

MAY 28, 1970

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

INSIDE TONY WILLIAMS:
A UNIQUE INTERVIEW

“JAZZ LISTENERS CAN'T
BE FOOLED”:

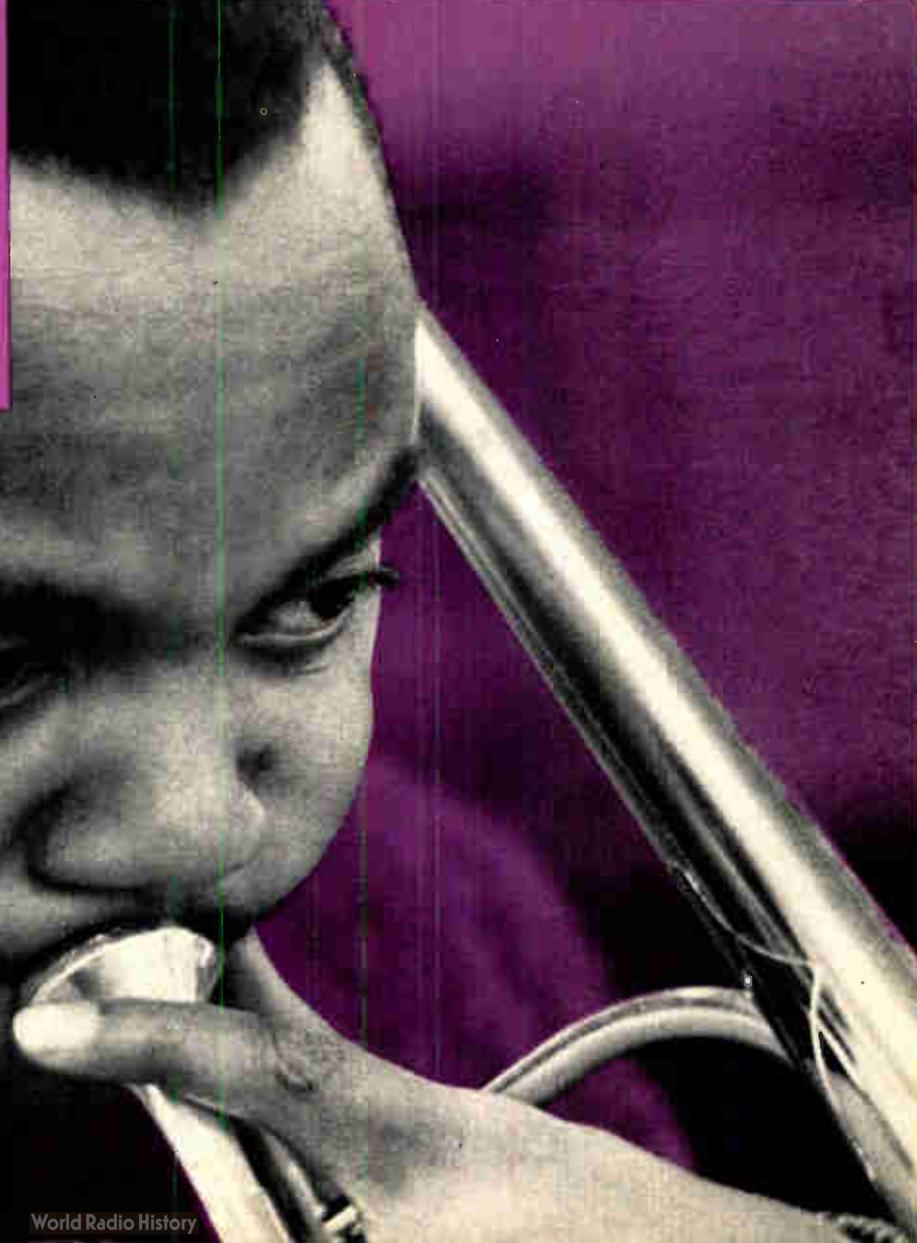
J. J. JOHNSON ON
FADS AND ART

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by Dave Baker



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By CHARLES SUBER

A PRELIMINARY POST-MORTEM of the now-ending school music year reveals traces of progress, and the tension that goes with progress.

Much of the visible progress is conversational and declamatory. The Music Educators National Conference startled the music establishment (and itself) with a sincere, albeit naive, stance on the teaching of rock in schools. "Youth Music" clinics—panel dialogs between young rockers and concerned educators—proliferated throughout the country in the wake of the Youth Music Institute last summer (db, Sept. 18, 1969). The comments of Allan Hughes (*New York Times*) and Tom Willis (*Chicago Tribune*), and many of our columns were used to justify and incite change. This writer was (and is) invited to speak to educators' meetings on the virtues of today's world and the evils of the past. The word "relevancy" has been ringing throughout the academic world.

By mid-year, the anticipated reaction began to be heard. One group of school band directors passed a resolution at their annual meeting that "commercial music need not be taught in the schools just because it's popular". Other organizations and individuals have been making brave speeches to each other about "upholding the sanctity of serious music" and "the kids don't really know what they want" and other silly rhetoric.

While the words are being declaimed, there is some actual progress. Guitar classes are getting into many schools at all levels. Many of the 450 colleges and universities that this year have been teaching some kind of jazz course are planning on jazz programs and "jazz majors" for the 1970-71 school year. High schools are beginning to think in terms of a jazz program rather than just a "stage band." There is also increased interest and activity in jazz (including improvisational training) at the elementary school level.

What is not happening (yet) is any meaningful restructuring of college music education curricula to equip new teachers for the real world of music. Educators are still not signing up in any appreciable numbers for the various "in-service" programs in today's music available this summer. Most serious of all is the educators' lack of understanding of the nature of jazz. Many of the newest teachers do—products of Berklee, North Texas State, Indiana Univ., et al.—but most teachers still believe in "either-or" and can't comprehend that music is a whole thing not to be fragmented to suit their own shortcomings.

But no matter what educators may think, say or do, they are faced with the inescapable fact that less than two million school age students are involved in instrumental music from kindergarten through university level—about 3½% of the 57 million enrolled this school year. They can't escape the reality of elimination of music programs—and jobs—because of non-relevance to student's needs.

As for the students, they're straight. They pretty well know what they want and how to get it. They are exerting an inexorable pressure on music educators for the right to learn and play music that fits their place in time. And when necessary, they're voting with their feet. Like all good musicians, they are going where the action is.

db

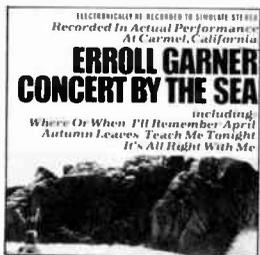
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contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 6 Chords and Discords
- 11 News
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 13 Behind The Doors: Jim Morrison on the perils of success and other matters. By Michael Cuscuna.
- 14 Tony Williams: An Interview Scenario: The brilliant young drummer opens up to Pat Cox.
- 16 Jazz Will Survive: J. J. Johnson: The poll-winning trombonist expresses his view of the state of jazz and hints of future plans. By Thomas Tolnay.
- 18 Record Reviews
- 23 New Wine—Old Bottles
- 26 Blindfold Test: Bill Evans, Part I
- 28 Caught In The Act: Chris Connor • Art Farmer • Frank Wright
- 34 Music Workshop: The String Player in Jazz, Part III. By David Baker.
- 37 Jazz on Campus: A report on three recent regional semi-finals of the National College Jazz Festival.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Statues vs. Playgrounds

An open letter to Benny Carter, Leonard Feather, Floyd Levin and Clark Terry:

It is with interest that I read that you have started a fund-raising drive with the purpose of building a statue to Louis Armstrong in his birthplace. Great. Recognition in his own lifetime for not only one of the greatest jazzmen but a man who has brought happiness to every corner of this troubled world is a fine gesture indeed.

Doubtless future New Orleanians will

be able to point to it proudly for the edification of tourists, to bask in its shade, to let their dogs pee against it, and to marvel that a man who rose from such humble beginnings should have merited a lump of stone in what db described as "a proper site for the statue."

Casting my mind back, I seem to recall that the way Louis got started in music was by learning to play the bugle in a home for waifs, strays and orphans. Well, I've never had the chance to visit New Orleans, but I'll bet that there are still plenty of poor kids like Louis roaming the streets, and if they're not firing off pistols on July 4th, at least they get into minor brushes with the law because of inadequate recreational facilities.

May I remind you of something that old wag Eddie Condon once said? "You can't eat a plaque" was his comment on the lack of financial recognition accorded jazz musicians in their own lifetimes, and the situation hasn't changed. You still can't eat a plaque and you sure as hell can't learn much from looking at statues.

But you can learn to live and spread



your wings a little in adventure playgrounds, and building one in Louis' name is, to my mind, where the money should go.

So think again, gentlemen—especially you, Clark, with your own childhood of scuffling and wearing hand-me-downs—and ask Louis *his* opinion. I'm sure he'd be much happier if he knew that his hometown kids had somewhere to go to let off steam.

It's not too late to change your plans. A Louis Armstrong Adventure Playground sounds like a beautiful idea to me and most of my friends here across the pond.

Valerie Wilmer

London, England

Irate Gitler

If Harvey Siders is going to quote me (db, April 16) let him do it accurately. I never made any references to "Prince Valiant uniforms" in connection with Don Ellis' band, nor was it in 1967. It was in 1968 and I said that the costumes looked as if they had been purchased from a "theatrical outfitter in receivership."

In the same issue Jim Szantor writes of Sal Nistico: "... he has matured into a much more musical player, no longer strictly a frenetic *Caldonia-Sister Sadie* specialist." He should check out *My Old Flame* on Sal's *Heavyweights*, 1961, for Riverside or the *Comin' On Up* LP for Jazzland. Sal was never a *Caldonia-Sister Sadie* specialist by choice.

Ira Gitler

New York City

Though I agree in essence with Gitler, I add that I have owned since its release and have checked out Nistico's excellent, brooding ballad work on "My Old Flame" on the "Heavyweights" album (which, incidentally, is on Jazzland—the other LP is on Riverside) and my other remarks concerning him more than emphasized his overall musical abilities. I was speaking of his work within the context of the Woody Herman Band—the work he is best known to the public for. I reiterate that Nistico should again be recorded in a small group context and would hope that such a recording would be better promoted and more widely distributed than the rare items mentioned above.

—J.S.



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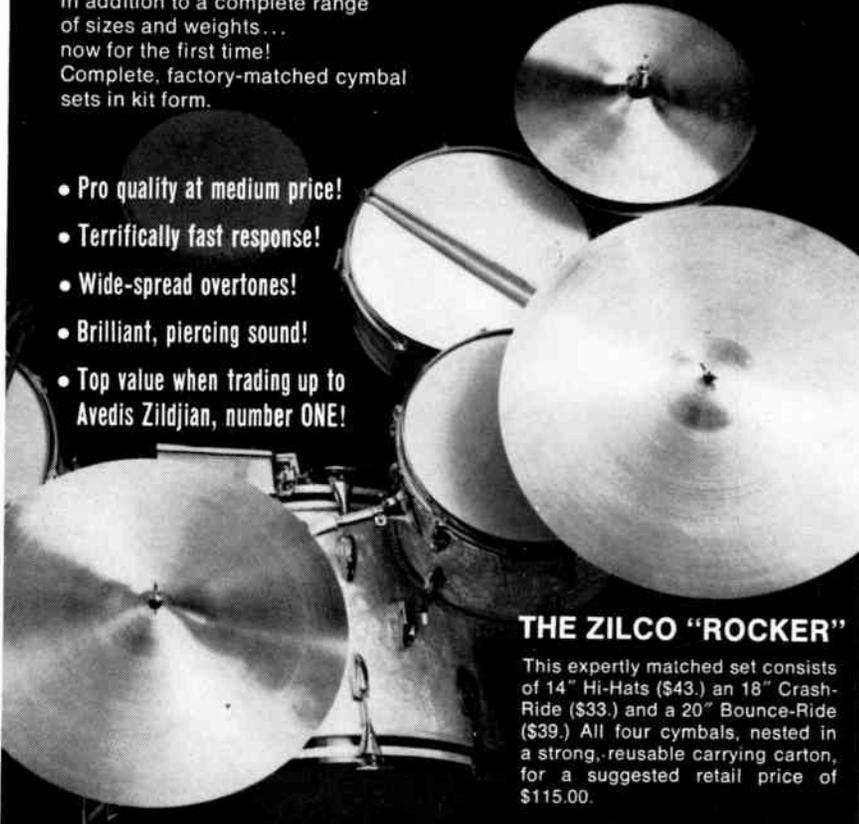
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EDDIE HARRIS PROTESTS L.A. POLICE INCIDENT

A not-so-funny thing happened to saxophonist Eddie Harris on the way to dinner in Hollywood recently. Harris, with personal manager Marvin Lagunoff and road manager John Brown, was driving along Hollywood Boulevard looking for a place to have supper. They spotted a steak house, pulled into the driveway, and were followed by a police car.

Two Los Angeles policemen approached the Harris vehicle and ordered the saxophonist and his road manager to lean against the car in typical spread-eagle fashion for purposes of frisking. Significantly, they did not attempt to search Lagunoff, the white member of the trio.

When Harris protested, the officers claimed they were within their rights. (A "pat-down" search on grounds of suspicion is permitted under California law.) Lagunoff finally convinced them that Harris was in town to score a Bill Cosby TV special and the incident ended—as far as the police were concerned.

On the following day, Lagunoff and Bill Yaryan, who heads west coast promotion for Atlantic Records (Harris' label) went to the Hollywood police division to file an official protest, but according to Yaryan, the police promise of "an impartial investigation" was merely a means of sweeping the whole affair under the proverbial rug.

But for Harris, the matter is not over. He has ordered his press representatives, Allan McMillan Associates of New York, to conduct their own investigation. Commented Harris: "They did this thing because we are black, and I would like for all the members of the press throughout the world to know that I consider this type of treatment by police insulting and humiliating in every sense of the words."

UNSEEN BLACK PICKETS RUB GLAMOR OFF OSCAR

Of the millions who watched the recent Academy Awards presentation on ABC-TV, only a handful were aware of the peaceful protest by the Black Musicians Association staged in front of the Music Center in Los Angeles, from which the telecast emanated.

At 6 p.m., one hour before the show began, 70 musicians—including some white sympathizers—formed a picket line in front of the Artists Entrance and remained until 7 to spread their message of dissatisfaction with the racial makeup of the Academy Awards Orchestra.

The 47-member orchestra, under Elmer Bernstein's direction, had been contracted by Bobby Helfer, one of the better known Hollywood contractors. Helfer had originally hired four blacks: J. J. Johnson, trombone; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Collette, reeds; and Rollice Dale, viola. But

Collette, who had other commitments turned down the job. (As he told *down beat*, "I turned down the gig only because I was busy, not out of protest.")

Helfer, who claims he picks men "on the basis of their ability," explained: "Four out of 47 would have been higher than the ratio of union membership." (Local 47 has approximately 1,100 blacks among its 14,000 members.)

The protest was organized by Henry Grant, who operates Grant's Music Center in Los Angeles. Grant's, an instructional complex which is home for numerous rehearsal bands and combos, is also the focal point for the Black Musicians Association. According to Grant, "we can't go by a ratio of union members; it's not realistic. We need more balance and less tokenism. What's going to happen to the kids coming up?"

Collette recalled the make-up of the Academy Awards orchestra until 1965: "Not a single black until they put me in for window dressing. Same with the Neophonic Orchestra: just Red Callendar and myself—and when we left, there were two others the next season. Tokenism—that's all it is."

When Sammy Davis Jr., Quincy Jones and Ray Brown crossed the line to enter the artists' entrance, there was no unpleasantness; no remarks were passed. But according to Grant, the three men were visibly upset and obviously in sympathy with the protestors.

DONTE'S KENTON SALUTE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

A tribute to Stan Kenton, in connection with his first and long overdue gig at Donte's, was held at that North Hollywood nitery recently. For all practical purposes, the club was closed, but you couldn't convince anyone attending the invitational party: it resembled a "coming alive" of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*—west coast version.

A partial list of those on hand: Jim Amlotte, Don Bagley, Mike Barone, Dee Barton, Louis Bellson, Betty Bennett, Milt Bernhart, Larry Bunker, Pete Candoli, Benny Carter, Nick Ceroli, Bob Cooper, Beryl Davis, Nick Di Maio, Harry Edison, Feather, Bob Fitzpatrick, Med Flory, Bill Fritz, Dave Grusin, Bill Holman, Bill Hood, Gene Howard, Jimmy Jones, Calvin Jackson, Lee Katzman, Mannie Klein, Willie Maiden, Hank Mancini, Shelly Manne, Jack Marshall, Don Menza, Bill Perkins, Don Piestrup, Howard Roberts, David Rose, Frank Rosolino, Pete Rugolo, Howard Rumsey, Mort Sahl, Bud Shank, Dick Shearer, Dalton Smith, George Van Eps, Al Viola, and Gerald Wilson.

Although there was no music coming from the stand (unprecedented for Donte's) everything was recorded, giving rise to a collection of "party tapes" that should

prove invaluable to future historians. As the evening progressed, tongues got looser and memories became sharper.

There was no emcee *per se*, but Kenton, Mort Sahl, Manne and Rosolino dominated the mike at various times.

But it was the guest of honor, Stan the Man, who simultaneously broke up the place and set the pace for a free-wheeling evening.

FINAL BAR

Blues singer-guitarist Earl Hooker, 40, died April 21 at the Illinois State Tuberculosis Hospital in Chicago. He had been



suffering from TB for many years.

Hooker, considered one of the greatest of contemporary blues guitarists, was born Jan. 15, 1930 in Clarksdale, Miss. He was a cousin of John Lee Hooker and Joe Hinton.

He took up guitar in 1945, went to Memphis in 1949, and joined and toured with Ike Turner. Later, he settled in Chicago, where he worked with most of that city's famous blues artists, including Muddy Waters and Junior Wells. He also occasionally played hillbilly jobs.

Hooker performed in Paris in 1965 with Joe Hinton, and in the same year was featured in a TV special by the Beatles. He toured Europe last year with the American Folk Blues Festival unit.

Hooker's first hit record was *Blue Guitar* on the Age label. During the past year, his career gained considerable momentum. No less than four LPs of his own were released, on BluesWay, Blue Thumb, Cuca, and Arrolie labels. The album on the latter, *Two Bugs and a Roach*, is considered his best. The title song is a wry,

humorous "salute" to the disease that killed him.

POTPOURRI

The Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, sponsored by the Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh's CYO office, will take place June 21 at the Civic Arena. Featured attractions include the Miles Davis Sextet, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, the Ramsey Lewis Trio, singer Joe Williams, and such local talent as saxophonist Eric Kloss with the Frank Cunimundo Trio and pianist Walt Harper's combo. Harper will also serve as festival director, and profits (if any) will go to support two CYO projects, a black history program and a drop-in center providing professional help for young people in trouble. Tickets are priced at \$6, 5, 4 and 3 and may be obtained from CYO Jazz Festival, 111 Boulevard of the Allies, Pittsburgh, PA. 15222.

A concert featuring the groups of Yusef Lateef and McCoy Tyner will take place at New York's Town Hall May 29. Both artists will also perform with string backing.

Jazz musicians from eastern and western Europe and the U. S. will meet at the Jazz East West festival, to be held in Nuremberg, Germany May 29 through 31. Participating groups will include Herbie Mann's sextet (Mann will also duet with Bulgarian flutist Simeon Stherev), Phil Woods' European Rhythm Machine, the Dave Pike Set, the John Surman Trio, the Polish vocal group Novi, Brian Auger and the Trinity, Albert Mangelsdorff's quartet, the Hagaw Dixieland band from Poland, and various other German, Polish, Yugoslav and Bulgarian ensembles.

Billy Eckstine's April opening at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago was enlivened by Al Hirt, who borrowed Mr. B's cornet and joined the singer in two numbers. The big trumpeter sounded as strong as ever, though he is using a different embouchure due to a residue of scar tissue, a memento of his harrowing Mardi Gras experience in New Orleans, when he was struck in the mouth by a rock and underwent a 16-stitch operation on his lips. Also present on opening night: opera singer Marguerite Piazza, another Eckstine fan.

