

JUNE 25, 1970

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**JETHRO TULL'S BAG:  
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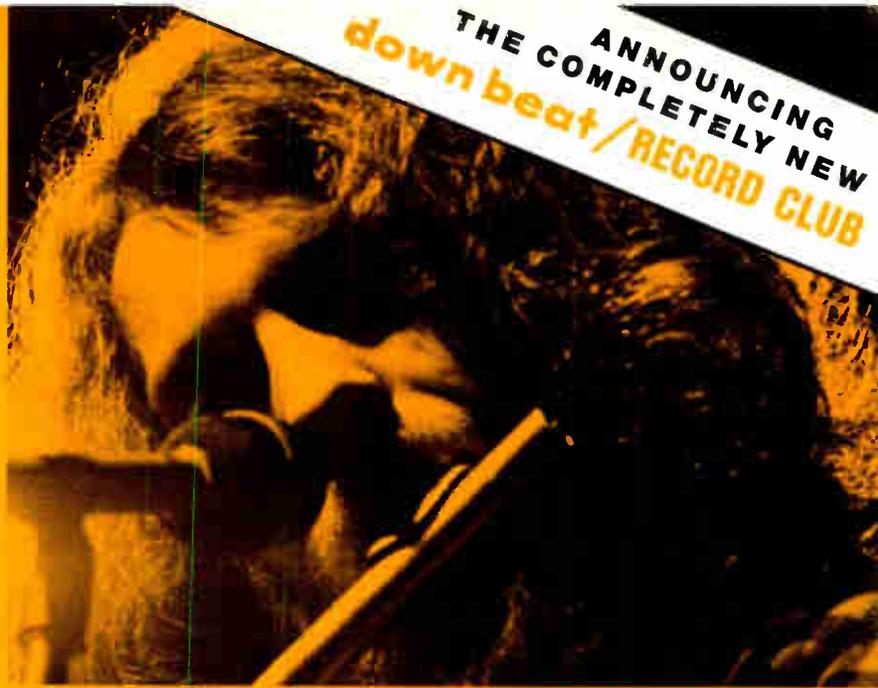


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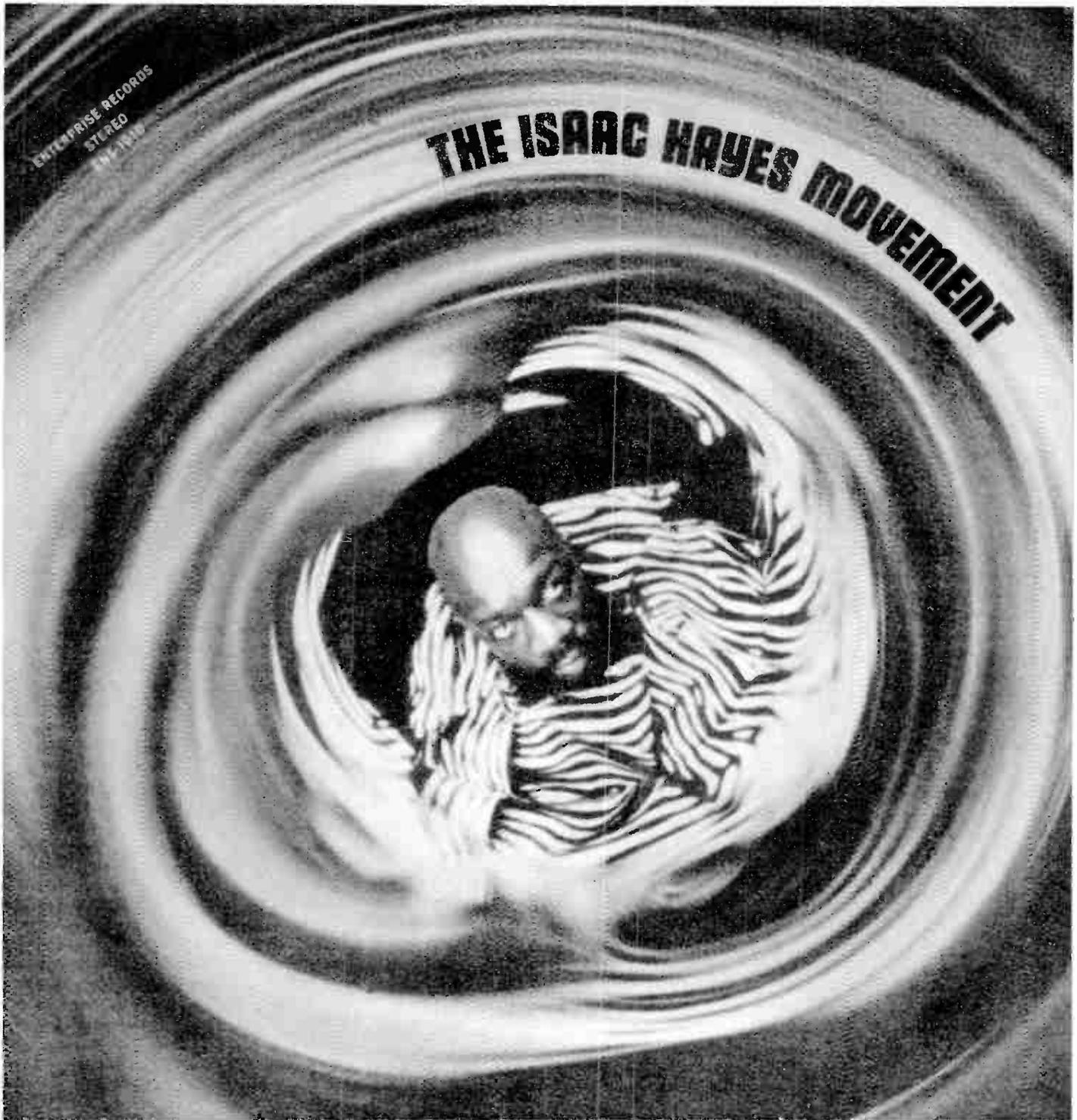


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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Come Together

I purchased your May 14, 1970 issue and found it to be very informative and meaningful. In reading your interviews with Pete Townshend and Sun Ra, I (found) support for an idea that has been developing in my head for some time.

It seems that the Who and Sun Ra, although categorically different in terms of music (rock and jazz), are moving towards a universal musical and spiritual expression. Sun Ra's intergalactic music

and Pete Townshend's rock, although *approached* in different directions, both seek an awareness which involves not only the musicians but the audiences as well. Much of modern jazz and rock has moved from the areas of technical expression and mere entertainment into an area of mind-consciousness release and into a greater religious awareness.

Certainly the majestic work of John Coltrane parallels the devotion and sincerity of Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, for instance. (*Dig Dark Star* or *Live Dead*. I have heard rumors that Garcia broke into tears of joy while playing this number in a recent New York performance.) Pharoah Sanders has been jamming and doing work with a New Jersey rock

group called Insect Trust. In other words, (to the chagrin of jazz and rock purists alike) an eventual and inevitable merger between rock and jazz music is evolving, and total "intergalactic music" is no passing fancy.

In this light, the Ginger Baker-Elvin Jones ego conflict seems rather absurd. The fact that Baker worked with Cream, a group that perhaps contributed the most to freedom of expression in rock, and that Jones has worked with people like Coltrane who made the same contribution to jazz that Cream did to rock, makes it obvious that both men are doing their utmost to elevate music to a universal level. Comparing the two in terms of prowess is therefore an insult to both of their artistic and spiritual goals. Thank you for a fine issue of *down beat*.

Bill McCormick

New Milford, Conn.

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## Jazz in Russia

As Business Manager of the University of Minnesota's Concert Band Ensemble, which toured ten cities in Russia from April 1, 1969 to May 20, 1969 under the auspices of the U.S. Cultural Exchange Program, I was keenly interested in the April 30, 1970 feature on Prof. John Garvey's experiences in Russia with his University of Illinois Jazz Band.

I would like to quote from an article I wrote at the completion of our tour:

A number of us were fortunate enough to be present at two different jazz sessions—the first . . . at the Philharmonic Hall in Leningrad; and the second . . . at a Young Peoples Coffee House in Moscow following our first concert in that city.

At the first session a number of drummers were present, many hornmen, a fine pianist, and myself on bass. Three different Russian drummers played—each of them was very exciting—seemingly having listened to the Tony Williams school of drummers. With the exception of the trombone player, who is said to double on other instruments as well and had an excellent jazz feel but very little technique, all were very excellent instrumentalists, musicians, and jazz players. It must be remarked that it seemed obvious that each player had a favorite notable jazzman that he listened to a great deal, for each of the musicians came across imitating a recognizable jazz style and tone . . .

The second session was a repeat of the first, with totally different personnel, but equally great talent and performance. I should mention that our own Stan Kaess was fortunate enough to find an old tuba behind the bandstand, and thoroughly gassed the assembled young people . . . "I have the deepest admiration and respect for the jazz musicians with whom we came in contact. Should anyone be interested in listening to same, I have a cassette recording of the Leningrad jam session, and records of the 1966 and 1967 Moscow Jazz Festivals. All of them contain very good sounds. They can be obtained by contacting me at 6206 Jeanine Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40219.

James H. Morton

Louisville, Ky.

# down beat

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## THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IT WAS THE BEST school jazz festival ever held. "It was one of the best jazz festivals of any kind that I have attended." The first statement is a true consensus of participants in the National College Jazz Festival, held at the magnificent Krannert Center For The Performing Arts at the University of Illinois in Urbana, May 16-17. The second accolade came from Willis Conover, the jazz Voice of America and the festival's master of ceremonies, who is certainly qualified to make the evaluation.

Why was it so good? Who did what? A complete NCJF review will appear in the next issue of *down beat*, on sale June 25. Right now, I would like to talk about some of the things the festival meant.

This festival proved beyond argument that a competitive format is not necessary to motivate top performances or to attract sizable audiences. The college players from the six affiliated regional festivals were conscious of their role in representing the many, many good school jazz ensembles now in existence. The guest bands were equally aware of their responsibility.

The presence of the guest performers—Clark Terry, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Lalo Schifrin, Benny Carter, Gary Burton, and Quincy Jones—had a visible effect on the school players. They were accepted as equals by the professionals and measured up to this acceptance. The professionals felt similarly challenged. For example, Schifrin had not originally planned to perform; he was there to consider individual musicians for scholarship awards. But he couldn't just sit by; he asked for equal time and he got it. Mulligan was slated to play only on Sunday evening, but he jumped at the chance to do the afternoon session as well. Terry had so much confidence in the Millikin band, though he had never performed with it before, that he merely sent the charts ahead and briefly discussed tempos just before going on. There was a standing ovation at the end of this performance.

This festival also demonstrated the personal and musical continuity of jazz among the players. Benny Carter, before his performance at the NCJF, was to almost all of the school musicians (and most of the audience) a name out of the jazz past. It was beautiful to hear and see the Carter legend come alive and soar through the Great Hall; to watch everyone's fascinated attention at his reed clinic Saturday morning; and to hear Cannonball Adderley dedicate a pure-toned ballad to Carter.

The general atmosphere of the festival was conducive to easy listening and dedicated playing. There was no feeling of the exploitation of the musicians for somebody else's benefit that has been apparent at some other school music events. There was also no apology that this was a jazz festival, not a rock or folk festival, in order to satisfy a sponsor's taste. The success of the festival—artistically and financially—also means a great deal to the John F. Kennedy Center For The Performing Arts and its artistic administrator, George London, who laid his reputation on the line to provide the seed money the festival needed.

But the deepest meaning of the festival now lies within each musician. His ability to create and inspire was given purpose. What else is more important? **REB**

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## JOHNNY HODGES 1906-1970

Alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges, 63, died May 11 in New York City. He collapsed while on a visit to his dentist. Hodges suffered what was described as a mild heart attack last year.

Johnny Hodges was one of the greatest soloists in jazz, and, along with Benny Carter and Charlie Parker, the music's most influential alto saxophonist.

Born John Cornelius Hodges in Cambridge, Mass., he started on drums and



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

piano and was self-taught on saxophone, except for some informal lessons from Sidney Bechet, in whose band he played in New York in 1924.

Prior to coming to New York, he played with Bobby Sawyer's band in Boston. After Bechet, who was a profound influence, Hodges worked with Lloyd Scott, Walter Johnson, and Chick Webb. It was while he was in the latter's band in 1928 that Duke Ellington heard and hired him. With the exception of the period from 1951-55, when he led his own group, Hodges' entire subsequent career was spent with the Ellington Orchestra.

From the moment he joined Ellington until his death, Hodges was one of the key members of the band. His inimitable, personal sound became one of the primary colors in the Ellington palette, both as a solo voice and in the reed section.

The Hodges sound was one of the landmarks of jazz. Rich, full, supple and singing, it could be soft and voluptuous, brusque and sinewy—but always it was unmistakably his own. In his earlier years, he specialized in swinging up-tempo playing, characterized by a rhythmic fluency and harmonic imagination beyond the ken of most contemporaries. From the mid-'30s on, and particularly during the

last 20 years of his career, Hodges was perhaps best known for his sensuous, romantic ballad playing. He was a master in this role, but it was only one side of his musical personality. He also excelled in medium-tempo blues and as a creator of sparkling riffs, for instance.

In addition to his magnificent sound and

Never the world's most highly animated showman or greatest stage personality, but a tone so beautiful it sometimes brought tears to the eyes. This was Johnny Hodges. This is Johnny Hodges.

Because of this great loss our band will never sound the same. Johnny Hodges and his unique tonal personality have gone to join the ever so few inimitables, those whose sounds stand unimitated, to say the least: Art Tatum, Sidney Bechet, Django Reinhardt, Billy Strayhorn . . .

Johnny Hodges never overdid, never underdid. He just played alto saxophone. Johnny Hodges sometimes sounded beautiful, sometimes romantic, and sometimes people spoke of his tone as being sensuous. I've heard women say his tone was so compelling. He played numbers like *Jeep's Blues*, *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, *All of Me*, *Sunny Side of the Street*, *Billy Strayhorn's Passion Flower* and *Day Dream*, and many, many more.

With the exception of a year or so, almost his entire career was with us. Many came and many left, sometimes to return. So far as our wonderful listening audience was concerned, there was a great feeling of expectancy when they looked up and saw Johnny Hodges sitting there in the middle of the sax section, in the front row.

I am glad and thankful that I had the privilege of presenting Johnny Hodges for 40 years, night after night. I imagine that I have been much envied. But thanks to God . . . and may God bless the beautiful child in his own identity. God bless Johnny Hodges.

—DUKE ELLINGTON

fertile melodic imagination, Hodges was one of the most relaxed and consistent of all jazz players. His music had remarkable equilibrium and poise; he never faltered or misplaced a note. Though his playing could be full of surprise and freshness, it had about it a feeling of inevitability and logic comparable to that of Louis Armstrong. This balance and serenity was also reflected in his personality. Needless to say, he expressed his tone and ideas through an instrumental technique that was peerless. A single note from Johnny Hodges was as personal as a signature.

Hodges was assigned a leading part in most of Ellington's extended works, from *Creole Rhapsody* and *Reminiscing in Tempo* through *Black, Brown, and Beige*, *Such Sweet Thunder* and *Nutcracker Suite* to the *Sacred Concerts*. Ellington and Billy Strayhorn created a number of show-

cases for Hodges, among them *Flaming Youth*, *Warm Valley*, *Mood to be Wooed*, *Magenta Haze*, *Passion Flower*, and *Day Dream*. There was a particular affinity between Strayhorn and Hodges, culminating in the incredibly moving *Blood Count*, Strayhorn's final composition.

But it was as one among many individual voices in the Ellington spectrum that Hodges made the bulk of his contributions, and they can be heard on records and tapes numbering well into the thousands. To chose outstanding examples from such a wealth of material is nearly impossible, but one could scarcely omit *The Mooche*, *Hot and Bothered*, *Cotton Club Stomp*, *Saratoga Swing*, and *When You're Smiling* from the '20s; *It Don't Mean a Thing, Gypsy Without a Song*, *Accent on Youth*, *The Gal from Joe's*, *I Let a Song Go Out of my Heart* and *Bundle of Blues* from the '30s; *In a Mellotone*, *Never No Lament, Come Sunday*, and *Someone* from the '40s; *Star Crossed Lovers*, *Jeep's Blues*, *Alice Blue Gown*, and *Arabesque Cookie* from the '50s; and *Angu*, *Big Fat Alice's Blues*, and *Isfahan* from the '60s.

Hodges was also a remarkable soprano saxophonist, the greatest after Bechet, but stopped playing the instrument in 1940. Among his best soprano solos are *Rent Party Blues* (both 1929 versions, with Ellington; 1939 version under his own name); *The Sheik*, *Harmony in Harlem*, and *That's the Blues, Old Man*.

A large number of outstanding Hodges solos can be found on the records made with small Ellington groups under his own leadership. These include *Pyramid*, *Tired Socks*, *Wanderlust*, *Dancing On the Stars*, *Jeep's Blues* and *The Jeep Is Jumping* from the '30s; and *Junior Hop*, *Day Dream*, *Passion Flower*, *Squatty Roo*, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* and *A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing* from the '40s.

During the '30s and '40s, Hodges also made some outstanding records as a featured sideman with studio groups. Among these should be mentioned *Sunny Side of the Street*, *Whoa Babe*, and *Don't Be That Way* with Lionel Hampton; *I Cried for You, I'll Get By*, and *Sun Showers* with Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday, and *Gone With the Wind* with the Esquire All Stars.

An extraordinary Norman Granz studio jam session from the '50s found Hodges in the company of his only peers, Benny Carter and Charlie Parker. The three alto giants can be heard soloing in sequence on *Funky Blues*.

Hodges' own 1951-55 small band personnel often included fellow Ellington alumni, such as Shorty Baker, Lawrence Brown, Strayhorn, Al Sears, and Sonny Greer. (John Coltrane also played with the band for a time.) The band had a big hit with *Castle Rock*, but Hodges soon had his fill of leadership. Many excellent records were made, including *Duke's Blues*,

*Tea for Two, Hodge Podge, and Sweet As Bear Meat.*

After returning to Ellington, Hodges continued to record prolifically under his own name with sidemen of his own choosing, often including organist Wild Bill Davis. An exceptional session with Ellington on piano, Sweets Edison on trumpet, and Jo Jones on drums produced the albums *Side by Side* and *Back To Back* (Verve), with *Stompy Jones* on the former a particular delight. An album under Strayhorn's name, *Cue For Saxophone* (Felstead) was also a gem.

Hodges composed a large number of pieces, some in collaboration with Ellington and/or Strayhorn, others with his devoted wife, Edith (Cue) Hodges, who survives, as do a son and a daughter.

Funeral services were held May 14 at the Masonic Temple on 155th St. in Harlem. An overflow crowd (hundreds had to remain outside) paid tribute to one of the best loved and most admired of all jazzmen. Tony Watkins sang a spiritual, a Hodges recording of *Come Sunday* was played, and Pastor John Gensel and Fr. Norman O'Connor delivered eulogies.

—D.M.

## BLACK NATIONAL ANTHEM DRIVE BACKED BY SCLC

"Right on" is the slogan giving impetus to the campaign launched by Pride Records, a black-owned company, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to establish a black national anthem.

The song that has the definite edge for selection is *Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing*, and the version getting the most attention is the Pride recording by Kim Weston. WVON in Chicago is the first soul station to begin saturation airing, playing it every hour on the hour.

All royalties from the sale of the disc will go to SCLC's Operation Breadbasket. Miss Weston is an active member of both SCLC and Operation Breadbasket in Los Angeles. She had originally recorded *Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing* for MGM Records, but MGM recently donated the tapes of the song—as well as the flip side, *This Is America*—to the anthem-seeking project. In a letter to radio stations around the country, SCLC's Rev. Jesse Jackson points out that "a people needs an experience, a style, a language . . . a song."

## SET DATES FOR SECOND ANN ARBOR BLUES BASH

The second annual Ann Arbor Blues Festival will be held Aug. 7-9 at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Last year's festival was hailed as the best of its kind, and the program announced for 1970 is impressive.

The opening Friday evening concert is scheduled to feature Bukka White, Mighty Joe Young, Fred McDowell, Jimmy (Fast-fingers) Dawkins, John Lee Hooker, and Howlin' Wolf.

Saturday afternoon will have Harvey Hill, Lazy Bill Lucas, Juke Boy Bonner, Luther Allison, Albert King, and a local blues group. The Saturday evening per-

formance will spotlight Robert Pete Williams, Johnny Shines and Sunnyland Slim, Johnny Young, Otis Rush, Joe Turner with T-Bone Walker and Eddie (Clean-head) Vinson, and Bobby Bland.

Sunday afternoon promises John Jackson, Little Brother Montgomery with Sippie Wallace, Carey Bell, Buddy Guy and Jr. Wells, Papa Lightfoot, and the great Lonnie Johnson. The final evening concert features Mance Lipscomb, Little Joe Blue, Roosevelt Sykes, Lowell Fulson, Big Mama Thornton, Jr. Parker, and the venerable Son House.

Ticket information, etc. about this blues bonanza can be obtained from Univ. of Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

## LITTLE RICHARD'S ACT BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE

Rock singers are quite used to bringing down the house, but when they bring down the stage, it can only result in trouble. Little Richard, one of the most successful entrepreneurs of rock, made that painful discovery at Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles May 8, when the stage collapsed at the climax of his hour-long set.

