it packageable, make it commercial."

Jazzmen wouldn't have to be on the air all the time, in Morgan's view, but perhaps it would be nice to turn on the TV set once or twice every few months and see "maybe a concert by Duke Ellington's band or even an hour in color featuring the Miles Davis Quintet.

"They do show you a few concerts by the New York Philharmonic with Leonard Bernstein explaining to the kids," Morgan noted, "but this (jazz) is the only thing America has that's really ours. Television makes you think jazz is Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass or Louis Armstrong singing *Hello, Dolly*. Louis Armstrong is a true jazz musician, but television won't show you. When I was with the Messengers, the Japanese and the English did television features on us. Everybody but our own people. The only exception was Steve Allen, but Steve's a musician himself.

"If a guy comes into a record company and says, 'Look, give me \$1,000 for publicity for the Fifth Dimension'—it could be any of those rock groups—solid. You come in and ask for \$200 to pay for two 30-second spots to advertise a jazz record, and they look at you like you're crazy. They just don't want to spend any money.

"It's almost like a conspiracy. It would help them to advertise. Everybody could make money from the music, but everybody is happy to keep the level of AM daytime listening in a trash bag."

The U.S. Information Agency makes propaganda specials, Morgan said, pointing out that last spring there was one featuring Nipsey Russell, with Billy Eckstine, Joe Carroll, Etta Jones, "and a guy from the Metropolitan Opera." Morgan was on it, too, with a big band. "It'll be shown all over the world to foster good relations with our government," he said, but added, ruefully, "probably nobody here will ever see it."

"Even superstars like Miles Davis and Duke Ellington don't get the exposure of Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic," he said. "Maybe this music of ours isn't meant for the masses. But

he's held as a great conductor, and he lives in a penthouse, and he's rich, and he conducts the New York Philharmonic in Lincoln Center. And Coltrane had to be playing in Slugs'. That's the difference.

"See, Leonard Bernstein plays to a minority audience, too, because everybody can't like symphony orchestras. But symphony orchestras are subsidized. And jazz should be subsidized. This is the only thing from America. The United States ain't got nothing else but what we gave it, man. And that seems to be the reason it gets the short end of the stick of everything."

Though angry about the mass media, Morgan is happy about the young people of today.

"Thanks to them," he said, "music has gotten much better. And when I was a kid, white people had one way of dancing and we had another. Now everybody dances the same. Rock and jazz—it's all good music. Now, you go over to Europe, and you might be on a concert or a TV show opposite The Doors, and it would be very successful. The ones in charge in the United States don't want to do this. Like I said before, jazz is still a thing that's dominated by blacks. At first there was blues and rhythm-and-blues, and then the white man got ahold of it, and it was rock. Rock didn't start in Liverpool with the Beatles. All that long hair and stuff came later. But most of the whites got the most money from it."

Noting that the work of some successful rock groups has an intricacy comparable to jazz, Morgan observed that even with its new hipness, rock "is selling millions. So I don't want to hear that stuff about they can't sell jazz, because the music's gotten so now that rock guys are playing sitars and using hip forms, and Miles is using electric pianos. Music's gotten close. There are no natural barriers. It's all music. It's either hip or it ain't." **CTB**



Fat Girl: The Legacy Of Fats Navarro

by Ross Russell

ON A STEAMING afternoon in Key West, Fla., some time ago a moon-faced young man carrying an old trumpet case appeared for a tryout with the popular Florida band of Sol Allbright, scheduled to play a one-nighter at the local dancehall that evening. Sudden illness had decimated the band's brass section, and the veteran leader, with a long series of one-nighters ahead, was in trouble.

Told by the local dancehall operator that "there's a kid here that can play pretty good trumpet," the leader, more in desperation than anything else, had said, "Send him down to the rehearsal. We'll see what he can do." The year was 1941. The home-town boy making the tryout was Theodore (Fats) Navarro. He was just a little more than 17 years old.

At rehearsal Navarro—who had been working with pickup bands in southern Florida, first as a saxophonist and then as a trumpet player—read out the Allbright charts with surprising facility and was hired as a substitute for the night's job. On the gig, Navarro so impressed the leader with his clear, open tone and ability to swing that a wire to the band's headquarters requesting a replacement was canceled. The following day Navarro left Key West with the band. Within two weeks, he had committed the arrangements to memory and was taking most of the trumpet solos. It was the beginning of a career of great promise.

Allbright played the bush leagues of the dance-band business. Navarro was not destined to remain there long. In Cincinnati he was scouted and hired by an ivory hunter named Snookum Russell, whose territory band was a kind of minor-league farm for the big time. Navarro joined the Russell organization in Indianapolis and spent the next two years touring the Midwest, Southeast and Caribbean. Russell soon realized that Navarro possessed two priceless gifts, a great natural ear and a highly retentive memory. Along with a young trombonist named J. J. Johnson, he became the solo star of the band.

In 1943, Navarro made the jump to the big league when he was recommended by Russell to fill a vacancy in Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy. As the newest cloud, Navarro worked alongside such solid men as drummer Ben Thigpen, tenorist Jimmy Forrest, and Howard McGhee, Kirk's brilliant trumpet soloist. Some of McGhee's virtuosity rubbed off, but Navarro's style continued to develop mainly along its own lines. He used very little vibrato. His tone was clear, yet broad. His phrasing ran to the longer lines evolved by Lester Young and Charlie Parker, and his execution was remarkably clean.

Navarro stayed in this nationally known orchestra through 1943 and 1944. As most record collectors know, this was the period of the union recording ban, and the musical documents of those years of change are missing from jazz discography. Navarro was only one of the many victims of the ban.

The Clouds of Joy played top locations and did coast-to-coast broadcasts, so Navarro's work did come to the attention of avant-garde jazzmen. One of his first fans

was Dizzy Gillespie. When Dizzy left Billy Eckstine's band, he suggested Navarro as a replacement. Eckstine auditioned the trumpeter while Kirk was at the Louisiana Club in Washington, D. C. McGhee had all of the solos, but behind the vocalist there was a spot for Navarro to wait. It sufficed. Navarro was hired, and his jazz career properly begins at this point. He joined Eckstine as trumpet soloist January, 1945, on the eve of the band's departure for California.

The Eckstine band might well have been the greatest of all time, but there are no commercial records to support this view. During the brief period of its existence (1944-46) the band employed a virtual *Who's Who* of the bop generation.

Today it seems a little difficult to believe that Eckstine's trumpet section at different times enjoyed the services of Gillespie, Navarro, Miles Davis, Buddy Anderson, Freddie Webster, Benny Harris, King Kolax, McGhee, Al Killian, Gail Brockman, Shorts McConnell, Doug Mètome, and Kenny Dorham. The reed section was no less impressive—Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, Wardell Gray, John Jackson, Budd Johnson, Rudy Rutherford, Frank Wess, Cecil Payne, Lucky Thompson, Gene Ammons, Leo Parker, and Sonny Stitt. Also involved with the Eckstine band were drummers Art Blakey and Shadow Wilson; bassists Tommy Potter and Oscar Pettiford; guitarist Connie Wainwright, and pianists Linton Garner and John Malachi, not to mention the vocal talents of Sarah Vaughan and Billy himself. It was an incredible organization.

Navarro quickly adjusted to this fast company. "Fats came in the band and, as great as Diz is, Fats played his book, and you would hardly know Diz had left the band," Eckstine told an interviewer later. "Fats played Dizzy's solos, not note for note, but his own ideas on Dizzy's parts and the feeling was the same, and there was just as much swing."

The quality of Navarro's work is revealed in four broadcasts made by the Eckstine band as guests on the *Jubilee* show of the Armed Forces Radio Services in Hollywood during February and March, 1945, while the band was working the Plantation Club in Los Angeles.

The 12 performances broadcast in four consecutive weeks turned up recently on a limited-edition bootleg LP manufactured in England (Spotlight 100). Although hard to come by, they must be cited in any study of Navarro.

Apart from a few phrases recorded with Andy Kirk, they are Navarro's first recorded jazz solos. On *Love Me or Leave Me* his crackling notes can be heard in the background as he builds up a head of steam behind a powerful Ammons solo, after which he comes riding out of the hard-blowing sections with a jet stream performance. His work on another instrumental, the flag-waver *Air Mail Special*, is in the same style—supercharged trumpet work notable for its precision of execution and bold contrasts of line and tonality. The *Jubilee* material is proof of the band's greatness. It had everything—youth, enthusiasm, swing, tonal impact, flexible sections, distinguished solo work, and exciting

new arrangements by Gil Fuller, Gillespie, and Tadd Dameron. The only band to compare to Eckstine's in depth of talent was the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra of the late '20s. More's the pity that no U.S. label documented its performances well.

An ill-timed resumption of a local wartime curfew ordinance (V-E day was only weeks off) led to the premature shuttering of the Plantation Club. Booking agent Billy Shaw took the band back to New York City via a series of one-night stands and presented Eckstine with a long-term National records contract.

Unfortunately and incredibly, that label, whose a&r policies were determined by former record buff Herb Abramson, was interested mainly in recording 2½ minute Eckstine vocals for the burgeoning jukebox market. The mighty reservoir of jazz talent was employed almost solely for background effects on Eckstine's ballads.

During the fall and winter of 1945-46, Navarro took part in the first five National sessions, which were interspersed with blitz road trips. On the 24 sides recorded for National he is heard on three occasions: *Long, Long Journey*; *Second Balcony Jump* (National's remake of the Earl Hines hit for Bluebird); and *Tell Me, Pretty Baby*. On the last, a slow blues, Fats fashioned one of his finer solos.

For several weeks, the Eckstine band found itself a happy home at Harlem's Club Sudan, formerly the Cotton Club made famous by Duke Ellington. By late spring of 1946, another cross-country road trip had been scheduled and Navarro, weary of the road, gave Eckstine notice. He was replaced temporarily by King Kolax and later by Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham. Except for a short stay with Lionel Hampton, Navarro had closed the book on big bands. New York City became his permanent headquarters.

He was now 23, and a brilliant career lay ahead. He had paid his dues—six years of tough and demanding apprenticeship in the hard schools of his day, in bands of increasingly higher caliber.

Although he was scarcely known to the public, Navarro had established himself among the elite of the new wave of trumpet players. His luminous tone, sweeping lines, and impeccable execution had surpassed everyone except Gillespie. The Navarro style had come to the attention of younger brass men and was being used as an inspiration and model by Kenny Dorham, Red Rodney, and Clifford Brown.

Navarro now began a series of affiliations with jazz combos whose format seemed to offer a climate for creative musicianship superior to that of big bands, first with veteran tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, who then was introducing the new sounds into his quintet; then tenorist Illinois Jacquet; and finally with groups of more kindred spirits that included former big-band colleagues working in the combos along 52nd St.

But Navarro was suffering from tuberculosis, at first unknown but soon diagnosed. To this, perhaps out of despair, he added another burden, the occupational sickness from which so many talented jazzmen suffered in those years, heroin addiction.



Members of the Billy Eckstine Band on the way to a May 2, 1945 recording session: rear (l to r): Art Blakey, Tommy Potter, Budd Johnson, Junior Williams, Fats Navarro, Chips Outcalt. Front: Eckstine, Gene Ammons.

Navarro had less than four years left. They were years that fulfilled much of his early promise and produced the legacy of Navarro performances on record, a time during which the creative fires burned brightly.

On consecutive days in September, 1946, he made his first small-group dates. The first was supervised by Charles Delaunay, the French jazz authority, and was under the leadership of pioneer bop drummer Kenny Clarke. The next day, another four sides were recorded for Savoy. In addition to Clarke and Navarro, saxophonist Sonny Stitt and pianist Bud Powell participated in both sessions. Navarro also joined Coleman Hawkins for two sides on Sonora label. (The Sonora sides will soon appear on a Prestige Historical Series release featuring Coleman Hawkins.) His services were in wide demand, and the decision to abandon big-band work and gig around New York seemed like a good one.

In 1947, Navarro made his first session as a leader, again for Savoy, billed as Fats Navarro and His Thin Men. That fall, more sessions followed. There was a second Hawkins date, this time for RCA, plus an additional two for Savoy and three for Blue Note.

On Nov. 8, Navarro was invited by jazz writer Barry Ulanov to take part in a WOR *Bands for Bonds* broadcast as a member of an all-star band including Charlie Parker, Allen Eager, Lennie Tristano, and Buddy Rich. *Fats Flats*, a reworking of *Hot House* (itself bopper-distilled from *What Is This Thing Called Love?*), was a trumpet tour de force. On *Koko*, the closing track and a Parker specialty, fireworks erupted spectacularly. As Don Ferrara has pointed out, Navarro was the only trumpet man who dared to play Parker's solo on this up-tempo romp through the chords of *Cherokee*. Navarro does, following Parker's sensational solo, and there isn't too much to choose between these two jazzmen, improvising at white heat. For all of his purity of tone and execution, Fats was able to bring to the trumpet some of the fluid, articulate quality of the saxophone, which had been his first instrument in Key West. (The WOR material is available only privately among collectors of noncommercial tape.)

A recommended best buy is the reissue of a series of air shots from the Royal Roost during the summer and fall of 1948 (Riverside 3019). The house band at the Roost was a Tadd Dameron unit with Navarro, Eager, bassist Curly Russell, and Clarke. The Roost was the first of the Times square jazz clubs, a cellar room on Broadway near 48th St. with an ambience never quite duplicated elsewhere. For three months, the Dameron quintet broadcast once weekly from the bandstand.

The rhythm section concept was daring and successful and still deserves careful attention today. It was characterized by Dameron's catalytic comping, and on several pieces, notably *The Squirrel*, a kind of bob-and-weave rhythm that set up a delightful series of rhythmic shock patterns. On this shifting web of sound Navarro's solos seemed to float. The creative process was uninhibited, transparent, and rich in variety. There was a high-velocity solo



BILL GOTTLIEB

(*Lady Be Good*); lively fours with Eager; musical quotes deftly worked into the solo line (*Anthropology*); lag-along playing, set off against breathless double time (*Good Bait*); epigrammatic limning of the melody behind the beat (*Tadd Walk*); and a final fourth chorus on a medium blues shaped with plastic notes from the low end of the trumpet register (*The Squirrel*).

This was improvised chamber music of the greatest purity and seriousness of concept, the essence of jazz style in evolution, and compares to the best of Parker, Gillespie, and Miles, for that matter anything in the '40s. The set is blessed with good balance and fidelity. As a bonus, the liner notes by Ira Gitler are a model of such writing—sensitive, literate, and well informed.

Two Blue Note memorial albums present Navarro in a variety of contexts, always with top musicians—Clarke, Dameron, Powell, Sonny Rollins, Milt Jackson, Wardell Grey, even Chano Pozo. *Double Talk* (BN 1532) is a high-pressure dialog between Fats and his rival cloud of Andy Kirk days, Howard McGhee. The Blue Note performances are brilliant but slightly less distinguished than the sum total of talents involved, just a bit stiff and official, as if the musicians were not sufficiently prepared or the studio climate less than ideal.

The Savoy sides benefit by looser organization and generous allotment of solo time, although one has the feeling that riffs and heads were scrambled together once the musicians had reached the studio. *Nostalgia*, Navarro's reading of *Out of Nowhere*, is notable for his treatment of the ballad form. (Savoy 12133). All Navarro LPs currently in the Schwann cata-

log, including the Blue Notes and Savoy, are well worth owning, but the Dameron broadcasts on Riverside are the best.