Blues harmonica player Carey Bell and guitarists Jimmy (Fastfingers) Dawkins and Eddie Taylor toured France April 8-30 and taped a TV show in Paris for the ORTF.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Bassist Jymie Merritt will join the 360 Degree Experience for their European tour this summer. Other members of the group are Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Roland Alexander, tenor sax; Dave Burrell, piano, and Beaver Harris, drums . . . Marian and Jimmy McPartland played a press party at Sardi's April 15 to celebrate the publication of

/Continued on page 39

A Very Special College Festival

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts will present the first annual National College Jazz Festival May 16-17 at the University of Illinois' Krannert Center for the Performing Arts in Urbana.

The event, the first non-competitive national collegiate jazz festival, is sponsored by down beat in cooperation with the Univ. of Illinois (Jack W. Peltason, chancellor); the American Federation of Musicians (Herman D. Kenin, president), and the Office of Ray Page, Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of Illinois.



Clark Terry

A \$6,000 grant from the Kennedy Center will help to cover lodging and meal costs for students participants and travel expenses for guest performers. The guest artists will be compensated by a welcome special grant of \$2,000 from the AFM. Box office receipts will be divided proportionately to defray travel costs of student groups.

High school clinics for musicians and educators (brass, reeds, rhythm section, improvisation) supervised by Robert Share, Berklee College of Music administrator, and arranging and composing clinics for college musicians and educators, conducted by Quincy Jones and others, will open each day's program.

Afternoon and evening concerts at the Krannert Center's Great Hall will feature winning big bands, combos, and vocalists from the various affiliated regional festivals held throughout the nation, plus four outstanding collegiate big bands, performing by special invitation.

In addition, famous jazz artists will perform with the student bands and also serve as judges and clinicians. These include Cannonball Adderley, Gary Burton, Benny Carter, Milt Hinton, Quincy Jones, Gerry Mulligan, and Clark Terry.

The Saturday evening concert will begin with the Kent State University big band performing an original jazz composition by Bill Dobbins, commissioned for the event by the Kennedy Center.

Dobbins was named best student arranger at the 1969 National College Jazz Festival.

Participants from the regional festivals are: East: big band and combo from Kent State Univ.; Midwest: the Bowling Green State Univ.; big band, a combo and vocalist DeDe Garrett from the Univ. of Illinois; South: the Loyola Univ. (New Orleans) big band, the Texas Southern Univ. combo, and vocalist Angelle Trosclair of Loyola; Southwest: the Stephen Austin State College (Nacogdoches, Texas) big band, and the Sam Houston State Univ. (Huntsville, Texas) combo; Pacific: the Los Angeles Valley College big band and combo, and vocalist Angelo Arvonio, San Fernando Valley State College; Mountain: the Univ. of Northern Colorado (Greeley) big band (Jazz Ensemble #1) and combo (The Houndstooth).

The specially invited big bands are from North Texas State Univ., the Univ. of Illinois, Milliken Univ., and Indiana Univ.

On Sunday morning at 11, a jazz church service conducted by Morgan Powell of the Univ. of Illinois will take place at the McKinley Foundation Presbyterian Church.

A jam session will take place Saturday night from 11-2 at the Thunderbird, a half block from Krannert Center.

The festival will be produced by Charles Suber, down beat publisher and executive producer for the Kennedy Center, and Prof. John Garvey of the School of Music, Univ. of Illinois, assisted by Willis Conover, Kennedy Center consultant, who will also act as emcee. The event will be taped for broadcast by the Voice of America.

Tickets for each performance will be



Gerry Mulligan

available at the Krannert Center box office. Patron tickets (\$25 per pair for each performance), student tickets (\$3, 2, 1), and non-student tickets (\$4, 3, 2) will be on sale.

Behind The Doors

by Michael Cuscuna

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, I received a call from the publicity department at Elektra records.

"Are you still writing for *down beat*? Good, because Jim Morrison wants to be written up in that magazine. He'll be in Philadelphia for a concert soon, and you can talk to him then."

Dismayed at the prospect of encountering another rock ego, yet curious to meet the well-publicized leader of a group that had undergone so many changes in style, I set out to meet Morrison in his motel room prior to his Philadelphia appearance.

The Doors—with Love, Country Joe and the Fish, and Jefferson Airplane—were among those who created the rock underground, and turned the deaf, overconfident

recording industry around. Without hit singles, these groups sold thousands of albums on the basis of the quality of their music and the power of word-of-mouth.

With their first album, the Doors brought many innovations to rock. Essentially, it was the first successful synthesis of jazz and rock. No one wrote about it; there were no posters or ads to that effect. Nevertheless, organist Ray Manzarek, guitarist Robby Krieger, and drummer John Densmore comprise a tight musical unit that is equally rooted in the spirit of rock and the feeling of jazz.

The Doors were the first group to introduce the theater song and its derivatives into the realm of current popular music. Listen to their *The End* and Mor-

risson's version of Kurt Weill and Bertold Brecht's *Alabama Song*. Morrison delivers such material with a passion for theater. Indirectly, the Doors opened up the public's ears for the later work of Judy Collins, David Ackles, Van Dyke Parks and Randy Newman.

The inclusion in the Door's repertoire of Willie Dixon and Howling Wolf's *Back Door Man* foreshadowed the white blues revival that was to dominate the rock scene for well over a year.

The group's second album, *Strange Days*, was one of the first concept albums in the underground, and certainly the most subtle. It strongly resembled the first album in quality and style.

The third disc, *Waiting for the Sun*, sounded as if the now successful Doors were trying to imitate themselves. *The Soft Parade* was an over-produced and over-arranged collection of obvious songs. The spirit of the Doors had all but disappeared.

Jim Morrison rested on his motel bed. "I am not an avid or knowledgeable jazz fan, but I do read *down beat* regularly, because it deals with music. Most of the so-called music magazines cover everything but music. They are fan magazines and sensation-seekers. I have been written about in all of them—but so what," he said.

The antithesis of his extroverted stage personality, the private Morrison speaks slowly and quietly with little evident emotion, reflectively collecting his thoughts before he talks. No ego, no pretensions.

I expressed my feelings about the evolution of the Doors. With a half smile, he said: "Really? Hmm. I like all four albums equally. But I really am proud of our second record because it tells a story, it is a whole effort. Someday it will get the recognition that it deserves. I don't think many people were aware of what we were doing."

In response to my statement that the Doors had lost much of their spirit and creativity on the third and fourth albums, he explained: "Most of the songs on the first two records had been written when we were still playing clubs six nights a week. When it came time for the recording of *Waiting for the Sun*, we were just working concerts and had no chance to work out new material. In fact, some of the songs on that album were written right in the studio. One thing about the fourth album that I am very proud of, is that *Touch Me*, which was also a single, was the first rock hit to have a jazz solo in it, by Curtis Amy on tenor saxophone. I guess *Tell All the People* was a dumb song, but everyone wanted me to do it, so I did. Soon we are going to put out a live concert album, and that may bring back the feeling that you were talking about."

The live album has been delayed in deference to the new *Morrison Hotel*, an intriguing and unusual collection of Morrison originals performed by the Doors with such guest artists as John Sebastian on harmonica and Lonnie Mack on bass. It is not the old Doors, nor is it the

/Continued on page 32

May 28 □ 13



Tony Williams: An Interview Scenario

by Pat Cox

Q: How do you identify yourself?

A: I don't; I don't identify myself.

Q: Not at all?

A: No. I let other people do that.

A: "What was trumpeted as progress was, it seems to me, an exclusive fashion, its immunity from plebeian emulation guaranteed by adherence to the dogma that pleasure, which all the great music in the past had given, was no longer admirable or even pertinent."

He's saying that the composers were saying that progress had to be that way, so those things were no longer needed, you know, pleasure and so forth, to the listener.

Q: In other words, it was composers composing for the sake of being ahead of the times.

A: Yeah, keeping up with the—at another point, he's saying about composers—there's a lot in here.

(Laughter)

Q: Let's get into one thing. Tell me, how do you classify your music?

(. . . *credentials?*)

A: I just think of it as the best of everything, I guess. I was born in 1945 and it was the post-war era; we all grew up in that post-war era. At the time, my father, as he still is, was very interested in music and he had all the records of the day, you know. Bebop had just started, bebop with Billy Eckstine—and all through that time I was subjected to the music. You know, my father was always playing the records, and television affected all of us; we grew up watching television and learning from television.

(It feels stiff)

I started listening to classical music at about the time I left the pop scene. For a long time, I wasn't listening to any rock and roll, any pop. I was into heavy jazz and really esoteric things. We'd have an ensemble on Sundays and the guys would improvise to a time watch, to numbers, on the wall. A guy would say, "Okay, we're going to play this phrase for two and a half seconds," and it was really out. So I was doing that for a long time, even when I came to New York. And then, after I was with Miles, I started feeling very uneasy because everything—I wasn't listening to anybody. The group that I was with, with Miles, was so great everything else to me was—there was nothing that I had any desire to be a part of. People had asked me to make records with them and I had to turn them down because I didn't want to make records just for the sake of making records, for the romantic feeling of being in a studio. Another reason was because I had played with about everybody I had wanted to play with.

(. . . *to sound very vague*)

When I first came to New York, I was with Jackie McLean; he is one of the legends of a certain era in jazz. So I was working with him. I had played with Eric Dolphy. I was working sometimes with Cecil Taylor and hanging out with them. I worked with John Coltrane one night, at the time when he had the band with Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison, because Elvin couldn't make it one night, so he called

me and asked me to.

All these things kind of propped me up. It was really a lot of things I went through, you know; that I haven't really covered. I just scanned over them. And on some of the records I made with Blue Note, everybody was on them. Like one time, there was a record: Lee Morgan was on trumpet, and Bobby Hutcherson was playing vibes, and Bob Cranshaw, bass, and these records were like all-star record dates; you know, everybody was on them. So later on, when they started asking me to make records, I had already done that.

Q: Everything was below you.

(It's still vague)

A: Not egotistically. It was musically, because I had already done what these guys were doing, was on top of what was going to happen, so after that, when they asked me again, I said, I've already done that, you know. I've already made a record with you. Then I started feeling, well, there's got to be something else, because John Coltrane left such an impression, on not only the jazz scene, but the whole music scene with what his band produced. So it had to be something else.

At this time, something started filtering in. I started hearing a lot of electricity. The first thing I can remember—it wasn't the first thing that hit me, but it's the first thing I can remember—was Jimi Hendrix's first record, and the sound of it, you know, with all that electricity, you know—I mean, not presence electricity, but the amplified electricity, the sound of the guitars, and that started to excite me, and I wanted to hear more of that.

I heard all this stuff, and after awhile, I started saying—I knew that I was going to leave Miles because he was going in another direction. We'd get together; the band, like we were like this and Miles was like this, and we came together at a certain point in time, at a point like a "V". And we stayed at this point. It took us about a year to get there. Wayne Shorter finally came after a year of the rest of the group being together. We stayed together as a group, the four of us, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter and Miles Davis, about four years, and Ron left. We started using another bass player, and then the "V" started going into another direction—like an "X", you know. So we started hiding. I knew it was coming to that. I said, well, I've got to do something. And the pop scene, I wasn't necessarily as interested in the pop scene as much as I was interested in the sound of what was happening, and so it wasn't a question of making money, you know, to get into it. It was a question of something that was going to stimulate me to go on, to do something that I hadn't done.

Q: What caused the separation?

A: It was just circumstances, just the way it had to be, because my ego is so that I have to do my own thing. Do your own thing, you know—(Laughter). That kind of thing. That is what it was.

(. . . *You can transcribe it*)

. . . Because white people, when they go and want to listen to something, they listen to it to identify with it, just like everybody does, so they have all the money, right? When a white person goes

out to see a musical act, or any entertainer, they look up and they say, gee, that could be me. You know, they go into an audience, and they want to see something that they feel they could be a part of; you know, they could be up there singing, that could be them up there playing the guitar.

If they go hear a black person, they can't do that, because they can't imagine themselves being black. So that's why the white musicians are making all the money, because they have the image of all the white people who have all the money, who support them, and give them \$30,000 a night to play something. They won't give a black musician \$30,000 a night who plays the same thing, because they can't imagine that, you know.

Q: They can't imagine—identify—

A: They can't identify. And like with my band, every time we move off the bandstand, if there's a lot of white people in the audience, all the white musicians will walk over to Johnny (McLaughlin), and really rap with him, and the people want to know how this white cat can do what he does, you know, and that makes them feel, well; gee, there's hope for me, you know, because they feel, well, he can do it, maybe—you know—we're all right, maybe we're all right. . . .

. . . Yes, you can talk about it and experiment with it and I can hear things in my mind that I would like to play, but I have to play something else first. I have to feel good playing it. I have to want to go to work at night. If I don't want to go to work, then I don't want to play anything. Some things just don't make me want to play. Like bass players: there's a whole movement in jazz with bass players. I can't play with them anymore, because they make me play a certain way, you know, because after playing with Ron Carter and those people, they play the best of that style, and I don't want to play with them anymore. They play a certain way, they play out of a certain feeling for the bass, which is beautiful. But I don't want to be made to play that way anymore. Because if I play that way, I'm going to keep playing that way and I'm not going to play any different, you know. My whole background has been that every time I hear something, I want to play something better, I want to play something that's going to keep making me feel good. I guess that's ego, you know, because I like to feel good. I have no desire to communicate something to an audience that says that I'm above it all, that I'm above the decadence of rhythm.

Everything is an influence . . . I can't go out and listen to a record . . . I play what I want to hear, to produce what I think other people would like to hear that they're not hearing . . . I've always been a romantic in the sense that I've always wanted to let other people feel things . . .

Well, jazz is such a bad word, and rock is such a bad word. All those things are so limiting, and commercial music is such a bad word, all the words are really bad. And there's another sound that's going to happen and that's what I want to be a part of . . . Because I basically don't



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

like white people, you know, and that's basically what it is, yes.

My father and mother—they never told me what to do, see, they never said I had to do this or I had to be that. They never told me how to act. They never told me to be polite. And I'm still learning how to act. In a way, I wish they had told me how to act; in a way I'm glad they didn't. Because the way I wish they had is because I'm having trouble adjusting to myself. And when I say I wish they did, it's because I wish I didn't have the trouble. I'm going to get it sooner or later . . .

If you were left alone and grew up wild in society, pretty soon, things would start hitting you.

My mother and father broke up. My mother had custody of me. And she was so intent on not going on welfare and on making her own way, that she went out and she was working two jobs, you know, for me and for herself. Most of the time, I was left by myself and she wanted to further herself, so she went away to school; she went away to school from Monday to Friday and she'd come back on weekends, so all that time I was by myself, you know. I entertained myself, you know, and so I spent a lot of time with my father; he was a bachelor at this time, and was making gigs and things, and so I'd go with him, on the scene, you know, with his friends.

He had more or less to do with my seeing how not to be used by other people, because my father is a very easy-going

guy, you know, and he always told me things like, "Don't worry about anything, whatever happens to me, don't worry about me, whatever happens to me. I want you not to have any bitterness." I would see him get—like I've seen him rise up to a certain position, like his day job, because he always had a day job in the Post Office, and then he lost that job and went down, and that hurt me very much. And these things always affected me, and I was never going to let myself get in that position of being at the mercy of other people . . . And so from that he rose up again to where he is today. He's got a really great gig, and he's in charge of people, and so forth. He's working for the Veterans Administration. I'm very proud of both my mother and father.

He rocks around.

We were like brothers.

Sagittarius.

I'm my biggest obstacle, you know, because I have an image of myself, you know, that image _____ me up sometimes . . .

I got a friend who can roll his stomach.
Q: Does it make a noise when he does it?

A: When my mother would go to school from Monday to Wednesday, she'd leave on Monday morning, and Monday afternoon I was on the bus going away, to New York. And I'd be here 'till Friday morning; I'd come right back and she'd come in Friday night and she'd say, "How was your week," and I'd say, "Oh—"

When I was little, I used to count the

cars that went by, and listen to the sound. The sound of everything makes it.

I could spend a week in my apartment by myself, just doing what I have to do without communicating with other people, and that doesn't help a marriage.

Q: What makes you feel good beside your music?

A: Music.

Q: Besides that?

A: Besides music, watching two women make it together. That really turns me on.

Q: Really?

A: Oh, man.

Q: You're serious?

A: Yes. That's a gas when you see it.

Q: What are your other interests? (Laughter) Do you have any hobbies?

A: I like to cheat at pool while watching two women make it . . . in a Ferrari . . .

. . . Nobody around, there's nobody I want to hear in person except Stravinsky. The only thing I like to see is ballet. That's what I like to do. The film I want to do would be like filming a ballet of something that someone has choreographed . . . to something that I write. . . .

. . . I had seen it, you know, and one day I saw it in a music store, a music book store, and I went in, and I started reading it, you know, because the guys in there looked so like "What are you doing in here?" So—I'll show them. I know something about—I can look studios. I started reading this, and no . . . just because—

Q: *Satyricon*?

A: Yes. This friend of mine, the guy who wrote a story, he was telling me that in the movie, everybody in the movie is a cartoon, you know, they look like characters, and so forth. The only true people in the film, the way Fellini did it, are the black people.

Q: No kidding.

A: No kidding. *Satyricon*.

Q: I went to see that last night and they were sold out. I went right up to the box office—

A: Right. But the only true people, and every time you see a black person's face, they're laughing as if to say, what the _____ are these white people doing, you know. This is what's happening, this is what I feel . . .

But anyway, it's going to take somebody with a knowledge of the whole scene, of the past in classical, the past in jazz, the future in classical, the future in jazz, the future in rock, to put it all together, because all this _____ now is chaotic—I'm going to try.

The thing that's happening now . . . it's all dominated by black culture. Everything on TV is black, if you really want to look at it, if you can really understand what I mean. Musically, it's all black. . . .

Some day, Otto Preminger might come and ask me to do a movie, and I'd say no. I don't like background music. . . .

And like many interviews, lots of times, the interviewer would ask a question and the person who is being interviewed would answer something else. I don't want to explain what I'm trying to do or get across.

I found out something else when I was talking about how white people identify . . . can identify with something that they don't know anything about . . . that's the

/Continued on page 33

JAZZ WILL SURVIVE: J.J. JOHNSON

by Thomas Tolnay

JAZZ IS A PUBLIC ART in the truest sense, a form that is most true to itself and to its audience when being created while people look on. For this reason, the world of jazz almost always accords its highest honors, rewards and recognition to those practitioners who—in addition to being first-rate musicians—remain active on the live scene, playing clubs and concerts in full view of their audiences. In this respect, J.J. Johnson is an exception.

For the past three years, the trombonist has been almost totally absent from the public arena of jazz. He quit the club scene entirely, steered clear of concerts, and has participated only in rare workshop-type sessions, combining lecturing with some playing. In spite of this, Johnson continues to be regarded by critics and, more significantly, by the average fan, as the most accomplished and swinging trombone player in the world.

In the most recent down beat polls, conducted in the summer and fall of 1969, readers and critics both selected J.J. Johnson as top man on his instrument. He also copped first place in the *Playboy* poll for a dozen years. In the down beat readers poll, he received 1,469 votes. Second place went to Roswell Rudd, who collected 534. Veteran Bob Brookmeyer placed third with 453. Take note that the critics picked the same three musicians—and in the same order—with a point count of 65, 52 and 36 respectively.

As the figures indicate rather dramatically, J.J. was not only picked as the best on his instrument, but he won by considerable margins. And this has been going on for years. Polls may or may not be a valid way of judging a musician's artistic worth, but they certainly do show in which direction the heart of the appreciator—critic and fan—is leaning. J.J.'s corner is crowded.

Of course there are excellent musical reasons for the staying power of J.J. Johnson. Even in the most complex passages the trombonist's bright, clear statements come through, while his taste and control keep these phrases from becoming simplistic. J.J.'s musical monolog is so direct and honest that a feeling of rapport between the listener and player seems a foregone conclusion. Fine. But the jazz musician must play to be heard, to be dug.

