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JANUARY 21, 1971 50c

down beat®

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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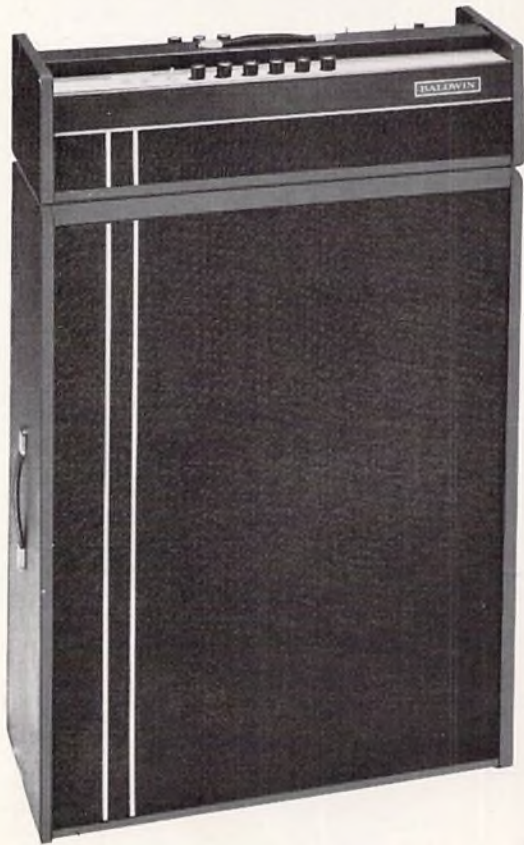
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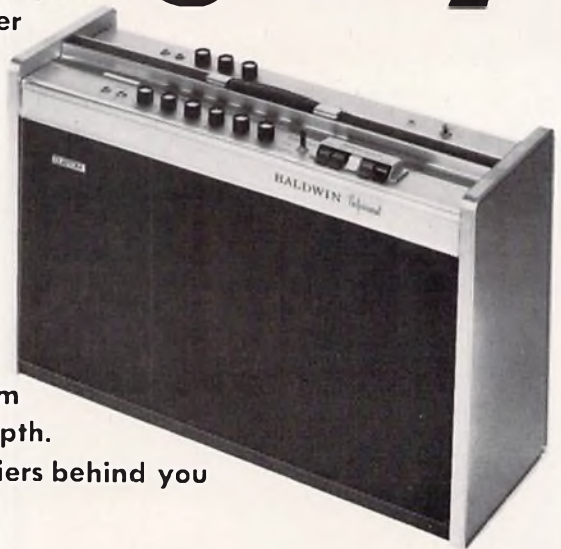
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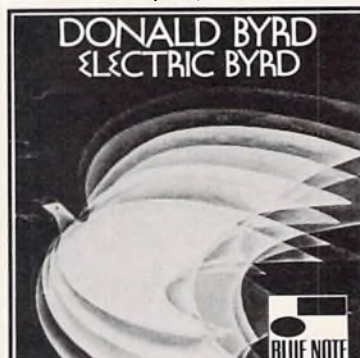
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

That Sing Thing

The Nov. 12 issue of *down beat* was one of the most interesting issues to come along in a long time in that it highlighted vocalists.

... It's a pity that *Quotet* couldn't have included more singers and gone into more depth, though that might have been more confusing. Jazz singing is a beautiful art and who says that becoming a commercial success means the singer has abandoned jazz? The critics! The so-called jazz critics

give these musicians and artists hell for becoming commercial and living a healthier life. Perhaps that explains why singers hate that jazz label. It puts them in a trick bag and limits their success, in a way. . . .

Roy E. Lott

Dallas, Tex.

... I realize that everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but that none of the eleven singers queried in *Quotet* saw fit to include Louis Armstrong among those they considered to be jazz singers was unreal to me.

Pops is the man who (directly or indirectly) fathered the styles of most, if not all, of the people that were mentioned as jazz singers. In my opinion Armstrong

is the greatest jazz singer of all time, not to mention his other musical talents.

I'm sorry to see that these artists neglected to acknowledge the source.

Jerome Albano

New Orleans, La.

For the definitive answer to the question posed in *Quotet* ("Is there such a thing as a jazz singer?") listen to two recent albums: Maxine Sullivan, *Close as Pages In a Book*, and Bob Wilber/Maxine Sullivan, *The Music of Hoagy Carmichael*.

Richard J. Hutchinson

Washington, D.C.

Railroad Tracks

I'm glad someone has finally seen through the triteness and overdubs of Grand Funk Railroad.

In your Oct. 29 issue, Mike Bourne gave *Closer To Home* the kind of review it



deserved. Grand Funk is nothing more than an electronic pile of trash.

Being 19 years of age, Grand Funk is supposed to be a part of my generation. I'll be overjoyed when they finally make it home—and stay there.

I have read your magazine for about four years, and I'm glad you people are not afraid of musical change, specifically in the area of Frank Zappa.

Jeffrey E. Parker

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Early Jazz Freak

It seems to me that in the last few years *down beat* has been neglecting one of its most important responsibilities: exposure of the relatively obscure jazz performers of the twenties and early thirties. Aside from record reviews, most of these have been ignored.

Although I am 20 and dig other types of jazz, blues, and rock, I'm one of the biggest early jazz freaks in the area. I would like to see a regular series on musicians from the pre-swing era, similar in format to George Hoefler's or Pete Welding's previous articles on relatively obscure musicians. A brief, random sampling of artists and recordings I would like to see discussed would include Jabbo Smith, Eddie Lang, Don Redman, Johnny Dodds, Alphonse Trent's Orchestra, Freddie Keppard, Ma Rainey, Charley Patton, Bubber Miley, etc.

Since record companies are aware that the worst way to make money is to put out jazz and blues reissues, since many modernists think of New Orleans jazz as Al Hirt or the Dukes of Dixieland, and since *down beat* is supposed to be primarily concerned with musical worth, such a series is long overdue.

Joel B. O'Sickey

Kent, Ohio



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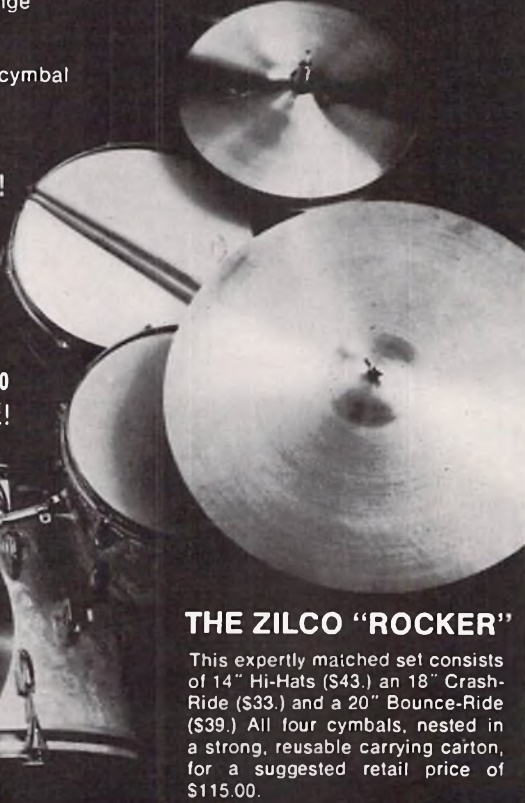
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contents

- 4 Chords and Discords
- 8 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 11 News
- 12 The Bystander, by Martin Williams
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 Herbie Hancock: Into His Own Thing: Brooks Johnson queries the influential pianist on the makeup of his current group.
- 16 Quadrosonic: The Sound of Tomorrow?: A look at the advantages and implications of a new innovation in sound reproduction. By O. A. Vey.
- 17 The Dolby System: A Step Forward: Charles Graham describes another major development in the advance of sound recording.
- 18 Bernard Purdie: Soul Beat Mavin: Gene Gray profiles the sultan of soul drummers.
- 19 Norris Turney: The Long Road Up: A detailed account of the distinguished playing career of Duke Ellington's newest reed specialist. By Stanley Dance.
- 21 Warsaw Warmth: Jazz Jamboree '70: A complete festival report by Valerie Wilmer.
- 24 Record Reviews
- 25 Caught In The Act: Soul Bowl '70 • Andrew Cyrille and the Ensemble Plus • Kenny Burrell • Pharoah Sanders
- 28 Blues 'N' Folk, by Pete Welding.
- 33 Music Workshop: Guitar Fingering Scale Patterns, Part Two, by William L. Fowler

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Arcane. Known only by those having secret knowledge; esoteric. Example: Recording equipment people speak an arcane language known only by a few engineers and rendered by flacks to be well-nigh incomprehensible.

We don't believe that the two articles in this issue on important new recording techniques and equipment are at all incomprehensible but we think that a glossary of terms would help us all. So to keep the record straight (a sad but efficient pun) here is what we think the equipment people are really saying.

Track refers to the segmented division of sound on a recording surface. Multiple tracks refer to tape recording; single tracks usually refer to segments of sound on a disc surface.

Channel refers to the capacity of the playback (or receiver) equipment. For example, two-channel sound requires a stereo receiver and two speakers. *Four-channel* sound requires a stereo receiver equipped with a "decoder" that splits the incoming sound into four channels, each directed into a speaker.

A *half-track* recorder/player (generally monaural) uses one-half the surface of a quarter-inch tape played in one direction. A *two-track*, or stereo, recorder would use both halves of the tape simultaneously.

A *quarter-track* (or four-track) recorder/player uses four sixteenth-of-an-inch tracks on a quarter-inch tape, two in each direction. Stereo recordings require simultaneous use of two of the four tracks; one "double" track in each direction.

Eight-track or *sixteen-track* recording refers to the studio technique of using a half-inch, or wider, tape onto which is recorded eight or more individual tracks of input (from as many microphones or other sound sources); all tracks in one direction. The multiple tracks are then mixed by the producer and engineer onto a *master* tape for what has been called up to now "compatible monaural-stereo" reproduction on tape or disc. With the new four-channel sound, the master will be mixed from the same multiple track recording tapes except that four, instead of two, tracks will be used as the final mix. An inaudible electronic signal is "encoded" onto "compatible stereo-quadrasonic" tapes and discs that will allow you to hear all four channels of sound IF you have a "decoder" attached to your receiver. If you lack the decoder, you will hear an enhanced, beefed-up two-channel stereo sound, OR you can hear the recording thru one speaker monaurally and miss out on "the joys of all-around sound."

8-Track (pre-recorded) tape refers to the configuration most often used on playback equipment mounted in automobiles. It uses a regular quarter-inch tape with four "double" stereo tracks, each going in the same direction in a continuous loop.

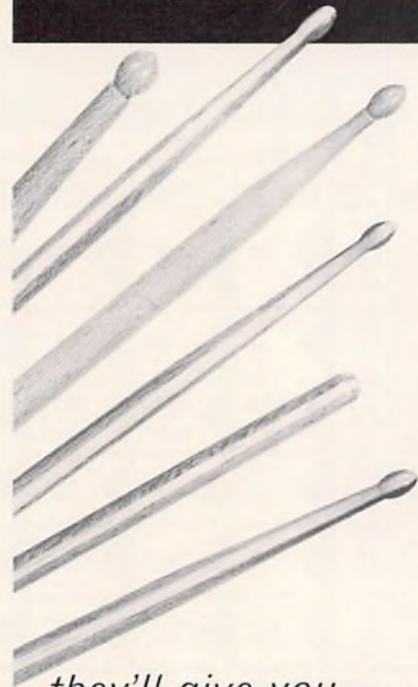
A *cassette* (pre-recorded) tape refers to the other main configuration used on today's consumer equipment. It uses a narrow (1/16-inch) tape and plays (up to 45 minutes) on each side.

Reel-to-Reel (pre-recorded) tape is the old fashioned way of one reel feeding through the recording/playback heads onto a take-up reel.

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BIRD LIVES: K.C. PLANS ART CENTER, MEMORIAL

Charlie Parker would have been 50 years old last August. Excepting the concerts and sessions held in Chicago during "Charlie Parker Month" under Joe Segal's auspices, and a special broadcast series on French radio, there was little commemoration. But now comes news from Kansas City proving that Bird has not been forgotten in his home town.

For 15 years—since Parker's untimely death in 1955—Eddie Baker, musician and



leader of the New Breed Orchestra, has had a dream of perpetuating the legacy of Bird in Kansas City. It includes plans for a Charlie Parker Center of Performing Arts, where music instruction would be offered at nominal cost to students from underprivileged backgrounds; a large-scale monument, already designed, to be constructed on an appropriate site, and beautification of Parker's grave, visited annually by people from all over the world.

On Nov. 29, Baker's dream came closer to realization. A concert, held under the auspices of the Parker Center to raise funds for the projects, was a success. Among the artists who donated their services were Clark Terry, who performed with the New Breed Orchestra, and singers Isaac Hayes and David Porter, who brought with them assisting musicians from Memphis who were added to the New Breed, augmented with string players from the Kansas City Philharmonic.

Baker has designated 1971 as "Charlie Parker Year" in Kansas City, and plans are under way to issue a special record and a Parker Medallion, to be sold for fund-raising purposes. Baker is optimistic about the possibilities. "Kansas City is the home of one of the great musical inno-

vators of the jazz world," he says. "We think Bird deserves this tribute, and we are going to get the job done." The address of the Parker Center Foundation is 2814 East 23rd St., Kansas City, Mo. 64127.

BACH RECITAL A HIT AT ROCK STRONGHOLD

It looked like Saturday night at Fillmore East, although my calendar watch assured me it was Tuesday. People—hippies, heads, teenes, college kids, young adults, senior citizens—all were standing in line at the ticket office . . . and was it to see the Grateful Dead, the Airplane or Grand Funk?

No, it was to hear the music of J. S. Bach as played by organist Virgil Fox, best of the few who make their living doing battle with pipe and pedal . . . at least that's how a lot of people seemed to feel about it the evening of Dec. 1.

Aided and abetted by Joe's Lights (formerly the Joshua Light Show), resident visuals manufacturers at Fillmore East, Fox undertook to play Bach for an audience more used to rock. There were a lot of curiosity-seekers who came to find out what a composer who died in 1750 could have to say that would still be relevant today. They got their answer, and I doubt anyone could have laid it on them better than foxy Virgil.

Virgil Fox's ability as an organist is no longer matter for discussion. It is taken for granted that he is a master of his art and instrument. But Fox also has the ability to talk to an audience. He knows how to joke, and he knows how to eliminate the up-tight feeling that some of the more comfortably dressed members of the audience may have had in finding themselves sitting next to tuxedo or mink. He knows how to educate without being pedantic.

His first promise to the audience was that they would hear sounds from his Rodgers Touring Organ (with its 144 speakers and lord knows how many solid state transistors) that would equal any heard at the regular Fillmore rock concerts. He made good on his promise, though he saved it for very near the end of the program (if you're going to blow a speaker, don't do it early in the show).

When he unleashed the power of two tons of electric organ on the magnificence of the *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* even Cream would have been hard put to out-decibel Virgil.

He played five encores, thanked Joe's Lights and ended the only way he could have, coming down to the exquisite softness of *Air On the G-String*.

The media mix well when you have a master chef like Virgil Fox stirring the brew.

—Joe H. Klee

FINAL BAR

Talent manager Carlos Gastel, 56 died Nov. 13 in San Jose, Cal. following a heart seizure. Gastel had been hospitalized on and off for the past two years due to a cyst near his heart. Born in Honduras, Gastel moved to California in his teens, attending La Jolla Military Academy. His first client was Max Baer, but he primarily handled musicians, among them Stan Kenton, Benny Carter, Nelson Riddle, Peggy Lee, June Christy, Jeri Southern, Mel Torme, Sonny Dunham and Nat Cole, with whom Gastel owned several music publishing firms in partnership. In the early 1960s, Gastel spent around five years buying acts for the Chevron Hotel in Sydney, Australia.

Over 200 persons attended the Requiem Mass at Holy Family Church in Glendale, California. Among those in attendance: Charlie Barnet, Les Brown, Sonny Burke, Benny Carter, June Christy, Dave Dexter, Woody Herman, members of the King Family, Ina Ray Hutton, Jack Leonard, Alan Livingston, Johnny Mercer and Andy Russell. An unusual aspect of the Catholic service was the anecdotal eulogy by Jim Conkling and the medley of *Nature Boy*, *Pal of My Cradle Days* and *Dream*, played by trumpeter Murray McEachern and organist Ivan Ditmars.

POTPOURRI

A drum battle between Elvin Jones and Ginger Baker, who have been exchanging verbal barbs, was scheduled to take place during a concert by Baker's Air Force in London Nov. 27 but was called off when the British Musician's Union refused to grant Jones permission to play. The historic meeting has now reportedly been rescheduled for February. Meanwhile, the two salty percussionists have become friends. "There's no bad feeling at all," Baker said, "and Elvin's been out to my house for dinner. But when it comes to playing . . . we both think that we'll wipe out the other." The postponed battle will be recorded, and perhaps also filmed.

Trumpeter Ted Curson, who returned to the U.S. last fall after a six-month stay in Europe playing clubs and festivals, was reunited with his 1963-67 drummer, Dick Berk, at the Surf Rider in Los Angeles in December.

Congressmen Bob Wilson and Lionel Van Deerlin have introduced a joint resolution in the House of Representatives to establish jazz as the national music of the United States.

A number of blues and rock artists, including Johnny Winter, Junior Wells, Otis Rush and Luther Allison donated

their services to a benefit concert for the Ann Arbor Blues Festival, Dec. 6, at the University of Michigan. The festival, held last August, was an artistic success but a financial disaster.

A swinging party for Randy Weston, who closed his African Rhythms Club in Tangiers, Morocco for the Moslem holy month of Ramadan and made a rare visit to New York, was held at the residence of Duke Ellington in December. Some 300 friends, including musicians Ray Copeland, Ron Carter, Ahmed Abdul-Malik, Grady Tate, Richard Williams, Bobby Brown, Bill Wood, Seoby Stroman and Gene Golden, plus numerous writers, photographers, and radio, television and recording people attended, and Duke's sister, Ruth Ellington, was a gracious hostess. Of course, the guest of honor was persuaded to play the piano, and he was soon joined by several of the musicians in the house. Originally scheduled from 6 to 8:30 p.m., the party lasted until well after

10. While in the U.S., Weston also did a special concert for the Hartford Jazz Society, currently celebrating its 10th anniversary.

Bobby Hackett seems to have found a home on Cape Cod. Currently in his third month at the Hyannis Holiday Inn, the trumpeter brought in drummer Jackie Williams to join localites Cass Brosky, trombone; Tom Barrett, piano; Ronnie Bill, banjo, and Charles Stewart, tuba. Craig Grant and Rich McWilliams are regular subs on trombone and tuba, and among the sitters-in have been pianist Payson Ré in whose Providence band Hackett worked in the early 1930s, doubling violin and guitar.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Joe Farrell, playing tenor and soprano saxes and flute, debuted his own group at the Village Vanguard in

December, with Joe Bonner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass, and Billy Cobham, drums. The week after, Farrell did a week as guest with the house band at Philadelphia's First Nighter Club. He was followed at the Vanguard by Herbie Hancock's sextet, which gave way to vibist Roy Ayers' Ubiquity (Harry Whitaker, electric piano; Clint Houston, bass; Al Mouzon, drums). Ayers made very interesting sounds with a fuzz-pedal attachment . . . Chico Hamilton and Elvin Jones each did a week at Slugs'. They were followed by Charles Mingus, who made his first U.S. appearance since returning from a successful European tour at the Club Baron . . . Woody Shaw's quintet, Art Blakey's Messengers and Gary Bartz were recent attractions at the East Village "In", where music is heard Wednesdays through Sundays . . . Bill Evans' stint at the Top of the Gate was frequently enhanced by sitter-in Lee Konitz. The two had not played together in years . . . Miles Davis and Dreams made

Continued on page 37

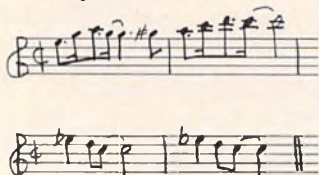


CULTURAL DIGGING Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

LOOK OUT: I have the feeling that before this is over I'm going to be recommending some scholarly research. But meanwhile, bear with me because I think you'll enjoy the ride.

Take this phrase:



Probably nobody knows how old that one is, and it may be that nobody still living knows where it originally came from. In the twenties it was known as (among other things) *Mecca Flat Blues* (after a South Side Chicago apartment house) and as *Nobody Knows The Way I Feel This Morning*.

The earliest published version of it I know is as one of two strains in a Jelly Roll Morton blues that he sometimes called *Tom Cat Blues* and other times called *Midnight Mama*. (That's the version given above.)

Sidney Bechet made a beautiful record of it in 1940 under the *Nobody Knows* title. At about the same time, it was used as the basis of a ridiculous pop ditty (deliberately ridiculous) that Ella Fitzgerald recorded, called (are you ready?) *I Want the Waiter with the Water*.

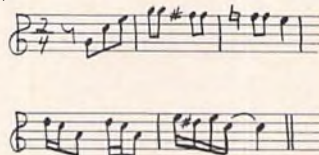
The most recent use of it was in John Lewis' score for an Italian movie called *A Milanese Story*, and it is currently

played by the MJQ in the piece called *In a Crowd*.

But my brief account of the recorded history of the phrase probably doesn't scratch the surface of its use as a basis for written themes, nor its use as an interpolation, in hundreds of variants and permutations, by soloists as they improvise.

It is one of those phrases that just seem to have been indigenous parts of Afro-American musical lore from the beginning, as it were, and whose meaning for each successive generation of players has been tenacious.

There are many, many such phrases. Take this one (I'll give it in a very early style):



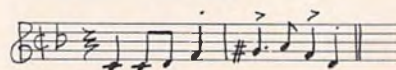
Now, nearly everybody, even some younger players, calls that one *Funky Butt*. The old-timers in New Orleans say it was *Buddy Bolden's Blues* or, played faster, *Buddy Bolden's Stomp*. There is no question that Bolden used it. But according to Rudi Blesh in *They All Played Ragtime*, it was commonplace along the Mississippi among dockworkers and boatmen long before Bolden, well back into slavery times, as the basis of a bawdy ditty even then called *Funky Butt*.