Navarro's final productive year turned out to be 1949. With Gillespie and Davis he rounded out the trumpet section of the January Metronome All-Star date for RCA, playing very well in that select company. On Aug. 8 he made his third and last Blue Note session, four sides including *Bouncing with Bud* with Powell and Sonny Rollins. In September he recorded four sides for Prestige, the band including Max Roach, Al Haig, Tommy Potter, and Don Lanphere, the saxophonist with whom he had made the exciting *Move* for Dial the year before. Navarro played beautiful open horn on what proved to be his last record date.

Navarro weighed more than 200 pounds before illness took its toll, although he was only of medium height. To these dimensions was added the incongruity of a strange, wispy voice, like that of a querulous girl. In the rough-and-tumble community of bop musicians, Navarro early acquired the nickname that took into account the voice, the frame, and the odd gait, describing him with deadly accuracy—Fat Girl. But he was a delightful person. He was friendly, warm, devoted, and receptive and obviously a man of deep feelings and sensitivity. His lineage was highly and intriguingly mixed. He came from Chinese, Cuban, and Negro stock. He was a loner, and one had the impression that he had always been one, right back to his teenage days when he gigged in southern Florida and latched onto the Allbright trumpet section for what turned out to be a life on the road.

/Continued on page 33

Elegy For Tony Fruscella

by
Robert
Reisner

He spent the first 15 years of his life in an orphanage. He walked out with a trumpet under his arm. He never had a home for any length of time after that. Short marriages, short stays in hospitals and jails, and he invented the crash pad. He walked the streets, an orphan of the world but with incredible dignity. He never accepted anything for free. He would cook and clean and play you music if you put him up. If you were a chick you got (according to him) some fine Italian love.

I got to know Tony Fruscella when I was running sessions at the Open Door in Greenwich Village. He usually played with Don Joseph, another trumpet man with as great an underground reputation as he. During intermissions, they played Bach duets. When I appointed him the leader on the job it was always disaster. He was so permissive, so gentle that he could not say no to anyone who wanted to sit in. The result was that an original quartet became a cacophonous "Orchestra". Worried about the union and wanting to control the mayhem, I started dragging guys bodily off the stage. One tenor man, in annoyance, put the bell of his horn next to my ear and played a flurry of notes. Tony turned to me and said, "See, man, he's saying something."

"I taught Chetty Baker a lot," he'd say in a boastful and rueful voice. Once, when an opportunity presented itself, I kidnapped Tony and Don and they found themselves in a barn in the country. They didn't know it, but they were to play at Music Inn in the Berkshires. When they got over the shock

they treated the guests to thrilling music. But the Katzenjammer Kids of Jazz soon got out of hand. Fruscella, when asked what he was playing, replied it was the **We Want Whiskey Blues**, refusing to play more until a bottle was produced. Joseph, in conversation with a young waiter, said, "How the hell can you work in such a lousy place as this?" The fellow was the son of the owner.

Back in the city, the Erteguns of Atlantic Records heard Tony at "The Door" and offered to record him. The result was a fine 12" LP, a collector's item that should be reissued, as should another session with Brew Moore which never appeared.

It was not easy getting the artists to the studio. We walked from downtown and had to stop at a bar on every block. To my horror, the last block had no saloon and it was touch and go until I got them into the studio.

The result was well worth the effort. Fruscella breathed delicate trceries of musical magic.

At the orphanage, he heard nothing but organ music in church and classical records on a wind-up Victrola. He never heard a note of jazz until he was 15. This probably accounted for the Mozartian purity of his conception. His reply to a question about influence was, "I have no influences whatsoever, and if you ever say bebop I'll kill you." Still, the bebop was very

much in evidence.

Despite his dogged will to fail, he did work with Gerry Mulligan and Lester Young, and spent a year touring with Stan Getz.

If I were an artist, I would paint Fruscella in the Renaissance manner. A side portrait of him bent in concentration over the horn which produced the flowing and delicate music. The usual background landscape would be strewn with a couple of wives, countless chicks, barbiturate containers, and empty bottles. His artistic life, however, was in sharp contrast. He was completely austere and disciplined. There was not a commercial chromosome in his body.

Fifteen years ago, a girl in Washington Square Park pointed to a slim guy with a handsome face with lines of just enough suffering and dissipation to make it interesting. "That's Tony Fruscella, a wonderful musician—but he'll be dead in a year." Despite his trouble-prone life he was always optimistic, always full of good humor. Once I met him during a particularly bad time, after he had taken a six-month rap for a girl who was on dexedrine. He looked terrible. I said, "Keep a stiff upper embouchure." Tony said, "After all my troubles I refuse to die, because that is the final insult." Tony Fruscella was never a good union member, but last August 14, after a hard 42 years, he paid his final dues. 



Art Farmer: Ambivalent Expatriate

by Lars Lystedt

ART FARMER has been dividing his time between the U.S. and Austria since 1965. While most American musicians living in Europe have settled in Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen or Amsterdam, the soft-spoken fluegelhornist picked Vienna. What's so attractive about that town?

"Aside from personal reasons, I like the city, the local musicians, and there are some opportunities for work there that makes it unnecessary for me to travel unless I wish," Farmer replied.

Among Farmer's recent activities have been a German tour with the popular singer Peter Alexander and the Vienna Radio Band under the leadership of Johannes Fehrig, which also has included two other temporary Europeans, Clifford Jordan and Jimmy Woode Jr.

Farmer also has worked with the exceptional Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band. On certain numbers, the band's soaring trumpets were transformed into a fluegelhorn section when Benny Bailey and Tony Fisher switched to the brass instrument Farmer has been concentrating on for so long.

Farmer, however, has not abandoned the trumpet and said he still plays it in big-band work.

"I practice more with the trumpet, but I prefer the fluegelhorn for solo work," he said. "I like the sound and flexibility, and since the extreme high register has never been my forte, little is sacrificed in that direction."

It has often been said that the main problem for American musicians in Europe is the scarcity of good rhythm sections—and that there's no telling what kind of section they may encounter while going from one country to another.

Farmer seems well established on the European scene, so it would appear to his advantage to have his own rhythm section, and he agrees it would, but "the added expense usually doesn't justify bringing in a whole group over here when the promoter can hire a local section for less," he said. "The public is used to this and seems willing to go along with it, as long as they are interested in the artist being featured.

"Most of the musicians I would like to work with steadily who live over here usually have their own things going for them, and it would take more money than is available, most of the time, to get them to travel on a steady basis and perhaps involve some financial loss on their part."

But if he could get the continental rhythm section he'd like to play alongside, Farmer would pick—among several—the Rhythm Machine with Phil Woods, since "we work together sometimes." He also likes the Georges Arvanitas Trio in Paris; Steve Kuhn with Palle Danielsson and Aldo Romano; the rhythm section from the Underground Railroad and Copenhagen's Montmartre with Kenny Drew, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, and Bjarne Rostvold; Fritz Pauer, a pianist from Vienna, who is now working with Jimmy Woode, and Erich Bachtregel on drums. In Helsinki there's Heikki Sarmanto, and in Stockholm the Red Mitchell Trio and pianist Lars Sjosten. And he also picked the Zagreb Jazz Quartet in Yugoslavia.



GIUSEPPE PINO

Farmer has been getting rave reviews all over Europe, but these notwithstanding he candidly talked about what he felt were his own shortcomings.

"First of all," he said, "my time could be better. Second, I get bored and tired easily unless I have a drummer to give me a spark, one who gives me something to play against. Third, I need to hear good chords from the piano that can give me an idea of something to play, and what I play usually needs the right harmonic context to sound as it should. Also without a bassist, strong harmonically and rhythmically, the whole thing doesn't hold together as it should.

"It's not necessary for me to have perfect players in order to play," he continued. "I'm not one myself, but without a certain degree of ability and empathy, one night can be very long. Still, I learn something more about myself in getting through such nights. I become more self-reliant, knowing that players such as Mickey Roker, Cedar Walton, and Walter Booker are not behind to help me out of a jam. In the States, I would take them or

their equals for granted and as a result, not try as hard as I should at all times. I even allowed nonmusical considerations to interfere, but here, I must react in a positive way to the constant change in the musical environment—to find out who and what I really am as a musician."

Is it possible he could be in doubt about this?

"Oh, yes!" he said. "I have been always, but life goes on, and you learn as you grow. In the U.S., the situation is not too conducive to persons finding themselves. They are so concerned with just staying alive. The social condition—well, we all know it's not so nice, and that certainly has a lot to do with it, but I found myself going back and as soon as I arrived and spent some time there, I wondered what the hell I was doing there. It's unpleasant as long as you're living in it—not enough to panic, because you don't notice it as much while you're there. But at this time I don't feel like going back, other than for a visit. I may change, but that's the way I feel today. My plans are

/Continued on page 32

Record Reviews

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

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

Randy Brecker

SCORE—Solid State SS18051: *Bangalore*; *Score*; *Name Game*; *The Weasel Goes Out to Lunch*; *Morning Song*; *Pipe Dream*; *The Vamp*; *The Marble Sea*.

Personnel: Brecker, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Michael Brecker, tenor saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, alto flute (tracks 5,6,8); Hal Galper, piano, electric piano; Larry Coryell, guitar; Eddie Gomez, bass, or Chuck Rainey, Fender bass (tracks 2&7); Mickey Roker or Bernard Purdy (tracks 2&7), drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The overdue debut album of Randy Brecker impresses most, perhaps, in its excellent over-all musicianship and variety of program. It offers gently lyrical bossa novas, pulsating rock-r&b-flavored jazz, and a smidgin of free playing, all carefully crafted and well executed.

If one has a reservation, it might be that the album is a bit too well planned; a little more stretching out wouldn't have hurt. But in view of today's record output, care and planning is not at all unwelcome, and there is no gimmickry involved.

Randy Brecker is, at 25, one of the best equipped all-round young trumpeters on the scene. He combines the best characteristics of a "natural" player with solid musicianship, and seems at home with the entire spectrum of contemporary styles. His varied experience, ranging from college bands to Blood, Sweat&Tears, Horace Silver, and the big bands of Clark Terry and Duke Pearson, stands him in good stead, and if he is still a somewhat eclectic stylist, this is only to be expected, and much preferable to forced "originality."

His younger brother Michael, who here makes his recording debut, has fire and guts plus fine command of his horn. I was much impressed with him at the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival in early 1968, and his outing here sustains the feeling that he will become a player to reckon with. Not unexpectedly, the brothers work together with great empathy, and one hopes they'll have the chance to pursue this promising musical relationship further.

This record is also an excellent showcase for the versatility of Larry Coryell. He offers strong, blues-based playing on the two rockish tracks (*Score* and *Vamp*), but even more impressive is his fluent lyricism on the gentle *Morning Song*, *Pipe Dream*, and especially *Marble Sea*, the most attractive of several Randy Brecker originals. Coryell's solo here is as mature and moving a jazz statement as I've yet heard from him.

Boston pianist Galper, from whom I've not heard much since his stint with Chet Baker some years ago, contributes the two rock-jazz pieces and the interesting *Name Game*, with its effective contrasts between

in and out of tempo segments. He also comps sensitively, and his solo work, while not strongly personal, is thoughtful and musical.

Gomez has a stunning solo on *Pipe Dream*, but also shows that he can hold his virtuosity in check at the service of creating a rhythmic foundation. Roker is solid and impeccable, and Purdy infuses the two tracks on which he plays with one of the most swinging and joyful soul beats around.

Randy Brecker gets a lovely sound on the fluegelhorn, which he uses on the pretty pieces, but I was most impressed with his trumpet solo on *Score*, though I wish it had been a bit longer. Leaving the listener wanting more, however, is not a bad idea. The 1:15 *Weasel*, an unaccompanied duet by the Brecker Brothers, is quite delightful. The sense of humor and playfulness it conveys is also in evidence elsewhere on this thoroughly enjoyable and musical album. —Morgenstern

Donald Byrd

FANCY FREE—Blue Note BST 84319: *Fancy Free*; *I Love the Girl*; *The Uptowner*; *Weasel*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Lew Tabackin or Jerry Dodgion (tracks 1, 3), flute; Duke Pearson, electric piano; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Roland Wilson, bass; Joe Chambers or Leo Morris (tracks 1, 3), drums; Nat Bettis, John Robinson, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Byrd, solidly ensconced in the halls of academe for the past several years, does not have a regular group these days, but Foster and Pearson are old colleagues. One would have thought that a reunion with them would have brought about a higher level of inspiration.

Byrd is performing valuable services as an educator, but I think his playing has suffered. On *The Uptowner*, a brassy number of not too demanding harmonic dimensions, his execution is not sharp, his tone has a slightly raggedy edge, and he doesn't seem to exhibit much enthusiasm. He blows with a little more verve on the blues-rock *Weasel*, but the honors here, as on *Uptowner*, go to Foster for his vigorous, solid, maneuverable tenor work. Ponder is OK when he sticks to repetitive rhythmic figures but seems to clash with the time when he tries longer runs.

The long *Fancy* combines a floating feeling with the bite of Latin percussion. Foster, Priestler, Pearson, and Byrd—the latter using some of those skipping phrases of Miles Davis from a few years back—solo adequately, but it is Dodgion who really captures the mood and feeling of peace and tranquility.

Pearson's electric piano sounds like a celeste on certain notes as he states the theme of Byrd's lovely *Girl*. (Byrd also

wrote *Fancy*.) The trumpeter restates the melody to begin his best offering of the set, and Foster's unabashed lyricism adds further beauty to the track. Especially effective are the horns behind the electric piano in the out chorus.

Other than *Girl*, Dodgion on *Fancy*, and Foster in general, this is an undistinguished album. The material on Side 2 is eminently forgettable. It won't get to rock fans, and jazz fans will be bored by it. I expected something heavier from Byrd.

—Gitler

Henri Chaix

HERE COMES THE BAND—Swiss Philips 843 813-PY: *Dooji Wooji*; *Dancers in Love*; *You're Driving Me Crazy*; *Anitra's Dans*; *Get Happy*; *Fric En Do*; *Swingin' in November*; *Pork and Beans*; *How Long Blues*; *Buck in Copenhagen*; *Carolina Shout*; *Here Comes the Band*; *I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me*.

Personnel: Jo Gagliardi, trumpet; Andre Faist, trombone; Roger Zufferey, alto sax; Michel Pilet, tenor sax; Jack Stafford, baritone sax; Chaix, piano; Alain Du Dois, bass; Romano Cavicchiolo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

"Here Comes the Piano Player" would be a more appropriate name for this first-class Swiss LP, since only four of the 13 tracks feature the full band. The balance is divided between five piano solos and four piano-with-rhythm selections.

Unfortunately, really, because the band numbers absolutely glow with mellowness and constitute the backbone of the LP. No lover of mainstream swing should let this go by without a hearing. *Dooji Wooji* is perhaps the most moving item in the collection, using both the walking bass piano figure and the general format of the original Johnny Hodges-Ellington version (available on Epic EE 22002). Zufferey contributes two lush sinewy blues choruses of crystal purity that get right to the point. Gagliardi's plunger trumpet snarls and whispers through another chorus.