Part of the reason Johnson has remained so omnipresent in the minds of jazz folk, without actually facing them, is that he has remained very active on the recording scene. Over the past three years he did several albums with long-time sidekick Kai Winding. He also put together an album or two for himself, as he might say. In the recording studio, at least, he has been as active as ever.

In 1968-69, the reunited J&K recorded two clean-cut, diversified albums for A&M Records, *Betwixt and Between* and *Israel*. The personnel, material and arrangements display the kind of range in musical thought and discipline that aware listeners have come to expect from Johnson. As always, the trombonist's warm tone and easy invention are very much in evidence.

Somewhat earlier, RCA brought out *The Total J.J. Johnson*. This album—boasting such excellent company as Benny Powell, Art Farmer, Jerome Richardson, Hank Jones, Ron Carter, Grady Tate, and others—consists of solid, straight-head jazz, the kind of music that pleases its creator most, not to mention the listener. Another album with Winding will be released soon.

So new records have been cut with regularity, and jazz lovers have been keeping in touch with J.J. that way. However, recorded jazz, valuable as it may be, is trapped, unchanging. Some immediacy, even if only occasional, is necessary to remain close to a musical form that depends on improvisation for its life force. Change is basic to jazz.

J.J. has remained musically active without appearing before live audiences by composing and arranging. He presently writes many of the arrangements for his own albums (*On The Total J.J.*, for example, he composed, arranged and conducted the entire set), and for the last three years was staff composer, arranger and conductor at MBA Music in New York.

The trombonist told me he has always wanted to do more writing and his stay-at-home policy has enabled him to pursue this aspect of his career. J.J. explained that he sees his musical world as made up of many parts and that he is seeking to develop all those individual parts—playing, writing and conducting. He is, in short, a complete musician.

Even if his live performances have been nearing zero, J.J.'s recording and writing output has been considerable. And his music—played and written—has remained consistently provocative as he develops his unencumbered musical philosophy. However, the reason for his continued popularity lies not only in his playing, recording and writing.

Jazz lovers and critics alike have held Johnson in special regard because of an extra-musical consideration. Jazz fans have a great respect for Johnson that is based not only on his music—perhaps a somewhat similar respect as they have for Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker.

Aside from the trombonist's musical talents jazz people respect J.J. because he respects them as knowledgeable appreciators of the music. A mutual admiration society, you might say. Without actually using the word "respect," J.J. revealed his feelings about the jazz listener when I asked him about the stagnant period the music has faced over the past several years.

"Jazz has been in trouble quite awhile," J.J. agreed, "but don't count it out. Not by a long shot. As a matter of fact, I believe that in the long run—as far as the quality and integrity of the music is concerned—this low period will prove to be a good thing for jazz.

"Several years ago," J.J. explained, "there appeared on the scene a number of musicians who looked upon themselves as the saviors of jazz. These players went around shooting off about 'way out this' and 'avant garde that,' but in the end they didn't fool anyone but themselves.

"Once the public had a chance to really tune in, to see what they were all about, it didn't take them long to tune out. That's when the live jazz gates and record sales began to fall off. The public had caught on. As it turned out, instead of helping jazz, those so-called saviors nearly killed the music.

"That's what I've always admired about jazz listeners," J.J. said. "They can't be fooled. They're broad-minded enough to want to hear innovation. At the same time, they're too hip to be taken in by false prophets. No only do jazz people love their music, but they know it too.

"The fans, in the way they know best, have shown the jazz world that they are not going to be taken in. In other words, musicians are going to have to get back to good music, to true innovation, if they want to be heard—live or on record. The jazz fans have forced their hand. That's why I called this low period good for the music.

"More and more people are beginning to talk about jazz again, to become interested in this vital form, and it's largely because the jazz fan has outlasted the jazz fake." To restate his important point, the trombonist credited the average jazz listener—through his knowledge and love of the music—with having saved the music.

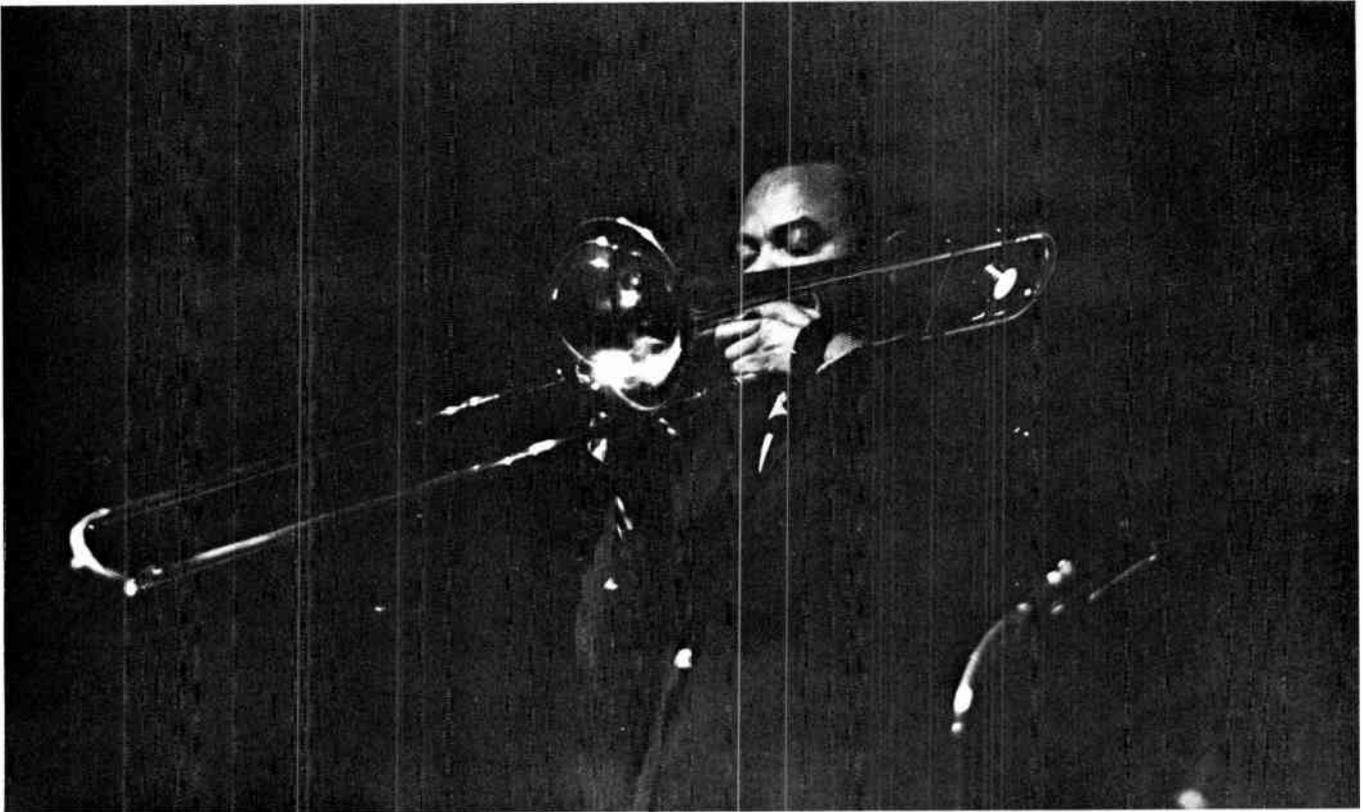
The proof that the jazz public knew what it was doing all along, according to J.J., is that "the true innovators of the music are still being listened to regularly and carefully. Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington can't go out of style with the fans," he pointed out, "for these musicians do not represent a fad—they are the heart of the music, and jazz people understand this."

Although Johnson feels strongly about imitators and false prophets in jazz, he was careful to state very plainly that he is not opposed to "new jazz." "I've been a Coltrane man from the very beginning and still am today. Innovation always has been—always will be—a crucial part of jazz. The heart and soul of the music has always been embodied in its innovators.

"But change in art, as in life itself, ought not to be simply for the sake of change. New music or new painting or new poetry must be the result of an accompanying change in the world. If and when the next musical tributary develops in jazz, it will evolve out of the minds and hearts of the artists, not the opportunists.

"To be frank," he continued, "the blame cannot be laid only at the feet of the musicians who grind out notes merely to attract attention. Equally damaging are those who perpetuate this kind of music in print and on the air. The coverage afforded by the jazz press and radio to these fake innovators has been totally out of proportion to the significance of the contribution—if any.

"Naturally if it's new, it's news. But when you are dealing with an art form, there ought to be some objective consideration of what's really being created. There ought to be time to digest the new sounds before there's any fanfare. The fact that



RAY FLERLAGE

something sounds 'different' does not mean it is worthwhile—or even new for that matter.

"Just as guilty as the media on this score are the promotion people, booking agents and managers. I realize, of course, that the nature of their business is to do well by their clients. They want to survive, like all of us. But this is where business clashes with art, and it is the music—not the business—that must prevail in the end.

"The press and the promotion corps really jumped on the 'avant garde' bandwagon, but they jumped so hard they broke down the entire gig. If that 'way out' music had been given some time, it might have been able to find itself—it might have meant something. The exaggerated notice precluded this possibility. So jazz has been at a standstill—businesswise. But not in the way that it really counts—creatively.

"Through it all," J.J. said, "the class of the field has continued to play sensitively and intelligently, and the jazz fan has continued to respond to these musicians. When the Modern Jazz Quartet or Thelonious Monk or Sonny Rollins gives a concert, jazz people click off their radios and TV sets, and cool off their phonographs. They come out to hear their music in the act of being created.

"To me this is very encouraging and satisfying, for it shows how far the average jazz listener has come in terms of musical knowledge and taste. The fan has developed with the music. Today they are more selective, more aware than ever, and they have given notice that they will not harbor any false god that wields a horn."

J.J. is exactly the kind of musician that the jazz faithful would turn out to see. Over the years his playing has remained consistently interesting and inventive. And

now, there's a better than even chance that the trombonist will soon again perform in public.

Recently J.J. resigned from MBA Music in New York and has established himself in Los Angeles where he is operating as a free-lance composer and arranger. But the change is not merely geographical. "In the not-too-distant future I am going to seriously consider moving into live performing," he said. "For one thing, I believe that jazz is just coming out of the doldrums. Interest in the music is on the increase. And if I can, I would like to contribute to this rebirth through playing as well as writing."

I asked him whether he would make the club rounds again. "I probably won't delve into that scene much," he said, "though an occasional date is not out of the question. I really got tired of the traveling, and if you want to play the clubs, 'wheels and wings' are unavoidable. Mainly I will concentrate on concert hall and college dates—one-shot deals. Perhaps that way I can both have my cake and eat it," he grinned.

What kind of music will J.J. offer when he does become publicly active? "I've been giving that question a great deal of thought lately. Frankly, I'm still not sure if I should realign my approach to groove with today's music, or if I will simply rely on straight-ahead jazz."

Straight ahead to J.J., by the way, does not mean stock arrangements and instrumentation. For the past few years the trombonist has been playing alongside such widely diverse instruments as the bassoon, electric clavinet, violin and the Moog. In addition to jazz, he's recorded blues, standards and rock arrangements—frequently on the same album. And more than once he has taken to arranging Bach.

J.J. Johnson takes pride that his mu-

sical heritage stretches far beyond the realm of jazz. "I am a jazz man—first, last, always. But I feel that I must draw on all music to consider myself a complete musician." He practices what he preaches. His musical interests include classical, pop, rock, even country & western (he has an enormous record collection).

"Lately, like everyone else, I've been listening to a lot of rock. Some because it is interesting, some simply because I want to know what's happening. Musically speaking, a lot of the rock being ground out today is not particularly interesting to me. At the same time, some rock groups are really making sense, and I listen to them live and on record.

"Not long ago, I went down to the Fillmore East to tune in to Blood, Sweat & Tears. I think this is a beautiful group. Not because some critics have likened them to jazz. I like them because the music they play adds up. Their arrangements are carefully thought out, and they create a sound that you want to hear more than once.

"While I feel that today's rock musicians have something to learn from jazz players, I'm also well aware that jazz has something to pick up from rock—the good rock." That concluding statement may have been a hint that when J.J. finally does announce plans for his new group, still taking shape in his head, he may lean toward something totally different from what he's done in the past.

If so, few of his fans will be surprised. J.J. has long been among the great innovators—one of those dedicated musicians who have enabled the music to survive this rocky period. And you can be sure that jazz listeners will forget television when the number one trombone returns to the firing line.



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.

Pepper Adams

ENCOUNTER—Prestige 7677: *Inanout*; *Star-Crossed Lovers*; *Cindy's Tune*; *Serenity*; *Elusive*; *I've Just Seen Her*; *Punjab*; *Verdandi*.

Personnel: Adams, baritone saxophone; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Here's a razor-sharp blowing session in the contemporary groove that spares us the ordeal of seeing jazz being further absorbed by the rock counterculture.

The music here comes through with crystal purity, like a bracing slap of crisp mountain air, uninfected by the clichés of the rockers or the abandonment of forms adopted by the free-music vanguard. The musicians come across with a natural contemporary feel, completely without self-consciousness, just creating pure swinging jazz with no one trying to cast imitation pearls before the real swine.

Sims and Adams demonstrate a swift, streamlined, sharply focused attack, the former having a slight edge in over-all forcefulness. But this is like splitting hairs with a meat ax, since both turn in superb performances.

Inanout is a series of 30 12-bar blues choruses in which the last four bars of each chorus become stop-time breaks. It's a snappy track, the two horns and piano alternating choruses in tenor-piano-baritone sequence, swapping 12s, as it were.

There is no sustained solo work but rather a well-integrated string of tightly constructed, sometimes explosive sprints, all meat and no flab. Sims' relatively coarse riffing and his jabbing break on the 10th chorus is a special attention grabber.

Lovers is a sensitive ballad performance by Adams and Sims. The tune was originally a Johnny Hodges showcase in Ellington's 1957 *Such Sweet Thunder*.

Cindy's Tune is an unusual composition by Adams, a 32-bar ensemble line with release that is not so much a melody as it is a solo line scored for two saxophones. Carter's bass is fastidious, and Flanagan plays a sly, trickling piano chorus.

Elusive is a brisk piece whose opening and closing passages suggest the Four Brothers sound of the old Woody Herman Band; a light, airy sound that you can almost see through. The tempo is just right, Jones providing a swinging 4/4 beat. Between ensemble sketches, Adams and Sims rip off some fine choruses.

Punjab is a moderately slow item in which Adams and Jones interact beautifully in a slooping chorus that plays gently around—but never quite on—the beat. *Verdandi* whips along at break-neck speed and finds Adams and Sims racing to fill their choruses with eighths. Flanagan takes a more offhand approach, pitching off a few cluster figures but leaving a lot of

white space. Jones opens up for a slam-bang ride to the end.

Drummer Jones is surprisingly restrained in this context, content to be solid, driving, propulsive where called for, and relaxed on the ballads. Carter's bass is an asset throughout. His strong counterpoint beneath the opening reed passage in *Serenity* is especially effective.

In addition to first-class playing, it also should be mentioned that this session benefits from something that some listeners often put down as unimportant where jazz musicians are involved: preparation. Spontaneous inspiration is fine when it comes, which is rarely. But win or lose, it's always good to have a framework worked up.

—McDonough

Elaine Brown

SEIZE THE TIME!—Vault 131: *Seize the Time*; *The Panther*; *And All Stood By*; *The End of Silence*; *The Meeting*; *Very Black Man*; *Take it Away*; *One Time*; *Assassination*; *Poppa's Come Home*.

Personnel: Miss Brown, vocals, with unidentified rhythm section and/or orchestra, conducted and arranged by Horace Tapscott.

No Rating

Elaine Brown is the Deputy Minister of Information for the Southern California chapter of the Black Panther Party. That tie-in, along with the album's cover—a painting of a black man holding a machine gun, with inserted photos of black children raising their clenched fists—immediately establishes this release as a controversial one. And, indeed, the trade press has already reported that it is encountering some distribution problems.

The content of the album, on the other hand, is far less controversial than much of what has appeared on establishment labels in recent times. Miss Brown possesses a pleasant, Edith Piaf-like voice and her songs (she wrote them all) are proudly delivered hymns to the black man. If there is a message here, it is not one of hate, although someone like Nina Simone (for whom many of these tunes are eminently suited) could probably imbue these songs with bitterness—while reaping a financial harvest.

Tapscott's arrangements do not interfere, and the orchestra is used sparingly, most of the accompaniment being piano (presumably by Tapscott).

Just why this album was made is not clear to me. It is probably hard to find and not likely to bring the Panthers much money. Miss Brown, however, might consider using her obvious talents to raise funds for her cause by seeking a more commercial market, even if it means flirt with the establishment.

I have dispensed with the star rating in this case, because there are too many factors to be taken into consideration. This

album is of no jazz value (nor is it intended to be) and, if it must be categorized, can only be considered as a collection of songs with social significance; the significance lying in the fact that the album was manufactured and released, rather than in any intended message—our daily papers and TV newscasts deliver those messages all too painfully. —Albertson

Dave Brubeck

BRUBECK IN AMSTERDAM—Columbia CS 9897: *Since Love Had Its Way*; *King For A Day*; *The Real Ambassador*; *They Say I Look Like God*; *Dizzy Ditty*; *Cultural Exchange*; *Good Reviews*; *Brandenburg Gate*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Dave Brubeck-Gerry Mulligan

BLUES ROOTS—Columbia CS 9749: *Limehouse Blues*; *Journey*; *Cross Ties*; *Broke Blues*; *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*; *Movin' Out*; *Blues Roots*.

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Jack Six, electric and string bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Amsterdam LP was recorded in concert in 1962. That doesn't seem like the distant past, yet in many ways it is. John F. Kennedy was alive and in office, the moon was still considered a far away place, and the Beatles and *Laugh-In* were nonexistent.

Happily, this album is as fresh today as when it was recorded. Though surely not the group's most inspired performance, it is an excellent set. Absent are the academic forays into odd meters—absent also is the kind of pianistic barbarity often attributed to Brubeck.

The tunes, all originals by Brubeck, are mainly lilting, attractive, but not particularly original melodies. The improvisation, though, transcends this negative consideration.

Desmond solos only on tracks 1,3,6,7 and 8, and acquits himself brilliantly. His *Since Love* solo is especially impressive—he sounds like a deliriously happy songbird swooping from phrase to phrase. Each phrase is of such beauty that it would represent a career highlight for almost any other player. For Desmond, these gems serve only as steppingstones to even more lovely ideas. He is a master of construction and melodic surprise.

Brubeck's piano work, too, is a delight. He moves from fleet, blues-tinged, single-note phrasing to Garnerish humor to Evans-like introspection with equal facility. He gives his feature, *They Say*, a very sensitive, almost overdramatic reading and on *Gate*, his well-developed solo displays his classical roots.

Wright and Morello perform with their

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customary aplomb in the section. The bassist dominates *King*—playing with a fine tone, sure intonation, but no particular invention. One of the most melodic drummers, Morello brings his impressive solo equipment to the fore on *Ditty*.

In the final analysis, this belated release is a welcome one. Surely one of the most musical groups to attain commercial success, this is one of the few now-defunct outfits that would have no trouble re-establishing itself. All of the elements of good jazz are in sufficient supply on this album. This can't be said of but a minority of current releases—of which the Brubeck-Mulligan collaboration is one.

The pairing is a natural one, for the two have much in common. Both are versatile, uninhibited players whose innovations provoked controversy during almost the same period. They play well with and off each other—Mulligan's Laurel to Brubeck's Hardy.

Limehouse sets the pace. Brubeck opens the barrelhouse door, Six walks in brilliantly on electric bass, and Mulligan shows that he's gathered no improvisational rust. If anything, his work is more booting, whimsical and swinging than ever. That the baritonist is a sensitive, unique ballad interpreter is evident on *Journey*. His introspective lines at times recall his 1956 outing on Debussy's *La Plus Que Lente* (*A Profile of Gerry Mulligan*, Mercury MG-20453).

