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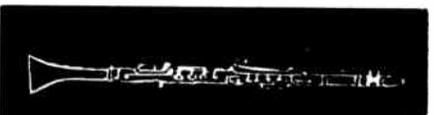
**THE FIRST CHORUS**

By CHARLES SUBER

THE REBUTTALS are beginning to come in on our suggestions for improved music education.

Most of our mail on the general subject of contemporary music becoming part of school music is highly favorable to our recommendations. The volume of mail is about equally divided between educators and students. Most of the student correspondents seem to be music majors who urge us on to help make their future music teaching jobs more worthwhile. They also ask a good many specific questions; such as where jazz-rock courses are offered, possibility of scholarships, and where one can study arranging with a good teacher.

Most of the letters from educators also ask specific questions, such as where they can take brush-up courses; where they can get some good, new contemporary



music for their students to play and learn; and the sources for new method books on class guitar, jazz-rock arranging, etc. The educators also ask questions about in-the-field problems of changing music teaching concepts. Of course, some of these questions are really defensive reactions to things unknown, but they deserve answers for everybody's benefit.

One educator writes (I have also heard this from several others): "Rock shouldn't be taught in the schools because the kids will recognize it as a ploy to satisfy them. And besides, kids want rock as their own thing and school exposure would violate this privacy." OK, that's a good point. Let's look at it.

First off, let us again make clear that we do not advocate that rock should be taught in the schools. We advocate that any music that will motivate the student—and thereby unleash his own musical creativity—must be made available, from nursery to graduate school. Rock is just one bright pebble on the beach. There are many other music labels, many other styles and forms, that have involved young people and will keep them involved.

It is true that people of any age are somewhat jealous of what they believe to be their own life styles. Kids "discovered" rock (even though older heads stylized it and continue to make most of the profit from it) and do find a kind of privacy within its crowded noise. And it is further true that public school administration and/or uninspired teaching can dry up the juices of anything fresh and meaningful. But that is the point; it's the way the subject is handled and who the head handler may be. If the teacher is afraid, timid, defensive and not capable of communicating with students, then rock or Bach or Sousa will be only sterile exercises. But if the teacher can bring knowledge of basic music to the students and allow them more choice and flexibility on how that knowledge will be used, then the students will have made their own contribution to their own learning. That is really the goal: fusing the expertise of the teacher with the creative stuff of the student. That is education; doing it any other way is to spoon-feed pap.



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Cover photos of Della Reese with Lou Rowls, Roy Charles, Horry Edison, and Isaac Hayes courtesy RKO Productions. Design by Robert Robertson.

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Amen!

About the only comment one can make on the Cannonball Adderley article (db, Jan. 8) is amen.

Jazz is still the most alive music today. One interesting thing is when one hears an "old" rock record it sounds so damned dated. Yet (if you can bear with the "low-fi"), play an *older* jazz record. Wow. Still new. Brand new, says something with each playing. Rock drummers and guitarists (including Sonny Sharrock) still haven't gotten into things I've heard Jim Hall do a decade ago!

Hy R. Piatt

Passaic, N.J.

## Liberated

The letter from Roger Schwartz (db, Jan. 22) referring to Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra recording is designed to raise some hackles. It also raises some serious questions as to how one must judge a work of art.

A truly creative artist is open to many sources of inspiration, and to limit such sources and the freedom to experiment would result in the death of all great music. A study of the classics will show that the greatest composers were deeply involved with "liberation" themes. Now, Charlie Haden, with the Liberation Music Orchestra, brings this involvement openly into the jazz form, where it really has always been, although underground. This is the kind of music that becomes the "classical music of our era", and makes the greatest contribution to American culture.

One wonders whether Mr. Schwartz bothered to buy and listen to *Charlie Haden-Liberation Music Orchestra*. If he had, I suggest he would have written a very different letter—"I just heard some remarkably beautiful music"—

Trudy David

Los Angeles, Cal.

## Poll Echoes

Just finished (rather late) looking over the Readers Poll results of 1969 and the only two selections which really bother me are the Hall of Fame and tenor sax categories.

How can someone of the undisputed jazz importance of King Oliver continually place in the twenties (24 in '67, 23 in '68, and 24 in '69)!? He obviously has to be rated as one of the true greats in jazz. And also the case of Fletcher Henderson showing up 12th; Scott La Faro 25th (maybe it's because he played bass and bassists never get much lasting fame [unfairly] anyway); Roy Eldridge 20th (and to think that in '68 he wasn't even rated!), and the fact that one of the greatest jazz drummers, Max Roach, got just one more vote than Herbie Mann and ended up placing 29th. It's really too bad, and one has to look to the Critics Poll for this to be rectified.

As for the tenor sax category, I really have only one grief, but it's a big one, and that's the showing of Dexter Gordon—22nd place! How people forget.

Also, recently I went to the Jazz Workshop in Boston and saw James Moody and feel that he is really one of the underrated saxophone talents. Although he did place 12th in the tenor category I feel that he is one of the five best tenor players around now, and, even though I am only 18 years of age, I hope some of these



"old timers" are not as easily forgotten as some seem to be.

Enough crying for now, except that I hope to see Yank Lawson place next time around.

"Mr. Gripe"

Melrose, Mass.

## Booker Offers Help

I have been a down beat regular for over 20 years. Somehow I never took the trouble to thank your staff on an excellent, highly informative magazine.

Keep up the excellent work; and if any jazz groups would like some club exposure in the Midwest area, inform them to contact us at 325 Security Bldg., 520 Madison Ave., Toledo, OH, 43611. I'm a working musician and know well the difficulties in getting a jazz group off the ground. Please let us help.

Bryce Cole  
Bryce Cole Agency

Toledo, Ohio

## Taking Out the Kinks

For the past six or seven years the musical world has been talking about the Beatles, the Who, Cream, the Stones, and many others. There is one truly great band that is unrecognized, the Kinks. For six years they have been producing sounds that are rock masterpieces, and no one has given them any recognition.

The early Kinks were harsh and very heavy. Their music was honest and still is. The great mind behind the Kinks is Ray Davies. He is a musical genius and should be ranked along with John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Pete Townshend, and Bob Dylan.

With the release of the Kinks' latest two albums, (*The Village Green Preservation Society*, and the rock opera *Arthur*) they show a great change in their music. Ray Davies has changed his style; it has become more refined and more complex. The *Village Green* album is a preview for *Arthur*, which is a masterpiece. It is very well written and is just as good as if not better than *Tommy* by the Who's Pete Townshend. *Arthur* deals with the rise and disintegration of the British Empire.

It would be a great tragedy if the work of the Kinks is not put in its proper place among the truly great rock groups.

Richard Bonura  
Manhasset, N.Y.

## education in jazz

—by Dave Brubeck

Nothing short of amazing is the way the Berklee School of Music equips its students to achieve success and security in the competitive music field. Even the short space between recent visits to Berklee, I've seen startling improvements in individual students . . . natural talent harnessed into vital creative musicianship. Every effort is made to



make the most of their inborn gifts.

On one occasion. I gave Berklee students some of my material; their sight reading and interpretation of it was equal to that of any professional musicians I have seen. Especially

gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

Another important thing—the personalized faculty-student relationship is completely unique, endlessly rewarding. It's great to see students free of the usual formality of classrooms, exchanging ideas freely with their teachers. That's very exciting.

Berklee graduates that I've met have the common three vital qualities: mastery of the techniques of jazz . . . complete command of their instrument . . . the ability to create and thereby contribute to the future of jazz.

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Dave Brubeck

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## YOUNG PLAYERS TARGET OF NEW AFM PROGRAM

The American Federation of Musicians has initiated a special youth program—the first in the union's 73-year history—to deal with the problems of the increasing number of young professional musicians.

Called "Young Sounds of the AFM," the program provides for initiation fees for musicians aged 14 to 21 (no fee is charged for less than 14-year-olds) which may be paid in installments and are refundable in full within 90 days if the young member does not wish to continue; special wage scales geared to such categories of employment as teen dances, record hops, recreation center work, etc. during the apprenticeship period, and instruction and orientation sessions "designed to assist youthful musicians in all pertinent aspects of the profession," including booking agents, personal managers, contracts, recordings, radio and TV appearances, etc.

The program is to be implemented at the discretion of the AFM's nearly 700 locals in the U.S. and Canada. AFM President Herman Kenin strongly urged widespread adoption of the plan, which was formulated from the conclusions of a special committee appointed in 1968.

Kenin pointed out that "Young Sounds" is "sorely needed because as the number of young musical groups has grown, young musicians have become more vulnerable to exploitation." He added that the program protects the interests of young players "and gives them the benefits of Federation affiliation on a realistic basis consistent with the special circumstances governing their work." Unscrupulous exploitation, Kenin pointed out, is often facilitated by the fact that young groups and musicians "are more interested in exposure than in earning a just wage."

Observers of the music scene can only agree that such a program is important and commendable. But it is ironic that, despite many efforts over the years, the AFM never considered it necessary to approach their jazz musician members "on a realistic basis consistent with the special circumstances governing their work."

## SHOOT JAZZ TV SERIES FOR EUROPE ON COAST

Jazz record distributor Jack Lewerke is producing 13 half-hour TV shows in color as part of a series, *Jazz On Stage*, devoted to live jazz from Los Angeles night spots. Heading a specially formed company, Euro-Film Corporation, for the venture, Lewerke will distribute the series in Europe, then hopefully go the syndication route in the U.S.

Four shows have been completed and Lewerke took them to Europe, where sales agent Simone Ginibre has set up exploratory talks with a number of European TV net-

work executives. Included in the initial shows are blues singer Joe Turner with the Leroy Vinnegar-Hampton Hawes Trio (with drummer Bobby Thompson) augmented by a front line of Sweets Edison,



Director Zens with Criss, Hawes

trumpet, and Sonny Criss, alto sax, filmed at Memory Lane; Zoot Sims, backed by a rhythm section of Roger Kellaway, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums, filmed at Donte's; and Bob Cooper, tenor sax, Ray Brown, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums, filmed at Shelly's Manne-Hole.

Will Zens directed, and Wally Heider was the audio man. Six years ago, Lewerke sold a series called *Frankly Jazz* to a number of European TV outlets. That series was hosted by Frank Evans.

## GOODMAN TOURS EUROPE WITH SPECIAL BIG BAND

Benny Goodman, who keeps saying he's through touring and keeps changing his mind, is currently past the half-way mark of a nine-country, 15-city European tour at the helm of a specially assembled big band composed mainly of British musicians.

The band rehearsed for a week in London and kicked off the tour with a Feb. 5 concert in Zurich, Switzerland, followed by further Swiss appearances in Geneva and Gstaad; stops in Milan and Florence, Italy; London; Bucharest, Rumania (a Goodman first, preceded by a reception at the U.S. Embassy), and Copenhagen, Denmark.

The tour continues with Stockholm (Feb. 20) and Gothenburg (22), Sweden; Paris (24); Amsterdam, Holland (27); Ham-

burg (28) and Frankfurt (March 1), Germany, winding up at Berlin's Sport Palast March 3.

Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli is the only U.S. musician Goodman took along, but another American, long-time expatriate Nat Peck, is in the trombone section. The remainder of the personnel is: Derrick Watkins, Gregg Bowen, John McLevy, trumpets; Keith Christie, James Wilson, trombones; Bob Burns, Don Honeywill, Bob Efford, Fran Reidy, Dave Willis, reeds; Bill McGuffie, piano; Louis Stewart, guitar; Bobby Orr, bass; Lenny Bush, drums, and Barbera Jay, vocalist.

## PANEL SEEKS ANSWERS TO JAZZ RECORD SLUMP

The Hollywood Press Club held its most recent meeting at Shelly's Manne-Hole and devoted the proceedings to a discussion of jazz and rock, and why jazz records are not selling well today. Photographer (and former jazz disc jockey) Howard Lucraft arranged for a panel consisting of Stan Kenton, Benny Carter and Shelly Manne.

Kenton, asked to begin the discussion, reacted with his laconic trademark: "What the hell are we doing here?" He took a rather pessimistic attitude, predicting that "rock will develop and become more sophisticated—so sophisticated that it will eventually become pretentious and no longer communicate. That's what happened to jazz, including a lot of the things I did some years back. Jazz developed and developed and finally went right off the deep end."

Which brought this comment from Benny Carter: "That's why rock is so popular today. It brought back the beat. And the people were ready for it. That's where it's at—the beat. I think it must be biological."

Manne tackled the record question and bemoaned the fact that companies no longer record jazz from the sincerity angle. "When I started playing, there were small labels that recorded Charlie Parker and Lester Young because the owner felt this was important music. (Carter interjected the notion that "this was the 'underground' of that era.") They sold 10,000 copies, broke even, and went on to the next project. Today, if a young artist records crap, he justifies it by saying 'I'll make money with this and be able to do what I really want.' But it never happens. He gets into a trap."

Another Kenton pronouncement summed up the discussion: "The public is the final arbiter; creativity is linked to the cash register." Following the meeting, Press Club members were given a first-class demonstration of the integration of jazz and rock by the regularly scheduled group at the Manne-Hole, The Advancement, co-led by bassist Lou Kabok and conga drummer Hal Gordon (both sidemen in Gabor Szabo's first combo).

## CHICAGO PRISON GETS GIFT OF INSTRUMENTS

Chicago's Cook County Jail—like most of our penal institutions—is badly overcrowded. Just about the only form of recreation is music. Concerts are presented Monday through Friday (each day on a different tier) by 20 musician-inmates.

Recently, 10 brand-new instruments were presented to Warden Winston Moore by Vito Pascucci, president of G. Leblanc Corp., and a special concert was held to celebrate the gift, marking the first time male and female inmates gathered together in the jail's auditorium.

More instruments, amplifiers, and sheet music are needed to continue and expand the morale-boosting musical activities at Cook.

## POTPOURRI

The first anniversary of Pee Wee Russell's death was observed Feb. 15 at Martinsville, N.J. with music featuring Bobby Hackett, J. C. Higginbotham, Marian and Jimmy McPartland, and Zutty Singleton, plus a special exhibit of the clarinetist's paintings. Proceeds went towards a music scholarship in Russell's name.

Expatriate clarinetist Albert Nicholas paid a surprise visit to the U.S. in January, his first since 1959, visiting and sitting in with relatives and old friends in New Orleans, Chicago, and New York. In Chicago, he played a memorable session with Art Hodes' band.

A 12-hour benefit for the Black Panthers 21 Defense Fund will be held Feb. 22 at the Community Guild Center, 1310 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., starting at 5 p.m. The Romas Orchestra, co-led by benefit organizers Cal Massey and Romulus Franceschini and including Julius Watkins, James Spaulding, Roland Alexander, Charles Davis, Cedar Walton, Bob Cunningham, Alice Coltrane, and Paul Chambers' son, Eric, on Fender bass will be featured. Also scheduled are Eric Gale's Ghetto Music, Bill Lee's Bass Choir, a contingent from Chicago's AACM, groups led by Freddie Hubbard, Grachan Moncur III, Pharoah Sanders, Wynton Kelly, McCoy Tyner, Archie Shepp, Allan Shorter and Karl Berger, plus singers Joe Lee Wilson and Leon Thomas.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** Dizzy Gillespie, following Jack McDuff, checked in for a week at Club Baron with his new group: George Davis, guitar; Mike Longo, piano; George Mraz, bass; and David Lee, drums. Richard Landrum sat in on conga and bongos. Singer Bobby Hebb, writer of *Sunny*, was the other half of the bill . . . Trumpeter Charles Tolliver did a weekend at Port of Call East. In his supporting cast was pianist Stanley Cowell . . . Vibist Warren Chiasson was slated to resume Monday night sessions on a regular basis at the Signs of the Zodiac, Broadway & 136th St. on Feb. 9 with Charlie Haden, bass; Sonny Brown, drums; and guest artist Joe Farrell, reeds and flutes . . . The Sunday sessions at Uncle John's Straw

Hat, now held between 8 and 11 p.m. provided an encore for Wild Bill Davison, the man who kicked off the series. With the cornetist were Eddie Hubble, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Al Hall, Bass; and Marcus Foster, drums. Another January Sunday was led by Roy Eldridge, surrounded by Julian Dash, tenor saxophone; Nat Pierce, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; and Jo Jones, drums . . . The New York University Jazz Ensemble under the direction of Joseph Scianni played a concert at David Tishman Auditorium of the University's Vanderbilt Hall . . . At Wells', uptown, saxophonist Harold Ousley set the tenor of the listening . . . Pharoah Sanders' group at Slugs' included another tenorman, Earl Grubbs; pianist Lonnie L. Smith Jr.; bassist Norris Jones; drummer Clifford Jarvis, and vocalist Leon Thomas. The Cecil Taylor Unit followed Sanders into the East 3rd St. club. With the pianist were Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Sam Rivers, tenor and soprano saxophones, flute; and Andy Cyrille, drums . . . Bassist David Izenzon, with pianist Sonny Donaldson and drummer Allen Blairman, played a concert at the Lillian Wald Three-Quarter Theater at 36 Avenue D . . . Singer Jay Clayton (formerly Colantone) did a lunch-hour concert at Trinity Church's 74 Below with Pete Yellin, alto saxophone; Wolf Friedman, bass; and husband Frank Clayton, drums . . . Drummer Michael Shepherd's quartet did a weekend at the Port of Call East. C-Sharpe was on alto saxophone; Danny Mixon, piano; and Duke Clemons, bass

*/Continued on page 39*



## ROCK'S IN MY HEAD

By ALAN HEINEMAN

LORD! THERE'S a lot of nonsense written about rock. Among the most recent examples: a piece in the music section of the Nov. 23 Sunday New York Times by Albert Goldman, in which the writer makes the unprecedented and brilliant observation that some rock audiences behave wildly, unthinkingly, passionately—almost like those at (gasp!) a Nazi rally.

"What no one has the courage to confess these days is the irresistible attractiveness of the Fascist ceremonial," Goldman courageously confesses.