November is another blues, a swinger by Benny Carter featuring some mellow section work by the saxes in the best swing era tradition. Fine solos by Pilet and Gagliardi precede a reprise of the opening riff figure. In a similar uptempo blues vein is *Buck in Copenhagen*, which offers three choruses each by Stafford (whose relatively thin tone is closer to Gerry Mulligan than to Harry Carney); Faist, whose trombone strikes sparks after his first 12 bars; and Pilet, whose virile tenor is in top form here. *Crazy* is somewhat dwarfed by the competition, but still fine listening.

Chaix dominates the other tracks with a style leaning heavily on classic stride. Nothing he plays here indicates he's out to extend the frontiers of his art, but he sounds fine. Especially good are *How Long*, a lowdown item in which the notes

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seem to stick to his fingers, and *Get Happy*, a snappy, driving piece with a generous drum solo.

One of the admirable things about this LP is the sound, especially on the band tracks. It's been beautifully recorded—a big, full deep sound that should serve as a model to U.S. companies. —McDonough

Dexter Gordon

THE TOWER OF POWER—Prestige 7623; *Montmartre; The Rainbow People; Stanley the Steamer; Those Were the Days.*

Personnel: Gordon, James Moody (track 1 only), tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Al (Tootie) Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

First there were Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young and their offspring. Then there is Dexter Gordon, the father of modern tenor saxophone. Strongly influenced by Lester at first, he soon fashioned a highly personal style, incorporating Pres, Hawk and Charlie Parker in what Ira Gitler has aptly called a "synthesis." The first true bebop tenor man, he remains the greatest of the breed, and his influence on Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane—the latter in particular—was profound.

But a Dexter Gordon album—especially so good a one as this—is not primarily of historical interest. He is a vital, still developing player whose music is no textbook matter, but speaks straight from life.

A resident of Europe since 1962, Gordon too rarely visits his native shores, but this album, his first under a new contract with Prestige, was made last spring in New York. His worthy constituents include the superb Barry Harris, stylistically a perfect complement, the brilliant young bassist Buster Williams, and Tootie Heath, a longterm fellow expatriate and frequent Gordon associate in Europe. This is a very compatible team.

Guest James Moody sits in on *Montmartre*. He is not at the top of his game, but his solo presents many interesting if somewhat disjointed ideas, and the two-tenor blend on the heads is a joyfully nostalgic sound. The theme, in minor, is characteristically Gordon, and the composer takes a highly caloric solo.

Stanley may be remembered by Gordon followers from a 1955 Stan Levey album. A blues, it features straight-from-the-shoulder swinging, and Dexter's exchanges with Heath are a treat.

Good as these two tracks are, it is in the balance of the album that gold is mined. *Rainbow People*, a most attractive Gordon original, contains some of his most moving playing of the '60s. The ideas flow, delivered with that matchless, slightly dry but warming tone—not unlike vintage cognac—and he articulates them beautifully. His fullness of sound in all registers and the ease with which he soars into the upper ranges are remarkable. But these are but the means—essential, of course—through which Dexter conveys his profoundly affecting musical message.

Not far behind is *Those Were the Days*, a prime example of how a great jazz musician can enhance and elevate basic popular material. Dexter distills the nostalgia of the melody, strips it of sentimentality, and adds a note of defiance—the accent of the true artist. Harris takes a lovely little solo.

Dexter Gordon is a master, and these two tracks are masterpieces. Masterpieces are not exactly common these days. This is a damn nice record. —Morgenstern

The Jazz Crusaders

LIGHTHOUSE '69: World Pacific Jazz ST-20165; *Get Back; It's Gotta Be Real; Willie and Laura Mae Jones; Ruby P'Gonia; It's Your Thing; Inside the Outside; Reflections; Svenska Flicka.*

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass; Six Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★ 1/2

This is a commercial and not particularly interesting record. Some selections are marred by the intrusive r&b-influenced playing of the rhythm section. Sample's electric piano work in the rhythm section just muddies things up. The least interesting tracks on the LP—*It's Your Thing* is probably the worst of them—are full of funky cliches.

However, the album has things to recommend it. Felder contributes some good work. He turns in powerfully swinging solos on *Ruby P'Gonia* and *Inside the Outside*.

Some of Henderson's playing is stale, but he does take a nicely thought out solo on *Reflections*.

Sample's playing on conventional piano is crisp and interesting, but on the electric instrument his funky soloing is hackneyed.

At their best, the Jazz Crusaders are a good group. They're not at their best here. —Pekar

J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN—A&M SP 3016; *Casa Forte; Betwixt and Between; Little Drummer Boy; Don't Go Love, Don't Go; Mojave; Stormy; Wichita Lineman; Just a Funky Old Vegetable Bin; Willie, Come Home. Transitional music between tracks: Bach Chorale #237; Plus Nine; Troika; Bach Chorale #241; Bach Chorale #134; Onion; Rings Rondo; Bach Invention #4; Bach Invention #1.*

Personnel: Johnson, Winding, trombones; Herbie Hancock, piano; Roger Kellaway, electric clavinet; Charles Covington, organ; Joe Beck, Eric Gale, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Charles Domanico, Russell George, Chuck Rainey, fender bass; Leo Morris, Denny Seiwell, drums; Airo Moreira, drums and finger cymbals; Warren Smith, tambourine; string section. Transitional music played by Marvin Stamm, flugelhorn; Johnson, Winding; Tony Studd, bass trombone; Paul Ingraham, French horn; Stuart Scharf, guitar.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This delightful miscellany is most interesting fare. Meticulously produced, it has something for everyone, in the sense that one can stroll through it by ear sampling a variety of offerings—some good, some better—and end with the satisfaction that the trip has been worth it.

For those who demand constant creativity—or what passes for it—this album is a dud. But accept it on its own terms and start from there.

In many ways, it is very mechanical. The precision of, say, *Casa Forte*, prepares us for the clock-like, tic-toc precision of the chorales, *Drummer Boy*, and, indeed, the entire album.

But within this precision there is much warmth, freedom and lilt. Beck and Kellaway provide much of this. Their playing reflects more cognance and kinship with the art of the '60s than does that of the leaders. They feel it the way that J and K, in this album, at least, do not.

The trombone interplay recalls early J

and K albums and what in the early and mid '50s was called West Coast jazz: warm, lyrical, technically adept—contrasted with the more funky, earthy, blowing of the Eastern musicians (a generalization, of course).

The East-West distinction no longer exists, except as a frame of reference to describe certain musicians (and their music) who have roots in that era. Perhaps *Between and Between* is a more apt title for this production than its progenitors imagined.

However, the program is extremely well constructed. There are 10 songs, intersticed with eight brief interludes called "transitional music." These are mostly by J. S. Bach (see title listing) and are beautifully played by J and K and associates. The interludes have no contextual relation to the preceding or subsequent songs but, importantly, they offer a reflective contrast.

Johnson and Winding have produced some very fetching music here. The album, for its variety and craftsmanship, deserves to be listened to more than once or twice—if only as a corrective. —Nelsen

Les McCann-Eddie Harris

SWISS MOVEMENT—Atlantic SD 1537: *Compared to What; Cold Duck Time; Kathleen's Theme; You Got It in Your Soulness; The Generation Gap.*

Personnel: Benny Bailey, trumpeter; Harris, tenor saxophone; McCann, piano, vocal; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Donald Dean, drums.

Rating: ★★

Most of the recorded work I've heard by Harris and McCann has been more concerned with pleasing the public than with playing imaginatively. Most of this LP, recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival, contains cliché-ridden, r&b-influenced jazz.

However, Harris and McCann can be creative musicians, and *Kathleen's Theme* illustrates this point. It is a harmonically and melodically fresh, wistfully pretty McCann composition. Harris is featured and plays very well. His complex, Coltrane-influenced work is passionate and has good continuity. His tone is heavier on this track than it generally has been in the past and this causes his playing to sound more virile than usual. McCann's tasteful comping for Harris on this track is also notable.

Bailey certainly is not in top form on this album. He seems primarily interested in crowd-pleasing. His playing is generally unimaginative and some of his screaming upper-register work is tasteless. —Pekar

Arif Mardin

GLASS ONION—Atlantic SD 8222: *Glass Onion; Proud Mary; Sympathy for the Devil; Walk on By; Strange Brew; How Can I Be Sure; The Dock of the Bay; Listen Here; Mary Ann; Ain't No Way; Midnight Walk.*

Collective Personnel: Bernie Glow, Mel Davis, Ernie Royal, Herb Pomeroy, Al Porcino, Wayne Jackson, Joe Newman, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Paul Faulise, Jimmy Cleveland, Benny Powell, Garnett Brown, trombones; Ray Alonge, Joe DeAngelis, Earl Chapin, French horns; Harvey Phillips, ruba; Marty Fulterman, oboe; Harvey Estrin, flute; Frank Wess, Charlie Mariano, Andrew Love, Joe Arnold, King Curtis, Seldon Powell, Pepper Adams, Floyd Newman, reeds; string section led by Gene Orloff, violin; Eddie Hinton, guitar, harmonica, vocal; Jimmy Johnson, guitar; Barry Beckett, piano, electric piano, organ; Mardin, piano; Felix Cavaliere, organ; David Hood, electric bass; Roger Hawkins, drums, percussion; Jeannie Greene, Donna

Thatcher, Mary Holiday, Eddie Brigati, David Brigati, vocal backgrounds.

Rating: ★★½

This album must have been a lot of fun to make. Mardin, who came to the U.S. from Turkey in 1958, attended the Berklee School of Music, and wrote charts for the Newport International Youth Band and a number of established big bands, has been a staff arranger and a&r man for Atlantic for many years. He is an immensely skillful (and highly successful) writer and supervisor and has had an important hand in many a hit.

Here, on a kind of busman's holiday, he has brought his talent and experience to bear on a wide variety of contemporary material, from the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Ray Charles, Burt Bacharach, Otis Redding, Eddie Harris, and others, deploying an awesome array of high-powered studio talent in a variety of combinations. A solid Muscle Shoals rhythm team is used throughout.

If there is a common denominator, it would be soul, but there are ingredients ranging from rock, blues, and country to straight pop and a soupçon of jazz. There is even a bit of Eastern spice.

The blending of these varied flavors is accomplished with stylish aplomb. What could have been a terrible mishmash turns out to be a palatable stew.

However, this is not a dish for the earnest purist—jazz, blues, or rock. It is for eclectics with a taste for current pop music who do not take offense at an occasional psychedelic guitar effect (title track, and the one I like least), ooh-ahing soul vocal backgrounds, smooth strings, and a generally lighthearted musical approach. If one goes along with the album's premise, it can be enjoyed for the skill with which it has been crafted and executed, and the variety it offers (along with consistently danceable rhythms) makes it a fine party record.

I liked, among other things, the piccolo trumpet (Mel Davis) on *Devil*, nicely blended with oboe; Harvey Estrin's pretty flute on *Walk On By*; Eddie Hinton's versatile guitar, evident throughout; the gentle soulfulness of *Ain't No Way*, the flute ensemble in *Mary Ann*; and Joe Newman's trumpet (*Listen Here*) and Charlie Mariano's alto (on *Midnight Walk*), the latter two solos being the only jazz highlights.

Midnight, by the way, is the only Mardin composition on the album, modestly relegated to the very end. It is a slow blues, scored for basic big band jazz instrumentation, and shows that Mardin hasn't lost his touch for what must have been his first love in music.

The rating is to be understood in terms of what this album is: a display of ingratiating skill; not music of great depth or ultimate significance. —Morgenstern

Anthony Ortega

PERMUTATIONS—Revelation 7: *My Buddy; Pizzicato; 'Tis Autumn; I Love You; Arco; G. the Key.*

Personnel: Ortega, alto saxophone; Chuck Domanico or Bobby West, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is the first Revelation album I've reviewed, and so I'd like to offer some

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words of praise for the efforts of the label's owners, Jon Horwich and John William Hardy (neither of whom I've ever met, spoken to, or corresponded with, by the way). These men surely won't get rich by enabling some fine but underappreciated musicians to cut LPs without commercial concessions, but they are performing a valuable service for jazz.

Ortega is not an undiscovered Charlie Parker but he certainly can be considered a fine musician. A veteran jazzman at 41, he has played with Lionel Hampton, Dizzy Gillespie, Gerald Wilson and Don Ellis, among others, but is virtually unknown to most jazz fans.

The selections on this LP, cut in Nov. 1966 and Jan. 1967, show that Ortega has obviously been influenced by Parker, but also by John Coltrane and/or the new-thing jazzmen. I'm not sure why no pianist was used; maybe so that Ortega would not be limited or inhibited in making his choice of notes. The saxophonist has an advanced harmonic conception, and a pianist would possibly have gotten in his way.

Ortega's style, then, is a rather unique blend of traditionally modern and avant garde elements.

In addition to being an original performer Ortega is an excellent technician. He executes long, complex lines very cleanly. His tone is rather small but pure and penetrating. He plays well in all registers; his fine upper-register work is particularly impressive. He is an impassioned improviser who likes to play a lot of notes and often swings very hard.

However, this LP leaves something to be desired. Two of its tracks, *Pizzicato* and *Arco*, are unaccompanied solos by Domanico. *I Love You* is an alto saxophone and bass duet. The other selections are by Ortega, West and Goodwin. The fact that so few musicians are used limits the variety of tone colors and textures. The Elvin Jones Trio has a similar instrumental makeup, but Joe Farrell plays three horns whereas Ortega plays only one. (Actually, Ortega can play several instruments and did so on a Bethlehem LP in 1958-9.) Also, the Jones trio arrangements are more interesting than the ones used here.

As this is an album featuring improvised solos, Ortega and Domanico have a great deal of responsibility. Ortega is fairly inventive as well as original, but his work here is not varied enough. *On My Buddy*, *I Love You* and *'Tis Autumn* (*'Tis Autumn* is mislabeled *G*, *the Key* and vice versa on my copy) his approach is pretty much the same: he begins in a calm manner but then gets into his multi-note lines. Sometimes I get the feeling that he's playing a lot of notes partly because he enjoys demonstrating his technical command.

Pizzicato shows that Domanico has fine technique, but viewed as a piece of music, it doesn't make it. It doesn't go anywhere; Domanico sounds like he's doing exercises. *Arco*, which sounds somewhat like a modern classical selection, is better developed and more interesting. Domanico has a rich, dark bowed tone.

West performs capably in the rhythm section and turns in some good, thoughtful solo work. Goodwin's comping is restrained and sensitive; he is a musical drummer.

I liked this record, but on Ortega's next—and I hope there is one—it might make sense to include another good hornman and/or place more emphasis on the arrangements.

Revelation records are available from P.O. Box 65593, Los Angeles, CA 90065.

—Pekar

Jimmy Smith

THE BOSS—Verve V6-8770: *Some Of My Best Friends Are Blues*; *The Boss*; *This Guy's In Love With You*; *Fingers*; *Tuxedo Junction*. Personnel: Smith, organ; George Benson or Nathan Page (track 4 only), guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is the best Smith LP, from a jazz standpoint, in quite some time. Recorded live at Paschal's La Carousel club in Atlanta, it captures the organist in some inspired moments, and even those who think they know his playing well will hear some things they ain't heard before.

At his best, as he is through most of



this album, Smith remains in a class by himself. A master of time, tempo, touch and taste (the first three always, the latter whenever he wants it that way) Smith can make the electric organ's musical liabilities into assets. A dynamo of energy and a wellspring of ideas, he can outswing most bands, big or small, with two hands and a pair of feet unmatched by any competitor.