Ties brings forth some interesting, experimental (if not wholly "successful") free blowing and improvisational counterpoint. *Broke* offers some unusual stylistic juxtapositions: Brubeck plays tack piano with classical overtones, Mulligan jazz riffs, and Dawson lays down a Brazilian-type beat behind them. *Things* elicits Brubeck's special affinity for Ellington (remember the 1958 Newport tribute) and Mulligan's best solo of the LP. With effortless swing, he breaks into double time, tossing off numerous sardonic phrases as if to say it's a drag things aren't as they were.

If there is a significant difference between the two albums, the Brubeck-Mulligan set represents more of a vigorous, jam session-like improvisational spirit of adventure. Not that the Amsterdam LP is dull—far from it. These are simply two perhaps equally enjoyable but different contexts.

Considering Brubeck's catalytic earthiness, Mulligan's exuberance, the solid contributions of Six and Dawson (who should have been given more space) overall taste, invention and plain old honest musicianship, *Blues Roots* is a rare treat. It is a jazz record. —Szantor

Pink Floyd

UMMAGUMMA—Harvest 388; *Astronomy Domine*; *Careful with That Ax, Eugene*; *Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun*; *A Saucerful of Secrets* (a. *Something Else*, b. *Syncope of Pandemonium*, c. *Storm Signal*, d. *Celestial Voices*); *Sisyphus* (Parts I-IV); *Grantchester Meadows*; *Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave and Grooving with a Pict*; *The Narrow Way* (Parts I-III); *The Grand Vizard's Garden Party* (I. *Entrance*, II. *Entertainment*, II. *Exit*).

Personnel: Richard Wright, keyboards, vocals; David Gilmour, guitar, vocals; Roger Waters, electric bass, vocals; Nick Mason, drums, percussion; unidentified supporting players.

No Rating

I think this double album ultimately fails, but it's one of the most striking and arresting failures I've heard in some time, which is why I've declined to rate it. It *should* be listened to.

The first record is a live performance, and the second a studio job. The live tracks are astonishing because of the superb control of textures and effects. None of the cuts except *Secrets* is extraordinary, but all are good listening.

Domine alternates between a misterioso mood and hard rock. *Eugene* has an Oriental motif and a sighing, wordless vocal. (One of the admirable things Floyd is into is the use of several voices as one instrument rather than a verbally-oriented separate entity.) The title is whispered, there is a scream, and the piece goes into hard rock, with a chorded guitar solo by Gilmour over a repeated organ chord. This diminishes into a reprise of the wordless vocal. Nice performance.

Heart of the Sun is a Middle Eastern modal tune with Mason using mallets and lots of electronic effects. It is not much.

Secrets begins with Gilmour slurring chords atonally over a generally free rhythm. Mason begins to establish a rock rhythm while Gilmour and Wright, on organ, make sporadic comments. There's a crescendo, with Gilmour returning to some of his earlier phrases, followed by more crashing and thundering from the rhythm than in the initial statements. Next comes diminuendo for a funeral segment by the organist, which then builds, the rhythm coming up, climaxed by three voices, in harmony, repeating, "Oh-oh-oh. . . ." It doesn't sound like much on paper, but it certainly works.

The studio sides concentrate largely on electronic music, not random but rather rigorously composed, with the "legitimate" instruments in roughly equal partnership with the sound effects. *Sisyphus* is an exception, being "musical" in the traditional sense. It has a moving theme, minor in tone, played by a full orchestra and developed by Floyd, but the development is interesting only in spots.

Meadows and *Pict* are based on extrinsic sounds: flies buzzing, birds chirping, water running. *Meadows* features Gilmour on acoustic guitar, but his playing is mostly a setting for the pastoral, natural noises. *Pict* is tenser, revolving around a fast, urgent rhythm established by hand-clapping and voices; the animal sounds are engineered to fit the rhythmic pattern. A weird, angry unintelligible monolog in Scottish brogue ends the cut, which is the savage counterpart of *Meadows*' tranquility.

Again, these pieces are more impressive for their potential than their realization. The same is true of *Narrow Way*, which, nevertheless, has a couple of provocative themes.

Vizier's is a vehicle for Mason, beginning with two flutes alternating in a pretty fugal melody. There is a drum roll, a rest, and then Mason plays figures on tuned tympani with a tuneless theme running along behind, perhaps electronically produced. There are rhythmic patterns created electronically. Mason begins responding on the drum kit to these patterns, and then takes over, double-tracked with him-

self, for a short solo before the flutes return, playing first in counterpoint and then in harmony.

To repeat: there are some positively wrenching, stirring moments on these sides, and some of the concepts are new and certainly worth prolonged exploration. I hope it isn't the case with Pink Floyd, as it is with so many groups, that their intellect and rigorosity cannot compete with their imagination and need to explore. —Heineman

GTO's (Girls Together Outrageously)

PERMANENT DAMAGE—Straight 1059: 17 tracks.

Personnel: Misses Pamela, Mercy, Christine, Cinderella and Sandra, recitations and vocals; various musicians.

Rating: No Stars

God. Has it come to this?

Take all the worst qualities of the Mothers of Invention: self-congratulatory pride in being freaky, in mouthing currently fashionable obscenities and discussing perverted sexual fantasy trips on record, in being better than the assorted creeps they satirize. Add to that an irrevocable absence of any musical talent whatsoever, in composition, lyric-writing or performing. *Voila*: the GTO's.

Straight is Frank Zappa's company; he produced this album, whose sole purpose is *épater les bourgeois*. I have often wondered why Zappa felt it necessary to have the Mothers' music attack audiences who would never listen to them in the first place, or, if they did, wouldn't get it. One usually forgives the Mothers for that, because they were often brilliant composers and performers, individually and collectively. But the GTO's have absolutely no redeeming facets. Lest you hadn't heard, Frank, Dada died a welcome death nearly half a century ago, and won't bear resurrection, even if it is tricked out with Dirty Words and other shock tactics. —Heineman

Frank Laidlaw-Paul Riccucci

JAZZ FROM THE STOCKBRIDGE INN—Allen (unnumbered): *Coquette*; *The Old Rugged Cross*; *Strut Miss Lizzie*; *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Mandy*; *Make Up Your Mind*; *Stockbridge Inn*; *Primary Blues*; *Marie*; *Creole Love Call*; *See See Rider*; *Yellow Dog Blues*; *Old-Fashioned Love*.

Personnel: Paul Riccucci, cornet, valve trombone; Frank Laidlaw, soprano saxophone, clarinet; Maurice Lavallee, piano; Charlie Stevens, bass; Jack Stewart, drums.

Rating: ★★½

I wanted to like this album; it has a gold cover (that's class) with a photo of the band, instruments in hand, standing in a pasture, with the title "Outstanding In Their Field". I like that. There are biographies of each man and a bit about the Inn, written with a nice touch of dry humor, and no fuss made. I like that, too. Moreover, I am partial to some of these tunes. *However* . . .

Laidlaw is an ex-cornetist who, if memory serves me correctly, was better off before the switch (he recorded for Elektra with the Red Onion Jazz Band, backing Shel Silverstein, and with Kenny Davern's Salty Dogs). The move to soprano was a delayed reaction from hearing Bechet, but there is none of Bechet in his work; rather, he has a forceless approach that seems

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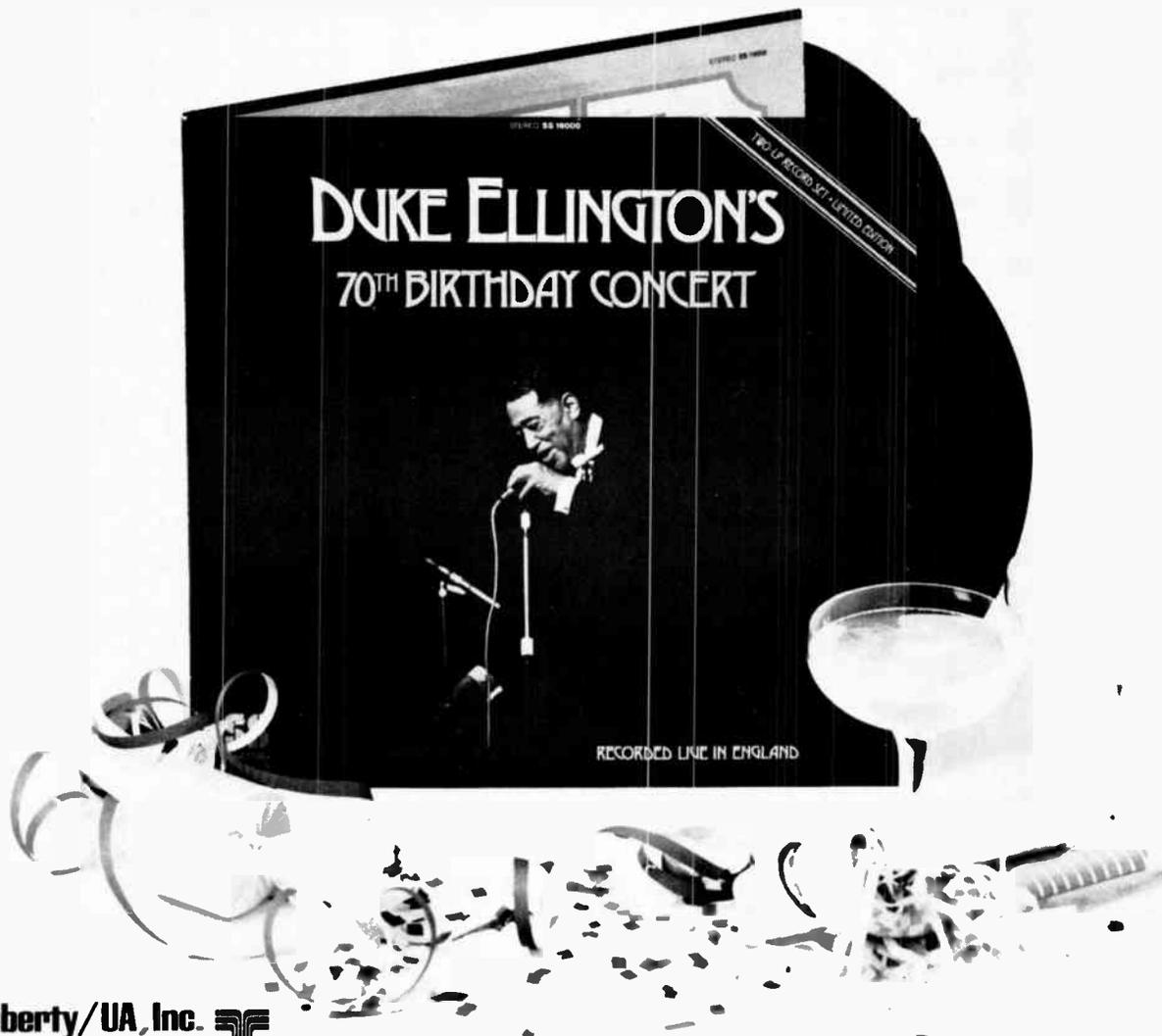
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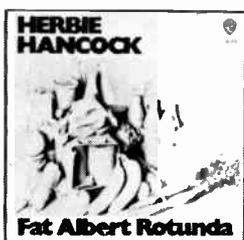


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vague and wandering. This mood is enhanced by the stolid, colorless rhythm section, and a bad piano.

But it's Riccucci to the rescue, with a blistering, jovial attack out of Armstrong by Hackett, and when he solos the rhythm opens an eye and perks a bit, as best it can. He separates the man from the boys, though the total effect is that of lack of group unity and purpose, and thus personality.

Recording quality is mediocre, with some variances in the gain, and my copy was noisy in spots. It's really a "local" album (*Inn-firmiry* has some "in" lyrics by an uncredited vocalist—Laidlaw?), made to sell in the club and around the area, and like that. Available for \$5 from P.O. Box 121, Stockbridge, Mass. Compatible stereo.

—Jones

Hank Mobley

THE FLIP—Blue Note BST 84329: *The Flip; Feelin' Folksy; Snappin' Out; 18th Hole; Early Morning Stroll.*

Personnel: Dizzy Reece, trumpet; Slide Hampton, trombone; Mobley, tenor saxophone; Vince Benedetti, piano; Alby Cullaz, bass; Philly Joe Jones.

Rating: ★★ ★

With five mainstream expatriates and an undistinguished French bassist, this very pleasant but unspectacular blowing date was recorded in France last July. The fare is interesting (originals) but unbalanced (no ballads).

Though the album sounds as if it could easily have been recorded five or even ten years ago, it is of some value. It reveals Mobley in a calm, controlled mood and it's good to hear from Reece again, who despite his nickname displays more Clifford Brown than Gillespie lineage. Hampton is much more subdued than in his Maynard Ferguson days and comes off as a very thoughtful improviser.

The rhythm section is not equal to the front line, however. Benedetti, a 23-year-old former New Jerseyite now gigging in France, is a two-fisted accompanist whose bold, unvaried comping mars the fine work of the soloists. On *Flip*, he manages to almost obliterate Mobley's fine, restrained solo. To his credit, he does get off some nice, though brief, single-note solos on *Hole* and *Stroll*.

Cullaz is either a weak or extremely underrecorded bassist. He does not solo so it is impossible to evaluate his work fairly. Jones is Jones—and although I've always dug his solo work more than his section playing, he is impressive, imaginative but unobtrusive on all tracks. He plays a short solo on *Snappin'* that ends most abruptly and he takes some interesting two-bar breaks within the *Stroll* theme.

Mobley is consistently excellent, though his *Stroll* solo is somewhat more expressive than his other efforts. Reece is a very coherent improviser whose lines build logically but not predictably. On *Snappin'*, he judiciously incorporates very effective upper register and multi-noted sequences. Hampton is most subtle and fluent and almost overshadows Mobley and Reece.

I would look forward to another LP with the same front line and Jones but with a more compatible piano-bass team and perhaps a ballad or two included.

—Santor

Phil Woods

EARLY QUINTETS—Prestige 7673: *Stella by Starlight; Five; Joanne; Backland Blow; Consternation; Lemon Drop; The Little Bandmaster; Pee Wee's Dream.*

Personnel: John Wilson or Howard McGhee, trumpet; Woods, alto saxophone; Dick Hyman (Tracks 5, 6, 7, 8), piano; Jimmy Raney (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4), guitar; Bill Crow or Teddy Kotick, bass; Joe Morello or Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The first of the two sessions presented here was released originally on a 10-inch LP by Prestige in 1954 under Raney's name. Woods comes on as the most forceful player in the group, demonstrating a style bristling with Parkerisms. Raney's more subdued lyricism and consistently inventive playing, however, nearly steal the show from the slashing fierceness of Woods' attack.

Almost lost in anonymity of style is trumpeter Wilson, whose static, cool, and relatively nondescript tone speaks little of importance. He does rise to some effective playing in *Back and Blow*, a brisk original based on the chords of Fats Waller's *Black and Blue*.

Joanne features Woods at his most lyrical, and *Five* has him jumping into his solo with a clipped aggressiveness.

Session 2 was made in 1959 under Leonard Feather's supervision but not released until now.

Woods is still highly derivative of Parker but handles the style with extreme competence. One might hear a greater aggressiveness and sense of confidence in his playing, but by and large it's not that much changed from 1954. McGhee's trumpet (muted on *Pee Wee's Dream*) is smooth, tart, and biting but not very inspired. He's head and shoulders above Wilson, though.

The 1954 rhythm section, anchored by Morello, provides breezy support but nothing more—just keeps time. The Haynes section is more free-wheeling, pushes harder, and gets more exciting results. Hyman is a stalwart contributor.

There's nothing monumental about these two bop dates, but they hold up well and do credit to Woods—and just about all concerned, for that matter. —McDonough

Leon Thomas

SPIRITS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN—Flying Dutchman FDS-115: *The Creator has a Master Plan; One; Echoes; Song for My Father; Damn Nam (Ain't Goin' to Vietnam); Malcolm's Gone; Let the Rain Fall on Me.*

Personnel: James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; "Little Rock" (Pharoah Sanders), tenor saxophone; Lonnie L. Smith, Jr., piano; Richard Davis, Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Richard Landrum, bongos; Thomas, vocals, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Leon Thomas is no newcomer—he sang with Count Basie's band in the early '60s—but he stands a very good chance of making it big in the early '70s.

He has a fine voice which he uses to interpret rather than deliver a song, and he can scat with the best of them, his trademark being a sort of yodel-cum-gurgle that is very effective when he doesn't overdo it.

Thomas is in excellent company on this album (he has been with Sanders' group for some time) and I recommend it highly, suggesting that you leave room on your shelves for future Leon Thomas releases.

—Albertson

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Blue Note, who entered the reissue field last year with a somewhat mixed bag of releases, brought out a notable series of three double LPs to commemorate the label's 30th birthday, each covering a decade.

Blue Note's *Three Decades of Jazz, 1939-1949* is the best of these (all confusingly, are labeled Vol. 1—an unconfirmed indication that there might be other such sets to come).

The 21 tracks present a panorama of jazz ranging from Bunk Johnson and George Lewis to Thelonious Monk and Tadd Dameron. Transitions are often abrupt, since the material is sequenced by recording date rather than musical period, but it is not without interest to segue from Bunk's and Sidney Bechet's *Milenberg Joys* to *Dameronia*, featuring Fats Navarro.

Highlights: Albert Ammons' terrific *Boogie Woogie Stomp* (the father of Gene Ammons was to my mind the greatest of all boogie woogie pianists); Bechet's famous *Summertime* and another masterpiece, featuring Bechet on clarinet, *Blue Horizon*; the Charlie Christian-Edmond Hall *Profoundly Blue*; piano solos by James P. Johnson (*Mule Walk*), Earl Hines (*The Father's Getaway*) and Meade Lux Lewis (*Honky Tonk Train Blues*), and Monk's classic first versions of *'Round Midnight* and *Epistrophe*.

A demurrer: too much of the material is duplicated on other Blue Note reissues. But this will be of consequence only to confirmed collectors, and the attractively priced set takes its place among the best available jazz compendiums. Unfortunately, Francis Wolff's pleasant notes give no details about the music.

The following decade (1949-59) coincides with the advent of LP, and thus has "only" 13 tracks. The choices are less apt; three pieces featuring Lou Donaldson is a bit much, though the first of these is Milt Jackson's *Bags' Groove* in its original version.

Bud Powell's *Night in Tunisia* is a masterpiece. Monk's *Crisis Cross*, two Clifford Brown pieces (*Get Happy* and *Cherokee*), Sonny Rollins' entrancing *Tune Up*, and one of John Coltrane's first great records, *Blue Train*, are all top drawer stuff.

The rest includes a 1954 Miles Davis (*It Never Entered My Mind*); Horace Silver's hit, *Senor Blues*; and Art Blakey's big one, *Moanin'* (with Lee Morgan and composer Bobby Timmons), plus a Jimmy Smith jam track (*Yardbird Suite*) and another Coltrane appearance, on *Speak Low* from a date with the late Sonny Clark. The notes again are uninformative, if less so than on Vol. 1, but the album is recommended to latecomers who missed this music the first time around. All the tracks, by the way, are from albums still in the label's active catalog.

The third and last collection (1959-69) is the weakest. Ironically, it also has the best and most detailed notes (by Leonard Feather). The 10 tracks (LPs were getting more stretched out) seem to have been picked mainly on the basis of sales.