It found its way into a ragtime piece called *St. Louis Tickle* in 1904 (my reason for the 2/4 time signature above). Many players were fond of it during the 1930s. Try Lionel Hampton's intro to his Victor recording of *Dinah*. Or try the allusion to it that guitarist Irving Ashby makes on the Hampton Victor record called *Open House*. (Ashby also echos, by the way, one of Louis Armstrong's vocal breaks from *Hotter Than That* in that intro.) And try Charlie Christian's intro to *Gone With What Draft or Gilly*.

Art Tatum used the "funky butt" mo-

tive to form a fine (and surely wry) ending to his 1940 reading of *Indiana*. More recently, I heard Clark Terry allude to it, asked him about it, and discovered that he still calls it "funky butt."

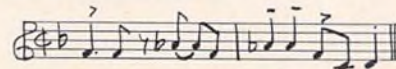
Then there's this one:



It has been called *The Snags* or *Snag 'Em*. The title comes from *Sam Jones Has Done Snagged His Britches* which (I'm guessing) is probably the name of an old minstrel song that used the phrase.

In the 1920s, it was all over the place—as a plaintive tuba chorus on Ollie Powers' *Play That Thing*, as the theme of *Snag 'Em Blues*. In a different version, it is also one of the traditional themes that James P. Johnson used in his extended *Yamekraw* rhapsody, a piece which is a treasure-trove of the sort of phrases I'm discussing here.

In King Oliver's slow *Snag It*, the phrase was considerably transmuted into into this antiphonal riff:



And Jimmy Yancey used the "snag 'em" lick as one of the breaks in his fine *Yancey's Bugle Call*.

I am told that the late Dan Burley, once managing editor of the *Harlem Amsterdam News*, knew dozens of boogie woogie and blues bass figures, and had traced them to their historical and regional origins in the South and Southwest. I dearly hope his knowledge was preserved.

I think similar research ought to be done on traditional melodic phrases of the kind I have been dealing with here. On their origins, and on the meanings that successive generations have found in them and the different uses they have put them to. The results would surely prove to be cultural history of a most enlightening sort.

Black Studies. anvone?



JAZZ, CAVETT & THE JPM: AN EXCHANGE

Re: "It don't mean a thing" by Dan Morgenstern; *Afterthoughts*, db, Dec. 10, 1970.

Dear Mr. Morgenstern,

I am very glad that not only you but millions of other people saw the Dick Cavett program on ABC television Oct. 22, 1970, on which some people, including myself, were interviewed about the suppression of black culture. It is unfortunate that you say so many negatives about the way the panel expressed themselves. Since *down beat* happens to be an international magazine read by thousands of people who perhaps will only know what happened that night from what they read in your article, the Jazz and People's Movement feel that a reply to you is in order.

As artists, to be aware of the things that control our lives externally, like politics, economics, and culture, is essential to our very being as artists. To voice our opinions as we did on the Cavett show was intended to focus attention on the exclusion of deserving black creative musicians by the mass communications media. The plight of black jazz artists in this profit-oriented society does not necessarily have to be financially or artistically frustrating. There have been a few successful black artists to substantiate this fact, perhaps even though they have not received all that they justly deserve. We feel that racism is at the core of the reason why more black jazz musicians are not seen on television, heard on radio, or are commercially successful. If the program was submerged in the contemporary political atmosphere of today, it is only because we as black artists cannot separate ourselves, willingly or unwillingly, from the reasons for the controlling influences that affect the lives of *all* black people here in the United States. To say the least, if we or any other musicians had gone on that program via another route (because of talent, not demonstrations) perhaps we would have appeared a little less uptight than you said we were. You see, Mr. Morgenstern, the way we got on that show was not very fair to us as players and composers. The very reason we appeared was because of musicians and people demonstrating publicly, not through artistic merit. Mr. Cavett himself was not the most relaxed person in the world that night, either. Unfortunately, he as so many of the network executives that we've been meeting with, knew very little about black American jazz music or its musicians. In fact, some of the executives of the same ABC network, which has in its employ many known jazz artists such as John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner, Albert Ayler, Oliver Nelson, Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman, did not even know who most of these people were.

You said that the panel implied that it had little or no tolerance for other styles of jazz save the kind it plays itself. Among knowledgeable and sincere musicians credit is and has always been given to the great styles and great musicians of the past and present. To deny the integrity of other styles in jazz would be ridiculous at best and at the same time negate the panel's own heritage, culture, and integrity. One of our demands of the networks flatly states that all representative styles from the broad spectrum of jazz

be aired to the American public. As a matter of fact, we wanted to read our demands on the program, but it was discouraged by the talent coordinator of the Cavett show as not being conducive to good television viewing for the public. You said that "the politicization of jazz has been underway for sometime" now, leading to a referral of culture in the past tense as if culture in the present as we see it does not properly exist; a referral to times being "hard" now, as if times were not hard before. Jazz musicians, for as long as we have known from personal experiences, the experiences of others, and from literature about the music, have always relatively suffered from the same perennial problems. These problems have been and are unemployment, lack of due recognition, many times lack of proper distribution and advertising publicity for recordings, inability to be recorded, the inference that jazz music is not serious music, because the greatest innovators of the music have been black, and since the music essentially comes out of the ghettos it can be worth only so much as a viable, indigenous art form etc. Jazz musicians have had similar organizations as the JPM in the past. Is it then so hard to understand the musicians who were on the Cavett show, to understand where they are coming from?

You said "small wonder that there



should be black jazz musicians who feel frustrated . . ." in spite of the white jazz musicians who also feel frustrated about exposure, etc.

Is there something non-kosher about all black musicians appearing on television, talking about their business the way they see and feel it? Black musicians have been the main thrust and spearhead for jazz since its inception. So we and our supporters from the JPM thought it was all right for us to talk about our problems our own way. Most of the people we've spoken to since the show about the show said that the message was positive and came across well. Even Cavett expressed that it went over well and said he wished we could have had more time.

You said that "the panel appeared more like spokesmen for a political cause than artists seeking a larger audience". How can one live in America, be awake, and not be influenced by what goes on in the world at large? It seems here, Mr. Morgenstern, that you seemed to want us to act or perform differently from the way we appeared on the show, maybe like some of the artists you like or know personally, to perhaps entertain at the very time we were specifically trying to be serious. What we were attempting to do was to get the audience at large to comprehend the seriousness and significance of the black creative musician such as Monk, Mingus, Roach, Ammons, Morgan, Haynes, Sanders, Blakey, Lateef, Bryant, Dickerson, Turrentine, Murray, Graves and a host of others. To get the audience to understand that these people should be heard and seen consistently on network television.

Concerning the comment about Coleman

Hawkins at one time having had to wrap packages for a living: When Mr. Cavett read that statement, he read it as though it were a statement of fact. None of us realized at that time that it was untrue. This was the reason no reply came from the panel, not because we were "perhaps too busy with ourselves" as you suggested

Concerning white musicians playing jazz:

We all know that there are many excellent white jazz musicians, but these recent JPM protest demonstrations and the opinions voiced by the jazz musicians on the 10/22/70 Dick Cavett show were specifically designed to protest the suppression of black culture and subsequently black creative music *a la* Rollins, Harley, Jones, Carter, McLean, Silver, Cherry, Hutcherson, Sun Ra, Shorter, Lee, Smith, Eldridge and the many, many others deserving of more recognition and support.

Once jazz musicians are accepted and recognized as culturally important, worthwhile, responsible human beings and given their due justice socially and economically by this society for their real worth, those who will appear on more Cavett-like programs etc. will perhaps be more congenial to people like yourself.

The JPM has a list of demands and statement of purpose which have been sanctioned by its supporters and members. It would be gracious of *down beat* to print them in a forthcoming issue. Of course this would help clear the air about our intentions and any misunderstandings that some of your readers may have about the movement.

Andrew Cyrille
Jazz and People's Movement

Dan Morgenstern replies:

I have no quarrel with the aims of the JPM as set forth by Mr. Cyrille. As indicated by a full-page article (Oct. 15) and several shorter news stories, down beat has supported the JPM's efforts, and we'll print the demands, though we've already summarized them.

My point was that the Cavett episode was disheartening precisely because the panel did not effectively make the points so well stated by Mr. Cyrille. If he could view a kinescope or read a transcript of the show with detachment and objectivity, he would discover that what was seen and heard that night did not convincingly deliver the JPM message.

I nowhere implied that times for jazz have not been hard before, nor suggested that there was anything unkosher about black musicians "talking about their business the way they see and feel it." No way. I did imply that the panel spoke only for itself, not for all of jazz, and not for all black jazz artists, and that's still the way it came across—to me.

Though they belong to the same conglomerate, ABC-TV and ABC Records have nothing to do with each other.

As to my personal preferences: I "like or know" lots of musicians who act and think in lots of different ways. I didn't want the panel to "entertain." I had hoped that as self-appointed spokesmen for jazz it would speak for all of it and speak well. Unfortunately, they did not.



HERBIE HANCOCK: INTO HIS OWN THING

by Brooks Johnson

Herbie Hancock had been doing SRO business all week at the Cellar Door in Washington, D.C., and it seemed inconceivable that things could get any better. The crowds were receptive and the group, consisting of Eddie Henderson, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, tenor sax, flute; Hancock, keyboards; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums, really swung. It was Saturday night and the Cellar Door was as jammed as I had ever seen it, but there were two people present in the audience who probably helped to inspire the group to even greater heights than usual: Dizzy Gillespie, seated in a chair on the aisle, and Bill Cosby, seated on the front stairs. It was just that crowd.

As expected, the group really let it all hang out on "Fat Albert Rotunda". There are magic moments in a jazz listener's life when a certain combination of factors produces a truly memorable experience. It was after this performance, the last set of an exceptionally fine week, that I interviewed Herbie Hancock. I had been particularly impressed with the way in which the rhythm section seemed to work, and the thought struck me that they played so well together and got so much out of three pieces that there did not appear to be that much need for anything else. I was curious why Herbie wanted the sextet sound and feeling; thus my first question to him and the start of a rather revealing interview.

B.J.: One of the first questions that comes to mind, particularly when I heard the trio work, and the way it was swinging, is what are your basic motivations for performing with a group consisting of six pieces?

H.H.: Well, when I did the sextet album, I liked the sound of that particular combination of instruments. So right then and there, I decided that if I got a group together, it would have to be that. In using this instrumentation, I've got the same flexibility a small group has and yet I have a vehicle for getting orchestral colors the way a large group might. I've got three horns—that's almost like a lower limit for making what we call harmony. You can do it with two instruments, but three is the least comfortable number of instruments for getting harmonic colors. Let me explain on that just a little bit: The three instruments being trombone, fluegelhorn and alto flute for the ensemble, I can use, I get a chance to experiment with woodwind color which a saxophone will not give you. And then the fluegelhorn has enough of a trumpet quality, yet enough of a more blending quality because of its mellowness so I can use it with the alto flute. It sort of overlaps in sound, and then the trombone gives it a little brassiness. This way, I get a chance to really use different kinds of colors, not just because of the harmony I can use, but because of the instruments that I have.

B.J.: Now, assuming that you had a concept in mind, or a type of sound you wanted, I'd like to know when you started to choose your personnel, and let's review them individually, by what criteria; what were you looking for, what did you hear? Let's start with Billy Hart—what attracted you to him?

H.H.: Well, actually, I'd heard him with Wes Montgomery and Jimmy Smith. That alone didn't convince me that he would be the right drummer for my band. It was just that I had to have a substitute drummer one day, and Buster Williams told me to call Billy Hart—he said he's out of sight. I said O.K. I really didn't know he was going to work out.

When he swings, when we're doing a thing that's supposed to swing, he swings hard. And when we're doing things that are . . . well, I guess I can break it down by saying the scope of the band is very broad. We do things from finger popping, swinging things, through things that are more like rock or rhythm and blues, on through impressionistic type things, and then on up to very far out things. So we cover a very wide area, and I want to have somebody who can do all of that—just play music for the sound of the music, not a guy that can play a bossa nova, and he can play a rock beat, and he can play this or that, not that, but a guy who has a style that encompasses everything. Now that applies to all the guys in my band.

B.J.: What particular quality do you hear and feel most from Buster Williams?

H.H.: His walking style. When he walks on the bass, he places the notes in exactly the right place in the beat so that he really swings. His musical conception is what really knocks me out.

B.J.: How about Julian Priester—he's a recent addition to the group, right?

H.H.: Right. Julian is probably more steeped in tradition, I think, than the other guys in the group. He worked with Max Roach quite a few years ago, and with Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington. But he knows the trombone. He just brought up, a couple of days ago, his bass trombone, and he's going to bring an alto trombone in addition to a tenor trombone so he's going to play all of those on the gig. It was funny, the first few days he worked with us, I didn't know whether he was going to give me what I needed.

B.J.: And Eddie Henderson?

H.H.: Well, there's a certain lyrical quality about Eddie's playing that is the kind of thing I was looking for. He doesn't just play the changes and run chords off the changes. He constructs melodies that stand alone without the changes, and builds them a lot on composition.

B.J.: We talked earlier about the particular use of the fluegelhorn. Do you want to elaborate on that and how it brings in the certain tone quality and texture that you're looking for?

H.H.: The fluegelhorn has a sound that to me is somewhat between a trumpet and possibly a French horn. It's sort of a mellow trumpet because of the construction of the horn itself. It blends better with the alto flute and the trombone—better than the trumpet does. We use the trumpet when we need a lot of pure power. But on the other things, we use the fluegelhorn because it blends better with the other instruments.

B.J.: The saxophone player is Benny Maupin. What is it that particularly recommends him, or his playing, to you?

H.H.: Well, Benny plays pure sound. He gets inside of the music that's going around

and grabs out the core. You know, he uses the chord changes only as a point of reference in most cases, and I mean a point. You hit that point and he goes off someplace else and comes back and hits that point and goes off someplace else. In addition to that, his style—all the guys' styles broaden the scope of the band.

B.J.: O.K., now you have five talented, musicians and yourself, which makes six. Now you've had it both ways—as a sideman, part of a rhythm section, you had a studio thing, and now you have your own group. Can you point out the things that you dig, the things that are special and peculiar about having a group?

H.H.: I get a chance to play my music and, as a group, we get a chance to evolve the music. You can't do that at a recording session which is a one-time thing—you have to play tunes over and over in different settings on different occasions. Subsequently, the tune will change shape depending on the individual feelings of the musicians who are playing it.

B.J.: What are some of the problems about being a leader.

H.H.: Well, I'm responsible for paying the guys and making sure that they work so I can keep a band. That's one rough thing, because I have to worry not only about my family, I have to worry about six families—I have to be aware that they're there, and if I'm going to keep a band, I have to make sure that we're working so that they can feed their families as well as I feed mine. Secondly, I guess the leader, depending on the guys in the group, can run into problems with personalities, and I guess it's up to the leader to really keep the situation open enough so that personality conflicts don't erupt, keep some kind of harmony in the band. It's kind of rough.

Also—well, this isn't much of a problem with this band—a bandleader could run into the problem of not allowing enough of the personality of the individual players to be present in the music. They have to all feel that they are responsible for doing the best they can. If they don't feel that responsibility, if they don't feel that they're really contributing, then they may feel that they're sort of dead weight in the band—just holding an instrument and not serving a real function. So their personality has to be present in the music.

B.J.: What about the experience or the influence that your stay with Miles Davis might have had? For example, what things about Miles, as a sort of group leader, do you yourself think were worthwhile salvaging in terms of your bringing together your own group?

H.H.: One thing I just mentioned—the openness of the music. With Miles' band, we were all allowed to play what we wanted to play and shaped the music according to the group effort and not the dictates of Miles, because he really never dictated what he wanted. I try to do the same thing with my group. I think it serves this function that I just mentioned—that everybody feels that they're part of the product, you know, and not just contributing something to somebody else's music. They may be my tunes, but the music belongs to the guys in the band. They all

make the music—it's not just my thing—that's one thing.

Miles showed me some other things, even the construction of the music. I used to bring tunes to Miles and he would take things out and put different bass notes on certain chords and extend certain phrases, and put spaces in there that I hadn't even conceived of. It's kind of hard for me to describe *exactly* what he does, but he uses certain devices in order to make the tune more meaningful and make it—actually, make it slicker. Miles really knows how to make a tune slick, and I learned a lot about that from watching how he goes about making a tune. He

the group to be involved with is the whole, total picture of music. I think everybody in the group enjoys that as well as I do. This keeps the group interesting to its members and keeps the music interesting to the audience. Now that's just part of the picture.

Another part is that when we play, we're not playing for ourselves, purely. We are conscious of the fact that there are people out there. It has nothing to do with the people who are paying to hear us or whatever it is. It's just the fact that the people are there and they are part of the surroundings that produce the music. We're just a vehicle that the music comes through,



VERYL OAKLAND

doesn't put too much in it or too little, you know, and none of his stuff is commonplace.

B.J.: There seems to be a trend in music, probably exemplified by your band, towards playing music that a lot of people can relate to. It's not so far removed that the listener can't get into it. Would you care to address some remarks to that—what do you think the trend is and the feeling is in terms of, say, just as a music, and in terms of the audience returning to the clubs?

H.H.: Well, let's start with my group. I personally have always been involved with a variety of music from the things that I did with Miles to the things I did with Wes Montgomery to the things that Mongo Santamaria got involved with, and so I've had a chance to experience first-hand a broad scope of things. One thing I wanted

so the audience plays a definite part—we don't try to shut them out of the musical situation.

B.J.: They're part of the whole catalytic process then, and the creation on any given night to some degree reflects whatever is coming from the audience itself?

H.H.: Right. To get into the other more general question you were asking about the direction of jazz today. There was a time when you could say that there was a direction in jazz, and the people who didn't follow that direction usually stood alone, you know. But there was a general direction that everybody went in. Not so much today. I think there are many directions happening in jazz, and you can't pin it down to one. There is what's called the avant-garde; there's what's called the jazz-rock idiom; there's what's called I guess you'd have to say a post-bebop flavor to

music. Then there are some groups that are involved with total theater—involving not just music, but some visual things too. Right now, I'm thinking of the AACM in Chicago, the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, and it's really hard to pin it down.

There are certain people like, for example, Miles Davis, Tony Williams, Cannonball Adderley and myself who have gotten into using electronic instruments—you know, electric bass, electric piano, and exciting instruments like the bass clarinet in my band, and in Miles' band, he's got Aírto Moreira, he's a Brazilian, playing all kinds of Brazilian instruments. And in Cannonball's band, he's got the electric bass and sometimes they even play guitar. The bass player, Walter Booker, plays guitar sometimes, and Joe Zawinul plays the electric piano.

But these groups are influenced by things that are happening in rock, and we've found ways to use some of the things we've heard in more commercial aspects of black music that can be employed to expand our horizons. But that's not the only direction that the groups that I've mentioned are going in. Miles is still as far out as he's ever been—farther out, if anything. The same thing with my band, and Cannonball's too. In addition to that, there are also the more lyrical-type things that we also do that may be linked with impressionistic flavor, if anything.

B.J.: My feeling is that the thrust or partial thrust of some of the music is going to bring a lot of the people back in—people like myself, who are used to hearing changes and things like that. Do you think this is going to continue to be the case?

H.H.: Well, we don't play changes the way we used to anymore. But we are, in most cases, aware of the changes. In most cases, we're not just playing a melody and then just going off and playing whatever we feel at the moment. There usually is a chordal basis that underlies whatever direction that we go in.

B.J.: There is a common denominator that has some substance and some form that runs through all music, and I think the audience eventually picks it up. There's got to be a certain common denominator of familiarity. But too often the avant-garde went beyond the range of familiarity for listeners and even in some instances, musicians as well.

H.H.: Could be. On the other hand, I think that since our involvement in the avant-garde, the music in that particular direction is really beginning to take shape. It's not amorphous anymore. I mean, the sound is not totally unfamiliar to the musician anymore, so that certain things have been established, even in the avant-garde. There are certain things that are part of it. One thing seems to me to be the energy that comes out of the rhythm section. You take a guy like McCoy Tyner, and Elvin Jones or Freddie Waits or whoever he uses on drums. Even though they may start out with a song, and after the song is played, they leave the changes and just play what you might call a through-composed piece—it just goes straight ahead—the energy level sustains the inter-

/Continued on page 34

QUADRASONIC: THE SOUND OF TOMORROW? by O. A. Vey

CALL IT QUADRASONIC sound, surround sound or 4-channel stereo; whatever the handle, it's the most talked about subject in the realm of audiophiles.

But when it comes down to what you, the astute listener, can enjoy in your home right now, 4-channel sound is comparable to the vocal gyrations of Spiro What's-'is-Name: a lot of talk but little product.

Before we get into the question of what is and what is not available in 4-channel equipment and pre-recorded music, let's take a brief look at just what 4-channel is all about.

Four-channel sound is a further step along the rocky road that has driven audiophiles to attempt to recreate the "live" sound of music on reproducing equipment, be it tape, broadcast or records.

The development of stereo systems was a step in this direction, but for the purist the stereo recording, tape or FM broadcast still is far from the realism of the Fillmore, Carnegie Hall or the Half Note.

By placing the recording microphones in strategic locations around the presentation site the recording will not only reproduce the performance but the effects of "bounce" or reverberation off the walls of the concert hall.

When you are sitting in a concert hall or a club the music is coming at you from "all angles" and you often get a feeling of music surrounding you. This is what 4-channel is attempting to reproduce.

During playback in your home, the two front speakers have the musical signals on them, while the rear speakers have the reproduction of the acoustic particulars of the place where the music was performed.

So for certain "classical" or symphonic pieces, the sound of the hall is being reproduced in your home. With jazz or rock music, the effect may be an accentuation of four sections of a band: the front speakers may have divided the horns, while the back speakers will divide the rhythm section.