His was the third of four attractions at the concert and the stage was filled with amplifiers, organs, drums and other assorted paraphernalia, in addition to Little Richard and his large revue. While Little Richard was singing *Come On*, standing on the top of a piano, about 50 wildly cheering fans joined him and his dancing sidemen on the 30'-by-50' wooden platform. That staging—made primarily to support the boxing and wrestling matches for which the Olympic is famous—just couldn't take it and gave way, disappearing into splintered shambles.

Little Richard sustained a broken wrist and was cut around the neck when an electric organ fell on top of him. One of his guitarists, Houston Powell, came crash-

ing down on the floor below and either badly sprained or broke his ankle. Gary Jackson, road manager for Country Joe and the Fish, was on stage at the time checking the amplifiers for Country Joe, who was due to play the final set of the evening. Jackson was also injured. Two of the fans who climbed on the ill-fated stage sustained injuries but did not require hospitalization.

Earlier in the evening, John Hammond (son of Columbia Records executive John Hammond) and blues singer Albert King had appeared and their equipment and instruments were still on the platform. Harvey Siders of *down beat* was interviewing Country Joe McDonald backstage (which at the Olympic is actually one floor below the stage) when the platform collapsed. He helped bring one of the fans who sustained a gash in his scalp to a police ambulance for first aid.

One of the police officers (a command post had been set up earlier when some 80 fans were arrested for various drug violations) said: "There's no stage left in the auditorium; it's just kindling wood."

A number of rock concerts originally slated for the Olympic had to be cancelled.

## STATEN ISLAND TO GET JAZZ FESTIVAL IN JULY

Staten Island, the New York borough famed for its ferry, will have its first annual Open Air Jazz Festival from 4 p.m. to midnight on July 19.

The event will be presented by International New Directions and produced by composer-trumpeter Cal Massey.

Among the artists scheduled to appear are Carmen McRae, McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, Pharoah Sanders, Lee Morgan, Leon Thomas, Eddie Gale and his Ghetto Music, the Romas Orchestra—a big band made up of top area jazzmen—and Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee.



PER OTTO BJÖLIE

Tenor giant Ben Webster checks out a violin built entirely of matches at the Ringve Museum of Music in Trondheim during a recent tour of Norway.

All proceeds will be donated to the Community Development Day Care Center of Brooklyn.

## POTPOURRI

Erroll Garner's spring European tour was SRO all the way. Dates included Berlin, Zurich, Lausanne, Toulouse and Paris. The pianist has already been set for return dates in France in July, and has been offered a brace of dates in Scandinavia. Meanwhile, in the wake of its successful stereo re-release of Garner's *Concert By the Sea* album, Columbia has brought out a stereo version of his 1957 *Other Voices*, an album with orchestral backing.

Singer Leon Thomas began his first European tour June 1 with a two-week stint at Ronnie Scott's Club in London, followed by the Montreux Festival in Switzerland and a gig at the Apollo Club (formerly the Blue Note) in Paris June 22-July 4, before returning to the U.S. for a Newport Jazz Festival appearance. An album featuring Thomas with the late Johnny Hodges and Oliver Nelson was due out in June on Flying Dutchman.

Trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, who has been cultivating the studio scene and living the good life since his trek to the west coast, came to New York in May for a vacation and promptly took a busman's holiday at the Half Note, co-leading a group with tenorist Richie Kamuca. Former partner Jimmy Giuffre fell by with his tenor and sat in, playing in a Pres-inspired groove we hadn't heard from him in many years. Also on hand were pianist Pat Rebillot (subbing for Don Friedman subbing for Ross Tompkins), bassist Reggie Johnson, drummer Mel Lewis, and many old friends.

James Moody escaped with minor cuts and bruises when his car was wrecked in a collision in early May, but had to cancel his scheduled engagement at New York's Half Note.

Newest member of the Duke Ellington band is Freddie Stone, 35, trumpeter-flugelhornist from Toronto. Stone, who joined in late March, is also a well-known arranger and composer in Canadian music circles. He replaces Willie Cook, who got married and settled in San Antonio, Texas.

Pianist-composer Andrew Hill is artist-in-residence at Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y. Hill's opera *The Golden Spook* was recently performed on the campus.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** April 29 was a day for festivity—Duke Ellington's birthday. The Duke Ellington Society held a smashing birthday party for Duke and his family and friends at the Park 100. Much hugging and kissing and everyone loved everyone madly—and people like Natalie Lamb and Marian McPartland sat in with house band and helped make it the beautiful

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# Woodstock On Film: Objective Realization

WHAT WAS WOODSTOCK? Was it a huge rock festival? A love-in? A psychedelic trip? A disaster area?

Michael Wadleigh, who directed *Woodstock*, avoided this question in his film. He knew that there were perhaps as many as half a million answers. He preferred to remain objective.

What is the significance of Woodstock? Wadleigh largely avoided this question, too. He left it for the news media, Abbie



Director Wadleigh On Location

Hoffman, politicians and academicians to ponder. He remained objective.

The film is objective, but definitely not impersonal. Wadleigh offers a kaleidoscopic view of Woodstock, sprinkled with opinions on what it "proved." But he recognized that Woodstock was—more than anything else—fun. Because he remained objective, everyone can enjoy the fun of Woodstock.

The film's objectivity makes it one of the least self-conscious, and thus one of the most refreshing films in recent years. Almost all of today's features, especially those dealing with young people, attempt to hit you over the head with some socially significant meaning. Whether you call it social comment or propaganda, it is not an easy ride for an audience.

*Woodstock* is a pleasant change in a moviegoer's diet. With the exception of a few remarks from the imported cast of 500,000 ("Marijuana—Exhibit A") and a few equally parochial pronouncements from the permanent residents of Bethel, N.Y. ("They're all on pot!"), Wadleigh manages to dodge the controversial.

The absence of a clearly defined point of view does not detract from the film. It is one of the best new films around, and for the best reason: It creates a new world, a complete and believable world, a world that could only be created on film.

Wadleigh composed a three-hour film, selecting from over 120 hours of footage. The world he created comes off because he made so many of the right choices.

The most adventurous of these was using a multiple screen technique through most of the film. A film on two and three screens is unusual and, one would think,

difficult to adjust to. But surprisingly, there is no adjustment problem.

The multiple screen technique is used most effectively to augment the music, almost all of which is superb. Wadleigh uses it to give visual variety to, and to visually accelerate the pace of the Who as well as Joe Cocker and the Grease Band. He uses three overlapping screens to turn *I'm Goin' Home*, an up-tempo blues played by Ten Years After, into one of the most powerful musical performances I have ever seen on film.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young sing *Suite: Judy Blue Eyes*. It is evident that Woodstock was only their second gig. The delicate blending of voices which had become the original group's trademark is missing. But thanks to Wadleigh's interweaving of screens, the interplay of voices is emphasized. The visual treatment more than makes up for the lack of rehearsal.

Wadleigh only uses the multiple screen technique with music when it is appropriate, when the added dimension makes a performance more interesting. In some cases, it is unnecessary. For instance, quick intercutting of shots is all that is required to make Sha-Na-Na's spoof of *At the Hop* even more hilarious.

Wadleigh also does not use special effects for the four folk-singers on the program, or for Jimi Hendrix. He does not spoil the simple beauty of Joan Baez and John Sebastian, or dilute Richie Havens and Arlo Guthrie. And he realized that effects could not heighten the strangeness of Hendrix' version of *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Wadleigh's handling of the music is exceptional. One never feels that virtuoso effects are introduced for their own sake. *Woodstock* should serve as a textbook for directors of future musical films.

Despite the repeated use of two and three screens and the occasional use of still pictures, the film's world is almost real. The sound, which is unaltered, contributes to the illusion. It is possible to mistake announcements over the festival P.A. system for intrusions over the theatre P.A. system. Hanley Sound, the company responsible for the Fillmore East sound system, worked this miracle.

If you have not seen *Woodstock*, you have probably heard about it. You have no doubt heard about the "biblical, epochal, unbelievable scene" that was Woodstock. You probably have heard about what the citizens of Woodstock Nation accomplished, and the odds against that accomplishment. Warner Brothers has been publicizing the extremely complicated operation that facilitated filming the event (which included flying in film by helicopter and providing Vitamin B shots for exhausted cameramen).

But in the final analysis, *Woodstock* is Michael Wadleigh's film. He deserves the credit for putting together a complete and natural world on film, and his film deserves the highest compliment that can be paid a documentary: It could not have been staged better.

—Dan Logan

# THE REBIRTH OF GENE AMMONS

by Leonard Feather

TO MUSICIANS and fans on the jazz scene in the early '40s it came as a surprise that Albert Ammons, a boogie-woogie piano pioneer whose name was known around the world, had a teen-aged son named Eugene who was into the modern jazz of that day.

Gene Ammons was the first important second-generation jazzman of the bop era. Until the father's death in '49, Albert was the better known Ammons, but by that time the youngster had put in three years (1944-7) with the Billy Eckstine Orchestra and for several months in '49 worked in the Woody Herman Band, replacing Stan Getz.

The years 1950-52 were notable for the Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt tenor saxophone battles, which set the pattern for innumerable other such pairings. By the time the partnership broke up, Gene's name was as eminent as his father's had been a decade earlier. But his progress was impeded by narcotics problems, which grew more serious during the late '50s.

Released last fall on parole after serving a long jail term, Gene formed a new quintet, which since has made the night-club rounds with consistent success. The interview that follows was conducted when a second, short-notice refusal by the State Liquor Board to allow him to work in New York City resulted in his being booked into Redd Foxx' club in Hollywood, where he played a very successful two-week engagement opposite Sarah Vaughan.

**Feather:** How did it happen that you got such a long sentence? Did you have much of a prior record?

**Ammons:** No, I'd had one previous conviction for possession of narcotics, for which I did a two-to-three-year sentence in '58. I came home on parole in about June, 1960. After being home a couple of months, they didn't want me to get back into the music thing and I kept asking this parole agent I had in Chicago how soon would he give me his consent to do this, because I was anxious to get back into it. He said he'd let me know, and a few weeks went by. I kept asking him, and he kept saying the same thing. So I just got my horn and started working on my own.

Then they said I had violated my parole and sent me back to the penitentiary. Luckily I didn't have but five months left to complete the full sentence, so I went back and did that and came home on a discharge in January of '61.

As soon as I came home I recorded the things like *Canadian Sunset* and a few other things. So I started back into the business then and got my group back together again and was working and traveling and so forth. Then in September of 1962 I got busted again.

**L.F.:** How long had you been straight after you came out?

**G.A.:** That was from January, '61 until September, '62 . . . actually not quite September—it was about June of 1962. Then I started dabbling again. I played an engagement in Kansas City and met some guys down there that I'd been knowing for quite some time, and thinking they were old friends of mine, I let it go at that. Then a few months later they came to Chicago and they wanted me to get some

narcotics for them. So I told them, well, I don't sell anything myself. So they said you use it yourself, don't you? Get it from the man you get it from. So after two or three days I consented to do this.

Then, when I did it, one other guy who was with them turned out to be a state narcotics agent. They didn't bust me right then; they waited until September; then they came up talking about the transaction I had taken care of previously.

So I paid a large sum of money—actually about \$5,000—to try and get out of this, but what it boiled down to, it seemed to me, was they were going to make an example of me, due to the fact that I had a fairly big name in the music business. In Illinois, unfortunately, they can do this kind of thing and get away with it . . . which is what they did.

**L.F.:** Well, what is the law in Illinois?

**G.A.:** What the law states is that on your second narcotics conviction they can give you from 10 years to life. When I first went to court, the judge did sentence me from 15 to life . . . that's the sentence he gave me. Then my lawyer had gotten me a new trial, we went back to court, and the judge told me personally that he thought the sentence he'd given me was a little excessive, so he decided to vacate that. So he broke it down and wound up giving me 10 to 12 years, out of which I did seven calendar years. I was incarcerated from September, 1962, to October, 1969 . . . all done in the same place, Stateville Penitentiary, near Joliet, Ill.

A lot of people have asked me how it felt doing this, and what effect it had on me. The only thing I can say about that time was the fact that they did have a band there, and I was able to have my horn there with me the whole time. By me being who I was, they more or less put me in charge of everything in the music department. I directed the band, played in the band, I wrote music for the band, I taught some of the students, I was in charge of the variety show that they put on once a year and also participated in some of the church services. I'd go to church periodically and play things like *The Lord's Prayer*.

Consequently, by my being in the band there, the band was more or less a little unit off by itself, where I didn't have to come into too much contact with the other undesirable people that were there, like the hard-line criminals.

All of the officials there respected me for my talent and ability, so we got along. So I just made up my mind that I was there, I knew that I had to be there, there was nowhere I could go. . . . I went through all the legal channels, as far as trying to leave there quicker than I ordinarily would have. When that didn't work, I just made up my mind that I had to be there, and the best way to do it was to try to stay the easiest way possible. I resigned myself to that fact.

**L.F.:** How big was the band?

**G.A.:** Well, we had a concert band. It varied, sometimes it would be as high as 35 or 40 pieces and then when some of the better musicians would leave and go home, the count would dwindle down to as low as 25. It was a completely interracial band,

of course.

We, in the band, were interested in just one thing—music. And I used to try and stress this to all of them and try and show them to the best of my ability the right way to do it as far as trying to play was concerned.

**L.F.:** Were there any other well-known musicians?

**G.A.:** There were two or three. A good drummer out of Chicago was there for a while. There was a bass player who played with Coltrane for a short while, and there was a piano player—he's dead now—from Chicago, Sleepy Anderson. That was about it as far as any names are concerned.

**L.F.:** How much contact did you have with records? Were you allowed to receive records?

**G.A.:** No. Prestige was issuing a lot of new things of mine while I was in there, and a lot of people thought I was recording there and having them sent out, but that wasn't the case at all. Before I went in I recorded a lot of stuff, and Bob Weinstock put it on the shelf and sort of stretched it out to keep something going in my name while I was in there.

**L.F.:** But you didn't have access to a record player?

**G.A.:** Yes, I did, but they wouldn't let people send any recordings in. There were a few of the officers who periodically used to bring in some albums for us to listen to, and then about the last year and a half they put me in charge of the radio system there. I had a tape recorder and a record player and my personal television set and the radio, so I got a chance to hear all the things. So I kept up quite a bit with the things that were going on.

Then of course, every day on the radio we used to have Daddy-O Daylie out of Chicago, and he played most of the things, and before Sid McCoy came out here to Los Angeles he was playing most of the things. Then later on Yvonne Daniels, who's still in Chicago, played all the latest things.

**L.F.:** Did any musicians visit you?

**G.A.:** There's a guitar player who was originally from Chicago, but is living in California, Leo Blevins. He's a personal friend of mine and used to come and see me quite often. Then once when Sonny Stitt was in Chicago, he came out to see me. And, of course, my wife would come see me every couple weeks, and she'd bring me word of what all the guys were doing.

**L.F.:** How long have you been married?

**G.A.:** Fifteen years. I have a daughter, Rosalyn, nearly 8 years old. Incidentally, a tune that I wrote that we've been playing—and I also recorded it—was in dedication to her; we call it *Madam Queen*, and it's been getting quite good response. I wrote that right before I went in.

All in all, I guess I could say the worst thing about being in there was not having your freedom and having to be there in that environment. But I was able to maintain my health fairly well, and eventually one day I looked up and it was time to go home. So here I am.

**L.F.:** But there must be some better way than to keep you locked up all that time . . . to rehabilitate you. Have you discussed or given any thought to the Syna-

non method?

G.A.: Well, down there they don't have any of those facilities, except an Alcoholics Anonymous program. . . .

L.F.: No, I was talking about *instead* of going to prison. Synanon is a place where you voluntarily go. If you wanted to, you could maybe have gone there—if you'd been out here at the time.

G.A.: Yes, that's right. At the time that this happened, they didn't have any type of program in Illinois. But now they do have one. In fact, I've been affiliated with it since I've been home, and I went down and made speeches to the various groups and went and had an impromptu jam session one night. You're probably familiar with the tenor player out of Chicago, Sandy Mosse. He's one of the executives on the program. It's the Illinois Drug Abuse Program, and they have a house similar to Synanon called the Safari House. It's a good program, and the state recognizes it, and I think it's going to turn out to be a good thing.

L.F.: Is it like Synanon, where you can just go in there of your own volition?

G.A.: Yes, they have guys and girls all staying at the house. In order to continue staying there, you've got to stay straight at all times, because once they find out you took the wrong turn, they'll promptly put you out.

L.F.: It seems to me that the main problem in this country is the question of treating drug abuse as a crime and punishing the crime without getting at the sources. When you analyze what happened to you, do you see what it was that originally made you turn to drugs, or how you could have avoided it?

G.A.: I've been asked that question before, Leonard, and I've seen comments from other people concerning that question; some say it's partly due to environment, partly due to conditions they're living under. Then some say it's due to the fact that they're trying to get away from something . . . hide from something . . . reality, or something. But I don't buy any of that. Well, there may be some cases where the environment and conditions might depress a man's mind to the extent where he would go so far as to do this, but as for getting away from reality, the whole time I was in it I was aware all the time about my problems and the bills I acquired and everything. So that didn't help that situation any.

The only thing I can say about that is the way I got into it was through curiosity—I imagine that's the best word—they say once you start smoking marijuana that automatically leads to harder drugs, but I don't go for that either. Maybe in some cases, but definitely not in all cases. But it's just how far a man wants to go, and in my case I just didn't have forethought enough to stop when I should have. Consequently I went too far, and when I looked up, I was so deep in it that I couldn't get out. . . .

In the early '50s another musician who was very strung out on narcotics got me started. Like when we'd go out on a tour, we'd have to get enough drugs to keep him straight the whole time or he wouldn't be able to work. So I got into it from

then on. But the whole time I was with Woody and B, I wasn't doing anything.

L.F.: Now, looking back on it, don't you think that if there had been something like Safari House when you needed it, it would have saved you all that grief?

G.A.: Definitely. Back during that period the only outlet I knew of then was some cats used to talk about Rikers Island in New York, where you could go and spend a period of time. But I saw that when they went over there and came back, it didn't last very long. I don't know what type of program they had over there. A good friend of mine, Paul Douglas, who used to valet for us, went over there, came back and got sick a few weeks later and died.

I know that Sonny went over there. In fact one time we were supposed to open at the Apollo, and he sent me a note saying he had to go over there and get himself together. And to my knowledge ever since he came back, he never did use any drugs any more, although he started a heck of a drinking thing, which almost wound up killing him. Luckily, the doctor

saved him in time. And I saw Sonny just a few weeks ago, and he hardly even smokes a cigaret any more.

But as you say, had they had those programs back then it might have saved quite a few cats, like Fats Navarro and Yard and some others.

L.F.: Did you have any psychotherapy while you were in?

G.A.: No, They had a so-called psychiatrist there. I used to talk to him periodically, but nothing as far as therapy was concerned. Actually, I didn't need therapy because I had all my facilities about me as far as my mind was concerned. It was just a matter of getting involved so deeply in that thing and not being able to get out.

But after I went there and knew I had to be there, I said to myself this is the end of it; I cannot ever do this again. So fortunately I managed to get out from under it . . . and now I've got to try and go on from here.

L.F.: Now let's get to the musical aspect. I'm very interested to know what you've

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STEVE HALE

# Joe Farrell: Into Everything

by Jane Welch

"WHAT'S JOE FARRELL INTO NOW?" is a question most easily answered by "practically everything."

The busy reedman took time out from his ridiculous schedule (his appointment book is loaded with enough dates for one week to make other musicians scramble to get them all done in a month) for this interview. But it was a futile effort. The only way to keep up with Joe Farrell is to walk down the street with him and check out what he's doing—and one very quickly finds that only Joe Farrell has the energy to be Joe Farrell.

Most jazz enthusiasts know that Farrell has been a member of the original Elvin Jones Trio from its inception in 1967 until recently, and for long a busy man in the recording studios, in big bands (Farrell cites the Gil Evans and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis bands as the most interesting), and on numerous jam scenes.

In recent months, Farrell has jammed at the Monday night Signs of the Zodiac sessions uptown with Warren Chiasson, Charlie Haden and Sonny Brown. He did a week with Al Cohn, Roy Eldridge, et al. at the Roosevelt Grill in the all-star group replacing the World's Greatest Jazz Band. He worked at the Waldorf Astoria subbing for Jerome Richardson in the band backing Peggy Lee. At a Jazz Interactions Sunday afternoon session he jammed with Joe Newman's group.

As can be seen from this random sample, Farrell is one of the most flexible players on the New York music scene. Even before he permanently moved to the big city, Farrell always loved gigging around New York. He feels the environment forces him to maintain fresh musical approaches. He loves variety and change and cannot stand the steady gig—like a Broadway pit band job.

Nevertheless, since record and jingle dates have dropped off in New York this spring, Farrell has picked up a few nights in the pits, working shows such as *Purlie* and *Promises, Promises*.

"The scene got so bad recordingwise that shows look good," Farrell said. Before the spring studio slump, however, he was involved in many interesting record dates. He did a private tape of new tunes by Jule Styne with a big orchestra. With Mose Allison, he did an Atlantic date (. . . *Hello There, Universe*) using a big band. He was on a Johnny Hodges big band session with Oliver Nelson arrangements. He did a date with Laura Nyro, who wants him with her again for her next album. His first recorded English horn solo is on the recently released Blue Note record by the Elvin Jones Trio, *Poly-Currents*. And Farrell is excited about the improvised, Indian-like oboe work he does on Harry Belafonte's latest album.