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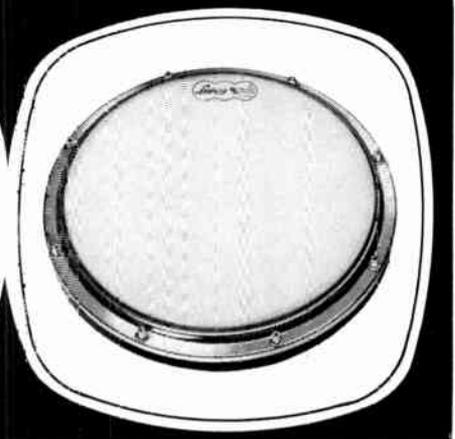
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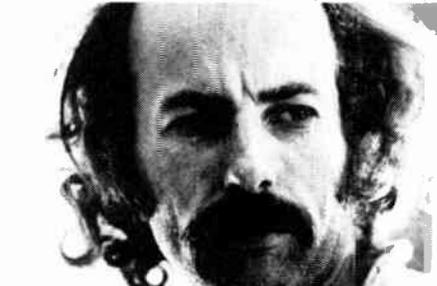
The Fourth Way



MICHAEL WHITE
Amplified Witkenowski Violin
Born in Houston, Texas, May 24, 4:00 AM
Before: Sun Ra, Ro and Kirk, John Handy



RON McCLURE
Amplified Francisco Augustus Homolko double bass
Born in New Haven, Conn., November 22, Sunrise
Before: Herbie Mann, Wes Montgomery, Charles Lloyd



MIKE NOCK
Fender Rhodes Electric Piano
(acoustic piano on *Farewell and Skiffling*)
Born in New Zealand, September 27, 1:50 PM
Before: Yusef Lateef, Steve Marcus, John Handy



EDDIE MARSHALL
Drums, Recorder
Born in Springfield, Mass., April 13, 10:30 PM
Before: Stan Getz, Roland Kirk, Dionne Warwick

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Notable exceptions are Ornette Coleman's *European Echoes*, the Freddie Hubbard-Eric Dolphy *Out to Lunch*, and the late Ike Quebec's moving *Blue and Sentimental*. One might also include in this category Horace Silver's *Song for My Father*.

The remainder includes such soul stirrers as Lee Morgan's *Sidewinder*, Stan Turrentine's *River's Invitation*, Jimmy Smith's *Back at the Chicken Shack*, and Lou Donaldson's *Peepin'*. For the record, the 10th track is Donald Byrd's *Cristo Redentor*.

The catalog numbers of these three sets are, in order, BST 89902, 89903, and 89904. The sound on Vol. 1 is uneven, but the music is tops.

Also from Blue Note come three single volumes of mid-40s vintage mainstream-traditional jazz. The most cohesive and intelligently planned of these is *Sittin' In* by Art Hodes (B-6508). Side one contains the complete sessions by Hodes' 1944 Chicagoans. Some, already issued on other albums in the series, appear in alternate takes.

This band was a stylistically well integrated unit, blessed with Rod Cless' stirring clarinet, trumpeter Max Kaminsky's sterling lead work, a driving rhythm section, and the leader's very personal piano in top form.

The choice of material was excellent, including tunes by Scott Joplin, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, and W. C. Handy, plus a pair of New Orleans-Chicago classics. But perhaps the best tracks are two Hodes' tunes, *Slow 'Em Down Blues* and *Clark and Randolph*, the former for Cless, Hodes, the deep blues feeling, and the fine tempo, the latter for the spirited ensemble work.

Side two focuses on relaxed small-group performances. Five of six tracks are blues (Hodes loves the blues; he could pass). Sandy Williams' almost incredibly earthy trombone graces two strong tracks, abetted on one by Kaminsky, who joins Art and the rhythm section on a third piece, showing a strong Hot Lips Page influence (plunger, growls, and feeling). Maxie's also on hand for *Apex Blues* and *Shake That Thing*, which sport some of Mezz Mezzrow's best recorded playing from the period, especially his salute to Jimmie Noone on *Apex*. *Shake* is an alternate take inferior to the original, which remains unreissued. A nice album, stamped with Hodes' sincerity and musicianship.

Hodes also is well represented on *Jazz Classics, Vol. 1* (Blue Note B-6509), but this is a somewhat haphazard compilation, including a number of alternative takes of pieces previously reissued, or original versions of pieces reissued in alternate versions, if you get what I mean.

These include *Squeeze Me* and *Bugle Call Rag* by Hodes' Blue Note Jazzmen, and *High Society* by Edmond Hall's band. Hall and Vic Dickenson, present on both dates, are standouts, and there is a fine slow blues by Hall's group, *Night Shift Blues*. The original take of *Maple Leaf Rag* by Hodes' Chicagoans is here (an alternate's on the album discussed above) plus two pieces from a later, similar, but not quite as successful Hodes date. The rest is three not very memorable tracks,

all of which have Hodes on piano. Baby Dodds drums on two with Albert Nicholas on clarinet, *Feelin' At Ease* and *Careless Love*. The unfortunate presence of trumpeter Oliver Mesheux all but spoils *Blues For Jelly*, which has clarinetist Omer Simeon in indifferent form. (By the way, I did the notes for this album, and it's not considered kosher for me to review it, but it belongs in this column, and I'll go along with what I said: "There isn't a dishonest note to be found on this LP.")

Original Blue Note Jazz Vol. II (B-6506) is more like it. Devoted to groups lead by Sidney De Paris and James P.



Johnson, both of whom play in each other's bands, it includes four great tracks from a Johnson session that had De Paris, Vic Dickenson, and Ben Webster in the front line and guitarist Jimmy Shirley, bassist John Simmons, and the immortal Big Sid Catlett in the rhythm department.

These alone are worth the album's price, and more. Webster is in top form throughout, and Dickenson is also at his best; furthermore, I doubt that Sidney De Paris ever topped, on records, his delightful and inventive work on *After You've Gone* (lest it be on *The Call of the Blues* with his own group, also on the LP).

Johnson's *Victory Stride*, by the way, is the same tune as Ellington's old *Jubilee Stomp* (Leonard Feather says they bear a "vague resemblance". Yeah. Vague as Siamese twins). *Blue Mizz* is a masterpiece, with Webster outstanding.

De Paris' tracks, on which Ed Hall in Webster's place is the only lineup change, are almost as good, and for once, two different takes of a number (*Everybody Loves My Baby*) appear in sequence. *Tishomingo Blues*, from a later Johnson session with De Paris, Dickenson, Hall, and a different rhythm section, rounds out a valuable album.

Historical Records has amassed quite a catalog of rare and unusual material, most of it from the '20s and early '30s. Among the best albums to appear on the label in the recent past are *Territory Bands, Vol. 2* (HLP 26), *Jazz From New York* (HLP 33), and *Hot Trumpets* (HLP 28).

The first is a sequel to the brilliant Vol. 1, but there is nothing as extraordinary as the Alphonse Trent items on it. Of greatest interest are the only two pieces recorded by Walter Page's Blue Devils, the 1929 band that Benny Moten absorbed and which contained the nucleus of Basie

things to come.

Hot Lips Page, the legendary Buster Smith (Charlie Parker's first mentor), Basie, Jimmy Rushing, the great drummer Alvin Burroughs, and of course Page himself are on hand. Rush sings on *Blue Devil Blues*; the voice is a clear tenor, but the style is already unmistakable. The band swings in a loose manner not customary in 1929. This is the birth of Kansas City style.

An earlier K. C. band, George E. Lee's Novelty Singing Orchestra (as it was billed on the original label) appears in two tracks more notable for their extreme rarity than for musical content, excepting a glimpse of Julia Lee's piano. Supposedly recorded in 1928, these sound like early '20s in conception.

The pieces by Willie Jones' band are of no interest except for the strong Red Nichols influence in ensemble and solo work. It's hard to believe that this isn't a white group. Two other bands with unknown personnel are slightly more significant. Floyd Mills and his Marylanders is an accomplished 10-piecer with a fiery trumpeter the only soloist of stature. Alex Jackson's Plantation Orchestra does a tricky *Missouri Squabble*.

Sonny Clay's California band has quite a reputation among collectors due to its New Orleans-influenced style and the Jelly Rollisms of the pianist-leader, but stiff phrasing and undistinguished solo work on two 1926 tracks marks the music as provincial.

Of more than glancing historical interest, finally, are three 1931 selections by Dave Nelson's big band, a New York recording outfit not properly speaking a territory band at all. Trumpeter Nelson was King Oliver's nephew, and New Orleansians Danny Barker and Simon Marero (bass) were in the band. Barker takes his first recorded solo on *St. Louis Blues*, on which Nelson's muted work takes its cues from uncle Joe. Good riffs and rhythm boot this along. The clarinet solo is certainly not by Buster Bailey, as claimed in the notes, but probably by Glyn Pacque. *Rockin' Chair* is interesting only for the arranger's borrowings from the Hoagy Carmichael-Bix Biederbecke version, but *Loveless Love* contains a flute solo by Wayman Carver startling in its cool "modernity", and the unknown trombone is good.

Except for the Page sides, mostly for historians. *Jazz from New York* is not. First of all, there is a goodly slice of Ellingtonia, vintages 1930 and 32. Johnny Hodges' soprano sparkles on *Rent Party Blues*, but *St. James Infirmary* is marred by the long Irving Mills vocal. The 1932 medley of *Mood Indigo*, *Hot and Bothered*, and *Creole Love Call*, taken from the first 33½ rpm record ever issued commercially, is highlighted by a long, pretty piano solo on *Indigo* not be found on any other version, and the entire 8-minute selection is of great interest.

Two good pieces by Luis Russell's band, one issued under King Oliver's name (*Call of the Freaks*), the other under Henry Allen's (*Swing Out*) appear in unissued alternate takes. The former is a fine mood

piece, the latter has a magnificent J. C. Higginbotham trombone solo and feisty Allen. Joe Steele was a good Harlem pianist whose big band made a few 1929 records. Ward Pinkett is well featured; he was a fine trumpeter. I do not for a moment believe the baritone sax to be Harry Carney, as claimed; it's probably Joe Garland.

A couple of Benny Goodman rarities (*Sing Song Girl* with Ben Pollack's band and solos by Jack Teagarden and Eddie Miller, and *Now's The Time to Fall in Love*, by "Ed Parker," a pseudonym) are included, and Bunny Berigan's muted horn briefly emerges from Fred Rich's band on *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*. Jack Pettis' *Nobody's Sweetheart* was previously unissued and is of no interest, but the Caso Loma Orchestra's *White Jazz* is, for this was the band that sowed the seeds for the swing era to come, though its riff patterns were almost mathematical in nature. Clarence Hutchenrider, still active in New York, takes a good clarinet solo. (The sound quality almost throughout this LP, by the way, is horrid.)

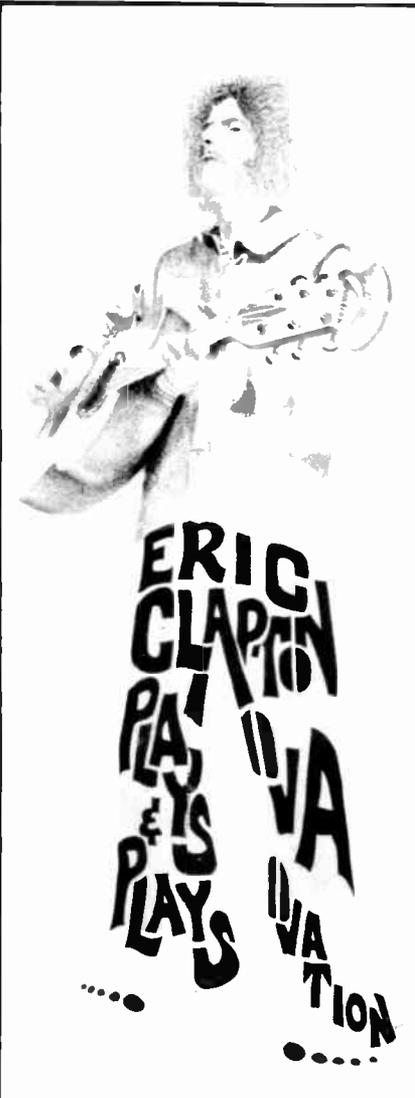
Hot Trumpets is quite a set, and a must for Bix Beiderbecke collectors, if only for the first publication of an alternate take of *Deep Down South*, one of Bix's last records—period dance music excepting short solos by Bix and Benny Goodman.

More from Bix in a foursome from the very rare Chicago Loopers date in 1927, *I'm More than Satisfied*, *Clorinda*, and takes 1 and 2 of *Three Blind Mice*, with Frank Trumbauer, Don Murray, et al. And a further Bix item: *I Need Some Pettin'*, the rarest of the Wolverines sides, the only one not previously on LP in this country, graced by a fine cornet solo and lead part.

Jimmy McPartland, one of Bix's greatest admirers and closest followers, is represented on five tracks from 1927-28. *The New Twister*, *Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble*, and *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* by the 1927 Original Wolverines are obscure but interesting examples of vintage Chicago jazz. McPartland comes close to Bix at times, but his style is cockier, less subtle, and above all less relaxed. Two items by the 1928 Ben Pollack band (recording as Irving Mills' Hotsy Totsy Gang) have spots by Goodman and Teagarden but are not very hot.

The surprise of the album is the Bunny Berigan portion, consisting of three numbers from a June, 1937 broadcast by the trumpeter's band. Bunny is in fine shape, the band sounds looser than on its studio recordings, and the trumpet solos on *Swanee River* and *San Francisco* are blue-ribbon Berigan. But it is the long and strong *Prisoner's Song*, taken even faster than on the Victor version, that shows why Bunny was one of the most admired trumpet men of the swing era. Young George Auld, the fine trombonist Sonny Lee, and clarinetist Joe Dixon also cook, and George Wettling's drums are solid. (The sound on this LP is quite good.) Historical Records' address is Box 4204, Bergen Sta., Jersey City, N.J. 07304.

—Dan Morgenstern



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BLINDFOLD TEST/BILL EVANS Pt. 1

At a juncture considered by many observers to be crucial for the evolution of jazz, perhaps even for its survival, Bill Evans finds at least a gleam of hope, a justification for optimism.

During a recent stint at Shelly's Manne Hole in Los Angeles, he says, "I noticed that 90% of the audience consisted of young people of the set that I sometimes feel I'm hated by because I don't have real long hair and I dress rather conventionally.

"It seemed to me like a good omen, particularly when some rock musicians started coming in. Evidently they were trying to hear something a little beyond the idiom that they've been growing up with.

"Teeny-bopper music is okay for teenie-weenies, but as soon as they become a little older and more sophisticated, they're going to demand more of a challenge in their listening. I suspect they can hear the beat in our music; they're getting beyond having to have it pounded out at ear-splitting level."

Following is the first section of what turned out to be a two-part Blindfold Test.

1. JACK WILSON. *Night Creature* (from *Song for My Daughter*, Blue Note). Wilson, piano; Duke Ellington, composer; Billy Byers, arranger.

It doesn't seem to have any particular identity. That souped-up sound is really offensive after a while, with all the echo and the highs and everything, and that was really extreme.

It was a high caliber professional performance. The pianist is excellent; certainly has the jazz sort of covered, without any strong identity. But I don't know what this would be aimed at. To me, when it first started, it sounded like a continental kind of thing you might hear coming through the speaker on the *France* or one of the cruise ships. And then when the jazz comes in—it's certainly good and played by very experienced people, but without individuality.

I think the aim of the record is just not primarily pure jazz. I wouldn't mind hearing this at any time, but then again I wouldn't miss it if it never happened. I'd rate that two for the professionalism, zero for the engineering.

2. JOHN KLEMMER. *Here Comes the Child* (from *All the Children Cried, Cadet*). Klemmer, composer, tenor saxophone.

That's very pretty. I can't help but prelude my thoughts with the fact that the very same idea I'm going to use myself, with Mickey Leonard writing the backgrounds, is employed here. I had written a little tune called *Children's Play Song*, which I always felt was just a little simple nothing, but Mickey fell in love with it and wrote what was a very austere, slow version of it, because I had shown him how you'd harmonize it if you wanted to play it in a slow way. The way I conceived of it was the type of tune kids would whistle while out playing hopscotch or something. I had suggested, on hearing the take back, that playing it entirely slow was a mistake and that we should prelude it by recording children at a playground in front and back, then I'd superimpose the original version over it.

Now, I don't know what the name of this is, but it sounds like it might be for a child or children, because the same idea was employed. Then the very happy, light-spirited playing seemed to point in the same direction. It is a very pretty, pleasant thing, and successful in that way. I feel now that when I do it, it's going to seem to be a copy of this . . . it's funny



RON HOWARD

by Leonard Feather

how some ideas come up at the same time. My wife keeps talking about how amazing it is to her that the bow and arrow, for instance, emerged in so many different parts of the world in just a natural evolution of invention.

But, about the record, what I said at the beginning . . . what my comment would be . . . from that standpoint, I'd rate it about three stars. I don't think it was intended to express anything but that particular feeling I was talking about, and I think it was very successful in that.

3. OSCAR PETERSON. *Who Can I Turn To* (from *My Favorite Instrument*, MPS [issued in U.S. as *Soul-O*, Prestige]) Peterson, solo piano.

That's beautiful! Beautiful recording, too. That's the Saba (now MPS—Ed.) series. I'm not sure I've heard any of these takes, but I suspect this is Oscar Peterson . . . some of those tapes that were made in Mr. Brunner-Schwer's villa. He gets that particular sound . . . that German Steinway has that particular sound, too.

Oscar does surprise me a lot of times. It's almost as if Tatum had come back to life. Even some of the harmonic angle that Art would throw into a tune just by some little change in between, as an afterthought; Oscar gets that going too. And it's gorgeous, it's perfect in its own way, so I have to say five stars.

4. ROBERTA FLACK. *Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye* (from *First Take*, Atlantic). Miss Flack, piano, vocal; Leonard Cohen, composer.

I think the singer deserved better material. I don't relate to folk music that much. I certainly appreciate it. I think there are gems in the literature of other idioms, but this material seems ultra-weak to me. It sounded like somebody tried to analyze a few elements in some things that were really beautiful and just came up with something which, for me, didn't have anything at all.

The singer has a quality that's very good and I wouldn't judge her by this material at all. But I'd say no stars for that.

5. FOURTH WAY. *Blues My Mind* (from *The Sun & The Moon Have Come Together*, Harvest). Mike White, violin; Mike Nock, composer, electric piano; Ron McClure, bass; Eddie McClure, drums.

That sounds good. That might be Mike Nock and Mike White. But whatever it is, the electric piano sounds good in its con-

text; sure was swinging. It was creative and held my interest and was very successful. I'd give that four and a half stars.

I worked opposite both Mikes a year ago and they both impressed me greatly. Mike Nock especially on piano was creating, in more or less the freewheeling school, very musical things. I hope he goes ahead in that very challenging area, because he was meeting a lot of success. It won't be long before he'll make a mark.

I'd like to get into that area myself. I have an electric Fender Rhodes piano at home, and I'm doing an album now where I'm using electric harpsichord and piano but only, surprisingly enough, in a very lyrical vein. I didn't think the electric piano would work out at all in that respect, but it did at the date; it comes through very nicely . . . in certain places. I can have a lot of fun with it. The only thing is, it's far from having the scope or depth of a piano. Nevertheless it has its own kind of articulation, its own kind of sound. The only danger is that if a pianist plays on it exclusively, the touch is so light, he would, I think, find it a problem to play piano again. Chick Corea has mentioned this problem to me. Then I mentioned it to Harold Rhodes, the inventor, and he said the action could be regulated and he's going to have my personal piano regulated to my touch. And if that's the case, then one of my main objections is not valid. I think Mike gets a very, very exciting sound on this track.

LF: *Don't you think that because of the lack of depth in this instrument, it would be valid for you to, say, lay down a basic track on regular piano, and then play this on top?*

Yes, I'd even had that thought. It's funny, but while that was playing I was thinking I'd like to get into that vein, but I'd like to hear a chunk of piano here and there . . . the real piano sound against this. LF: *It would have an effect like a guitar against the piano, like you and Jim Hall, because this has all the guitar-like qualities.*

Exactly, that's the way I've always felt about it. I almost feel like I'm able to attain that guitar thing when I get on it. That even happened with the harpsichord; I was messing around with it in Copenhagen once, and it impressed Chuck Israels so much he talked me into a record on harpsichord. Unfortunately, either the instrument they sent me to practice on wasn't well regulated or something, because I just couldn't seem to get it going. But I still got that same feeling. 

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(turnitover)



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Chris Connor

Royal Coachman Motor Lodge
Provincetown, Mass.

Personnel: Miss Connor, vocal; Max Seiler, piano; Charles La Chapelle, bass; Mickey Julian or J. R. Mitchell, drums.