Any of the silent majority aberrant enough to read Goldman's article in the first place will doubtless find their worst fears/greatest hopes reinforced—we always knew that loud music was evil; those hippies whom Gov. Reagan, et al. call "storm troopers" and "neo-Nazis" really are. Commies, Nazis, same difference.

One has the sense, however, that Goldman isn't altogether convinced of his

own argument. Between the lines one may find a consciousness of the larger psychic phenomena of which Nazism was a repellent manifestation. The darker impulses of the human spirit are a constant, and every major system of beliefs has provided an objective counterpart to those impulses—Satan, Siva, what you will. It is by now a commonplace that rock has become for many a substitute for the more traditional credos, religious and political, in which most of us can no longer believe with any fervency. Naturally, therefore, the mythos of rock includes an expression of demonism. (Witness, for instance, in addition to the inherent satanic properties of some music, the names of some of the newer groups: Coven, Mephistopheles, Beast, Banchee.)

But what Goldman fails to consider is what really happens at a rock concert—and, more to the point, afterwards. Oh, yeah, people push and shove and maybe damage some property to get in, and they freak out and maybe rush the stage and a random teenie's arm is broken or more property is bunged up. All of which, one supposes, is unfortunate. But after Mick Jagger intones that it's time for "fighting in the streets", when Gracie Slick, wails, "Up against the wall, \_\_\_\_\_, do we—the audience—hurtle out into the streets to fight or to push the accursed establishment up against the wall?

No. We emerge from a good rock show drained and happy. Aristotle, you old

devil, you had a word for it: catharsis—catharsis if it's art, or exorcism if it's religion. Which is not to say that the demoniac force unleashed by rock might not be harnessed to some political cause. The cause, however, might be noble or base with equal likelihood, and the release rock provides is as old and as necessary as the existence of man in social groups.

The probability, in fact, is that things will go the other way. There is already a noticeable and widening schism between the drugs-music-introspection-oriented longhairs and the hard-core political activists, many of whom see rock as a dangerous counterrevolutionary force precisely because it channels psychic energy in a politically useless direction. They may be right, and it wouldn't be a bit surprising if the Nixon administration legalizes marijuana and sponsors free rock festivals every weekend, across the country. In self-defense.

Well, a bit surprising. They're not that smart.

Footnote: In the Oct. 30 issue, I reviewed *Rock and Roll Will Stand*, Greil Marcus, ed. (Beacon Press), and indicated that because of the paucity of either good or informative writing, it was a terrible buy in hardcover at \$7.50. Beacon has reminded me that the book was published in paperback form simultaneously, and I'm happy to point out that it's also a terrible buy at \$2.95.

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# Della Reese: "Why Not Now?"

by Harvey Siders

"HE WHO LIVES for tomorrow is a fool." Confucius? Nope. Mao Tse Tung? Not even warm. Fu Manchu? Don't be ridiculous! Try that soul-soaked perpetual motion machine, Della Reese—the five-night-a-week mistress of the mini-screen who combines the power of Merin and the glory of Mahalia with a mother lode of Pearl. (Significantly, Della has joined the ranks of those who command instant recognition on the basis of just one name.)

To hear Della spout Oriental philosophy in the proper context makes sense. And the correct setting is her home in the Hollywood Hills—just a couple of miles off Sunset Strip—jutting out of the mountainside like a terrestrial postscript and resting precariously on a set of spindly stilts. ("I used to tread lightly, honey, until I was shown the cement casements.") The focal point is a spacious living room with picture windows larger than the average store front, and a ceiling as high as her show's ratings. The motif is strictly Oriental—right down to her Sony tape recorder.

"Oriental philosophy is so cool," Della explained. "They can think negatively and positively at the same time—you understand?"

I didn't, but it did not affect my enjoyment of her dynastic decor. If Della has a particular slant on life, it comes essentially from astrology. "I'm a Cancer," she'll announce, "but I don't make decisions or sign contracts or cancel interviews based on stars. Astrology doesn't compel me—it *impels* me."

The distinction is characteristic. Few entertainers are as down to earth and unaffected as Della. Her credo about the futility of tomorrow may not be consistent with her dilettante approach to astrology, but it seems to reinforce every other aspect of her life. The message really came across when she serenaded me *a capella* with a tune she had just written, *Why Not Now?* Her lyrics took the form of a plea: we've got to live with each other; wars have to cease; there has to be more love in the world—so why not now?

Looking back on Della's beginnings, the same rhetorical question recurs. Which sets the stage for the first flashback: Delloreese Patricia Early is six years old—the youngest of seven children—and she realizes that now is as good a time as any to begin paying dues. In short order, she becomes the featured vocalist of the weekly radio broadcasts from her family's church in Detroit. Flashback number two: Mahalia Jackson comes to Detroit for a concert at the church. One of the sopranos in her troupe becomes ill, and 13-year old Della (still Delloreese) auditions, wins, and fills the gap, remaining with the Gospel choir for five summers, touring during school vacations.

Time-lapse photography takes us to Wayne University, where we catch a glimpse of Della as a psychology major. Psychiatry is her ultimate goal—or is it? Spreading the gospel *her* way is too deeply ingrained. Who is she kidding? She wants to sing, so why not now? Della forms her own gospel troupe, the Meditation Singers. (Incidentally, they're still going strong.)

But as in any good scenario, the plot thickens, with tragic overtones: her mother dies shortly after the choir is formed; her father becomes too ill to work. Della has to leave college and find a job. "I got hungry and took any kind of work I could get. I drove a truck, I drove a cab; I became an elevator operator, a switchboard operator; I became a receptionist, and a secretary. Funny thing, I didn't think of singing as a way to make money because Gospel groups barely collected enough nickels and dimes to make it to the next meeting."

Our next flashback sets the scene for her first professional gig and a change of name: a newspaper runs a contest asking readers to vote for their favorite local singer. Della sees a "here and now" opportunity, prevails upon her friends to write in, and wins the contest. One of the prizes is a week at the Flame Showbar. The week stretches into 18 and gives rise to a problem: how to squeeze her name on the marquee. She's 20 now, married to her first husband, so she takes her middle name and part of his last, Taliaferro, and comes up with Pat Ferro.

When the gig ends, so does the contrived name. She decides to split Delloreese and change the "o" to "a." Then she sets out to get a manager. One who expresses interest in her during her Flame Showbar stint is Lee Magid. But while he displays the typical don't-call-me-I'll-call-you attitude, Della responds with her own typical "why not now?" She sends a demo disc, then follows up with a visit to his office in New York. Magid signs her and gets her a job with Erskine Hawkins' band for 65 big ones a week. Della stays with the "20th Century Gabriel" for close to a year. She's still with Magid, who used to manage Lou Rawls, now also manages O.C. Smith.

End of early Della; end of flashbacks—although Della recalls something about Erskine Hawkins that she considered formative to her own style. "He let me sing only three songs—*Sincerely*, *Teach Me Tonight* and *Let Me Go Lover*. I became tired of them after the first week. For the sake of variety, I had to change my style of delivery—anything to keep from going stir crazy. So I learned great singing discipline with Hawkins."

This is the point at which Della's recording career began, and notwithstanding her nightly exposure in so many major markets, recording is still the medium through which she's best known. And she is the first to admit that her "paid woodshedding" with Erskine Hawkins prepared her well for the recording studio.

Her first single, *In The Still of The Night*, on Jubilee, sold half a million copies. Her next, *And That Reminds Me*, more than doubled that figure. It was the first of five "Golden Records" (million-sellers) earned by Della, and it brought her all sorts of trade awards as "The Most Promising Girl Singer of 1957," etc.

Two years later, Della signed with RCA Victor and racked up four more million-sellers: *Don't You Know* (based on an aria from *La Boheme*), *Bill Bailey, It Was A Very Good Year* and *Someday*. Della attributes her success at RCA to Hugo

and Luigi, who produced all her albums. She still gets plenty of requests for *Don't You Know*, which surprises her as much as it pleases her. "That record is well over 10 years old, and it's still a jukebox selection in many places. And people still ask me to sing it. In fact, they're disappointed if I don't include it in a set," she said.

Currently, Della is recording for Avco-Embassy (the recording arm of Joseph Levine's film production company) and secretly wonders if this is the logical segue to motion pictures. But that's strictly an afterthought; what prompted Della to sign with Avco-Embassy was the fact that Hugo and Luigi are now with that new label.

During the four and one-half years between RCA and Avco-Embassy, Della recorded for ABC-Paramount, and her talent for hypercritical hindsight allowed her to sum up that period thusly: "There were some albums I did that I went home and cried about. What you put into a recording is the same as what an author puts into a book. You know, it's here long after you're gone. It's something a person takes into his house and, hopefully, into his heart. And who wants to give 'em something that's so much crap? Know what I'm gonna do when I get enough money—buy all the masters of everything I did at ABC and make the biggest bonfire you ever saw."

Right now Della is making a bonfire of a different sort. Her show—simply and rightly called "Della"—is doing well in over 20 major markets across the country and gives every indication of making inroads into more. When you watch the show with its improvisational framework, you can't help thinking that the free-wheeling, hard-swinging Della is the ideal choice for hostess. She can relax one minute and belt the next. She knows how to take as well as give. Never unobtrusive, Della is not one to dominate. But she can if she has to; she knows a thing or two about pacing. It all seems so right: Della out front. Well, rest assured there was considerable debate at the executive level before a decision was reached. Ah, to have been a fly on the paneled wall of RKO-General's front office in New York, or to have overheard some of the thinking out loud at RKO's Los Angeles outlet, KHJ-TV.

Sure, Barbara McNair had her own show; so did Leslie Uggams, but a black hostess five nights a week competing for the audiences and guests of Carson, Griffin and, at the time, Bishop? When Della was asked about the birth pangs she claimed she was protected. Executive producer Woody Fraser was the one who ran interference for her. "Woody spared me all the agony of the front office hassles. Of course *he's* a nervous wreck now, but it's not only because I was the first black female to do a show like this. Woody had never worked with a woman before. You know when the talent is male you can say 'awright, c'mon, get off your ass.' but how can you say that to a female? Now mind you, I'm not fragile, but let's face it, honey, I *am* a woman.

"It's worked out beautifully. We de-



veloped a perfect understanding right from the start: Woody doesn't tell me how to sing, and I don't tell him how to produce a show." Whatever the formula, it has clicked. "Della" is seen in many southern markets. Surprisingly, the show outdraws Johnny Carson in Memphis. "Maybe that's not so surprising," Della added. "I think they're more enlightened about the problem in the south than they are in the north."

A valid criterion is the "hate mail" Della receives from the lunatic fringe in her viewing audience. "My secretary weeds out the real sick letters, but I still see plenty of it. I get letters from white people saying I have too many Negroes on the show. Then I get mail from my own people claiming I don't have enough blacks on. That way I know I'm steering the right course."

One course she's steering is refreshingly musical. A cursory glance at the jazz-flavored guest list over the past few months finds quite a respectable cross-section: Cannonball Adderley, Laurindo Almeida, Ray Brown, Ray Charles, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelma Houston, B.B. King, Carmen McRae, Oscar Peterson, Lou Rawls, Doc Severinsen, Ike and Tina Turner, Sarah Vaughan, Ethel Waters, The Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band, Joe Williams. Rawls, incidentally, brought his nine-year old, Lou Jr., with him and it developed into quite a happening, with little Lou leading Peter Myers' orchestra.

A word is in order about the band, especially since Della seldom stops raving about her back-up crew. Peter Myers, a studio trombonist originally from England, has gained the respect of the Hollywood music community with his abilities as a firm, no-nonsense leader and a first-rate arranger. A typical accolade comes from trumpeter Conte Candoli, who recently subbed for Sweets Edison: "Pete's really got it together. He knows what he wants and he gets it from the guys. Working the

job is a ball: every day there's a brand new chart—for Della's opening. The charts are good and the whole spirit is real relaxed."

When musicians of Candoli's calibre are called on to sub, you gain insight into the make-up of the basic band. From the outset, there have been amazingly few changes. The lineup includes Buddy Childers, Bobby Bryant (who replaced Don Rader), Edison, Jules Chaikin, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Mike Wimberly, trombones; Don Menza, Bill Perkins, Bill Hood, Bob Hardaway, reeds; Marv Jenkins, piano; Herb Ellis (occasionally replaced by Joe Pass), guitar; Chuck Domanico (who replaced Ray Brown), bass; and Earl Palmer, drums.

No surprise when Della was asked to choose the "ideal rhythm section:" "Marv Jenkins, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown and Earl Palmer—but I have to say that Chuck Domanico is an excellent bass player. If I couldn't get Ray, I'd never be disappointed with Chuck." Which led to a very natural question: does Della consider herself a jazz singer?

"No—I'm not any one kind of singer. I feel that a painter should be able to paint any kind of canvas; a singer should be able to tackle any kind of song. Jazz singing is highly specialized: it requires a special kind of breath control—you know what I mean? Phrasing is the key to the whole thing. Jazz singers must be able to elongate phrases and sing a 'long line,' something like a horn. Very few can do that. Carmen (McRae) is the best of them today. Roberta Flack is probably the best of up and coming jazz singers. And the best of the white jazz singers? I'd say Helen Merrill."

From chirps and canaries we logically progressed to a discussion of pigeonholes. Della revealed one of her pet peeves, and, as an antidote, one of her favorite reactions—"For some people the world is just a chest of drawers. They have to

categorize, and they get so frustrated when they can't put me in a particular pigeonhole. Even on a personal level, people have an image of how an entertainer is supposed to act. I love to put them on. Take for example the people who recognize me, but they're not sure who I am or where they've seen me. So they ask questions and try to explore, you know, 'Where are you working these days?' 'Oh, the same place.' 'What are you doing now?' 'Usual thing.' You can have a lot of fun just being non-committal.

"As for reporters and interviewers, they have this notion that, like other entertainers, I'm completely inaccessible. They'll call and almost sound apologetic: 'I know you're busy, but I'd like to do an interview with you.' 'That's great, when can you make it?' 'Uh, why, er—at your convenience.' 'Alright, I'm ready anytime.' I tell you it just flips them out."

No put-ons when it comes to music. Della is presently studying with Dolo Coker and is making up for the years when she relied solely on her natural abilities. Now she's involved in piano and theory and is intensely interested in arranging. Embryonic charts cover the huge inclined drafting table (a gift from Bobby Bryant) in her studio, and she glows like a schoolgirl when she plays a certain track in her new Avco-Embassy album, *Black Is Beautiful*: "My first chart, my very first chart. Bobby (Bryant) orchestrated it—and that's another first. You know Bobby doesn't like to orchestrate someone else's arrangement."

In many ways, Della carefully orchestrates her daily routine. And in other ways, her life is the height of spontaneity—an ad-libbed chorus filled with the unexpected highs and lows that come from "winging it."

"There's no such animal as a 'typical day' for me. Like I said, I'm a Cancer; everything depends on mood. Some mornings I wake up to *Scheherazade*—other times I've got to hear *Billy The Kid*. I may get an urge for early Ray Charles—or it might be Charlie Parker or Clifford Brown."

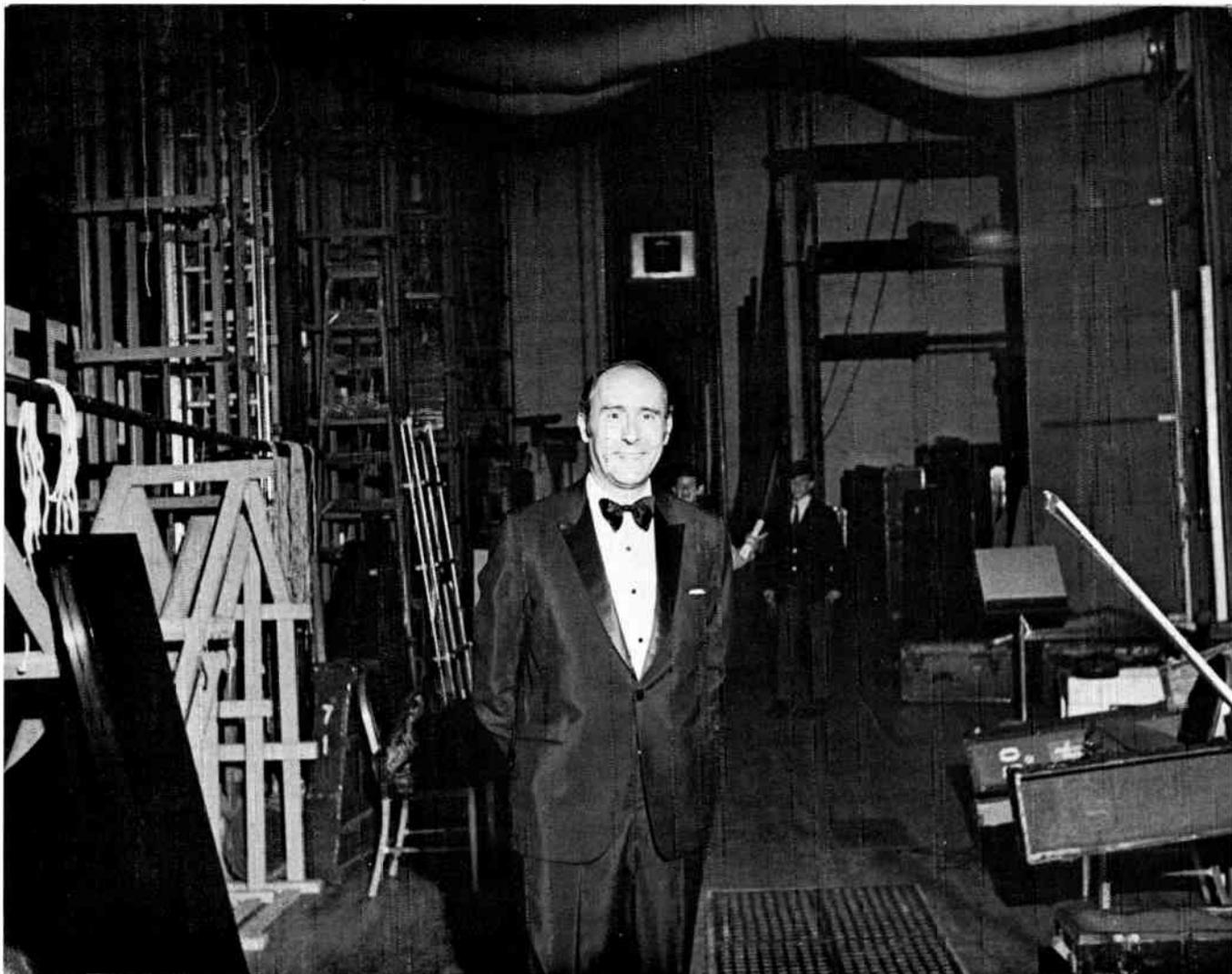
Della used to tape her show once a day, but then she decided to double up and record two shows every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. When she's not at the studio, she can be found at the boutique she and Carmen McRae recently opened in West Hollywood, Cardella's. ("We design clothes to fix the faults created by nature.") This is not to give the impression that Della isn't a homebody. On the contrary, her love of home is so pervasive that she always takes something from her home with her when she's on the road—a towel, a picture—anything that will maintain that link with home.