Smith created a new vocabulary for the jazz organ, and he keeps adding to it. On *The Boss*, for example, he introduces new sounds achieved by phenomenal fingering dexterity, as if in defiance of the latest electronic inventions.

Moogs, Synkets, what have you—Smith has them all beat, because he has *humanized* his mechanical monster, making it sing and dance, shout and stomp, and always swing, baby, *swing*.

Smith is one of the very few truly gifted jazz artists who has become a popular success in the fullest sense. For this, he has on occasion had to pay; there are times when he deliberately jettisons his better musical instincts and relies on milking devices and simplifications.

But then he'll do something incredible, like the title track here, and you have to forgive him. The modal *Fingers* is almost

as good; *Friends* is a slow, rocking blues that gets a groove; *Tuxedo* a mellow visit with an old standard (also a blues), and *This Guy* a gentle return to earth after the spaceflight of *The Boss*. Benson's best solo is on that track, but Smith almost obliterates the memory of it when he takes over. Bailey and Page also give good support, and it's hard to believe there's no bass player. The recording is good, and captures some hip audience reactions. *The Boss* is boss. —Morgenstern

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

The Young Big Bill Broonzy (Yazoo 1011)

Rating: ★★★★★

Big Bill Broonzy, *Big Bill's Blues* (Epic 22017)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Blind Lemon Jefferson, *Volume Two* (Milestone 2007)

Rating: ★★★★★

Bo Carter, *Greatest Hits, 1930-1949* (Yazoo 1014)

Rating: ★★★★★½

The recent emphasis on modern urban blues has tended to override the earlier interest in prewar and rural blues forms, but the latter have not been wholly eclipsed, as these recent releases suggest. In fact, there's just as much, if not more, activity in prewar blues reissues as ever, with the ongoing programs of origin, Yazoo, Historical and Biograph Records occasionally being supplemented by those of Epic and Milestone.

As a result of his 1950s adoption of the stance of "folk singer," the late Mississippi-born singer-guitarist Big Bill Broonzy has been consigned to virtual limbo by current blues enthusiasts, whose interests lie almost wholly with the latter-day commercial electric product. Broonzy, they feel, was something of a sham and his music irrelevant. This lopsided view takes little account of Broonzy's phenomenally successful and important career as a commercial bluesman in the years 1927-48, when he was one of the most in-demand blues musicians around, making more than 250 recordings under his own name as well as serving as accompanist on literally hundreds of others.

In many respects, Broonzy was the prototypical urban blues musician, a nonpareil singer, a magnificent composer, many of whose songs have gone into blues tradition, and one of the most unflinchingly inventive and modern guitarists the idiom has produced.

These two recently issued LP collections of Broonzy's pioneering prewar recordings should do much to set matters straight—assuming that young blues fans take the trouble to listen to them.

The Yazoo set concentrates on the earlier phase of Broonzy's career and spans the years 1928-35; the 14 selections comprise solo performances, and two-guitar and piano-and-guitar duets with a variety of supporting musicians, all of extraordinarily high levels of artistry and of great

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interest to the student of American Negro vernacular music. The performances are about equally divided between standard blues and ragtime-influenced selections. Broonzy performs throughout with consummate ease, great instrumental fluency, and more than a measure of invention.

While he was presumed to have been a pupil of Papa Charlie Jackson, a comparison of any of Broonzy's early recordings with those of Jackson gives the lie to this, for there is not the remotest similarity in styles. From the outset of his recording career, in fact, Broonzy was his own man, with a fully developed command of the idiom that he was to continue to deepen and expand as his skills grew. His 1928 *Starvation Blues* is a fine though typical country blues-styled performance; by 1932, however, when he recorded *Long Tall Mama*, he had matured considerably. The accompaniment of this latter piece is as virtuosic as it is personal—extraordinarily complex in its alternation of a richly rhythmic chordal backup with glittering responsorial phrases, both single-note lines and chordal patterns, with which he fleshes out and elaborates his singing, all delivered with flashing speed and great clarity.

He continued his refinement of basic country blues style and developed an instrumental approach of singular subtlety, harmonic sophistication and, above all, great musicality. The Yazoo set illuminates this aspect of his talents beautifully, and any number of the selections are masterful—*Saturday Night Rub*, *Mississippi River Blues*, *Slove Pipe Stomp*, and the astonishing (there's no other word) plectrum work on *How You Want It Done?*, for examples of his brilliant playing of standard blues form, and *Brownskin Shuffle*, *Eagle Ridin' Papa*, and *Hokum Stomp* illustrating his total command of ragtime idioms, while the superb ensemble playing and interesting structural scheme of the 1935 *Good Liquor Gonna Carry Me Down* signals the arrival of the mature urban idiom. A lovely album.

The Epic set offers representative samples of Broonzy's mature work as a commercial bluesman, the leading figure of the studio-derived Chicago urban blues style of the immediate pre-World War II years, an important transitional phase bridging the earlier rural approaches and the later blues-and-rhythm idioms of the postwar period. With the exception of the 1932 *Bull Cow Blues*, with its stylistic debts to Charlie Patton and Memphis Minnie, the emphasis in this set is on the singer's small-group sides of the late '30s and early '40s.

The music is in the main jaunty and exuberant, and the playing of the various small bands tight and well-focused. Basic instrumentation is guitar and piano with bass and/or drums. With the occasional addition of such solo voices as those of New Orleans trumpeter Punch Miller or jazz guitarist George Barnes, Broonzy's guitar adopts a supporting, rhythmic role to that of the soloist. Even on the tracks where horns or other lead instruments are absent, however, the emphasis is on light, swinging, totally interactive ensemble playing, with little of the virtuoso work Broon-

zy had demonstrated on his early recordings.

Then, too, the song materials themselves had evolved from the standard country blues 12-bar, AAB form to the more sophisticated 12-bar, ABB format, with the second and third lines used as a recurring refrain. The first line, which in this new form generally consisted of four short phrases (rather than the two of rural blues), developed the story line and acted as foil to the refrain. It was a new synthesis that was perfectly suited to the requirements of the blithe, less introspective urban blues style, and on these 13 performances Broonzy demonstrates again and again that he was its undisputed master. Thanks to Epic's Frank Driggs, who produced the set.

Going back a few years, Blind Lemon Jefferson was perhaps the first country bluesman to achieve any kind of sustained popular success; certainly he recorded extensively enough and, as a result of this, exerted a significant influence on the music. Milestone's second Jefferson collection sustains the high standards set by *The Immortal Blind Lemon Jefferson* (2004) and concentrates on recordings from the period 1926-8, before the singer-guitarist succumbed to commercial pressures in the production of somewhat contrived material. Not unexpectedly, Jefferson's music, particularly his earlier recordings, was very traditionally-oriented and his songs are chock full of blues commonplaces, traditional phrases and motifs, all of which his great artistry allowed him to transmute into extraordinarily personal statements.

He made the commonplace fresh and alive by his interesting juxtapositions of traditional and original elements (which is what the great bluesman always does), and his performances possess a flowing musicality, thanks primarily to his instrumental and vocal prowess. His great impact on the blues and bluesmen of and after his time is completely understandable, as this essential collection of some of his finest work makes perfectly clear.

Another guitar wizard of the prewar period was Bo Carter (as he was called on record), a member of the Chatman family of Mississippi-based musicians who recorded extensively, in varying instrumental combinations, as the Mississippi Sheiks. As a soloist, Carter's career was chiefly successful as a result of his frequent recordings in the widely popular *double entendre* blues genre, of which he was an undisputed master; the fertility of his imagination in coming up with so many wry, suggestive sexual conceits is truly staggering, in fact. In one way, however, this very skill works against him—at least in the context of a whole LP. His admitted instrumental skill and the fine support he's furnished by other members of the Mississippi Sheiks aside, track after track of forced sexual humor wears a bit thin. The impression with which one is ultimately left is that of a fine artist wasting his talent on contrived material. In the final analysis, it seems that Carter was the victim of his own success. This album is best taken in small doses, a couple of tracks at a time.





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DIZZY GILLESPIE BLINDFOLD TEST PT. 2

During a booking at the Lighthouse in Los Angeles last fall, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet went through its familiar motions. Diz for the most part seemed to be coasting; almost two sets had elapsed before the spark of his genius seemed to ignite.

I found myself wondering whether he figured that his young audience essentially had no true idea of who or what he is and that as a result he did not feel compelled to give his all for them. On the other hand, it was possible that cause and effect were confused. Suppose he and his sidemen had played as if this had been a major concert commemorating some historical event? Suppose even that they had worked as if at a command performance at the White House? Would not the audience reaction have displayed substantially more comprehension and enthusiasm?

What this has to do with the Blindfold Test is that Gillespie, when he puts his mind and heart to it, is a mighty figure, one whose own stupendous contribution to jazz has qualified him to pass judgment on his predecessors, his peers and his imitators. He is also a compassionate, loving person, as the anecdote below concerning Joe Venuti eloquently reveals.

Part I of this test appeared in the Feb. 5 issue.

—Leonard Feather

1. STANLEY TURRENTINE. *River's Invitation* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1959-69*, Blue Note). Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Oliver Nelson, arranger/conductor. (Recorded 4/14/65).

Stanley Turrentine! You know, Stanley Turrentine sounds real Texas . . . from the same school as Illinois Jacquet . . . the phrasing . . . I like those Texas musicians, especially the saxophone players. There's some trumpet players came from there too. Russell Jacquet, Kenny Dorham . . .

That song sounded like it was 3-3-2 . . .

FEATHER: *But it was still basically in four. It was a long meter blues . . . a 24-bar blues.*

Yes, but the accents were 1-2-3, 1-2-3, 1-2 . . . I dug that. I liked the arrangement, though I don't know who it is. It isn't a style I recognize. I'll give that four stars.

2. PORT OF HARLEM JAZZMEN. *Port of Harlem Blues* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1939-49*, Blue Note). Frank Newton, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Albert Ammons, piano; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Johnny Williams, bass; Sid Cartlett, drums. (Recorded 4/7/39).

Do you remember Jabbo Smith? You know who he was?

I have a tape a fellow in Boston gave me of Jabbo. It was made in nineteen twenty-something. Man, that was just out of sight. The breaks he made. Usually you have to arrange the breaks, but he'd start around E flat or E natural or sometimes F, and come all the way down to low A, and never stop—and that takes some playing! Some flexibility.

I've known Jabbo a long time, but I've never heard him play too much. When I came to New York I was always hanging out with my own circle of guys like Charlie Shavers, Benny Harris and them . . . But, Jabbo, even in the time of Louis Armstrong, man, he was really really something.

FEATHER: *Did this guy remind you of Jabbo?*

Yes, But Jabbo would have been playing a little more changes. The guy on that record reminds me of somebody I know, though, besides Jabbo. I know that trombone player, too. Lawrence Brown? That's

how it is with those guys, if you know them long enough, you just know it had to be them playing.

For the time that was made, the sound is nice. I guess that it was probably done sometime in the late '30s. You can tell by the style the guys are playing. It's nice to be able to span different eras of music and to really see and detect the difference in the concept of what they play. Take the blues, the blues that were played, say by King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, Chick Webb and all those people—and then take the blues that are being played now. Well, it's out of sight.

For that last track you played, for that era, I'd give it five stars.

FEATHER: *I'll tell you who it is. It's Frankie Newton.*

Oh, you know, I started to say that! But I'm not too familiar with Frankie's playing. I took his place with Teddy Hill's band to go to Europe in 1937. Most of the time I heard him he was playing that mute of his . . .

FEATHER: . . . *the buzz mute.*

Yes, that's it. I knew him for years and he was a marvelous musician.

FEATHER: . . . *and J. C. Higginbotham . . . I thought you'd know him, but he sounds more typical when he's playing open.*

In Cheraw, S. C., we had a trombone player that reminded me so much of J. C. Higginbotham. A guy named Bill McNeil. He was a real gut trombone player. He would have been a great, great musician . . . a natural musician. But he got killed down south. They put him on the railroad track. He was a couple of years older than me, and man he just had so much fire! Every time he played with our band, he just set the place on fire. He couldn't read—neither of us could read at that time, we only played in B \flat . And I remember Miss Alice Wilson. She was our teacher, our mentor.

When they gave the band the horns, in school, I was so small that I had to wait until the bigger guys got what they wanted. All that was left was a trombone, so I grabbed that. So then I was a trombone player for a while. Then the boy next

door got a trumpet and I liked that better. So I got one.

When we had a little band, the band-leader was a bass drummer. One of these days I'm going to make a record playing the bass drum. I've never heard anyone play one since like that. That was in 1931 or '32 . . . and he was the leader! Boy, that was some band. We all played in B \flat . . . and my cousin played the bass violin with one string, and I showed him how to tune it up to a fret I'd marked where B \flat was. And this bass drummer, he'd sit down sideways so his knee would be up against the bass drum, to make different tones, and move it different places . . . like Art Blakey does with his elbow.

I had a record date once; it was a West Indian and Brazilian thing, and I used Kansas Fields and I tried to show him how to use the bass drum, but he just couldn't play it. So I thought I'd overdub it myself. That was on *Jambo Caribe*, but it didn't come off like I had it planned. I think the rhythm is the most important part; you can do anything if the rhythm is strong. A lot of guys don't realize that the cohesiveness of the rhythm section is most important, the foundation.

FEATHER: *The piano on this was Albert Ammons.*

I played opposite Albert Ammons at the Apollo Theatre. I was working with my own band. He was on the same bill—Pete Johnson, too. They were two of the real heavyweights in boogie-woogie.

. . . Speaking of old-timers, you know Joe Venuti? We were in Japan together, with the George Wein tour. He was 72 years old and wasn't used to younger musicians being concerned with his health. So, one day we were at a press conference and I asked where Venuti was. Someone told me he had had an ulcer attack. So I phoned him and told him I'd heard he was sick and that I was coming back to the hotel to see how he was. He was so happy that someone cared how he was feeling. It's the things like that that make it worth while. And the rest of it is all worth nothing . . . money, car, cameras . . . compared to the spiritual satisfaction of being concerned with another's feeling. 



JAN PERSSON

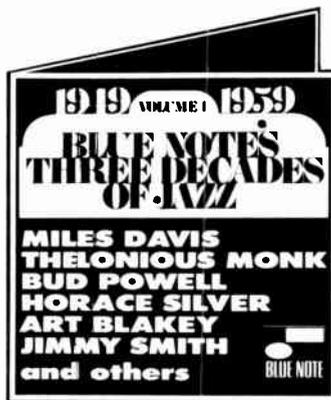
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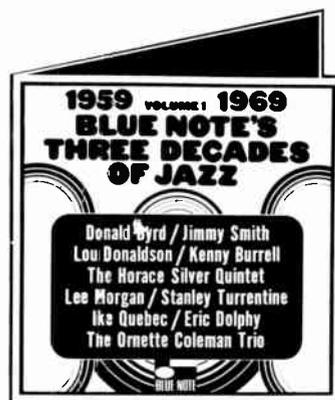
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JAN PERSSON

Dizzy Gillespie: A Night to Remember

Dizzy Gillespie

London House, Chicago

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Mike Longo, piano; George Davis, guitar; Phil Upchurch, electric bass; David Lee, drums.