Go to any audio show, read the latest issue of an audio magazine or get close to a group of audio buffs, and chances are you'll probably hear a brisk discussion of the pros and cons of 4-channel sound.

After a recent three-day hi-fi show in Westbury, N.Y., sponsored by the Institute of High Fidelity, the industry trade group, an editor of a major audio publication commented that "four-channel stereo was the main attraction . . ."

On the other hand, in a recent spot-check of some of the most up-to-date audio stores in the New York City area, mention of 4-channel equipment was met with sour faces from a number of the salesmen. The basic reason: there is very little product available in the stores and the salesman would rather sell you a 2-channel stereo system, of which he has many in stock.

But the audio industry seems to have been infected with the 4-channel bug, and if the flood of recent product plans materializes there will be waves of 4-channel products in the stores by late '71; and not just for the audiophiles.

For the moment there are some open-

reel tape playback and record/playback units in limited production. Among the companies that make them are Sony Super-scope, Telex, TEAC and Wollensak.

As for pre-recorded open-reel tapes, a trickle of offerings are available from Vanguard and Command.

In the component area, H. H. Scott announced a 4-channel power amplifier about a year ago. Fisher Radio has in limited production a 4-channel receiver which can handle 4 separate channels and also operate with 2-channel stereo. Electro-Voice has a 4-channel converter in its product lineup. The unit, the company says, converts two-channel sound into 4-channel. It can be hooked into existing stereo receivers and also used with a 2-channel stereo tape recorder or phono system.

Pricewise, the four-channel equipment



Will your present two-channel stereo system look like this in 1972?

now available generally starts at about \$400.

The real mass consumer market for the 4-channel concept will probably come via the cassette and 8-track cartridge tape route.

For one thing, the Philips Company, which holds most of the important patents on cassette tape systems, has endorsed the concept of 4-channel sound for cassette tapes.

With cassette tape equipment increasingly joining the ranks of the audiophile's listening mix, a number of 4-channel cassette tape decks are expected to be on the market in a year or so.

In addition, 4-channel 8-track cartridges are expected to be in the 1971 ballgame (RCA says it will have machines and others are expected to follow suit) and audio manufacturers such as Fisher are expected to get into some aspect of the 8-track area before too long. But for the moment, there are no 4-channel cassette or 8-track pre-recorded tapes in the marketplace.

In the area of records, systems are being pushed that claim to be able to reproduce 4-channel sound via the present generation of 2-channel record playing equipment.

For example, Victor Co. of Japan, who markets in the U.S. under the JVC brand, recently demonstrated a four-channel phono-record and matching decoder system which they claim is completely compatible with two-channel phono equipment. The Japan Record Association has adopted the Victor Co. system as a national standard.

Whether this will greatly influence a system eventually adopted in this country is debatable, but in terms of records, which are world-wide popular items, the manufacturers will no doubt try to standardize the product.

Another system, developed by a musician named Peter Scheiber and of course called the Scheiber system, has also received considerable publicity.

Basically what happens with any system that will make 4-channel sound reproducible via present stereo phono pickups is that at the recording location there is an encoder which translates the 4-channels into a medium that can be placed onto the disc, similar to 2-channel stereo.

At the reproduction site, within the playback system, between the output of a two-channel preamplifier and four-channel power amplifier and the speakers, is a decoder which reinstates the four-channels for listening.

The big question now is which system the record companies will use. Although this is up in the air now, there is little question that they will go with a 4-channel system compatible with present stereo phono-equipment.

In broadcasting there have been some experiments with four-channel involving two FM stations. For the listener, this meant either having a four-channel receiver and four speakers or using two 2-channel stereo receivers with four speakers.

In October what was believed to be the first 4-channel broadcast via one station was done on an experimental basis by KIOI in San Francisco.

As the Japanese are very important in the audio equipment and mass-consumer electronics product areas, their view of 4-channel is an important consideration in what products will eventually be on the market.

In November, at the Audio Fair in Japan, there were a number of products ranging from open-reel tape decks to amplifiers to 4-channel 8-track units being shown for reaction.

Among the companies showing items were Pioneer, Victor Matsushita (National in Japan, Panasonic in the U.S.) and Hitachi.

The big question in the minds of many audio buffs and U.S. manufacturers is whether 2-channel stereo will be as unfashionable in a few years as monophonic is today.

But for the moment, that 2-channel stereo system you now have is still king.

The Dolby System: A Step Forward

IT IS A PLEASURE to report on a genuine step forward in the science of sound recording and reproduction. It is not a major technological breakthrough, like LP recording, nor as dramatic as the development of the acoustic suspension loudspeaker. But it is a definite step ahead, and it makes cassette recordings even better than before (as predicted here in 1969 in the Jan. 23 and Oct. 2 issues).

This development takes cassettes closer than ever to the high fidelity we've learned to expect from good reel-to-reel recorders and commercial reel tapes.

The innovation is the Dolby noise reduction system, in which the most annoying thing about tape recording in general, and cassette recordings in particular—tape hiss—is lowered fantastically.

Developed by English engineer Ray Dolby in the mid-'60s, this system sells for \$1500 to professional recording companies (for two channels) and is well worth it to them. Today nearly all record companies use Dolby units when taping sessions.

Using this system almost totally eliminates tape hiss during the quiet parts of musical recordings. It requires using part of the system in recording, and part of it during playback. It cannot work unless used in *both* recording and playback. It is of no value to use the Dolby system in playing back recordings *not* made with the system. Dolby-recorded tapes, however, play perfectly well on regular cassette machines. They just sound a little bit brighter than regular tapes.

Simplified, less expensive versions of the system are now on the market for the serious home recordist. Tape decks with the Dolby system built in for recording now in your local high fidelity shops include Fisher's model RC-80, at about \$225. There is also Harman-Kardon's cassette deck CAD5, priced near the Fisher, and a new company in Cambridge, Mass. called Advent markets several Dolby units. They range from one at \$125 which can Dolbyize your reel-to-reel recorder or any good cassette deck, through a more expensive model good for semi-pro applications, to a complete cassette deck, the Advent model 200, priced at \$260, which, like the Fisher and Harman-Kardon units, has the noise reduction system built in.

Connecting a Dolby unit to a cassette or other recorder is as easy as connecting a tape deck to a receiver. It takes careful setup according to the very clear instructions, but once set up, you only need to push one switch to

Dolbyize (or *not* to Dolbyize). The noise reducing system *expands* (makes proportionately louder) the music being recorded during quiet passages, *in the treble range only*, where tape hiss happens mostly. Then, in playing back, the Dolby unit *compresses* (makes proportionately softer) the treble, by exactly the same amount. This *lowers* the tape hiss by a very great deal. It disappears. And it works beautifully. This permits recording at slower speeds than before on reel recordings (cassettes all run at only one speed, 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches a second).

New Chromium Tape


In a related development, the long-awaited Dupont *Crolyn* chromium dioxide tape is now available from Advent and will be marketed by BASF and Agfa before long. In those few cassette recorders which allow resetting the recording bias (Advent, Harman-Kardon and Concord cassette decks permit this) the use of *Crolyn* tape permits even better signal-to-noise ratio and higher frequency response than does regular iron oxide tape. Using *Crolyn* and the Dolby system together can provide for tape recording on cassettes very close to what the best semi-professional machines at 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second have been giving us in recent years—and that's very good.

By now you may have guessed that Advent is the leader in Dolby systems for home users (Dolby Labs itself has the professional market tied up). Ad-

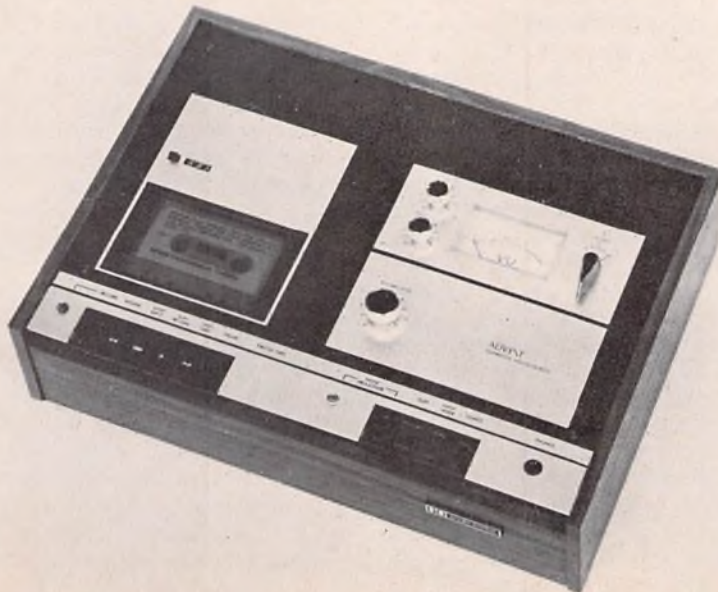
vent was founded and is run by Henry Gloss, who started Acoustic Reseach, Inc. as a partner with AR's Edgar Villchur, inventor of the acoustic suspension principle. Kloss later left AR to start KLH on its meteoric success. Not surprisingly, therefore, Advent already has an excellent loudspeaker on the market, in addition to their Dolby processor and cassette tape.

At this writing, an Advent recorder with Dolby built-in is on its way to Louis Armstrong, as avid a tape recordist as ever, and to Paul Desmond, for each of them to test in their top-grade components systems (Marantz receivers, Tandberg and TEAC reel recorders, and AR speakers). It'll be interesting to see how each of these musicians takes to the Dolbyized cassette system, with such top-grade stereo components to match.

Many companies, such as RCA, Angel and London, are issuing more and more music on cassettes, and the quality, though variable, is continuing to improve. It's mostly pops, of course, with a fair amount of new classical fare, mostly well-known standards.

Eight-track CARtridges (list price: \$6) are continuing to sell as well or better than ever because of the vast number of machines supplied with new cars, and they do sound pretty good—in cars! Their fidelity is generally well below that of cassettes, however, and they have other disadvantages for do-it-yourself recording which neither reel-to-reel nor cassette recorders have. 

by Charles Graham



Advent cassette unit with Dolby System

BERNARD PURDIE: SOUL BEAT MAVIN

by Gene Gray

THE POPULAR CONCEPTION of a "studio musician" involves a man with 11 different instruments under his arm and an ability to sight-read the most difficult arrangements who, when not working, is waiting by the telephone for his next call.

In certain respects this is true, but there are exceptions. One thinks immediately of the pre-rock days of rhythm&blues when any self-respecting New York record producer knew to call Ernie Hayes for piano, Mickey Baker for guitar, Lloyd Trotman for bass, and Panama Francis for drums. This rhythm section provided the backing for hundreds of singers and vocal groups during the 1950s, and on most of the records there was a tenor sax solo. Among those who literally made a career of playing such tenor solos were "Big" Al Sears and Sam (The Man) Taylor (both of whom worked for, and had the endorsement of, Alan Freed) and King Curtis.

Despite the rather limited function demanded of them, these men were excellent musicians, fully capable of much more than what was required of them. Sears was a veteran of the Duke Ellington orchestra, Taylor was Ike Quebec's replacement in the Cab Calloway band, and Curtis was destined for much bigger things as a performer, producer and bandleader.

The point of all this is that each of these men (including the members of the rhythm section) was a specialist—not the utility studio man at all. He was hired to give the recording a specific sound—something that was unique to his style of playing.

To the ears of most New York record producers, Bernard Purdie is a specialist. If you want a commercial funk/soul beat, Purdie is the man. His background, however, reveals a drummer well versed in music.

"Black music wasn't happening when I first started playing," he said. "I played country and western music most of the time during my early years. But I also played in a big band which was like the Basie band of the time."

Early in his career, as Purdie describes it, would be approximately 1955. He was born in Elkton, Maryland, on June 11, 1939. He started playing drums at 6. Although he didn't get his own drum set until he was 15, young Purdie played in a variety of settings.

"I used to hang around a place where the drummer was a heavy drinker. Whenever he'd get too drunk to play, the bandleader would ask me to sit in. I loved to play and I was always ready."

Shortly thereafter, Purdie began to get a good deal of confidence in his ability. He was so impressed with his

drumming that he became the gun-fighter waiting for a challenge. In his own words, Purdie thought himself a "mother." He felt he could out-play any drummer, anywhere. But one day a drummer he had never seen before—or since—came into the club and cut Purdie at what he felt was "his thing."

"That really taught me a lesson," he



recalls. "Since that time, I've given up trying to be the best—nobody can do it. There is always someone better. Now all I want to be is the prettiest."

The last phrase has been heard before, and "Pretty" has been Purdie's nickname for quite a while. But before the name and the move to New York, Purdie was involved in important musical and non-musical events.

"Integrated bands were not allowed where I grew up in Maryland. Somehow they let me get away with it and here I am—a black drummer—leading an otherwise all-white country and western band." Purdie was also in the forefront of non-musical integration. When he graduated from Elkton High School, he was the first black to do so from the previously all-white schools of Cecil County.

After two years at Morgan State College, the lure of New York became too great. He came to the big city with a band to play a one-week gig. Within that week he was to do a record date with Mickey (Baker) and Sylvia (Van Der Pool). The duo was riding on a crest of popularity which had produced such hit records as *Love Is Strange*, *Se De Boom Run Dun* and others; and Purdie was impressed.

"I thought this was all there was to it. Come to New York, make records and live happily ever after. Soon after that, I was broke and I ended up working in a laundry for six months before I could get everything together."

Getting it together didn't really involve changing or refining his style of drumming but just becoming *known*. Before long, he was working for several bandleaders, among them Lonnie Youngblood and Les Cooper. Cooper had a big hit in *Wiggle Wobble* and this proved to be the first million-seller involving Purdie's drumming.

A growing reputation and more and more work still did not put Purdie into a secure position. For this, he credits veteran New York drummer Sticks Evans. "He taught me to read—fast. There are a lot of drummers who are very good, but because they can't read or read fast they really don't know what they are doing. Without this knowledge, it's just an instinctive thing."

During his years in New York, Purdie has worked in a variety of settings. As a teacher, he had 60 students at one time. He enjoyed the work and found it satisfying, but when he became increasingly busy with studio sessions he had to give it up. He recalls that Reggie Barnes of the Jimmy Castor band was one of his students.

Another activity involved making demonstration records for various New York studios. While doing this, he led his own band, and one of the demonstration records went on to become a million-seller (Don Covay's *Mercy, Mercy*).

By 1966, Purdie was getting 15-20 studio calls per week. "I was taking everything that came my way. Now I take perhaps eight or ten a week. I'm in a position where I don't have to take everything, and I don't bother to work for companies that don't pay promptly. I don't mind if the producer tells me in front that the money might be late, but some well-known companies will keep you waiting six or eight weeks."

Taking fewer studio calls leaves Purdie more time for his band, P. P. Mavins. It is frankly patterned along the lines of Blood, Sweat&Tears, whom Purdie wants to challenge. The band has been working in Connecticut of late and gigs just about anywhere in the metropolitan New York area except, so far, the city itself. Purdie refuses to work the band for scale and, says he, New York clubs don't pay any decent money.

Much of Purdie's popularity came with the advent of the boogaloo, a dance done to the rock rhythm which Purdie is generally given credit for inventing. Purdie feels that the dance was more the result of evolving recording techniques:

"The beat—the bass drum thing—had been around for a while, but until the engineers learned how to record it

/Continued on page 37

NORRIS TURNNEY: The Long Road Up by Stanley Dance

IT IS A RATHER frightening indictment of the music business that Norris Turnney did not obtain the recognition his talents had long entitled him to until he began to tour the world as a member of Duke Ellington's orchestra in 1969. Many musicians had, of course, known of his ability, but only a relatively small number of jazz fans were similarly aware.

A well-schooled, well-mannered musician of thoughtful appearance, his main instrument is the alto saxophone, but he doubles with more than ordinary proficiency on clarinet, flute and tenor saxophone. On flute, his skills were impressive enough to win him first place in the 1970 down beat International Critics Poll. This versatility, added to reliability, should have ensured him a rewarding position in the profession, but, as his story will show, it was not easily attained. Good musicianship and a conscientious attitude seem to be not so highly valued today as ostentatious eccentricity.

Turnney was born in Wilmington, Ohio, a little town within a convenient distance of both Dayton and Cincinnati. Although his mother had been taught piano and always remained interested in music, he sees as his beginning the playing he, his brother and sister did with "pots, pans and paper harps." Later, he and his sister both took piano lessons, and his continuing interest in music did not go unremarked.

"School was out, and I was on my way home one day," he recalled, "when I met my father. He was going to the superintendent to see if it was all right for me to take music lessons. They figured I had some talent, but there had never been any black students in the music system of that school, although there had been black athletes. A few weeks later, the conductor of the school orchestra was at our house, and my father paid \$25 for an old C-melody sax. That was quite a lot of money in 1933 and a great sacrifice. We had everything we needed, but my parents worked hard."

Turnney's first teacher was Inez Jones, the wife of the conductor of the school orchestra. She played saxophone, clarinet

and flute, and her husband was a fine violinist. After about a year on C-melody, Turnney got a new alto, and then moved on to clarinet. He was about to take flute when the Joneses left. Apart from being excellent musicians, they were remarkable in that they encouraged him to play jazz. "In a manner of speaking," he said, "they were thinking for me."

His progress was such that he was in the junior band only four weeks before being moved into the senior band, which played a repertoire of march and concert music. But while still in high school, he began playing dance dates in the area, and during the summer vacations he went to Cincinnati and got to know musicians there. On one occasion, he played a riverboat date when Fate Marable's regular alto player fell sick. Music was now definitely his major interest.

He won a scholarship to Wilberforce University, but had meanwhile set his heart on going to Oberlin, where he had performed in a competition for the best high school instrumentalists. "I liked that school," he said, "liked the atmosphere there. It was a very liberal, mixed school, and after I had won a couple of contests, as well as a regional contest, that was where I wanted to go. At those contests, they gave you a list of legitimate, concert-type things, from difficult on down, and everything depended on what you picked and how well you played it. In other words, it was better to pick a simple tune and play it well than to pick a difficult tune and play it badly."

Oberlin, however, did not materialize for him, although Wilberforce subsequently did.

"Everything seemed to happen so fast," he remembered. "I went to Cincinnati immediately I got out of school. I had my connections there, and everybody knew me by that time, so I just started working around there. The two top altos in the city were Archie Heard—a very fine lead—and Art McLean. I think Archie worked with Chick Carter. The first I ever heard of Chick was in Youngstown, but afterwards I heard his big band at the Cotton Club in Cincinnati, when he had Snooky Young—just a kid then—and, I think, Booty Wood.

"Alto was my instrument then, and I guess Johnny Hodges was my first influence, although it's hard to distinguish now. I know I listened a lot to Benny Carter, and to Willie Smith in the Jimmie Lunceford band. Willie was one of the finest lead altos we ever had. While I was still in my senior year at high school, a band led by Joe Robichaux came up from New Orleans to play at the Cotton Club. He had an alto called Jack August who played so much like Rab (Hodges)—well, close your eyes and it was Johnny! I had a nice gig at the time with A. B. Townsend's band in Kentucky, but Jack came over one afternoon and played Johnny's solo from the record of *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (with Lionel Hampton—S.D.) note for note. That finished me. He took my gig the next night! But later, in the '40s, when Townsend's was the house

band at the Cotton Club, I took his gig from him! The Cotton Club was *the* place in Cincinnati—a big place where they put on shows. It was there when my mother was a kid, but they tore it down about ten years ago."

Turnney spent a couple of years in Cincinnati, where he was able to stay in his grandmother's house. The success of Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw led him to take the clarinet seriously, and he studied with George Carr, a teacher he remembers with great respect. Then, in 1940, he went to Columbus with a band led by Bill Tye—two trumpets, three saxes and rhythm. One of the men in it was Big Sleepy Grider, a trumpet player who had tried unsuccessfully to persuade him to go to New York. A lean period that ensued was broken by a sojourn at Wilberforce.

"One day, a guy comes up where I was working in a store and asks for me," Turnney resumed. "'My name's McCrary,' he says. 'I'm in charge of the Wilberforce band, and we'd like for you to come down and play with us.' I agreed to go, but although they offered me a full scholarship, I just worked with the band and didn't go to school. I really don't know why now, because I ought to have. But the Wilberforce Collegians were a great band then. Ernie Wilkins was writing the arrangements, and John Cotter and Candy Johnson were in it. Wilberforce used to be known for its bands. Horace Henderson and Benny Carter came out of there, and the last band—a good one—had Frank Foster leading it."

Asked why Wilberforce—like Fisk and Alabama State—no longer produced such bands, Turnney explained.

"When the state took over the school and it became Central State College, the emphasis was on more academic things. There's still a Wilberforce controlled by the Baptist Church, and they have a music department, but it's not like it was. That's what happened to most of the black schools. What we're talking about is being kind of phased out!"

After Wilberforce, he went to Toledo, and then worked around Ohio, fronting his own group for the first time in Youngs-



C. STAM

town. The sound of bop was now being heard about the land.

"Sonny Stitt was the first guy who ever talked to me about Charlie Parker," he said. "I'd been in the Benny Carter bag for years, but Sonny would say, 'Man, you should hear this cat, Charlie Parker!' The first time I heard him was when I was back at the Cotton Club with A. B. Townsend, and he came through in Billy Eckstine's first band with Dizzy and Lucky Thompson. I dug it, but not to the extent that I'd forget about Rab, Benny Carter and Willie Smith. With me, they have survived through *everybody*. But I liked the way Bird played and he affected me. The first guy I heard who played that way was actually Bud Powell, when he was in Cootie Williams' band, and I liked that, too, and applied some of his thinking to saxophone."

* * *

Turney had meanwhile acquired a considerable reputation in Ohio, and the quality of Townsend's band was recognized by visiting big-name leaders. "Earl Hines, for instance, wanted to take our whole reed section," Turney continued, "and I had offers from several people who came through town, but we had a great little band and were all loyal to A.B. Parr Jones was one of the trumpet players. I had studied arranging in high school and was writing for the band. In fact, I continued writing seriously up to three or four years ago, when I found I no longer had the time for it."