Chris Connor has always been one of the most original and personal of jazz singers. She has been much misunderstood by jazz musicians because she has never fitted into the standard stereotypes of female jazz singers, or has ever attempted to develop some kind of overwhelming show biz personality. But to me her singing has always been fascinating *because* it avoided all those expected cliches.

Unlike many singers, Chris is exclusively involved with essentials of music-making in a terribly personal and inner-directed manner which is easy to misunderstand or to reject. In short, she doesn't fit any of the usual norms for a "chick" jazz singer, and the sufferings of her own life often express themselves in a manner not calculated for those who are looking for more virtuosity, absolute ease and show biz slickness. —*Gunther Schuller*

During the '60s, the jazz singer has received little popular and critical attention, a state of affairs which is quite the reverse of the previous decades. Part of the blame should be attributed to the song writers, as few new songs are harmonically-melodically interesting as well as verbally meaningful.

Marion Williams remains virtually unknown even in the musical underground and no current American records are available by Abbey Lincoln or Jeanne I.ee. What really puzzles me is the case of Chris Connor. Although a major attraction in the '50s, she has been completely misunderstood by the critics. There was a good explanation for this 10 years ago. Her musicianship would fluctuate, and her most disastrous appearances were at well-attended festivals. Thus she was dismissed by writers who lacked the curiosity to attend her club dates.

Though she did much good work in the '50s, Miss Connor impressed me greatly when appearing at Birdland in 1963, opposite Bernard Peiffer and Cannonball Adderley. Until then, she had been a personal favorite but I found it difficult to reconcile my personal enthusiasm with more objective standards of critical judgment.

What constitutes the Chris Connor style? The tone of her voice, her sense of dynamics, her rhythmical concept in phrasing and accent, and most of all, three qualities which I consider of paramount importance: her intensity, her use of silence, and her ability to surprise.

Her voice quite often is low and husky, but so are those of dozens of other singers. What particularly intrigues me is the way in which the vibrato is introduced just before the release of a sustained note. When speaking of the Connor voice, we must also examine her use of dynamics. Few singers, even fewer jazz singers, make as rich use of the range of dynamics, and virtually none do so in a manner so unpredictable.

In a pop show ballad, after a fairly conventional (at least in the Connor tradition) quiet 20 bars or so, her voice will sudden-



TED WILLIAMS

ly surge, at perhaps the oddest moment. This is immediately startling for its own sake, but what makes it even more fascinating is how this is juxtaposed within the piece as a whole.

Chris Connor has become the mistress of her own type of swing. She is at her most conventional in moderate tempo selections. Here, there are great stretches which, although well done, display little that is particularly new or personal. Her ballads and up-tempo pieces can be quite extraordinary within their limits. Depending upon the hour of the night, the audience reaction, and countless other conditions, a Connor ballad can have a startling use of silence and up-tempo songs can surprise with wild surreal curves. Close listening is mandatory, because the material itself can be quite bland and conservative compared to recent experiments in jazz.

Perhaps her intensity is her biggest asset. I am firmly convinced that in her last set of an evening (I must emphasize this point), Chris Connor in her handling of show tunes, many of which have trivial themes and inane lyrics, can be absolutely as personal—and if you'll excuse the word, deep—as Mingus, Bartok, Monk, Archie Shepp, Ben Webster, John Lewis, Elliott

Carter, Otis Redding or Gunther Schuller. You can hear anger, pathos, and great tenderness. The major problem is that in recent years the singer has transcended her material.

I can't help being reminded of a film by Max Ophuls, *Lola Montez*, in which the heroine publicly recreates her life nightly in a bizarre circus atmosphere. The film audience, through a series of flashbacks, perceives meaning in gestures of the heroine which seem casual to the circus spectators. I would suggest that banal lyrics (perhaps familiar melodic turns) trigger special associations—at any rate, she somehow invests these with extraordinary new emotion.

Typical of the selections Chris Connor might sing on any given night would be *I've Got You Under My Skin* (entrancing hand movements, great dynamics, and hypnotic rhythm) and *Didn't We?* (soft and full of silence). *All or Nothing at All* is one of the great Ronnie Ball arrangements, with exciting modulations. This is one of Chris' most consistently strong, most personal selections. *Meantime* is impressive for the way fluctuating curves lead to a climax, and *Who Can I Turn To?* was soft, excepting the unexpected crescendo, making good use of the microphone. And

of course, the Connor silence.

I Get a Kick Out of You is by far one of her most daring performances. The rendition is a surreal, eerie, black bag of surprises with slurred rhythms, the stretching of words balanced by a healthy, swinging rendition of *From This Moment On*, which serves as a middle section before the final trip to hell. *Ten Cents a Dance* is a complete contrast to this Cole Porter duo, a highly finished product with Judy Garland emotionalism channeled into much more musical form. This is personal, near-perfect, and perhaps the definitive interpretation of the Rodgers and Hart song. These two selections, more than any others (except possibly *All or Nothing*) give a good hint of the Connor phenomenon—for if *Kick* proves that Chris is an innovator, imperfect, wonderfully but slightly mad—*Ten Cents* shows that Chris Connor has become a polished, thoughtful, mature artist.

Young people who have not been exposed to her are missing a kind of experience which the singers they are listening to, though they may have other virtues, don't provide.

No album thus far has captured the quality of Chris Connor's best night club performances, but I recommend *Portrait of Chris* (Atlantic 8046) with Chris' haunting version of Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman*, and particularly Atlantic 1228 which features John Lewis and includes George Wallington's *Way Out There* and Duke Ellington's *Something to Live For*, the latter with an ending extraordinary for its time (1956). —Ran Blake

Art Farmer

Ronnie Scott Club, London, England

Personnel: Farmer, flugelhorn; Alan Branscombe, piano; Kenny Napper, bass; Tony Oxley, drums.

The fact that Stan Getz was hospitalized with pneumonia after two weeks of his four-week booking at Ronnie Scott's is no cause for cheerfulness. But it so happens that Art Farmer, brought in at short notice to sub for Getz, provided some of the most beautiful music I've heard in a long time.

Apart from a brief visit last year with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland band (in which he has now replaced Dusko Gojkovic), Farmer has not been heard in England for nearly five years. Regrettably, in this time he has consolidated his position as one of the most overlooked of great jazzmen currently active.

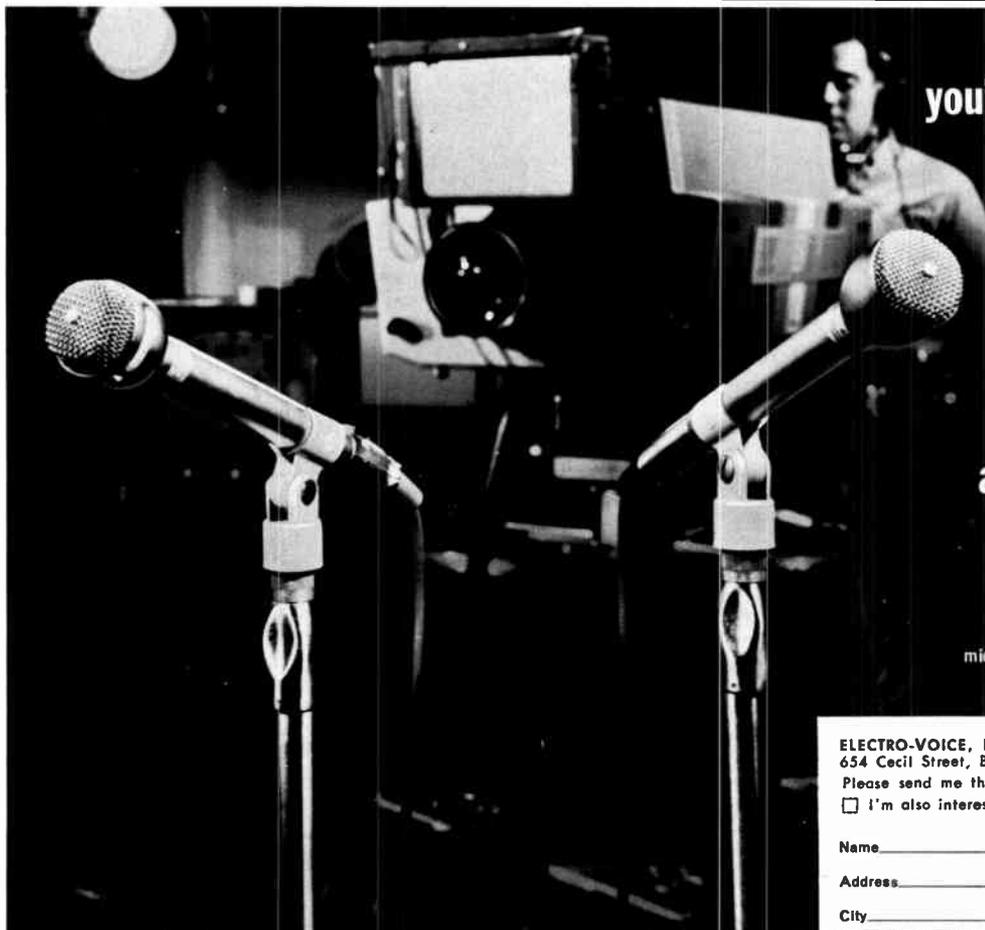
Farmer's style makes him all too easy to overlook, even for those who consider themselves discerning listeners. Superficially, he sounds like many another multi-noted post-bop trumpeter, with little use for variations of tone or volume. Even at up tempo, where his technique is considerable, the surface calm of his solos can fool you into thinking that nothing's happening. But, if you listen to what's going on underneath, you can't fail to be moved by the very individual melodic shapes (arising from an almost modal approach to harmony which Farmer was developing already in the early '50s) and, especially, the unexpected things he does with time.

Short Cake, from his Columbia album *The Time and the Place*, was the last tune

of the night at Ronnie Scott's, and served as a textbook example of Farmer's many virtues. It's a pretty ordinary tune with a cliché ending, but it does contain some long notes which bring out that poignant, grief-stricken tone which sounds as if it might break into a sob if the note were to go on too long. And the subsequent improvisation was highlighted by the contrast between the tone and the busy lines which carried it, a contrast sharpened by the occasional inclusion of some commonplace Clifford Brown-type phrases among Farmer's own more personal ideas.

For maximum effectiveness, Farmer needs to simmer over a steady-burning rhythm section, as in *Sing Me Softly of the Blues*, from the quintessential Atlantic recording with Pete LaRoca on drums. On his London gig, he was especially well served by Oxley, with strong if less imaginative support from Branscombe and Napper. Oxley, who plays avant-garde jazz by preference, clearly knows a creative musician when he hears one, and really played for Farmer all evening.

The climax of the performance, on the night of review, came with the standard *Here's That Rainy Day*, taken medium-up but more medium than up, the sort of tempo which is difficult to maintain without rushing but is all the more exciting therefore. At just about the point where Farmer appeared to be ending his opening solo, Oxley began to play simple, straight time and the whole group hit a groove which kept Farmer on the boil for chorus after ecstatic chorus. And then, after a piano solo and closing theme statement



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to let everyone down gently, Farmer jumped in again with an impossibly fast version of Jimmy Heath's *Gingerbread Boy*, capped by a free solo from Oxley which was just long enough to increase tension without breaking continuity.

It was quite a relief that this was the end of a set. I don't know if the musicians felt tired, but the few people who were really digging them were emotionally exhausted. Let's hope some record company will catch Art Farmer in this kind of form while he's in Europe. —Brian Priestley

Frank Wright

Societe des Artes Decoratifs, Paris, France.

Personnel: Noah Howard, alto saxophone, percussion; Wright, tenor saxophone, percussion; Bobby Few, piano; Bob Reid, bass; Muhammed Ali, drums.

An explosion has hit the land, but I don't know if it's Frank Wright—it may just be that I'm waking up to the reality of the new music being the only way for young cats to go. All I know now is that the combination of light-heartedness mixed with melancholy that characterized the music of yesteryear has gone, and it is musicians like Wright who are playing the true blues of today.

Wright calls himself the Superman of the tenor, and in terms of staying power, he certainly is. He is also well equipped to play conventional jazz, a fact he demonstrated capably by opening this delightfully casual concert with a long, unaccompanied, and self-assured lyrical solo. It was almost as if he wanted to prove his credentials before stretching out. He blew with feeling and authority, and I'm pleased to report that all is in order in Superman's camp.

Weaving in and out of the light from a single image projected onto a screen behind him, Wright talked about John Coltrane, about Archie Shepp, and about his (in his own words) "hometown boy," Albert Ayler. But most of all he was telling about Frank Wright, blowing gruffly through his saxophone with a wide vibrato that echoes his own strangely hoarse, contracted voice.

In the shadows around and behind the saxophonist, Howard wandered, gong and beater in hand, startling the enthusiastic student audience with crashes and clashes in pertinent places. When Wright blew hoarsely, Howard attacked the gong; when he blew with purity of tone, the gong caressed his notes.

The saxophonist swept through a couple of choruses that reflected a background in r&b somewhere, at some time, and then ended his solo with a shout and a scream and a flurry of notes. There were cheers all around as the leader grabbed a cowbell and started to shake it in one hand while whirling a heavy chain in snakelike motion across the stone floor. The rest of the gang wandered on at this point and picked up assorted odds and ends for a bit of percussive nonsense before getting down to business.

From the start, it was obvious that the meat of the concert would revolve around a series of tenor/drum exchanges—though "exchanges" is hardly the right expression in the context of the new music. Musicians tend to push each other into other planes rather than trade bars and choruses in

the conventional manner, but most people know this by now.

Ali, brother of Rasheid, is a dynamo. He is a combination of all that was best in bebop and all that is fresh and exhilarating today. Unfortunately, though, it was some time before we were able to hear what he could do because he experienced trouble with his bass drum pedal and had to be continually up and down from the drum seat to adjust it. Wright took care of this interlude with a long, heated solo.

Then it was Howard's turn. The man has fire and spirit, there's no denying it, but for this reviewer he seemed to be somewhat lacking in ideas. When he ran out of things to say, he fell back into the cliches that the new music already has built for itself. I may be a bit unfair to him because the band played without mikes, and the artist's back was to me for most of the concert, so I could not hear him clearly, but it seemed that he only really hit the spot when he and Wright charged each other with their horns, roaring and spitting like uncaged tigers.

By the same unfortunate seating arrangement (and the combined power of Wright and Ali), I did not hear a single note from piano or bass for the entire evening, and that's a pity because I understand that Few, at least, is quite a force.

But in a band like this, with an ego player like Wright, piano and bass are almost superfluous where the listener is concerned. They may be necessary for the musicians to establish where they're at, but it seems to me that Wright and Ali could almost have carried the concert on their own. My apologies to the other guys for not being able to express a reaction.

It is unfortunate that I never have had a chance to hear Pharoah Sanders in person, for though comparisons are odious, they are often necessary. From recorded evidence, Wright lacks some of Sanders' inventiveness and essential urgency, but otherwise he is the most astonishing tenor saxophonist I have ever heard in person.

He is particularly impressive when he alternates passages of relaxed beauty with freak screams the like of which I have yet to hear from any other player. He seems to play with his mouth open, shouting and screaming over and around the actual notes his fingers produce. Then, just for good measure and because he has a nutty sense of humor, he'll leap up in the air like an old Lionel Hampton tenor man.

The French youngsters are very strong on the new music—much more so than are the British, whose preference is for progressive rock—and more than anything they seem to dig the march-type romps also favored by Ayler and Shepp. Superman Wright, the instant showman, gave them those aplenty when he sensed the mood of the crowd. It was a happy day.

I'll give Wright an 'E' for effort, but the real stars must go to Ali. This gentle cat plays some of the fanciest drums I've heard in a long time, grinning and snarling literally and metaphorically at one and the same moment. He is a man possessed of the basis and spirit of jazz, the drums themselves.

Wright's music is fresh and appealing, vigorous and stirring. —Valerie Wilmer

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MORRISON

(Continued from page 13)

current commercial Doors; it is Jim Morrison singing some excellent songs, covering territory that the group had not heretofore explored.

As we conversed, Morrison's opinions of the Doors' music fluctuated, but he remained constant in his lamentation of the group's situation.

"When we were working clubs," he explained, "we had a lot of fun and could play a lot of songs. A lot of things were going on. Now we just play concert after concert, and we have to play the things the audience wants to hear. Then we record and go out into the concert halls again. The people are very demanding, and we don't get to do a lot of new or different things.

"I really want to develop my singing. You know, I love the blues, like Joe Turner and Freddie King. I would like to get into that feeling and sing some old standards like *St. James Infirmary*."

Morrison has interests outside of music. He became most animated during our conversation when the subject of film was brought up. The Doors' 40-minute *Feast of Friends* has already been shown, to mixed critical and audience reactions. Morrison is also producing and starring in *Hiway*, a color film now nearing completion. He is a former U.C.L.A. film student and has a real passion for the cinema.

Thus the remainder of the interview consisted of our exchanging accolades for Bunuel, Fellini, and other outstanding directors. After dinner, we parted so the group could prepare for the concert.

A few hours later, the Doors appeared on stage, greeted by a mass of screaming fans, and began an exciting set of jazz-rock. The rhythm section was burning as the stage Morrison (loud, mystical, dramatic) belted out some of the group's better known songs. Shades of the exciting and innovative Doors of old!

In Jim Morrison, I found to my surprise a beautiful human being who, not unlike Charles Mingus, has been a victim of sensational publicity and harassment by silly journalists. This same Jim Morrison seems trapped in the routine of success, with a public image to live up to, while his best musical and cinematic talents and ambitions remain stifled and/or untapped.

Whatever part of their musical history appeals to you—if any—the Doors are one of the most important forces in rock. Without the demands that success and hit records make on a group, they might have continued their truly creative work.

The promise shown in their new album could indicate a return to the development of music for the Doors' sake, not for the hit-conscious public's sake.

Meanwhile, Morrison was eagerly awaiting publication of his book of poetry, *The Lords and the New Creatures*, issued by Simon and Shuster this spring. And meanwhile, dedicated rock fans go back nostalgically to the startling, dynamic album that a then unknown Los Angeles rock group quietly released some four years ago on a relatively small folk label called Elektra.



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WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 15)

reason why performers, rock performers, make all the money and are more accepted, because the audience that has all the money is white. The white audience can look up, you know, listen to a record and say, "Gee, that could be me", right? Well, the thing is, what makes it like that is that those musicians and those performers got their thing with the people who are identifying with other black performers. If they didn't identify with black performers, if there was a color barrier, ethnic barrier, they wouldn't be as good as they are . . .

You never hear a white performer say to a black performer, "How are you doing, boy?" Because they know a black performer doesn't like to hear that. You know, people in general don't know what offends a black person, because they never took the time or the patience to find out. But black people know what offends white people. They know everything about white people because they've always had to live in white surroundings. So a white performer would never say anything that would offend a fellow black performer because he knows what would offend him, and he doesn't feel funny about relating to a black person. . . .

When bebop first started, Dizzy Gillespie and all the guys were singing, you know, they were singing songs. They would sing a few phrases, you know, and then

they'd play some more and sing something else. But today some of the jazz musicians are so bound up in ego, you know, that I can imagine when some of the guys hear me sing now, they say that I'm coping out, you know what I mean? I'm not taking my lead from white musicians or popular things, but from my background, from Billy Eckstine. When Billy Eckstine first started, he was also a trumpet player, a trombone player with a band, and his band was the first bebop big band.

Nat King Cole—he was a fantastic piano player. He had classic trios in jazz; Ahmad Jamal and all those people are relating to Nat King Cole's group. He had a group with bass, guitar, and piano. He never said anything. It was fantastic. He never sang, he just played.

I'm singing because I like to and because I'm developing as a performer.

I'd like to see Cecil Taylor play the electric piano. . . .

You know, Johnny (McLaughlin) plays so fantastically; you know, I mean we play good together. I could find no other trumpet player that would make me feel like playing after playing with Miles, right? I could find no saxophone player that I like as much and who has as broad a scope as Wayne Shorter. I could find no other bass player in that style, playing like Ron Carter, or another piano player, so I had to find something completely different to throw myself into . . . instead of trying to carry on that kind of style. It would have been disastrous for me to

try to get a group, a quintet, saxophone, and make nice pleasant records . . . I'd like to be able for people to say, yeah, that's great, you know, but I'm not going out of my way to do it. . . .