"The degree of purity in your hearts is astounding—especially with this damn cold weather outside. For it would take the angel Gabriel himself to get me out of here tonight . . . or money; not necessarily in that order."

Thus Dizzy Gillespie thanked his small but enthusiastic audience for an especially warm round of applause on one of the coldest Chicago winter nights in recent memory.

Perhaps it was the circumstances—obviously, anyone who braves below-zero cold reinforced by strong winds must be a true music lover, or crazy—but whatever the reason, Dizzy and his brand-new group made this a memorable night.

The new group is not yet complete; Upchurch, better known as a guitarist but equally accomplished on bass, was just filling in during this engagement. James Moody, the trumpeter's stalwart front-line associate for more than six years, is gone, as is longtime drummer Candy Finch, and Jymie Merrit, the last in a series of rela-

tively short-term bass players.

Moody is missed, of course, but after so many years of working together, he and Dizzy easily fell into established routines. Furthermore, in Moody Diz had more than a featured sideman. He was almost a co-star.

Now, at the helm of a young group, with only pianist Longo as a holdover, the leader has to carry the ball himself most of the time. He more than rose to the challenge.

If there had been nothing else (and there was plenty), two pieces would have sufficed to lift the evening into the realm of the extraordinary.

The first of these was a new Gillespie composition, *The Brother K.*, dedicated to the Memory of Dr. Martin Luther King. It is a lovely melody, not at all maudlin, but intensely lyrical. Opening with a Harmon-muted theme statement and elaboration with only the barest suggestion of stated time, it moved into tempo with a slight Latin inflection during Longo's solo, maintaining it through Diz' flowing improvisation to the fade-out ending. This ranks with Gillespie's finest compositions, and the elegiac mood was beautifully sustained.

If this was an example of the master at his best, Dizzy's next offering was even more—the kind of musical experience that sustains one's faith in jazz' enduring power.

It was a slow blues—a Longo original called *Let Me Out Of Here—You Hear*—and during the pianist's introduction, Diz sat down on the apron of the stage, adjusted the mike, picked up his horn, still muted, and closed his eyes. Then he began to blow, building a blue sermon that had the message from the first note.

The solo contained all the key elements of Gillespie's remarkably individual style: his harmonic and rhythmic wizardry (what that man can do with time, and how he can swing at a tempo like this); the almost unbelievable runs, each note fully articulated with breath control that would amaze a master of Yoga; the glissando wails; the characteristic half-valve-accented swoops into bottom register, and, during the exciting double-time passage, the staggering rhythmic freedom and criss-crossing of bar lines which, because swing is always maintained, are far "freer" and more astonishing than the new-thing experiments.

But these observations are made in retrospect. While Dizzy played, there was only the content of the music, not the

means by which it was conveyed. And that content was the essence of the blues, as deeply as we've ever heard Diz get into it. (The great ones grow greater, and don't you forget it.)

Dizzy is a master of abstraction, yet never a maker of merely abstract music. The feeling for melody, the sense of form, the soul are always there. This blues was something to remember, and when I say that the groove reminded me of Hot Lips Page, Diz and a few others will know what I mean.

There were other things: Longo's *Alligator*, a loping blues with a good solo from the composer, who, during his long tenure with Dizzy, has developed into a confident and convincing soloist and a gifted writer, and *Soul Kiss*, with a rock beat, some humorous smacking sound effects from Diz, and a memorable contribution from guitarist George Davis, who gets around on his instrument, has an unusual, slightly echo-chambered sound, a fine beat, and comps and blends effectively.

David Lee, like Davis a New Orleanian, has very relaxed, swinging time, plays for the group, and seems a truly natural drummer in a way resembling Ed Blackwell, his landsman. Upchurch laid down a good foundation, and his solos displayed guitar-like facility and invention—not surprisingly.

The group is already together, and with the right permanent bassist, and more new material of the caliber already demonstrated, it should give much pleasure and inspiration to the leader, and vice versa.

It was a nice evening in other respects. Between the two late sets, Dizzy was warmly greeted by an array of fans with different stories.

First was the man who told him he'd been his fan since the days of *Salt Peanuts*. This prompted a bearded gentleman at an adjacent table to volunteer the information that *he* had been listening to Dizzy's horn since the broadcasts with the Teddy Hill band (that would be 1937, kiddies) and had come out this night "to see if you could still play." Needless to say, he was disappointed only in his own lack of faith.

Then appeared a jovial Englishman to request an autograph and tell Dizzy that he'd not seen him since a memorable concert at the Salle Pleyel in Paris in the mid-'50s. The international note was sustained by the next visitor. "Guess where I saw you last," he asked, in a voice with an eastern European accent. "Athens?," ventured Diz. "Not quite," the man answered. "It was in Aleppo, Syria . . . we went out together after the concert and had dinner, remember?" Dizzy did, beamingly. The man said that he was with a lady from the Soviet Union whose son was a jazz fan, and would he please come and say hello.

Dizzy, always friendly and accommodating with his public, obliged. Returning after a long and seemingly animated conversation, he reported with genuine pleasure that the lady had told him she'd been unhappy about her son's liking for jazz until hearing and meeting Dizzy on this night.

She picked a good one.

—Dan Morgenstern

Berklee School Holiday Jazz Concert

New England Life Hall, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Berklee Trombone Ensemble; Thursday Night Dues Band; Phil Wilson, trombone, director; Ray Turner, trombone; Andy McGhee, tenor saxophone, guest artists.

No more adventurous generation of students has crowded the campuses than the one making today's scene, and music students are no exception. From explorations in the free-form idiom to applications of electronics, a revolution is under way among students of music. And at least one teacher, Phil Wilson of Boston's Berklee School, has heard what's blowing in the wind.

Wilson is chairman of Berklee's trombone department. But with the zeal of one who really cares about the future of jazz music and the education of its young

writers and players and audience alike, the former Herdsman also works after hours with two Berklee groups of his own creation, the school's trombone ensemble and its big jazz aggregation, the Thursday Night Dues Band.

The Trombone Ensemble is composed of no less than 10 horn players. Backed by piano, bass and drums, they ring about the stage like official testers at an instrument plant, and few horns out of Elkhart ever got a more thorough trial. From the very first number, student David Grimes's *Cranberry Bog*, a setting for some gutsy free-form, the commitment to wide-ranging experiment stood as the theme of the jazz evening's efforts.

Senior Jack Stock, a lead player in the ensemble, provided the centerpiece of the

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trombonists' offerings with his three-part *Suite for Trombones*. Stock has listened well to his fellow players. His first movement, *Piece for Ten Trombones*, utilizes the group's full resources, albeit with the emphasis on rhythm and a big sound rather than melodic virtuosity. His solo compositions, particularly as played by Hal Crook and Tony Lada, both veterans of summers with big band professionals, are less studied, more pleasing. Crook has a light, confident sound, mellow and smooth if not yet as daring as it might become. Lada's style—it has to be a conscious choice, since in other numbers it was equally evident—is a loud, flat out, deliberate interpretation that favors J. J. Johnson-like, clean, almost clipped separations between notes.

It is, perhaps, both a burden and a glory of school concerts that each number has a polished, nearly too-perfect finish about it. Wilson's groups get around the rub by giving free rein to individual expression. The trombone hour ended as it began, with some spectacular improvisation, the younger lights starting the action and the stars hanging back, listening intently, then coming in to do their own thing and doing it supremely well. Wilson pointed the soloists on and off, beckoning for more and more as the sound rose, then guiding the band back to the chart, Don Wilkins' *From the Highest Point in the Andes*, the group's most colorful, swinging and daring work of the evening, a genuine crowd-pleaser.

Hal Crook's bravado scoring of *Down by the Riverside* provided the perfect curtain-raiser for the big band. Spotlit in turn were saxophonist Sal Spicola, Bob Summers on fluegelhorn, and the arranger himself on trombone.

Spicola quickly brought the audience back from the brassy spell cast by the 10 trombones, reminding everyone that there are still woodwinds in the world. In *Apartment #4*, an original composition written and arranged for the band by his fellow sax man, Howard Drye, Spicola grooved up into his solo from a seemingly impossible depth, winning gasps from the crowd; then joined Summers, who at first wove a mellow counterpoint with Spicola's full-throated sax. They moved into a final duet that had the two instruments

sounding as one.

Wilson's arrangement of *Heaven* from Duke Ellington's *Concert of Sacred Music* proved no less a showcase for Spicola's talents, turning from a big, brass-shattering middle to a classically delicate ending, Sal reaching for his flute in a final pastorelle. The young saxophonist even managed to wail convincingly down the soul road when singer Eric Butler fronted the band in his own arrangement and commanding performance of James Brown's *Mother Popcorn*. Finally, presenting his full credentials, Spicola dominated his own original number. *Battle of the Bulge*, joining Drye (on baritone) for a rousing bell-to-bell battle of the saxes.

Spicola, like Crook and Summers and Lada, deserves to be seen and heard in all the right places. The time when they will be may not be far off.

Fittingly, Berklee student compositions and arrangements made up most of the evening's program. Featured among them was the impressive first movement of senior and Ellington-alumnus Paul Kondziewa's suite, *And We Do Love You Madly*, for which the band showed considerable warmth, with inspired solo and ensemble playing. *Madly* showed the composer's working familiarity with a wide range of musical styles and instrumental possibilities, stimulating the listeners' desire to hear the complete work.

One temptation for faculty producers of school concerts is to stuff the evening with song, as if bound and determined to get every number polished in the rehearsal room out before the public. Wilson did not resist this temptation at New England Life Hall; and while the music was good, the rewards came at the cost of that precious commodity, over-all showmanship. The music flowed on unrelentingly, and while the largely student audience stayed on and on, stomping and shouting for more, one began to wish for some vocalizing, a little patter, more dimming and tinting of the lights from song to song, or at the very least some more elan in the individual performances.

More about the show-enhancing benefits of bravura playing might be learned by his fellows from Joe Giorgianni, Wilson's lead trumpet. Soon to grace the Buddy Rich ranks, he is an assured (not

to say cocky) young performer, already capable of dominating an entire band with his firm, top-ranging horn.

The difference—and I'm talking only about good old-fashioned entertainment—became clear when some of the Berklee faculty members took over.

Ray Turner's animated performance of *Animus I*, an opus for trombone and tape recorder using a speaker on stage and another in the balcony, provided a blessedly comic and technically dazzling interlude between the two student groups. For Phil Wilson's arrangement of *The Christmas Song*, a bow to the season, tenorist Andy McGhee blew up a saxophone fog as velvety as composer Mel Tormé's voice. McGhee also paid tribute to his student, Spicola, by struggling manfully with the young man's chart, appropriately dubbed *Andy's Dilemma*, then departing from the sheets to wing it with that firm, controlled showmanship the students themselves still need to develop.

Wilson, no mean entertainer himself, moved front and center as leader, soloist and arranger in the final numbers of the program. His version of Ellington's *Rock-in' in Rhythm* took the band, fast-paced, through an antic collage of brassy contours and textures. But the evening's success *d'estime* came with Wilson's own reading of the Beatles' *Eleanor Rigby*, the program's final scheduled number. This was a witty score with quotes from *Oklahoma* and *San Francisco and California, Here I Come* and, doubtless, other tunes known only to the man himself. Bringing his trombone down front, Wilson stopped the band for extended proof of his own down-plunging power, exploring the lower registers for a sound that came out not unlike E. Power Biggs' pedaling. Then he lashed his charges back to a finish that won a standing ovation from the largely "rock generation" audience of 800.

The demand from the faithful was for *Mercy, Mercy*. The Berklee rendition of Phil's popular Buddy Rich arrangement, a brassy cycle of solo tensions and chordal resolutions, showed none, and took on added soul for being played by the chief's own talented tribe of young pros.

—John Hambricht

Benny Powell

Judson Hall, New York City

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet; Powell, trombone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Harold Mobern, piano; Eugene Wright, bass; Bill English, drums; Leon Thomas, tambourine, vocals.

"The Story of Jazz," as related in words and music by Benny Powell and his sextet, did what it set out to do—to tell the listeners a story of jazz, as it is known to the musicians who told it. As such, it provided insight into the views of a particular group of jazz musicians, as they saw—and see—the music and its environment.

If the story they told omitted facts and contained half-truths, it may be attributed to a haziness in viewpoint—caused by a lack of awareness of what happened and is happening—or a refusal to see, feel, and know reality.

The first segment of the story, as narrated by Powell, was verbal references to the polyrhythms of Africa and how they influenced jazz. The spiritual aspect of the

music was demonstrated in *Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen* and mention was made of the blues aspect of the music and its foundation. The sad-happy equilibrium within the music was identified as the basis for the parade type of jazz associated with New Orleans funeral marches, and reference was made to the happiness in the music of funeral marches deriving from the freedom experienced in leaving the cares of life. The sextet then played a spirited version of *When the Saints Go Marching In*, featuring Thomas, singing and playing tambourines; Jones, trumpet; and Foster, clarinet.

While the statement "in the rough years, the music was as rough," which followed *Saints*, held true particularly for the way the sextet played what might be called traditional or Dixieland jazz, it is also true that this type of jazz, when played by musicians who created it, has a beauty created out of the roughness and hostility of the environment. In many ways, this segment of the sextet's presentation could have been more accurately reflected by recordings made by the creators of this form of jazz or, better still, by in-person performances by musicians who normally play this type of jazz.

Duke Ellington was then called "the dean of jazz" and credited with having taken the music from dusty streets to concert halls. The sextet paid tribute to him by playing a relaxed and smooth version of *Take the A Train*, featuring Thomas scatting the Betty Roché lyrics and a tenor solo by Foster. In this segment, the sex-

tet, individually and as a unit, displayed more than competence. The audience was treated to the re-creation of a phase of jazz that the sextet's musicians helped shape. Historically, the musicians were in their time element and their rapport with one another in reflecting this era of jazz was a reminder of the role it played in their development. And in the singing and playing by Thomas, Foster, and Powell, the listener could sense the pace and energy in the story of the "popular" big band swing era of jazz.

For the "older" people in the audience, this segment was an excursion down a lane of oldies but goodies. As the music hit in their time zones, they responded, reassuring the musicians with approving "yeahs".

Another reference to Ellington and how he made solo voices out of backup rhythm instruments like the bass introduced bassist Wright. He talked about great bass players—Jimmy Blanton and Charles Mingus—and demonstrated examples of their playing styles, plus walking bass solos.

He also played some movements from his *African Breed* suite, a piece inspired by the black culture of Africa, the first movement a delicate impression of "winds through the trees" leading into a rhythmic passage accentuated by piano with drum rolls. A demonstration of the Chicago blues style and jazz as dance music ended this beautifully intermeshed portrayal of the role of the bass in certain phases of jazz.

Foster displayed a mastery of the big-

band phase of jazz and a versatility in demonstrating the popular styles of tenor playing. He began with "a monstrous example of how the tenor saxophone sounded and was used in orchestration before Lester Young liberated the instrument," playing a sweet-corny jump take-off. Next he performed a breathy excerpt from Coleman Hawkins' classic *Body and Soul* solo but identified Young as the real king of the tenor for having provided the instrument with a lighter sound.

A demonstration of Dexter Gordon's bebop *Chase* style and a mention of Sonny Rollins led up to John Coltrane. Examples of post-Miles Davis Coltrane and his sheets-of-sound approach were performed, and on this, the longest piece played, even the drummer sounded like early Elvin Jones.