Eventually, Turney left Townsend and went to St. Louis with tenor saxist Weasel Parker, who joined George Hudson's band. Turney joined the Jeter-Pillars band at The Riviera and made his first trip to New York as a member of it. Before returning to St. Louis, it played an engagement at The Rhumboogie in Chicago, where Turney joined Tiny Bradshaw. At that time, Bradshaw had a good band—six brass, five reeds and four rhythm—and Turney vividly remembers playing in it at the Savoy ballroom on VE-Day. When Bradshaw took the band overseas on a USO tour in 1946, he joined Billy Eckstine.

"I think I got a little more recognition when I joined B.," he said. "Fats Navarro, Shorts McConnell, Gene Ammons and Art Blakey were with him. Gerry Valentine, Chips Outcalt and Tadd Dameron were doing most of the writing. I did a couple of ballads, but I had a whole lot of originals I'd written for Jeter and Pillars, and I still have the scores.

"It was getting rough on the road by this time, although B. used to pay me \$25 a night, which wasn't bad then. Of course, when I was coming up there had always been plenty of bands, and you could go from one to the other almost every day if you wanted to—all big bands. Word got around, the bandleaders knew you, and there was plenty of work. But all that was changing.

"After about a year with B., I went back home and worked around the area with a quartet or quintet until 1950, when I returned to New York. I had my own quartet at the old Club Harlem on 145th Street, but it wasn't a good time, and I

scuffled for a year and a half until I got a gig with Elmer Snowden in Philly that paid very good money. Tenor had become very popular by that time, so I went down and rented one. I don't think I was really influenced by anyone in particular, because I didn't really want to play it, but I wanted it to sound like a *tenor*, not like an alto. I had heard a lot of people who had done just that, so it was something I carefully tried to avoid.

"Elmer played guitar and banjo, and sang. Slim Howard, who was killed in an accident last year, was on piano; Tommy Bryant was on bass, and Butch Ballard on drums. Entertaining singing groups were very much in style then, and we worked around Philly quite successfully for five or six years, until I went back home again.

"A couple of guys in business—furniture and carpets—put some money behind a band in Dayton. We had eight brass and six saxophones, but there wasn't much work, and the guy who was to take care of business, the leader, loved the ponies. Booty Wood and Malcolm Taylor, both now with Duke, were in it. Chuck Connors, the third member of Duke's trombone section, is also from Dayton, but he had left for Boston before I got there. It was a good band and we had charts, but I was lucky to have my quartet going for me on the side. I also worked with a five-piece band at the Copa in Newport, Kentucky. It was really a big gambling town then, like Las Vegas, but I think they cleaned all that up now. They'd have the big acts in front and the casinos in back. Everybody played there.

* * *

"I came back to New York in 1960, and I came in *very* cold. I worked in the Apollo a few times as a sub, and then I started going downtown, making the rounds, going to the union, getting a few gigs. I got very much depressed, because nothing was happening. Nobody knew anything about me except my immediate friends and the people I worked with. I took even the worst kind of rotten gigs on tenor to survive. A lot of my friends, you know, play jazz or *nothing*, even if they can't pay the rent or buy a hot dog, but I could never see that. I didn't start teaching till much later. I had a summer program for the youth going over at Pratt in Brooklyn, and I was just beginning to get my foot in the door for a full-time studio bit.

"I had played in some of the rehearsal bands, and I'd been playing in Clark Terry's band at Baron's when Rab took sick. I think Mercer Ellington asked Billy Eckstine about a lead alto player, and B. had been up to Baron's a few nights before. I think he recommended me, and I joined Duke on May 1, 1969, in Oklahoma. I was only supposed to be there two weeks until Rab came back.

"The first night at the Rainbow Grill when he got back in town, he walked up and said, 'What're you doin', sittin' up there?' I said, 'I'm playin'; what do you think I'm doing?' From then on he was beautiful, and we had a lot of fun together. His sound, of course, was a little softer than Willie Smith's, and Willie's was

better for what he was mainly doing—playing lead with a big tone—but Rab could play loud, too. 'Nobody in the world,' I used to tell him, 'can play as loud as you.'

"When we were on the road, he would come up about 7 or 8 in the morning, and wake me up. He couldn't sleep too well. He'd do this every day. Just as soon as you got to sleep, here he comes. 'Come on by and have a taste,' he'd say. Or, 'What do you want to eat?' If he'd been out across town some place, he'd bring something. He's have a few drinks and then go back to bed. The fact he didn't sleep well or for long didn't help him any, and he was always nervous. The Sunday before he died, when we were out in front of the hotel in Toronto, I noticed he looked very tired and had a different look in his eyes. 'You feel all right?' I asked him. 'Yeah, I've just got the shakes,' he said."

* * *

Turney's position in the Ellington orchestra as a sixth saxophonist was a curious one. During the absence of a trombonist on the 1969 European tour, he played trombone parts on tenor. Prior to the death of Johnny Hodges, the absence of Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet virtuosity had often been felt. Hamilton had practiced flute diligently for a long time before his departure from the band, but the leader had never made use of his considerable ability on the instrument. Turney, on the other hand, was soon provided with a flute showcase called *Fife*, and was also featured on flute in new compositions, most notably on the pretty section of *The New Orleans Suite* that depicts the city's "overall pastoral enchantment." His alto was displayed on a Hodges-like vehicle called *Hard*, while his clarinet, so far heard mostly in the section, emerged tellingly on a small-band version of *Stompy Jones*. His surprisingly robust tenor playing in the three-tenor duel called *In Triplicate* was, however, what first focused public attention upon him. Ellington had quickly appreciated the potential in the contrasting styles and tones of Harold Ashby, Paul Gonsalves and Turney.

"The flute started about six years ago," Turney explained. "George Dorsey and I became good friends, and he used to say all the time, 'Man, you ought to get you a flute. In order to work in New York, you've got to play flute.' Finally, I got one, and he took me to his first teacher, Henry Zlotnik. I love it, but I like to play clarinet, too, and that's about as difficult an instrument as you can find.

"The clarinet should be a major voice in Duke's or any other jazz orchestra. I'll tell you something I would like to see. I'd like to see the clarinets as a section, because we have five to work with now. On *4:30 Blues*, there are just three—Russell (Procope), Ash (Harold Ashby) and Harry (Carney)—but Paul (Gonsalves) and I get to play clarinet sometimes, too."

No one, obviously, can ever take the place of Johnny Hodges in the musical world of Duke Ellington, but Norris Turney has brought him a new, flexible and resourceful voice, one for which acclaim was surely overdue.

ES

Warsaw Warmth: Jazz Jamboree '70

by Valerie Wilmer

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, for your additional comfort the door to the cabin is locked so that visiting is not possible." With that beautiful deterrent to potential hijackers floating in the air, the Iluyishin of LOT Polish Airlines left the London runway and we were airborne for Warsaw and the *Jazz Jamboree*.

The Nazis deliberately bombed the Polish capital in a futile attempt to erase it from the map of Europe, but they could not destroy the will of the people. In 1945 only a handful of battered buildings were left standing, yet the Warsaw of today is a busy city of around 1,300,000 inhabitants. The entirely rebuilt city is a tribute to man's resilience, and this same strength of spirit kept modern Western music alive here when it was banned after the last war.

Although jazz was played in Poland in the period between the wars, it suffered condemnation as "decadent capitalist music" until Stalin's death. Yet the *Jazz Jamboree*, now healthily into its 13th year, is Europe's longest-established jazz festival. Even with names like Brubeck and Mulligan on hand, it was the Poles themselves who impressed me with their progressive tastes in jazz and their technical facility—not to mention their emotional strength.

In terms of years, jazz is still in its infancy there but it has long passed the stage of the infant's cry. Polish musicians like Tomasz Stanko and Zbigniew Namyslowski speak eloquently in full-throated mature voices and their words would make good sense anywhere jazz is understood.

I was invited to Warsaw by Jan Byrczek, the debonair organiser of the *Jazz Jamboree*. He is also a bass player and journalist and heads the Polish Jazz Federation as well as editing *Jazz Forum*, a sizable quarterly published in separate English and Polish editions. Byrczek asked me to take part in the annual Critics and Journalists Conference of the European Jazz Federation which involved writers from 11 countries. Most of the participants spoke about jazz journalism in their respective countries; I had to speak about "the possibilities of mutual contacts between European jazz critics"—a tall order, especially as East is very much East and West West where the jazz life is concerned.

Altogether, the three days of the festival featured 33 bands, seven singers and one vocal quartet. Apart from the Poles, there were musicians from Austria, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, France, East and West Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, the USA and the USSR. There was some impressive music and some tedious music, but even for the most dedicated, there was too much of it.

The 3,000-seat Sala Kongresowa, which was sold out two weeks before the *Jamboree*, lurks inside Stalin's grotesque Palace of Culture and Science. Inside, though, it is brightly lit and red carpeted and the atmosphere is as warm as Polish hospitality. Three of the five concerts were held there but I heard my first live local jazz in a student cellar club which is operated three nights a week by Michael Urbaniak and his wife. Wayne Shorter's *Adam's Apple* was on the turntable as I staggered down the stairway leading to 'U Michalow,' which is roughly translated as 'At

the Michals.' A trio took the stand while I sipped vodka cocktails with Urbaniak's wife, Urszula Dudziak, who explained that the evening was a kind of rehearsal for the *Jamboree*.

NOVI (New Original Vocal Instrument) is a well-known quartet with a vocal conception nearer to Brasil '66 than the Double Six of Paris, and they were the first on hand. The three men and one woman swing instinctively but their rhythm section holds them back. It is in the rhythm department, in fact, that Polish jazz falls short; on other levels it can compete with anything in Europe.

Urbaniak is a heavy, mustachioed man with dark hair past his shoulders—still very unusual in Warsaw—and a substantial talent. He plays guitar, violin and baritone saxophone, and is really strong on tenor, his main instrument. He brings a new conception to jazz violin, too; a Polish Romanticism that contrasts pleasantly with Jean-Luc Ponty's essentially virile, swinging approach. Miss Dudziak joined her husband and ran through a couple of num-

Sweden opened with things like *Saratoga Stomp* and *Jubilee Stomp*—"an old Duke Ellington number; he doesn't play it anymore but we do!" Then came one of the highlights, the augmented Polish Radio Band led by Jan "Ptaszyn" Wroblewski.

The lineup included all the Polish jazzmen of importance and the leader's acute scoring displayed their talents to fine advantage. His writing tends to be a little on the abrupt side but soloists like Wlodzimierz Nahorny, who played fine alto on a ballad reminiscent of *The Gypsy*, compensated for this.

Pianist Andrzej Trzaskowski was showcased in his own *Collection* which had a very free opening. The soloist was Tomasz Stanko, a trumpeter from Cracow who was, according to the redoubtable Joachim Berendt, the first musician in Europe to translate Ornette Coleman into his own language. Stanko has a beautiful, expressive tone, and is one of those economical players who wastes neither notes or emotions. He plays a horn with an uptight mouthpiece and his sound carried crystal-



Surman (r) with Martin and Phillips: An unbeatable combination

bers in a pleasant, unaffected voice, and then a jam session was underway. This included alto saxophonists Zbigniew Seifert and Zbigniew Namyslowski, tenor saxophonist Janusz Muniak and drummer Janusz Stefanski, all strong, no-nonsense jazzmen.

That same night, the American Embassy, whose notice-board was crammed with pictures of Brubeck's group, held a reception for them. Sad to say, this magazine's name carried little weight in diplomatic circles, and the invitation was not extended to your travelling correspondent. Instead, I was taken to a dynamic Rock Ballet by Jules Kedzierski, who is responsible for the English language edition of *Jazz Forum*. No taxis about near the witching hour, so we hitched a ride on an army truck. Then, at the well-appointed student center, I sat near Andrzej Wajda, one of my favorite film directors. He dug the ballet, too!

Oct. 29 was the first concert day and the only one programmed for comfort. Kustbandet, a 12-piece traditional group from

clear into the excited crowd.

Vibist Jerzy Milian swung merrily on *Fragment*, one of the seven themes the band played, and the finale was a feature for Poland's best-known musician, Zbigniew Namyslowski. Like Urbaniak, he played Newport and Washington in 1961 with Wroblewski's Jazz Wreckers, and he is a mature, exciting alto saxophonist. He moved with exhilarating speed through a handful of inspired choruses, but I felt that the drummer, Stefanski, was too restricted by convention for the saxophonist to really get off.

Unlike the other musicians, Wroblewski doesn't even look like a jazzman. He wore a tuxedo while the others were into their tie-dyes and Indian silk scarves, but when he played, he showed that appearances mean nothing. As a tenor saxophonist, Wroblewski was really out there and wailing!

Quinteto Cubano de Jazz, a group led by saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera, looked interesting on paper, but in spite of a conga drummer, failed to take off. Anyone

who looked for an echo of the halcyon Afro-Cuban days had to make do with some reasonable alto, flute and soprano from the leader and then turn their attention to Brubeck, who followed the Cubans.

The pianist and Gerry Mulligan were well received by the audience. Their performance was good-humored, but apart from Alan Dawson's ultra-nifty drumming, the Poles were one up at this stage of the game by my reckoning.

Before the opening of the conference, I wandered around Warsaw and was surprised to see so many shops with displays featuring instruments and advertising the *Jamboree*. I discovered that a prize was offered for the best, and that these displays appeared all over the main part of town shows that the *Jamboree* is not just for "jazz fans," but is a landmark of the year. For instance, I spotted one elderly gentleman in the same seat night after night, concentrating heavily on everything. "Oh yes," they said, "He goes to *all* the concerts in Warsaw"—and the emphasis was on all.

I never thought I'd hear a Dixieland group with the nerve to do *Hey Baba Rebob*, but the Old Metropolitan Band got away with it at the Sala Kameralna Filharmonii the next night. By complete contrast, a unit called Freedom hit the stage, setting up frantic waves of sound and making people sit up. There were bold, sweeping statements, but after a while this sort of thing begins to pall when there is no inner strength behind it.

Under the title "New Faces in Polish Jazz," this concert gave up on the one hand groups that were mostly derivative, and on the other, one of the best solos of the *Jamboree*. Zbigniew Seifert, playing searing alto behind vocalist Ewa Beb, embodied in one moment all that is fiery and moving in jazz. The others on hand were pianist Jerzy Lisewski, who doubles on Frenchhorn (in a rather lightweight quartet), the Stodola Big Band which is modeled on the style of the old Basie band with heavy riffs and no deviation from strict 4/4 swing, and an uncompromising trio led by pianist Jan Dobrowolski, who plays in the Cecil Taylor style. He tore into the piano and lashed the audience with whipchord rhythms. Wrapping up things, trumpeter Andrzej Mazurkiewicz, a man who prefers the lyrical approach, came as a complete contrast with his mellow little combo.

We arrived late at the evening's second concert and so fortunately missed most of Hagaw's offering. Their cod humor may be hip in Poland but to have them open one of the major events with number after number seemed to me totally unesthetic. Krzysztof Sadowski, one of the country's most popular musicians, followed with his organ trio, cooking Jimmy Smith style for a while, and equally dull. He redeemed the moment by bringing on his lovely wife Liliana Urbanska. She sang *Angel Eyes*, and then produced a flute to play prettily on *Theme from Rosemary's Baby*, composed by the late Krzysztof Komeda, a man revered in Poland.

Even if it is derivative, European jazz seems to be holding its own at last, and the success story of John Surman is most encouraging for non-American musicians.

Now that the British saxophonist has joined forces with two Americans—Barre Phillips (bass) and Stu Martin (drums)—he is almost unbeatable. His performance at the *Jamboree* was no exception, and for musicians, critics and fans alike, he was the hit of the three days.

Surman opened with finely-tailored bass clarinet patterns as Martin carressed the drums to echo what the leader put thoughtfully through his instrument. Phillips hasn't figured in the polls too much yet but in time he will come to be recognized as one



Tomasz Stanko: Out there with the finest of the most eloquent of bassists. Whether playing *arco* or *pizzicato*, his control is masterful, his technique startling and his strength impressive.

On his main instrument, the baritone saxophone, Surman really stretches out. He is always in command of his horn; it's never in charge of him. This is fine—to an extent. Surman has so much technique that it's coming out of his ears but however much he appears to reveal his emotions he somehow never really flings himself at your feet. This quibbling aside, in his final choruses he demonstrated instrumental mastery at its highest.

The concert hall was very warm because the proceedings were being televised live and the place was full of spotlights. Thirst and a kind of aural numbness drove me outside and caused me to miss Gunther Gollasch's Big Band from East Germany. When I came back, the mighty Urbaniak was on stage, playing tenor with a Conn Multi-Vider attachment yet! Most of the top Polish musicians have played in the West, which accounts for their sophisticated equipment, and Urbaniak handled the electronic magic expertly and tastefully. Using an electric piano, Urbaniak's group includes a strange mixture of styles which fit together into an interesting, well-rounded whole. His wife wrapped things up with *What Is This Thing* and *I Got It Bad*.

Tomasz Stanko, leading reedmen Seifert and Muniak, bassist Bronislaw Suchanek and drummer Stefanski followed and played a strong set. There are some really dynamic jazzmen in Eastern Europe and it is quite fascinating to search for their

influences. Suchanek played a singing bass solo that stood the audience on its ear, then Muniak ran through some raucous Aylerish stuff. Perhaps Stanko is away from the mainstream of jazz, but he is out there with the finest.

Dave Pike, yet another in the growing list of American expatriates, has had the same quartet for some time now. He leads the accomplished Austrian bassist/cellist Hans Rettenbacher and two West Germans: Volker Kriegel (guitar) and Peter Baumeister (drums). The lineup immediately recalls Gary Burton but the similarity ends there. Pike's conception is not as melodic as Burton's, and he attacks the vibraphone with Hampton's intensity.

A pretty ballad with a rock beat pre-faced a really dynamic offering which had some hip guitar. Kriegel disdains the exaggerated use of foot-pedals; he plays straight ahead. After Pike's set, Stanko's group returned to accompany Niemen, Poland's answer to Tom Jones, but he was more of an added attraction than a draw in his own right.

It is not yet possible to produce sizeable American jazz or rock festivals in Eastern Europe, and this is probably a very good thing. It allows local musicians to expand within their own frame of reference while the audiences remain delightfully un-blasé. There is more enthusiasm for playing among the Polish musicians I came across than among half the names in the *Local 802* book. The same is true of the writers who took part in the conference, where even though much was debated and little resolved, participants from the West could once again experience the kind of love for the music that is rapidly fading in places where the dollar is valued more than the doing.

Barre Phillips sat in on one of the conferences and came up with a very valid idea concerning the future of jazz festivals. He suggested that as an adjunct to the "big name" festivals there should be a series of concerts going on in small halls all over each respective country as a kind of alternative festival, presented on a rotating basis for a month or so, rather than the three or four days big splash. Phillips is eager to eradicate the star syndrome which makes it so difficult for lesser-known artists to present their work.

Saturday, Oct. 31, was the last day of the *Jamboree* and I'm ashamed to admit that with the exception of Norway's Svein Finnerud Trio, I missed the first concert, which included a group from Russia. At the Kongresawa, an accomplished quintet led by valve-trombonist Andrzej Kurylewicz opened the final concert. Presentation plays quite a role in this group and everything was nicely done. Kurylewicz, unlike some of his fellow countrymen, has not forgotten that jazz is about conversation and communication.

The quintet stayed on stage to back vocalist Wanda Warska, who is well-established and known outside Poland. Miss Warska's program was dedicated to Billie Holiday and she read excerpts—in Polish—from *Lady Sings The Blues*, interspersed with *Strange Fruit*, *I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues*, *He's Funny That Way* and

/Continued on page 34

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Soul Bowl '70

Tulane Stadium, New Orleans, La.

Soul Bowl '70, perhaps the heaviest rock-soul machine ever assembled in this area, juggernauted its way into the home of the Sugar Bowl on a sunny afternoon. Under the aegis of Tulane University, the *Soul Bowl* concept was an innovative effort to aid disadvantaged students at the university.

Realizing that a city nearly half black must provide educational opportunities for its disadvantaged, and faced with a severe curtailment of funds for this purpose from a major foundation, a committee of faculty, administrators and students was

minable delays with aplomb, and emerged, eight hours later, looking fresh as a daisy.

Amid a sea of brilliant reds and yellows, purples, oranges and greens, and peppered with dazzling sun umbrellas, the near 40,000 crowd wore a festive air usually reserved for Mardi Gras.

After a one-hour delay, Jr. Walker and the All Stars made their appearance—an act unfortunately missed by this reviewer. Reports indicate the group was very well received.

Next up was Pacific Gas and Electric. With the exception of drummer Ron Woods, a Buddy Miles expatriate, and leader Charlie Allen's vocalizing, particularly on *Are You Ready?*, the quintet per-

was indifferent to their offerings. The people were clearly pacing themselves for the acts they had really come to see and hear. With the exception of an overly-long rendition of *Get Ready*, which evoked sporadic audience reaction, it was apparent that Rare Earth had crumbled to dust.

Emcee McKinley asked, "Are you ready for him?", (one wonders whether that should not be spelled *Him*) and the response is a resounding "Yeeaaaah!" for "The Black Moses," Isaac Hayes. The crowd has been chanting "We want Isaac!, We want Isaac!", and Hayes makes his entrance to a thundering downbeat, costumed in a floppy hat and an orange, black and white zebroid ceremonial cloak. There



C. F. WEBER

Soul meets symphony: Isaac Hayes (in ceremonial robe) and company with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra.

formed blandly and the audience responded with a collective yawn. In deference to this group and Rare Earth, which followed, there may have been some holding back to provide acceleration for the acts to come. But for his performance, Pacific was neither a gas nor very electrifying.