Her home contains a collection of clocks that would be the envy of a Swiss horologist. As she explained, "only two things are really important: time and thought. So I have my clocks and I have my books." She couldn't have been serious about only these two things being important to her, judging from the way she lavished love and affection on and exchanged put-ons with "Dumpsey," her daughter.

/Continued on page 28

# Mancini's Movie Manifesto

by Fred Binkley



FRED MILES

TEN YEARS AGO, the jazz community was engaged in a fatuous little debate over the merits and purity of the jazz to be heard on film sound tracks and what these sounds were doing to the music's image.

One Chicago pianist said, "I think it may kill jazz. All these crime programs with jazz in the background are setting up in people's minds an association between jazz and crime and slick, cheap women." Purists were writing outraged letters about "gimmicks." Even critics were speaking in condescending tones: ". . . Jazz must be more than transient background sounds to endure on record."

Ask the man who started the wrangling with his scores for the Hollywood-produced *Peter Gunn* series, and he will smile softly.

"I know the controversy," Henry Mancini said. "It was very strange because at no time during the *Peter Gunn* show was any claim made, on the albums or by me in any interview, that it was jazz. It was jazz-oriented, it was dramatic, and jazz was a part of it; in that way it was picked up by the various critics. But there was no claim ever made—perhaps because it had such a big influence that some of

the jazz critics and writers felt they were losing their audience to this thing that was coming up out of nowhere.

"See, jazz might have a different meaning to a lot of people, but to me Johnny Cash is one of the best "jazz" singers because of his honesty and because of what he does. And when you get into jazz, it really is a matter of noncompliance, something that is very straightforward—it's a feeling. I think Johnny Cash has that—not that he's a jazz singer, but I think that jazz people dig him because he is so damn funky in his own way. He gets funky at times in the same way Louis gets funky in his own little kind of way."

Jazz has been assimilated, Mancini continued, not only into movie scores but by rock groups as well. What label, for instance, he asked, can be put on Blood, Sweat&Tears or what label on Frank Zappa? There's no label, he concluded, since their music represents an evolution in which jazz is a big part.

"Jazz writing has always been kind of special anyhow," he said. "There are not too many good jazz arrangers who have made it real big and can make a living at it."

Miles Davis' albums all do well, he

noted, as did Wes Montgomery's, though Mancini pointed out that the late guitarist was in a very commercial vein. "Wes Montgomery's albums aren't jazz—they're jazz influenced—although he could play with the best of them. That was what the *Peter Gunn* thing was all about. We packaged jazz in an interesting way."

The *Peter Gunn* album is still in the catalog after 11 years and has become one of RCA's best-selling records. It is also an important album, for it brought jazz back to the attention of the mass audience.

Crime shows on television didn't give jazz a bad image: some of the musicians had already accomplished that. In playing their role of the Misunderstood Artist they forgo that music is communication, and in order to communicate, one needs people. But there was little in jazz then, some feel, that people could relate to. Mancini gave them something.

"The advantage with any mixed media is that you have something to relate to with your eye," he explained. "You're not watching anything happen when you watch a conductor in a concert hall. When you write something for a purpose—such as the stage or the screen—then you have that added element, and you become emo-

tionally involved. That's why you can do the most outlandish things in films. You can go as far out as you want. If it fits with what's up on the screen, people will go out and buy the whole thing. They'll go out and try to find the record if it makes sense with what they saw."

The major studios were quick to realize this. They were not so much impressed by the show's musical quality as by its financial returns. Jazz had been used in film scores before (notably Johnny Mandel's *I Want to Live!* and Elmer Bernstein's *The Man with the Golden Arm*), but no one took much notice.

"Little things," Mancini said, "can go on for many years, and all of a sudden a big happening goes on and a breakthrough comes with one single thrust."

His *Peter Gunn* scores were a much needed breakthrough. Previously, movie scores were pseudo-Ravel, pseudo-Debussy, pseudo-Tchaikovsky, pseudo-Wagner, and usually boring, at least as music. No matter how musically ignorant you were, it was safe to curl your lower lip when someone mentioned film music. Even attempts by Stravinsky and Vaughan Williams were dull. The level of film music has risen, but the prejudice against it has not been dispelled.

"Some people would like to describe every score in terms of the theory book," Mancini said. "They want to label what it means—a four-part fugue here and a bit of mirror-fugue there. They'd like to put their technical, legitimate terms on everything and when they can't do that, they're in trouble. There's no doubt that there's bad concert music written every day and there's great concert music written every day. I think the ratio applies all the way down the line."

That there is bad film music written in addition to the good is no reason, in Mancini's estimation, "to condemn the whole thing out of a kind of snobbish attitude.

"I'd say their snobbery is getting in the way of their ears," he continued. "It's the worst place to have snobbery. People who put it down obviously don't follow it or they wouldn't say that film music is of lesser quality than . . . I don't want to say concert music because they're two different forms. But, contrary to some of the traditional critics of it, I think the level of film music has risen."

Mancini is offered from 10 to 12 films a year. Of these he accepts about three. They vary from African adventure (*Hatari!*) to tongue-in-cheek mysteries (*Charioteer*, *Arabesque*), to sophisticated comedies (*Two for the Road*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*) to outrageous satire (*The Party*, *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*).

"I like to have room to move around in," he said. "Many movies, although they're great, have no place for music. I mean the music doesn't contribute anything. I just did a score for *The Molly Maguires* with Richard Harris and Sean Connery. It's set in the Pennsylvania coal fields during the early days of unionism in the 1870s. Everybody has a brogue in the picture, and it was a great challenge. It was a great opportunity to do a long stretch of the picture with just music alone.

That's the kind of thing you look for. I've seen some great movies, but I had to turn them down and say, 'What do you want me for? No one's going to hear anything.' I've been very lucky on pictures. *Hatari!* had huge open spaces where you could write a big animal thing—*The Sounds of Hatari!* or the *Baby Elephant Walk* or *Your Father's Feathers*. Sequences that were really shot with music in mind. Had that particular piece not been written, that scene could have been very easily cut and then taken out of the picture. But having it up there and then coming up with the right piece of music for it kind of gives it life, and it becomes a plus for the picture.

"Television has become too hard. David Rose just left *Bonanza*. Ten years of horses and cows and all that. And David every year said, 'Gee, this is my last year. I can't take it any more, man. How many ways can I kill the guy, and how many ways can I play a stampede and all this stuff?' It gets into a pit, a grinding rut. *Peter Gunn* was special in that way because Blake Edwards left room for music. He understood music. He would do entire scenes without dialog, which was very brave. It was brave then. It's almost suicide now, because people who make television shows do not think cinematically. Most of the situation comedies are radio with pictures. That's all you can say.

"Quincy Jones is doing a thing with Bill Cosby where he brings in different jazz fellows every week, and they just improvise to the picture. He's brought Cannonball in, and that's been working out good, but then again, Cosby understands. I saw a couple of shows, and there was room—you know, room to blow a little bit. But when you get into a situation comedy and the dramatic shows now, music doesn't mean anything. It's probably on a higher level artistically than it's ever been, because young guys writing it are fairly schooled and know their business. But it can't establish anything. Very few of the themes have meant anything to the show or to the public in general."

With comedy, Mancini said, there's a danger of trying to write funny music for something that's funny to begin with, which illustrates that comedy music is much more tricky than a dramatic score.

"You set your entire mood," he said, "without trying to, when somebody falls on their ass, to play Fall on Your Ass music. That's what *Pink Panther* was, a humorous piece without being funny, without being redundant. When you saw the little guy up there, the panther, the music went with him—it didn't pull him. It was a good backdrop, and it worked for a lot of scenes where the cat burglar was fooling around in the house. The same with *Baby Elephant Walk*."

There are degrees of humor, he said, and declared that, especially in jazz, the people who have it are the ones who are the most popular.

Mancini is currently experiencing popularity himself, though curiously as a pianist. There are many things Mancini does excellently, but playing the piano is not one of them, something he is quick to admit, saying, "I was brought up on

Art Tatum records, so I have no illusions about playing the greatest piano in the world. I gave that up a long time ago."

He still listens to Tatum and Oscar Peterson. But his favorite pianist is the brilliant Erroll Garner, who he feels is much maligned.

"He has a sense of humor," Mancini said, "and people are embarrassed to find a musician with a sense of humor. They put him down because he can laugh. He can smile with his music, and yet I've heard him in person, at places like the London House in Chicago, where he gets out on a limb so far . . . he really probes way out harmonically and melodically and, man, he comes right back to home. This is the mark of an inventive mind. I'd just as soon listen to Erroll than any pianist around."

Another pianist Mancini listens to is Jimmy Rowles. Mancini uses Rowles for all his record dates. He has been known to write things especially for Rowles, and on one track of *The Party* he has the chorus sing the pianist's name.

Mancini's current rise as a pianist developed—unbelievable as it seems—when he found he had nothing to record. He already had written three concert albums, there were five big-band albums in the stores, a Christmas album had been released a few years ago, and all his scores were on tape.

He had recorded an album with piano and chorus a few years ago, which was issued and quietly died. He decided to try it again. For this album he chose his material from current movie themes.

"I hadn't seen the picture," he remarked, "but I said if I were assigned to do a picture like *Romeo and Juliet*, I think it would probably be the best chance ever for a pretty love theme. So I called the publisher and said, 'What have you got in this thing?' This was before anything had happened with the score. He sent me this love theme, and I played it and liked it, and it was the first thing I recorded on the album. When we decided to put out a single, we had a big discussion with the people at Victor. They couldn't see *Romeo and Juliet* being the A side, so we put on *Windmills of Your Mind*—it was more a attractive choice because it was up for an Academy Award, and they thought they could get more play on it."

As it happened, the record was turned over by one small station in Orlando, Fla., and from that everybody started. The youngsters had been waiting for a record of *Romeo and Juliet*, really waiting.

"It's one of those things where no one read the market at all," Mancini said. "I didn't read it either, although I recorded it."

The song is so successful that Mancini said he threatens to print a sign saying "I am *not* Nino Rota!" to hold up at concerts when people ask him to play his new song.

It would be an understandable mistake. Some people thought Artie Shaw wrote *Begin the Beguine*. And others thought *Peter Gunn* wasn't jazz. They missed the point.



# "Monterey Pop" Revisited

## A Film Critique

by  
Dan Logan

D. A. PENNEBAKER filmed *Monterey Pop* at the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival. The film is a milestone—the first full-length documentary on contemporary music to achieve mass distribution—and it is also a document of that music. No fewer than 11 groups are featured: The Mamas and the Papas, Canned Heat, Simon and Garfunkel, Hugh Masekela, Jefferson Airplane, Eric Burdon and the Animals, Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Who, Country Joe and the Fish, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, and Ravi Shankar. The film is now on its second round of theatrical distribution and is well worth seeing—again or for the first time.

*Monterey Pop* outclasses Pennebaker's previous documentary, *Don't Look Back*, a film record of Bob Dylan's tour of England in 1965 (they have often been presented on the same bill). At Dylan's request, Pennebaker took his 16mm camera to concerts and press conferences, into automobiles and hotel rooms. Unfortunately, the real Bob Dylan never appears. Dylan's attitude toward reporters ("I have nothing to say about the songs I write; I just write them") is the same attitude he displays toward the camera. Even in his hotel room, Dylan is performing. Pennebaker's biggest problem in *Don't Look Back* is that Dylan never feels comfortable enough in the presence of the camera.

*Don't Look Back* also has some of the glaring technical inadequacies inherent in cinema-verite. The quality of the visuals is not much better than home movies, and the print, enlarged from 16mm to 35mm for theater distribution, does not improve it. The film's sound, often garbled, is perhaps its most disappointing aspect.

But the film still has value for Dylan fans. At 24, Dylan was at one of the peaks of his career. The film chronicles an immensely successful tour; Dylan sings several of his best songs and plays the piano; Joan Baez sings; and Albert Grossman, Dylan's manager, wheels and deals. There is also a glimpse of Donovan, then at the very beginning of his career.

*Monterey Pop* has a much more impressive roster of stars, and almost all of the film is devoted to groups in performance. Pennebaker is successful in his attempt to capture the mood of the festival, but this is a secondary focus.

Unlike *Don't Look Back*, the film has no

technical flaws. The color photography (the work of seven film crews) is excellent. The sound, recorded in stereo, is superb, although it is almost overpowering in some cases.

Some of the musical and visual events, however, are not worth the trouble. Pennebaker himself seems to grow tired of some of the groups. Close-ups and a variety of angles are not always enough. Simon and Garfunkel do not provide enough visual interest, so he cuts to their shadows. During Hugh Masekela's stint, the camera is engrossed in psychedelia. Later, Pennebaker finds the audience more provocative than both Eric Burdon and the Animals and the Mamas and the Papas. He also surveys the audience through much of an unbearable instrumental by Country Joe and the Fish.

The film attempts to showcase too many groups, and some of them do not make it. Only three groups play more than one song. Surely, Pennebaker could have found more gems in the 45 hours of footage he accumulated. Like most festivals, the film sacrifices quality for quantity.

In addition, the juxtaposition of groups does not always work. The Mamas and the Papas' second song follows Jimi Hendrix. The lightness of the song, *Got a Feelin'*, seems funny after Hendrix's force. The contrast is reminiscent of an uproarious occurrence at the Down Beat Jazz Festival in Chicago in 1965 when Woody Herman's Herd followed John Coltrane.

But when the groups are exciting, Pennebaker's vignettes can be striking. The Who's drummer presides over the group's ritualistic destruction of instruments and equipment. A stage hand breaks the tension by rushing in to save a microphone. Jimi Hendrix, always a tremendous performer, sings *Wild Thing*. Playing guitar with one hand, he interpolates *Strangers in the Night*, makes love to the guitar, burns it, prays to it, smashes it and throws it into the audience. Pennebaker wisely concentrates on Hendrix.

These scenes owe their success to the performers, not to Pennebaker. The Who and Jimi Hendrix are more than musicians. Their performances are as much theatrical as they are musical. They have to be seen to be fully appreciated, and

Pennebaker was lucky to be there as a reporter.

Although he is a skilled reporter, this is not Pennebaker's special gift. In the sequences depicting Big Brother and the Holding Company, the late Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar, Pennebaker shows that he is one of the few film directors capable of dramatizing and empathizing with music. This puts him in a select group which includes Richard Lester (*A Hard Day's Night* and *Help*) and Canada's Norman McLaren.

Pennebaker is at his best here, deftly coordinating music and visuals. The many beautiful moments in these sequences are cinematic moments in which the music is enhanced by visual techniques. Pennebaker has caught the most revealing details and edited his shots sensitively. He has utilized his medium expressively.

He uses close-ups on Janis Joplin, then lead singer with Big Brother and the Holding Company. She sings *Ball and Chain* with her whole body, pushing her voice beyond normal limits. The close-ups of her face and feet, amplifying her intensity, are almost frightening.

The close-up of Otis Redding's head from behind the stage is the most memorable shot in the film. The camera is aimed directly into one of the stage lights. Redding, singing a lovely ballad, pops in and out of the light, periodically causing the screen to go blank. The shifting patterns of light function as extremely effective counterpoint to the music.

The highlight of the film, however, is its climax—the 20-minute treatment of a raga played by Ravi Shankar. Pennebaker builds from a lost shoe to views of the festival patrons to intimate portraits of Shankar and his accompanists. The raga becomes a tour de force and the audience is drawn in. At the end, Shankar is given a long standing ovation.

These sequences overshadow the film's dull moments. *Monterey Pop* is well worth seeing, both as an already historic document of pop music (Janis Joplin no longer sings with Big Brother and there will never be another Otis Redding), and as evidence of Pennebaker's talents. Hopefully, he will further develop his potential for interpreting music visually. [ES]



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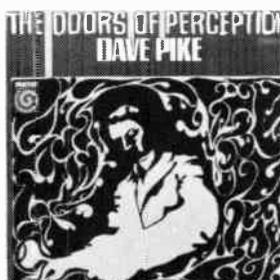


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## On Records & Tapes

# 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, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Jim Szantor, 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.

## George Benson

TELL IT LIKE IT IS—A&M SP-3020: *Soul Limbo; Are You Happy?; Tell It Like It Is; Land of 1000 Dances; Jackie, All; Doncha Hear Me Callin' to Ya?; Water Brother; My Woman's Good to Me; Jama Joe; My Cherie Amour; Out in the Cold Again.*

Collective Personnel: Benson, guitar, vocal; Lew Soloff, trumpet; Arthur Clarke, Joe Farrell, Sonny Fortune, Joe Henderson, Hubert Laws, saxophones; Bob Porcelli, Jerome Richardson, saxophones and flutes; Jerry Dodgion, flute; Rodgers Grant or Richard Tee, Piano; Bob Bushnell, Jim Fielder or Gerry Jeminott, bass; Paul Alica, Angel Allende, Johnny Pacheco, percussion. Arrangements by Marty Sheller.