"Trane didn't leave much for anyone to do on the tenor saxophone," Foster said, "so what was left to do was go back to the basics, such as King Curtis and Stanley Turrentine, with their chicken style, to bridge rock, pop, and jazz." Then, as an afterthought, Foster snidely remarked, "... along came a little guy who couldn't keep up and couldn't play the tempos. So he decided to write tunes without nothing but air. Ornette Coleman liberated musicians who don't know anything about chord changes, and they now pervade the scene and are here to stay." Foster then demonstrated what he called Pharoah Sanders/New Thing space-music type of playing, doing a burlesque imitation of his own idea of this jazz, complete with body con-

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tortions and waving the bell of the horn in the air.

Though there are some half-baked horn players and musicians (not necessarily the ones Foster named) masquerading as innovators, there are, as well, true creators and innovators within what is loosely termed the new music. Failure to acknowledge this was—and is—distressing, for jazz is not going backwards or standing still, and this is a reality even musicians, “experts”, and foster parents of the music must face.

Thomas a (current member, incidentally, of the Pharoah Sanders group) narrated and demonstrated the vocal styles in jazz. Starting with a Jimmy Rushing shout-blues, he then did *Every Day I Have the Blues*, offering a sample of his yodeling style. King Pleasure's *I'm in the Mood for Love* introduced the mention of other singers—Eddie Jefferson, Joe Carroll, Babs Gonzales, Betty Roché, and Betty Carter—whose styles were based either on vocalizing the chord changes of tunes or in putting lyrics to instrumental solos. To indicate his own direction as a jazz vocalist, Thomas sang his lyrics to Coltrane's *Cousin Mary*, demonstrating a style of singing he called “throat articulation, one step removed from scat.”

The trio form was demonstrated by Mabern, Wright, and English. Identifying Nat (King) Cole, Ahmad Jamal, and Les McCann as exponents of this style, Mabern portrayed various approaches to jazz piano—a late '40s Memphis rhythm-and-blues rendition of *Honeydripper* as well as shuffle, roll, and boogie-woogie. He called Art Tatum “the greatest man for solo work and within a group-form,” played some stride piano, demonstrated the more contemporary styles as associated with Phineas Newborn (“even-handed”) and Bud Powell (“loosening of the restricted chord structure”), and did Jamal's *But Not for Me*.

The sextet then played *A Night in Tunisia* to portray the pace of bebop, with a full-toned solo by trumpeter Jones, weaving multinote improvisations around the melody, and a drum solo by English.

A rather tepid rendition of Harold Ousley's *Glory Land* was offered as an example of the blend of African rhythms with jazz, and although Powell, Jones, and Foster (on clarinet) offered competent solos, the tune lacked the fire and rhythms of its ancestral music and could have been better identified as a beat-boogaloo a la midtown Manhattan.

A poem about freedom, set to Billy Taylor's *I Wish I Knew What It's Like to Be Free*, was read and sung by Powell . . . “say it loud, say it clear, for the whole world to hear . . .”

“By no means did we mean to do the history of jazz in two hours,” Powell concluded. And it was a beautiful attempt to deal with a vast project. Maybe the concert would have been more meaningful if the sextet had devoted the two hours to the form of jazz the individual musicians helped shape. As a listener, I would prefer to hear a fuller story of jazz, told by the musicians who characterized its various phases. There are many of them still around.
—Tam Fiofori

FARMER

(Continued from page 16)

really open, because you can't predict the future. Something that happens tomorrow or the next day can change the picture completely.”

Being in Europe, he continued, gives him an opportunity, of necessity, to play with many different musicians, and to play a wider range of music than he would play in the States, and doing so helps him find out more about himself.

“In the U.S., I found myself in a rut,” he said, “although the musicians I have worked with there in the last four or five years have been people I would have liked to work with always. Still, I felt that almost everything I did was from economic necessity: to make some money and pay the bills. Including most of my recordings lately. I wasn't in control of what I did. But it doesn't matter where you live; if you want to record, and can't come up with an idea that the record company can go along with you on, you have to go along with the record company's idea.

“It was a calculated risk that I knew I was taking, but in my case it didn't work out to my benefit. I'm going back soon for a visit [Farmer is in the U.S. at present] and I hope to record, because I think there are some things that should be on record.”

With regard to a&r men, he said that given the choice, he would pick one first who had confidence in the judgment of the artist and would be able to add “constructive criticism to what the artist wanted to do.” He wouldn't want one who categorically said: “Forget this, or forget that.” “Still,” Farmer concluded, “we need each other. I'm not complaining, because I've had my chances. But the whole system is scared, and the a&r men in particular. If you don't go along with their ideas, you're just sort of left out in the cold, and if you do go along, and it doesn't work out—well, then it's the fault of the artist.

“But you can't blame these people, because they have their jobs to do, and they have their insecurities, as we all do. I'm sure that Richard Bock meant a great deal to Gerry Mulligan, though, and Creed Taylor to Wes Montgomery.”

And Teo Macero to Miles Davis?

“I think you should ask Miles about that, but I believe Miles was more established when he went with Columbia than Gerry or Wes were when they went with Pacific Jazz and ABC. Each artist is a unique individual and should be treated as such. An a&r man's function is similar to that of an editor for an author, and suggestions concerning material and treatment of material is one of the main functions, but to be able to recognize what makes an artist unique and to find the best way to present him, is also very important.

“I would like the public to hear me and my ideas in the best way possible. “It's not only that they deserve the best. We deserve the best from ourselves, because it's our lives. This is what we get up for in the morning, and this is what we go to sleep thinking about at night.”



NAVARRO

(Continued from page 15)

"He was sweet," Gillespie has recalled. "He was like a little baby. Very nice."

Navarro's style was spiced with a subtle Spanish flavor (*Move, Jabhero*). Hovering in the middle register was that mordant and morose quality that one hears at the bullring when the mariachi trumpeter plays the *entrada*.

Navarro's technical facility seemed to some astonishing in view of his lack of formal training, but one must consider his real schooling. It took place in the great bands of his younger days. There he worked with, and competed against musicians who rehearsed constantly, played all manner of material under all sorts of conditions and, bent on exploring every possibility of their instruments, devoted many hours to the horn every day. It was this process that had created the cadre of vastly competent professionals and the highly articulate musical vocabulary of the '30s. Out of this pool emerged the giants, such as Lester Young, Art Tatum, Gillespie, and Parker.

Navarro seems to belong to a special niche just below those giants. Undoubtedly Gillespie, as well as McGhee and Charlie Shavers, a distant cousin, served Navarro as models. Evidence suggests that he was very much a reactive player, much influenced by his environment—kinetic and blistering hot with the hard-hitting Eckstine band, loose and lyrical in the Dameron setting, brilliant vis-a-vis Parker. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Navarro's style is that he was able to retain the broad, open brass quality one hears in Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge and adapt it to requirements of the bop era.

There is a moving and pathetic story told by McGhee of Navarro's twilight year. Early one evening, Navarro paid an unexpected visit to the McGhee apartment in New York and insisted on waking and fussing over the McGhee baby. The crib contained an old trumpet kept there as a kind of magic and half-humorous prop, in the hope that the infant perhaps some day would emulate his father. After Navarro had left, the McGhees discovered the trumpet missing. Navarro had a one-nighter in the Bronx and his own trumpet was in pawn.

If there is a point to the tragedies of the gifted ones of jazz—the bop era bristles with them—it may be that time has afforded perspective to the contrast between the creative situation and the adverse social framework within which the creative musician has been compelled to work in this country.

During the fall of 1949 Navarro began to fail. He lost weight until his clothes hung loosely on a scarecrow body. Discographies credit him as being the trumpet player on a series of broadcasts from Cafe Society by the Charlie Parker Quintet in May and June, 1950. This seems most unlikely. The work is probably that of Dorham or Joe Gordon. Broke, wasted away to less than a hundred pounds, Fats Navarro died in Bellevue Hospital on July 7, 1950.

As is true of Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, King Oliver, and Freddie Keppard, jazz trumpeters before him whose somber fate and high quality of creativity he shared, there are only the records to tell us how good he was.

Discography

Currently available are *Good Bait* (Riverside 3019); *Nostalgia* (Savoy 12133) and *Fats, Bud, Klook, Sonny, Kinney* (Savoy 12011).

No longer listed in the Schwann Catalog but still available from specialist stores and large dealers' stocks are *The Fabulous Fats Navarro*, Vols. 1&2 (Blue Note 1531-32), and *Trumpet Giants* (Prestige New Jazz 8296).

The session with Bud Powell and Sonny Rollins, including alternate takes, is on *The Amazing Bud Powell*, Vols. 1&2 (Blue Note 81503-04). The Kenny Clarke session is on *The Bebop Era* (RCA Victor LPV-519). (An unusual Navarro item, *Stealin' Apples* with a Benny Goodman small group including Wardell Gary, is on a British Capitol LP also named *The Bebop Era*, and a now discontinued British Capitol EP contained Fats' last session with Tadd Dameron from early 1949, which produced *Sid's Delight* and *Casbah*.) Two tracks with Coleman Hawkins are on *Esquire's All-American Jazz* (RCA LPV-544) and *Body and Soul* (LPV-501).

Further Dameron airshots with Navarro were on *Jazzland JLP 68*, unavailable. 

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34 DOWN BEAT

Dizzy Gillespie's "One Bass Hit"

Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

(Transcribed from *The Dizzy Gillespie Reunion Big Band*, MPS 15207. Written by Gil Fuller, Ray Brown, and Oscar Pettiford.)

THIS ALBUM contains some of the most consistently exciting Dizzy in many years. Every solo on it is "out of sight." His solos continue to be lessons in the art of trumpet playing.

This version of *One Bass Hit* is perhaps even more breathtaking than the original (recorded in 1946; available on Savoy 12020). It has all the fire, surprises and excitement of the earlier version plus the insight and maturity acquired during the interim years.

This record serves as a reminder of how thoroughly Diz, Bird, Monk and their confreres of the '40s have altered the fabric of today's music. Virtually every area of modern music—movie and television backgrounds, jingles, the avant garde, rhythm-and-blues, the symphony orchestra, and of course all jazz—owes a demonstrable debt to these men. This solo and the earlier version contain many of the ideas that have since become part and parcel of the vocabulary of all jazzmen. As Diz says on the album in response to a particularly warm reception: "Damn good for a South Carolina high school dropout."

Right on, John Birks!!

About the Solo

1. Trumpet key: C Major, Concert key: B \flat Major.
2. Three choruses with a 4-bar break.
3. Wide range written low G to F, 2 octaves and a 7th above.
4. The form is AABA and the chord structure is an altered version of *I Got Rhythm* (a very popular set of changes to use as a point of departure in the bebop area).
5. Special effects: extensive use of double time (break), (B) 2-9, etc.; half valve effects (F) 2, (H) 4, (J) 5-6-7; alternate or false fingering (D) 2-3-4, (L) 5-6; slides and smears (C) 8, (F) 2-3, 5-6, (H) 5, etc.
6. Great rhythmic variety.
7. Extreme rhythmic, harmonic, tonal complexity [example (B) 2 through (C) 2] contrasted with simple, bluesy, songlike fragments [example (A) 2-7].
8. One of those electrifying "breaks" that Diz helped to popularize in the '40s and '50s (first 4 measures).
9. Patterns introduced and/or popularized by Diz that are now standard material in the jazz vocabulary (parenthesized sections). (B) 7, (D) 5, (G) 2, (G) 6, (I) 6-7, (K) 5-6-7.
10. Use of a variety of scale types, mainly major and chromatic but also diminished scale (C) 7-8, (K) 5-6 and blues scale. (A) 4 through 7, (E) 6-7, (F) 1 through 8 (I) 1 through 3 (J) 5 through 7.
11. Quote from another bebop tune, *Allen's Alley* (E) 1-2.

♩ = 152

The image shows a musical score for a trumpet solo. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the melody line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). The second staff is labeled "Diz ENTERS" and shows the beginning of the solo. The third and fourth staves show the harmonic structure with various chords and rhythmic patterns. The score includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*, and articulation like accents and slurs. The tempo is indicated as ♩ = 152. The score is divided into sections A, B, C, and D, with section B being a 4-bar break. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat major) in section B.

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- Staff 1: *dm17*, *97*, *6*, *9mi7*, *C7*
- Staff 2: *F*, *9mi7*, *a7*, *3 dm17*, *97*
- Staff 3: *C*, *9mi7*, *3*
- Staff 4: *C7*, *F*, *3*
- Staff 5: *C7*, *3*, *97*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 6: *(F)*, *D*, *C*, *ami7*, *Alternate with 2-3*, *97*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 7: *emi7*, *3*, *a7*, *3*, *dm17*, *3*, *97*, *3*
- Staff 8: *9mi7*, *C7*, *F*, *b7*, *6*
- Staff 9: *emi7*, *a7*, *dm17*, *97*, *C*, *E*
- Staff 10: *F*, *half valve and lip slide*, *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 11: *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 12: *G*, *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 13: *6*
- Staff 14: *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 15: *H*, *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 16: *3*, *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 17: *I*, *3*, *3*, *3*
- Staff 18: *3*, *3*, *3*, *3*

jazz improvisation

A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Foreword by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 184 pp. (104 music plates). 8 1/2 x 11, spiral bnd., \$12.50

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The musical notation consists of ten staves. The first staff shows a melodic line with various intervals and accidentals. The second staff includes a circled 'J' and a circled 'L'. The third staff has '(h.v.)' annotations above notes. The fourth staff is marked 'holding back' and shows a sequence of notes with a circled 'K'. The fifth staff features a circled 'L' and a circled 'J'. The sixth staff has 'af. O agd 2-3' above it. The seventh staff shows a sequence of notes with a circled '2' above it. The eighth staff has a circled '3' above it. The ninth staff has a circled '3' above it. The tenth staff shows a melodic line with various intervals and accidentals. Below the staves, there are two lines of text: 'h.v. = half valve' and 'af. = alternate fingering'.

JAZZ EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

By Brian Priestley

THE JAZZ EDUCATION scene in England is, by American standards, so small as to be almost invisible. This has obvious drawbacks, especially for those who want to learn, but it may also have a few advantages. In England, there is no effective high-school music system for jazz to be mixed up in, and so far little attempt has been made to work through established music schools or college music departments, perhaps wisely.

What has been achieved is the work of a handful of people with unlimited enthusiasm but very limited resources and, as the resources seem unlikely to increase notably in the immediate future, there's a danger the enthusiasm may evaporate. But, by forcing the educators to think deeply about the methods and attitudes involved, the present difficulties may eventually improve the end-product more than a sudden injection of money and other facilities.

Historically speaking, this movement rose from the ashes of what used to be a thriving college jazz scene in England. A decade ago, the fan following which culminated in the British "trad" phenomenon enabled each university and college to support student-organized jazz clubs and bands of all styles. The annual Inter-Varsity Jazz Contest, which began in 1955 and died of apathy exactly 10 years later, produced several top-ranking soloists including Colosseum tenor star Dick Heckstall-Smith, to name but one. West Indian trumpeter Shake Keane, now with Kurt Edelhagen in Germany, won an award

while a student at London University. And those who appeared successfully as bandleaders in this contest include Roger Eames, now producer of BBC radio jazz programs, and Bill Ashton.