Rare Earth made its appearance after a long delay, the result of an airline snafu. Both Earth and the preceding PG&E were apparently chosen to draw white patrons to the event, but the results were extremely discouraging. The audience was 90-95% black, and even at the college level, New Orleans has some distance to travel to achieve a better audience balance. Another 20,000 whites would have made a tremendous difference in the gate. Whatever the problem, Earth and PG&E were no box-office aid and the audience

is a deafening roar as Hayes extends both arms upward and outward, fists closed. The first embryonic wave of a Be-In occurs as Hayes digs into his incantatory bag with *Hot Buttered Soul*. Part of the crowd, evading police efforts to keep them in the stands, moves on to the field. The group becomes larger and larger and finally the police give up the idea of trying to keep people off the field. Soon, almost the entire green is covered by the audience, which, immediately upon finding any spot that offers even a glimpse of the ceremonies, sits down. The use of the word ceremony is, I think, well advised—for make no mistake, the Isaac Hayes "Movement" is deep into a mystical, magic bag that makes much of the music unimportant. The scene is uniquely pastoral, and

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/Continued on page 30

record

REVIEWS

DONALD BYRD

ELECTRIC BYRD—Blue Note BST 84349: *Estavanico; Essence; Xibaba; The Dude*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Bill Campbell, trombone; Jerry Dodgion, Frank Foster, Lew Tabackin, Pepper Adams, reeds; Hermeto Pascoal, flute (track 3 only); Duke Pearson, electric piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Airtio Moreira, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Donald Byrd has ever been a compelling musician: always adventuresome and yet never so far out that he might lose a mass appeal—and this album is no exception. Textural and free-directional, with pithy rhythms and an affective electric utility, a comparison may be drawn to Miles but need not be, for Byrd has a care for at least a sensitive control of his ensemble where Miles seems to prefer a more natural and immediate inertia. Yet here perhaps this element becomes a minor drag: the improvisatory ease somewhat lessens the energetic propulsion, so that often the playing sounds so relaxed as to be soporific, ultra-soothing rather than urging attention. Nevertheless, such charm is ultimately pleasant.

The Byrd trumpet is as always plastic—not as in artificial, but as in the original semantics: pliable, capable of great motion, and of substance—notably when set amid cool reed reverberations and especially the percussive constancy of Moreira. Mainly, the thrust of the three Byrd pieces is delicate and evocative: latinesque musing on *Estavanico*, light blues on *Essence*, funky cookery on *The Dude*. But *Xibaba* by Moreira offers not so much this straight-ahead style excursion as instead an atmosphere of rhythmic and electric colors through which the several soloists voyage with grace and passion—particularly in a duet between Ron Carter and the composer. And given the collective ensemble caliber, the playing could be naught but tasty.

Produced by Duke Pearson, whose piano is simply lovely throughout, *Electric Byrd*, rather than blowing the mind, will instead caress the head—and that is mellow enough. —Bourne

ERROLL GARNER

FEELING IS BELIEVING—Mercury SR 61308: *For Once In My Life; Yesterday; The Look of Love; You Turned Me Around; Mood Island; Spinning Wheel; The Loving Touch; Strangers In the Night; Feeling Is Believing; Paisley Eyes*.

Personnel: Garner, piano; Gerald Jemmott, Fender bass (track 4) or George Duvivier, acoustic bass; Wally Richardson, guitar (track 4); Jose Mangual, conga drums; Jimmie Smith (track 4), Joe Cocuzzo (tracks 5, 7, 8, 9) or Charlie Persip (all other tracks), drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Another winner from front-runner Gar-

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Don DeMicheal, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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ner. Five standards and five originals—but then, even standards become Garner originals in his two strong hands. Who else could take, say, *Strangers In the Night* and make a musical experience of it, or be as outrageously romantic as on the title track and get away with it?

Don't underestimate Garner because he enjoys what he does and makes the people enjoy it with him. By today's peculiar standards, an artist who is a popular success is automatically suspect, but those standards have long been bankrupt. Make no mistake—this is a great artist, one of the few jazz giants of our time, and very much in his prime. When he gets down to business, watch out—and Garner is always taking care of business.

Take *Spinning Wheel*, which a lot of other pianists have tackled. Garner's version has them all covered and even makes the tune palatable again. I don't like *For Once In My Life*, except when Garner does it, and who'd think that anyone could find something new to say on *Yesterday*? He does, plenty. And *The Look of Love* makes a virtue of Bacharach's simplicities. Only a very few—Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Coleman Hawkins—have demonstrated such gifts for transmutation.

His own pieces here include two gems of different kinds: *Mood Island*, as pretty and haunting a tune as Garner has penned since *Misty*, and a natural for a good set of lyrics; and *You Turned Me Around*, almost six minutes of groovy, down home blues with a bridge, in a rich vein Garner hasn't mined on record since *The Way Back Blues*. Or maybe it's even a new vein, the Gospel flavor and Fender bass-cum-guitar spice have no precedents in Garneriana.

Duvivier, teamed with Garner for the first time, is an ideal bassist. His big, fat tone is the equal, in terms of presence, of any electrically amplified sound, and far surpasses it in resonance and beauty. The recording balance somewhat favors the bass, and I (as well as others) have found that placing the speakers close together brings out the group sound better. The drumming is good throughout. Mangual is so attuned to Garner that he could convert the most anti-Latin percussion listener, and it's nice to hear Persip on record again—his long tenure with Billy Eckstine has caused some to forget what a fine jazz drummer he is. Cocuzzo also does well.

I could go on at length (and have done so in the past) about Garner's remarkable touch, fantastic time, rich imagination, sparkling humor and astonishing musicality, but they are all in evidence here, served up with irresistible elan. Garner has his audience, thank you, and it's a big

and world-wide one. He doesn't need my proselytizing, and preaching to the heathens becomes increasingly frustrating. Still—if you're not hip to Garner, I'm afraid you just don't know what jazz is all about. If you are, and you haven't yet grabbed this album, please do. —Morgenstern

JIM HALL

IT'S NICE TO BE WITH YOU—MPS 15245: *Up, Up and Away; My Funny Valentine; Young One, for Debra; Blue Joe; It's Nice To Be With You; In a Sentimental Mood; Romaine*.

Personnel: Hall, guitar; Jimmy Woode, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Nobody plays better guitar than Jim Hall. And just to show you how talent will out, this is his second album as a leader—the first came out at least a decade ago on Pacific Jazz and is out of print, and this one is readily available only in Europe (Prestige, which has rights to it, should issue it immediately). Jim Hall, surprisingly, is not a bitter musician. He is beautiful, and so is this album.

When music is this good, it is impossible to explain it in words. Oh, it can be analyzed—written out and studied—but that means little. Adjectives mean less—what would "tasteful" (and that is *not* a synonym for "uninspired," except among musical illiterates), "surging," "lyrical," "fragile," "subtle," "straight-ahead," or any other words tell anybody about this music? Nothing. One could talk about Hall's use of short phrases (and long ones, for that matter), his chord voicings and tone, his control and command of the instrument, his conception, execution, the musical sympathy of his accompanists, the shapes he molds in duets with himself—and nobody would know how Jim Hall sounds on this record.

No, the only way to understand music of this quality is to hear it. I heartily recommend that each of you do just that.

—DeMicheal

ISAAC HAYES

TO BE CONTINUED—Enterprise ENS-1014: *Monologue; Ike's Rap 1; Our Day Will Come; The Look of Love; Medley: Ike's Mood 1; You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'; Runnin' Out of Fools*.

Personnel: Ernie Bernhardt, John Davis, trumpets; Bill Bell, Jackie Thomas, trombones; Richard Dolph, Joe D'Gerolamo, French horns; Nick Vargas, oboe, English horn; Jack Fonville, Ed Hubbard, Jim Terry, flutes; Ed Freudberg, Joan Gilbert, Noel Gilbert, Gloria Hendricks, Hal Saunders, Ann Spurbuck, Robert Snyder, John Wehlan, violins; Nino Ravarino, Mary Snyder, violas; Vincent DeFrank, Barbara Thompson, cello; Hayes, piano, electric piano, vibes, tympani, bongos, vocals; Cliff Acred, bass; The Bar-Kays; The Memphis Horns; Memphis Symphony Orchestra; Hot, Buttered & Soul, background vocals; Hayes, Dale Warren, Pat Lewis, arrangers.

Rating: ★★

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of Isaac Hayes was that given his ultra-distinct style, formulization might happen—and this seems to have occurred with this album. The sensual and rhapsodic long song adventures, the delicate and supertasty charts, the sultry voice: all these elements have become more device than evocation. And although this third date is perhaps better than the preceding (except for *Ike's Rap*, another dreadful pseudo-sexy monologue), after many listens the artifice finally obscures the delight much too much.

Granted, the repertoire is relatively perfect for Hayes and all is well-performed, especially the symphonic *Look of Love*, if only the musical atmosphere had proven less simply redundant. Thus *To Be Continued*, if indeed a prophetic title, must only promise Hayes freaks like myself a less than anticipatory future (and maybe even self-parody) to come from the bald Brummell.

—Bourne

STAN KENTON

LIVE AT REDLANDS UNIVERSITY—Creative World ST-1015: *Here's That Rainy Day*; *A Little Minor Booze*; *Tico Tico*; *Didn't We*; *Chiapas*; *MacArthur Park*; *More Peanut Vendor*; *Bon Homme Richard*; *Hey Jude*; *Tiare*; *Terry Talk*; *Granada*; *Artistry in Rhythm*.

Personnel: Mike Vax, Joe Ellis, Jim Kartchner, Dennis Noday, Warren Gale, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Mike Jamieson, Fred Carter, Tom Bridges, trombones; Graham Ellis, bass trombone, tuba; Quinn Davis, Richard Torres, Norm Smith, Willie Maiden, Jim Timlin, reeds; Kenton, piano; Gary Todd, bass, electric bass; Baron John Von Ohlen, drums; Efrain Logreira, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

The big band scene in the past decade has unwittingly resembled the political arena—every four years a “new” candidate throws his cats into the ring. 1962 was the renaissance year for Woody Herman and 1966 saw the birth of three remarkable bands, those of Buddy Rich, Don Ellis, and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. To further this hypothesis we need a band for 1970-71. And, by jove, here comes Stan Kenton.

Yes, Stan Kenton. My proclamation isn't based entirely on this excellent, white-hot double album. I've heard the band in person twice recently—events that not only precipitated reverse withdrawal symptoms for this LP but also convinced that this record is no fluke. Kenton has dropped a megaton bomb this time and the shock waves are only beginning to be felt. A big band freak as freaky as I should probably be numb to new stimuli by now, having frequently basked in the rays of Ellington, Basie, Herman, Rich, Ellis and Jones-Lewis. But even the jaded occasionally experience new thrills and if any phenomenon can engender new thrills it's music. At least that's my opinion and in my opinion this is a landmark Kenton LP.

In this day of corporate conglomeropoly, mergers, and similar umbilicals, Kenton's recent declaration of independence comes as a breath of fresh air. He's taken his legendary iconoclasm a step further by leaving the womb of Capitol and establishing his own label. No more *Hair*, no more *Finian's Rainbow*—just straight-ahead big band music by a straight-ahead band-leader who will know no more detours.

This LP reflects the advantages of that

turnabout. There's no trash here, no Top 40 trifles. If there's an easy-listening title aboard it's because it has paid its own way. There are several here—*Rainy Day* and *MacArthur Park* (arranged by Dec Barton), *Didn't We* (Willie Maiden) and *Hey Jude* (Steve Spiegel). The presence of these tunes, for once, fails to conjure up the image of the snake oil salesman-jazzman trying to convince that, at last, jazz and pop have been married to the esthetic satisfaction of all.

It's axiomatic that you can tell a lot



about a person by the company he keeps. Kenton has here an all-star cast of unknowns—a spirited outfit short on experience compared to Ellington-Basie counterparts but long on talent and enthusiasm. The band isn't always precision personified but that is not the jazz ultimate anyway. This is a versatile crew that roars, swings, but mostly communicates.

On these tracks, the Kenton express has left nostalgia on a siding for the most part. You'll hear the cry of the *Peanut Vendor*, but he's too much a part of the legend to be totally ignored. The trumpets aren't as clean on it as on past recordings but the rhythm section cooks and Shearer's trombone evokes the sidewalks of Guadalajara. *Artistry in Rhythm*? It's aboard, too, but what bandleader hasn't managed to sneak in his theme occasionally. If it's worth having as a theme, it's worth recording. Why hide it?

Minor Booze, a wry Maiden original reminiscent of his writing for the Maynard Ferguson band circa 1958, demonstrates the relaxed side of the band. It also introduces main soloists Davis and Gale and the muscular verve that is Von Ohlen's hallmark.

Chiapas is indicative of the band's concert-styled charts and is also the best piece of music here. It's written by Hank Levy, by now a familiar figure to followers of Don Ellis, and it's a masterpiece. It opens with the strong, passacaglia-styled acoustic bass work of Todd, and is followed by dramatic brass swells. Shearer delivers the attractive melody and later there are bluesy ascending trumpet figures, another hypnotic bass pattern delivered this time on electric bass, and inspired solo work by Davis and Gale. A beautiful chart highlighted by sensitive ensemble work.

Tiare, *Tico*, and *Granada* also qualify under the concert banner and each has its merits. *Tiare*, a Ken Hanna original, is an ethereal, introspective theme enhanced by a lovely spot for Shearer's trombone. *Tico*, by Holman, is a frenetic Latin exercise notable for shimmering brass work and the non-stop rhythm section work of Todd, Von Ohlen, and Logreira. *Granada*, also arranged by Holman, features the

trumpet pyrotechnics of Gale and screech man Kartchner.

The more familiar material runs the gamut from a dirge-like *Rainy Day* (rich trombone pyramids, poignant reeds, building brass) to an inventive *Didn't We* (an intriguing orchestral collage by Maiden featuring simultaneous improvisation, straight-ahead cooking, effective use of tuba, and Ferguson-style lead brass work near the end) to a wild *Hey Jude* that contains a long, free-styled tenor solo by Torres. *MacArthur Park* is the most exciting of the lot, though. After a tranquil part 1 (flutes on the theme, a cappella vocal by the band) comes a scintillating part 2—a hair-raising trumpet tour de force driven like mad by the rhythm section.

Terry Talk (dedicated to the *Mumbles* side of Clark Terry) is a misnomer as performed here. Featured vocalist-trumpeter Joe Ellis is much closer to Richard Boone than Terry but he gets in a fine plunger-muted spot between vocals. But this is something that can't be brought off convincingly every night and I've heard Ellis do it much better in person.

Any team, and his band is a team, has to be strong down the middle and Kenton has several most valuable players. Altoist Davis is a fantastic musician—a lead man of style and taste and a soloist of imagination and conviction. At times he sounds like Lennie Niehaus, Art Pepper, Phil Woods, et al., but mostly he sounds good. Lead trombonist Shearer (heard to advantage on *Richard* and several other tracks) is obviously inspired by the extrovert lead trombonist of all time, Bob Fitzpatrick, and lead trumpeter Vax can handle anything the varied, challenging Kenton repertoire demands.

The rhythm section is a special treat. Todd does yeoman work on acoustic and electric bass and Logreira is one of the few Latin percussionists I've heard who is more of an asset than a liability. Big band drumming is dominated by the over-40 set but Von Ohlen is also a giant of the genre—a veritable monster. His time is impeccable, his fills exciting and original, and he gives the bend an authoritative lilt at all times.

Stan Kenton has certainly left his mark on big bands and his ongoing reputation as a jazz educator is surely evidence of his concern for tomorrow's music. But the best testimonial to this futuristic figure is this band. In an age where the younger generation lends no energy to endeavors not wholly believed in, judging from the sound here and the dedication witnessed on the bandstand, this band believes the hell out of Stan Kenton. —Szantor

PAT MARTINO

DESPERADO—Prestige 7795: *Blackjack*; *Dearborn Walk*; *Oleo*; *Desperado*; *A Portrait of Diana*; *Express*.

Personnel: Martino, 12-string guitar; Eddie Green, electric piano; Tyree Brown, electric bass; Sherman Ferguson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Some years ago, Martino was already a fine guitarist in a mainstream-modern style. Recently he has been broadening his musical horizons and has become an even

more interesting performer.

Martino wrote all of the compositions here except *Oleo*, and his writing is varied. *Desperado* is a driving piece on which a repeated rhythmic figure is used to create excitement. *Dearborn Walk* is an infectious, rather funky tune taken at a medium-slow tempo, and *Diana* is a pretty ballad.

Martino's guitar work is sometimes brilliant. He uses an electric 12-string guitar here which gives his work a rather exotic, sometimes sitar-like quality. He is ceaselessly inventive, often playing long, strong lines and resolving his ideas well. When he plays a lot of notes, he doesn't just show off; what he plays generally makes sense. His solos usually have good continuity. Still, there are times here when he does waste notes, and his playing is not always tasteful. Though his playing has become more advanced harmonically over the past several years, he still uses some clichés. And his work on *Blackjack* is repetitive.

But Martino can swing his tail off, as he demonstrates on *Oleo* with terrific drive and momentum.

Green does a nice job, soloing authoritatively and crisply. —Pekar

JACKIE McLEAN

DEMON'S DANCE—Blue Note BST 84345: *Demon's Dance*; *Toytland*; *Boo Ann's Grind*; *Sweet Love of Mine*; *Floogeb*; *Message from Trane*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet, flugelhorn; McLean, alto saxophone; LaMont Johnson, piano; Scott Holt, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Listening to this and other McLean recordings of the past decade, I find it hard to recall the time when he was regarded as one of Charlie Parker's most earnest disciples. Now it seems that McLean borrowed very little from Parker, and since he had a strong emotional affinity (certain mannerisms of tone color and melody from the "dark side" of Bird), he has been able to make them part of his own musical language.

One aspect of Parker's music that McLean didn't try to emulate was the method used to structure solos. Here McLean had to look to other models, for no man of lesser genius could hope to follow Parker's lead in this area. (Simplifying somewhat, I think Parker's chief musical concern was comparison-contrast, which led him to extreme compression as a structural method. At his most inspired, the goal seemed to be the juxtaposition of the greatest variety of material in the briefest possible time, as if he wished to express and exhaust all aspects in a single instant.)

McLean's solos are structured in a different way altogether—one that owes a great deal to Lester Young (probably through Dexter Gordon) and Miles Davis. From Young came the notion of the solo as a continuous and potentially endless horizontal flow, from Gordon the means to keep such a construction going when one's melodic gift is not as sublime as Young's (welding otherwise disjointed lines through sheer heat), and from Davis some ideas (modal-based lyricism and asymmetrical phrasing) on how to maintain a

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consistent emotional tone and achieve rhythmic variety. But whatever his inspirations, McLean did reach the point where he could fashion a long solo into a single, satisfying entity.

This 1967 recording contains two performances that show McLean at his best—*Love of Mine*, a latino, ballad-like line swung at medium-tempo inspires a statement that resolves the ponderous and graceful in a sour-sweet dance, and *Floogeh*, an up, boppish tune catapults the altoist into that McLean mode I think of as “the burn”.

Otherwise, this isn't one of McLean's better albums. The group sounds like it may not have had enough rehearsal time, and the other players in 1967 just weren't on McLean's level. Though it's not necessarily a put-down, I think of Woody Shaw (and Freddie Hubbard, too) as the latter-day equivalents of Charlie Shavers, and Shaw's lush chromaticism and peppy rhythms don't go very well with McLean's austerity. The rhythm section is good when Johnson turns down the Garlandisms, Holt remembers to play for the group, and De-Johnette forgets about his Elvin Jones and Tony Williams licks and just swings. Dedicated McLean followers will want this one for *Love of Mine* and *Floogeh*, but albums like *Destination Out* and *Let Freedom Ring* are better introductions to his music. —Kart

BUDDY MONTGOMERY

THIS RATHER THAN THAT—Impulse 9192: *This Rather Than That*; *Tin Tin Deo*; *Rose Bud*; *Stormy*; *Willy Nilly Blues*; *Beautiful Love*; *Didn't We? Winding Up*.

Personnel: Montgomery, vibraharp, piano; Jodie Christian, piano, or Melvin Rhyne, organ; Manky Ellis, guitar; Monk Montgomery, electric bass or Jimmy Rowser, acoustic bass; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★

Buddy Montgomery, like so many other vibes players, came out of Milt Jackson, which is not to say Buddy apes Bags but is merely a crediting of feeling where due. (If you want to get technical, Montgomery misses fewer notes than Jackson, not because he plays the instrument better but because he tries less adventurous things.)

The best tracks in this album are the ballads—*Rose Bud* and *Beautiful Love*—and *Willy Nilly*. On the pretty stuff, Montgomery sustains continuity of line by such tying-together devices as turns and short runs, which is absolutely necessary if one is to give life to ballads on the metal monster, and he does it artfully—all of which makes him a master vibes balladeer. (His piano accompaniment to himself on *Rose Bud* and his unaccompanied piano solo version of *Didn't We?* seem as if they are played by another, less sensitive man. Strange.)

At up tempos, Montgomery's relaxed time conception gives gingeriness and resiliency to his lines. In other words, he swings. His rhythmic liteness (and, I suspect, personal gaiety) make his improvisations dance lightly and gracefully over the sometimes sodden accompaniment. (Montgomery should, however, get his vibes fixed; they rattle like the devil—and the trouble probably is in the damper mechanism.)

Another participant in this session who has some of Montgomery's musical charm is guitarist Ellis, whom I've not heard before but would like to hear again. He is reminiscent of Jimmy Raney, not in how he sounds but in how he approaches music—with clarity and clean lines.

Rhyné and Christian also have occasional solos that are competently executed, musical sound and rather run-of-the-mill.

—DeMicheal

HORACE SILVER

THAT HEALIN' FEELIN'—Blue Note BST 84352: *That Healin' Feelin'*; *The Happy Medium*; *The Show Has Begun*; *Love Vibrations*; *Peace*; *Permit Me To Introduce You To Yourself*; *Wipe Away the Evil*; *Nobody Knows*; *There's Much To Be Done*.