Rating: ★

Producer Creed Taylor should really get five stars for this album—a more skillful demonstration of how to thoroughly waste a very gifted performer would not be easy to find.

First of all, the entire album sounds as if the band were coming out of a couple of speakers in the corner while Benson plays along, up front. The arrangements are triter than trite and little room is left for Benson, except on the three tracks, *Tell It Like It Is*, *My Woman's Good to Me* and *Out in the Cold Again*, which feature his singing.

Benson is undoubtedly one of the finest jazz guitarists on the scene today (although this album hardly indicates that), and he is also a very good singer in the Sam Cooke vein. This set was obviously not meant to appeal to jazz listeners and it does not make it as a pop album. If broad, commercial appeal is what A&M is after, they would be better off presenting Benson as a vocalist and furnishing him with some imaginative arrangements of the pop-soul ilk.

A number of fine musicians were used in this Music-Minus-One-plus-guitar effort, but their talents, too, are wasted. The title of the album is fraudulent, for Benson is in fact not given the opportunity to *Tell It Like It is*—something he is quite capable of doing. —Albertson

## Boll Weevil Jass Band

A HOT BAND IS GOOD TO FIND—GBH-48: *After You've Gone; Milenburg Joys; Wild Man Blues; A Monday Date; A Good Man Is Hard To Find; Original Dixieland One-Step; Someday You'll Be Sorry; Tin Roof Blues.*

Personnel: Dan Havens, cornet, vocal (tracks 4, 7); Bob Shanahan, trombone; Eph Kelley, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Mike Montgomery, piano; John Teachout, banjo; Dick Remington, tuba; Mike Schwimmer (tracks 1, 6, 8) or Harry Keuper (tracks 2, 4, 5), washboard; Kerry Price, vocal (tracks 1, 5).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Mike Montgomery, the internationally-known piano roll collector, opened a saloon in Ann Arbor, Mich. in late '67, named it Lulu White's, and reassembled his pals from the then-defunct BWJB to assist the venture. They hadn't played together for about six years—though they had been keeping in the game, individually—and, all

things considered, some decent music resulted. "Album" was probably not on anyone's mind at the time, but George Buck obviously thought of it after hearing the weekend's tapes (and no wonder, since he's reissued the band's four older LPs).

We must allow the clams, for the enthusiasm of the reunion atmosphere is what we're getting. Better to have the slop, to keep the heat. Not that there's any great slop, except Teachout's indiscriminate plinking on *Wild Man*, which distracts from Havens' and Montgomery's solos—but what the hell, he was probably having a good time.

Havens' *Wild Man* solo is something extraordinary, and quite the antithesis of what one might logically expect to hear. *After* lopes along pretty well, with some propulsion from Eph's opening tenor solo. It's that kind of comfortable, old-time, flat-foot tenor that you can still hear all over the Midwest; and his break!—nothing special musically, but four bars of head-rolling *swing!* Miss Price's singing fits the mood, and she gets a good shot from the sound system, which presents her clearly and in balance.

Shanahan is an accomplished trombonist, too much so sometimes, for his mechanical skill often leads him into a questionable parody of his role. He may remind one at once of Turk Murphy, Harry Raderman, and Stan Fritts of the Korn Kobbler and Freddie Fisher's band. Yet, his ebullience helps keep the band perking. Montgomery's piano is generally sturdy, and he takes a good Morton-influenced chorus on *Joys*. Remington's tuba alloys small but telling portions of weight and busyness to the section, an unfortunate circumstance in a drumless band where the conventional functions of the rhythm instruments must, ideally, be altered. Of the washboardists, Schwimmer is the better, keeping time competently and not making waves.

Get this for *Wild Man*; Havens is to this band what Bix was to his *Thou Swell* Gang. —Jones

## Eddie Gale

BLACK RHYTHM HAPPENING—Blue Note BST 84320: *Black Rhythm Happening; The Gleeker. Song of Will; Ghetto Love Night; Mexico Thing; Ghetto Summertime; It Must Be You; Look at Teyonda.*

Personnel: Gale, trumpet; Roland Alexander, soprano saxophone, flute; James Lyons, alto saxophone; Russell Lyle, tenor saxophone, flute; Judah Samuel, Henry Pearson, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; John Robinson, African drums; Fulumi Prince, Sylvia Bibbs, Paula Nadine Larkin, Carol Ann Robinson, Sandra Walston, Charles Davis, vocals; Joanne Gale Stevens, vocal, guitar; William Norwood, vocal, narration.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

On his first Blue Note LP, Gale presented his *Ghetto Music*, a form of music

in which jazz is a very strong element, but which also draws on other forms. Actually, Gale is involved with more than music. In the liner notes to his first LP it is mentioned that "Eddie Gale's *Ghetto Music* was conceived as a full-scale musical production with costumes, acting and dramatic presentation, and it is a musical reflection of his life in the ghetto."

On this LP we have more of this *Ghetto Music*. One of the problems is that at least some of the music doesn't seem complete in itself, possibly because it was meant to be only part of the full-scale production referred to above. In a stage production this music may work out very well, but here it must stand on its own merits. Unfortunately, not all of it comes off too well by itself. For example, the singing, chanting and conversation on the title track suggest a colorful stage setting in which, say, people are shown in some sort of street scene—talking, singing, dancing and generally doing their thing. But when you just hear it, you miss something, though the music is infectious.

The album certainly has virtues, however, and is worth owning. On most tracks there is singing and most of it is fine. The work of the singers is pretty "straight", much of it being reminiscent of the better, more serious music of the legitimate theater. The writing is fairly fresh and performed quite well.

Joanne Gale Stevens is a real asset. As her singing on *The Gleeker* indicates, she is a sweet-voiced vocalist. She is also a sensitive guitarist who weaves her playing skillfully into the fabric of the music.

The hornmen are employed effectively; they produce some rich colors and textures. In addition, vocal and instrumental music are blended in an interesting manner. Gale is credited with having written all the arrangements and deserves a good deal of praise.

One of the more unusual elements of the album is an astrology lecture on *Look at Teyonda* by William Norwood. I haven't got much use for astrology but I think that the inclusion of this lecture makes sense from a dramatic standpoint. Norwood does an effective job of narrating.

Gale's trumpet work is among the highlights of the LP. He has played with Cecil Taylor, is an avant garde stylist, and improvises imaginatively and authoritatively. He has good range and a biting, brassy tone. His work has substance; he doesn't just try to overwhelm the listener with a lot of notes. In view of his ability as a jazzman, I'd like to get up on my soap box and make a statement which may not fit too smoothly into this review but should be made nevertheless:

Today a lot of people are wondering whether jazz has much of a future. It seems to be in danger of dissolving into other forms of music and losing its identity as a unique form. It's not that there are no new avenues left for jazzmen to explore; rather, it seems that young musicians aren't as interested as they used to be in performing jazz.

Therefore, it is encouraging to hear a creative avant garde soloist like Gale. He's certainly onto something interesting in his Ghetto Music (and so, for that matter are Blood, Sweat and Tears with their form of hybrid music), but I hope he will cut some strictly jazz LPs as well, because the future of jazz depends on players like Gale making new contributions to its vocabulary. If they neglect to do so, jazz will cease to grow and become, in a sense, a dead form of music. If young musicians let this happen, it would be tragic.—Pekar

#### Pete Jolly

GIVE A DAMN—A&M SP 4184; *Little Green Apples*; *What The World Needs Now Is Love*; *The Trolley Song*; *The Look of Love*; *Whistle While You Work*; *Give A Damn*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Jay Daversa, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Bob Edmondson, trombones; Jolly, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Nick Ceroli, drums. Brass arrangements by Dee Barton.

Rating: ★★½

Glib, superficial, casual, offhand, commercial—that about says it. Jolly, whom I've always respected as an interesting and often charming pianist, doesn't do badly here but he is capable of far better things. Recorded live at Donte's in North Hollywood, Cal., his trio is augmented by two

trumpets and two trombones.

Though they're probably used to it by now, the fine brassmen on this date are relegated solely to playing background figures. Barton's arrangements are tasty and well executed, but they're largely superfluous. Brookmeyer and company could have either stayed home or been given more challenging duties—not to mention a solo opportunity now and then.

Most of the tracks find Jolly exploring recent pop favorites with his usual musical and inventive touch. The rhythm section fits him like a glove, with longtime club compatriot Berghofer contributing a dancing, fetching solo on *Trolley*. *Apples* is a straight-ahead, finger-snapping cooker with prodding brass. *World* is nicely done (surging rhythm section, singing brass), but Jolly's solo never really gets off the ground. *Whistle* is a cute, Peter Neroish exploration of the Disney tune . . . mainly a crowd pleaser that displays Jolly's prodigious technique but not much more.

As is too often the case, this record must be faulted not so much for what happens but for what could have happened. It would have been a kick to hear Brookmeyer in his West Coast surroundings; especially, perhaps, in duet with Candoli. This is not to slight the veteran Edmondson or the very promising Daversa, but it would have been nice to have at least heard Brookmeyer or Candoli stretch out, trade fours, etc.

Finally, the album title. It can almost be said that Jolly or Barton or A&M could have but didn't. —Szantor

#### Quincy Jones

WALKING IN SPACE—A&M SP 3023; *Dead End*; *Walking In Space*; *Killer Joe*; *Love and Peace*; *I Never Told You*; *Oh Happy Day*.

Collective Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, Marvin Stamm, Snooky Young, John Frosk, Lloyd Michaels, Dick Williams, trumpets; flugelhorn; Jimmy Cleveland, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Tony Studd, Alan Raph, Norman Pride, George Jeffers, trombones; Roland Kirk, Jerome Richardson, Hubert Laws, Joel Kaye, reeds; Toots Thielemans, harmonica; Paul Griffin, piano; Bob James, electric piano; Eric Gale, Thielemans, guitars; Ray Brown, Chuck Rainey, bass, electric bass; Grady Tate, Bernard Purdie, drums; Hilda Harris, Marilyn Jackson, Valerie Simpson, Martha Stewart, vocal chorus; Jones, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

In this world of underrated jazzmen and overdubbed gimmicks, I'm glad there is Q. He has a healthy outlook towards the art of jazz that seems to say "happiness is a chart that swings."

Surely this collection of charts swings unabashedly, uncomplicatedly. You can add one more adverb to the list: predictably. It was the inevitable result of many forces exerting their pressures on Jones—the studio syndrome chief among them. For the past half decade, Q. has been turning out scads of scores for maxi- and mini-screens, and each assignment took him further from his first love: the stretched-out excitement of a big band.

It was also the inevitable result of east meeting west as A&M blended its two big guns: producer Creed Taylor and Quincy. Quincy took his metronomic security blanket, Ray Brown (along with a Vesuvius of pent-up sounds) to the Apple, and the outpouring is a delicious, sometimes slick, sometimes soulful, always tasteful merger



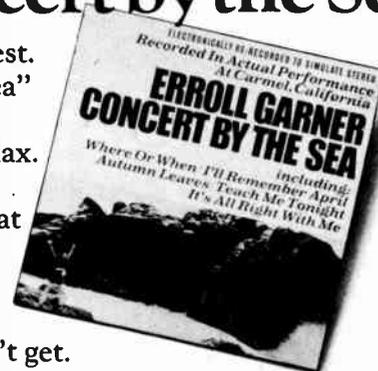
## There was a time when you were probably too hip to bother with Erroll Garner's "Concert by the Sea."

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NINE

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of now and nostalgia. The "now" is an intelligent intermarriage of rock and jazz; the nostalgia is the reluctance to cut the umbilical chord with Count Basie.

The very first track furnishes eloquent proof of the east-west, rock-jazz amalgam. Over an ostinato provided by Brown's bass and Gale's guitar in tenths, *Dead End* reflects the sheen of Basie's *Shiny Stockings*—with a unison head of muted trumpet and flute. As Bob James and Gale take their solos, the rhythm section intensifies and Brown and Tate stay squarely on top of the beat. How Brown can cook by merely walking!

When he's through with his constitutional, Brown adds one of his patented postscripts and segues to a provocative anchor phrase that slithers into another "Hair"-piece: *Walking In Space*. During this 12-minute study in seduction, Q. provides ample solo room, with good use of voices separating outstanding statements by James on electric piano, Cleveland on trombone, Hubbard on muted trumpet, Kirk on what sounds like two tenor saxes, Gale on guitar and above all, Laws on flute. Closing out the space walk are some beautifully engineered filigrees.

In her liner notes, Morgan Ames points out the rightness of Quincy's tempos (Q. himself attributes the instinct to his Basie background), and all four tunes on Side 2 bear it out. I don't know if there's one pluperfect pulse for each tune, but I can't imagine *Killer Joe* or *Love and Peace* done at any other speeds than those Q. respectively kicked off here. *Killer* is a Benny Golson creation that begs to be swung, and from the very first sound—a rim shot that recurs on every fourth beat thereafter—you know you're in for another unpressured Basie-like excursion. Laws and Hubbard again share solo honors, while the four voices unobtrusively sing the tune in unison, then step to the sidelines in order to goose the ensemble with Charleston-syncoated variations on the title. Throughout the jam, Brown weaves in and out of the traffic with his only use of stand-up bass.

*Love and Peace* retains its original tantalizing pulse. At the outset, James' funky cadences seem to promise a Cannonball response to a Zawinul call. Instead, Q. immediately dispels the combo mood with a sermon in brass: a solemn-voiced choir that pivots on bass trombone. The track lolls lazily, taking only one wrong turn: a surprisingly saccharine Laws tenor solo.

I don't dig harmonicas, but subjectivity aside, Toots Thielemans' blowing on *I Never Told You* lends a special, haunting quality to Johnny Mandel's already forlorn melody. Nothing forlorn about *Oh Happy Day*. It shouts and whispers its gospel-rock message, and the alternation adds to the gusto. The chorus has a chance to shed its inhibitions, and Roland Kirk (I think) reminds us that his flute playing is great.

All in all, a beautiful album—perhaps a little *too* beautiful. You wonder whether any memorable spontaneity might not have been lost with each take. There's nothing wrong with a few rough edges. They would probably come through as unaffectedly as the cover close-up of Quincy's natural.

—Siders

## Joe Morello

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD—Ovation OV 14-02: *The Sound of Silence*; *Baroque*; *The Beginning of Time*; *The Truth*; *I Don't Know*; *Give Me A Simple Tune*; *Not So Fast*; *Timeless*; *The Fool on the Hill*; *Church Key*.

Personnel: All tracks: Morello, drums; George Gaffney or Larry Novak, piano; Ron Steele, guitar; Jim Atlas, bass. Tracks 1,3,5,7,9,10: John Howell, Robert Lewis, Gary Slavo, trumpets; Bill Porter, Ralph Craig, trombones; Bob Ojeda, valve trombone; Dale Clevenger, French Horn; Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone. Tracks 2,6,7,8: David Chausow, Sol Bobrov, violins; Arthur Ahlman, viola; Leonard Chausow, cello.

Rating: ★★ ★

Maintaining his reputation as a drummer of supreme technique and taste, Morello's first recording since his Dave Brubeck days is pleasant but not profound.

At the helm of an *ad hoc* group of Chicago-based musicians (including, on four



tracks, a string quartet), Morello, though not indulging in any marathon solo work, is still the only source of sustained interest on this session. The ensemble work is excellent but subservient to the largely undistinguished writing. The blowing is restricted mainly to tenorist Terry, who plays mainstream tenor pleasantly in a variety of contexts.

Morello's style hasn't changed much. His rhythm section work is as buoyant as ever and he upholds his reputation for crisp, imaginative breaks, notably on *Silence* and the Motownish *Don't Know*. On the latter track, like Buddy Rich, Morello destroys any notion of a rhythmic generation gap with his lilting rock beat. His only real extended solo, *Truth*, is for the most part a tom-tom-bass drum dialogue of seemingly endless rhythmic variation. And, as with the other few masters of the drum solo art, Morello's solo has form—being a musical experience rather than a mere display of pyrotechnics.

While there are pleasant moments, the material is too derivative to be of more than passing interest. All originals (by Les Hooper and valve trombonist Ojeda) except *Fool*, the brightest moments come on *Simple* (an attractive jazz waltz), and *Fast* (interesting, cleanly-played trombone figures and excellent trumpet shakes). *Church* is the most spirited, straight-ahead track, but it sounds uncomfortably close to the

Jazz Crusaders' *The Young Rabbits*. Also, the first chorus of *Don't Know* is almost undistinguishable from *Night Train*.

The strings aren't much of an asset, but don't get in the way. Their best moments are on *Baroque*, where they contribute some tasty up-tempo pizzicato work. Morello highlights this track with some furious brushwork, bringing to mind his fine effort on the 1960 *Brubeck Plays Bernstein* (Columbia CL 1466,CS-8257).

Aside from a few brief statements by one of the pianists (Novak?) and guitarist Steele, Terry is the only horn soloist on this date. Ranging from tongue-in-cheek, yakkity-sax-like blowing on *Don't Know* to mellow lyricism on *Timeless*, he exhibits a good sound and the potential for heavier things to come.

Though they provide ample opportunity for Morello's breaks, the arrangements are too fragmented and thereby impede swing. Six of the 10 tracks are under three minutes, and the band never really gets into a cooking groove. Had this happened, and had there been a more equitable distribution of solos, this (among Ovation's first releases) would have been a more enjoyable and higher-rated record. —Szantor

## Houston Person

SOUL DANCE—Prestige 7621: *Snake Eyes*; *Never Let Me Go*; *Groovin' And A-Groovin'*; *What A Difference A Day Made*; *Soul Dance*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *Teardrops From My Eyes*; *Blue Seven*.