Any woman that tells you that she wants—wait a minute, any woman that tells you she wants to go out and work is not black because black women, all through history, have worked more than black men. They were the only ones that could get jobs. They had to bring home the pay and the man had to stay home because he couldn't get a job.

Somebody came back to me and said, "What are you doing about white guys in your band?" That's such a drag, because like I told other people, it's such a thing now, I'm really in the middle of everything. On one side, I've got black militants, you know, and it should be all black, and the rock musicians don't really consider us rock. You know, we're not trying to be rock. They think we're trying to play up to them, and we're not. And I'm not trying to get away from jazz because I want to make money, and that's not it either. I've got all these things coming down on me . . .

. . . Oh, that's a thing. I like all kinds of food. I'm a food freak, all kinds of stuff, raw fish to Wheaties. . . .

I love playing the drums.

Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker . . . even my father . . . I'm not going to let them just be in vain. I'm not going to let the black experience be in vain. 



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The String Player In Jazz, Part III

by David Baker

Contemporary String Players

Contemporary jazz string players are not unlike their non-jazz contemporaries. They embrace a number of overlapping styles and techniques. We will divide the contemporary jazz scene into three broad overlapping categories—swing, post-bebop, and avant garde.

In the swing section are such violinists as Joe Venuti, Eddie South, Stuff Smith, Ray Nance, Ray Perry, Stephane Grappelli, Svend Asmussen, and many of the bass players associated with Dixieland, swing, and groups of pre-bop persuasion.

The swing violinist tends to reflect the musical attitudes of the other swing players. The gap between these violinists and their saxophone or trumpet-playing counterparts is not nearly as wide as it is in other styles. The players tend to concern themselves with vertical structures, arpeggios, chord running, the use of riffs (short repetitive phrases), highly rhythmic playing, decorative figures amending a melody, very little use of extensions of the basic chords, very limited chord substitution and limited uses of the high-tension scales (diminished, Lydian scales, etc.) that are now so popular.

There is much use of the blues scale, particularly in players like Ray Nance. Of course, the compositions which are used as improvisation vehicles have a lot to do with the manner the chords are realized. Many of the players of this persuasion make extended use of a certain kind of humor, invoked by the liberal use of quotes.

Bass players are primarily concerned with their role as time keepers. Their lines are usually triadic, root-fifth based or essentially diatonic. The rhythm is usually four quarter notes to the bar for walking lines and the solos are usually slight modifications of the walking lines (rarely solos in the same sense as the horn soloist of comparable persuasion).

In the post-bebop section we find among others, violinists Grappelli, Asmussen and Jean-Luc Ponty; cellists Ray Brown, Oscar Pettiford, Sam Jones, Eldee Young, Calo Scott, Fred Katz, Ron Carter, David Baker, and bassists Paul Chambers, Percy Heath, Ray Brown, Milt Hinton, Red Mitchell, Monk Montgomery, Charlie Mingus, Richard Davis, Ron Carter, Reggie Workman, Leroy Vinnegar, Larry Ridley and most other heavily recorded bass players.

With post-bebop string players, evidences of stylistic and vocabulary gaps begin to manifest themselves. The violinists rarely seem to have absorbed the bebop vocabulary to the same extent as their horn counterparts. One of the reasons is probably as stated earlier—that very few young violinists are appearing on the scene and

the established players have either been incapable of (or reluctant to) altering their basic styles. One notable exception is the young French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, who seems at home with the language of Charlie Parker, Coltrane and Miles.

The bebop cellists have usually been bass players doubling on cello. Most do not use the bow and many use bass tuning and



Jean-Luc Ponty

these factors create some problems. First, the exclusive use of pizzicato makes impossible parity of speed and facility with other instruments. The color possibilities mentioned earlier are also drastically reduced, so that the very things at which strings are strongest are negated. Bass tuning necessitates more frequent string changes than would cello tuning. On the other hand, the jazz cellist converted from jazz bass brings with him a sense of timing, jazz vocabulary, and know-how that, in many cases, more than compensates for the other shortcomings.

On a generally reduced scale, the jazz cellist uses the vocabulary, syntax, and grammar of the other bebop players. The chords are approached both vertically and horizontally; extensions are much in vogue; substitutions, a high degree of rhythmic sophistication, and all the other attributes of the bebop era are in evidence.

The bebop jazz bassist is generally very much in debt to the father of modern bass, Jimmy Blanton. The things that Blanton pioneered have been brought to fruition by bebop giants Mingus, Pettiford, Ray Brown, Percy Heath and countless others.

As for walking bass, the player is not strongly wedded to the four-quarter-notes-measure, but is more likely to use rhythm accents, drops, slides, slurs, scalar

lines—much more chromaticism, little incidence of repeated notes except for specific musical reasons, very little triad playing and chord outlining. He tends to play a much more melodic line, uses fewer roots, makes much more use of the extensions of the chords, and weaves lines of much greater complexity and subtlety.

For one reason or another, the bebop bass soloist still tends to be more conservative than soloists on other instruments. A combination of eighth notes and quarter notes becomes the basic unit, rather than the eighth note unit used by the horn player. With notable exceptions, one of the prime interests is rhythm rather than melody. There is very little use of the high tension scales, very few of the "hip" licks, patterns, and formulas that contemporary bebop horn players use.

The avant-garde violin is perhaps best exemplified in the playing of Ornette Coleman. The prime concern is not with chord changes and the like, but rather with exploring color possibilities. In general, the result is very similar to the non-jazz counterpart (exemplified in such works as the Berg Violin Concerto, and the works of Luigi Nono, Luciano Berio and Gunther Schuller).

The avant-garde cellist, as typified by Ron Carter, Joel Friedman, and David Baker, is a multi-faceted entity. He seems to embrace the Ornette Coleman (Klangfarben melodie) approach as well as exploring and exploiting other string possibilities. The styles are diverse and run the gamut from the modern romanticism of Berg to atonal and pointillistic tone paintings reminiscent of Webern or Schönberg.

The avant-garde bass player is perhaps the most singularly liberated of all jazz players. He has continued along the lines established in the early '50s by Charlie Mingus and Wilbur Ware.

The new bass player possesses much better technical equipment than his predecessors and usually has much more comprehensive knowledge of music. As a walking bass player his function has shifted, and he is no longer solely a time keeper but rather an integral part of the group. He plays time, melody, spontaneous counterpoint, obbligato comments on the music and in general, contributes to the furtherance of the musical drama.

The lines are characterized by a great deal of angularity, virtuosic display, double time, highly complex, subtle and diverse rhythms, multiple stops, high-level chromaticism, extended use of the upper register, ostinato, pedal points, highly-colored scales, and extreme variety.

The avant-garde bass soloist finds little disparity between his vocabulary and that of his contemporaries. On one hand, the

GIUSEPPE PINO

solos represent a return to the organic via simple folk-like melodies, triadic structures, slides, slurs, and simple rhythms—ala Charlie Haden, Wilbur Ware, and Steve Swallow. On the other hand there is the highly intense virtuosic counterpoint, the lyrical lines and the percussive rhythms of Charlie Mingus, Ron Carter, or Richard Davis.

If the string situation is to improve, what steps must be taken? Aside from the suggestions in Part I, the aspiring jazz string player must have the benefit of the same background as instrumentalists on conventional jazz instruments. He must have teachers who are willing to acknowledge a body of relevant music outside of the narrow confines of European art music. Books, musical studies, solos, record transcriptions, etc., which address themselves to the problem of creating jazz string players must be written and disseminated. The students must be made aware of the works of the small body of performing jazz string players.

Ensembles like stage bands must be expanded to include violins, violas, and cellos. Composer-arrangers must write challenging and interesting arrangements for these new ensembles. Arrangers must resist the temptation to treat strings in the cloying, sentimental manner of past jazz arrangers. Materials must be chosen with the thought of producing jazz players on a level with trumpet, saxophone and trombone players.

The academy must take a much more realistic view of the needs of its string players. The administration, conductors, teachers and other concerned faculty must be reminded of the need to produce well rounded musicians—musicians at home in all musical situations.

Perhaps the above suggestions are not as remote and farfetched as they appear on first encounter. Optimistically, with increase in accredited jazz activities in our universities, the publication of new and relevant jazz texts and other educational materials, and the influx of teachers amenable to change and growth, the jazz string player may no longer be an oddity. 

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Semi-finals for the National College Jazz Festival were held at the acoustically alive Drama Theatre on the campus of San Fernando Valley State College, in Northridge, Cal. Of the three categories, nearby Los Angeles College took two (big band and combo); the host campus won the vocal group honors.

Judges for the big band category (Dee Barton, Clare Fischer and Pat Williams) chose the Los Angeles Valley College band, led by Dick Carlson, over 17 other ensembles from California, Nevada and Arizona. Competition began at the anti-septic hour of 8 a.m. Stan Kenton, who presented the awards, singled out the band's lead trumpeter, Tony Farrell.

Judging the small groups (instrumental and vocal) were Garry Barone, Larry Bunker and Tom Scott. They chose the Los Angeles Valley College Quartet, fronted by bassist Tim Barr. Valley State's own

vocal ensemble, led by Angelo Arvonio, was selected as tops in its class despite the fact that one of the girls in the front line had been stricken with laryngitis.

The winning groups in the semi-finals are eligible to appear at the May 16-17 National College Jazz Festival.

Emcee at San Fernando was disc jockey-jazz promoter Chuck Niles. Joel Leach of the faculty of the Valley State Music department was chairman, and Gene Siegel's orchestra appeared as guest artists.

A relaxed though professional atmosphere pervaded the successful Midwest College Jazz Festival, held April 10-11 at Elmhurst (Ill.) College. Though the music did not reach the heights of previous festivals, it was nonetheless a well-run affair featuring some excellent groups from ten colleges.

The judges chose the Bowling Green (Ohio) State University big band and the combo from the University of Illinois as winners in their respective divisions. In the finals competition were big bands from Eastern Illinois University, the University of Northern Iowa, and also the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band II. The HGJCK Quintet from Michigan State University was the other combo finalist.

Other groups participating were big bands from Triton College (River Grove, Ill.) and Northern Illinois Univ.—both in first-year jazz programs inaugurated by Bob Morsh and Ron Modell, respectively. Modell, a trumpeter with the Dallas Symphony for 15 years, also served as brass clinician and judge.

Individual winners: trumpeter Ben Taylor, Triton College, best brass player; tenorist John Steirt, Bowling Green State Univ., best reed player; pianist Leslie Macleam, Elmhurst College, best rhythm player; and Michael Sullivan, Michigan State Univ., best arranger. Honorable mention selectees: trumpeter Nate Banks, Univ. of Illinois big band, combo; trumpeter Terry Dale, Northern Illinois Univ.; trumpeter Doug Sorensen, Univ. of Northern Iowa; trombonist Carl Hermanson, Univ. of Northern Iowa; saxophonists Ron Bridgewater (Univ. of Illinois), Al Coutant (Eastern Illinois Univ.), and Quint Lang, Elmhurst College; bassist Rudy Penson, DePaul Univ.; and drummers Cameron Phillips (Michigan State Univ. big band) and Jim Ross (Northern Illinois Univ. big band).

The Bowling Green big band (with nine freshmen in its lineup) was perhaps not on an ensemble par with the Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band II but made up for it with its excellent arrangements and improvisation (with John Steirt's tenor sax contributions especially noteworthy). The Jazz Band II played with finesse and drive on two Sammy Nestico originals (*Lonely Street, Basie—Straight Ahead*), Ernie Wilkins' *Broadway Joe* and Clare Fischer's *The Duke*. Following their stint, they backed the vocal category winner, DeDe Garrett, normally featured with the Jazz Band I, who broke it up with her renditions of *Muddy Water* and *Who Can I Turn To*. A most assured and musically performer, Miss Garrett returned later in the program to perform with the Univ. of Illinois combo.

The Univ. of Northern Iowa band, led

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by Jim Coffin, was not up to past performances, but still managed to impress. Their most polished soloist, trumpeter Doug Sorensen, shone on Ray Starling's *Big Swing Face*. Good lead trumpet work and tasty trombones illuminated Dee Barton's arrangement of *Here's That Rainy Day*, and *Dorian Blue*, a typically intriguing Don Piestrup original, was outstanding—as was the bass trombonist—whose chops and intonation must be respected.

The winning Univ. of Illinois combo featured fine solos by trumpeter Nate Banks, tenorist Ron Bridgewater, and pianist Jim McNeely. The HGJCK quintet was excellent, performing Miles Davis' *Nardis*, the Communion segment of an original jazz mass, and the Miles Davis-Ron Carter *Eighty-One*.

The guest band from New Trier West high school (led by Roger Mills, who also served as reed clinician) had just returned from an eight-day tour of Acapulco and Mexico City and turned in an excellent performance.

Judging the event were Mills, Modell, and Marian McPartland and Bob Tilles, who also conducted the rhythm and improvisation clinics. Producer for the host school was Jim Sorensen, assistant professor of music. Karnes Music Co. of Des Plaines, Ill. and down beat co-sponsored the event.

The 1970 Mobile Jazz Festival made a departure from the standard format of most other college festivals in choosing no overall winners but only finalist groups to perform in the Saturday night performance.

Six finalists were selected from a field of nine stage bands and six combos.

The purpose of the change was to allow the musicians to perform for the audience on the final night rather than for the judges. Musicians, band directors, judges and festival officials all agreed that the format change was a success.

The rapport between musicians and audience was amazing. The audience seemed to anticipate each phrase, riff and accent, to the delight of the musicians.

The bands seemed to work harder to please the audience than they had to please the judges in the preliminary competition.

The high school segment of the festival was not changed; an overall winner and three state winners were named.

Finalists performing in the 1970 Mobile Jazz Festival were: Loyola Univ. Jazz Lab Band; Morehead State Univ. Stage Band, and the Southeastern Louisiana College Stage Band; The Ray Fransen Quintet from Loyola Univ.; The Texas Southern Univ. Jazz Ensemble, and the Univ. of Florida Jazz Quintet.

The Ball State Univ. Debs and the Holy Cross High School Stage Band from New Orleans, La., overall winner of the high school competition this year, also performed in the final performance.

The Murphy High School Stage Band won first place in the Alabama high school band competition with Vigor High School, also of Mobile, placing second, and Berry High School of Birmingham third.

Receiving merit awards for outstanding performances in the collegiate competition festival were Barrie Hall, Texas Southern Univ., trumpet; Bill Kelly, Loyola Univ.,

bass; Pat Turner, Glassboro State College, alto sax; Quentin Lane, Univ. of Alabama, organ; Ronnie Eschote, Loyola Univ., guitar; Reggie Houston, Texas Southern Univ., baritone sax; Morris Stohman, LSUNO, piano; Teddy Ludwig, Loyola Univ., alto sax; Johnny Brown, Morehead State Univ., lead trumpet; Brooks Callahan, Morehead State Univ., trombone; Raoul Jerome, Univ. of Southern Mississippi, best band director; Joe Byrne, Glassboro State College, tenor sax; Ray Fransen, Loyola Univ., drums; Mike Palumbo, Southeastern Louisiana College, drums, and Joe Messina, Southeastern Louisiana, trumpet.

Judges for the collegiate festival were trombonist Urbie Green; guitarist Mundell Lowe; composer-arranger Thad Jones, and bassist Larry Ridley.

High school festival judges were pianist Al Green; down beat publisher Charles Suber, and pianist Larry Kole.

High school merit award winners were Jeff Meyer, drums, Holy Cross High School; Tommy Walker, euphonium, Murphy High School; Mike Genevay, trombone, Holy Cross; Thelia Bolar, vocalist, Vigor High School; Jeff Kornder, drums, Bowie High School of Bowie, Md.; Roy D'Aquila, tenor sax, Holy Cross; Glen Hildesheim, pianist, Vigor High School; Kenneth Cotogno, trumpet, Holy Cross; Mike Wells, trombone, Davidson High School; Richie Franz, alto sax, Holy Cross; Les Hamner, guitar, Tuscaloosa County High School; George Plaeger, trumpet, Holy Cross; Dale Carley, trumpet, Bowie High School; Barry Basile, arranger, Holy Cross. The entire brass section of the Holy Cross Band also won an outstanding performance award.

Ten high school bands competed in the 1970 festival.

Campus Ad Lib: The Third Annual Eastern College Jazz Festival, held at Quinnipiac College, Hamden Conn. April 17-18, had the following winners: Big Band, Kent State (Ohio) Univ., directed by Walter Watson; Combo, the Bill Dobbins Quartet, Kent State Univ. Individual award winners: outstanding percussionist, Paul Edelman, Philadelphia Musical Academy; outstanding trumpeter, Larman Weitzel, Kent State Univ.; best woodwind player, John Davis, PMA; best trombonist, Dale Devoe, PMA; and best arranger, Devoe. Clark Terry, Ernie Wilkins, Marian McPartland, Clem DeRosa, and Bob Share served as judges and Sam Costanzo was festival director . . . Triton College and Drums Unlimited of Chicago co-sponsored a clinic-concert featuring Don Lamond at the college's Fine Arts Building . . . A program entitled *Youth Experimental Opera Workshop* (YEOW) has been introduced into the Atlanta, Ga. public school system as a full-time academic credit course during the spring quarter. Limited to forty selected students in the upper grades, the emphasis is on an improvisational approach to music, drama, films and video tapes . . . The Glassboro State College Department of Music presented *An Evening of All Star Jazz* April 16 featuring trumpeter Clark Terry, tenor saxophonist Ernie Wilkins, pianist Marian McPartland, bassist Mike Moore and drummer Mousie Alexander.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

their friend Studs Terkel's book on the depression, *Hard Times* . . . Bobby Timmons was at Duff's on Christopher St. in April . . . A special treat occurred at the April 5 Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra gig at the Village Vanguard when pianist Tommy Flanagan and drummer Ed Thigpen sat in . . . Pianist Dave Burrell left for Rabat, Casablanca, Tangiers and Portugal and will return in May . . . Bassist Jack Bruce has joined the Tony Williams Lifetime . . . Sun Ra's Astro-Sonic Orchestra continued at the Greenwich Village Red Garter through April . . . The Joe Beck Duo held forth at Bradley's on University Place . . . Slugs' had Tony Williams Lifetime for a week in April followed by Gary Burton's Quartet . . . Gil Evans' group was heard in a rare concert April 19 at the Village Vanguard . . . Pink Floyd played two Thursday concerts at Fillmore East April 9 and 16 . . . *Making Music Together*, a benefit to provide funds for musical training of New York City's underprivileged, was held April 19 at the Goose and Gherkin Pub. Among the performers were Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell, and Richard Davis . . . The trios of Bill Evans and George Benson did a three-day engagement at the Village Vanguard April 16-18 . . . Mayor John Lindsay proclaimed April as Jazz Month in New York City . . . Sy Oliver's new nine-piece unit continued through April at the Down Beat, along with the Lou Stein Trio, with bassist Al Lucas and drummer Jackie Williams . . . George Shearing played Plaza 9 through April 26 . . . The Holiday Inn Lounge at 86th St. in Brooklyn featured the Vince Anthony-Ike Hamilton Trio (Anthony, tenor sax; Hamilton, organ, Paul Watson, drums) . . . Trombonist Vic Dickenson joined the World's Greatest Jazz Band on a permanent basis. Benny Morton replaced him with the Bobby Hackett group (Dave McKenna, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass, Cliff Leeman, drums). The WGJB, with trumpeters Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield, trombonists Kai Winding and Lou McGarity, soprano saxist-clarinetist Bob Wilber, tenorist Bud Freeman, pianist Ralph Sutton, bassist Bob Haggart, and drummer Gus Johnson, were featured on the April 9 *Tonight Show*. Freeman celebrated his 64th birthday April 13 . . . Allan Pepper and Stan Snadowsky resigned from Jazz Interactions to concentrate full time on their production company, Alstan Productions, Inc., which currently has two bands, Prodigal Son and King Biscuit Blues Band under its management . . . The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble has signed with Columbia Records. The group will perform at the Key Club and Ronnie Scott's in London, and at the Universities of Cambridge, Liverpool and Sussex on their first British tour . . . The Roland Alexander-Kiane Zawadi Quintet did an April 5 concert at Brooklyn's Muse. With the group: Pianist Donald Jordan, bassist Hakim Jami, and drummer Art Lewis . . . Grachan Moncur III did a Monday night at the Sign of the Zodiac

April 13 along with Warren Chiasson, vibes; Mickey Bass, bass, and Sonny Brown, drums . . . Illustration, a new 10-piece Canadian jazz-rock band, appeared with Small Faces at Ungano's . . . Chico Hamilton opened a 3-week engagement at the Village Gate and had his drums stolen after the first night . . . Mongo Santamaria sustained a hand injury and could not fulfill his April 17 Fillmore East engagement with Ray Charles, the Raelettes, and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet . . . An April 12 *Jazz Vespers* at St. Peter's had the Jual Curtis group (Ramon Morris, tenor sax; Richard Wyands, piano; Lawrence Evans, bass, Curtis, drums) . . . Charles Tolliver's group played the Port of Call East the Weekend of April 13; the following weekend featured Freddie Hubbard . . . The Hartford Jazz Society presented Raahsan Roland Kirk's Quintet April 12 . . . The Village Gate had the Elvin Jones Trio featuring reed man Joe Farrell and bassist Wilbur Little and the Freddie Hubbard Quintet April 10-11 . . . The Gary Lawrence Quartet (Ken Sulzbacker, tenor sax, clarinet; Lawrence, piano; David Shapiro, bass, Barry Jekowsky, drums) played a noon concert at Cooper Union April 14 . . . An April 12 session at Uncle John's Straw Hat featured Taft Jordan and his Mob. With the trumpeter were pianist Nat Pierce, bassist Gene Ramey, and drummer Jo Jones. Pianist Cyril Haynes was the intermission soloist . . . Guitarist Dave Bromberg appeared April 13 at Washington Square Church in concert . . . Fillmore East presented Santana, It's A Beautiful Day and The American Dream April 10-12. Tom Paxton's only New York appearance was at the Fillmore April 5 . . . Ten Wheel Drive, a hard rock group featuring vocalist Genya Ravan, did two nights at Long Island's Action House April 10-11. Lee Michaels played the House April 3-4 . . . The new drummer with Jefferson Airplane is Joey Covington, who replaces Spencer Dryden, their drummer for five years . . . Cal Massey is planning the second annual Jazz on the Hudson boat trip. Last year's event was highly successful and this year's mid-June excursion will feature, among others, the groups of Pharoah Sanders and Freddie Hubbard . . . Silver Meter has joined Creedence Clearwater for an April tour of Europe . . . Third World Records, a new independent label, recently issued its first release, *Freedom and Unity*, featuring the Clifford Thornton New Art Ensemble (Joe McPhee, trumpet; Thornton, valve trombone; Sonny King, alto; Karl Berger, vibes; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Harold Avant, drums).