Though Farrell does compose, he made up his mind early in the game to be an instrumentalist. Playing, practicing, and breaking in new horns has taken time away from writing and arranging. When a call would come in requiring a horn Farrell didn't have (his three basic instruments were the tenor and soprano saxophones and C flute he played in his Maynard Ferguson big band days) he would

take the date, get the needed horn, and calmly proceed to master it. When his first call came for baritone sax, he had to borrow Howard Johnson's horn to make it. As more horns were needed, he acquired them and now owns (and masters) an arsenal of horns—tenor, alto and soprano saxes; bass, alto and C flute; piccolo, oboe and English horn. His latest acquisition is a gold-plated Selmer tenor he's especially proud of.

Farrell has fashioned his private life to fit his professional and artistic needs. He owns his home—a brownstone on Manhattan's upper west side. His special pride is the basement studio, to which he can retreat and withdraw from the outside world to "be creative in terms of playing jazz—writing tunes, working, studying, practicing.

"We musicians need the proper environment to practice and write, where there's no kids, no radio or TV—no telephone. I've got it," he explains.

The studio is his pet, and he's working

Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival. "I'm too young to be called a judge," he quipped. "But it was a beautiful experience. Young cats were aspiring to play, and not necessarily trying to play rock. It inspired me to see that there still are young people interested in playing jazz."

Farrell was also impressed with some of the creative arrangements at Notre Dame. Personally, he felt flattered by the recognition he got from the students. "It gave me a good insight as to where I'm at in terms of these kids. Everyone had heard of my work." As far as *playing* colleges is concerned, Joe loves it. "The atmosphere is the highest. Kids nowadays prepare for a concert and *listen*. The audience appreciation is fantastic. And it's *quiet*." Farrell hopes to work more college dates come fall.

In addition to concerts, Farrell likes to do TV and radio shows and, occasionally, clubs. A club he liked very much was Ronnie Scott's in London. He enjoyed the polite English audiences. He describes



JAN PERSSON

on expanding it further. He has a piano and a set of drums there now, and his friend, Don Heitler, who plays jazz organ and piano, is having an organ installed.

"Right now I have a place I can go and practice anytime," he said, "but I'd love to have a real studio like Coltrane had—with all the equipment. It's important."

Farrell wants to get into doing his own records. He hopes to be able to stretch out regularly with a group in one location.

"I remember when Elvin and I first started working out at Pookie's Pub, night after night from three to six months," he said. "This ironed out all the kinks. Everybody who wants to get a band going should have that opportunity. That nightly thing really gets the group together." He emphasizes that the most important thing is to keep the music fresh *after* the group has been organized. One week on the job and then a week off is just about right, in his opinion.

Farrell recently was a judge at the Notre

playing at Scott's as "playing in a concert atmosphere.

"The English audiences were cautious at first—they take a while to warm up. They're always comparing you with other things—like they have to pigeonhole you. They'd say things like 'You sound like Sonny Rollins to me.' I don't at all—but I did to them."

Long associated with big bands (his first New York gig was at Birdland with Maynard Ferguson), Farrell has been especially impressed with the big band that Herbie Hancock has been getting together.

"This has been my most fantastic musical experience, outside of Elvin," he said.

There are people who feel that Farrell would get more of his choice of jazz gigs if he were black. There is much prejudice today against white modern jazz musicians in certain circles. Joe shrugs off this attitude as narrow and insignificant.

"Everybody's prejudiced against every-

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# A TULL STORY *by Harvey Siders*

FOR ITS TRUE GENESIS, this article must go back to 1741—a paleozoic era when the world was young and Jelly Roll Morton had not yet become a household expression. There wasn't much jazz being played then; even less rock. And musicians had nothing to plug their amplifiers into.

But farmers had something to dig their plows into. A representative of that agrarian set was one Jethro Tull: hard-working, unspectacular, obviously one of England's silent majority. And unless he was hip to reincarnation, he had no way of knowing that he would reap more than he would ever sow. No way.

Tull died in 1741, and nothing further was heard from him until 1968 when an intense young student at the Blackpool College of Art (in northern England) named Ian Anderson decided to form a combo.

Ian (rhymes with seein') had originally pursued a career in math and science, but as he explained, "I soon became completely suffocated by the sciences. I needed the emotional freedom of the arts, but after two years of studying painting, a curious thing happened: I found myself gravitating back to the orderliness of math." This combination of emotional freedom and cerebral orderliness goes a long way towards explaining the music that now comes from the group called Jethro Tull.

It doesn't explain why his manager, Terry Ellis, decided on that name for the combo. But then, the what's in-a-name game is loaded with similar nonsense: Conway Twitty, Stark Naked, Engelbert Humperdinck, and Alyce Cooper. According to Ian's bass guitarist, Glenn Cornick (who wears the closest thing I've ever seen to a superman outfit): "Jethro Tull has a nice grubby farmer sound to it." According to Cornick's wife Judy: "Jethro Tull

was a down-home English Johnny Appleseed." Whatever image Jethro Tull conjures up, Ian Anderson promises it will be temporary. Says he: "We borrowed the name, but we'll be happy to return it as soon as we've finished with it."

While we're dropping sidemen's names, Martin Barre plays lead guitar. That's Martin Lancelot Barre, but don't let the suavity of the name fool you. Anderson claims Barre is a "born loser," the kind of hapless musician who can't cope with the practical world and "gets tea over his shirt . . . trips over things . . . and gets electrical shocks from door handles." Regarding Clive Bunker, his present drummer, Ian claims he's "a man of mystery" (whatever *that* means). One thing is no mystery: Clive Bunker is a dependable and consistent drummer, which is more than you can say for the average hyperactive rock percussionist.

The newest member of the group is John Evan, a well-schooled pianist and organist who has given Ian Anderson newfound confidence in writing. Anderson writes and arranges practically all of Jethro Tull's material, but he was conscious of holding back somewhat in the past. "John has added a new dimension musically and I can write more freely now. In fact, anything is possible with him at the keyboard."

This writer can vouch for the level of musicianship that Evan has brought to Jethro Tull. At a recent concert in Long Beach, California, before 14,000 screaming, unisexed rock fans, Evan went into a leisurely introduction to a ballad with a generous quote from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. I wonder how many of those present were conscious of the interpolative tribute.

Evan prefers piano to organ, which in

itself is significant: he's not interested in the power he can muster. What he has to say is strictly musical, and that kind of honesty from a musician—whether the genre be jazz or rock—is refreshing these days.

Equally refreshing because he's equally honest is Ian Anderson. He's the first musician I've encountered who refuses to call himself a musician. "I don't understand all the basics of music, so I don't consider myself a musician like, for example, John Evan. My definition involves someone who understands the way music is constructed."

Ian knows what he's after in terms of emotion and sound, and in this respect compares himself with Jimi Hendrix. "I'm limited, but I actively indulge in trying to find out more about myself in my writing and in my playing. I don't have a facile or slick style; but I get very emotionally caught up in the music and the audience reaction. Now Hendrix is limited, technically, but he knows how to work his audience up to a climax."

Anderson claims that if his own audiences reach a peak, it's not necessarily *his* doing. He feels that "most kids are caught up in mass hysteria." If he reaches a peak himself, it's merely "coincidental with *their* peak." To complicate matters, once the kids have had their collective orgasm, Ian finds it difficult to "take them back down to tranquility."

It's somewhat of a paradox, but Anderson is sincere in his impossible dream. He works his crowd up to an uncontrollable frenzy, then wishes they would cool it so they could catch some of the group's subtleties. He is particularly critical of American audiences. "We try to convey various shadings of emotional depth, but

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BOB WILLIS

# SAL NISTICO: Dues and Views

by Jim Szantor

MORE OUTSTANDING TENOR SAXOPHONE soloists have roamed with the Herds of Woody Herman than with perhaps any other band in jazz. Among those who have worked or recorded with the band are Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Ben Webster, Paul Gonsalves, Al Cohn, Flip Phillips, Herbie Steward, Bill Perkins, Gene Ammons, etc.

In 1962, Sal Nistico joined that roster and began what now amounts to the longest tenure of any Herman tenorman. His association with Herman has not been continuous—he's had two stints with Count Basie (1964; 1967) and a European sojourn with a small group in 1965 and 1966. But for most of the last seven-plus years, Nistico has experienced the rewards of being a featured soloist with one of jazz' most important bands. Also, he has experienced the frustrations and limitations of an improviser in a big band context.

Born (1940) and raised in Syracuse, N.Y., Nistico had an early jazz orientation. "There used to be a lot of records around the house", he said, "and I listened to a lot of them and always wanted to play something. So, in grade school, I asked them for a trumpet. They said they had enough trumpet players and handed me an old beat-up alto. So I tried to learn to play that. They didn't think I was going to be able to play anything, though. They didn't see any promise whatsoever."

A switch to a different teacher, however, brought indications of a brighter musical future. Though Sal's attention span was not always to his instructor's liking, one incident turned everything around. "One day he wrote some things out", Nistico said—"some very fast things, and asked me to play them. Somehow, I locked into it and played them. It was like jumping from the foot of the mountain up 500 feet—without any of the preliminaries. And that's when he knew."

Some years later, Sal began listening to Jazz at the Philharmonic records and developed a liking for Illinois Jacquet and Charlie Parker. His first jazz playing came with a high school combo and reflected his listening preferences. "We played things like *Anthropology* at school dances", he said.

"I was playing alto at the time. I picked up the tenor at 16 and dug it immediately. So, I went out on the road—playing with anybody I could, from rhythm&blues to strictly entertainment-type groups." At 19, his prior acquaintance with trumpeter Chuck and pianist Gap Mangione in Rochester, N.Y. led to his joining the Jazz Brothers, then a sextet, on tenor. "Up until then", Sal pointed out, "I couldn't play much more than blues, but Chuck and Gap were into all kinds of things—like *Serpent's Tooth*—and I'd listen. Later, I sat in with them and was hired."

The group, which also included drummer Roy McCurdy (now with Cannonball Adderley, who was instrumental in getting the Brothers recorded) worked for a year in Rochester, played a few engagements in Detroit and New York City, and subsequently recorded three albums for Riverside.

"The Brothers kept growing", Nistico

related. "We had a chance to play every night and were really into it. Looking back on it, it really was a high point. Then, in 1962, I got the call to go out with Woody. The band caught fire at the Metropole in New York and things started to happen from there. The brass section was great and the whole band was a fired-up band. Which is one of the reasons Woody likes younger cats—they can give him that fire."

While he readily accepted the Herd's invitation, Nistico was not all that enthused at first. "When I first came on the band, I hadn't really dug big bands", Nistico said. "I always enjoyed listening to them, but playing in one was something else again. Until one night it happened—16 cats playing together. Really roarin'. When a big band is really on, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Like, we'll be doing something extra and then Woody'll take over and pull it together. I'll never forget the first time that happened. We were roaring on the shout chorus of the *Good Earth* and it just took off—completely raised off the floor. Up until that night, Woody was . . . rather cynical. The late '50s hadn't been too good for big bands and he had broken up the band and gone with small groups, etc. Anyway, the band had been together awhile when I got on and that night, on the *Good Earth*—he heard it. He turned around and did something—I can't define it—but he emitted it. He exuded a magnetism with his hands, and then I knew why Woody Herman was Woody Herman. He gave a shout or an encouragement of some kind and it all came together. That was the first time I felt the joy of a big band. It's really a great feeling."

The 1962 edition of the Herd was deservedly a much-heralded outfit. The Herman "renaissance" led to Grammy awards and Woody was named one of down beat's jazzmen of the year in 1963. Since then, Nistico's seven stints of varying duration with the band have found him playing with essentially "different" bands on each occasion. And though each return necessitated some adjustments, he has no major preferences.

"On a big band, you need players who can cover the whole gig", he said, "not just people who can play well behind me, or any other soloist, for that matter. The chart is the thing and I don't listen for infinitesimal differences, like—this cat's playing on top. . . . You stand up, and your best approach is just to listen to the whole thing. If you think you can propel it or get into it, by all means do it. I was 22 when I came on the band and we had Jake Hanna, Nat Pierce, etc. and they were great for the band. But, in general, I do dig a looser rhythm section. I liked Ronnie Zito's drumming very much—also Ed Soph's. John Hicks was too much and our current pianist, Allan Broadbent, I enjoy very much. We also had Al Dailey on piano—I loved Al Dailey. These are great players, man, but 16 heavy cats do not a big band make. Now, I know a lot of people look askance at big bands and perhaps they're justified because there are limitations. But the more limitations there are, the more that can be overcome. And when the limitations are overcome, the greater the result. Like

Duke's band. They play *differently*—together! And that's unbelievable. Really unbelievable."

Big band playing is, of course, synonymous with travel—often very rigorous travel. Sal remembers a particularly trying five-day stretch in 1962: "We went from New York City to New Castle, Pa.—that's 500 miles. To Fort Knox, Ky. I don't know how far that is—I don't want to think about it. From there, we went to St. Louis, Mo.; then to Little Rock, Ark. Five days; working every night; traveling all the time; all by bus! We had a six-week stretch recently . . . there were some hops on there that were unbelievable. To make matters worse, we had a bus with bad shock absorbers. We'd hit a bump and the bus would bounce for 15 minutes—just on that one bump. So, if you hit five or ten bumps, you're in for a lot of bouncing. For all I know, that bus is still bouncing. I know I am."

Thus, anyone who travels the one-nighter trail for any length of time either opts for a less arduous gig or develops what Nistico terms "bus chops." "You're out in the sticks, riding around in an iron lung, with basically the same 16 people all the time. You lose bits of your sanity. You get them back; with a little knowledge. It's like you're traveling so fast you're always one step ahead of your sanity. Like Zoot Sims said: 'You're always going . . . .' It's nice, then, to get a location so it can catch up with you.

"I remember a six-month stretch of one-nighters. When we were finally enroute to a location in Miami, I started acting kind of strange. We call it 'bunitis' or 'road warp'. Anyway, I saw Woody and I asked him: 'When are you coming in?' He said: 'I don't think I'll be in—I probably won't show up in town for another week yet'. In other words, he was still *back* a week. We were moving so fast he was back a week on himself! But that's how you feel—like you've left yourself behind. I'll look at the itinerary, with two or three months laid out there in front of me, and I'll shudder. It's a strange feeling when you wake up on a bus—it could be Dayton or Nebraska somewhere. It all looks the same to you after awhile. When you finally arrive, you unload, check into a hotel, sleep all day, go to the gig. Although you're tired after the gig, you want to hang out somewhere, but usually there's no place to go, so you go back to your room and sleep. It's not a four-hour-a-day gig—it's more like 24 hours a day. And it's not always conducive to creative thinking."

Every big band sideman has his share of interesting anecdotes. Some are of the comic variety, but others are harrowing. On a State Department tour with Herman in 1967, Sal lost his passport but managed, through various manipulations, to get into Yugoslavia without it. He went through several hours of police interrogation but it all ended on a friendly note when the officials learned he had worked on the continent with their landsman Dusko Goykovic not too long before. However, on the same tour, Sal had another narrow escape:

"We were in Ploesti, Rumania, where they bombed the oil fields in World War



VERVIL OAKLAND

II. I was late for the gig and they called up from the concert house next door and told me I had five minutes. In the process of dressing hurriedly, I broke the zipper on my only clean pair of black pants. I just flipped. I went into a rage and smashed my fist against the door. It looked like wood but turned out to be like razor sharp glass. Luckily, my roommate Frank Vicari was there and was able to keep a tourniquet on for a long, long time. Because it was an hour and 20 minutes before I could get to a doctor. I almost severed the tendons in my right forearm and I lost a lot of blood and passed out in the process. I had to leave the tour, so I went to Sweden to see my wife, and then had trouble getting back into the States!"

But home or abroad, on one-nighters or locations, the music is still the thing and Nistico is well aware of the esthetic considerations an improviser is faced with.

"On a big band, you're not always playing things you really want to play", he said. "That's the main difference between being a sideman and having your own thing. So, instead of going to work in the mood that you're in and playing like that, you have to hone yourself toward what you know you're going to have to play. Like, I don't always feel like playing up tempos, whereas when I was younger, the more the better. I don't really know if age is a factor, but I do know there are nights when I really enjoy playing faster and there are times when I'd prefer to play ballads. I don't have

much of an opportunity to do that but Woody's got seven or eight soloists to think about. He can't just think about me all the time."

As far as having a creative night in a big band context is concerned, for Nistico it means "being up, feeling energetic, and my mind working quickly. Sometimes I'll know it when I get to the gig, but sometimes I'll change in the middle of the night. I'll get inspired from someone else but then there are times when it'll have to come from me. And if I rise to the occasion, it'll happen. It's a matter of give and take.

"A big band is not an ideal gig for a soloist, but I'm probably the luckiest soloist on the band," he admitted. "I get a lot of room, consequently I can get rid of everything that's stored up and get to the realities. But I go through periods, weeks at a time, when I get locked up in myself. When we're in the back woods, we don't hear any outside music. We can't go out and hear cats like Sonny Rollins and Miles. You have tapes, but after awhile, it's not the same thing—you're not feeling the magic. You forget what the magic was. I was steeped in it at one time and I loved it just for its own sake, and I still do. But without something from the outside, it becomes a circle. When we are inspiring each other, there are good periods of several weeks—but there are bad nights within those as well."

Other inspiration comes from new material. Sal considers Allan Broadbent's new

extended arrangement of *Blues in the Night* a very good vehicle. "There's a lot of different things I can do with that," he says. "On other charts, Woody will sometimes change the backgrounds (or omit them entirely) so they'll relate more to what I'm doing. But most of the time I have to try and create something out of a small framework. It's not always easy and I get angry at myself when I get locked up.

"Now, on the up-tempo charts seven years ago, I was actually thinking at those tempos. Sometimes it was extremely difficult but I made myself do it. Because I knew if I ever laid back and went into a bag, it would be the end. And that's what happened. A rut is very hard to escape."

In addition to his up-tempo inventiveness and what Leonard Feather has aptly termed his ability to "impart a thoughtful, unsaccharine approach to his ballad performances", one of the more unique aspects of Sal's style is his pronounced articulation. It came naturally, although teachers tried to alter his embouchure (he bites very close to the tip of the mouth-piece) and prevails to this day. But it is not solely an inherent characteristic of his playing—it has its pragmatic applications but also some drawbacks. "I use it when the time gets funny—to pull it together", he said. "But it can be a drag. It's kept me from flowing many times. But we're often playing in a different place every night and on concerts I might be soloing 30 feet out in front of the band. On an up tempo, you have to be so definite and that's the drag—being so hung up in being definite with the time that you can't create any music. I'm like a drummer playing saxophone. But the nights I've felt best on this band is when I forgot all about that and just relaxed. As if to say, if it falls apart, it falls apart. But it never does fall apart. Again, the reciprocity—we try to inspire each other and really get into something."

Overall, Nistico judges his musical state by his up-tempo playing. If that's together—he's together. "There are periods", he says, "when I feel it's so damned easy and I feel so free, yet other times, as a soloist, I feel I'm in a dark house groping for the door. But it's during those adverse periods that you can pick up so many things and not realize it. You'll sound terrible because you're trying so many things to get out of your rut. But when everything comes together, the bad period was as important as the good."

The need for an outside musical stimulus is a very real one to Nistico. "It's like a hunger", he said. Locations usually provide such opportunities, and the band's 10-day stint in Miami not long ago enabled Sal to hear the extremely underrated Ira Sullivan—a brilliant jazzman on both trumpet and tenor. Sal described listening to Sullivan as reaching an oasis. "When I walked in there, it opened up my whole head. I didn't want to sit in—though I did secretly—but he forced me. I figured, well, I'll just go to school here, but Ira said: 'Get up here, you mother.' I did; in fact quite a few of us took advantage of it. Steve Lederer and Frank Vicari (Sal's fellow tenorists) and I did most of it,

though. Ira had a beautiful group with Joe Diorio on guitar. He was so gracious; not like other cats who have an organized gig and don't want to share it."

To Nistico, extracurricular playing is as necessary as breathing. "Ira had been down to hear the big band and he knew that was what we *needed*", he said. "He's really a natural teacher. He just throws it all out there and you take what you want. That experience really opened up my head. Something like that always helps your gig, but you want to help yourself, too."

Unfortunately, blowing sessions like that are all too rare these days. Sal used to make the loft sessions in New York, found them very educational, and understandably laments their demise. "You should play for fun", he said. "You have to make a living, but it shouldn't be just for that. In order for me to make a living, I have to travel and be away from my family. It causes a lot of mental pain and that can take you through all sorts of changes. I'd like to get a \$60-a-month pad in Holland and work preferably two or maybe three weeks a month and spend the rest of the time with my family. But, very few people do what they want in this life. Like they say, you work from nine until one and you go to play afterwards."

"An audience is very fortunate when a big band is playing for fun—on a real high level: section work, jazz, everything. It's a good feeling and it's happening more and more on this band. Not so much from a professional standpoint; but as players. Granted, it's good to have a professional approach, but not so as to get fully wrapped up in it. You can't take yourself too seriously—I had to learn that the hard way. Like Lee Konitz told me: it's a drag for a young cat to get any kind of attention, even though it might be a little deserved. It's a drag because they don't know how to handle it."