Personnel: Person, tenor saxophone; Billy Gardner, organ; Joe Jones, guitar; Frankie Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

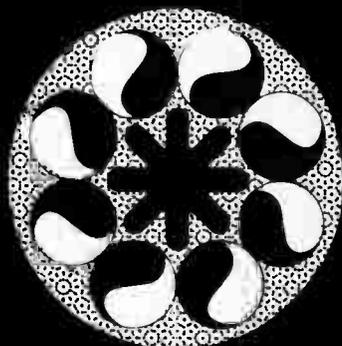
The first time I reviewed a Houston Person album I found my train of thought derailed by the comping of Cedar Walton. This time out, Person is in no one's shadow. Not that he is working with lesser sidemen; it's merely a more compatible format that allows his tenor to emerge loud and clear as the leader of the date.

While the result may not be earth-shaking, it is enjoyably honest music. There are too few recordings today that capture the uncomplicated essence of an old-fashioned jam session. And despite the fact that this is another tenor-organ combo playing standards and blues-tinged originals without any charts to speak of, the session occasionally sparkles with eloquent solo statements.

For example, Side 1, track 1, sets the mood of straight-ahead blues and gets the album off to a beginning that says "Let's swing, without gimmicks; let's have a ball." Person displays considerable imagination: his lines are inventive, always melodic, and intelligently phrased. As for tone, it is clean and articulate, but not antiseptic; when the mood demands it, he can switch to his gutsy embouchure. Gardner provides fine backing, full-bodied yet sensitive, without soap-opera swells. As for his footwork, the best accolade would be to say a bass player is not missed.

Guitarist Jones is another team player who knows when to hit behind a batter. His chordal chomping never gets into any hassels with the keyboard. As for solo statements, I detect a single-string indebtedness to Herb Ellis, which in my book is one of the highest compliments. The other Jones has no solo space, but his

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contribution must nevertheless be dutifully commended. He lends support without ever allowing decibels to interfere with anyone's solos.

Highlights are difficult to pinpoint. The entire disc boasts a consistent level of competency from the first to the last grooves: no surprises, just a degree of pleasurable comfort that borders on nostalgia. Almost like relaxing with Tchaikovsky after struggling with Stockhausen. —*Siders*

## Maxine Sullivan—Bob Wilber

CLOSE AS PAGES IN A BOOK—Monmouth-Evergreen MES6919: *As Long As I Live; Gone with the Wind; Rockin' in Rhythm; Darn That Dream; Ev'ry Time; Harlem Butterfly; Loch Lomond; Too Many Tears; Jeepers Creepers; Restless; You're Driving Me Crazy; Close As Pages in a Book.*

Personnel: Miss Sullivan, vocal; Wilber, clarinet; soprano saxophone, arranger; Bernie Leighton, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

At 58, hair unabashedly grey, face remarkably unlined, figure trim as ever, Maxine Sullivan is a tiny, refreshingly unaffected bundle of charm and vitality.

In the late '30s, when she first achieved fame with *Loch Lomond* (which spawned a passel of jazz-flavored versions of folk tunes), debates concerning what constituted a jazz singer were already in vogue, and there were those who claimed that Miss Sullivan's style was too smooth and sophisticated to merit consideration as jazz.

But her relaxed, swinging time, supple phrasing, and subtle touch with a melody made her a favorite of musicians and other singers, and more often than not, she worked in a jazz context. (I have always suspected, by the way, that she had a strong influence on young Ella Fitzgerald.)

After a period of semi-retirement, Miss Sullivan resumed her active career in late 1968 and was featured for some time with *The World's Greatest Jazz Band*, usually backed by the rhythm section and Wilber only—a setting recreated here.

Her small, clear voice, totally unheroic delivery, and impeccable musicianship are a welcome contrast to much contemporary vocalizing. The voice itself and the spirit it conveys are as youthful as ever, and what has been lost in top range is compensated for by gains on the bottom.

Perhaps best known for her winning, lighthearted way with basically cheerful material—a touch which is unimpaired—Miss Sullivan is also a convincing ballad singer. A gentle, affecting charm infuses all her work.

Here, with unfailingly sympathetic support, she tackles a variety of material, familiar and rare, and the results are consistently enjoyable.

I liked best *Jeepers Creepers*, *You're Driving Me Crazy*, the delightful *Rockin' in Rhythm*, where her scat singing blends with Wilber's horn, and the ballads *Gone with the Wind* and *Too Many Tears*, but every listener is sure to find his own favorites.

Throughout, Wilber supplies sensitive backing, also stepping out in solo. His soprano work is a special joy, and his clarinet nearly as fetching. Leighton is a perfect accompanist, Duvivier is just about the best there is on the bass, and Johnson personifies buoyancy and taste.

Good taste, in fact, is the essence of this album. Not for people who crave excitement, it will bring pleasure to those who enjoy sipping mellow musical wine.

—*Morgenstern*

## Phil Upchurch

UPCHURCH—Cadet LPS 826: *Black Gold; America; As You Said; You Wouldn't You Couldn't Be True; Cross Town Traffic; Adam and Charlene; Spinning Wheel; Voodoo Chile; More and More; Midnight Chile.*

Personnel: Upchurch, guitar; Donny Hathaway, piano; Louis Satterfield, bass; Morris Jackson, drums; Bobby Christian, percussion; Dave Chausow's strings and horns; Charles Stepney, arranger, conductor; James Mack Singers, vocals.

No Rating

*Black Gold*—big, lush, exotic—puts 20 strings and five voices around Upchurch's guitar. What emerges sings of primitive tropics and Mid-East: it transports you there. It's lovely and stirring—like the Les Baxter of, say, *Le Sacre du Sauvage* of some years back.

Upchurch is not strictly a jazz performance overall. The overwhelmingly romantic strings preclude it, though Upchurch's guitar and sidemen are appropriately groovy in such forays as *America* and the fiery *Voodoo Chile*.

The guitarist's playing here displays little gift for variety or dynamics, although he may have locked himself inside the rather unimaginative arrangements—unimaginative, that is, when taken in toto. Each tune, while charming in itself, begins after a while to sound like the others.

The strings, with the vital exception of *Gold*, seem to me an adjunct to rather than an integral part of the performances. If someone were to tell me that the strings had been recorded first, then the combo—or vice versa—I would certainly not reject the possibility.

However, there is no doubt that Upchurch offers some hauntingly reflective music. If exotic romance well-played is what you're after, pay the man for this one—and hope Upchurch cuts another album where he is more to the fore.

—*Nelsen*

## Joe Venuti

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING—Ovation OV/14-04: *Popi; Little Green Apples; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; Les Bicyclettes de Belsize; Windmills Of Your Mind; Autumn Leaves; I Want To Be Happy; Purple Pussycat; Undecided; Four Finger Joe.*

Personnel: Venuti, violin; Lou Stein, keyboards; Ron Steele, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums; Bobby Christian, percussion.

Rating: ★★½ / ★★★★★

This album is actually two records in one. Side 2 presents the remarkable Venuti in a jazz context, while Side 1 appears to be a misguided attempt to appeal to current tastes in pop. The rating is divided accordingly.

Venuti is a phenomenon, and his return to the limelight, which began with his appearance at the 1969 Newport Jazz Festival, is an event as welcome as it was overdue.

One of the major figures in jazz during the '20s, Venuti was the creator of chamber jazz, ahead of his time in technical accomplishment, harmonic sophistication, and grasp of improvisation. From the mid-'30s on, he was less prominent, first leading not very interesting big bands, then heading small combos of the supper-club variety. This is his first recording since the



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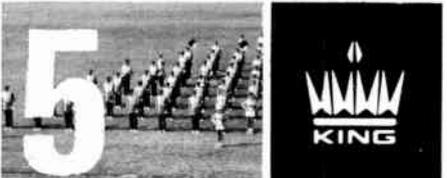
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late '50s, when he made two excellent, unheralded jazz LPs for Grand Award.

Venuti's exact age is a mystery, but he is probably in his early 70s. He influenced every post-New Orleans jazz violinist, and retains his command of the instrument—perhaps the most difficult of all to master.

Though he now plays amplified, his style is essentially unchanged, yet sounds as fresh today as it did more than 40 years ago. This is most evident on *Purple Pussycat*, a variant of *China Boy* first recorded in 1927 as *Wild Cat*, a duet with his then inseparable partner, the late guitarist Eddie Lang. The new version swings more, but there are passages that are almost identical.

Venuti has lost none of his inventiveness, astonishing agility with bow and fingers, and joy in making music. His tone is pure and singing in the classic violin tradition, but he's not afraid to rough it up when it suits him. Nor does he shy away from touches of humor and occasional grandstanding (as the gypsy bit in *Autumn Leaves*), an ingrained habit which in the past caused purist critics to accuse him of lapses in taste and "acrobatic tricks." But such elements are part of his total personality (his practical jokes and volatile temper are legendary), and it is refreshing that he retains them.

One of his most famous "tricks" is loosening the hairs of the bow and wrapping it around the body of the instrument, touching all four strings at once. This is demonstrated on *Four Finger Joe*, an apt sequel to the 1928 *Four String Joe*.

At times, as in *Undecided*, there are interesting indications that Venuti did not remain untouched by Stuff Smith, the hottest of all jazz fiddlers. This is a hard-swinging track, and *Happy* generates almost as much momentum. He always could play good blues, and *Four Finger* proves he still can.

Stein, Lesberg and Leeman have been Venuti's sidemen since he formed a quartet last year, and they know how to work with him. The pianist has quite a bit of solo space. Though overly busy at times, he swings and comps well. Lesberg, a superb bassist, is saddled with an electric instrument, which he handles with discretion. Leeman, as always, is solid and dependable.

Side 2, then, is a delightful showcase for a great artist. The flip side, unfortunately, can be appreciated only as a needless demonstration of Venuti's versatility.

It ranges from the grotesque (*Popi*, one of those pseudo-Mediterranean ditties complete with corny effects) to the remarkable (Venuti's gorgeous, viola-like tone and fine melodic exposition on *Windmills*). But most of it is simply irritating. It would have been far better to let Venuti play contemporary material in his own way, as he does in person, or to have made two albums—one jazz, one pop. One's initial gratitude to Ovation (a new, Chicago-based label) for recording Venuti is modified by this lapse in taste.

Half a good album is better than none, however, and Venuti is a marvel. His vitality would be commendable in a man half his age. Now if someone would record him with Zoot Sims. . . . —Morgenstern



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## DELLA

(Continued from page 15)

Delloreese Jr., now 10, is the product of Della's second marriage, which ended in divorce after eight years. She chose her own rather unfeminine nickname to avoid the confusion that arose as the girl grew to a phone-call-receiving age. Della has no inclination to push Dumpsey in any particular direction. "It so happens she's a fine dancer, but somehow I get the impression she'd make a good lawyer."

Largely because of her own astrology-tinged outlook, Della is becoming less and less inclined to push her own career. From a "why not now" concept, Della has gradually converted to a philosophy that says "when I'm ready." Her "film career" is a prime example. "I'd like to do films, but something always intervenes. I was supposed to do *Yellow Drum* with Julie Harris, but the producer suffered a heart attack. Then I was supposed to do a film called *Tambourines of Glory*, but again sickness interfered. My manager, Lee Magid, was ready to buy the rights to the Billie Holiday story—even the Bessie Smith story, but they fell through. I understand Nancy Wilson was offered the Billie story. Frankly, I think Carmen is closer to Billie's mood and spirit. Anyway I've come to the conclusion that when God is ready, my film career will happen."

Della's brand of openmindedness, astrology notwithstanding, stems from the age of reason or the age of enlightenment rather than the age of Aquarius. It came

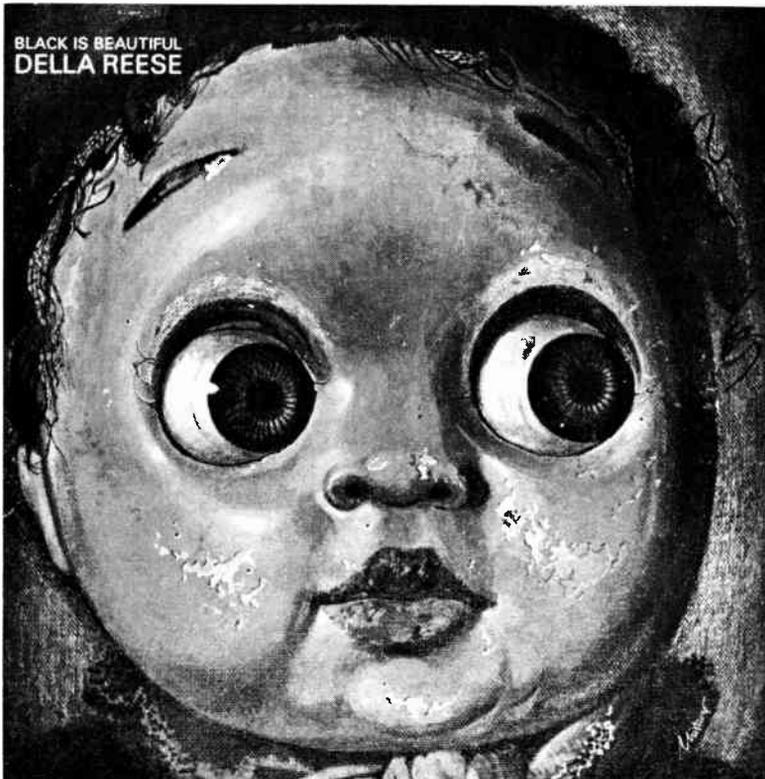
into sharp focus during a discussion of the pressures black entertainers face from militants today. "They think you've got to take a stand. Well, let's face it, we *have* to take a stand, but it's not a white stand, it's not a black stand. It's the kind of stand that is based on the most basic law of nature: self-preservation. We've got to learn to live together. It's a matter of survival, and if we're going to survive, we've got to learn to live here together. And that's what this (pointing to her new album, *Black Is Beautiful*) is all about. If people would listen to its message, maybe it would help. This is *my* way of doing something. I'm not going to change anything by carrying a picket sign or marching. What is really needed is understanding. I don't want to hear arguments from your people, or from my people. What we need now is *understanding*. And when I don't wanna hear nothing, I don't hear, 'cause honey, that's the way I am constructed!"

Aside from Della herself, no one knows better than Bobby Bryant the configurations, the proportions—in short, the stresses and strains—that make up that "construction." It was at Bobby's suggestion that Della came to Hollywood, and they were once engaged. When he speaks to Della, he takes the stand as an expert witness.

"She has the kind of mind that's impossible to contain: extremely active, forever creative. Della's always trying to 'get outside of herself'—you know what I mean? I've seen her here (the setting was Hollywood Video Center, following

the taping of one of her shows) night after night trying to unwind after these double sessions. She's tired, she's tense, but she keeps it to herself. Della's a hard worker, she's got to work to keep up with the arrangements we write for her (the staff of arrangers for the show includes Bryant, Billy Byers, Mike Barone, Bob Florence, J. Hill and Mundell Lowe). And the writers put a little extra into the charts for Della.

"As far as her own mannerisms are concerned, Della is so easily misunderstood. So many people consider her brash, but that's just her own humor. (Della's comment: "That's the pigeonholing again; when people hear black humor, the first thing they think of is Pearl Bailey.") A lot of people think she's headstrong. Well sure, she's opinionated, but if she's wrong, she's the first to admit it. Another thing: you know there are an awful lot of nuts in this world who have nothing better to do than wait outside the stage entrance so they can talk to Della. Now, she talks to every one of them and tries to make sense to them. But all they want to do is pass some nasty remark. It's amazing how many of them try to hurt her. I usually wait around and take her to her car, and many times I've wanted to step on those characters' toes and then say 'excuse me' (those familiar with Bryant the giant would appreciate the impact of that hidden desire), but Della is never less than a lady. She'll never try to hurt back, but she makes it to her car—then bursts into tears. That's Della." 



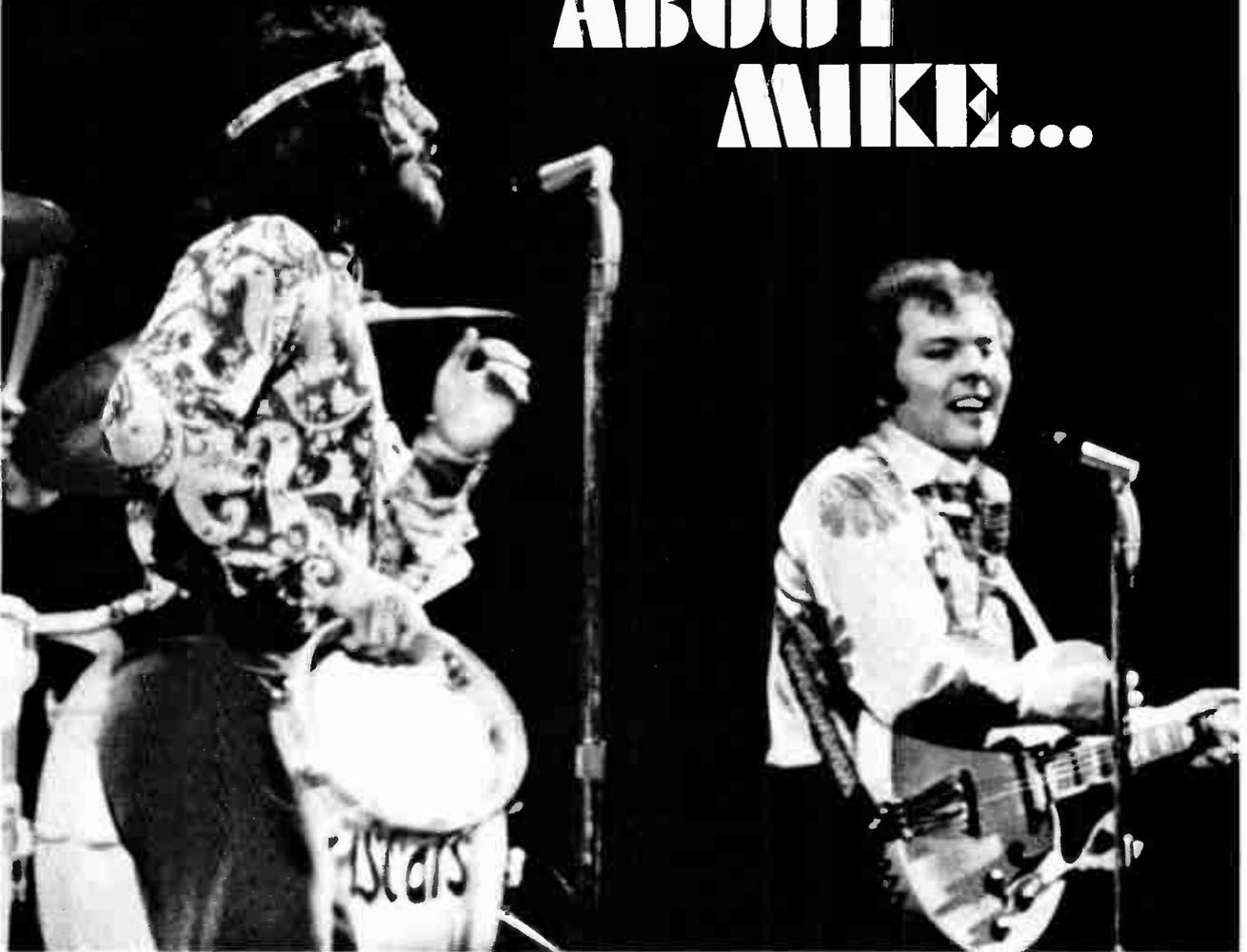
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# QUINCY JONES

A recent check revealed that Quincy Jones had not taken a Blindfold Test since 1961. The reason was fairly simple: in all probability he had not sat still long enough to listen uninterrupted to seven records during this astonishingly active period of his life.