It was Ashton who, realizing that the lack of student groups was due to the lack of an audience rather than of interested musicians, decided in 1965 to form a student rehearsal band in London. Now a schoolteacher, he recruited enough players from the high-school system and London colleges to organize a 20-piece orchestra meeting once a week and, from the following year, a second-string group of lower attainment but equal size. And, since the members of the London Youth Jazz Association are aged 21 years or under, the education authorities agreed to finance a weekly evening class in advanced improvisation taught by Tubby Hayes.

Ashton himself receives no payment. "The whole thing was run on a shoestring from the start. That's why all our music was second-hand, either material I got together at Oxford University or things I borrowed from professional musicians. People like Tubby Hayes and Stan Tracey were tremendously helpful in letting me copy their original scores. The only financial aid we have had so far is two grants of £250 (\$600) from the Musicians' Union and the Performing Rights Society (the British licensing corporation).

"Now at last we are able to buy a few instruction books and to commission

scores from established and up-and-coming writers in order to build a library of our own. Even with things printed in the U.S., there's still a shortage of worthwhile jazz material, and the printed material has to be there if there's going to be adequate instruction." With this in mind, and with the intention of helping others, Ashton has in the last two years sunk a lot of his own money into publishing some of the music mentioned above. For those interested, details may be obtained from Stanza Music, 11 Victor Road, Harrow, Middlesex, England.

It says much for Ashton's boundless energy that he not only handles all the administration of the LYJA and acts as music librarian and copyist, but also directs the main band at its weekly rehearsals and frequent public appearances. Not surprisingly, Bill tends to be a rather exhausting person for those who come into contact with him, but his personality has been a major factor in the success of the Association so far, especially when it comes to convincing non-jazz people in the educational world of the importance of the venture. Furthermore, he has taken the band to two international youth festivals—at Narbonne, France, in the summer of 1967 and Sofia, Bulgaria, in 1968—followed in each case by a local concert tour, which broke new ground for performers and listeners alike.

In England, Ashton has also assisted the formation of youth bands in Birmingham and Manchester. As yet, I have heard neither of these bands, which are still in their early days, but chances are that they will run into some of the same problems as the London Youth Jazz Orchestra. Firstly, there is the question of ever-changing personnel in a band with a maximum age limit. And allied to this is the fact that many of the band members will be classically trained, possibly still studying at music college, and may only recently have begun to get the feel of jazz phrasing. As Ashton says, "It can sound terribly labored, unless there's at least one strong jazz soloist who can get the rest of the band going."

At the other end of the scale, however, the LYJA does run a one-week course each Easter, at which a wide variety of professional musicians either teach every day or come in for a few hours to give specialized lectures. There names are too numerous to mention, but students from all over the country (provided that accommodation can be arranged separately) get the benefit of this accumulated professional experience for a fee of only £3 (\$7). Ashton explains, "This year we had over 100 students, and at that price we just managed to break even. Of course, the teachers are all close at hand, and they work very hard for their money. Last year, our course coincided for the second time with Phil Woods' season in London, and he very kindly came along to rehearse the big band."

This sort of educational holiday has also taken root in the Welsh town of Barry, near Cardiff, where an international summer school first organized in 1960 now has such a long list of subjects

that jazz seems a natural addition. Also a teacher by profession, Pat Evans, who persuaded the Barry education authorities to include a jazz course (again at an amazingly low fee), says "It's only two weeks. I've tried to make it more of an experience rather than aiming to reach specific things. The test is whether it affects people's musical activity when they get back home." However, the fact that teachers and students are resident at the school makes it easier to achieve something than on the LYJA course. "This year, there were 70 students and we had more tutors than before, which means that we can get a lot of different things going, or have the same thing in lots of different rooms with small groups of students."

Bassist Graham Collier, himself a product of Boston's Berklee School of Music, has taught at both the above courses when not giving jazz lectures in schools with his own group, and he is enthusiastic about this year's innovation at Barry of using the Frank Ricotti Quartet as a resident group. "It's a tremendous experience for some of these students to solo with a decent rhythm section, often for the first time in their lives. There's little enough money available for jazz education in this country, and this is a really useful way of spending it." Evans adds, "The course is specifically devoted to jazz, not just North American music in general, and the focus of the day's activity is the evening club session where the students can get together and blow with who they want to. This is what Barry is all about, and the atmosphere is electric."

It doesn't happen like that every night, but at least the emphasis on small-group work enables the teachers to spotlight the needs and weaknesses of individual students, and to direct their future studies—and their future listening. Tenorist Dave Gelly, who now does the LYJA improvisation class and has taught at Barry, put his finger on an important point when he said "Kids seem to come along and expect to be shown how to play jazz without very much actual experience of listening to it." This probably arises from thinking of jazz as a technique rather than a style, which in turn may arise from the way music is taught in schools and colleges. Students are given a mechanical knowledge of playing an instrument and deciphering written music without feeling it, and they are allowed to emerge from music colleges lacking such basic skills as playing by ear or transposing to another key.

"Certainly that was true of the course when I was at college." These are the words of Joseph Stones, director of the Leeds Music Center, the only full-time music college so far to have instituted a jazz department. Stones, a former violinist with a facial resemblance to Dave Brubeck, has the keenness and the personal involvement to make this course succeed, although he has received little praise so far from any quarter. "We believe this is the only full-time course of its kind in Europe. We have over 30 students in this department, and we've already changed our ideas about a few things since we

started in 1967."

The course lasts three years altogether, and one of the things which has changed already is the staff. The driving force behind the first year of operations was bassist Peter Ind, who played professionally in the U.S. for 15 years with Lennie Tristano and his cohorts before returning to England in 1966. Ind introduced many of the Tristano teaching methods, which apparently are felt to have been of great benefit by the students, but left after one year following a disagreement (Stones describes him as "something of a fanatic") The course seems to have settled down under the present resident tutor, Dickie Hawdon, former lead trumpeter with John Dankworth, and attempts to cover as wide a field as possible.

Most educators in England are convinced of the necessity of small-group work, but here we run into the financial problem again, because the people who hand out money often favor activities demonstrating teamwork rather than democratic self-determination, which is the essence of jazz. This, I'm sure, is due to a failure in communication but, for administrators who don't understand jazz, there is less appeal in the sight of a combo doing its own thing than in rows of young faces going through the motions on some tired old Woody Herman score—or some tired new Woody Herman score.

It seems this situation is likely to recur constantly unless steps are taken to avoid it, for Ashton, referring to the symphonic National Youth Orchestra's annual government grant of £20,000, reminds us that "Jazz is still not really recognized as an educational activity." A National Youth Jazz Association, already formed by Ashton, could do a lot to encourage and coordinate small-group activities "if we had the £2,000-£3,000 necessary to run a national organization properly, but everything in England seems geared to local education authorities."

Perhaps the most encouraging breakthrough of 1969 was the opening of a one-week jazz course at Dartington, one of the best music schools in the country. Trombonist Malcolm Griffiths, who taught there along with John Surman and other members of the Mike Westbrook band, says: "We had 30 students, including some who were almost beginners, but by the end of the week they were coming along marvelously. They have so many practice rooms at Dartington that you could give individual attention to everybody."

A closing thought about John Surman, double winner of the *DB Critics' Poll* in the *Deserving Talent* section and winner of a Berklee scholarship at last year's Montreux Festival. Surman, who had his only lessons from American baritonist and tubaist Howard Johnson, is definitely not about to take up his scholarship to Berklee, and I doubt whether he needs to. According to Joseph Stones "the era of the untrained genius is past; now we have the trained genius." Well, not necessarily. But for every John Surman there are many talented young English musicians who need training. A lot more remains to be done.

ES

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: One of the longest-running concert series is the one at the University of Northern Iowa (Cedar Falls), presented for 20 years by the Beta Nu chapter of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia. This year's two day event—*Sinfonia Dimensions in Jazz XX*—featured the U.N.I. Jazz Band, trombonist-arranger Phil Wilson, and the Pops Singers directed by Ward Jamison. The jazz band, under the direction of Jim Coffin, gained national recognition last year with its fine performance at the Notre Dame jazz festival, coming in second to the almost matchless U. of Illinois Jazz Band. On the basis of their work at the M.E.N.C. meeting at Fargo last spring, Coffin and company have been invited to the huge University of Minnesota campus (55,000 students) for a series of concerts March 7-10. The U.N.I. band will perform a jazz mass at the Catholic and Lutheran student centers at the St. Paul campus plus two straight jazz concerts and a joint performance with the Minnesota Symphony. Coffin is also planning to compete at the Notre Dame festival and at the Midwest College Jazz Festival (Elmhurst, Ill.) on April 10-11. Phil Wilson was in great shape musically at the U.N.I. concerts, playing and conducting several big band numbers including his famous *Mercy*, *Mercy* arrangement for Buddy Rich. He did the second concert with a high temperature and suffering the full effects of some strange bug—probably the Kowloon Flu. Wilson (with Jim Coffin and Charles Suber) also served as adjudicator for the 20 high school bands participating in the festival. The Jefferson, Iowa High School Jazz Band led by Jack Oates took top honors for the third consecutive year, sparked by the outstanding alto saxophone soloing of Dick Oates . . . Marian McPartland and her bassist, Mike Moore, have been signed to be at all five Summer Jazz Clinics this coming summer. Rudy Stevenson, reed player, guitarist and arranger for the *Fifth Dimension* (see the Jan. 8 issue of *db* for his three way treatment of *Don'tcha Hear Me Callin' to Ya*) will do at least two of the five weeks, specializing in jazz/rock playing and arranging . . . Change of dates: Midwest College Jazz Festival (Elmhurst, Ill.) to April 10-11; National College Jazz Festival to May 15-17 at the University of Maryland (College Park) Cole Field House. Add to the 1970 School Jazz Festival Calendar: Fourth Annual Little Rock Jazz Festival, sponsored by the Youth Council on March 27-28. For applications contact festival chairman Charles Bill Black, P. O. Box 1301, Little Rock, Ark. Phone (501) FR 4-9063 . . . While Dizzy Gillespie and his quintet were in Atlanta recently, Gillespie and his drummer, Candy Finch, spent considerable time at Morehouse College. The Morehouse College Jazz Laboratory Orchestra, under the direction of William Theodore McDaniel, Jr., had a ball running down many of Dizzy's big band charts, which he'd made available. McDaniel reports that the Count Basie and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis

bands have also appeared on the Morehouse campus so far this year and that Atlanta jazz spots are booking the likes of Freddie Hubbard, Art Blakey, Young-Holt Unlimited, Eddie Harris, Ramsey Lewis, and Lee Morgan . . . Bruce Fowler, trombonist from North Texas State Univ. more recently with Woody Herman, has gotten together with seven other good players to form a new jazz/rock group, the Power Circus, working out of San Francisco. The others are Alain Gauvin, Dean Pratt, Darryl Norris, John Hicks, Robin Hough, Tom Fowler, and vocalist Val Garcia . . . For the first time in its history, the Utah Music Educator's Association has included jazz in its mid-winter program. Bob Campbell, director of the Brigham Young Jazz Ensemble, took care of business with a presentation that included a discussion of various jazz materials now available to the learning player and educator . . . David Baker, head of jazz studies at Indiana University, has been appointed composer and conductor for a University of Nebraska television series entitled *The Black Frontier*. The series of color programs will be filmed on location throughout the Midwest and focuses on the role of black Americans in founding and settling the Great Plains. Production of *The Black Frontier* is being funded by a \$200,000 grant from the Ford Foundation. Present plans call for initial programming in late 1970.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Miles Davis' first appearance of 1970 at the Village Gate was accompanied by the first act of the recently closed Broadway musical *Buck White*. The program played the first weekend in January and then did a complete week beginning the following Tuesday . . . LeRoi Jones' *Slaveship*, extended through Jan. 4 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, took up residence at the Washington Square Church (West 4th St. east of 6th Ave.) Jan. 9 for a scheduled six weeks of eight performances weekly. Musicians playing Archie Shepp's score included Mike Ridley, trumpet; Charles Davis, soprano saxophone; Bob Ralston, tenor saxophone; Richard Fells, bass; Lee Fleming, conga; and Beaver Harris, drums . . . The Newport All-Stars, with pianist George Wein at the helm, opened a four-week stand at Plaza 9 Jan. 7. Two new faces were present: guitarist Chuck Wayne (Barney Kessel was forced to cancel because of his wife's illness) and drummer Lenny McBrowne. Regulars were Red Norvo, vibes; Ruby Braff, cornet; and Larry Ridley, bass . . . Tenor saxophonist Brew Moore did the Half Note in Jan. with Don Friedman, piano; Mickey Bass, bass; and Jimmy Cobb, drums . . . Singer Morgana King was at the Rainbow Grill for three weeks in January . . . Dollar Brand was presented in a benefit concert by the American Committee for the Marimba School of Music in Swaziland at Carnegie Recital Hall. The pianist played his own works unaccompanied . . . Freddie Hubbard was the Christmas and New Year's attraction at Slugs'. With the trumpeter were Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton,

piano; Wayne Dockery, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. He was followed first by the Elvin Jones Trio, then by Pharoah Sanders' group . . . The Port of Call on 1st Ave. has reinstated a jazz policy. Groups led by trumpeters Bill Hardman and Kenny Dorham each did a weekend . . . The MJQ was heard in concert at the new Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center . . . Thelonious Monk was at the Vanguard with Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Wilbur Ware, bass; and Ed Blackwell, drums . . . Roy Eldridge played a Sunday session at Uncle John's Straw Hat with Julian Dash, tenor; Nat Pierce, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. Intermission pianist Claude Hopkins was joined by clarinetist Sol Yaged for a sit-in . . . Eldridge and Jones also played a New Year's Eve gig with Willie (The Lion) Smith at Demyan's Hofbrau on Staten Island. Eddie Barefield was on reeds . . . The Uni Trio (Perry Robinson, clarinet; David Izenzon, bass; Randy Kaye, drums) played a Sunday afternoon concert at the Champagne Gallery on MacDougal St. in the Village . . . Organist John Patton did a couple of weekends at Amo's Music Studio, a loft at 52 W. 21st St., with Ya-Ya, tenor; and Michael Shepherd, drums . . . A new group, 70, describing itself as extending "out beyond rock", debuted at La Boheme. It includes Bob Fritz, electric clarinet; Suezanna Fordham, electric harpsichord, piano; Bill Folwell, bass; and Ray Haining, drums . . . Recent groups at Fillmore East have been Blood, Sweat&Tears, Appaloosa, the Allman Brothers, the David Amram-George Barrow Quartet, Billy Batson and Holy Moses, Charisma, Grateful Dead, Lighthouse, and Cold Blood . . . Trumpeter Howard McGhee and vocalist Joe Carroll did several weekends at the Apollo Lounge in Camden, N.J. . . . Illinois Jacquet, on tenor saxophone and bassoon, played in concert for the Hartford Jazz Society with Wynton Kelly, piano; Buster Williams, bass; and Oliver Jackson, drums . . . Pearson's Afro-Jazz Lab did an early January concert for MUSE . . . Record Notes: Bluesman Buddy Guy recorded his third Vanguard album in the company of such jazz musicians as Junior Mance, piano; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; Bill Folwell, bass; and Barry Altschul, drums. Guy also did a nonelectric album for Blue Thumb with Junior Wells as co-leader and Mance as a sideman on some tracks. down beat contributor Michael Cuscuna produced both dates.