Though that statement might apply to some of the new thing players, Sal feels a definite affinity for some of the newer music. "I was against it at first", he admits, "but now I've found a lot of good in it. It's a lot of motion—motion and emotion. But most of us went through various stages so we could get to where we were free within a given context. Now, the context is getting wider, bigger, more open. Eventually, after all your prior discipline, you can come out and break all the rules and be free. But it was necessary for me to go through my different stages and I'm still not free. When I finally get there, which may take a few years, my music will be broader. However, I think a young cat today can come out and just do it now; without going through all that schooling—the hard knock's schooling, that is. He can just get up and play what's in his heart and that's wild. But I had to go through all these changes, which leads to eclecticism. Eventually, though, it should come out as *you*. As one gets older, everything should come together—like your personality."

Sal does not subscribe to the theory that doing no listening whatsoever will

lead to an original approach more quickly. "If you listen to *everyone*, not because you're supposed to but because you want to, your individualism may come much later but it'll be rounder, fuller. You shouldn't disregard anything that's gone down before you. Not that there should be a conscious striving for roots; but, Bird didn't live for nothing, and Trane didn't live for nothing. You try to learn from what they did and maybe in ten or 20 years someone'll go on from there. Younger people talk about forgetting the past, all the wars . . . But even in the worst periods, some good was produced. Therefore, don't cut out a major organ to eliminate a cancerous tumor."

Nistico listened intently to another innovator, Ornette Coleman, and dug the material but not the approach, basing his opinion on the prevalent values. "Later", he said, "I was at the Five Spot with the Jazz Brothers and our bassist, Jimmy Garrison, had been rehearsing with Ornette and he took me along a couple of times. I immediately felt the force of it; the freedom and the warmth Ornette had. Ornette's really a very warm player. I realized it was important."

"I also dug the way Sonny Rollins incorporates the freedom thing. He uses it for shading, contrast. He goes inside into his linear thing, which is heavily rhythmic, cooks, goes outside, does something, and moves it around. Sonny has given me more pleasure than any musician alive. He's got a swing and swing's a medicine. If you're sick, it'll make you feel better—I firmly believe that. And Sonny makes me feel good. Incidentally, (baritonist) Jay Cameron had a tape of Sonny in Central Park. Wow! They had an *Oleo* on there that was unbelievable. Gene Ammons is another cat that gives me a lot of pleasure. Sonny and Gene—those are two of the cats I'll always go out of my way to hear. Along with Lee Konitz, Kenny Dorham, Barry Harris. And, of course, Paul Gonsalves. He's one of the true heavyweights."

Nistico has recorded two LPs as a leader (*Heavyweights*, on Jazzland and *Comin' On Up*, for Riverside) with such sidemen as Nat Adderley, Barry Harris, trumpeter Sal Amico, and bassist Bobby Cranshaw. He regards his solo on *Cheryl* on *Comin' On Up* as his best on record thus far. "I dug that solo for the flow," he said. "It was just a balance take but I said, 'Let it go, man.' Because I was just blowing; I wasn't recording. I wanted one thing on record, if only one, to be just a blowing solo—the way I felt at the time. That's what that solo is to me. With Woody, I'd have to say that *Caldonia* (on the *Encore—1963* LP) is my best. I dig playing fast blues now and then."

Overall, however, Nistico isn't too happy with his recorded work of the last three or four years. "A big band can prevent you from getting something going," he believes. "It can prevent you from turning it on but you can be turned on. I'm not the type of player who can take a group 'outside,' but I can be taken out. When I was with Basie, I made some pretty hip sessions in Salt Lake City. Whereas it had been so hard previously, on those sessions it was so easy. I played things I'd never played. In fact,

everything I played I'd never played. I was going in and out, which is ideal for me. The rhythm section took me outside. I can't do that with a conventional rhythm section—though, of course, there are horn men who can.

"But I'm not into that music that deeply yet—I haven't had the chance," he admits. "So I have to be inspired. I'm capable of going outside and when I do, that's when I feel most fulfilled. That's when I feel most a musician—when I'm free and I'm truly an improviser. I do know the feeling of what true freedom is, but I do dig lines. Shadings, colors, effects—fine, but you've got to have that linear thing in there too. That's the nucleus . . . everything else to me revolves around that. Like Sonny's playing—he goes inside and outside. I think that's life—inside, outside."

The future? Musical advancement, recognition and fulfillment are his goals and he knows the road to accomplishing them may be filled with obstacles. But he will travel that road, whether it be with his own group or as a sideman in a small group "with a very hip leader."

And the road may lead back to Europe. "I'd like to go back," he says, "because it's a different tempo over there. There's not as much electricity. When I had a quintet with Dusko in 1965-66, I felt relaxed for the first time; and I'm not the type that relaxes too easily. People over there aren't all wrapped up in digging what everyone else is doing. They're more involved with their own lives and they communicate very well. They know what money is and also how unimportant it can be. I had money in my pocket in Europe and it usually stayed there. I didn't feel like I had to take it out every two minutes."

No matter how difficult the quest for a musical utopia, Nistico will always be a musician, no matter how big or small the scene. "Actually," he says, "I'd like to get out of the music business—and into *music*. But you always have to do some business. Sonny Rollins has to do business and that's a drag. Jazz is not like other art forms. I have to go to work at a certain time every night, but I might feel like *playing* at 3 a.m., or noon. Like a fighter, I have to get myself up for the gig."

"When I was really into music, and I feel I'm getting back into it, music was always in my head. But there was a time when I stopped thinking about it. Something else became number one, and when that happens you cease to be a musician. I realized that and I feel now that I'm getting more and more into my music. I've felt better musically in the last three months than I have in the last four or five years. I feel a trend—that I'm growing and that I know what I want to do."

Nistico has already demonstrated more than considerable growth, and whatever shape his future music takes, it will be honest. Whatever the context, his playing will continue to evolve, and if he has been neglected in the past, one feels the oversight cannot continue much longer. Sal Nistico is an artist—creative, striving, conscientious, and the severest critic of his work. And as the title of one of his features with the Herman band suggests, he will "keep on keepin' on." 

# 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.

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### Duke Ellington

70TH BIRTHDAY CONCERT—Solid State SS-19000: *Rockin' In Rhythm*; *B.P.*; *Take the "A" Train*; *Tootie For Cootie*; 4:30 *Blues*; *El Gato*; *Black Butterfly*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Laying On Mellow*; *Satin Doll*; *Azure Te*; *In Triplicate*; *Perdido*; *Fife*; *Medley*; (*Prelude to a Kiss*; *I'm Just a Lucky So-And-So*; *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*; *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*; *Mood Indigo*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Caravan*); *Black Swan*; *Final Ellington Speech*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Cootie Williams, Rolf Ericson, Mercer Ellington, trumpet, flugelhorn; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, trombone; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Norris Turney, Harold Ashby, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Ellington, piano; Victor Gaskin, bass; Rufus (Speedy) Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This double album, sold at a special 2-for-1 price and containing an hour and a half of mostly superb music, is one of the outstanding releases of recent times.

Recorded live in Manchester, England in November of last year, it captures the full musical flavor of an in-person performance by the greatest band in the world. The tour during which it was taped was a grueling one, but nobody sounds tired.

Already, the album is a historic document. This particular Ellington band will never be duplicated. Johnny Hodges is gone. (By good fortune, he is well featured here.) Lawrence Brown left after the tour's end, as did Vic Gaskin. Alumnus Rolf Ericson was a temporary replacement in the trumpet section. And there were only two trombones, a shortage for which Ellington compensated by having sixth reedman Norris Turney, a most valuable addition, sit in the section and play trombone parts.

Along with such familiar fare as the *Medley* (never before commercially recorded at such length, yet incomplete—Paul Gonsalves' *In A Sentimental Mood*, one of the highlights, is missing, though the tune is hinted at in Duke's kaleidoscopic piano introduction); *A Train*, *El Gato*, and a great *Things Ain't*, there are new versions of old favorites (*Satin Doll* now features Wild Bill Davis and a sensational Cat Anderson rideout), and several "firsts."

Among the latter: *B. P.*, a jaunty vehicle for Harold Ashby's pleasant, Websterish tenor; *4:30 Blues*, a fine, brooding piece with clarinets in trio and solo (Russell Procope in splendid form); *Laying On Mellow*, well described by its title, and featuring Hodges at a delicious middle tempo, at length and with strength, including a startling swoop unlike anything he ever played; *In Triplicate*, a rousing tenor battle between (in that order) Gon-

salves, Ashby, and Turney, with Paul the winner but Ash and Norris (who plays a booting, jump-styled tenor) holding their own; *Fife* (mis-labeled *Fifi*), a charming bit of whimsy featuring Turney's tasteful, pretty and witty flute; and *Black Swan*, featuring Davis (a new color), Ellington, Gaskin, Jones, and Turney (again on flute; again very good).

Not as new but previously unrecorded is *Tootie for Cootie*, its star in fine fettle. There are echoes of *Echces of Harlem*, Cootie's very special time, and a superb, Armstrong-tinged cadenza, as fine as the one on *A Train*. Also not new but new to the band is Davis' *Azure Te* (mis-labeled *Azure*, which is a vintage Ellington piece), showcasing the composer and blessed Johnny Hodges. And a highlight of the entire program is *Black Butterfly*, a 1938 masterpiece revived to feature Hodges, who caresses the lovely melody in four and a half minutes of joy and beauty. (Is the brief clarinet solo by Ash or Turney? I think the latter.)

*Perdido* spotlights Ericson, whose sly, boppish approach sometimes reminds of Clark Terry, whose feature it once was. *Rockin'* is a boss opener, played with fire and drive—the kind of thing most bands would save for a climax—but then, this is the band that starts where most others leave off.

Brown has only two solos: some plunger stuff on *Rockin'*—which utilizes this color, seemingly discarded by all but Duke, who after all helped to invent it, in a manner not the least "dated"—and *Do Nothin'* in the *Medley*. Ironic that this warhorse should be his swan song.

The piano player is amply featured in the *Medley*, on *Rockin'*, *Train*, and elsewhere. This is also a great record for ascertaining just how big a part Duke's piano (and vocal cues) plays in pacing and shaping a performance. What a master at setting the right tempo he is! And quite a piano player.

Nothing is perfect, and we do regret that Harry Carney is heard only on the *Medley* (*Sophisticated Lady*—she doesn't wither) and *Rockin'* (on clarinet, which doesn't really count), and Gonsalves only on *Triplicate* (without a Gonsalves ballad, something is missing). Also, the engineering (or mastering) overbalances the rhythm section, and while Rufus Jones is his usual solid, dependable self and Gaskin sounds fine, we don't need to hear it that well.

But why carp? There haven't been enough Ellington records lately. There can never be enough. Go get this music while you can.

—Morgenstern

### Ginger Baker

GINGER BAKER'S AIR FORCE—Atco 2-703: *Da Da Man*; *Early in the Morning*; *Don't Care*; *Toad*; *Aiko Biaye*; *Man of Constant Sorrow*; *Do What You Like*; *Doin' It*.

Personnel: Chris Wood, Harold McNair, flute, tenor saxophone; Graham Bond, alto saxophone; Denny Laine, guitar, vocals; Steve Winwood, organ, vocals; Rich Grech, electric bass, amplified violin; Baker, Remi Kabaka, drums; Phil Seamen, percussion; Jeanette Jacobs, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Well, maybe if the recording was better, the Air Force would sound like a better band. As is, it takes Baker and Company two LP's to tell the same story: repeated riffs, with Bond or Wood or Laine or Winwood doing either avant garde (Bond) or funky (Winwood) things over the horribly muddy ensemble. And, oh yes: the drum solos, obligatory with Baker, on *Toad* and *Do What*. Dunno. Seems like he knows what he's doing, judging from down beat interview of April 16, but to these assaulted ears, it still sounds like *Sing Sing Sing*. And sing and sing and sing. . . .

Some interesting concepts in embryo here. *Da Da* is a hard rock line whose melody combines the flavor of a Turkish folk tune with Gospel overtones. *Early* has elements of Northeast Africa and of Louisiana voodoo in it. *Aiko* is basically a West African chant. But they just go on and on, and none of the soloists has enough originality to balance the heavy group playing, which, itself, is too sloppy to provide the requisite drive. Bond has a few moments in *Da Da*, playing free but in rhythm, but his screech work on *Doin' It* over the horn riff is utterly inane. Winwood plays some intriguing figures here and there, but between the flawed recording techniques and the sheer volume of the band, he can connect nothing with nothing.

The vocals are miserable. The words to *Don't Care*, sung by two or 10 of the band, are undiscernible. *Early's* singer was clearly recorded from within a drainpipe. And so on. Lots of talent in this band, but it needs a hell of a lot more woodshedding. And a new engineer.

—Heineman

### Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

DEJA VU—Atlantic 7200: *Carry On*; *Teach Your Children*; *Almost Cut My Hair*; *Helpless*; *Woodstock*; *Deja Vu*; *Our House*; 4 + 20; *Country Girl* (medley); *Everybody I Love You*.

Personnel: Steve Stills, organ, guitar, vocals; David Crosby, guitar, vocals; Graham Nash, guitar, vocals; Neil Young, guitar, vocals; Greg Reeves, electric bass; Dallas Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

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play their instruments well, and sing harmony like no other group going. Young, however, is a bigger talent than any of the others: his two songs, and his performances on them (*Helpless* and the triptych which composes *Country Girl*) are the best things on the session. The refrain of *Helpless*, sung high and in an unbearably, hauntingly, painful way, is singularly beautiful. *Country Girl* is a fine, plaintive production number.

For the rest: *Carry On* is typical, effective CSNY harmony; the countryish *Teach* has respectably interesting lyrics; *Woodstock*, by Joni Mitchell, is a frequently-heard AM hit; and the title cut has a strong, high-pitched, repeated refrain of "We have all been here before," which is the strongest part of the song, but the verses don't measure up, lyrically or musically, and the concept, a good one, simply isn't given the necessary development.

*Almost*, written and performed by Crosby, is the best non-Young cut, combining an attractive self-irony (one hopes!) with an evocative rendering of the plight of the outcast longhair in society. There's a moment when Crosby sings, "It increases my paranoia," and flails at a single string on the guitar using a teeth-grating amp setting. The song roars to life at that point.

Rhythm section is very nice, and the cats do sing ridiculously well, but *Deja Vu* is an unintentionally accurate description of what the listener is apt to feel: competent, well-crafted, well-performed, but what's new? —Heineman

### Delaney and Bonnie and Friends

ON TOUR—Atco 33-326: *Things Get Better; Poor Elijah/Tribute to (Robert) Johnson; Only You Know and I Know; I Don't Want to Discuss It; That's What My Man Is For; Where There's a Will, There's a Way; Coming Home; Little Richard Medley.*

Personnel: Jim Price, trumpet, trombone; Bobby Keys, tenor saxophone; B. Whitlock, organ, vocals; Eric Clapton, lead guitar; Dave Mason, guitar; Delaney Bramlett, guitar, vocals; Carl Radle, electric bass; Jim Gordon, drums; Tex Johnson, conga, bongo; Bonnie Bramlett, Rita Coolidge, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★ ½

Wow.

Power, authority, soul, musicianship. This is perhaps the strongest album of the year. The band is tight and loose at the same time. Clapton is where he should be, playing one- or two-minute solos, knowing that the whole song doesn't depend on him and able, therefore, to pause, build, play around. (*Poor Elijah*—rock 'n' roll country pickin', if you can dig that; *Discuss It*—a logically constructed solo, carefully built up and concluded with fantastically fast repeated figures as he goes out; *Things*—the old freakout Clapton, but short and judiciously edited.)

Now, Delaney can sing, no question, and he holds things together beautifully. But Bonnie . . . If there ever was a white chick who could be on the same stage with Aretha Franklin or Tina Turner or who you will and hold her own, she's it. Such a tiny, trim, pretty thing, with the lungs of a forge. (No knock meant on Misses Slick or Nelson, who do their own things their own lovely way. Plenty knock meant on Janis.)

The album is an exercise in body-grabbing, and there seems little point in adumbrating individual moments. Still things

should be mentioned: the rock-hard bass of Radle, especially on *Things*. Delaney's tough but fluid vocal on *Discuss It*, and the interplay between him and the two women at the cut's wild conclusion. Bonnie's slow-rockin', exquisitely controlled singing on *That's What*. Clapton's lovely fills on *Where There's a Will* and Gordon's crisp drumming on the same cut, and the nice line in it: "You can believe nearly every word I say."

There's no new ground broken by D&B; the point is rather that the old ground is intensely fertile if properly cultivated. This live session is pure joy. Dig on it.

—Heineman

### Coleman Hawkins

NIGHT HAWK—Prestige 7671: *Night Hawk; In a Mellotone; Pedalini; There Is No Greater Love; Don't Take Your Love from Me; Lover.*

Personnel: Hawkins, Eddie Lockjaw Davis, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This December 1960 session captures the great tenor saxophonist at a time when he still was operating at the peak of his powers. Though his playing here is stirring and exciting, moving and powerful, and by all criteria superb, by the standards he himself established and the level of playing he accustomed his audience to expect this is not a session that expanded the frontiers of his inspiration. In short, it is a typically brilliant specimen of late Coleman Hawkins.

Of special interest is *Night Hawk*, a slow, brooding 12-bar blues that reveals new beauty with each hearing. Hawk's extended solo is built on a series of clipped clusters of notes and brisk runs through the chords in which the time is broken up many times over a slow beat. Davis employs a more coarse tone and some tonguing, always suggesting Ben Webster.

*Mellotone* must also be singled out for solo potency. Although it begins with a stiff, rather stilted unison ensemble stating the theme, the entire complexion of the track changes with Davis' charging choruses that swing mightily. Bean is remarkable. His long, smooth lines stretch out across 4 or 6 bars, unbroken by even a quarter note rest, to create a tolling, surging momentum. His rhythm and accents are perfectly structured. The two tenors lock horns for two choruses, swapping fours in some scorching exchanges before the final rideout.

For those who own the original issue of this session, a bonus incentive is provided in this repackaging—the previously unissued *Lover*. It's the hardest driving piece in the set, with a strong opening ensemble and a savage second chorus in which Hawk unleashes his might against Davis' lead.

Two ballads and a moderate blues round out the package. Unlike that of many veterans, Hawkins' decline came swiftly—within a period of about two years—and is virtually undocumented on records now in release. (Although Norman Granz recorded him in early '67 and during a JATP tour in April of that year, nothing from that period has yet been issued.) Happily, it is through LPs such as this that we remember Hawk's later years.

—McDonough

## Oscar Peterson-Herb Ellis

HELLO HERBIE—MPS 15262: *Naptown Blues; Exactly Like You; Day By Day; Hamp's Blues; Blues For H.G.; A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening; Seven Come Eleven.*

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ellis, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Bobby Durham, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

With the year only half elapsed, the most vibrant, honest, swinging and tasteful album of 1970 may already have been released.

I'm being intentionally presumptuous. I'd like to provoke a challenge among record companies to top this. I'm not anti-rock, pop, or soul per se, but neither do I think jazz is a glut on the market, though one might get that impression from viewing the vast amount of commercial outpourings.

A happy reunion of giants, not commerce, is the objective here. Too often neglected when the roll of brilliant jazzmen is called, Ellis is a constant delight here. What he plays here would suffice for an outstanding album with only an average rhythm section. Happily, Peterson and his able cohorts make it doubly enjoyable.

*Naptown* gets things off to a rousing start. Ellis states the theme in his inimitable fashion, gets in a nice break, and proceeds to fashion a cooking solo of great intensity that builds up incredible momentum. Peterson's solo is equally as driving and he closes it with one of his patented block-chord climaxes. A Dixieish interlude with statements by all hands brings the delightful Wes Montgomery opus to a close.

A restrained but interesting Latin back-

ground marks *Exactly*, Peterson playing with the melody in a relaxed single-note style. Ellis' solo continues the pianist's approach and Durham contributes some delicately effective brushwork.

Cole Porter's *Day By Day* contains some remarkable single-note flurries by Peterson. Ellis, perhaps taking a cue from the "philosophy" inherent in the title, presents his ideas one at the time and milks them to the fullest.

Another happy aspect of the session is that it gives us an all-too-rare glimpse of Peterson as a master accompanist. A brilliant improviser, he is able to anticipate when his comments are needed and when they are not. His comping sounds inspired, not obligatory.

Ellis' solos are always meaty and infused with swing and occasional humor. Most appropriately, perhaps his best outing here is on the Charlie Christian-Benny Goodman *Seven Come Eleven*. He cooks without letup, and again Peterson's flair for fitting and illuminating commentary shines through.

Jones, a tower of strength, seems to have developed a more subtle conception while with Peterson. His contributions, though, are as potent as ever, as his work on *H.G.* and *Evening* attests. Durham is tailor-made for the group. A discreet accompanist who can evoke thoughts of Ed Thigpen and Jo Jones, he's a master with brushes and contributes valuably to the feeling of unity that prevades the whole album.

This is an exceptional record. One can only hope for several encores or ideally,

an announcement of a permanent addition to the group.