Since moving to the West Coast in the mid-1960s, Quincy has established himself as a continuously busy motion picture score writer, while pursuing careers in several other areas. Most recently he formed Symbolic Music Productions in partnership with bassist Ray Brown and novelist Harold Robbins.

The organization has been founded to delve deeply into the possibilities of record production, management, motion pictures, and anything else that may come along. Jones and his partners now have offices and a growing staff on Sunset Strip.

"Our main objective," he said recently, "is to achieve independence. I don't want any 18-hour days in the office; we have lawyers, accountants and secretaries to take care of those things. But we want to be independent of these unqualified cats who tell you, from a control booth or an office, what to do and how to do it. We feel there are a lot of jobs we can do right now, for ourselves and for other artists we see coming up."

Records no. 2, 5, and 6 were selected because of Quincy's well-known association with the three artists. —Leonard Feather

**1. DUKE PEARSON.** *Bedouin* (from *Duke Pearson's Big Band, Blue Note*). Randy Brecker, trumpet; Pearson, piano, composer; Mickey Roker, drums.

At first I thought it was a small group—Herbie Hancock or someone like that—but it sounds like some of the things that Duke Pearson does too, the big band things. I don't know who that trumpet player is.

That's a pretty mood and I got caught up with the way it was recorded. That hit me first, the sound of the drums. It was just nice to hear all the elements, the body of the drum recorded in that way. I was really trying to figure out what they did—instead of listening to what's happening.

I liked the fusion of colors. The mute combinations mixed with flutes, with the saxes and things . . . it didn't have a written feel. I'd give that four stars. What they were after came off.

**2. RAY CHARLES.** *Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You* (from *Listen, ABC*). Charles, vocal, piano; Sid Feller, arranger. Recorded 1967.

That sounds like Ray used to play when he had the Maxim Trio in Seattle. He was playing more jazz then. He came to California and made his first professional blues record, and then came back and had a different kind of bag. But that really took me back about 20 years.

I don't know who did the arrangement . . . in fact I can't even tell if it's a recent record. With the strings there it could be Sid Feller. But that's Ray, man; he's always 10 stars to me. Probably one of the strongest music influences I ever had. I knew him in Seattle when I lived there. I was raised there, went to high school and Junior college, and I met Ray when I was 15 and he was 17. He was like 40 years then; he knew about everything. He knew about ladies and music and life, because he was so independent. Sometimes we get together now, and it's just beautiful—we still act like we're 15 and 17.

**3. HERBIE MANN.** *Sense of No Return* (from *Concerto Grosso in D Blues, Atlantic*). Mann, flute; Ron Carter, bass; Bruno Carr, drums; William Fischer, arranger, composer.

That's a combination of people that don't understand. I don't know who that is, but he sounds desperately in need of

something to do, to get involved in something, and there's nothing there to get involved in. The arranger sounded as if he were in search of a theme to develop.

The drummer sounds like Klook, though! That's a nice use of the woodwinds, nice treatment. But there just wasn't any thematic material involved. I'd rate that two stars for the bass player and the drummer and for the development of what was there, or wasn't there.

**4. LALO SCHIFRIN.** *The Right To Love* (from *Once A Thief, Verve*). Schifrin, piano, composer; Irene Reid, vocals; Gene Lees, lyrics.

Oh, what's her name . . . she's the lady who used to sing with Basie. Yes, it's Irene Reid, and that's Lalo's and Gene Lees' thing. I couldn't get that sound at first . . . it kept going in and out, and at first it reminded me of Ernestine Anderson . . . just smidgens of her sound.

That's really weird, because that sounded like somebody in between Nancy Wilson and Ernestine. I knew it wasn't either of them, but she kept going between the two, she had a little grease on the edge there that sounded different and is all her own. Sounds good. That's Lalo's arrangement, too. You can tell when the arrangement is by the guy who wrote the song. Especially when there's a singer involved.

LF: Did you know, or sense, that it was from a movie?

No, I just thought it was something he'd written for Tony Bennett, whom I heard do it too. But that's like Bags when he used to write ballads. When he'd play *Tenderly*, he'd just play the first three notes, and it was all his from then on in; but when he wrote the ballad, the melody was clear, every note was brilliant . . . I like that . . . four stars.

**5. PHIL WOODS.** *Round Trip* (from *Round Trip, Verve*). Woods, alto saxophone, composer; arranger. Recorded in New York, 1969.

That sounds like Phil Woods. I thought it was Cannonball at first. But that band's got me puzzled. When I heard those counterlines it reminded me a lot of the things Phil used to write for the band, so this could be his own thing . . . his own arrangement. We had a lot of things he wrote in Yugoslavia, they had that kind of feel.



HOWARD BINGHAM

Using the strings with the brass figures; a lot of people are scared to try them like that, because it could be a disaster, depending on what country you're in.

You know, that shocked me. The instrumentation and everything kind of caught me off guard. I was involved in trying to see the people who were playing it. It sounds good, though. I can't fully hear everything that's happening, because I kept trying to dig inside the balance to try and hear everything that was going on . . . There were a lot of lines running around the top, and in the rhythm section, the drums and cymbal was all I could hear. Sometimes when you get that much weight going, if you can't hear it at its full fidelity, you can't really hear everything that's going on, or feel emotionally everything that's going on. It feels like they were into it, though; they were all playing what he was telegraphing to them, and vice versa.

I'd give Phil five stars, but because of the balance, it's not really fair for me to judge the rest from a sound standpoint, because I couldn't hear everything. It felt like he was on top of me and the rest was submerged.

**6. COUNT BASIE.** *It's Oh So Nice* (from *Straight Ahead, Dot*). Grover Mitchell, trombone; Basie, piano; Harold Jones, drums; Sam Nestico, arranger.

That sounds like Splanky at 9:30, when they're on their way aiming at midnight! I don't know who the arranger is. It could be Sam Nestico. It sounds recent, because the drummer doesn't sound like Sonny Payne. It's very difficult to tell about that drummer from a track like this, because only two stops are out . . . they're aiming at something else . . . on their way . . .

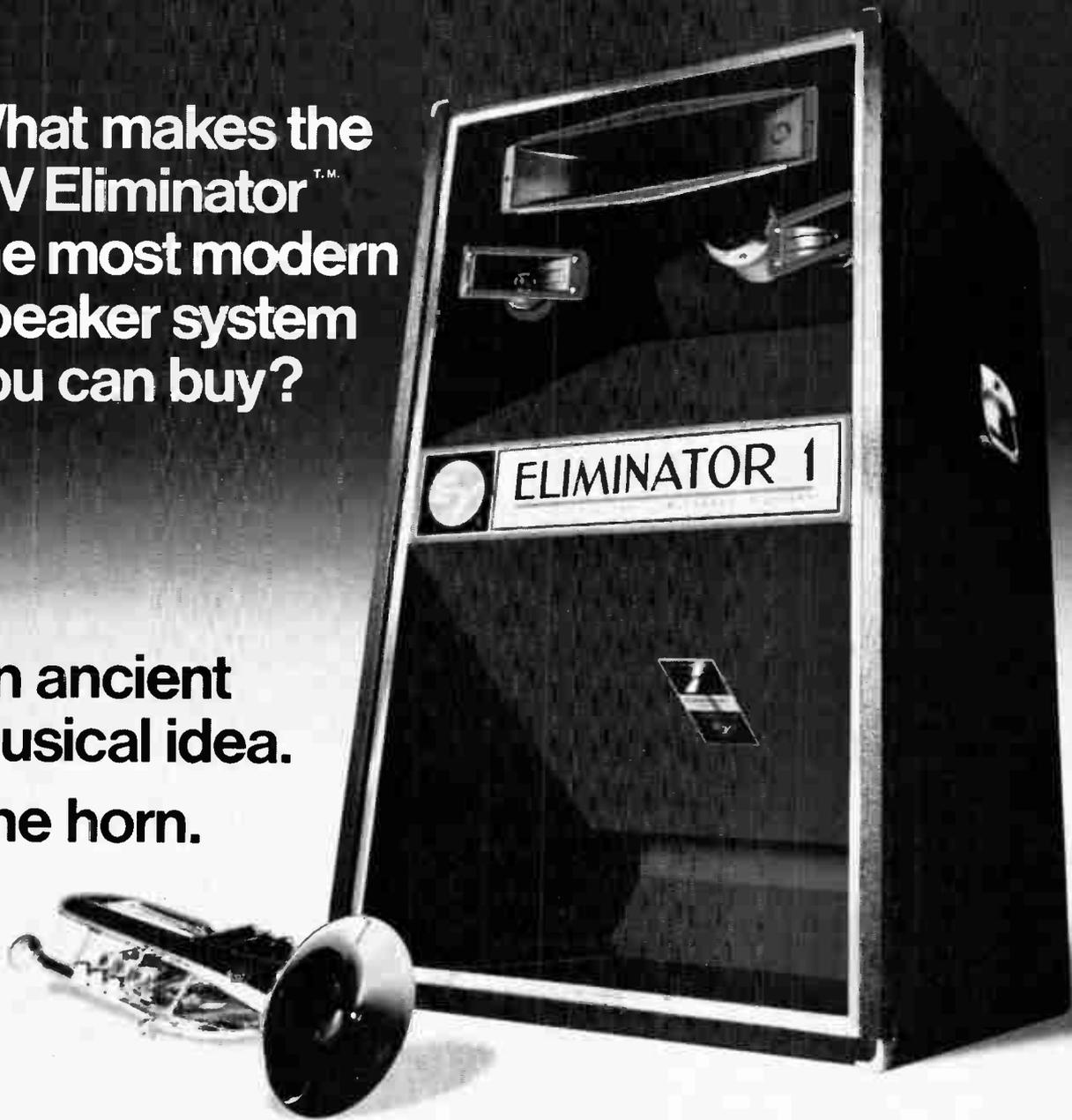
Working with Basie so much, I know that he's leading you down the alley so he can bust you in the head. I don't know who that trombonist is either. Sounds like some of the things Coker used to do with the band. Then again it could be Richard Boone . . . the tone. I've just heard so much of Basie that it gets difficult to pinpoint after a while. It's like in the blood stream.

I'd give that three stars.



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JOHN BRATHWAITE

Jimi Hendrix: A New Experience

**Jimi Hendrix—The Voices of East Harlem**

Fillmore East, New York City

It was in many ways a special evening. A new year was about to be rung in, a chaotic decade was coming to an end, and one of the star exponents of the music that so colored that decade was changing directions.

Spending New Year's Eve at the Fillmore is not exactly my idea of a fun way to ring out the old, but I must say the management had done its best to lend a holiday touch to the proceedings—from donning its ushers in greeting-inscribed sweatshirts to placing a small metal tambourine at each seat and projecting, on the large movie screen behind the stage, a caricature of Guy Lombardo, baton in hand.

The late concert was scheduled to begin at 10:30 p.m., but the doors did not open until 11, and another 20 minutes passed before the house lights dimmed, Lombardo faded away, and the screen showed a film of various black youngsters leaving their respective Harlem homes, gathering by a subway entrance, riding the train, emerging in Greenwich Village, running down Second Ave. and through the doors of the Fillmore East. A quick fade-out and the same youngsters, 20 of them, came running down the aisles of the theater (this time "live") and onto the stage. A cute and effective way to introduce the Voices of East Harlem and begin the evening's program.

The Voices were formed about a year

and a half ago, with the help of urban development programs and an energetic, strong-voice adult Gospel singer named Bernice Cole. Under the guidance of Miss Cole, the group has developed into a spirited choir that can swing, as it certainly did on this occasion, through a repertoire of Gospel and Pop with infectious vivacity.

It was getting close to midnight when Miss Cole appeared and added her powerful voice to a few Gospel numbers, which had the capacity audience smacking its toy tambourines. The Fillmore East became, for a moment, a gigantic storefront church and 20 youngsters from the streets of Harlem had shared a part of their heritage with 2,639 appreciative downtown hippies and gloriously demonstrated where it all came from.

At three minutes before midnight, a large clock was projected on the screen. The youngsters had danced off stage amid deafening sounds of approval, and the sound of the tambourines grew increasingly louder as the big second hand brought use closer to the new year.

I braced myself as large figures appeared superimposed on the clock for the countdown of the last 10 seconds—10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1. It was 1970 and the new decade was roared in by the playing of the awesome opening of Richard Strauss' *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, popularized by its use in the movie *2001*. With its playing, the screen was lifted, revealing the inner workings of the Joshua Light Show, which now projected its multicolored images on the cheering crowd.

After a few thousand "Happy New Years," the screen slipped back into place, Joshua and his gang cast their imagination on it, and the star of the show, Jimi Hendrix, intoned a most unusual rendition of *Auld Lang Syne*, turning it into a blusey thing of strange beauty.

Hendrix was changing directions—a new group and a new repertoire. It is no longer the Jimi Hendrix Experience but rather Jimi Hendrix: A Band of Gypsies, with Buddy Miles (formerly of the Electric Flag and the Buddy Miles Express), drums, and Billy Cox (an Army buddy of Hendrix's), electric bass. As for the repertoire, the emphasis is decidedly on the blues. The result is promising.

I say promising because Hendrix had not yet had time to fall into his new groove. He is still overamplified through his three-unit system, and he still resorts to such crowd-pleasing tricks as playing his guitar with his teeth. There was less of this gimmickry than usual, however, and I suspect that he will eventually give it up.

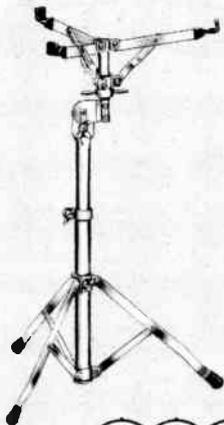
That ability of his to utilize fully the technical possibilities of his instrument, combined with his fertile musical imagination, makes him an outstanding performer. His feeling for the blues is strong, and his application of electronic sound effects to the most traditional aspects of that music so charged the emotions of the Fillmore audience that nary a tambourine stirred.

Hendrix never really has considered himself much of a singer, and he is right. Perhaps that is why he let his guitar

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drown out his voice each time he sang while he did not allow it to interfere with Miles' vocals. Miles is a good blues singer, and I think Hendrix would be wise to let him handle that department. His work on the drums is not bad, but it cannot stand comparison with numerous jazz drummers.

It appears that Hendrix is finding where he should be at, and he might well emerge as the greatest of the new blues guitarists. I only hope that he learns that it is not necessary to amplify to or past the point of distortion. Lesser talents might need that: he doesn't.

I did not cherish the idea of spending my New Year's Eve at the Fillmore, but as it turned out, it was a rewarding experience. —Chris Albertson

### Kenny Soderblom

Bernard Horwich Community Center, Chicago

**Personnel:** Oscar Brashear, Art Hoyle, Gary Slavo, Bobby Lewis, trumpets; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Bill Porter, John Avant, Ralph Craig, trombones; Soderblom, Don Shelton, Joe Daley, Johnny Board, Ronnie Kolber, reeds; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Rufus Reid, bass; Morris Jennings, drums.

The rhythm section provided the changes to Neal Hefti's *Splanky* and each of the sidemen mounted the stand and blew a chorus or two.

Soderblom's opening gambit served two purposes: it gave the audience a sneak-preview sampling of the various solo styles to be heard and it whetted their appetites for what followed—some of the most spirited and entertaining big band music Chicago has heard in many a day.

The leader, a fluent mainstream multi-reed artist, has fronted this aggregation of prominent Windy City club and recording colleagues for nearly five years. Though the band had only two hours of rehearsal prior to the concert (and some men were sight reading), the players capitalized on this busman's holiday from hotel and studio gigs to stretch out and in general, wail with uncommon enthusiasm on preferred (straight-ahead) material.

As one might expect, the lack of adequate rehearsal did not produce the tightest ensemble playing, but overall, the band was far from sloppy. If one has a sense of jazz priorities (and has them in the right order), the exuberant, free-wheeling improvising displayed by Soderblom's men far overshadowed whatever occasional lapses in attack and phrasing occurred.

Soderblom, a conscientious, easy-going front man in the Herman tradition, showcased his formidable solo talents on alto, tenor, and piccolo well, but did not hog the spotlight. Everyone had a chance to blow, and it is a tribute to the band's reservoir of improvisational depth that it is difficult, even after considerable reflection, to pick a favorite or standout.