Personnel: Randy Brecker, trumpet, flugelhorn; George Coleman (tracks 1-5) or Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Silver, electric piano; Bob Cranshaw (tracks 1-5) or Jimmy Lewis, electric bass; Mickey Roker (tracks 1-5) or Idris Muhammad, drums; Andy Bey, Jackie Verdell, Gail Nelson, vocals.

Rating: ★★

I scrutinized the liner notes carefully to try to find the method to this madness. Well . . . let's not be too harsh. There are some very nice melodies here (*Love Vibrations*, especially). George Coleman sparkles repeatedly. I've always thought he



had a good feeling for harmonic changes. That is, he utilizes harmonic material to its utmost. Roker is crisp and direct and gets the job done in his usual professional manner. Andy Bey is, heads down, the best of the three vocalists. His voice quality is clear in tone and he capitalizes on his range to produce beautiful melodic improvisations. His diction is pellucid.

Regrettably, the lapses overshadow whatever positive qualities the record has. It's never really clear how the charts are set up. The voices are definitely subordinate to the instruments, yet they play a vital role. This is a message record, and Silver uses the voices to get this message across. But in terms of the charts I think he wants to consider the horns as the most important ingredients. So, except on *That Healin' Feelin'*, what happens is introduction, voice, short improvisation, recapitulation of opening statement. It doesn't make any difference whether the meter changes, the rhythm changes or the pulse (syncopation) changes. The pieces all sound the same and that leads to mundaneness. And this similarity leads to rather dull, unexciting music even when it looks as if it will move to something exciting (*Love Vibrations*).

As always, Silver is an excellent accompanist. Martin Williams is right when he says in *The Jazz Tradition* that Silver happened to be on the scene when the great musicians of the '50s were developing. He hears all the difficult chords (the added chords, blues voicings, etc.) very well. But

most important is that he hears inversions extremely well, which allows him to have great variety in his backup work. Along with this harmonic sense, he has an uncanny duration ability. His syncopation sensitivity is impeccable. But too often his solo playing gets bogged down in hackneyed clichés.

The best one can say about this album is that it is pleasant, with one great track, *Love Vibrations*. At its worst, it sometimes becomes bad rock and roll music. Take your choice! —Cole

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

The Return of Harmonica Slim (Blues-Time 9005)

Rating: ★★

Little Sonny, *The New King of the Blues Harmonica* (Enterprise 1005)

Rating: ★★½

Carey Bell, *Blues Harp* (Delmark 622)

Rating: ★★

Wild Child Butler, *Keep on Doing What You're Doing* (Mercury 61293)

Rating: ★★

PERHAPS ONE OF THE BEST gauges of the extent of the so-called blues revival is the fact that albums like these four, all featuring harmonica players, are being made and released. None of the performers are major blues artists by any stretch of the imagination. None have accounted for any significant advances or innovations—or even original thinking, for that matter—in the music. No, all are traditional performers of varying degrees of competence and collectively represent a kind of “second wave” behind the leading shapers and molders of the modern urban blues. Each of these harp-playing singers takes his impetus from one or more of the first-rank bluesmen, and the sources are generally fairly easy to sort out.

Los Angeles-based Harmonica Slim (Travis Blaylock) is an adequate if undistinguished singer and instrumentalist whose BluesTime album offers eight unambitious and engaging performances in the supple, jazz-tinged blues styles associated with the West Coast. Nothing very exciting is generated by the fine studio band assembled to back him, however; their work is smooth and the epitome of craftsmanship but little more than that. Routine vocals, material and arrangements make for an LP of pleasant party music—eminently listenable but just as eminently forgettable. Competence is, after all, no substitute for real feeling. (Incidentally, George Smith is apparently responsible for the bulk of the harmonica work on the album; certainly a curious anomaly in a set featuring Harmonica Slim.)


The album by Detroit's Little Sonny (Aaron Willis) will, I suspect, appeal most immediately to young harmonica players. His playing is strong, direct and rhythmically interesting, full of fine, unspectacularly virtuosic harp work. It will be of less interest to the average (non-harmonica playing, i.e.) blues listener. For one thing,

there are too few vocals. For another, there's little variety to the set; Willis' harmonica sorties, which dominate the proceedings, take place over the backing of a tight little soul-r&b group which all too rarely gets a chance to show what it can do. Apparently the product of a single session, there's a sameness—call it consistency if you wish—to the music that ultimately works against it. It bores rather than excites. Taken in small doses, a few tracks at a time, it's quite nice.

In the main, the same thing is true of the album by the young Chicago singer-harmonica player Carey Bell; that is, the music takes place within a relatively small compass—but it's by all odds the most completely successful of this group of albums. Chief reason for this is Bell's solid singing, which, while somewhat stylized (echoes of the mannered Junior Wells from time to time, for example), is rough and full of vitality and a real feeling for the lyrics. Then, too, he's chosen interesting material—classics of the moden Chicago idiom or pieces patterned on them—and he interprets them, vocally and instrumentally, with taste and flair. Moreover, he's a damn fine harp player who rarely over-reaches his capabilities or indulges in excess. He's learned his lessons from Little Walter very well and plays with feeling and a strong sense of swing. And with economy. He's no slouch on chromatic harp either, as his several forays on the larger instrument handily demonstrate.

The backing Bell is given is all it should be—loose and springy, with that relaxed, buoyant time feeling that always has characterized the best Chicago blues. The fact that two separate backing groups (one featuring two guitars and rhythm, the other piano, guitar and rhythm) were used for these sessions paid off handsomely in programmatic variety. As a result, the album is an unpretentiously successful recital of mainstream Chicago blues—not terribly ambitious, not at all innovative, but carried forward with taste, restraint, unerringly unforced rhythm work and strong, purposeful singing and harmonica playing. Bell's off to an auspicious start. The album's only drawback is the slight monotony that creeps in, a minor flaw in an otherwise splendid set.

A similarly-oriented LP is that by George (Wild Child) Butler, who draws on many of the same conventions and sources which are at the core of Bell's music. However, Butler's is a considerably less successful synthesis, for he has yet to pull them together into a consistent whole and his work on this, his first, LP is ragged and inconclusive. Plenty of feeling, to be sure, but not very well focused yet.

The lack of focus is carried over into the backing, which is loose and rambling, with often distractingly excessive guitar work by Jimmy Dawkins. More flash than substance to his playing; he shows no mercy and even less restraint. And his poor intonation on several of the cuts doesn't help much either. Good piano and drums from Lafayette Leake and Bob Richey respectively, but their manifold efforts cannot offset the general air of over-busy sloppiness. Keep on trying, though, Wild Child. Maybe next time. 

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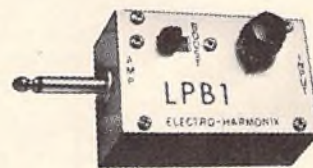
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CAUGHT

(Continued from page 25)

one thinks of the contrast between the violence of the football games usually played here and this pacific coming-together of oft-alienated individuals spontaneously becoming part of something larger. This is what the "Movement" is all about, and it is brought to startling reality on that gigantic playing field.

The crowd is now so heavy that the excellent sound system is interfered with by persons blocking the many speakers, and Hayes implores, "Please go back to the stands, brothers!" Some do, but at the conclusion, most have returned and a sea of enraptured people is seated on the grass, rather like a gigantic Bethlehem.

For his second number, Hayes sheds the ceremonial cloak to reveal red satin pants and a beaded, fringed red shirt which would make a Shriner sick with envy. Asking the audience "Can you all see me up here?" and receiving a resounding, "NO!" Hayes, who is already 12 feet above the playing field on a two-tiered stage, steps onto a three foot platform which raises him above the sidemen and affords a view which reveals his furred, black and white striped Santa Claus boots. He now digs into *By The Time I Get To Phoenix*, the opening recitation accompanied by a drone-like, hypnotic cymbal beat. All of this time, three chicks in pink are dancing and accompanying Hayes. They look and sound good, like three chicks in pink should!

The 21-piece band accompanying Hayes is made up of members of the New Orleans Symphony. Additionally, Hayes carries his own rhythm section, a lead trumpeter and an arranger-conductor. Assertedly, he uses symphony musicians when possible to keep a sound consistent with that of his recordings. But the symphony laid out through all but the close of *Phoenix*, when they screamed surprisingly.

The first two numbers have taken about 45 minutes, and Hayes concludes with a very short version of *I Stand Accused*, making a fast, well-executed exit.

Among a host of impressions, one that endures is that of a tired, gray-haired symphony cellist, descending the stand after the set and shaking his head with a look of utter bewilderment. The "Movement" was clearly too much for him to comprehend. A new day, indeed!

The exit of Hayes provides an opportunity for the Ike and Tina Turner Revue to be brought surreptitiously on stage. The Ikettes, three dancing singers who look like WOW!, begin with *What You See is What You Get*; the choreography is superb and the band cooks with a basically 1950s' r&b sound. Tina comes on stage, and she is a tigress as she digs in to *What Do You Like?* and a throaty *Honky Tonk Woman*. To say that Tina is the personification of sex states the obvious; you know you're not watching Cream of Wheat! A few more numbers, and Tina makes the introduction to *Proud Mary*, an appropriate choice for a New Orleans crowd. "We never do nothin' nice'n'easy; we're gonna do this nice'n'ROUGH!" And rough it is. Ike, who is responsible for the

band's swing, joins her in a vocal echo that is most effective; additionally, his guitar work is excellent and the charts and choreography, which are primarily his responsibility, are a measure of the man's very considerable talents. Tina goes into *Lovin' You Too Long*, done with Dinah Washington undertones, and while reciting some *double entendre* dialogue, is greeted with a series of slurping sound punctuations from Ike. The whole place, cops around the bandstand included, cracks up.

She ends screaming "I want you to sock it to me!" and goes immediately into *I Want to Take You Higher*, but that has to be an impossibility. You can, after all, go only so high! They depart in the same manner as Hayes—a superb act. Their band was, I believe, the best of the day, and I regret that because of the general chaos it is impossible to mention the players individually. They surely deserve the recognition.

Only James Brown could cap the preceding act. Before introducing him, McKinley, who is again having problems with crowds blocking the speaker system—and the bandstand—says, "If everyone on the field will just sit cheek-to-cheek, we'll have some more room and everything will be all right!" After some frantic nudging by the seated audience, he announces: "And now, Soul Brother, No. 1, JAMES BROWN—Yeah, You're Right!"

Brown, who has arrived on the field in an automobile which managed to knock a score of people over (myself included), leaps up the stairs and onto the stage as another 21-piece band opens with *Brother Rap*. He is resplendent in a grey tunic outfit as he digs in. On an elevated platform, a silver-sequined dancer (in the old days she'd have been called a "shak-dancer") performs in visual counterpoint to Brown. She dances like an Ikette with a doctoral degree. James, who as everyone knows is no slouch in that department himself, does some fancy footwork that ends with a split and an instantaneous upright recovery. The extended version of *Rap* lasts 20 minutes.

"I want to do my thing, like a *Sex Machine*," exhorts Brown in the concluding number. All around the entire stand, groups are into *their* thing, in contrast to the sit-down attentiveness that Hayes garnered earlier.

Now, everyone is MOVING, all the way to the top of the stands. James Brown's ability to *move* an audience is unparalleled. Chanting "Peee-aah-no!, Peee-aah-no!" he dances to the electric piano in center stage, the band screaming riffs behind him. He plays the hell out of it, then moves back again to one of the outrigger stages. In front of the main crowd, he shouts "Some like to love them TALL, some like to love them SHORT, but I—like to love them GOOD! The audience, 40,000 strong, roars its approval. It's Saturday night breakdown, and it goes on, all over the place.

Brown, with alter-ego Bobby Byrd in a call and refrain, falls to his knees several times. Each time, he is gently assisted to his feet and a cloak is placed over his shoulders. He takes several steps towards the back of the stage, sweat streaming

from his agonized face, shakes off the cloak, throws it to the floor, and returns to the microphone to continue. On the third or fourth return, he also sheds the tunic jacket and is totally into it.

The symbolism behind all of this may seem obvious, but I'll be damned if it's not genuine, and Brown, tremendous entertainer that he is, projects much more than merely dazzling show biz. There is a catharsis between the audience and Brown that is total. It is the incarnation of Soul, and James Brown is indeed Soul Brother No. 1. To cries of "RIGHT ON!, RIGHT ON!," he leaves the stage under a pre-arranged plan that could only be dwarfed by the Normandy Invasion.

The audience, in only minutes, is gone. All that remains is a dead silence, as if even the stadium were emotionally spent. Only the police, who should be commended for their up-tightness, remain on the field in silent clusters. It is positively eerie.

Soul Bowl '70 was a success, accomplished a portion of its aims, and is sure to be repeated. Next year, it is hoped that more thought will be given to attracting greater participation from the white community, particularly students—and this writer would like to see the inclusion of a good jazz act or two. Jazz acts would draw at least as well as the white rock acts did, and would be fitting for presentation in this city, where so much of *all* of this got its early start.

"Can you dig it?" was the theme of *Soul Bowl '70*. The answer would have to be a resounding yes! —Paul R. Lentz

Andrew Cyrille and the Ensemble Plus Countee Cullen Regional Library, New York City

Personnel: Charles Sullivan, trumpet; Sam Rivers, flute, soprano and tenor saxophone; Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Stafford James, bass; Cyrille, drums.

There were several reasons for not showing up at this concert: the heavy rain which delayed my long drive in from New Jersey; the fact that the concert was co-sponsored by the Mayor's Committee for Living Music and a grant from the Music Performance Trust Funds which, to me, usually means weird political overtones; and that I wasn't quite sure whom I was going to be hearing. Fortunately, as my nephew would say, "this was my lucky day."

Writing about musical improvisation is difficult because some of the spontaneity gets lost in the translation. "The band was superb!" "The band was excellent!" "Musically this band was in rare good form!" Etc., etc., etc. But if I could make any generalizations about this band they would be the following: individually, the performers had unique listening empathy and during the time they played I couldn't remember when I had heard a better band or if it were possible that I would ever hear one to equal them again.

The group played three pieces, two before intermission and one after. Cyrille hung the whole thing together, loosely, but hung just the same. The other members constantly looked to him for leadership and he provided it repeatedly. He hovered over the group like a big pro-

tective eagle, but never oppressive, always allowing the maximum of musical freedom. His accompaniment was crisp. He slapped and punched when he felt his chargers lapsing and rolled brilliantly when he anticipated a climactic statement. His brush work was uniquely sensitive. But it was his solos that marked him an extraordinary percussionist. He has obviously listened to the membranes, adjusting them to get the maximum of different timbres. He plays everything: the cymbals, sides, outside of the bass drums, and then everything at once. He manipulates the drum sticks, turning them, playing them one-handed, opposite ends, all to produce a sound, a moment. A great, great musician.

The concert opened with Jim Spaulding's *Sockokimmiya*, a piece which demonstrated the interesting acoustics of this basement facility. None of the instruments were amplified, so the building's natural



VALERIE WILMER

Andrew Cyrille: Extraordinary solos

being had to suffice. And it was more than adequate. But it produced some interesting contradictions. When Sam Rivers played he was completely submerged by the rhythm section. Sullivan's trumpet was always very audible. James could not be heard at all when he accompanied, yet his tone and voicings were extremely clear when he soloed. The sound literally bounced off the ceiling, floor and all walls. It compelled you to listen, but you were going to listen to this group anyway.

Rivers, playing tenor on *Sockokimmiya*, flute on *Autumn in New York*, and soprano and tenor on *Short Short*, was unanimous. This was only my second time hearing him and his musical stature continues to grow. He's so confident, in such great command of every musical situation. His tenor playing is round and forceful and, because the instrument is so incredibly variable, Rivers was able to shape and reshape sounds and clusters—those clusters which have touched every tenor player who ever really heard John Coltrane. On soprano Rivers sounds very Eastern. Maybe that's because the soprano

is a very Eastern-sounding instrument, but I also think it's because he hears other scales besides the major and minor ones very well. On *Short Short*, Cyrille organized a structure which allowed every player to do a spontaneous, unaccompanied improvisation. Rivers utilized this to the utmost. He built cascades of sounds, sheets like hot steel grinding down mill, illuminating but unable to be touched.

Smith was the fourth person to solo on *Short Short*. During the solos of the others he looked at the piano; not just looked at it but scrutinized it. Then on his turn, he leaned over the piano and played the strings inside. He then responded to the strings by making a sound with his voice. Not only a dialogue but a new dimension with the piano. Fortunately, we had a chance to speak after the concert. He explained to me the many things you have to listen to in order to accomplish playing the strings of the piano effectively. You must have a good piano. (The one in the library was a grand.) The acoustics have to be exceptional. You have to have perfect coordination between the pedals of the piano and the playing of the strings. So here is something which many people take as a stunt but which is, in fact, a very intricate, sensitive thing. Smith also had a beautiful introductory solo in *Autumn in New York*.

James was stellar. He was somewhat at a disadvantage because the program had listed Charlie Haden as the bassist and James was a replacement. And although he was inaudible most of the time, his solos were outstanding. He has a stunning tone and plays outstandingly creative lines. He seemed to have none of the problems most bassists have with intonation and a bland tone.

With all this great talent, with the consistency of music they produced as a unit, there was definitely a "star." Charles Sullivan is the most brilliant musician I have heard since I first heard John Coltrane with the Miles Davis band of the mid-'50s. It's not that he has spurts of originality but that he plays passage after passage of well-thought-out statements. His tone never lapsed into that spitting sound that almost every trumpeter falls into. He has great phrasing. He sounds like a lot of other trumpet players but *mostly* like himself. His technique is overwhelming. But more than anything else he plays the blues well, he hears the blues well. On *Autumn in New York* he played a line which had that beautiful phrasing and blue notes that most great jazz musicians execute so well. Great lip control enables him to project, alter, and stream lines of both intense and lyrical content. What else can I say? Check him out yourself.

The last piece, *Short Short*, was written and arranged by Cyrille. First it called for a cappella playing by each of the instruments, then a dialogue between each instrument and the drums, then a line which was composed of eight different notes without a center, then a free riff. This piece just capped a great musical evening which made me extremely happy I was there and sorry it couldn't have been seen and heard by at least a hundred times more people.

—Bill Cole

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Kenny Burrell Quartet

El Matador, San Francisco, Cal.

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Richard Wyands, piano; Billy Burrell, bass; Chuck Carter, drums.

On these incendiary sets, Burrell's muse gave the impression of being in a bonus mood, inspired sparks floating off guitar at its most alluring in the kind of performance that makes ears want to hang banners out.

A transfixing style—his right hand knows so explicitly what his left is doing. It resolved into a blur comparable to a fast drummer's workout on the torrid tempos, mercurially fingering a close-packed series of chords or spinning out rapid melodic lines. Bland as a buddha in his no-sweat approach, at most quietly meditative, Burrell has an insouciant way of wearing a weightless crown of technique that doesn't demand sacrifice from other qualities. No stealing from clarity or conception; everything is smoothly harnessed.

Carmen Brown and Things Ain't What They Used To Be were nonchalant-tem-



pered swingers. *Blues for Dell* and *Nuages* low flame cookers, *Mark I* and *Getting Dark* dervish-fast romps, all pregnant with lucid tone, honed ideas and warmth that easily spilled into passion. Much of the repertoire was blues-splashed—Burrell has a compulsive grain running in that direction—the ballads alike in elegance, the beats traveling in exhilarating grooves. On the fast numbers he likes to pit himself against plenty of music. The rhythm's heavy leaning would have dented a less buoyant guitar, but he thrived on the shout, on Wyands unleashing a monsoon of strong notes and heavy chords and Carter laying on as if there was no tomorrow with brother Billy no laggard on bass. The quartet had a volatile impact out of proportion to their numbers, generating a large group's hefty impetus, and Wyands' several artful and fetching solos were of an original cast unhaunted by influences past or present.

The blues mood carried over into some of the reflective ballads. *Lover Man*, *Angel Eyes* and *Here's That Rainy Day* were beautifully played markers to sunken romances. Good to begin with, they budded under Burrell's cultivated touch. Dissonant flecked treatment and off-melodic rueful little murmurings underscored the poignancy of *Lover Man* and *Angel Eyes*. This was balladry raised to high art. *Shadow Of Your Smile* was also wistful, and a delicate, singular *People*, solo guitar, and *Sweet and Lovely* were love afloat.

Oscar Pettiford's *Tricotism* was the most heated of the up-tempos, a subtly undulating number with high-flying melodic lines dotted with intriguing harmonics. *Please Send Me Somebody To Love* was a slinky slow that combined pensiveness with finger-

snappery.

The muse mentioned might be permanent with Burrell: at a later listening she was on duty again and the evening totaled up to stunning artistry. Beautiful pickings.

—Sammy Mitchell

Pharoah Sanders

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: Sanders, soprano and tenor saxophone, shell trumpet; Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Norris Jones, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

This was the first of a series of concerts sponsored by the CBC Committee of Wesleyan University. Within three weeks, Sanders, Ornette Coleman, Freddie Hubbard and Ken McIntyre (a faculty member and the guiding genius of the program) appeared on the tranquil campus in this small New England town. The series is testimony to McIntyre's musical sensitivity.

McConoughy Hall is a freshman dining hall located at the east end of the Wesleyan campus. It's a huge circular area with all kinds of acoustical problems. There is much open space, the floors and ceiling are concrete, and there is nothing present to absorb the sound. None of these things affected the concert because the two main ingredients were there: a responsive audience and the incomparable Pharoah Sanders.

The concert began with a long solo by Jarvis during which Sanders stalked around the hall looking for who knows what. He finally stepped to the microphones and &*?#S%e&*?& *?#Sc&*?S* c%&S?*& *c%&S?*& Sg&*?&S e&*?&*?# #S%*? #S%*? &*&?S&e?& ?&*?#*&Sc &S!!!! I use the symbols because it's impossible to articulate in words exactly what happened. If you've ever heard Sanders and are into his thing, then the words that follow won't help, but maybe the symbols will. There is no question about Sanders' musicianship. Every instrument he picks up he plays with masterful skill. He is a totally musical person and if you're ready for his thing he gladly extends it to you. But your being ready is not Sanders' responsibility. He's always ready.