—Santor

## Dave Pike

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION—Vortex 2007: *Free Improvisation; The Drifter; The Doors of Perception; Ballad; Anticipation.*

Personnel: Lee Konitz, alto saxophone; Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone; Don Friedman, piano; Pike, vibes; Chuck Israels, bass; Arnold Wise, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Currently there are some rock and jazz musicians who have made styles out of eclecticism. They have been influenced by a variety of musical forms and consequently their repertoires vary quite a bit. If this LP, recorded live at the Village Gate, is representative of his current work then Pike has become one of these eclectic performers.

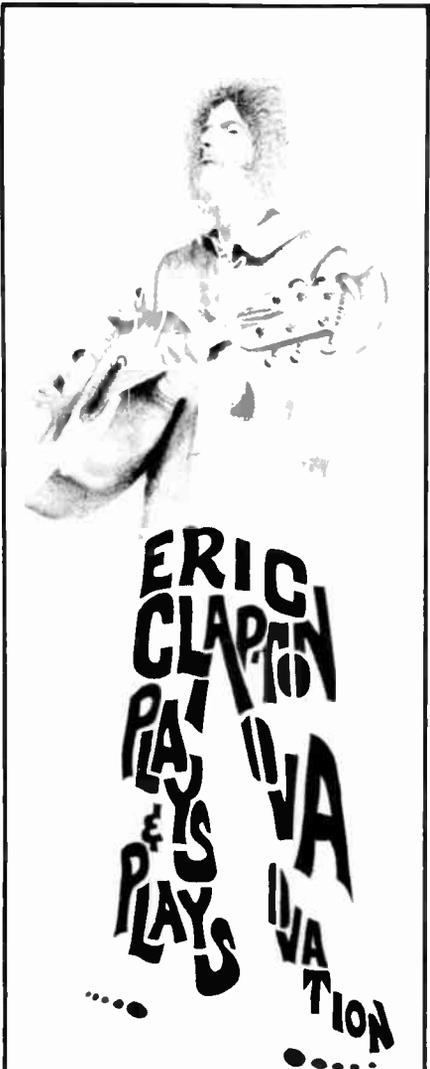
*Free Improvisation*, employing interesting variety of tonal colors and textures, is a free jazz selection on which there is some experimentation with electronics effects, e.g. echo effects. *The Drifter* is a dull, r&b-influenced selection, though it does contain some good, driving work by Daniels.

There is some experimentation with electronic and dramatic effects on *Perception* (for example, the track begins and ends with some electronically distorted human speech) but most of this selection is good, swinging jazz. Pike turns in some nice solo work here.

*Ballad* is a lovely composition by Pike (who wrote all the tunes on this LP). I wonder if it will ever be recorded again. I've heard a number of fine original com-

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positions written by jazzmen over the years that have been recorded once, or a few times at most, and then, apparently, forgotten. It's a shame that there are so many excellent compositions lying around unused.

Anyway, Pike and Friedman turn in fine solo work on *Ballad*; both playing sensitively and romantically. *Anticipation* is a gently swinging medium up-tempo selection containing good solos by Pike, Konitz, Daniels, Friedman and Israels. Konitz' playing on it, though interesting, is atypical. The altoist's work is, in fact, rather reminiscent of Cannonball Adderley's playing on Miles Davis' Columbia recording of *Milestones*.

Incidentally, while the music on it makes it worth having, the LP is not well recorded. —Pekar

**Pee Wee Russell**

MEMORIAL ALBUM—Prestige 7672: *What Can I Say Dear*; *Midnight Blue*; *The Very Thought of You*; *Lulu's Back in Town*; *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*; *I Would Do Most Anything for You*; *Englewood*.

Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

There are few sessions any record label could release that would be a more fitting tribute to Pee Wee Russell than this LP, recorded for the Prestige Swingville line in March, 1960. We are spared the cliches of the Dixieland formats in which Russell often played, and are treated to the undiluted essence of what his playing was all about.

This is not to put down the music he made in the contexts of more traditional lineups; much of it was excellent. Unfortunately, however, the choice of material was usually limited to old warhorses, and Russell's playing often fell into well-worn routines. This group of standards and originals has a bracing freshness about it, with nothing more than an occasional hint of the Dixieland style.

Russell was, of course, an intensely personal musician, whose parched sweet-and-sour lyricism and odd, curiously choked phrasing turned into artistry what might otherwise have been dismissed as eccentricity in lesser hands.

Especially poignant is his tender opening chorus on *The Very Thought of You*, played in the lower register. For wild eccentricity, listen to his brief closing coda on *Troubles*, intertwined with Osie Johnson's drum work. *Englewood* finds him at his most grimacing.

In contrast to the zigzagging contours of Russell's playing is the smooth, unstrained and flowing logic of Clayton, who never played better than on this LP. Every note is clearly articulated, and every phrase is a model of musical organization. Although Clayton is a master of logical structures, one never has the feeling of predictability or cliché in his playing. It's a tribute to his inventiveness that the logic becomes evident only after the fact and never before.

His blues playing is brilliantly showcased in *Englewood*, which also has him playing plunger counterpoint to a growling Russell. In addition to clarity of thought and facility of execution, Clayton frames

his lines in a singing tone, slightly tart, sometimes volatile, but more often than not gently brittle.

And this is basically a gentle album. It will not thrill you with wild abandon or assault you with unrestrained passion. But it will make you listen, because it has substance. —McDonough

**The Mothers of Invention**

BURNT WEENIE SANDWICH—Bizarre RS 6370: *WPLI*; *Igor's Boogie, Phase One*; *Overture to a Holiday in Berlin*; *Theme from Burnt Weenie Sandwich*; *Igor's Boogie, Phase Two*; *Holiday in Berlin, Full Blown*; *Aybe Sea*; *Little House I Used to Live In*; *Valarie*.

Personnel: Bunk Gardner, brass, reeds; Jim Sherwood, reeds; Ian Underwood, reeds, keyboards; Don Preston, keyboards; Sugar Cane Harris, violin; Frank Zappa, guitar, vocals; Roy Estrada, electric bass, vocals; Art Tripp, Jimmy Carl Black, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Not much to choose between this and *Uncle Meat*: both are strange, fragmented, wonderful albums. The opening and closing tunes are pretty much throwaways, though perhaps they serve as frames, a way of saying, "This, oddly enough, is where all our freaky music begins." *WPLI* and *Valarie* are black '50s rock epitomized—not very good, but fun. The Mothers' performances are faithful in spirit to the originals, except that in the spoken interlude of *WPLI*, Estrada swears a blue streak in Spanish.

*Igor's* is a 40-second fragment—Underwood, probably, on clarinet. *Holiday Overture* is an askew Germanic waltz which ends suddenly as Zappa fades in on wawa rock guitar to begin *Theme*, plays an interesting solo, and gives way to a percussion section, which then segues to a reprise of *Igor's*, this time with some texture to it. Another segue to *Holiday Full Blown*, based on *Overture* but with elements of *Theme* in it as well. There is an intentionally sick-sweet tenor solo (the maudlin '30s at home and abroad?), a *poom-pa, poom-pa* reeds and brass section; then the rock rhythm surfaces. Some keyboard and reed unison work, possibly electronically altered, after which Zappa solos again, using the ubiquitous wawa (he's incredibly good at controlling the device) and playing much more melodically and developmentally than is his wont, although there are other kinds of passages in his exceptional solo. When he finishes, various combinations of instruments explore the piece's several themes. Gradually, Underwood's piano becomes the dominant voice and the other instruments die away, leaving Underwood to solo unaccompanied (*Aybe*). Interesting in spots, but Underwood is a better reedman than pianist. All told, *Holiday Full Blown* is an exciting, variegated, successfully experimental performance.

*House* takes up 21:52 of the second side, it's led into by some solo piano in the same vein as on *Aybe*, so maybe *House* is part of the collage comprising all of side one. The ensemble enters in a rock mode but playing a very strange meter—maybe 6/8, but if so, the accents vary wildly. Evenly accented threes and fours are also interspersed, and the ensemble work throughout the piece is based on these figures. Really electric. What is it?

There's a guitar-drum duet before Harris, who's a bitch on his instrument, enters and dominates the rest of the cut. His en-

trance is in a slow, bluesy four, but he changes moods, tempos and accents kaleidoscopically. (He gets some of his colors from Mike White, but is technically somewhat superior—in Ponty's league.)

It may well be that in the year 2000 (we should live so long), the Mothers' music will be considered the highest level of music attained during the present period. This album, despite a few fleetingly dull or repetitive passages, makes a good case for that view. —Heineman

#### Various Artists

**THE ALTO SUMMIT**—Prestige 7689: *Native Land; Ballad Medley (Skylark; Blue and Sentimental; Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You; Body and Soul); Prompt; The Perils of Poda; Good Booty; Lee O's Blues; Lee's Tribute to Bach and Bird.*

Collective Personnel: Lee Konitz, Pony Poindexter, Phil Woods, Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Steve Kuhn, piano; Palle Danielson, bass; Jon Christensen, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

An LP featuring any one of these distinguished altoists would be a welcome treat, but the four together, with a fine rhythm section and an obviously well-conceived album format, turns this unusual record into an event.

Though I was intimately acquainted with the styles of all but Poindexter, I came to appreciate his work as well after the first track. Each player here has his own thing.

This is not a cutting contest. On the tracks where all four horn men appear, the impression of a team effort comes across. The ensembles are well played and

often swing in the fashion of early Basie or Lunceford sections. In solo, each man has a chance to speak his piece.

*Native Land* struck me as a rather trite vehicle, but the blowing is anything but that. Konitz is up first, playing forlorn-sounding, fragmented lines. Woods chooses a more fluent approach, his longer lines contrasting nicely with Kuhn's pungent comping. Pony's ride is similar in approach to Woods', though he does some unique trilling enroute to an upper-register climax. Wright's solo is also impressive.

The ballad medley is exquisite. *Skylark* must be Wright's favorite ballad. It was the highlight of his recent *Soul Talk* LP (Vortex 2011), but that version pales in comparison. He does some brilliant double-timing and employs some beautiful Hodges-like touches while in tempo. *Blue* is Pony's expressively. He turns in some fine work, highlighted by Danielsson's bass but marred somewhat by some curiously out-of-place bass drum tattoos. Woods is excellent on *Gee Baby*, and Konitz is outstanding over a martial rhythm background on *Soul*.

Also notable is *Booty*, the first of two duet tracks. Woods and Poindexter are in fine form on this cooking medium-tempo vehicle. Woods is particularly aggressive and inventive, and Pony employs appoggiatura and similar embroideries in his statement. Danielsson gets in a nice solo—one of the prettiest bass solos I've heard.

The other duet outing, *Blues*, features Konitz and Wright. The former's work here is extremely interesting harmonically—he's perhaps the least predictable im-

proviser around. But Wright is also inventive, and more than holds his own.

*Tribute* has to be heard to be fully appreciated. It begins with Konitz' arrangement of Bach's *Ach Got Vom Himmel Sieh Herein*. Then, in unison, the hornmen tackle a transcription of Charlie Parker's *Honeysuckle Rose* solo from a Dec. 2, 1940 broadcast by Jay McShann's band. Bach and Bird, Leo and Lee, Phil and Pony . . . it's quite a combination. Kudos to Konitz for an ingenious idea and more of the same to the players that brought it off.

This is a fantastic album. I can't recommend it enough. —Szantor

#### Miroslav Vitous

**INFINITE SEARCH**—Embryo SD 524: *Freedom Jazz Dance; Mountain in the Clouds; When Face Gets Pale; Infinite Search; I Will Tell Him on You; Epilogue.*

Personnel: Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; John McLaughlin, guitar; Vitous, bass; Jack DeJohnette or Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This LP represented quite a challenge for Vitous because he is the featured soloist and it is more difficult to play expressive, interesting jazz solos on bass than on many other instruments. Yet this album is a very good one, and Vitous deserves a great deal of praise for his work on it. He's one of the better bassists in jazz at a time when there are more good jazz bassists around than ever before. His pizzicato solo work here is impressive and he has a big, firm tone, a very good sense of time, and excellent

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technique. His playing is consistently clean, even though he sometimes employs complex phrases.

Vitous, beyond being a splendid technician, is an inventive soloist. He can not only improvise powerfully but, as demonstrated on *Search and Epilogue* and during the beginning of *Face*, lyrically and sensitively. His work is quite varied rhythmically.

Hancock does an outstanding job as a soloist and accompanist. He elicits a beautiful tone from the electric piano and sometimes plays with great sensitivity. At times his work has an ethereal quality. He mixes single-note lines and chords very effectively during his solos and builds climaxes with the assurance of a master.

McLaughlin's solos on *Freedom Jazz Dance* and *I Will Tell Him on You* are commendable. His solo work is hot and forceful and he employs some tearing runs and a biting tone. He is an intelligent, powerful improviser and during his solos he employs rests effectively and uses some interesting intervals.

Henderson's work is excellent although, unfortunately, he appears on only two tracks, *Freedom Jazz Dance* and *I Will Tell Him on You*. His use of contrast during his solos is notable, i. e. on both of them his playing is sometimes controlled, sometimes maniacally violent.

There is some fine interplay between Vitous, McLaughlin, Hancock, and De-Johnette or Chambers (who replaces De-Johnette on *Epilogue*). Each performs intelligently as an accompanist and listens carefully to his rhythm section mates and to the soloists. The rhythm section work not only stimulates the soloists but is interesting in itself and contributes a good deal to the overall high quality of these performances. The soloists, happily, listen and often leave holes in their spots so that the work of their accompanists can be heard more clearly. —Pekar

## ROCK BRIEFS

BY ALAN HEINEMAN

Revivals, resurrections and reincarnations:

Remember Dion and the Belmonts? (*Teenager in Love*, et al.) Dion (Di-Mucci) went single for a while, and sank without a trace. He's back (*Sit Down Old Friend*, Warner Bros. 1926) with a pleasant, unpretentious solo album—just vocals and Dion's acoustic guitar as accompaniment. Anachronistic, yes, but good music is always good music. Several country-inflected blues, two of them, *You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover* and *Sweet Pea*, with city blues lyrics. Dion does a lot of jazz-oriented scattling on these cuts; he does it well, and on *Book*, his staccato entrance to the last scatted passage is rhythmically quite interesting. By the fourth partially scatted cut, however, the interest wears thin.

Couple other nice tracks: a good reading of Jacques Brel's *If We Only Have Love* and the touching *Just a Little Girl*, probably written for Dion's daughter. Not a knockout album, but very nice most of

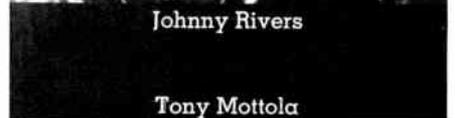
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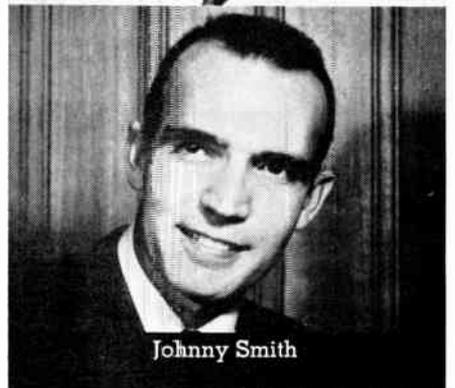
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the way through.

Another blast from the past—a new recording by Bill Haley and the Comets (**Rock 'n' Roll Revival**, Warner Bros. 1831) of all the oldies but goodies you danced and romanced to in the Fabulous Fifties. It's all here, the plodding acoustic bass, the mechanical back beat, the mindless vocals (Haley might as well be singing the Yellow Pages). Only new contribution is a rhythmic shift in the second part of *Whole Lotta Shakin'*. The best thing about the album is the hysterical liner notes. Lord, how it sometimes hurts to acknowledge our ancestry.

Some of our ancestry, that is. Screamin' Jay Hawkins is back from the dead, too, as the cover picture on *What That Is* (Philips 600-319), Hawkins rising from a coffin, illustrates. He has another new album, too, *Screamin' Jay Hawkins* (Philips 600-336).

It is now apparent that Hawkins was into acid, or found a psychic equivalent, before anybody. How else to take early classics like *Little Demon*, which has several counterparts on these albums? (There are older traditions involved, too; speaking in tongues, the Dozens, and using music as magic.)

Anyway, the two albums are a stone gas. The first has slightly better music on it. Hawkins' fine piano work graces both, but the backup band seems grittier on *What That Is*, and Plas Johnson takes some wonderful, honking, rock 'n' roll tenor solos on *Do You Really Love Me?* and especially *Dig!* And *Constipation Blues*

("This is a song about real pain.") is one of the funniest rock songs ever recorded. Jay Hawkins, in case you aren't hip to it, is one hell of a good rock 'n' roll singer.

Another cat, not out of the picture nearly as long as Hawkins, Haley or Dion but sorely missed nonetheless, is John Sebastian. He's solo now, too (*John B. Sebastian*, Reprise 6379), the Lovin' Spoonful, one of the truly joyous rock groups, having gone under some time ago. Sebastian's album, like Dion's, is gentle, warm and loving, and Sebastian has the added advantage of being a consistent composer of lovely lines, like *She's a Lady*, *You're a Big Boy Now*, and *Magical Connection*. (The setting for the latter, however, is pretty slick, in the saccarine Sergio Mendes vein.) There's a varied but generally all-star rock band behind Sebastian's vocal and guitar work on most of the cuts, including much of Crosby, Stills, Young, Rubicam personnel. Again, like Dion's session, this album won't kill you, but I'd guess you'll dig listening to it. I think of Sebastian as one a few musicians among the many I've never met who's a good friend of mine.

Which brings us to the subject of reincarnations, and to John Hammond, Jr. (*Southern Fried*, Atlantic 8251). Hammond is an accomplished musician and a versatile singer. The thing is, I don't know who he is because he's worked so long—since his first album, really—on perfecting the diction of blacks. Well, he's done it virtually perfectly, but it seems a hollow victory, because I can no longer

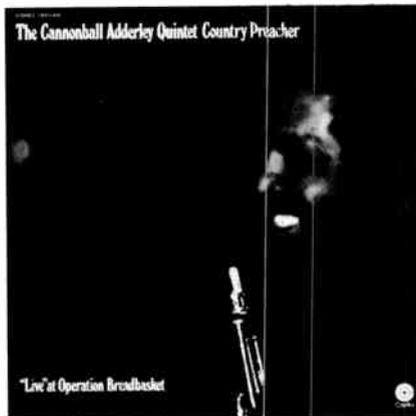
hear an individual performer inside. On this album, he does things by Willie Dixon, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry, Chuck Willis and Muddy Waters, among others. Where the imitations are good, you might just as well listen to the originals—where Hammond changed things, it's usually for the worse. *Nadine*, for instance, has been slowed down, but the lyrics demand the tempo and locomotion of Berry's version. Again, Hammond's slide work on *I Can't Be Satisfied* is fluid and relaxed, but it's more delta than Chicago, lacking the tension Muddy's guitar always adds to his vocals. (To Hammond's credit, he doesn't mimic Water's diction; he pronounces the title refrain more or less straight, whereas Muddy sings, "I can't be *sattified*.") Hammond leans hard on a leering "mah-yeen" in the title phrase of Dixon's *You'll Be Mine*; almost makes it, but it does sound studied. Come out, John Hammond, wherever you are.

Finally, also by way of nostalgia, London has issued a compendium of unreleased John Mayall. It's an up-to-date version of *Diary of a Band*, documenting the incredible parade of musicians who have passed through Mayall's groups en route to solo notoriety—Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton, Aynsley Dunbar, Mick Fleetwood, Peter Green, Mick Taylor and Dick Heckstall-Smith, *inter alia*. But Clapton appears on only one cut—a good solo on *Stormy Monday*—and Heckstall-Smith has one good tenor spot on *Suspicious* (Part Two), and apart from that, there's nothing very exciting going down. 

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Art Ensemble of Chicago

Vieux Colombier, Paris, France

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn, steer-horn, bass drum; Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, saxophones and percussion; Malachi Favors, bass, electric bass, percussion; Jerome Cooper, drums; Fontella Bass, vocals.

Have you ever heard men blowing their guts out through their horns? Oh yeah, I know it's supposed to happen in jazz all the time but the emotion is so often contrived that you tend to forget where, how and why jazz and the blues were spawned. Their parents, after all, wore neither tuxedo or dashiki and they lived a long, long away from velvet-curtained stages and \$3.50 minimums. The music came from the other side of the tracks and it's only when it relates to that heritage that it pulls you to it and makes your heart throb along with its rhythm.