Two of the trumpeters, Hoyle and Brashear, often switched to flugelhorn for solos, the former shining with his restrained, lyrical reading of Kurt Weill's lovely ballad, *My Ship* (nicely arranged by former Kentonite Slavo). Brashear, a Count Basie alumnus, led the trumpets with assurance and was especially impressive with his solo on the closing *Why Not?*

Quincy Jones' *I Needs To Be Be'd With* brought the trombones to the fore.



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Daley, Soderblom, Board: Tenors Three

Porter, a veteran of the only remaining TV studio band in Chicago, opened with a fine, unclipped blues chorus that showed off his good upper register. Avant dug in and swung, and bass trombonist Craig built effectively from a subdued opening to a rousing, animated climax. Not to be outdone, Touff, a mainstay of the local jazz scene and well-remembered from his Woody Herman days, drew spontaneous applause with his fine outing on bass trumpet. Also heard on this tune was clarinetist Shelton, whose light tone (and infectious swing) provided an effective post-script to the brassy precedings.

Of the saxes, tenorist Daley's free-styled blowing was the most provocative. Though his best moments came on George Russell's lazy, plaintive *Prelude*, his playing was always harmonically and rhythmically inventive. He teamed with Soderblom and

Board (who sounded better than ever) on Les Hooper's whirlwind *Tenors Three*. The leader opened up the chart and what followed eclipsed, not only in excitement but in musical value, all the other tenor battling I've ever heard. Though some fine avant garde-tinged blowing by guitarist Upchurch and bassist Reid was included, it was the virtuosic playing of the tenors that brought the crowd to its feet.

The pianoless rhythm section was outstanding throughout. Upchurch, sight reading, judiciously deviated from his guitar part occasionally to provide such tasty fills that the piano was scarcely missed. Reid, who has listened to Richard Davis (and listened well), displayed a fine tone and good intonation. Though I sensed that Jennings has done more small group than big band work, he did a fine job (although he was a trifle too busy and bombastic on

Slavo's *Theme For Nancy* to suit my taste).

Soderblom's expert, varied choice of material was a model of pacing. A sampling: a *Li'l Darlin'*-styled Bill Holman arrangement of *Time After Time*; Art Lauer's somewhat "outside" *Loose Ends*; an attractive *Mrs. Robinson-Hey Jude* medley arranged by trumpeter Lewis; *Come Rain or Come Shine*, featuring the leader's alto; *Spinning Wheel*; and a way-up Bob Florence chart on *Little Girl*.

A crowd of nearly 300 jammed the small auditorium to hear the concert (on a night of sub-zero cold) and their response indicated intense satisfaction. This is a band that deserves a lot more recognition and exposure than it's currently getting. Soderblom's men have a lot to say and should be recorded. —Jim Szantor

### Buell Neidlinger

Jordan Hall, Boston

Personnel: Neidlinger, bass, electric bass; Jay Humeston, cello; Peter Ivers, harmonica; Paul Lenart, guitar, vocals; Mike Julian, Jr., drums; George Leh, vocals.

This concert by Neidlinger, one-time bassist for Cecil Taylor and presently a member of the Boston Symphony, was a surprise and delight.

The first half of the concert was devoted to five contemporary classical pieces, three for solo bass, and two for bass and cello. While much so-called free jazz has run amok, pieces composed under the nomenclature of 'classical music' often point in interesting new directions.

Lamonte Young's *The Second Dream of the High Tension Line Stepdown Transformer*, like the work of Gyorgy Ligeti, deals with the relationship, movement and interaction of tones. Robert Ceely's *Hymn*, given its world premiere at this performance, was an unusual piece rich in thematic content. Mauricio Kagel's *Sonant* was a fascinating piece of music and theater—the composer has given the performer an interesting spoken monologue integrated into the work. Neidlinger is a complete technician and a sensitive interpreter.

He appeared on electric bass for the second half of the concert. First, he and Lenart (on acoustic guitar) performed three originals by the young guitarist. Lenart is a skilled blues composer and a proficient practitioner of the slide guitar style.

Next, Neidlinger, supported only by the deft, sensitive drumming of Julian, performed *Buell's Bass Music No. 1*, written for him by Frank Zappa. The piece, an intense and expressive work, contained some of Zappa's favorite themes. Neidlinger demonstrated exactly what the electric bass can do in a beautiful performance.

The concert closed with Neidlinger, Lenart, Ivers and Leh in a set of tunes from the repertoire of their band, *Loony Toons*. Lenart is fantastic on electric guitar; a real and exciting creator in the idiom of blues-rock. Ivers is an astounding harmonica virtuoso, although he was not properly miked. Leh is a rousing vocalist, seemingly adept in any style.

This well-planned and well-executed concert ignored restrictions of "bag" or category. A beautiful idea, and beautiful music.

—Michael Cuscuna

## a monograph regarding the holding of the flute

by Walfrid Kujala

Some good material has been available regarding proper techniques for holding the flute—but, as in any educational pursuit, there is always room for further study—further research—further reference. In this work, "The Flute: Position and Balance", Mr. Kujala has selected specific aspects on this subject that he felt needed greater emphasis.

Music educators are welcome to add this brochure to their flute literature file—Copies are available through music dealers.

Walfrid Kujala, noted flutist, piccoloist and teacher, has been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1954 and is a member of the Northwestern University School of Music faculty.

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## The String Player In Jazz, Part I

by David Baker

THE STRING PLAYER in jazz is faced with many problems, some of them directly related to the instrument, others common to all jazz players.

Perhaps one of the most frequently voiced concerns is how to make the string player swing. The string player usually has problems in this area because of the dissimilarity between his background and that of the player on a traditional jazz instrument. He is often completely locked into western European musical concepts. All of his practice music (etudes, repertoire studies, characteristic studies, etc.) is written with the aim of developing a symphonic player.

In many instances, this is also the case for a trumpeter or trombone player, but at least a body of literature exists outside of the symphonic literature (example jazz studies, syncopation studies, transcribed solos, etc.). Most teachers still see no validity in the idea of exposing the student to concepts outside the confines of European art ("good, serious, classical") music.

Add to this the lack of string heroes of the stature of a John Coltrane, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, etc., and the consequence is a string player faced with a virtual lack of models.

The string player is usually left without a model because he only hears recordings of non-jazz violinists like Heifetz, Stern etc., or cellists like Starker, Casals, Janigro, etc. The violist hears only Primrose, Dawson, Hindemith, etc. All of these choices are of course excellent, but because of the lack of available recordings by jazz string players, no real alternative is available. Obviously, this is not the case for the jazz bassist because of the functional role that his instrument has traditionally played in jazz. The bass is far more advanced in jazz than the other string instruments.

Despite many exceptions to the rule, most jazz players must be taught to swing (not necessarily via the academy or in a formal sense). It is this writer's contention that a feeling for the propulsive flow of rhythm that we call swing is best achieved through aural means. Four basic steps are suggested:

1. Listen
2. Imitate
3. Learn bebop tunes
4. Play with a rhythm section

The first step in learning to play notes and phrases in the manner of a jazz player is to listen. The student should obtain a list of respected jazz players, then go to the record library and listen. Perhaps the initial stages of listening should consist of a kind of "bath in sound" approach. The player should listen to the "heads" (melodies or compositions) and solos until he can sing along with them. He should then

devise syllables that capture the inflections the players use. He should then snap his fingers, tap his foot, nod his head and in general do anything that helps him feel the time in the manner of the soloist.

Once he is comfortable singing along with records, he should get his instrument and play along with the heads of the tunes, again imitating the players on the record. He should try to imitate nuances, articulations, and when possible, even the player's personal instrumental sound. (This will start to give him some insights into different approaches to sound and style.)

Unless he has an exceptionally well-developed ear, it will probably be necessary to slow the turntable on the record player from 33½ to 16. This change of speed will drop the solo line one octave but leave it reasonably close to the original key. (Some minor adjustments will have to be made in the tuning of the instrument.) Now he must listen and imitate at this slow speed; the notes, articulations, etc. will be more easily heard. Once the notes are learned the original tempo should be observed.

Some additional suggestions:

1. The player should play the head with the ensemble, then continue playing the head alone for the next few choruses while the soloists are playing; this will build confidence and a feeling of independence. He should now play the head alone without the record, trying to recall aurally the articulation, nuances, inflections etc.

2. He should next pick a solo from a record and learn it. He should play the solo along with the soloist, then play it while the next solo is going on, then play it without the record. It goes without saying that if he can find a rhythm section he should then play the tunes and the solos with them. As the player memorizes solos and heads, he must try to identify various licks, rhythms, harmonic patterns and dramatic devices; he should strive to carry the phrasing, articulations, etc., that he learns from the record over into his practicing of similar jazz passages.

3. Once the player has begun to be relatively comfortable with steps one and two, I recommend learning as many tunes from the bebop era as possible. Why these particular tunes? Because, generally, the lines are eighth-note oriented, teaching the player to think in terms of eighth notes as a basic unit. The tunes are usually built either on the blues or some extremely vertical structure. This gives the perceptive player some notion of the relationships that exist between chords and scales. Most of the melodic, rhythmic and harmonic vocabulary of today's jazzmen can be easily perceived in these bebop

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Most of the lines have been frequently recorded and are also generally found in most fake books. This easy accessibility makes bebop tunes even more valuable. Whenever possible, these tunes should be learned directly from the record rather than from sheet music. It is not only excellent ear training, but enables the player to imitate the people who should know what is stylistically correct. I recommend learning at least one tune a day. Obviously, in addition to these tunes the player will have to learn ballads, standards, and contemporary compositions. In learning these other tunes, the same procedures should be followed.

As soon as possible, the player should start playing the lines he learns with a rhythm section and other players. He should take solos, listen, analyze, compare, ask questions, imitate, etc.

Aside from the general problems, certain idiosyncratic problems exist for the would-be jazz string player, some of which follow:

#### I. Problems related to bowing.

How is the string player to approximate the sound, swing and feel of more traditional jazz instruments? Many of the problems in this area will have been solved by the listen-imitate technique, but such problems as the kinds of bowing and articulations to use must be examined further. In long eighth note passages at a moderate to fast tempo this writer has found a bowing like



(These fundamental principles are to be found in any good string method or learned from any good string teacher.)

① *v*

② *q*

③

④ *Do-de-mi*

or to be quite

effective in approximating a bebop saxophone articulation. At faster tempos, the practice of playing many notes under one bow may be quite effective. At slower tempos, this kind of melisma is best saved for runs used as pick-ups a la Coltrane—example (1)—or for color-type runs, usually in odd-metric groups—example (2).

The *detache* seems most effective when used in combination with other bowings or as the basic bowing in a double-time passage or a fast single-time passage. Example (3)—Fancy bowings such as the *loure*, *spiccato*, and *jete* are best reserved for special effects or for expressive purposes, as they tend to sound stilted in a jazz context.

4. (Example of possible combination bowing on a bebop-type tune—example 4.)

In general, bowing verities seem to maintain; for example:

- upbow for anacrusis.
- downbow for a thesis.
- crescendos are most easily effected by going from point to frog.
- light-fast playing is easier at the point of the bow.
- strong accents are best taken with downbow.
- placement of the bow, speed of the bow and division of the bow must be taken into consideration in order to control volume, tone and basic sound.
- division of the bow according to speed, number of notes, length of note, etc.

# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

EARLY LAST December, my bassist Mike Moore and I flew to Salt Lake City to join guitarist Johnny Smith and drummer Jan Hyde as guest faculty members at the University of Utah. We had been brought there for three days by Dr. William Fowler, chairman of the music department, to give a special course to students majoring in jazz.

The fact that students *can* major in jazz and get a Bachelor of Music degree in jazz performance or jazz arranging is still a surprise to many people. Not everyone realizes that jazz should be a part of music education—but the program is well under way and an increasing number of young musicians are involved in it. Area students who previously had planned to study elsewhere are attending the Univ. of Utah, because now they can get the kind of music education they want right in their home town.

Dr. Fowler has worked long and hard to establish the four-year course in jazz studies. His commitment to it runs deep—amounting to a never-ending crusade to provide a sound knowledge of jazz for young musicians. Dr. Fowler's five sons are all talented jazz players and they are involved in the jazz program in one way or another. Bruce, a trombonist who has played with the Woody Herman Band, and Tom, a bassist, recently brought their Power Circus group to the college for three days to demonstrate how a rock group composes its music.

Dr. Fowler's younger sons, Steve (alto sax), Walter (trumpet), and 11-year-old Eddie (piano) also participate by sitting in on various classes. Fowler himself is a skilled guitarist and composer—he is the instructor for the master classes on guitar and he teaches an advanced harmony class.

In order to supplement curriculum material, Dr. Fowler decided to bring in established jazz musicians and arrangers for the three-day course. Arrangers Wes Hensel, Keith Moon, and Neal Hefti have been out and Hefti brought along his score for *The Odd Couple* and stayed for two weeks to show the students how film scores are written and put together. Future guest instructors include Marty Paich, Louis Bellson, Billy Byers, and Paul Horn. Also, Earle Hagen and Billy May will assist during the spring quarter.

It is a good experience for students to meet and talk with such artists. It acts as a stimulus to them to know that established players and writers are sincerely interested in teaching them, and they respond with eagerness and enthusiasm. Johnny, Mike, Jan, and I welcomed the opportunity to be a part of this program. It was great for the students, refreshing for us, and invaluable for the future of jazz.

We had the best of both worlds, since we were teaching while getting a chance to play together. The culmination of the three-day event was a concert the four of us gave in the Student Union (the first public concert since the jazz program started). This gave us an opportunity to have fun working together and presented a real chance to demonstrate some of the

points we made in class.

Our function was to use whatever method, writing or playing, that we thought would be most effective. It was Dr. Fowler's idea to give us this complete freedom and it seemed to work. In regard to future goals; the students are divided into three groups: performer, performer-arranger, and those majoring in music education. There were many girls present, and I particularly, was happy to see them there (Girls, we need you!).

The young students were all at various stages of learning. Some had only recently joined the jazz classes fresh from classical training; some were already quite accomplished in the field; and others were not really into it yet (but with obvious potential). There were some, too, who came just to watch and listen—not being quite sure which direction they wanted their musical careers to take.

In our teaching sessions, we found that we had to revise and improvise ideas all the time. Some of our approaches had to be simple enough for the beginners, while we had to keep the more advanced players interested, too. We discussed voicing and repertoire—giving the students a basic list of tunes to learn and describing how to set up a band so that the rhythm section would be as close together as possible. We also mentioned a few “don'ts”—like not staying on the same tune too long; not playing every tune in the same key; not playing all originals.

Drummer Jan Hyde had his turn. He gave examples of how to play intros so that everyone in the band knows where “one” is, etc. He wrote out several complicated rock beats and showed how to notate them. When we played, he demonstrated what he had described. Bassist Mike Moore talked about the difference between rock feeling and jazz feeling. He first played an eight-note figure, and then went into 4/4 in the same tempo, but with a jazz feeling.

Among the things we played for the students were Coltrane's *Naima* and *Giant Steps*, blues lines, pieces by Duke Ellington, and some jazz waltzes. Often, by their questions, the students gave us ideas for subjects to discuss and demonstrate. This sometimes changed the course of a class altogether. It was also very stimulating to me because I'm more accustomed to playing than explaining, and sometimes I was hard-pressed to describe why I used a certain chord or progression. Since it wouldn't help to say “Because I dig it”, I had to force myself to give more logical answers.

One of Johnny Smith's ideas, in which we all joined, was to take the class through a brief evolution of jazz from ragtime to the present day (He got me to play a chorus of *Twelfth Street Rag*, much to everyone's amusement). We gave examples of each style (swing, bop, etc.), with Mike and Jan illustrating how the early rhythm sections sounded in contrast to those of today.

Improvisation classes were held every day. We found this to be a good way to get all the players together to try things out as a group. After we singled out a rhythm section, one or two of the horn players would find a tune that everyone

knew, play on it, and after awhile we would then rotate the rhythm section so that everyone had a chance to both comp and take solos. Some who had little or no experience were shy about sitting in (but did). Some of the others wanted to keep playing all day!

Occasionally, one of us might sit in to illustrate a particular point, but mostly we stood on the sidelines and watched and listened, and encouraged the students to let their natural feelings come out in the music, and also not to be afraid to experiment, impressing on them the necessity for listening to as much live and recorded music as possible, forming groups and thus learning by doing.

According to Dr. Fowler, all the indications are that his program is going straight up. “We're receiving hundreds of letters . . . I hope this will inspire every college in the country to start a jazz department. If a school has a music department, it *should* have a jazz department—it's as simple as that. I feel that this is a very necessary part of music education. A music department should teach every kind of music there is. There should be divisions where students can get anything they want in music . . . anything. This is the way our music is going to disseminate and grow,” he said. —*Marian McPariland*

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

. . . Trombonist **Benny Powell** presented his musical narrative, *The Story of Jazz*, to the 6th, 7th and 8th grade classes of the Englewood Cliffs, N.J. upper school. With him were **John Scully**, piano; **Eugene Wright**, bass; and **Rudy Collins**, drums . . . Multi-reedman **Jerome Richardson** played a concert for the Hartford Jazz Society with **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Roland Hanna**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Billy Cobham**, drums . . . Recent Fillmore East bills have included **Ike & Tina Turner**, **Mongo Santamaria** and **Fats Domino**; **Santana**, **The James Gang** and **Catfish**; and **Quicksilver Messenger Service**, **Country Joe & The Fish**, and **Eric Mercury** . . . Reedman-flutist **Robin Kenyatta** returned from several months in Europe where he played in Italy, France and Belgium. Back from Scandinavia is drummer **J.C. Moses**. . . Onetime jazz vibist-mellophonist **Don Elliott** created the musical score for *Summer Is Forever*, a CBS Playhouse TV special for young audiences shown on Jan. 24. He has also been signed for a Hallmark Hall of Fame Easter TV special to be screened March 13; and the Henry Denker play, *Neither Are We Enemies* . . . Record Notes: Singer **Joe Lee Wilson**'s Columbia LP is due out March 1 with accompaniment by alto saxophonist **Monty Waters**, pianists **Danny Mixon** and **Kenny Barron**, bassist **Bob Cunningham**, and **Art Lewis** and **Rashied Ali**, percussion . . . Otic Records of Southbury, Conn., a cooperative company founded by young musicians, has released its first album, featuring **Nature's Consort**, a group consisting of **James Duboise**, brass; **Mark Whiteeage**, reeds; **Robert Noughton**, piano, electric piano; **Mario Pavone**, bass; and **Laurence Cook**, percussion.