Sanders' sound ranges from a shrill scream to a beautifully controlled vibrato, a vibrato almost in the traditional classical sense. He plays overtones and other difficult timbres as easily as anyone I've ever heard. He has superior control of the aerophones' air column. When he breathes into the column you can hear the air metamorphose into other sounds. This is especially true when the dynamics are subtle and he's blowing gently into the instruments.

Now to what Sanders creates. One has to remember that the American musical experience is a diatonic one, except for perhaps the American Indian. Sanders has effectively freed himself from those restrictions of Western tradition, restrictions which cause a musician to stay inside. He therefore can create streams of improvisation without any kind of modulation. (Modulation here being defined as a regulating according to measure or proportion.) So, in the tradition of the ragas of India or any truly spontaneous music, there is a tremendous force that goes on and on. And

with Sanders this means vigorous, forceful, direct music—music which snatches you by the rear-end and demands your ear. (There are many people who don't happen to like this—I happen to love it.) Then, when the tension has continued and continued, you suddenly realize that he has transported you to another area, lyricism, with his flawless vibrato.

On the second piece Sanders picked up the side-blown shell trumpet. On this ancient instrument he also demonstrated his magical virtuosity. But it was on this piece that Lonnie Liston Smith demonstrated his own thing. The man treats the piano as if he were a tenderizing machine and it were a piece of tough meat. I remember, when I was a young boy, staying near a zoo for several weeks in the summer and on the cool summer nights I could hear the lions roar. Lions project a peculiar majesty through their roars and so does Smith when he attacks the piano. You know he owns the instrument, like the lion owns his confines. He has great sensitivity in his use of the keys and the pedals. It's funny about great musicians—they seem to continually examine the instrument. Smith combines series of arpeggios, connecting them with the pedal, and soon you can recognize the thunder but never until the tidal wave has completely smothered you. Then, when you know he has exhausted the outside he moves inside to the strings of the piano and Sanders picks up the soprano and follows, recapitulating his line. What beautiful empathy!

I haven't spoken about Jones and Jarvis but they offered tremendous support to the whole thing. Sometimes they got caught up in the eye of the hurricane (Smith and Sanders) and were inaudible. The Sanders repertoire doesn't call so much for strict time as it calls for movement. Therefore the drummer has a different role. He must constantly improvise and deal in broken patterns so that the piece moves and changes, moves and changes. Perhaps the forerunner in this kind of playing is Elvin Jones. Because the music doesn't modulate the bassist has a very stationary role and is called on many times just to slightly vary patterns. The discipline present in such an undertaking is sometimes more stringent than in "freer" or stricter harmonic patterns. Jones had two long solos which he negotiated easily, perhaps slapping at the bass more than necessary, but that might have been because I couldn't see what he was trying to do with that technique.

The crowd (mostly Wesleyan students, although the concerts are free and open to the public) was ready for Sanders' music and gave him enthusiastic response. In fact, the rapport was so strong that Sanders played an encore, much to the enjoyment of the audience. If the series continues to provide the quality of music that this concert provided, it will be a total success.

An interpretation of the symbols: honesty, integrity, straightforwardness, sincerity, oppression, Blackness, struggle, liberation, mythology, dedication, devotion, self-sacrifice, purpose, goals, and musicianship!

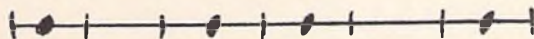
—Bill Cole

db music workshop

Guitar Fingerboard Scale Patterns, Part II

by William L. Fowler

THE NEXT TETRACHORD TO BE visually and tactilely memorized is the minor tetrachord, whose extremities are a perfect fourth, like the major tetrachord. The two middle notes are adjacent (half-step) and are separated from the extremities by a whole step (two frets). On a single string, the minor tetrachord looks like this:



The fingering on a single string becomes easier when the tetrachord is played high on the fingerboard, where the frets are close together. Fingerings of the minor tetrachord on adjacent strings (except second and third) are shown in Figure I. Notice that this tetrachord, like the major tetrachord, begins and ends on the same fret (except the second and third strings). Also keep in mind that tetrachords whose extremities are perfect fourths are separated by a whole step (two frets) in building scales.

There are four ways to combine major and minor tetrachords to build eight-note scales:

1. Lower, major-upper: Major=Major scale.
2. Lower, major-upper: Minor=Mixolydian mode (Figure II).
3. Lower, minor-upper: Major=Ascending form of melodic minor scale (Figure III).
4. Lower, minor-upper: Minor=Dorian mode (Figure IV).

One extended example should be sufficient. Remember that the top note of the upper tetrachord is also the bottom note of the lower tetrachord at the point where the second octave of the extended scale begins. Figure V, a three-octave extension of the Mixolydian mode, illustrates this point.

Figure I

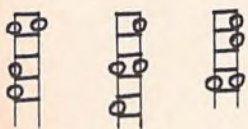


Figure II

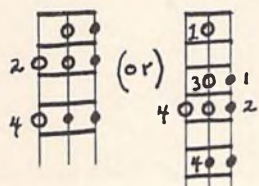


Figure V

G mixolydian
○ = lower tetrachord
● = upper tetrachord

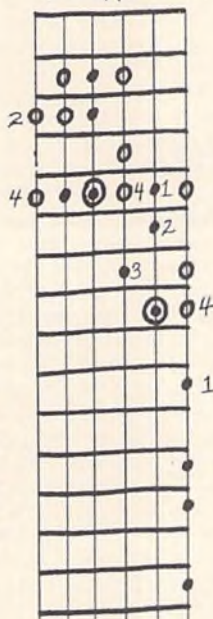


Figure III

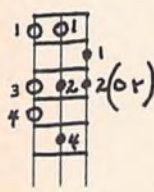
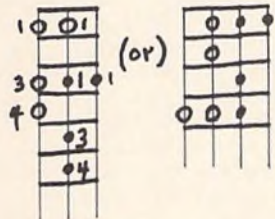


Figure IV



The natural position of the major scale is to start on the key tone (tonic) against the tonic chord (C major scale against C Major triad, C Major 7th, etc.). The natural position of the Dorian mode is against the supertonic chord (D Dorian against D minor chord, in key of C major). The natural position of the Mixolydian mode is against the Dominant 7th (G Mixolydian against G, in key of C major), and the natural position of the ascending melodic minor scale is against the tonic chord in minor (C mel. minor against C minor triad in key of C minor).

Try all these natural uses in all keys before going on to experiment with the sound of the non-natural uses, such as C Dorian against C major triad in key of C (blues scale).

The continuing articles on scale passages will not contain repetition of general information, so the reader should keep this article for reference purposes. Part I appeared in the Oct. 29 issue.

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HANCOCK

(Continued from page 15)

est of the audience. There are ways of using dynamics in playing your melodies no matter how jagged or how weird they'll be that can stimulate some inner feelings within yourself as a listener that, even though you may not be able to relate to the notes or the chords or the sounds that are being played in a way that you're used to relating to them, you still react because that emotional element is there. It can be quite a shock to walk into a club and hear some music that you've never heard before, but you are totally stimulated by.

B.J.: So the person should listen for and feel for, not the familiarity of the changes, but look to the energy, the dynamics as a source of familiarity as opposed to looking for the progressions and things like that?
H.H.: Actually, the person shouldn't listen for anything. The person should just go in there and listen to whatever is going on and then make his decision. He should try not to walk in with criteria in his arms, but just walk in empty-handed and listen to whatever's going on. If it feels good he digs it—doesn't deny it—but if it doesn't feel good, familiar or unfamiliar, nobody should object if he is not able to accept it. But so much of what's happening today in the most modern aspects of jazz does feel good—I think even more so than in the past.

B.J.: Let me ask you this then, in some note of closing. What—either primary or secondary, defined or undefined—goals or objectives do you envision for your group? What is it you want to accomplish?

H.H.: Well, I'd like to bring more people into listening to my music, so that whatever direction we might take in the future, they might have an easier time following that direction. I think that the material we're using now should help that situation. In other words, part of what I want to do is find that part of my musical being that relates to the most people because I'm a "people" too, you know, so part of me is part of them, and there must be some part of me that they understand just as there is a part of them that I understand. You know, we're all really the same, and I'm searching for that part of my musical experience that relates to them. If they can grasp that, then as the group takes further musical steps, that can be a reference point. As has happened in the past with any performer, Miles started out playing a certain way and he evolved, but he gathered his audience in the beginning, and as he evolved, the reference point was the first point. It's just like arithmetic: you learn the first lesson, then you learn the second one, then the third. You might have a hard time jumping in there on the ninth lesson to begin with, without knowing the first lesson. That's not always the case, but once you can grab on to the moving train, you're on the train.

B.J.: Is there anything you want to say in closing? Anything you want to make sure we get in?

H.H.: Well, I guess the main thing is that jazz is not dead. The music has continued to evolve. I think it's better now than it's ever been—I really do.

WARSAW

(Continued from page 22)

other songs associated with Lady Day. This was the first time I can recall being moved by someone singing in a language alien to them, a tribute to Miss Warska's breadth of feeling.

Phil Woods has been living in Europe for the past four years or so, and his fire has not dimmed at all. With his European Rhythm Machine—Gordon Beck, piano; Henri Texier, bass; Daniel Humair, drums—Woods is exploring new territory and slanting his alto saxophone in a contemporary frame. With his consistent good taste, he strikes a happy blend between the conventional and the free and yet it is somehow not enough—for me. Maybe it's because I liked the way Phil Woods used to play that I quibble with what is essentially a very fine group, playing jazz all the way.

NOVI were supposed to be the stars of the show, but their accompaniment, by the Adam Makowicz Trio, let them down. They were not in top form either in performance or manners, hardly acknowledging the repeated demands for more, and when finally persuaded, merely repeating an earlier number for their encore. Ho-hum.

They were followed, in direct contrast, by a raging torment from Holland, the Theo Lovendie Consort. The most blatantly far out of all the groups at the *Jamboree*, Lovendie's men had strength and then some. With a frontline of trumpet, trombone, alto, tenor, and baritone, it was heavy free-blowing from the downbeat.

Lovendie himself, on alto saxophone, is not the strongest link in terms of creativity, but for staying power they'd all take some beating. I enjoyed the trombonist's ideas, and drummer Maarten van Duynhoven, who looks more like a hippie playboy than a maniacal drummer, won percussion honors hands-down—with the possible exception of Stu Martin.

It was all really virile stuff but a little too much by this time for this exhausted reviewer who fled in the direction of the Stodola Club while Lovendie's men were still roaring full speed ahead. I was sorry to miss a band from Czechoslovakia and pianist Andrzej Trzaskowski, but I later discovered that the concert, which had begun at 8 p.m., did not finish until 1 a.m.—too much for any one pair of ears. By that time I was drinking Jarzebiak vodka and wine, pinned against the wall by the combined onslaught of Phil Woods jamming with the Surman trio. Truly a meeting of giants, and as unforgettable as my hangover!

The next day was Sunday. The *Jamboree* was finished and the whole package was on its way to Cracow for a second festival there. The amiable Jan Byrczek hosted a dinner for all the foreign and local journalists, a gesture which summed up the warm and open way in which we were all received. I'm sorry if the mention I have given to the outstanding Polish musicians I heard is scanty, but I'm grateful for the chance to experience their music. Because of it, my outlook is broader than it was.

PURDIE

(Continued from page 18)

properly, nothing happened. When they recorded it correctly, it made it. The same thing is happening right now with the electric bass. You hear all these melodies voiced in the bass now because they've finally learned how to record bass properly."

One of the least interesting aspects of the recording business, in Purdie's view, is "sweetening." This can involve adding additional parts to an already completed piece of music or, in some cases, the substitution of one musician for another on the master tape. When asked about the whole area of multiple track recording, Purdie spoke freely:

"I think when you work that way you lose a little creativity in front. It becomes the producer's ballgame and there is a tendency to make pushbutton electronics out of the whole thing. Musicians aren't machines. I don't like to sweeten and I won't do it unless there is extra money. Face it; if a producer hires me to fix up his product, then it has to be bad. I feel I owe certain things to a producer who hires me. I feel that my job is to listen to the material; decide what I have to do; then *get into that music and make it happen*. I can't do that when I'm fixing up something bad."

Purdie is more than just the super-sideman in a recording studio. He is much like a second leader—offering suggestions, volunteering to iron out the many musical problems that may arise on record dates. He has been the leader for his own album on Date (a subsidiary of Columbia). The label has enough material for a second album, but it is not known whether it will be issued. He has since produced some material of his own which, at this writing, has not been placed.

Purdie, despite his reputation, is far from the egotist one might expect. In discussing some of the leading artists he has worked with, he invariably speaks with respect and appreciation. There is

even a kind of little-boy enthusiasm when he talks about today's recording stars:


"James Brown? I guess I remember the *Cold Sweat* date best. I think we got four million-sellers out of that session. There was always a lot of paper at his sessions, but that didn't necessarily mean we went by the chart. I don't think written charts are very stimulating to him. This is not to knock the arranger, Sammy Lowe, but with James Brown spontaneity is always present. He wanted me to go on the road with him, but he wasn't paying any money."

Purdie has worked with many of the recording industry's top groups. He recalls most of them, including the Beatles ("Early in their career. Ringo couldn't keep time even then."). Blood, Sweat&Tears (the first album), Tom Jones (but not recently), the Isley Brothers, the Righteous Brothers, and Jimmy Smith.

Purdie is not the only drummer to play an important role in the rhythmic revolution, but he is quick to point out where to look for the latest developments:

"Ike and Tina Turner. Several of the Atlantic acts, Sly & The Family Stone. This is where you'll hear it. It's hard to verbalize what soul rhythm is all about, but when you hear it, you can feel it."

One might add that when you hear Bernard Purdie, you can also feel him. Drum enthusiasts should certainly look up Purdie's Date album and might also look for other selected tracks: *Soul Talk* from the album of the same name by Johnny Hammond Smith on Prestige, and *Live Humble* from *The Diverse Lateef* on Atlantic are two excellent examples of what Purdie does best.

One of the primary problems in attempting to compile a list of Purdie's best performances is that, because of his ubiquity, the list immediately becomes obsolete. It seems likely that his popularity and ubiquity will continue for a good long time. 

recent guests at Red Balaban's Sunday sessions at Your Father's Mustache . . . Cal Massey's Romas Orchestra performed in concert in December at New York Community College and Brooklyn College . . . *Expo in Sound*, a package featuring Carmen McRae, Ahmad Jamal's trio, and the McCoy Tyner Quartet, appeared at Brooklyn Academy of Music . . . While in Europe recently, Clifford Thornton concertized in Paris on a program with the Art Ensemble of Chicago and the Frank Wright Quartet, played the Ghent (Belgium) Festival, taped a film sound track with tenorist Barney Wilen, and made a live concert recording which may also be released in the U.S. . . . Tenorist Harold Ousley was at the Blue Book, and singer Babs Gonzales at Stella's, both

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

up a potent double bill at the Village Gate Dec. 29 through Jan. 3. Dreams were on hand through the previous week, and also played the Fillmore East earlier in the month . . . Toshiko took over piano chores at Mikell's from Bobby Timmons, who moved to Pee Wee's, with bassist Sam Jones remaining on deck . . . Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Arkestra did a one-nighter at the Village Gate Dec. 13 . . . Duke Ellington was honored with a "Splendid American Award" by the Thomas A. Dooley Foundation at the Americana Dec. 10 . . . Ray Nance, Max Kaminsky, Al Cohn, and Nancy Nelson, a 19-year-old jazz singer, were among

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FANTASIA VIVO (A) by M. T. Vivona. 26: 5 sax (as I dbl. fl.); 5 tp; 5 tb; tu, 4 fh; p, b, 2 d, tym, mba. Latin flavored a la Johnny Richards. Varied meters: 12/8, 8/8, 6/8, 3/8, 5/4—climaxing with superimposition of two main themes. Solos: tb, as, fl, d. (PT 10')
MW 163 . . . \$15.50/\$10.33

FESTIVAL (A) by Lou Marini, Sr. 19: 5 sax (altos dbl. fl & ss); 5 tp; 5 tb; 4 rhy. Features linear writing in the Phrygian mode. Ss & ts have solos and cadenzas. Tp range is B flat. Premiered at 1970 Midwest C.J.F. (PT 5')
MW 102 . . . \$10/\$6.66

GROOVENESS (A) by Ladd McIntosh. 23: 5 sax (as I dbl. cl & picc; as II dbl. cl; ts I dbl. fl; ts II dbl. fl, cl & b-cl; bs dbl. cl & b-cl); 5 tp (I, II, III, IV dbl. flg); 4 tb (inc. 1 b-tb, all tb need bucket mutes); tu (cues in tb III); 2 fh (th III & IV opt.); p, b, g, d, perc I (vb), perc II (vb & tym). Recommended for truly advanced and ambitious band, this crowd pleaser bounces back and forth between frantic-4 and slow groovy rock-4 bridge. Chart drives, pulsates, then suddenly sensuously lyric and expressive, then turns gutsy and blasting again. Solos: ts I & g. Lead tp goes to high A. Slow full chorale shortly before fast, exciting ending replete with tym & gong. Only one set of vb needed. (PT 8')
MW 108 . . . \$28.50/\$19

IS THAT SO? (M) by Everett Longstreth. 17 (+ cond): 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb (IV opt.); p, b, g, d. Slow groove tempo. Full soft ensemble for 1st chorus; 2nd chorus has as & tp solos (written out with chord changes) with background. 3rd chorus in saxes & bones for 16 bar ensemble building to full ensemble for last half of chorus. (PT 6')
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KILLER JOE (A) by Benny Golson, as arranged and recorded by Quincy Jones: Walking in Space (A&M SP 3023). 15: 4 tp; 4 tb (inc b-tb); fl, ss, ts; p, b, g, d; (4 female voices opt.). This famous big band standard features bass and tp solos with open space for others as desired. Odd meters with ss and tp combined; lush reed writing, hip ending. (PT 5')
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LAZY DAY (M) by Everett Longstreth. 17 (+ cond): 5 sax; 4 tp; 5 tb (IV opt.); p, b, g, d. Ballad a la "Little Darlin'"; nice easy relaxed Basic style chart. Ensemble for first 16 bars; tp bridge and first 16 bars of 2nd chorus with sax background. Piano or guitar solo on bridge and full ensemble to ending. Solos written out with chord changes. (PT 5')
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MO-T (A) by M. T. Vivona. 25: 5 sax (as I dbl. picc & fl; ts I dbl. b-cl; ts II dbl. cl); 5 tp; 5 tb; tu; 4 fh; el-p, el-b, g, d (II opt.); mba. Brilliant brass fanfare followed by Mo-Town rock beat. Solos: fl, b-cl, tb. Solid driving chart that builds to exciting climax with all three soloists improvising simultaneously over a screaming background. A real crowd pleaser! (PT 10')
MW 160 . . . \$18.50/\$12.33

REVIVAL SUITE (A) by M. T. Vivona. 25: 5 sax (as I dbl. fl; as II dbl. fl & cl; ts I dbl. cl, b-cl & fl; ts II dbl. a-cl, b-cl; bs dbl. ob & b-cl); 5 tp; 5 tb; tu, 4 fh; el-p, el-b, g, d, tym. A continuous 3 movement work. I (Meditation) written in slow, moody contemplative style with classical flavor. II (Revelation) features slow, moody alto sax chorus over dissonant pyramid background that builds to end of movement. III (Jubilation) is hard driving spiritual-like movement that shouts. Solos: el-p, as, tb. (PT 13')
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SHE ROARS (A) by Ladd McIntosh. 21: 5 sax (as I dbl. cl; fl & picc; as II dbl. cl & fl; ts I dbl. cl & fl; ts II dbl. cl & fl; bs dbl. b-cl & a-fl); 5 tp; 4 tb (inc. 1 b-tb; th I & II need straight mutes); tu (cues in bs & b-tb); p (org opt.), b, g, d, perc I (vb—only one set needed), perc II (vb). A happy and swinging chart written for composer's daughter, Erlka. Solos: p, tb I & b. Lead tp to high F. Ending is "notey" but chart has been used successfully at high school jazz clinics. Good for any technically proficient high school or college ensemble if doubles are available. (PT 5')
MW 107 . . . \$20/\$13.33