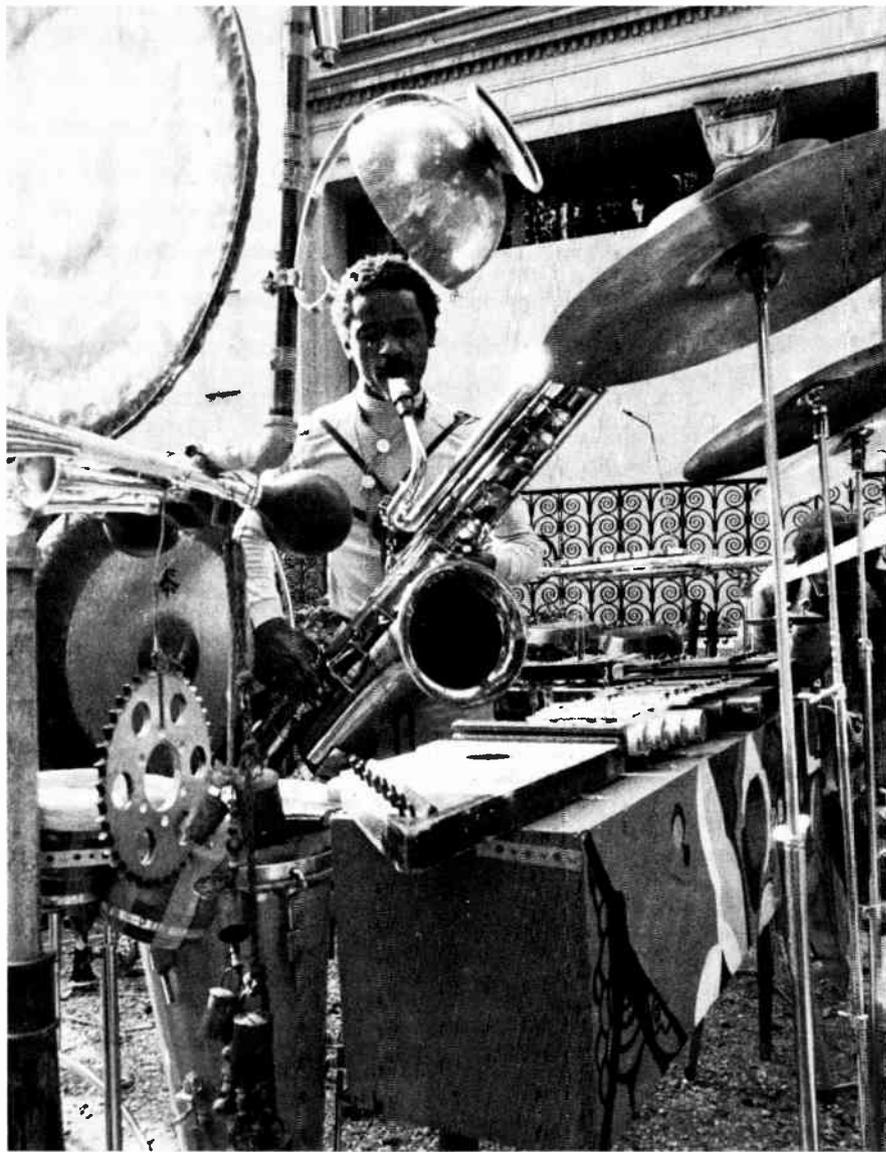
Five men from Chicago recently gathered on the stage of a crumbling old Parisian theatre to talk about life as it really is, life as it has been and life as it's going to be—and don't *nobody* step in its way. Five men and one woman—one fine and beautifully-coiled spring of dynamism and soul, Fontella Bass. Resurrected from the oblivion that followed *Rescue Me* and *Soul of the Man*, Fontella came out there to tell it loud; to shout, scream and spew her mind out about blackness and pride. And she made the audience weep with her intensity.

The stage was in semi-darkness when the musicians started, their forms silhouetted against an illuminated backdrop. Jarman stood in the shadows and explained about black music and black culture and how the enemies of the new music protest that it no longer resembles the human voice. "The critics have called it *avant garde*, they've called it the *New Thing*," he said, "but we have only one name for it: *Great Black Music*." And that, along with showing how the music still echoes the black American's struggle for survival, was what the concert was all about.

Jarman and Mitchell play too many instruments to annotate in detail. Together with Favors' odds and ends the whole unit takes over two hours to set up and that, in itself, is a fair indication of the extent of their involvement and dedication. These four men really live music as no other group I've encountered. Cooper (subbing for drummer Steve McCall who has returned to Chicago) is another Chicago musician, and was playing his first gig outside Copenhagen where he lived. He did fine.

Of all the young trumpeters, Bowie is just about the most original around. He alternates between the heraldic and the gutbucket, using effects that span the six decades of jazz. He loves the bluesy effects from squeezed half-valves and the clumsy, lip-shattering buzzing from the loose embouchure. There is always a sense of tradition combined with freedom in his playing, a virtue shared by all members of the AACM and Miss Bass, who is also Bowie's wife.

The trumpeter led off in style before little Joseph Jarman, bared chest and painted face, swept the stage with his raucous tenor. Bowie yelled encouragement through his trumpet and Cooper's



JACQUES BISCEGLIA

Roscoe Mitchell

galloping drums accelerated.

Mitchell, also stripped to the waist, picked up a bass saxophone that almost dwarfed him as Fontella walked on to talk about "Great Black Music". *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Mind* was a non-conformist statement of fact which changed tempo with staggering technique and showed just how good a singer she is away from the tight "soul" format. Then Favors, one of the most brilliant bassists playing today, switched to electric bass and a firm, resilient soul beat. "Hey!" yelled Fontella, "This is what we call free-jazz-rock!" She need have said no more—the cats took it away, playing four bars of strict rock tempo, four bars of freakout. Jarman blew fantastic blues tenor saxophone, shrieking, jumping, and wailing along with the vocal. And God, did she go! Knees bent, shouting and screaming with or without the microphone, a thousand lifetimes of oppression, sorrow and defiance sprung forth from her lips. Jarman sped onward, roaring his free jazz tenor blues into the air behind her. And some of the lyrics: "The moon's been invaded, but the moon got the blues!"

The atmosphere was electric. Favors was pulling through as though bass playing was going out of style, then Mitchell chewed heavy hunks of anger from his

alto as Jarman dropped his ax and set up a battery of drumming to take your breath away. You never heard such sounds in your life.

The concert lasted—who knows how long? I could no more have checked on such a triviality than flown to Mars.

—Valerie Wilmer

Phineas Newborn Jr.

Donte's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Newborn, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Phineas Newborn Jr.'s appearances are as rare as those of Howard Hughes—but considerably more meaningful.

Watching Newborn gives rise to the inevitable question: how can such a small man coax such a big booming sound out of the keyboard? Some might have figured Al McKibbin was a ventriloquist, but the answer is part of a Madison Ave. cliché: it's what's up front that counts. Phineas boasts two of the strongest mitts in the business. Imagine Joe Frazier imitating Art Tatum and you have some idea of the artistic muscularity that runs through Newborn's playing.

Yet, despite the visual paradox, the Phineas Newborn Experience is basically aural. He's too honest a jazzman to put on a show for the customers. He just sits there, intense, erect, seldom looking at

his sidemen, working up a sound sweat, but looking at all times ultra cool.

The same air of detachment was not displayed by McKibbon or Berk. They seldom took their eyes off the pianist—especially on the ballads, where he often dispensed with strict time and came down on “one” when he felt it was the right psychological moment. There was never a lack of synchronization.

On uptempo cookers, they never took their ears off Phineas—especially Berk, who duplicated or answered the pianist’s rhythmic jabbing at every opportunity. There were plenty of those in one of Newborn’s favorite set openers: Nellie Lutcher’s *Real Gone Guy*. McKibbon’s relaxed two-beat over the pianist’s jaunty head playing provided the ideal contrast with the hard swinging four-to-the-bar choruses. McKibbon demonstrated again and again that the art of walking is more than mere timekeeping; he constantly managed to lay down an interesting melodic line.

Newborn plowed straight ahead, demonstrating everything pianistic at his disposal: single-finger noodling with left hand jabs; then a spurt of ideas like a horn soloist out of the bop bag; octaves, spread apart and flawless; then a flurry of block chords.

Introducing *Black Coffee*, the pianist stirred the melody, verging on stride, inserting little curtsies with both hands on the chromatic changes. At times, he seemed to be squeezing out the lyrics. (Many jazz soloists have said they prefer to play only those ballads to which they know the lyrics. Newborn must be among them.) McKibbon and Berk discreetly turned on a metronome for the release, but Phineas wouldn’t be pinned down. And so his rhythm section followed him in a fascinating study of respectful anticipation.

Take the *A-Train* was brisk and resolute. A highlight of Newborn’s jazz choruses were fanfare-like clusters of chords that resembled the barking of a brass section. Somewhere between the engine and caboose, he managed to sneak in *Billy Boy*. It is characteristic of his intensity that even when he interpolates, Newborn doesn’t betray a sense of humor—at least not outwardly. There is no one more musically McLuhanesque in his art than Phineas: the medium *is* the message.

Another ballad closed out the set: *Sunday Kind of Love*. Newborn gave it the treatment it deserved, knowing it has been unjustifiably neglected. His solo intro led into a thoughtfully reharmonized chorus, and when the sure-handed rhythm section entered, a mood of “restful funk” prevailed. Phineas inserted a series of tenths in the left hand that conjured up the image of Teddy Wilson, and seemed to add a second bassman.

Which brings up the only negative criticism: Newborn just doesn’t give his colleagues enough solo room to stretch their chops. While that is a valid complaint, one has to forgive an artist of Newborn’s stature, if for no other reason than that his gigs are so infrequent. He’s got a lot of soloing to catch up on.

—Harvey Siders

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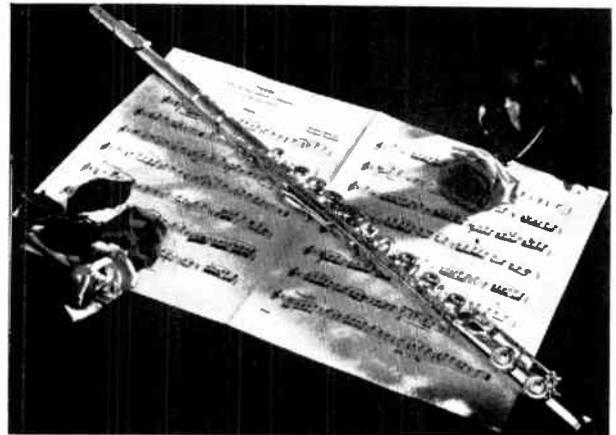
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# BOOK REVIEWS

**The Story of Rock**, by Carl Belz. Oxford University Press; 256 pp.; \$5.95.

This is an absolutely maddening book. The author is serious, and he speaks about rock in terms of art, and of distinctions between fine art, folk art and popular art. He knows rock history, and has considerable good taste.

Yet, time after time, Belz will define terms, circle around a subject—inevitably, the reader will feel, he is going to provide a close and careful analysis—and then quit. Belz pays a great deal of attention to the Beatles and to Bob Dylan, for instance, and especially to *Sgt. Pepper*, *The Beatles* and *John Wesley Harding*. And after you've read all he has to say about these three albums you discover that except in theoretical terms, he has utterly failed to account for their unique qualities.

It would appear that the major problem Belz has in discussing music as music is that he doesn't understand its technical basis. There is no mention in the entire book of back beat, syncopation, blues scales, atonality, bitonality, unusual harmonies, *interalia*; Belz provides generalized adjectival descriptions of the music he treats, but never gets at its technical substance. All the more tragic considering how much of the slim and self-indulgent literature on rock fails to deal with its subject as a musical entity. Belz promises to do so, but fails.

Another lack in Belz' analytical equipment, oddly, is a sense of humor. Oddly, because he recognizes explicitly the humorous elements of some of the music he deals with. Yet he can straight-facedly refer to *Why Don't We Do It in the Road* as one of the Beatles' "clear examples of the Negro blues tradition" (p.210) without ever alluding to the obviously parodic impact of its diminished lyrics or its over-direct presentation of a subject that the "Negro blues tradition" always treats more subtly, obliquely and imagistically.

Similarly, Belz can accept literally Frank Zappa's statement in the notes of *Cruising with Ruben and the Jets* that "the record was created out of respect for the style of



music it emulates" (p.211), and then wonder at the contradiction implicit in "the experience of the album." Good morning, Carl. (He also asks parenthetically whether Ruben and the Jets are a fictitious group. Lord!)

As history rather than analysis, however, the book isn't bad. If you accept the gen-

eralized labels the author hangs on examples within a musical category, he does isolate and pinpoint the dominant influences and trends in rock's development. He's much fuller and more satisfactory about early rock than about contemporary forms—strangely so, since the book is clearly aimed at Right Now. The 1964-68 emphasis is overwhelmingly on the Beatles and Dylan (although there's some interesting speculation that the Rolling Stones' existence should be seen purely as a need to provide a Loyal Opposition to the Beatles, which should infuriate Stones freaks). Consequently, the genuinely significant impact of the *Airplane* and *Blood, Sweat&Tears*, to cite only two examples, is given short shrift.

Even in the area of historicity, though, Belz runs into difficulties. He has clearly absorbed the sales figures from *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, and the other trade papers, and he makes some shrewd points about the popularity of certain kinds of rock during specific periods. The difficulty is that he treats facts about popularity interchangeably with facts about the stylistic development of the music. For example:

Between 1954 and the early sixties, the charts of the Rhythm and Blues field changed as dramatically as the pop charts. In fact, the two fields revealed an identical pattern of stylistic "integration." With increasing regularity, the Rhythm and Blues lists included white artists such as Bill Haley, Elvis Presley, and the Everly Brothers . . . In January 1965, *Billboard* expanded its Rhythm and Blues page and, for the first time

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in more than a year, published the Top 40 national best-selling Rhythm and Blues hits. All of the records were by Negro artists, indicating that they had reclaimed the field with which they were traditionally associated. (pp. 179-81)

Belz' implications to the contrary notwithstanding, the encroachment of white "r&b" players onto the charts has much more to do with patterns of affluence (and, consequently, of record-buying) and with *Billboard's* customary obtuseness about the music it so significantly deals with. What was happening was not that rhythm and blues was changing but that whites were buying what was being categorized as r&b for the first time, and in greater numbers than were the blacks, whose allegiance to the real stuff remained constant. By 1965, r&b and rock were becoming acknowledged as separate entities, and also, the white audience had, to an extent, developed better judgment in distinguishing the genuine article. Thus, here as elsewhere, Belz seems to be talking about music; what he is talking about, instead, is the music market. (It should also be added that the trade papers' reportage of sales figures for independents, and particularly black independents, has until recently been slipshod at best and intentionally misleading at worst.)

But on the whole, the book is accurate historically. In addition, despite Belz' disclaimer that he will not dwell on rock's sociological or economic aspects, he makes some piquant speculations in those areas—some of which will and should be quarreled with, but that's as it should be.

Where he falls down, to reiterate, is in applying his rather carefully and thoughtfully developed hypotheses about folk art and fine art specifically to the music at hand. One final example will have to suffice: after spending a great deal of time in speaking generally about whether Dylan's lyrics may be called poetry, and, if so, what sort of poetry they are, he climaxes his argument:

In Dylan's writing, this consciousness of poetry as poetry) is most apparent in the way his images, his wild associations, and his confusing syntax draw attention to themselves as language manipulations and artistic ends in themselves. Together, these elements indicate a clear inclination toward fine art. (p. 167)

Okay, swell: Dylan's music is fine art. Now: what are its specific elements? Is it good or bad art? How does it succeed, when it does? There's more value in Paul Williams' explication of *All Along the Watchtower* (a brilliant piece of criticism in a generally undistinguished book, *Outlaw Blues*) than in anything Belz has to say on Dylan's work.

So *The Story of Rock* is maddening. Because here is a sensible, well-read and well-listened author with seriousness of purpose and an admirably relevant orientation. And he has provided a good introduction to the phenomenon of rock's growth and development—from the outside. Inside, where the music lives and breathes and gets to people and makes them dance and laugh and gasp, is alien territory to Belz. In speaking about art, this is the unpardonable sin.

—Alan Heineman

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## TULL

(Continued from page 15)

the kids out there miss all the nuances. They're too busy smoking pot. Now as far as habits are concerned, I couldn't care what audiences do, but I know I'd feel happier if they stayed away from the stuff. Then they could be more objective. Right now I'd have to say American audiences exhibit the lowest denominator of taste. You know, we shouldn't be forgiven for goofs. But we can play anything poorly and they won't 'boo'; they'll rave. Other countries don't rave that indiscriminately. They appreciate with more honesty, and frankly I can come to grips with European audiences, 'cause you know they hear what you're doing. But here, I'm afraid they come to concerts so they can thumb their noses at the cops. They couldn't care less about the purity of the music."

At 22, Ian Anderson cares a great deal about the purity of his flute playing and again it takes the form of a put-down. Some tone-deaf English critic recently labeled Anderson a "second-rate imitation of Roland Kirk," which is tantamount to saying John Mayall is a second-rate Leadbelly.

"Anyone who compares me with Roland Kirk obviously does not understand what Kirk is doing. Roland Kirk is a jazz musician who leans heavily towards blues—loose, free blues. Technically he's a master of his style and he certainly understands his instrument. Now I don't have a style; but I do have a *sound*. The fact that I use my voice with the flute doesn't mean I'm imitating Kirk. Really, the comparison is irksome. He's been playing flute for years—many, many years. I've been playing flute only since 1968. I don't even know the mechanics of my instrument."

His instrument is an Artley concert flute, not electrified, but he has an echo device and other forms of electronic gimmickry hooked up to the P.A. system. He can control the echo delay and, when the spirit moves him, harmonize with himself. "The overlap is positively intriguing," he says.

While the cascading sound helps to drive his adoring crowd to new heights of frenzy, it is the visual experience of Ian Anderson that sends them on a mass trip. Dressed like a combination of Captain Hook and the Pied Piper, Ian Anderson explodes on stage with his abundant, shoulder-length tresses well-teased, his drooping mustache and beard almost as kinky as his hair; boots up to his knees, a Faginlike coat down to his ankles. Wild-eyed and gesticulating as if he were possessed, Anderson brings the flute up to the mike, pours on all the technique and amplification he can garner, runs up and down the scale trying to elude the devil himself, and finally lifts his left leg, occasionally kicking at the air while he maintains his balance (and while his fans—confusing eccentricity for virtuosity—promptly lose *their* equilibrium.)

But don't let outward appearances throw you. Ian Anderson is a sensitive, intelligent young man whose humility is as genuine

as his sense of show business. He knows who he is, what he has and where he's going. He's bright enough to know what his paying peers expect, and talented enough to furnish it. Jethro Tull puts on a helluva show and their leader Ian Anderson will not allow himself to be blinded by the adulation.

I sat with him backstage following his concert at the Long Beach Arena. Out front the smell of pot hung as heavy as the ever-present smog. Photographers were feverishly clicking away; among them a 16 mm movie camera was grinding while a shotgun mike overheard every utterance for a future sound track. The fans were trying to get by their helmeted enemies to see their idol, and through it all, Anderson sat composed, holding his recent bride, Jenny, and replying in his soft-spoken, civilized tone—the calm eye in a hurricane of frenetic activity.

A few days later, at his hotel on the Sunset Strip, we talked over lunch and the same soothing, cultured intonation barely made itself heard, but what was audible was highly articulate, and often thought-provoking. This of course, led to the dichotomy between his on-stage and inperson images.

"Well, if there's a difference in personalities, it's because I have a tremendous range of emotions—as a person and as a performer. I'm glad to see people enjoy one of my concerts, but at the same time, if something goes wrong, I'll get extremely depressed—right on stage. Sure, the people aren't aware that we might have goofed, but it doesn't help me. I know, and if it's particularly bad, I'll disappear behind an amp and cry."

Whether you choose to believe that is up to you. One thing I have no doubts about is Anderson's position on certain habits. He must be one of the few rock musicians in the world who puts drugs, liquor and groupies in his personal "no-no" category. "I don't give a damn what others do as long as they don't louse themselves up physically. I couldn't abide sidemen who are constantly stoned. If I don't take any drugs, it's not due to a moral thing. It's simply that I don't want my personality changed or even influenced by external things."

Makes sense. Anderson has been too successful thus far to take any chances. If he blows his mind, he may blow his luck. The group is doing extremely well. Their first three records (Reprise) have taken off on charted flights and he has a fourth in the works that will feature flute overdubbing.

He makes no excuses about his musicianship, and you can't help but admire a young man who tastes of success and still wears the same size hat. He constantly reminds himself and the others of his limitations. In addition, to the flute, he plays guitar, balalaika and mandolin. And those are his vocals you hear on recordings. But he has no pretensions about scaring anyone musically.

The strongest plus in his favor, which has nothing to do with dilettantism, is his ability to control his group. He's a firm leader. Jethro Tull is not a co-op combo; it's Ian Anderson's. And if they follow the leader, the sky's the limit. **ES**

## AMMONS

(Continued from page 13)

found . . . because even though you had access, the radio and everything, it still must have been a revelation when you got got around and started listening to live music again.

**G.A.:** Yes it was. But actually, since I've been home, I've been working steadily all the time. Consequently I haven't been able to hear too many cats. The last time I was in New York I went down and heard Monk at the Vanguard. He's always been one of my favorites as far as his originality is concerned and his ideas and so forth.

But when I caught him . . . I don't know . . . I hate to say anything bad about Monk because of the way I feel about him, but just what I heard them doing didn't impress me that much. He's just playing the same tunes that he's been playing for years. And, of course, Rouse wasn't with him any more, so he had a new kid, Pat Patrick, who was originally a baritone player, and Wilbur Ware is back with the group. But they just didn't impress me that much.

Then I went one night and heard Oscar Peterson. Well . . . Oscar . . . there's nothing I could ever say bad about him because the man is a giant. And I caught Willis Jackson one night in the old Birdland, where Lloyd Price has a place now. Willis is still playing the same type of thing. I also heard Clark Terry's big band at the Club Baron, and they sounded nice, and I also caught Howard McGhee's big band, and they sounded fine too.