**Los Angeles: Yonng-Holt Unlimited** failed to finish their three-week gig at the Lighthouse. Personnel hassles forced co-leaders **El Dee Young** and **Red Holt** to cut short the engagement before the second week was over. Trombonist **Wayne Henderson** and bassist **Wilton Felder** (the front line of the **Jazz Crusaders**) rushed in with their own hastily formed group to fill the gap. **Ernie Watts** was featured on tenor sax; **Clarence Johnston** was on drums. Various pianists filled in for the weekend. For the final week, the **J.J. Wiggins Trio** was the featured group. **Cal Tjader** took over as scheduled, with **Mongo Santamaria** and **Les McCann** set to follow . . . **Gary Burton** played two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole, followed by **The Advancement**, **Willie Bobo**, and the **Jazz Crusaders**. Before opening at the Manne-Hole, **Bobo** was featured at **Memory Lane** . . . Guitars dominated **Donte's**—not only on their traditional Monday Guitar nights, but also in weekends in January. Among the groups featured: **John Pisano's Quartet**, with French hornist **Willie Ruff**; **Joe Pass' quartet**; a new combo fronted by **Gabor Szabo**; and **Howard Roberts' quintet**. **Larry Cansler's Sorta Big Band** displaced **Mike Barone's** band on Wednesday nights; **Lonis Bellson** had Thursday to himself except for the one-night unveiling of the new **Sonnd of Feeling** . . . Tenorist **Herman Riley** is now featured with **Carl Lott's** trio at the Club Libra, where the headliner is still **Bruce Clond** . . . **Spanky Wilson** was a recent attraction at the Playboy Club, backed by **Bob Corwin's** trio . . . **Charlie Byrd** brought his trio (brother **Joe Byrd** on bass; **Bill Reichenbach**, drums) into the Hong Kong Bar of the Century Plaza Hotel. **George Shearing** followed; the **Four Freshmen** are scheduled to open March 16. On the other side of the hotel, in the Westside Room, **Earl Grant** was featured for three weeks . . . The **Clara Ward Singers** worked at the Troubador for one week; **Ann Richards** gigged at **Hogie's** for two . . . A ragtime combo including pianist **Johnny Guarnieri** played the Wilshire Ebell Theatre for two nights in the second annual presentation of *Where It Was!* . . . Turning to an idiom not too far removed from ragtime, the **King Zulu Paraders**, **Charlie Martin's All Stars** and the **Lido Trio** were the featured groups at the most recent orgy of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California, in Santa Ana . . . Guitarist **Ron Anthony** played two nights at **Donte's**, did a Jazzmobile concert for **Chuck Niles**, a concert at the Smoke House in Encino, and recorded his second album for **Flying Dutchman** . . . **Dave Brubeck's** son **Darius** and pianist **Lamont Johnson** have formed **Axiom Productions**. The company sold its first master: a synthesis of jazz, rock, and rhythm and blues. Second album will feature **Johnson** . . . Funny thing happened to ex-Kenton reed man **Bob Lan** on the way to the It Club. A pad on his tenor broke and no one in the office had any glue, so he borrowed eyelash glue from a waitress, and it worked. Lan has been doing a lot of sitting in lately, alternating between the It Club and the nearby Parisian Room

. . . **Jimmy Jones** is keeping busy at Capitol Records. He'll arrange and conduct the next album for singers **Sandler and Young**. This will be Jones' third dual chore for the singers. **Dave Cavanaugh** signed Jones to arrange and conduct **Mel Torme's** next album. And Jones will also chart the numbers Torme sings for his upcoming appearance on the *Carol Burnett Show* . . . **Ray Charles** is running quite a gamut on his TV guestings: he did the *Glen Campbell Show*; is scheduled to tape the *Johnny Cash Show* in Nashville; the *Engelbert Humperdinck Show* in London; and the *Tom Jones Show* back here. For a complete departure, Charles will be guest soloist on the *Bell Telephone Hour* with **Zubin Mehta** and the Los Angeles Philharmonic . . . **Blood, Sweat&Tears** will write and perform the score for Columbia's *The Owl and the Pussycat* . . . **Neal Hefti**, who scored Paramount's *Barefoot in the Park*, has been signed to score the TV pilot *Barefoot* . . . **Ernie Freeman** is arranging for **Don Ho** and **Mel Carter**.

**Chicago:** Due to a relay mixup, Chicago jazz fans had the dubious distinction of being the only viewers in the country to miss the **Willie (The Lion) Smith** segment of *From Ragtime to Rock*, the music special aired on NBC's *Today Show* Jan. 13 . . . **Lee Konitz** decided to stay in Chicago after his holiday season here, and has been gigging with pianist-singer **Judy Roberts'** trio (**Nick Tountas**, bass; **Rusty Jones**, drums) at the Flower Pot and on Wednesday nights at the Wise Fools, a new Lincoln Ave. pub operated by jazz writer **Buck Walmsley**. The *New Americans*, a jazz-rock sextet led by trumpeter **Gene Shaw**, is featured at the club on Fridays and Saturdays . . . The Colonial House was the scene of a three-night benefit for Provident Hospital Jan. 21-23. An r&b night featuring **Gene Chandler**, **Otis Clay**, **Ruby Andrews** and others was first, followed by a Gospel night headlined by **Mahalia Jackson**, the **Thompson Community Singers**, and **Shirley Caesar**. Jazz was next, with a tenor summit starring **Gene Ammons**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Prince James**, **Houston Person**, and **Eddie Harris** . . . Ammons recently taped for WTTW-TV with his sextet. The program, directed by **Bob Kaiser**, will be aired on March 10 at 9 p.m. . . . **Richard Abrams** and other members of the *Association of the Advancement of Creative Musicians* appeared on the local **Marty Faye** TV show Jan. 24. Faye inaugurated a policy of more exposure for local talent with reedman **Rich Fudoli** Jan. 11. Abrams, by the way, was the pianist with **Franz Jackson's** group during a recent Showboat Sari-S engagement . . . Ex-**Herbie Mann** and **George Shearing** vibist **Hagood Hardy** and his vocal-instrumental quintet, the *Montage*, followed **Dizzy Gillespie** at the London House . . . **Stanley Cowell** was **Gloria Lynn's** accompanist at the Apartment . . . Drummer **Vernell Fournier** heads a trio at the Salaam Restaurant with **Willie Pickens**, piano, and **Eddie Calhoun**, bass . . . Jazz historian **Dr. John Steiner** is preparing a 13-seg-

ment educational radio program on the legendary **Bix Beiderbecke**. Steiner recently returned from a field trip to California, where he interviewed scores of friends and associates of the late cornetist, including **Hoagy Carmichael** and **Bing Crosby** . . . **Ben Branch's Operation Breadbasket Band** appears at the Lake Meadows Restaurant on Fridays and Saturdays.

**New Jersey:** The **Mose Davis Organ Trio** from Philadelphia played a week at the Sterling House in Montclair in mid-January. **Ray Wills** was on tenor saxophone and **Ellis Golson** on drums. They were followed by **Brother Jack McDuff**, who used two tenors—**John Manning** and **Ron Park**—guitarist **Jimmy Fobbes**, and drummer **Vince DeLeonard**. The latter, new to the group, hails from Baltimore. Sterling House is a new club in the Montclair area. For information, call 201-744-1330 . . . In Newark, **Grant Green** worked two weeks at the Cadillac Club, with **Anita Green**, organ, and **Buck Jones**, drums. Jones is forming his own group for school concerts, etc. . . . The **Jack Onque Sextet** played several weekends at the Front Room . . . **Bobby Butler** and the



**Blue Notes**, an r&b outfit, did the Christmas weekend at Mr. Wonderful.

**Pittsburgh:** Veteran pianist **Reid Jaynes** has left The Win, Place and Show after several years to play his mainstream jazz at The Crow's Nest. He is joined on weekends by bassist **Harry Bush** and drummer **Dick Brosky** . . . The busiest jazzman in town is pianist-combo leader **Walt Harper**. His downtown club, Harper's Attic, is SRO nearly every night and he has been named director of the 1970 Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, which will take place in June in the Civic Arena . . . Pianist **Vince Lascheid** of The Colony saw his home-and-home teaching studio go up in smoke over the holiday season. He has rented a studio to continue his piano instruction . . . Pianist **Carl Arter** assembled a combo for the reception during **George Washington Carver Day** at the Webster Hall Hotel. Carl's steady gig is The Cosmopolitan Country Club near Butler, Pa. where **Tiny Irvin**, former **Dizzy Gillespie** thrush, also performs . . . The downtown area got another club in PJ's, featuring the band of **Jack Purcell**, who plays mostly Dixieland . . . **Richard "Groove" Holmes** followed the

**Johnny Lytle Quartet** into Crawford's Grill . . . **Nite-Kap East**, another new spot, has been presenting **Wendell Byrd's** organ combo and vocalist **Tim Stevens** . . . Saxophonist **James Pellow**, an alumnus of the **Jack Teagarden Band**, fronted a combo for the annual Public Relations Society of America holiday bash . . . Clarinetist **Jack Mahoney** has been heard frequently with his electronic sound at the Cork and Bottle.

**Baltimore:** The **Duke Pearson** big band, with **Frank Foster** and **Donald Byrd**, played the last concert before the Left Bank Jazz Society began its well-earned five-week Christmas vacation. A special attraction was Brazilian guitarist-singer **Airto Moreira**, who demonstrated several exotic South American percussion instruments, including some of his own design. The concert was a benefit for Project Survival, an organization of East Baltimore civic groups which is raising money to build a multi-purpose community center . . . **Gene Ammons**, sponsored by four local promoters, helped fill the jazz gap at the Famous Ballroom, with a concert Jan. 4. Ammons brought two Chicagoans with him, guitarist **Earl Wilson** and drummer **Bob Guthrie**, and used two local musicians, pianist **Claude Hubbard** and bassist **Donald Bailey**. A crowd of about 1,000, which began applauding with Ammons' first break on *Bye Bye Blackbird*, was obviously glad to see him back . . . **Paul (Fat Daddy) Johnson** of WWIN was named r&b Man of the Year for the fifth time at the Gavin Radio Program Conference in Atlanta.

**Toronto:** Two important openings took place on the same night when **Cannonball Adderley** and his quintet arrived at the Colonial Tavern and the **Oscar Peterson Trio** moved into the Beverly Hills Motor Hotel for two weeks. Peterson was backed by bassist **Sam Jones** and drummer **Bobby Durham** . . . After a long sojourn in the commercial fields, vibist **Peter Appleyard** returned to the night club scene with an extended engagement at Stop 33 in Sutton Place. With him were **Rick Homme**, electric bass; **Russ Ferron**, drums, and featured artist **Lennie Breau** on guitar . . . Singer **Jodie Drake** has been appearing at the Holiday Inn . . . Another suburban hotel, the Constellation, brought back **Jim Galloway's Metro Stompers** . . . The **Saints and Sinners**, with **Buddy Tate**, were back at the Cav-A Bob for a month. For this date, the band's original rhythm section backed Tate: **Red Richards**, piano; **Danny Mastri**, bass; **George Reed**, drums . . . A recent visitor at the Colonial was **Eddie Harris** with his quartet . . . **Elvin Jones**, with **Joe Farrell** and **Wilbur Little**, came into town for four nights to play at the opening of **Matt Muldoon's Club**.

**Holland:** The **Paradiso Jazz Club** in Amsterdam (originally a rock emporium) started its second season with concerts by pianist **Mal Waldron**, **Nico Bunnink** and **Burton Greene**. The first year was very successful. Big crowds (1000 to 1800)

came on Wednesday nights to listen to top Dutch musicians (Han Bennink, drums; Harry Verbeke, tenor saxophone; Willem Breuker, reeds; Misja Mengelberg, Cees Slinger, piano, the Afro-Cuban group Ritmo Naturel), and the groups of Johnny Griffin, Dizzy Reece, Lucky Thompson, Chris McGregor, Hal Singer, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Dexter Gordon, Phil Woods, Cliff Jordan, Waldron, Philly Joe Jones, John Tchicai, Irene Schweitzer, Johnny McLaughlin and J. R. Monterose, who became the favorite of the Paradiso public . . . Tenor saxophonist Hans Dulfer received the 1969 Wessel Icken Jazz Prize (3000 Dutch guilders) for his activities in the club and his playing with his own group, *Heavy Soul, Inc.* Dulfer also cut a record on his own label, *Heavy Soul Live at Paradiso*. It is available by sending \$3.50 to Heavy Soul Music, Pesmanlaan 48, Badhoevedorp, Holland. The record is selling well and as soon as possible a second album with tenorist Harry Verbeke will be released . . . *Jazzwereld's* (the leading Dutch jazz magazine) 1969 poll had the following results: Trumpet: Neddy Elstack, Miles Davis. Trombone: Willem van Menen, Roswell Rudd. Alto: Piet Noordijk, Ornette Coleman. Tenor: Harry Verbeke, Archie Shepp. Baritone: Henk van Es, Pepper Adams. Piano: Misja Mengelberg, Cecil Taylor. Bass: Maarten van Regteren Altena, Richard Davis. Guitar: Wim Overgaauw, Sonny Sharrock. Drums: Han Bennink, Elvin Jones. Big Band: Boy's Big Band, Duke Ellington. Small Group: Heavy Soul Inc., Ornette Coleman. Musician of the year: Hans Dulfer, Ellington. Record of the year: *Heavy Soul Live in Paradiso*, Ornette at *Twelve* . . . As a result of the Paradiso's success, several other jazz clubs have sprung up. At one point, there were 11 such clubs in Amsterdam. A special free weekly is distributed by the *Jazzwerkgroup* so that every fan can see where his favorite musician is playing . . . The Dutch government subsidized several groups and musicians, including the Theo Loevendie Consort (a nine-piece avant garde group), the I.C.P. (Instant Composers Pool, a group of musicians who produce their own records), and flutist Chris Hinze . . . I.C.P. brought out two new records, one a concert by street organist Willem Breuker, the other a duet by drummer Han Bennink and English guitarist Derek Bailey . . . Burton Greene did a radio show with Dutch musicians and is rehearsing with a big band . . . Trombonist Slide Hampton is now living in Amsterdam . . . The Bill Evans Trio played at an International jazz festival produced by N.O.S., a Dutch radio station. The Kurt Edelhagen Band and a big band of top European musicians also performed . . . The Museum of den Haag presented four concerts with, among others, J. C. Moses, Cliff Jordan, J. R. Monterose and Pete Grimston . . . Pianist Nico Bunnink is back in Amsterdam after a 12-year stay in the U.S. He did a concert with Harry Verbeke, tenor sax; Ruud Jacobs, bass; and Han Bennink, drums . . . Ben Webster, now living permanently in Copenhagen, recently returned to Amsterdam to visit old friends.

**Australia:** Duke Ellington and his orchestra began their Australian tour Feb. 6 with a concert at Sydney Stadium. This tour, promoted by Kym Bonython, is to include appearances at the annual Adelaide Festival of the Arts . . . Carmen McRae and Lana Cantrell both concluded successful stands at the Eastern Suburbs League Club in Sydney . . . The Australian Broadcasting Commission's Sydney Show Band under Eric Cook returned in January from a tour of Australian and American bases in Vietnam . . . Don Burrows' Quartet remains in residence at the Qantas-Wentworth Hotel Supper Club room. One of Australia's leading jazz groups, Burrows' quartet is ineligible, by government requirement of Australian birth, to appear at *Expo 70* in Osaka, Japan. The group will not appear, although Burrows had organized a sextet that qualified for government sponsorship. This sextet may tour Russia at the end of *Expo 70* . . . In conjunction with *Expo 70*, composer Richard Connolly has written the score for an experimental Australian wildlife film. This film, to be shown to visitors at the Australian pavilion, will utilize several of Australia's foremost jazz musicians . . . The Warren Daly-Ed Wilson big band appeared in concert with the Burrows Quintet, augmented by vibist John Sangster, currently performing in the Australian production of *Hair*. Other musicians engaged for this production include the group Lukes Walnut, trumpeters Kym Patterson and Russell Smith, and reedman David Van Creed . . . Charlie Munro's contemporary jazz ballet *Count Down* was released on Columbia. Side 1 utilizes 10 jazz instrumentalists, including pianist Bryce Rhode and bassist Bruce Cale (down beat scholarship winner), plus a seven-piece string section. Side 2 presents a trio comprising Munro, assorted reeds and cello; Neville Whitehead, bass; and Mark Bowden, drums. Bowden has also established himself as a composer and his two latest originals, *Marimbulator* and *Jaguars' Jaunt*, were featured by A.B.C. producer Cleon Dennis in his weekly big band show, *Now Hear This*, on national radio . . . Pianist-record-producer Mike Perjanik has relocated his group at Sydney's newest discotheque, Jonathan's. Jeff St. John and the Copperwine recently returned from Perth. A tour of Malaysia in February and a proposed university and concert tour of the U.S. later this year hopefully will focus overseas attention on this group . . . Canberra clarinetist Greg Gibson led a quartet at the Australian Jazz Convention at Ballarat. The group included bassist John Stear, who is currently appearing with a trio at the Lobby restaurant in the Parliament House in Canberra . . . Pianist Alan Pennay moved his trio from the Thredbo International Village to the Sydney Chevron Hilton . . . Australians currently working in the United States include pianist Terry Wilkinson (Sue Rainey); pianist Julian Lee (Hollywood); pianist Mike Nock (Fourth Way); bassist Rick Laird (Buddy Rich); pianist Dave McRae; bassist Bruce Cale, and vocalist Joy Yates.

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