Los Angeles: Jimmy Smith failed to complete his Hong Kong Bar gig, missing the third and final week. The club would only say that Smith took sick, which comes as no surprise, considering how hard Asian flu hit Los Angeles. With Smith for the abbreviated session: Eddie McFadden, guitar; Charles Crosby, drums. Billy Daniels filled in on a moment's notice until Charlie Byrd arrived for his regularly scheduled engagement. Backing the "old grey magic" were: Benny Payne, piano (Daniels' accompanist for the past 21 years!); Cliff White, guitar; Stan Gilbert, bass; Lionel Moore, drums . . . The New Bayou, a private membership nitery,

opened on the site of the old Roaring '20s. Question is: can they keep the pace of the opening week lineup? Among those who appeared were **Sammy Davis Jr.**, **Bill Cosby**, **Earl Grant**, **Sam Fletcher**, and a band led by **Quincy Jones**. Even Vegas couldn't top that. Speaking of Q., Columbia Pictures will heavily promote three of his scores for Academy Awards consideration: *MacKenna's Gold*, *Cactus Flower*, and *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*. Jones' score for the Bill Cosby Show is being touted for an Emmy. At this writing, Quincy is in Cannes for the MIDEM Festival. Also on his itinerary: Japan, where an animated IBM short he scored will be shown at *Expo '70* . . . Not only has the west coast lost **Billy Eckstine**, but so has Motown Records. Mr. B just signed with Stax Records, who bought up the final year of his three-year pact with the Detroit label . . . The **Mary Kaye Trio** opened at the Sheraton-Universal Hotel in North Hollywood . . . **Gary David** has reformed his **Sound of Feeling**, becoming just a shade less cerebral in repertoire. Personnel included the voices of **Alyce** and **Rhae Andrece**; **Teressa Adams**, electric cello; **Joe Roccisano**, reeds; **David**, voice, clavinet, and piano; **Ray Neapolitan**, electric bass; **Maurice Miller**, drums and voice. The group was unveiled at Donte's, then did a special party at a private home in Beverly Hills for the Viewpoints Institute, a local educational organization . . . Blues singer-altoist **Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson** worked at two clubs recently, splitting the week between the It Club and The Black Fox . . . **Bob Zieff** is currently teaching a weekly course called "Jazz Style and Structure" at the adult section of Hamilton High School. He also conducts a twice-monthly, hour-long radio show over KPFK-FM, "Elements of Jazz" . . . **Larry Cansler**, whose "sorta big band" is a frequent Sunday attraction at Donte's, has been signed by Warner Bros. Records . . . The Hotel Ambassador's **Cocoanut Grove**—for years the home of top shows—will get a much needed boost in the near future when **Sammy Davis Jr.** and **Frank Sinatra** will co-produce a new look for the nitery and convert it into a Las Vegas-type club, sans gambling of course. The only gamble will be whether the chorus line and supporting acts behind the big name will bring the customers back. The Grove is now undergoing a number of physical changes and should be ready by Spring. One of the changes already guaranteed will find both **Davis** and **Sinatra** headlining shows there. **Sinatra** made that revelation during a recent **Martin Luther King** benefit concert at the Grove—an occasion during which he also revealed "this is the first time I've sung in this joint," implying that he never saw eye to eye with the Grove's previous manager . . . While so many local clubs were crying the blues over the holidays and tried different names to recoup, the Parisian Room just continued to present the blues. Singer **Ernie Andrews** still headlines the show, backed by the **Red Holloway Trio** (Holloway, tenor sax; **Art Hillery**, organ; **Kenny Dixon**, drums) and jazz violinist **Johnny Creach**, who has been there over eight months. Recent droppers-in include

O. C. Smith, **Groove Holmes** and **Redd Foxx**, a club owner himself who probably wonders how **Ernie France** can continue to show a profit without charging admission or cover. The nearest competition to the Parisian, the It Club, also features a jazz violinist, **Don Harris**. Headlining that show most recently was singer **Ralph Green**, backed by **Chuck Rowan's** quartet: **Rowan**, organ and vocals; his brother **Jerry Rowan**, amplified tenor sax; **Eddie Abner**, guitar; and **Lavell Austin**, drums and vocals . . . Pianist **Eddie Beal** took a trio to Vietnam for a front line and rear line tour. His own front line consisted of singer **Sallie Blair**, the others being **Ray Yancey**, bass; and **Billy Moore**, drums . . . **Kim Weston** is recovering from minor surgery . . . Speaking about singers, another name has been tossed into the suggestion box for the role of **Billie Holiday** in *Lady Sings the Blues*: **Gloria Foster**, wife of **Clarence (Mod Squad) Williams**. If she's the one chosen for the biopic, she'll lip-synch to **Billie's** recordings . . . **Lorez Alexandria**, following in the steps of a lot of other singers in Hollywood, is now coaching . . . Two quartets shared **Shelly's** Manne-Hole over the holiday: **Gary Burton**, with **Sam Brown**, guitar; **Steve Swallow**, bass; **Bill Goodwin**, drums, and **Roger Kellaway**, with **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. The **Advance**ment followed the **Burton-Kellaway** doubleheader . . . The holding over of **Joe Marsala's** group at Donte's presented substitution problems. **Joe** didn't always know who would be playing musical chairs with his group. He could rely on his wife, harpist **Adele Girard**; bassist **Morty Corb**, and pianist **Dick Carey**, who doubled on peck horn and valve trombone. But there was a constant parade of subs throughout the gig . . . The 150-member **Los Angeles Bass Club** held an election of officers. Among the jazz-flavored names who won were **Bill Plummer**, president; **Ray Brown**, vice-president; **Monty Budwig**, **Morty Corb** and **Vic Mio**, Board of Directors . . . Trumpeter-songwriter **Jake Porter** is now a business representative for night clubs—part of **Local 47's** staff. **Porter**, a native Californian, paid his dues with **Fats Waller**, **Fletcher Henderson**, **Benny Goodman**, **Lionel Hampton**, and **Benny Carter**, among others . . . An interesting package was scheduled to close out the current **Jazz at UCLA** series Jan. 31. **Herbie Hancock** and his sextet was to appear with **Jean-Luc Ponty** in **Royce Hall** . . . **Hugh Masekela** played two weeks at the Lighthouse, followed by **Young-Holt Unlimited** for three . . . The **Mel Tormes** received their best Christmas present two weeks early: **Daisy Ann**, 7 lbs., 5 oz. **Mrs. Torme** is former British actress **Janette Scott** . . . The **Cerritos Neophonic of Southern California** presented its third annual holiday special over ABC-TV.

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: The University of Miami Jazz Ensemble, under the direction of **Jerry Coker**, recently gave a concert featuring **Ira Sullivan** as guest soloist. Former **Threesome** pianist **Alex Darqui** has joined **Sullivan's** group

at the Rancher, (**Joe DeOrto**, guitar; **Bill Fry**, bass; **Steve Badley**, drums). Pianist-composer **Ron Miller** heads up an exciting jazz-rock group opposite them . . . **Tony Bennett** and **Count Basie** and his band were the featured attraction at the Diplomat Hotel New Year's Eve . . . **Buddy DeFranco** and the **Glenn Miller Band** were at the Galt Ocean Mile in Ft. Lauderdale the same evening. **Woody Herman** was scheduled there later in the month . . . **Vibist Hagood Hardy** and his quartet are at **Joe The Bartenders** in The Statler Hilton on Miami Beach . . . Pianist-singer **Tony Chance** brings his trio back into the Golden Chariot in Ft. Lauderdale, and **Stan's Lounge** has added bassist-singer **Hugh Martin** to the **Paul Adams Trio** . . . **Caseys** has **Joe Petrone**, and the **Flip Phillips Quartet**, with **Tom Howard**, piano; **Bob Schultz**, bass; and **Pete Helman**, drums will be at **Jack Wood's** all season . . . Organist-trumpeter-singer **Tommy Gannon** heads up a group at a late spot in Pompano, the Orleans Lounge . . . **Bill Prince**, professor of music at Florida Atlantic University, recently staged a series of educational jazz programs, utilizing area musicians for concerts at the school.

Dallas: Pearl Street Warehouse held its long-awaited opening in late December with **Ike and Tina Turner** as headliners, alternating with local jazz groups **Juvey Gomez and Company**, the **Jac Murphy** trio, and the **Majority of One**. Set to move in as house group in the uniquely designed private club was saxophonist-flutist **Lou Marini** and a strongly North Texas-favored jazz-pop aggregate of **Dean Parks**, **Wayne Harrison**, **Matt Betton**, **Dave Hungate** and **Tom Canning**. Following the opening festivities, **Gomez** returned to the Villager bandstand and **Murphy** headed into the Alta Vista Club for an indefinite stay . . . **Louis Prima**, with **Sam Butera** and the **Witnesses**, paid one of his infrequent visits to Dallas with a one-nighter at the **Loser's** . . . **Jim Herbert's** trio was to follow **Don Jacoby** into the Hyatt House Touche Lounge late in January. **Lana Cantrell** was set for a week's appearance at the Hyatt's Regents Room in February . . . **Nancy Ames** was January's headliner at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room . . . A new pop-rock oriented supper club, the **Nutcracker**, opened in far north Dallas shortly before New Year's, under the ownership of **Norm Greenwald** and **C. W. Kendall** of the **Big Beats**, also operators of **Forth Worth's Tracer Club**. The **Third Avenue Blues Band** of Oklahoma City is there currently . . . The **Doc Severinsen** and **Count Basie** bands were recent one night attractions at **Brookhaven Country Club** . . . **Concerts West** has mentioned **Tom Jones** for a show in May. To precede him in a spring series were to be such diverse names as **Andy Williams**, **Eddy Arnold**, and **Three Dog Night** . . . Singer **Jerry Burgess** continues into '70 on the Club Village bandstand. In addition to pianist **Jerry**, the group has also included brother **Harold Burgess**, organ and sax, and **Lou Cook**, bass . . . In statewide news, the first grant to a jazz group by the Texas

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Fine Arts Commission was recently awarded to the Sam Houston State University Jazz Octet, Bob Morgen, director. The group received funds to appear at the Robert E. Lee high school stage band festival in Houston in January. The octet has cut an album for Houston's Jana Records . . . Buddy Brock's big band provided the music for a \$100 a plate dinner in Houston saluting the astronauts and sponsored by the Jewish National Fund of America . . . Buddy Rich's band, with the Petula Clark show, appeared in Houston prior to its two dates in Dallas. Other Bayou City headliners during January included Count Basie, Buddy DeFranco, Peggy Lee and Jack Jones.

Toronto: Miles Davis' first Toronto appearance in a decade brought out record crowds at the Colonial Tavern. With the trumpeter were Wayne Shorter, tenor and soprano saxes; Chick Corea, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums . . . Count Basie and his orchestra, with singer Mary Stallings, also attracted enormous crowds with a one-week engagement at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room. The date was so successful that the Duke Ellington Orchestra will appear there in March . . . Sir Charles Thompson left the King Edward Hotel for a daily stint at the Colonial Tavern. When Jonah Jones and his quartet (Sonny White, piano; Jerome Darr, guitar; John Brown, bass; Cozy Cole, drums) played there, the trumpeter said that the group would be moving on to Hawaii, then to Bangkok, where they were to open a new hotel Feb. 16 . . . Eubie Blake was the guest of honor at the annual bash held by the Toronto Ragtime Society . . . Robert Farnon, Canadian born composer-conductor who now lives in England, was in Toronto for a stage show starring singer Vera Lynn, and press appearances for a TV special, *The Music of Robert Farnon*, scheduled for showing in February on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation television network . . . Lonnie Johnson, slowly recuperating from the effects of an automobile accident last March and a subsequent stroke, is now in Riverdale Hospital, 22 St. Matthews Rd., Toronto. He is allowed to leave occasionally, and not long ago visited the Colonial and did a few songs from a wheelchair with Sir Charles Thompson.

Germany: The annual Free Jazz Meeting Baden-Baden, organized by Joachim E. Berendt for Sudwestfunk-Radio from Dec. 12 to 14, featured musicians from Denmark, Great Britain, USA, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and France, among them Hugh Steinmetz, Kenny Wheeler,

Lester Bowie, Eje Thelin, Albert Mangelsdorff, Joseph Jarman, Gerd Dudek, Bernt Rosengren, Willem Breuker, John Surman, Leo Kuypers, Barre Philipps, Tony Oxley, Steve McCall and Karin Krog. As usual, the musicians played together in many different combinations ranging from solos and duos to full ensemble . . . 'Basic Basie—Vol. 1' is the title of the first Count Basie album on the German MPS label . . . Oscar Peterson, a good friend of MPS boss Hans Georg Brunner-Schwer, did his annual re-cording for the label with old sidekick Herb Ellis . . . Clarinetist Joachim Kuhn had an accident shortly after the Berlin Jazz Days. He was struck by a car while leaving the Hamburg airport and was hospitalized for several weeks . . . Friedrich Gulda led the NDR-Workshop in Hamburg in December. In November, saxist Leszek Zadlo and trombonist Radu Malfatti were guests of this fine workshop, directed by Hans Gertberg . . . Radio station Sueddeutscher Rundfunk in Stuttgart has founded its own jazz ensemble, called Radio-Jazz-Group Stuttgart and directed by Pianist Wolfgang Dauner. Dauner is also teaching jazz at a music school in Stuttgart . . . The Jazz Wave 69 European Tour included concerts in Ulm and Frankfurt. Among the artists were Jimmy McGriff, Freddie Hubbard and Jeremy Steig and their groups plus the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra . . . Radio Sudwestfunk will broadcast more jazz in 1970. Every day except Wednesday and Saturday there offers 45 minutes of jazz on UKW II . . . Jean Luc Ponty did a radio concert in Cologne with Michel Graillier, J. F. Jenny-Clarke, and Bernard Lubat . . . The Dave Pike Set did a seven-day tour of Switzerland. Many concerts all over Germany have also been booked. There is great demand for the group after its success during the Berlin Jazz Days and a recent TV show with Dusty Springfield . . . The jazz scene in Eastern Germany is a little more active now: Alto saxophonist Ernst-Ludwig Petrowski has a new LP on Amoga Records, *Jazz mit dem Studio IV*; the Lenin-grad Dixieland Band gave a concert in Potsdam, where the Gunther Fischer Quartet also played modern jazz; in Eisenach, the Manfred Schmitz Trio from Weimar opened the season, and Gunther Horig with the Dresdner Tanzsinfoniker opened a music-for-young-people concert series in Dresden . . . The Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet will make a European Tour of more than 30 concerts in April and May . . . Trumpeter Manfred Schoof has disbanded his quintet. Pianist Alexander von Schlippenbach and Schoof will work with their own trios, but the trumpeter is planning to found a new quintet soon.

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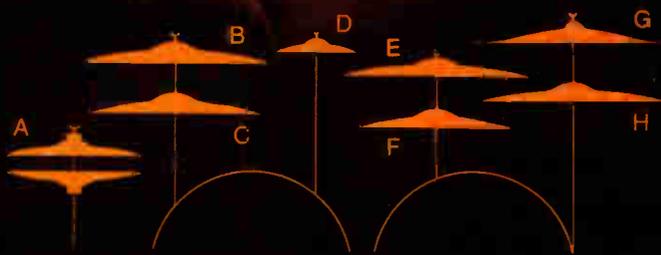
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