But, from what I've heard things haven't changed too much. The cats playing the rhythm-and-blues-type things, they still sound primarily the same.

**L.F.:** But the people that you've just mentioned are all people who were into some bag that was in existence before you went in. What I'd like to get at is: A whole new school has been established—more or less during this period—the modal school, the avant-garde, the so-called free bag. Not only the tenor players, but the Cecil Taylors and people like that, who have a tremendous following among the young crowd. So I'm wondering what opportunity you've had to study that, what impact you think it has or will have.

**G.A.:** Actually, the type of things you just mentioned . . . I haven't had a chance to hear any of this in person, but from what I've heard on records . . . the modal thing, I've loved it from the beginning when I heard John doing it. In my estimation he was one of the better musicians doing this type of thing and probably—and a lot of people agree—he was one of the innovators of the modal thing.

There's so much you can do on a modal thing, but it's the type of thing where you've got to be constantly using your thought facilities, because just the drone on one chord for a certain length of time . . . unless you're putting forth some ideas that are worth listening to, it gets monotonous after a while. But for what it leads in to and what it builds up to, I really dig it.

Cannonball is another one I like to hear

play this type of thing. As far as avant-garde and the free bag goes, when it gets to that, Leonard, it really loses me. When you get to the point where there's no chord changes to go by, no amount of bars that you're following, and it's just everybody for himself. . . . I guess that when some cats read this, they'll probably think I'm old-fashioned, but I go back to the school where if it didn't swing, it didn't mean too much. And in order for it to swing it's got to have some type of format, and the free bag to me just doesn't have a format.

I'm not going to just put it down completely because all music has its merits, but I'll just leave it to the cats that's doing this, because if I was placed in a free-bag situation, I'd be lost.

**L.F.:** One of your guys, George Freeman, is doing a little of it with you.

**G.A.:** I agree. But George does it in the realm of what's going on otherwise, as far as the rest of the rhythm and the whole situation, and it sounds good. He makes it fit in. So there is some order there rather than just go for yourself. . . .

**L.F.:** Well, as far as you're concerned, you just want to go straight ahead from where you were?

**G.A.:** No, no, don't quote me as saying that . . . You mean as far as my personal plan is concerned? The way I feel about that is: I'm going to do my best to keep my ears open. When I hear what's being done by other musicians, I want to be alert enough—and I've always judged myself as having a pretty good ear—to be able to absorb as much of it as I would like to and eventually insert it into, if not everything, some of the things I'm attempting to do.

Periodically, though, when I'm feeling it, I'll go off the side of the board—stretch out a little bit. From the people that have heard me do this, they seem to like it. So, I'm going to continue in that direction. . . .

**L.F.:** Well, that makes sense. As long as you don't lose your identity. Like Coleman Hawkins, who listened to everything that was going on, never lost his essential sound. . . . Tell me about the Varitone.

**G.A.:** When I came home, if somebody had told me to go and get a Varitone, I wouldn't have had one, because I didn't think too much of it. But I did go down to the Selmer factory in Elkhart, and they gave me a new horn, and the guy there said, "You might as well take this with you too." And he gave me the Varitone. I started just using the amplified part of it, which I think is good in cases where you have a bad microphone. Then on ballads I started experimenting with the double-octave thing. But that's all I use. Also, I don't record with it and never will. I just don't dig the sound on record.

I'll continue to use it in clubs and auditoriums. But, like, Eddie Harris has this thing with 35 buttons on it with all different kinds of effects—I'd get so mixed up trying to see what's happening with those buttons that I couldn't concentrate on what I'm trying to play. Eddie seems to do it very well. So, different strokes for different folks; I'll do whatever I dig, and I'm planning to stick around and keep on doing it. You better believe that. 

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**A Coleman Hawkins Masterpiece  
Transcribed and Annotated by Brian Priestley**

THIS SOLO CONSTITUTES the major portion of Coleman Hawkins' 1937 recording of *Out of Nowhere* (recently reissued in the album *Django Reinhardt and the American Jazz Giants*, Prestige 7633). After Benny Carter's opening theme statement on muted trumpet, Hawkins enters with a two-measure lead-in (the key is tenor B-flat, concert A-flat) and takes over for the remaining two choruses, supported in the last by chords from the other three horns.

At this lilting slow-medium tempo (32 measures to the minute), the most striking thing is not only the number of notes Hawk manages to squeeze in, but the amazing rhythmic variety of his phrasing. I have attempted to distinguish between "uneven" 8th-notes, triplet 8th-notes and "even" 16th-notes, as Hawkins himself clearly does, for the resulting tensions between these different kinds of time, not to mention the groupings in the last chorus, which are just about impossible to notate—is one of the main structural elements of the solo.

The brilliantly controlled rubato of measures B2-3 and B8-10, where the line seems completely independent of the beat, also occurs in simpler form in measure A21, with a simple swing-style phrase held back for one beat so that the downbeat in fact sounds like an upbeat, and in measure B13, which in the hands of a lesser player would have the second C-sharp right on the third beat and leading to the A-sharp dead on the fourth beat.

The harmonic implication of the rubato at B2-3, whereby the chord-change at B3 is effectively delayed for almost two beats, is foreshadowed by the strange passing-chord on the first beat of A13 and by the similar intrusion of the F-natural over an F-sharp 7 in A17 (though in both cases this could be a slip of the finger) and even more clearly by the cadential F in A15 and B-flat in A31, both displaced by one beat due to the overflowing 16th-notes, and again by the high G in A27 which dominates two beats of the next bar despite the chord-change. This seemingly casual tension-inducing device (see also B15 and B19) may be contrasted with Charlie Parker's frequent habit of *anticipating* the changes by a beat or more.

It is rendered more significant by the fact that Hawkins, who first popularized "running the changes" as a way of life, somewhat untypically based this solo on the melody as well as the harmonies of *Out of Nowhere*—the abovementioned F in A15 (and B15), the high G in A27 (and B27) and the B-flat in A31 are all melody notes—but this may have been inspired by a song that was so "far out" that it features the added 9th of the first four changes (measures 1, 3, 5, 7, and of course 17, 19, 21, 23). Anyway, Hawk's use of the added 9ths of the original song in A3 and A7 (G-sharp and A) and the delayed recurrence of the G-sharp in A19 already sets the listener up for Hawkins' own climactic line of peak notes in the second chorus: F, F-sharp, G, A (B1, B3, B5, B7).

Like his 1939 version of *Body and Soul* (RCA Victor LPV502), Hawkins's solo describes a curve which could literally be plotted on a graph, with a simple beginning followed by melodic, harmonic and rhythmic complication increasing in perfect parallel, and a corresponding volume curve (from *mp* to *f*) which is so natural it hardly needs to be mentioned. Worth mentioning, however, is the lack of strong accentuation in the first 16 bars; even the 8th-notes are almost "even", and the half-beat anticipations are not pushed but just allowed to fall gently between the beats. Similarly, the famous Hawkins vibrato is very restrained, becoming more violent later, when combined with accents. It is also worth mentioning that after the emphatic rhythms of B11-20, which prolong the main climax (B1-10), the simplified repeat of B-5-10 at B21-25 is perfectly balanced by the extended range and broader phrasing of the expansive closing measures.

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## JAZZ ON CAMPUS

**Campus Ad Lib:** Two programs focusing on the everyday music and culture of Ghana and West Africa were presented during May and June to students in the elementary and upper grades in 20 Chicago Public Schools. Featured in *A Look At Africa* were drummer Red Saunders and his band, vocalist Jo Ann Henderson and the Katherine Kunhan dancers. *Echoes of Africa* featured the Darlene Blackburn Dance Troupe, with solo drummer Harold Murray and percussionists Okage Bami and Oye Kwu . . . Recent concerts at the City College of New York featured guitarist David Bronberg, blues singer-guitarist Jesse Fuller, vocalist Mabel Hillary, and the Valerie Capers Trio (Miss Capers, piano; Lisle Atkinson, bass, Al Harewood, drums), according to campus correspondent John Helak . . . Saxophonist-composer Ed Summerlin appeared as guest soloist at Duke University in the performance of his Easter Cantata *Christ Lag In Todesbanden* (*Where Do We Go From Here?*). The cantata was also performed in churches in

Oklahoma City, Battle Creek and Flint, Mich. Summerlin's new work, *Bless This World*, will be premiered at the American Guild of Organists National Convention in Buffalo on July 1 . . . Correspondent Robert Rosenblum reports that the Junior College of Albany, N.Y. featured the Nick Brignola Sextet (Ted Carson, trumpet; Booker Ervin, tenor sax; Brignola,



reeds; Don York, piano; Mike Wickes, bass, Larry Jackson, drums) recently and that Clark Terry did a concert with the Colonie High School Band of Albany . . . The Collegiate Neophonic Orchestra of Southern California (Norwalk) presented its annual spring concert May 14 at Cerritos College featuring the works of J. Hill, Lennie Niehaus, Jack Wheaton, Bill Fritz and others . . . Trumpeter Bobby Bryant returned to his hometown of Hattiesburg, Miss. for a benefit concert with the Univ. of Southern Mississippi Jazz Lab Band led by Raoul Jerome.

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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

night it was . . . The June 19 lineup is finally set for the Jazz Cruise on the Hudson. Among the groups to be featured are **Freddie Hubbard**, **Lee Morgan**, **McCoy Tyner**, **Archie Shepp**, **Jackie McLean**, **Sonny Redd**; singer **Joe Lee Wilson**, and the **Romas Orchestra** conducted by **Romylus** and featuring **Cal Massey**, fluegelhorn; **Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **Gary Bartz**, alto; **Alice Coltrane**, harp; **Hakim Jami**, bass; **Rashied Ali**, drums; and several other sidemen . . . Composer, arranger and trumpeter **Cal Massey** is in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital for an extended rest and checkup but is expected to be released in early June . . . The African American Teachers Association presented a superb concert May 16 at Long Island Univ. featuring **Sonny Sharrock's** group with wife **Linda** on vocals; **Teddy Daniel**, trumpet; **Norris Jones**, bass and **Milford Graves**, percussion; and **Gary Bartz's** NTU Troop with the leader on alto and soprano saxophones; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; **Freddie Waits**, drums, and **Elaine Workman**, recitalist. Various percussionists participated in a lecture-demonstration of *The Evolution of the Drum* which rounded out the program . . . The East, a cultural and educational center for people of African descent located in Brooklyn, had an unusual evening of percussion on May 15. **Rashied Ali**, **Andrew Cyrille** and **Milford Graves** participated in *Dialog of the Drum* and the three drummers also played together . . . Tenor saxophonist **Tyrone Washington's** quartet, with **Luqman Luteef**, **Richard Davis**, and **Lenny White**; and **Russell Lyle** with **Bobby Lyle**, **William May** and **Buck Jones** were heard in concert May 15 and 16 at Judson Hall . . . Tenorist **Roland Alexander** was injured in an automobile accident and will be hospitalized with broken bones and complications till July . . . Singer **Natalie Lamb** and the **Red Onion Jazz Band** had another evening at the Park 100 May 15 . . . Pianist-composer **Andrew Hill** has terminated his recording contract with Blue Note. Hill completed a string and bass quartet which was performed at Colgate Univ. in May . . . **Charles Mingus** and his group were at Slug's the week of May 10 . . . The **New York Bass Violin Choir**, directed by **Bill Lee** and featuring bassists **Richard Davis**, **Ron Carter**, **Milt Hinton**, **Sam Jones**, **Lisle Atkinson** and **Michael Fleming**; pianists **Larry Willis** and **Consuela Lee Moorehead**; percussionist **Sonny Brown**; singers **Millard Williams** and **Garnett Morris**, and dancer **Roe Johnson** gave a concert at Judson Hall May 8 . . . **Grant Green** was at Slug's the week of May 5 . . . **Kenny Burrell** was back at the Guitar in May, with bassist **Reggie Johnson** . . . **Sun Ra** and his **Astro-Sonic Arkestra** were at the East Village Inn every Monday night in May . . . The **Joe Beck Duo** continued at Bradley's at University Place in the Village . . . **Bobby Timmons'** engagement at Duff's on Christopher Street was cut short after a fight broke out at the club . . . **Jaki Byard** leads the **Glenn Pribeik Big Band** at the Red Garter on Sundays

. . . The **King Biscuit Blues Band** appeared May 10 at the East Village Inn . . . **Action House** in Island Park, Long Island had **Pacific Gas and Electric** May 8; **Cold Blood** May 15 . . . The **Gil Evans Octet** was at the Village Vanguard the week of May 5 with **Mike Lawrence**, trumpet; **Billy Harper**, tenor saxophone; **Howard Johnson**, tuba; **Don Preston**, electric keyboards; **Joe Beck**, guitar; **Herb Bushler**, Fender bass and **Warren Smith**, drums, followed by **Roland Kirk** . . . **David Amram**, featuring **Pepper Adams** and **Toshiko**, was at the Top of the Gate the first two weeks in May, followed by **Mose Allison** . . . **JoAnne Kelly** appeared at the Gaslight in May . . . **Ramsey Lewis** was at the Plaza 9 . . . **Betty Carter**, **Nikki Giovanni**, and the **Hank Mobley Quartet** appeared May 8 at NYU in a benefit performance for the Martin Luther King Student Center . . . **Lee Morgan's** group did a week at the Club Baron . . . **Frank Sinatra, Jr.** returned to the Rainbow Grill May 18 for two weeks . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** was at the Village Gate the end of April . . . **Anita O'Day** started doing weekends again at the Half Note May 1 . . . **Dakota Staton** opened May 15 at the Club Downbeat, accompanied by the **Norman Simmons** trio . . . Pianist **Hank Jones** returned to the New York club scene, playing with **Buck Clayton's** Quintet (**Benny Morton**, trombone; **Jack Lesberg**, bass; **Cliff Lee-man**, drums) at the Roosevelt Grill opposite an all-star group led by **Kai Winding** (**Joe Newman**, trumpet; **Harry DiVito**, trombone; **Al Cohn**, **Zoot Sims**, **Budd Johnson**, reeds; **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Milt Hinton** (later **Bill Pemberton**), bass; **Mousey Alexander**, drums) . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** performed his composition *The Castle* at a **Jean Erdman** Theatre of Dance concert-recital May 8 and 9 at Brooklyn Academy . . . The **New York Rock and Roll Ensemble's** British trip was cancelled at the last minute due to British union restrictions . . . **Jaye Clayton**, voice; **Robert Burch**, alto sax; **Calo Scott**, cello; **Cameron Brown**, bass, and **Frank Clayton**, drums, appeared at Sloane House YMCA April 25 and at the Goddard-Riverside Community Center the next day . . . WBAI continues its airings of modern jazz artists in an effort to promote the station's financial plight. **Archie Shepp** did a big band broadcast in May. Personnel included **Charles McGhee**, **Roland Blake**, **Alan Shorter**, **Clifford Thornton** and **Joe Gardner**, trumpets; **Dick Griffin**, trombone; **Richard Dunbar**, French horn, **Shepp**, **Earl Grubbs** and **Charles Davis**, saxophones; **Bob Stewart**, tuba; **Sinellius Smith**, piano; **Gino Biando**, bass; **Marvin Patillo** and **Art Lewis**, drums. The large live audience was very responsive to the new charts. Other recent WBAI jazz airings have included **Roland Kirk**, **Pat Patrick**, **Bob Northern**, **Richard Davis** and **Beaver Harris**, and **Howard Johnson's** group with **Hamiet Bluiett**, **Hakim Jami**, **Beaver Harris** and **Maurice McKinley**. The **Johnson** group also played a concert in late April at Long Island Univ. with the **Jimmy Heath-Curtis Fuller** Quintet (**Stanely Cowell**, **Reggie Workman** and **Billy Higgins**) on the same bill . . . Jazz

Interactions had a super big party celebration for its fifth anniversary April 26 at the Red Garter. The place was filled to the brim and president **Joe Newman** was responsible for getting together some of the best jazz men around. **Don Friedman's** group started the festivities, and others who performed included **Chico Hamilton**; **Joe Lee Wilson**; **Elvin Jones** with **Wilbur Little**, **Curtis Fuller**, **George Coleman** and **Ray Bryant**; and **Bobby Hackett** . . . **Natures Spirit's** gave a concert at Bennett College in Millbrook, N.Y. May 5 as part of the East-West Studies Program. Appearing were **Mark Whitecage** on alto saxophone, flute, basset horn, drums; **Michael Berardi** on guitar, tenor, drums and voice; and **Mario Pavone** on bass and metal clarinet. On May 16, the group gave a midnight concert at the Academy Theatre in New Paltz. **Richard Youngstein**, bass, and **David Shaw**, drums joined the group for the gig . . . The **Dick Garcia Trio** was at Brandy's Pub . . . **Jazzmobile** presented a concert of the **Jazzmobile Workshop** on April 25 at P.S. 201 uptown. The **Jazzmobile Workshop** staff includes **Joe Newman**, **Jimmy Heath**, **Benny Powell**, **Paul West**, and **Al (Tootie) Heath** . . . **Clark Terry** donated some arrangements to the Cold Spring Harbor High School Jazz Ensemble and he and **Marian McPartland** appeared as soloists with the band May 1. The band also appeared at the Down Beat April 25 under the leadership of **Thad Jones**, who conducted and coached them and donated two of his arrangements . . . **Marian McPartland** did an interview on WBAI with **Dave Brubeck** . . . Area musicians continue to "make work" for themselves with cooperative concerts. The "WE" organization of 193 Eldridge Street held a fundraising concert April 28. Participating musicians included **Perry Robinson**, **Don Bass**, **Harold Smith**, **James DuBoise**, **Alan Silva**, **David Izenson**, **Mario Pavone**, **Richard Youngstein**, **Martin Reverby**, **Robert Naughton**, **Bill Cooper**, **Al Dailey**, **Judy Stuart**, **Tom Moore**, **Frank Smith**, **Mark Whitecage**, **Ed McDonald**, **Tom Brazile**, **Brian Ross**, **Sunny Murray**, **J.C. Moses**, **Laurence Cook**, **Rashied Ali**, **Timor**, **Ali Khan**, **Bill Mintz** and **Jim Hann**. All proceedings were recorded by Otic Records, Southbury, Conn. 06488, a company founded by musicians . . . **Pete Pearson's Afro-Jazz Lab** was at MUSE and performed a concert May 7 at the Brooklyn location. **Pearson** was on bass; **Billy Skinner** on trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Kahlid Al-Raous** on flute and soprano sax; and **Andrei Strobert** on drums . . . **Al Kooper** debuted his new piano rock trio, **The Easy Does It Band**, at the Bitter End May 14-18 . . . The **Woody Shaw Quintet** did a **Jazz Vespers** at St. Peter's on April 26. **Joe Newman** and **Ruth Brisbane** did the **Vespers** May 17 . . . The **Jaki Byard Trio** performed May 1 at Carnegie Recital Hall . . . **Creedence Clearwater Revival** headlined a bill at Madison Square Garden May 13. Also appearing were **Booker T** and the **MGs** and **Wilbert Harrison** . . . A blockbuster Blues show at Carnegie Hall on May 2 headlined **B.B. King**; **Joe Turner**, **Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson**; **T-Bone Walker**;

**Big Mama Thornton; Leon Thomas and Elvin Jones**—what more could anyone want in one evening? . . . Fillmore East had **Jefferson Airplane** May 6 and 7; The reunited **Mothers of Invention** (for Mother's Day weekend) with **Insect Trust** and **Sea Plane; Guess Who, Cold Blood** and **Buddy Miles** on May 16 and **Grateful Dead** May 15. The Fillmore also carried the May 10 live color satellite broadcast from London of **Music Festival 1970**, as did Carnegie Hall . . . **Uncle John's Straw Hat** has had a busy spring with **Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey and Jo Jones** on April 26; **Punch Miller, Cap'n John Handy, Homer Eugene, Dick Wellstood, Sylvester Handy** and **Lester Alexis** on May 3; and **Earl Warren's Five Counts of Syncopation** featuring **Dickie Wells, Charlie Folds, Gene Ramey and Jo Jones** on May 10. **Cyril Haynes** was intermission pianist.