Los Angeles: Despite around-the-clock efforts of work crews, the invitational opening of the Coconut Grove had to be delayed for a few days. Sammy Davis Jr. headlined at the club for the first two weeks . . . The Century Plaza Hotel was the scene of successive openings April 13 and 14 headlining male vocalists R.B. Greaves and O.C. Smith. Greaves opened at the Hong Kong Bar, backed by a septet that included Dave Brubeck's son, Darius,

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on piano. Smith was headliner at the West-side Room, using his own rhythm section (Kirk Lightsey, piano; Lewis Large, bass; Donald Dean, drums, Joe Clayton, congas) with Al Pelligrini's orchestra . . . Hampton Hawes and bassist Leroy Vinnegar are in their sixth month at the International Host, near Los Angeles International Airport. The duo plays for cocktail hours Tuesday through Sunday. Jack Lewerke is producing an album of Hamp's originals for the Vault label. For that session, Donald Bailey was added on drums . . . Some fancy sitting-in going on at Redd Foxx's: during Sarah Vaughan's opening, Carmen McRae, Della Reese and Esther Phillips came up on stage. Louis Jordan was the next attraction at the club, and he was to be followed by Mongo Santamaria and Gene Ammons. Ammons was a special Monday night guest at the Pied Piper recently and his appearance engendered some more noteworthy sitting-in: Spanky Wilson, Bobby Bryant, Phineas Newborn Jr., Walter Bishop Jr. and Karen Hernandez. Another recent Monday guest at the Pied Piper was Willie Bobo, currently at Memory Lane . . . The Parisian Room has its own Monday thing going, with Jimmy Smith showing up with great regularity and backing Arthur Prysock who is in town for TV tapings and promotion for his Starday-King albums . . . Lorez Alexandria, pianist Sam Fletcher, Esther Phillips, and bassist Ike Isaacs' Trio, with Jack Wilson on piano, appeared at the Yashimiro Gardens for the Regalettes' special show. Fletcher is now at the Club Libra, having replaced singer Bruce Cloud . . . Another big bash, put together by Nancy Wilson, was held at the Shrine Auditorium as a benefit concert for the National Urban League. Miss Wilson is a newly-elected member of the League's Board of Directors, and heads up its 1970 membership drive. In addition to Miss Wilson, there were Joe Williams, Cannonball Adderley and his quintet, and Bobby Bryant and his orchestra . . . Eddie Harris played Shelly's Manne-Hole, replete with amplification and hybrid horn (a sax mouthpiece grafted onto a trumpet) and half-new quartet—at least to Los Angeles: Jody Christian, electric piano; Louis Spears, bass, and Thurman Turner, drums. They were followed by Miles Davis . . . The Three Sounds worked the Lighthouse for two weeks, followed by Gabor Szabo . . . Mike Barone brought his band to Los Angeles Valley College for a noon concert . . . Don Scott's 15-piecer, the Swing Era Showcase Band, is continuing its series of dance dates—most recently at the Sunset Hills Country Club, in Thousand Oaks, and the New Odyssey Club, in Mission Hills. Trombonist Bob Havens and trumpeter Johnny Rinaldo were featured at both dates . . . Count Basie played a two-concert one-nighter at the Lido, in Studio City . . . Donte's kept the big band sounds alive during April, featuring Louis Bellson, Stan Kenton, Mike Barone, Dee Barton and Gene Estes. Combos recently featured: Al Viola, Gabor Szabo, Phineas Newborn Jr., and a group co-led by Joe Pass and Don Menza. Teddy Buckner held forth each Tuesday, with Caughey Roberts, soprano sax; Chester Lane, pi-

ano; Art Edwards, bass, and Jesse Sables, drums. Sitting in on occasion: trombonist Roy Brewer, who led a Dixieland combo at Donte's while Buckner fulfilled a nine-day gig at Disneyland. Taking care of weekends at Donte's: The Barney Kessel Cornucopia (Kessel, guitar; Emmett Chapman, nine-string guitar (his own invention); Ray Neapolitan, Fender bass, and Jim Troxel, drums). Not just a pick-up group; Kessel plans to keep his cornucopia intact . . . Mort Sahl managed to sneak in four nights at the club, and there was even a combo called the Allan Beutler Gator Creek Swamp Band . . . Current line-up for the Pilgrimage Theatre: Kellie Greene, May 17; Bill Plummer and the Cosmic Brotherhood, May 24; the J.J. Wiggins Trio plus the Don Cunningham Quartet, May 31 . . . Chuck Rowan returned to Los Angeles after a four-month tour of his native Kansas City. Rowan, who used to sing with Louis Bellson, is the first attraction at the new Chalons Manchester . . . KBCA D.J. Chuck Niles continues to pack the Surf Rider in Santa Monica with good groups. A recent Sunday matinee line-up included the John Klemmer Quintet, the Phineas Newborn Jr. Trio; Bob Brookmeyer's Quartet; Jimmy Witherspoon, and Donald Bailey's Quartet, with the drummer doubling on amplified harmonica . . . Sergio Mendes is in the midst of a month-long Far East and European tour . . . The Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band is touring the U.S. in six weeks of one-nighters . . . Billy Preston closed at the Whiskey A GoGo and left for London to complete his album for Apple—to be produced by George Harrison . . . Lionel Hampton is set to bring his band into the Century Plaza to serenade ABC-TV executives when they unveil next season's products June 23.

Chicago: Donations and proceeds from the April 5 benefit for the widow and family of Rev. Robert Owen, Chicago's "Night Pastor," amounted to more than \$4,000. Over 750 attended the event at Jazz Ltd., which featured the Salty Dogs; the Judy Roberts Trio; Danny Williams' All Stars with Barrett Deems; the Kenny Soderblom Quintet with Wilbur Campbell; Art Hodes' Band with bass trumpeter Cy Touff; the Eddie Higgins Trio; Dave Remington and the Seven Friends (a group that once recorded for Father Owen, including trumpeter Norm Murphy, guitarist Marty Grosz, drummer Bob Cousins); and Bobby Lewis' Pieces of Eight. A closing jam session featured trombonist Ralph Hutchinson and clarinetist Frank Chace, among others, and Jazz Ltd. owners Bill and Ruth Reinhardt provided the club, liquor, and all services at no charge. Drummer Cousins did yeoman service, backing various groups in three straight sets. The Chicago Federation of Musicians, Local 10-208, granted permission for the musicians to donate their services . . . Woody Herman's Herd was in town for an Apr. 21 date at the Rush-Up and an April 24 dance at the Frontier Lodge in nearby Elgin . . . The groups of Cannonball Adderley, Ramsey Lewis, and Jack McDuff were presented in concert at the Auditorium Theatre April

12 . . . The Edge Lounge featured a Dixieland matinee concert April 19 including trumpeter Smokey Stover, trombonist-leader Georg Brunis, former Dukes of Dixieland clarinetist Jerry Fuller, pianist George Zack, and drummers Barrett Deems and Tony Bellson . . . Wayne Cochran and his C.C. Riders did a one-nighter April 12 at Lally's, a no-alcohol teenage house at State and Chestnut . . . The newly-reopened Aragon Ballroom featured Pink Floyd, Rotary Connection, and Mason Proffit on April 12 . . . A rock 'n' roll revival concert at the Civic Opera House featured Bill Haley and the Comets, Bo Diddley, Shirley and the Shirelles and others April 11 . . . Long-time local pianist Eddie Higgins (leader of the resident trio at the London House for ten years) moves to Fort Lauderdale, Fla. in June where he has purchased a home . . . Pianist Hazel Scott's Trio was the April attraction at the London House . . . A new group, the Sounds of Swing, debuted May 10 at the North Park Hotel. Devoted to some of the better swing material of Benny Goodman, Fats Waller, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan, Jimmy Lunceford, etc., the group is led by guitarist-arranger Marty Grosz and features Norm Murphy, trumpet; Harry Graves, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet, tenor sax; Billy Usselman, tenor sax; Joe Johnson, piano; Joe Levinson, bass, and Bob Cousins, drums. The group will also present Sunday afternoon sessions June 7 and July 5 at the North Park . . . A co-op group, Integral, did an April 22 concert at the First Unitarian Church, featuring Leo Smith, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Lester Lashley, trombone, and Henry Threadgill, reeds . . . Grounded by the air traffic controllers' strike, Max Roach was unable to present his scheduled clinic March 30 at Drums Unlimited. A group consisting of Larry Novak, piano; Phil Upchurch, guitar; Richard Evans, bass; and Marshall Thompson, drums, entertained the disappointed throng.

Detroit: The Detroit-based Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor sax; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass, Danny Spencer, drums) broke it up at a concert at the Oberlin (Ohio) Finney Chapel. The group's next performance is at the Hart House Auditorium in Toronto . . . Soon to be featured at the Art Institute is Music Inc. (Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Stanley Cowell, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums) . . . The Harold Land-Bobby Hutchinson Quintet, with pianist Stanley Cowell, bassist Herbie Lewis, drummer Joe Chambers, Jr., recently closed at Baker's Keyboard. Charlie Eubanks filled in competently during the absence of Cowell . . . Trumpeter Marcus Belgrave, a local favorite and a longtime member of Harold McKinney's group, is recuperating in Montreal. He can be written at Notre Dame Hospital, Intensive Care Unit, 1560 Sherwood Montreal, Quebec. A recent benefit concert for the trumpeter featured the Aretha Franklin Concert Band, led by trumpeter Donald Townes,

and Hindel Butts' Sounds of Music, featuring Gordon Campbell, trumpet; Donald Walden, tenor sax; Prof. Hirosono Cox, piano; Funky Skull Melvin Jackson, bass, and Carolyn Franklin, vocals. Also appearing were the Chain Reaction, John Trudell's big band, the Norris Patterson Orchestra, Ted Sheeley's Trio, the Charlie Gabriel Quartet, the John Hair Quintet and others . . . Hair's group continues at the Blue Bird Inn, with Joe Thurman, tenor sax; Hair, trombone; Boo Boo Turner, piano; Robert Allen, bass, and James Youngblood, drums. The group, whose recording contract is as yet unfinalized, was recently joined at the Blue Bird Inn by the Roy Brooks Quintet (Woody Shaw, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor sax; George Cables, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Brooks, drums) and a beautiful reunion ensued with visitors Alice Coltrane and Gene Ammons sitting in . . . Drummer Danny Spencer leads a group comprised of pianist Bob Budson, bassist Jim Bunning, and vocalist Peggy Kaye, at the Lafayette Orleans . . . Focus Novi, a refreshing new group, performed in concert at the Detroit Repertory Theatre . . . Performing in various combinations at the El Sol recently were Clyde Savage, trumpet; John Mayhem, trumpet, piano; Jim Stephenson, tenor sax; Charles Miles, piano, flute, timbales; Manuel Berberian, bass, and Jorge Pardo and George Franks, conga drum, bongos, timbales . . . The Chateau had the Sounds of Music recently, led by drummer Hindal Butts and featuring tenorist Don Walden, pianist James Cox, and bassist Dedrick Glover . . . Harpist Dorothy Ashby continues at the Cafe Gourmet . . . The Contemporary Jazz Quintet and Music Inc. are preparing a large music festival at McCumber High School in Toledo . . . In Ann Arbor, the Don Gillis Trio, with drummer Bud Spangler, holds forth at the Sheridan Motor Inn upstairs . . . The Helmut Pistor Big Jazz-Rock Band continues at the Sheridan Ballroom . . . The Iris Bell Trio remains in residence at the Rubaiyat . . . The Waterfall features a group led by drummer Danny Spencer . . . Toby Steel and Harrison Crabfeather are planning a farewell gig for artist-vocalist Cy Nan Belwor.

New Jersey: The Skip Jackson Quintet (Hank White, fluegelhorn; David Wilson, trombone; Garry Hart, tenor sax; Jackson, organ, Charlie Slade, drums) did week-long engagements at the Cadillac Club in Newark and the Sterling House in Montclair in March. Jackson was followed at the Cadillac by guitarist Grant Green's group (Claude Barteaux, tenor sax; Anita Green, organ; Buck Jones, drums) . . . Guitarist Melvin Sparks did a Tuesday-nighter recently at the Cadillac Club with organist Ruben Wilson and drummer Tommy Derrick. Vibist Chico Mendoza opened at the Cadillac for two weeks with tenorist-flutist Herb Morgan, pianist Tom Adams, bassist Kees Van Baaren . . . The Key Club featured Clarence Perry and the Harmonics (Perry, tenor sax; Richard McCaure, organ; Ralph Byrd, guitar, Odonnell Williams, drums). The

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regular Tuesday night attraction at the club is the Specks Williams Trio with Hayes Johnson, guitar; Williams, organ; Nat Yarborough, drums, and Barbra Sharpe, vocals . . . The Jimmy Anderson Trio (Anderson, tenor sax; Billy Gardner, organ, Ed Crawford, drums) is the weekend attraction at Earl's Suburban Nook in Newark . . . Trumpeter Ted Curson, with organist Sonny Phillips, drummer Clifford Barbare, and vocalists Le-Doris and Byrdie Green, played Montclair's Sterington House in late March . . . Jam sessions highlight the Monday night activity at Pitts Rendezvous in Newark.

Dallas: After a long fall and winter of scant activity, there is much jazz to be heard locally once again. Perhaps the most ambitious and challenging project is taking place at the Hotel Adolphus, where the storied Century Room has reopened with a jazz format. Appearing at the downtown club Wednesday through Saturday evenings with a Sunday afternoon session is the **Dick Durham** Trio. Pianist-composer Durham has played numerous spots in his native East Coast area, and his first local date features **John Gianelli**, bass, and **Gary Denton**, drums, both NTSU students . . . Sunday matinees have also been revived at the Woodman Auditorium, the Villager (extending jazz to seven nights a week) and Fort Worth's La Carouselle (with the Clayton Mitchell Quartet). The Villager's session features **Juvey Gomez'** group with guest appearances by **Jack Petersen**, drummer **Paul Guerrero**, **Jac** and **Nipper Murphy** and others . . . For nightly jazz, there is the **Murphy** trio at the Villager, **Gomez** at the Hyatt House Touché Lounge, the talented **Roger Boykin** and his **Nu-Sounds** at Club Lark (**Marchel Ivory**, tenor sax; **Boykin**, piano and guitar; **Johnny Woods**, bass; **William Richardson**, drums, and **Rhett Kelly**, vocals); the **Red Garland** Trio, with **Charles Scott**, bass; and **Walter Winn**, drums (weekends at the Arandas); and a new **Blue Monday** session at the Gemini 101 featuring tenormen **Ivory** and **James Clay** plus trumpeter **Willie T. Albert** . . . Former Dallas bassist **Louis Spears** has joined the **Eddie Harris** group . . . A local vocal-instrumental group, the **Expressions** (**Bob Kelley**, **Jerry Brown**, **Kirby St. Romain**, **Frank Cole** and **Joe Ramsey**)

returned from Hot Springs, Ark. for an engagement at the Loser's Club . . . Recent one-nighters featured **Blood**, **Sweat & Tears**, **Led Zeppelin**, **Jefferson Airplane**, and **John Mayall** . . . The **Supremes**, whose Fairmont Hotel date was one of their first since the addition of **Jean Terrell**, had a surprise visitor opening night in **Diana Ross**. The girls also added an extra Sunday matinee to their schedule . . . The newest Dallas pop-rock spot, the **Dunes**, has signed popular **Jerry Fisher** on a till-further-notice basis . . . Kansas City bassist **John Rigney**, former **Teddy Wilson**, **Mose Allison** and **Red Norvo** sideman, has joined the group of pianist **Dave Zoller** and his wife, vocalist **Bettye Pierce** and will be appearing with them through the spring at the **Rafters Club**, **The Attic** and **Fort Worth's Town Pump**. Rounding out the quartet is drummer **Chuck Griffin** . . . Another popular husband-wife duo, **John** and **Barbara Kauffman**, will comprise the house group in their own new club, the **Apple Tree**, to open later this spring near downtown Dallas.

Toronto: *The Jazz At The Symphony* concert series, reduced to two this season, nevertheless brought capacity audiences to **Massey Hall** when the **Duke Ellington** Orchestra and the **Dave Brubeck** Trio with **Gerry Mulligan** were featured. The Ellingtonians returned a few weeks later to play before a packed house at the **Royal York Hotel Imperial Room** . . . Vocalist **Joe Williams** did a two-week stint at the **Colonial Tavern**, backed by the **Bernie Sadinsky** Trio . . . **McCoy Tyner** did a weekend at **Matt Muldoon's** club with alto-soprano saxist **Gary Bartz**, bassist **Herbie Lewis** and drummer **Freddie Waits** . . . The **Ray Anthony** revue continues to attract crowds at the **Beverly Hills Motor Hotel** . . . Clarinetist **Henry Cuesta** was the first attraction in a jazz concert series at the new **St. Lawrence Center** for the Arts. With him were **Bob Livingston**, trombone; **Frank Wright**, vibes; **John Arpin**, piano; **Bill Turner**, bass; **Don Vickery**, drums, and special guest **Trump Davidson**, whose **Dixieland** band had performed at the Center a few days earlier . . . Pianist **Tony Collacutt** is back on the local music scene with **CHIMO**, a new jazz-rock band.

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