**Los Angeles:** During the month of June, Donte's gravitated away from the usual "studio swingers" that have turned that North Hollywood nitery into a much-needed stretch-out oasis. Exotic names, such as **Zoot Sims, June Christy** and **Woody Herman**, were booked for brief flings. During May, **Gerald Wilson** was finally collared for a Sunday big band bash. And "Guitar Night" was given the best of all possible Third Anniversary parties: the booking of the guitarist who launched the incredibly successful Monday night string orgies—**George Van Eps**. Even **Cinco de Mayo**, a strictly Los Angeles celebration, was observed as Donte's brought in the most authentic Mexican brought in the most authentic Mexican this side of the Baja Marimba Band—**Emil Richards** . . . **Herbie Mann** filled a one-night cavity in the schedule of **Shelly's Manne-Hole**, and made such an impact that the group will be brought back later this summer for a ten-day stay. With **Mann** were **Sonny Sharrock, Chris Hills**, guitars; **Miroslav Vitous**, bass; **Bruno Carr**, drums. **Les McCann, Cal Tjader** and **Gabor Szabo** followed for two weeks apiece. **Gerald Wilson** brought his 18 charges in for a week. **Yusef Lateef** will open June 30 for two . . . Before the **Manne-Hole**, **Herbie Mann** shared the stage of **San Diego's Convention Hall** with **Jimmy Smith** (**Ed McFadden**, guitar; **Candy Finch**, drums); and **Smith** in turn shared the huge stage with **Angel Martinez** and his band, the nucleus of which was the **San Diego State College Band** . . . **Sonny Stitt** made one of his rare west coast appearances, following **Eddie Harris** into the **Lighthouse** . . . Equally rare for Los Angeles is **Turk Murphy** and his **San Franciscans**. They played at the **Wilshire Ebell Theatre** for a one-nighter with the **Tailgate Ramblers Jazz Band** . . . **Big Black** followed **Gene Ammons** and singer **Amanda Ambrose** into **Redd Foxx's** club. The comedian was working his own spot those two weeks and fortunately the billing was in the right order. It would have looked silly if the marquee had read "Big Black Redd Foxx." **Young-Holt Unlimited** will be at **Foxx's** for four weeks, beginning July 21 . . . **Ray Charles** brought his revue to **Cerritos College** and **Claremont College** for one-nighters . . .

**Spanky Wilson** took over **Little Esther's** spot at the **Pied Piper**. Back-up band remains the same: **Ike Isaac's Trio**, with **Jack Wilson** on piano . . . **Gabor Szabo** had just one of his original sidemen in his sextet for a recent **Donte's** gig: percussionist **Hal Gordon**. Others were **Richie Thompson**, electric piano; **Lynn Blessing**, vibes; **Wolfgang Melz**, Fender bass; **Bob Morin**, drums . . . **Jimmy Scruggs**, a new soul singer, made a good impression at his opening at **Etc.**, and was held over. **Ann Richards** followed with **Bill Marx's** trio (**Fred Atwood**, bass; **Jerry Redman**, drums) backing both. **Miss Richards** wasn't kept waiting long for her next gig, at **Hoagie's** in **Beverly Hills**, where the house trio is led by pianist **Marty Harris** (**John Heard**, bass; **Dick Berk**, drums). **Slim Gaillard** is also at **Hoagie's**, doing a single playing piano, guitar and singing. **Harris** also led a group for one of **Chuck Niles' Sunday** matinees at the **Surfrider**. For that gig, there were **Vi Redd** on alto sax and vocals; **John Heard**, bass; and **Stix Hooper**, drums. **Harris** also worked briefly with **Jack Costanzo** at the **Golden Sails** in **Long Beach** . . . **Roger Kellaway** put on his own duo concert at the **Pilgrimage Theater**: a quartet featuring **Edgar Lustgarten** on cello; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Emil Richards**, percussion. One of the works featured during the "serious" half was a portion of a ballet **Kellaway** is writing for **George Balanchine**. The second half found cellist **Lustgarten** replaced by reedman **Tom Scott** and drummer **Joe Porcaro** was added. Scheduled to wrap up the free Sunday afternoon concerts (the **Pilgrimage** series is underwritten by Los Angeles County): **Dee Barton** and his band, June 14; the **Jazz Crusaders**, June 21; **Don Ellis** and his orchestra, June 28 . . . **Pancho Hagood** continues to attract the sitting-in fraternity from his vantage point at the piano bar at the **Stock Yard**. Because of its proximity to the **Ambassador Hotel**, the **Stock Yard** has been luring **Jimmy Cleveland** and **Al Aarons**—both with **George Rhodes' house band** at the **Now Grove**. Another frequent visitor, sharing the keyboard, or accompanying **Pancho**, is **Jimmy Bunn**, who is still playing at the **Hyatt House** on **Sundays** and **Mondays** . . . **Bobby Hutcherson** and **Harold Land** were due to return from a three-week European tour in early June. They played radio, TV and club dates in **Copenhagen**; club dates in **Brussels, Germany, France, Spain**, and appeared at the **Yugoslavian Jazz Festival** . . . **Kim Richmond** unveiled his new rock combo, **Hereafter**, at the **Brass Ring** in **Sherman Oaks**. **Richmond** did the charts for **Ernie Watts' new release** on **World-Pacific**. They're all **Stevie Wonder** tunes . . . Most recent guest of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** of **Southern California** in **Santa Ana** was **Johnny Guarnieri**. Backing the pianist were **Mike Delay**, trumpet; **Jack Booth**, trombone; **Max Murray**, clarinet; **Vince Pescatore**, bass; and **George Reed**, drums.

**Chicago:** For the last two months, **WFMT-FM** has been broadcasting tapes of the 10th annual **Antibes Jazz Festival**, held last year. Some of the performers heard: **Nina Simone; Miles Davis; blues-**

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men Willie Dixon and his Chicago All-Stars, and John Lee Hooker; gospel singer Marion Williams; Ella Fitzgerald backed by the Tommy Flanagan Trio; the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet, and the Oscar Peterson Trio . . . Before closing at the London House, guitarist John Bishop and his trio (Newell Burton, organ; Robert Hamilton, drums) appeared on the Marty Faye TV show on Channel 26. Following Bishop into the London House was pianist Tom Vaughan . . . Gene Ammons did a recent weekend at the Apartment . . . Guitarist Phil Upchurch and drummer Morris Jennings have joined the Ramsey Lewis Trio on the road . . . On a recent Friday, the Aragon ballroom had the Byrds, One Man's Family (which includes part of the old Spanky and Our Gang), and Al Kooper . . . Another rock house, the Kinetic Playground, closed since a fire last November, plans to reopen in July with a similar format but with major improvements in sound and structure . . . The Stages, formerly the Five Stages, is still featuring various musical and novelty acts, but is now closed on Friday . . . Stan Kenton and his Orchestra did a one-nighter at Pepe's and followed with a two-night stint at the Frontier Lodge in nearby Elgin. Across town, the Harry James Band played for dancers at the Willowbrook Ballroom in Willow Springs . . . Young blues enthusiast Cary S. Baker hosts a Tuesday program at 7:30 p.m. on WNTH-FM, in nearby Winnetka. Baker's format transcends record spinning: his guests, bluesmen Willie Dixon, Sam Lay, Sunnyland Slim, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, the Staple Singers, and others are able to chat with listeners as well as with the host . . . Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention did a one-night concert at the Auditorium Theatre as part of his "warmup" prior to his Mothers' Day concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic which premiered his new work, *200 Motels* . . . The Ramada Inn in Dolton continued its big band policy with a recent one-nighter by the Woody Herman Band.

**Philadelphia:** The First Nighter Supper Club seemed to offer an oasis for jazz fans in this rapidly shrinking market, but advertised attractions have not been showing and rock and roll acts of so-so caliber find their way into the room as replacements for a supposedly regular houseband. At this writing, the houseband seems to be changing personnel from night to night. This could be an awfully nice spot for good music if a more honest effort was made. Elmer Gibson proved to be a most welcome attraction at this room. Elmer's piano, original compositions, and occasional fluegelhorn were all well received. For some time, the room has been using vocalists with the house group. Evelyn Simms, Sharon Scott, George Townes and Ken Shepard should be mentioned as a few of the better voices heard . . . Tony Bennett's stay at the Latin Casino won raves for the arrangements of his pianist-conductor, John Bunch. James Brown followed Bennett . . . Louis Armstrong taped a number of Mike Douglas TV

shows here as Douglas' co-host for a week . . . **Pearl Bailey** cancelled her last few days here with *Hello Dolly* due to chest pains and was hospitalized briefly . . . **Herbie Nix** and his organ trio had an extended stay at the Sea Fare Cafe, backing vocalist Sharon Scott . . . **WWDB-FM** (formerly **WHAT-FM**) has shifted from a commercial jazz policy to and out-and-out pop format . . . Chances are that you won't find many music lovers at the new nitery on Lombard Street named "Chances Are", formerly the Show Boat Jazz Theater, which had been closed for quite a spell. Jazz attractions have been replaced by parlor games. Visiting jazz fans can always drop in for a game of pickup sticks if their search for good music proves unrewarding . . . A local Playboy Club seems to be on the way toward becoming a reality. The spot is slated to open on Broad Street. Our fun-loving Mayor spoke out strongly against having a Playboy Club in Philadelphia (the same Mayor who spoke out against city employees wearing sideburns) . . . **Muhammed Habeeballah** (who once played in the old **Jimmy Heath** Big Band with many other talented locals) had his group at the Apollo Supper Club in Camden, N.J. recently . . . **Drummer Bobby Durham** has been leading a trio at the Orbit Lounge in Camden on Sundays, his off night at the First Nighter Supper Club . . . **Myrtle Young**, the former **Sweethearts of Rhythm** sax star, brought a trio to the Clef Club recently . . . **Betty Burgess**, the pretty little organist once with **Arthur Prysock's** Combo, took her trio to Morton, Pa. recently. She also filled in on piano at the First Nighter for a few evenings . . . A new room, **The Rendezvous**, opened in Wilmington, Del. and a number of local musicians, have been working there, including **Sam Tart** and **Johnny Farrel**. We haven't been to the room yet but, reports sound quite encouraging . . . **Ben Ventura** has been leading a combo in South Jersey . . . **Jason Robinson** and **Dan Jones** are partners in a new jazz and black arts production company which plans to present a concert series at the Electric Factory . . . **WIFI-FM Jazz DJ Buzz Allen** was a guest at the recent Jazz at Home Club meeting. Buzz is quite enthusiastic about a 16-year-old vocalist named **Janet Tardino**. She sings at **Ernie Palumbo's** Restaurant in Southampton, Pa. with the **Jim Woods Trio**, and **Stan Paff** is often added on tenor . . . **Ed Ashley** and his group, with **Tommy Simms** on trumpet, have been appearing at **Artistes** Restaurant and the **Red Fox Inn**, and occasionally have a Dixieland night with a clarinet added to the group . . . **The Covered Wagon** in Wayne, Pa. has been having occasional big band treats once again. The **Les Brown** band was there May 6 . . . **The Federation of Reform Synagogues of Greater Philadelphia** presented **Dave Brubeck** and his cantata, *The Gates of Justice*, at the Academy of Music May 3 . . . **Trombonist Al Grey** has been making a number of recording dates both in Philadelphia and New York, with **Quincy Jones**, **Johnny Hodges**, **Johnny Pate**, and the **Metro-nomes** under the direction of **Melba Liston** . . . **Freddie Hubbard** and his group

did a one-nighter recently in Camden, N.J., with **Wayne Dockery** on bass . . . **Harrison A. Ridley Jr.** will lecture at Rutgers Univ. on Jazz LPs of the '50s and 60's in June. He is one of the areas more diligent jazzocologists . . . **Young Joe Lawrence** was picked as New Jersey's only entrant in the All-American Youth Band which will tour Europe this summer. Lawrence plays many instruments but will be featured on tuba . . . **Warren Carter** and **Middy Middleton** were featured at a recent Sunday jazz concert at the Lee Cultural Center in West Philly . . . **The saxophone-playing Grubb Brothers** have left town to move on to the New York scene. Their group, **The Visitors**, proved most exciting at many past jazz concerts held by the **Afro Brothers** . . . **Trumpeter Johnny Lynch** has been rehearsing a new group.

**Dallas:** After drawing record crowds with **Hank Crawford** during April, Club Lark owner **Chuck Banks** followed with **Groove Holmes** and **Sonny Stitt**. Tentatively set for June were **Gene Ammons** and **James Moody** . . . **Guitarist-conductor Al Gafa** departed Dallas immediately after **Carmen McRae's** final Hyatt House show for an anniversary gathering of Jazz Interactions in New York . . . **The Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room** departed from its normal three-week bookings for a couple of six-day engagements in May. **Jackie DeShannon** led off, with **Mel Torme** following . . . **The Glen Burns Trio** (Burns, piano; **Billy Michaels**, bass; **Jim Vaughn**, drums) participated in the second annual performance of **Dave Brubeck's A Light in the Wilderness** during May at a Dallas church . . . **The national touring company of Hello Dolly** with **Pearl Bailey** and **Cab Calloway** appeared May 5-9 at State Fair Music Hall . . . **The Hyatt House** has inked singer **Eloise Laws** for an early summer booking. She was to follow **Billy Daniels** (with pianist **Benny Payne**), who in turn followed a smash seven-day stint by **Marilyn Maye** . . . **One-nighting** in late spring: **Jethro Tull**, **Isaac Hayes**, **Iron Butterfly**, **The Stone Crow** (with **Three Dog Night**) and **Grand Funk** . . . A series of open-air jazz concerts in a Dallas downtown office complex featured the **North Texas Lab Band**, **SMU** and **East Texas State** stage bands and the **Dallas School System's Staff Lab Group** . . . **Helen Forrest** did a nostalgic two-week stint at the **King's Club** . . . **The Adolphus Century Room**, which terminated its jazz format in May, was reportedly leased by the management of **Soul City** with the purpose of reestablishing a rock-blues format at the downtown club . . . In the **Houston** area, the jazz groups of **Sam Houston State Univ.** and **Texas Southern** held a joint concert in early May. Both groups also appeared at the **National College Jazz Festival** . . . **The Black Sabotage Coalition Conception** (**James Wells**, tenor; **Virgil Solomon**, alto, flute; **Ed Rose**, bass; **William Jeffery**, drums) performed with poet-playwright **Ameer Baraka (Le-Roi Jones)** at **Texas Southern**. The student quartet also performs Wednesdays at **Houston's Pyramid Club** . . . Elsewhere

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on the club circuit, veteran tenorist Arnett Cobb is the weekend attraction at Club Magnavox, while Clarence Hollimon holds forth Tuesdays at the Casino Royale. A new jazz spot, Seaman Sam Mohair, features the **Lightmen** (Carl Adams, trumpet; Doug Harris, tenor; Ed Rose, bass; **Bnbb** Thomas, drums) . . . Vibist **Woodrow Murray** will return to work in the Houston area this summer.

**New Orleans:** Jose Feliciano did a concert with the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony. Later in the same week, **Deacon John** and the Ivories did a program with the orchestra. Also on the concert was the **Paper Steamboat**, and Mayor **Moon Landrieu**, who played a piano solo . . . **Willie T.** and his band are playing weekends at the Stereo Lounge with **Earl Turbinton** on saxophone and **James Black** on drums . . . **Fats Domino** and his band played at Al Hirt's . . . **Jackie Wilson** did three nights at The Black Knight. **Timi Yuro** followed . . . **Jack Jones** did two weeks at the Blue Room . . . Trumpeter **George Finola**, a Chicagoan who previously spent several years in New Orleans, is back in town to stay . . . The **Loyola University Jazz Ensemble** performed in the National Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Illinois . . . The **Southern University Jazz Ensemble** from Baton Rouge, under the direction of clarinetist **Alvin Batiste**, participated in a lecture-concert, "Jazz, Intuition, and The Ancient Mysical Order of Rosae Crucis (AMORC)", at Tulane University . . . **Xavier University's Jazz Concert Band** participated in a black cultural celebration, **USORO '70** at the university.

**Toronto:** The day after **Johnny Hodges** died, **Dizzy Gillespie**, appearing at the Colonial Tavern, arrived 15 minutes early for the first set of the evening. From the mezzanine balcony, he blew the Last Post, then sounded Reveille for the great saxophonist. The rest of the evening's program played by Dizzy and his men (**Mike Longo**, piano; **George Davis**, guitar; **Larry Rockwell**, bass; **David Lee**, drums) was dedicated to the memory of Hodges. Just the week before, Hodges had played his last job with the **Duke Ellington** band, winding up a week's engagement at the Royal York Hotel. Ellington, who had played two engagements at the hotel within two months, will likely be back next year.

Along with the **Count Basie** and **Buddy Rich** orchestras, the band's stint had been so successful that house band leader and entertainment director **Moxie Whitney** intends to book more big bands. Among those scheduled are **Woody Herman**, **Lionel Hampton**, the **Glenn Miller/Buddy De Franco** band and **Gny Lombardo** . . . Pianists and vibists have been holding forth at the Sutton Place the last few months, among them **Norman Amadio**, **Jimmy Namaro**, **Peter Appleyard**, **Herbie Helbig**, and **Hagood Hardy** . . . Montreal trumpeter **Herbie Spanier** came to town for a one-week date at **George's Spaghetti House**. The **Brian Browne Trio** continues upstairs in **Castle George** . . . The **O'Keefe Center** free noon concerts have been bringing in capacity crowds.

## FARRELL

(Continued from page 14)

body—it doesn't affect me," he said. "As long as I can make a living and play my way—I can't complain. If they liked the **Elvin Jones Trio** and can't use my sounds, they're just jiving themselves."

Farrell firmly believes that jazz is not dead. "The state of jazz today is healthy," he says. "Individually, the people can sustain the music. Just get an individual with strength who can play his ass off." Collectively, jazz can succeed too, "as long as the musicians can play and don't have to bullshit," he points out.

Farrell feels that the audiences are ready. "The best players can draw if they play *pure*. **Herbie Hancock** can draw. **McCoy Tyner** can draw. **Elvin** can draw. **Tony Williams** can draw. The kids must be brought up with honesty in music—with pure playing."

Farrell hopes that more of the better known, established jazz musicians will remain honest and maintain their integrity. If they're in a position to draw a crowd, they should continue to improvise and play, he feels.

"Jazz musicians these days," he says, "think they have to go the way of the kids to get to them—to go rock. That's not true. The kids are *ready* for honest, pure jazz."

If you've heard **Joe Farrell** maintain and sustain interest all night as the key soloist in a group without a piano, you know what's going down is exactly that—honest, pure jazz with no concessions.

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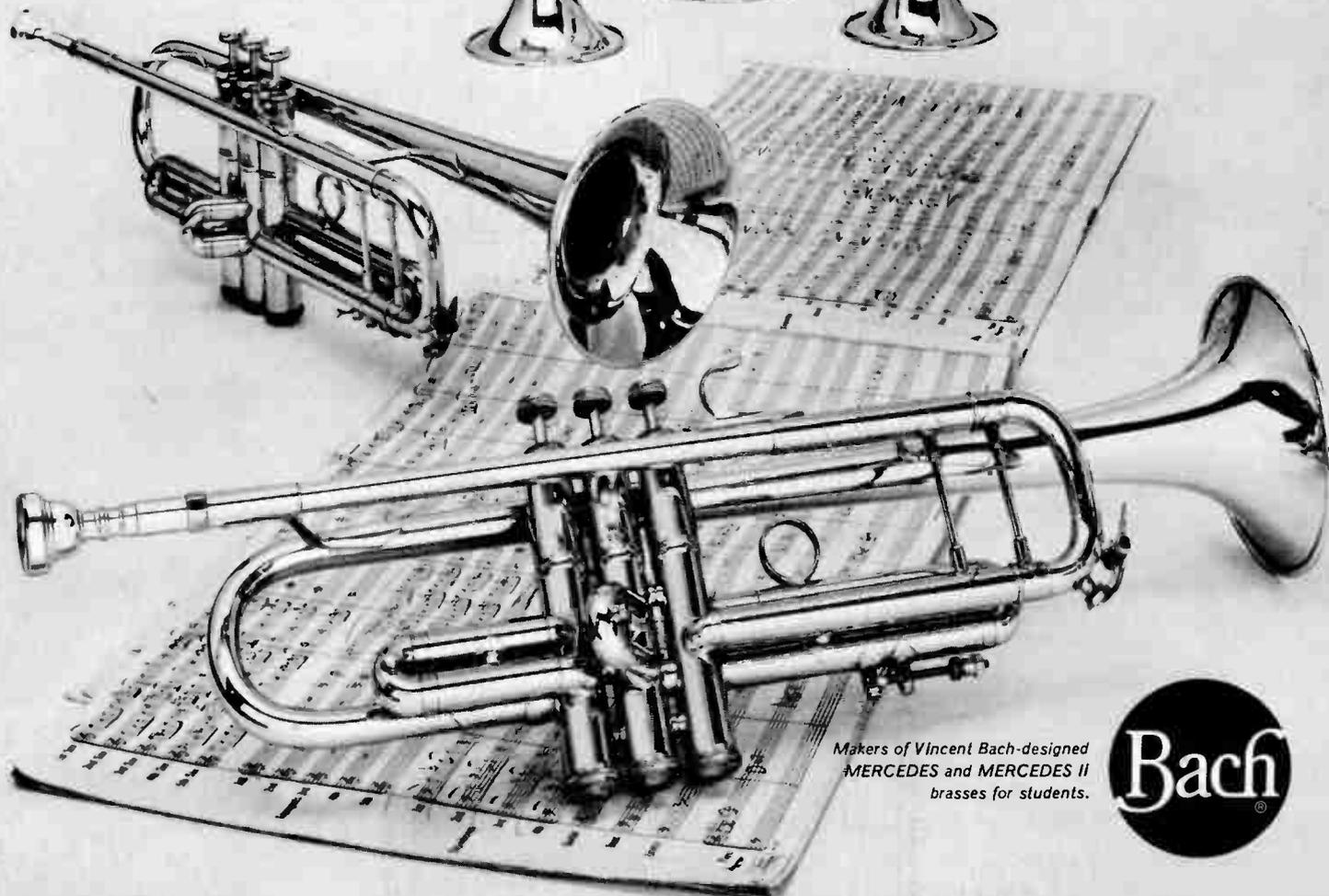
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