SOMEONE ELSE'S BLUES (A) by Ladd McIntosh. 19: 5 sax (as I dbl. fl & picc; as II dbl. fl; ts I dbl. fl; ts II dbl. cl; bs dbl. cl) 5 tp; 4 tb (inc. 1 b-tb, 5th tb opt.); p, b, g, d, vb, perc. Written in admiration of Gerald Wilson, this swinging blues features lengthy solos: as I, tp & tb. Short solos: d & perc. Great opener relaxes band and reaches audience. (PT 5')
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TEXTURES (A) by Bill Dobbins. 17: 5 tp, 4 tb (inc. 1 b-tb), 5 sax (as I dbl. cl; ts II dbl. fl; bs dbl. ob & b-cl), p, b, d. Extended jazz composition in three movements based on concerto grosso style using solo quartet playing in and around big band. (I) Rock style a la Miles Davis featuring tb & p solos; (II) Ballad setting a la Gil Evans featuring b & ob solos; (III) Contrapuntal style featuring tb, p & d solos. Commissioned by John F. Kennedy Center For the Performing Arts (Wash., D.C.) and premiered at 1970 National C.J.F. (PT 20')
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WADDLIN' BLUES (M) by Everett Longstreth. 17 (+ cond): 5 sax; 4 tp, 4 tb (IV opt.); p, b, g, d. Easy 2 beat, down home blues that builds to jazz solos by tp II & ts I (solos written out with chord changes). One ensemble chorus and then 3 choruses going out the opposite of the top. Basie ending. (PT 6')
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A DOLLAR SHORT AND A DAY LATE (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Medium swing, odd form; meter changes, heavy contrapuntal writing. (PT 10')
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BLACK MAN, BLACK WOMAN (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Extracted from score of "I Heard My Woman Call" by Baker, based on Eldridge Cleaver's Soul On Ice: Chance music with scalar, thematic fragments, combined at random for backgrounds. Strongly reminiscent of the music of George Russell. (PT 15')
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BLACK THURSDAY (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; tu; p, b, d. Slow intro, medium swing, out-chorus in quasi-march, tutti band. Ample solo space. (PT 5')
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COLTRANE IN MEMORIAM (A) by Dave Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Four sections: (I) Lachrymose—features ss & ts, slow and brooding. (II) Blues—features five ts playing John Coltrane's solo from Blue Trane (very difficult). (III) Apocalypse—avant-grade with chance music and indeterminacy. (IV) Lachrymose—returns to slow mood of beginning. (PT 15')
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JUST BEFORE SEPTEMBER (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp, 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Ballad piano solo with band, interesting orchestration a la Gil Evans, mood music with melodic strength. 3/4 time. (PT 5')
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LE CHAT QUI PECHE (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. 5/4 blues with an extension. Slow Charlie Parker-like intro for sax section, many backgrounds, ending changes tempo. (PT 10')
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LYDIAN APRIL (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Based on changes to "I Remember April" as transformed by Lydian Concept. Music precision, ensemble work, meter changes. No solos. (PT 12')
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ONE FOR J.S. (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, el-b, d. 16 measure blues, heavy rock background behind each soloist, bluesy but extremely angular melody. Hip ending (PT 7')
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PEACE, MY BROTHER (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p, b, d. Extracted from "The 22nd Psalm" a Jazz Oratorio by Baker. Modal composition is medium swing tempo, relaxed writing but precision sounding. (PT 7')
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SUMMER SNOW (M) by Bob Enevoldsen. 19: 5 sax (as I dbl. fl) 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, perc, 2 g. Lovely, slower arrangement featuring sax section with lead alto doubling flute. First half has prolonged rubato feeling, last seven bars long crescendo to final chord. (PT 3')

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HOME FREE (A) by Benny Golson. 19: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, perc, 2 g. Guitars treated as small orchestra; pianist and Fender bassist read parts as written or ad lib to fit. (PT 5')

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GREEN SUNDAY (M) by Chico O'Farrill. 19: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, perc, 2 g. In 12/8. All dynamic and articulation markings very important for clean execution. Challenging solos divided between lead alto and piano. (PT 3')

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RED BUTTERMILK (A) by Billy Byers. 19: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, 2 g. Power trombone ensemble passages dominate this country-jazz-rock chart. Solos split between trumpet II and tenor I. (PT 4')

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OUTTA SIGHT (A) by Benny Golson. 19: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, perc, 2 g. Extremely challenging chart with frequent signature changes. Highlights include fiery tenor sax solo and catchy soli with guitars and saxes playing in unison. (PT 5')

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DRIP DRY (M) by Bob Enevoldsen. 19: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p, b, d, perc, 2 g. Exciting drum solo paces medium tempo jazz-rock arrangement with Mo-Town sound. Of particular interest is baritone sax, bass soli. (PT 4')

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SMALL ENSEMBLE ARRANGEMENTS

JAZZ COMBOS & SOLOS

BALLADE (A) by David Baker. 3: as; clo; fh. Very exciting jazz piece in two sections. Extensive use of the Lydian Concept. All parts challenging. (PT 7) MW 218 . . . \$5/\$3.33

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS (A) by Pepper Adams 5: tp, fl, p, b, d. Should be played quite slowly to allow the dissonances to linger. In case another chorus is desirable: in the 32nd bar of chorus, play two beats of C Major followed by one beat apiece of F-7 & Bb7 to lead painlessly back to E-7 (flat 5). Title from Phillip Roth's working title for Portnoy's Complaint. (PT 4) MW 205 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

FLOW PAST (A) by Bob Morgan. 8: tp, tb, as, ts, bs, p, b, d. Alternating slow/fast tempo, contemporary style. Solos: ts, tp (alone and together). Written for Sam Houston State Univ. Jazz Octet for 1970 Southwest and National CJF. (PT 5) MW 203 . . . \$6.50/\$4.33

HOLDEN (A) by Bob Morgan. 8: tp, tb, as, ts, bs (fl dbl. by as or +s), p, b, d. Medium tempo; alternates between contrapuntal and standard homophonic styles. Solos: tp, tb. Written for North Texas State Univ. "Jazzet". (PT 3) MW 202 . . . \$6.50/\$4.33

NOCTURNE, FOR FIVE BONES (M) by Don Verne Joseph. 9: 5 tb; p, b, d, g. Piano used in solo passages as well as bones. Top tb range to D flat. Trigger tb preferred for tb V but not compulsory. Beautiful ballad. (PT 2 1/2) MW 211 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

PATRICE (A) by Pepper Adams. 6: 2 ts, bs, p, b, d. Fairly fast tempo ultimately determined by facility of reeds to play cleanly the triplet and eighth note figure in bars 9-11 of the melody and, in altered form bars 25-28. (PT 6) MW 204 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

SONATA FOR PIANO AND BRASS QUINTET (A) by David Baker. 6: p; 2 tp; fh; tb; tu. An extended work that combines jazz techniques and modern classical writing in three movements: Slow-Moderato/(exciting) Theme & Variations/Moderato. All parts demanding, no improvisation. (PT 25') MW 217 . . . \$22.50/\$15

SONATA I FOR PIANO (A) by David Baker. A thundering solo piano piece in three movements: Black Art/A Song/Coltrane. This work is thoroughly permeated by jazz and the blues, although no improvisation takes place. The last movement is a tribute to Coltrane based loosely on an abstracted, transmogrified version of his "Blue Trane" solo. Last movement very difficult. (PT 15') MW 219 . . . \$8.50/\$5.66

JAZZ STRING ENSEMBLE

TRANSITION IN BLACK (A) by Edgar Redmond. 12: 3 vla (or 1 vlo & 2 vla); 2 clo, b (acoustic or electric); cl; org, p, 3 perc (tymp, b-d & cym, 2 cga & sn-d). Arrangement adapted from orchestral work of same title and written for the "Modern String Ensemble" enlarged with perc and org. The composition is an ethnology in music, dramatizing the four climatic phases of Afro-American existence: Africa/Slavery/Civil War/The Transition. 1st Movement (The Dance) depicts pre-American era in Africa by the use of the Montuna and a chanting style theme. 2nd Movement (Slavery) shown by violas and clarinet playing a mournful melody. 3rd Movement (Civil War) described by feeling of tension and a main theme orchestrally developed throughout the movement. 4th Movement (The Transition) introduced by strings playing chorale styled section which modulates into a blues style section, followed by another blues harmonically more developed. Last part (Grandioso) is a climatic sectional ending, intensified by the entire ensemble and the organ playing a single directional line in the treble with the left hand and answering with melodic fragments in the right hand. (PT 25') MW 200 . . . \$37.50/\$25

CALYPSO-NOVA #1 (M-T) by David Baker. 5: 2 vlo, vla, clo, b. Easy swing piece for young string players or those desiring an introduction to jazz oriented materials. Program notes. (PT 4') MW 207 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

MOD WALTZ (M-T) by David Baker. 5: 2 vlo, vla, clo, b. Moderate tempo waltz with jazz styling. For amplified or acoustic string ensemble. Program notes. (PT 4) MW 209 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

SLOW GROOVE (M-T) by David Baker. 5: 2 vlo, vla, clo, b. Interesting jazz oriented piece for string quintet with principal challenge control at slow tempo with jazz feeling. Written especially for the young string player. (PT 4) MW 206 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

THE SUNSHINE BOUGALOO (M-T) by David Baker. 5: 2 vlo, vla, clo, b. Medium tempo soul music for the young or inexperienced string player. Program notes. Written for either amplified or acoustic instrument (PT 4) MW 208 . . . \$4.50/\$3.00

Jazz String Ensemble Package #1 (M-T) by David Baker. A compatible set of four jazz oriented string ensembles (5: 2 vlo, vla, clo, b) premiered at Indiana Univ. string lab and N.S.O.A. summer (1970) meeting at Elon College. Each piece complete with score and parts plus program notes. MW-2004 . . . \$15.00/\$10.00

JAZZ PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE

BIG JINKS (M) by Bob Tilles. 9: vb, mmba, xylo (playable by wind instruments if transposed); chimes (or bells); bgo (or cga); tym; b,g,d. Moderate jazz original, 16 bars. Basic style intro, 1st chorus all melody, 2nd chorus open for any solos, followed by perc solos for 32 bars, then repeat to 1st chorus. (PT 5) MW 210 . . . \$6.50/\$4.33

MINOR TIME (M) by Bob Tilles. 9: vb, mba, xylo (playable by wind instruments if transposed); bgo, tym, tamb; g (or p), b, d. Moderate tempo, original minor blues with loose rock/bougaloo. 12 bar intro, written riff, and open solo choruses (PT 5) MW 215 . . . \$4/\$2.66

THEORY & TECHNIQUE BOOKS

ARRANGING & COMPOSING (for the Small Ensemble: jazz/r&b/jazz-rock) by David Baker, foreword by Quincy Jones. Chicago: 1970, 184 pp. (110 music plates), 8 1/2 x 11, spiral bound. MW 2 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

JAZZ IMPROVISATION (A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players) by David Baker, foreword by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, (3rd printing 1970, 184 pp. 104 music plates), 8 1/2 x 11, spiral bound. MW 1 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

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Uptown . . . A blues bonanza at the Apollo in mid-December featured **B. B. King**, **Big Mama Thornton**, and **Bobby Blue Bland** . . . The **360-Degree Music Experience** did the East in Brooklyn . . . Pianist **Mike Longo** and bassist **Paul West** duetted at the **Lost&Found** . . . **Perry Robinson**, clarinet; **Mark Whitecage**, alto and flute; **Bobby Naughton**, vibes; **Mario Pavone**, bass, and **Ran D. K.**, drums, gave a concert at Yale University . . . Singer **Rufus Thomas** is set for a four-week European tour starting Jan. 15. The famous Funky Chicken man is the father of vocalist **Caral Thomas** . . . Trombonist-arranger **Rod Levitt** has been organizing monthly jam sessions with buffet lunch in midtown Manhattan, and the *Jazz at Noon* sessions formerly at the now-defunct **Chuck's Composite** have found a new Friday home at the **Roosevelt Grill** . . . Duo guitarists **George Barnes** and **Bucky Pizzarelli**, featured at *Upstairs at the Downstairs*, did a *Jazz Vespers* service at St. Peter's Church, where vibist **Vera Auer's** group also recently performed . . . Another guitarist, **Gene Bertoncini**, is back from a 7-state southern tour with **Line Milliman**, bass, and **Joe Corsello**, drums. The trio is set to tour the midwest in February . . . The **Laser Theater** on Prince St. was the scene of a concert featuring **Sam Rivers**, reeds and flute; **Karl Berger**, vibes; **Richard Youngstein**, bass, and **Selwyn Lissack**, drums at which the music of each man was projected via Laser beams, each of a different hue . . . Trombonist **Roz Rudd** was given a surprise birthday party at the **Champagne Gallery**, featuring jamming by **Don Cherry**, **Enrico Rava**, **Perry Robinson**, **Richard Youngstein**, **Lawrence Cook** and the birthday child himself, and **Sheila Jordan** sang. **Youngstein** and **Perry Young** have formed the **New Artists Co-op** and plan to present concerts and produce records . . . **Al Klink**, sideman with many famous swing era bands and now tenorist with the *Tonight Show* band, was surprised to receive a check from a major film studio. Seems that, unbeknownst to him, **Klink** appears in a scene in *Myra Breckenridge*, doctored to show him at **Glenn Miller's** left playing sax while **Raquel Welch** is on Miller's right playing sex . . . **Canned Heat** played **Fillmore East** . . . **Thad Jones** guested with the **Slam Stewart Sextet** in the second *Slam 'n Jam* session at N.Y. State Univ. at Binghamton, with **Jack Martin**, trumpet, French horn, tuba; **Kent McGarity**, trombone, bass trumpet; **Dick Pisani**, alto sax, flute; **Mario Ceroni**, organ, piano, and **Joe Hilla**, drums . . . **Ed Williams**, the popular **WLJB** jazz disc jockey, has moved to **WCBS-FM**, where he can be heard Monday through Friday from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m., and Saturday from 9 p.m. to the same time . . . A benefit for drummer **Bobby Hamilton** at the **Generation Pub** in Brooklyn featured singer-pianists **Nina Simone** and **Hazel Scott** . . . Tenorist **Vincent Anthony**, with pianist **Richard Riggi** and drummer **Vincent Puma**, is at the **Intermission Cafe** in Brooklyn . . . The **Red Onion Jazz Band** and singer **Natalie Lamb** did a pre-Christmas ball at the **Park 100** Dec. 19 . . . **Prestige Records**

have signed **Sonny Stitt** to a non-exclusive contract and also inked guitarist **Melvin Sparks** and organist **Leon Spencer, Jr.** and re-signed tenorist **Houston Person**.

Los Angeles: New Year's Eve had a variety of sounds in those jazz clubs that are known for their variety of sounds. **Shelly's Manne-Hole** featured **Gabor Szabo** who followed **Cal Tjader** who was preceded by **Thelonious Monk** whose November gig had to be postponed due to illness . . . The **Lighthouse** featured **Willie Bobo**, who was followed by **Les McCann** . . . **Walter Wanderley** welcomed in 1971 at **Donte's** . . . **Joe Williams** did likewise at the **Hong Kong Bar** . . . Another vocalist heralding the New Year was **Della Reese**, at **King's Castle** in **Lake Tahoe, Nevada** . . . And wouldn't you know it: **Tommy Vig** drew a Hungarian dance for his holiday gig . . . **Ernie France** started the new year with one of those things that rarely happens at his **Parisian Room**: a change. His is one of those clubs where artists stay for extended periods—a tribute to the owner as well as the obvious fact that people keep coming back to the club. **Lorez Alexandria**, who was the headliner over New Year's will close Jan. 10 after a three-month engagement. **Charles Phipps** will open Jan. 12 for at least a month, with **Red Holloway** and his house trio still providing the backing. Jazz violinist **Johnny Creach** is now getting the recognition he long deserved thanks to his feature spot with **Jefferson Airplane**—none of whom was born when Johnny was beginning to pay his dues. Because the **Airplane** was grounded for one month, **Creach** was able to return to his alma mater (the **Parisian Room**) for all of December . . . Still talking about New Year's Eve, **Stan Kenton** and his band were booked at the **Grand Hotel** in **Anaheim** . . . *Musicians for a Creative Change*, a slate from **Local 47** who have been challenging the leadership of the **Los Angeles local**, staged a "**Pearl Harbor Rally**" (but oddly enough it was *not* held on December 7) at the **Tikis**. Featured were **Bob Florence** and an 18-piece band; **Johnny Martinez** and his Latin orchestra; **George Auld** and his combo, plus guests **Herb Ellis**, **Ray Brown**, **Jimmy Brown**, **Willie Bobo** and **Paul Humphrey** . . . **Irene Kral** returned to **Donte's** for another one-nighter, this time backed by a nine-piece, jazz-rock group that included **Don Menza**, flute and tenor sax; **Larry Carlton**, guitar; **Paul Humphrey**, drums . . . The **Ash Grove**, which can always be counted on to mix things up (not confusion, but variety) followed the recent appearance of **Lightnin' Hopkins** with a double bill that found an Indian sextet called **Shanti** that gave off unmistakable jazz vibrations on occasion; and **Don Sugarcane Harris**, the jazz violinist who often sings in unison with his electric fiddle, fronting a rock-jazz quartet that included **Randy Resnick**, guitar; **Larry Taylor**, bass; **Paul Lagos**, drums. **Dick Berk** led a quartet at the **Surfrider** in **Santa Monica** for one of **Chuck Niles'** continuing sabbath gigs: **Ted Curson**, trumpet;

Ray Pizzi, tenor sax; **John Heard**, bass; **Berk**, drums. **Berk** also provided the drumming for **Cal Tjader** during **Cal's** two-week stay at **Shelly's** . . . **Gene Krupa** has been set for a four-week stand at the **Hong Kong Bar** beginning March 15 . . . **Count Basie** and band were brought in for a one-nighter at the **Hollywood Palladium** by the **California Swing Club** . . . **Trumpeter Alex Rodriguez** is back in **Los Angeles** after spending some time back east. Before reaching **Los Angeles**, **Rodriguez** played at the **Bach Dynamite Society** in **San Francisco** (where he claims he had a blast), then headed this way for a recording session with **Gerald Wilson** and a gig at **UCLA's International Student Center** for its **Mexican-American Art Festival**. Besides **Rodriguez**, on trumpet, were **Richard Atlan**, oboe, flute and tenor; **Harold Land, Jr.**, piano; **Roland Hayes**, bass; **Chuck Glave**, drums. Also on the bill: **Tony Ortega's** combo.

Chicago: The **Judy Roberts Trio** (**Miss Roberts**, piano; **Nick Tountas**, bass; **Rusty Jones**, drums), featured Tuesday through Saturday at the **Backroom**, 1009 N. Rush St., now boasts a new member, guitarist **John Bishop**. **Bishop** disbanded the trio he had led in prior **Chicago** appearances at the **London House** . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** (**Cleveland Eaton**, bass; **Morris Jennings**, drums) recorded a live album for **Cadet Records** during their holiday stand at the **London House** . . . Pianist **Richard Abrams** leads a trio at the **Nightingale Lounge** in nearby **Highwood** on Friday and Saturday . . . The **Danny Long Trio**, with bassist **Nick Schneider** and drummer **Rick Frigo** backing the pianist, holds forth at **Alfie's**. Also featured is vocalist **John Mollins** . . . **Chase** did a three-nighter at **Beaver's Tavern** . . . The **University of Illinois Jazz Band**, led by **John Garvey**, appeared in concert at **Harper College** in **Palatine** on a recent Friday afternoon . . . The **Steak Wagon**, 1133 S. Wabash, features the **World's Smallest Jazz Band and Folk Chorus** on weekends. The group consists of **Bob Connelly**, cornet, guitar, vocals, and **Guy Guilbert**, guitar and vocals . . . The **Buddy Rich Band** did a one-nighter at **Ruggles** . . . **Clarence Wheeler** and the **Enforcers** followed tenorist **Prince James' Jazz Baggers** into **Lurlean's** . . . **Art Hodes Quintet** (**Norm Murphy**, trumpet; **Jim Beebe**, trombone; **Hodes**, piano; **Rail Wilson**, bass; **Hillard Brown**, drums) did a free concert at the **Bernard Horwich Jewish Community Center's Heller Auditorium** . . . The **Gallery Musical Ensemble** (**Jose Williams**, soprano sax; **Wesley McClendon**, alto sax; **Billy Mitchell**, electric bass; **Gene Scott**, acoustic bass; **Bobby Miller**, drums) did another concert in tandem with contemporary poet **Don L. Lee** at **St. Xavier College** . . . The recently opened **London House North**, located in the **Holiday Inn** at **Edens Highway** and **Lake Cook Road** in suburban **Northbrook**, features organist-guitarist-vocalist **Shad Smith** in its **Drinkery Room** Tuesday through Saturday . . . Vocalists **Walter Jackson** and **Juanita Ellington** were a weekend duo at the

Apartment. Organist **Hank Marr** and drummer **Billy James** were also aboard . . . The Blackhawk Restaurant has expanded its facilities to include a dance floor at the Friday Jazz at Five cocktail sessions and has made other modifications to handle the overflow crowds . . . **Bobby Blue Bland** did a weekend at the High Chaparral.

New Orleans: By the time this appears, **Doug Ramsey**, record reviewer and WDSU-TV News anchorman, shall have left to assume similar duties with WPIX in New York. His *Jazz Review*, a one-hour Saturday AM-FM presentation, was an exceptional jazz program—hopefully, it will be syndicated in the near future. A loyal friend of jazz during his four-and-a-half years in New Orleans, Ramsey devoted much time and effort to its propaga-

tion and understanding . . . **Clyde Kerr's** big band has departed the Crescendo. The club, under new management, brought **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** in for the opening week and followed with week-long appearances by saxophonists **Eddie Harris**, **Gene Ammons** and **Sonny Stitt**. The house band includes former **Al Hirt** pianist **Ellis Marsalis**; **Clarence Ford**, tenor sax; **George French**, bass, and drummer-leader **June Gardner**, who left **Wallace Davenport's** Bourbon Street group and was replaced by **Frank Parker** . . . A Sunday one-nighter at Municipal Auditorium featured the **Lou Donaldson** Quintet. Included on the bill was a drum battle between **James Black** and **John Vidaovich** . . . In addition to his longtime Playboy Club duties, **Al Belletto** brought his group to Al Hirt's backroom for a nine-day after-hour stint, augmented by jazz songstress **Betty Farmer**. An additional thrill was provided by mem-

bers of **Duke Ellington's** band, in for a two week engagement at the club; an over-lapping of dates allowed some of the Duke's men to sit in with the Belletto group. Outstanding in the impromptu jam sessions were tenorist **Paul Gonsalves** and trumpeter **Money Johnson** . . . During the same week, Producer **George Wein** and President **Earle Duffy** of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival announced that Belletto had been tapped to choose the talent and serve as Program Director for the 1971 New Orleans Jazz Festival. He was chosen with the hope that his 1968 feat of creating a profitable festival can be repeated . . . Former **Les and Larry Elgart** reedman **Lee Hoppel** has assumed Assistant Band Director duties at Tulane University, while ex-Hirt-ite **Mike Olsheski** has returned to his native Ohio . . . **Funnyman Redd Foxx**, when not cracking up local jazzmen, completed

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a stint at the Nutcracker Lounge . . . A successful series of free afternoon Jackson Square concerts drew enthusiastic crowds. The Saturday programs co-sponsored by the New Orleans Recreation Department and Musicians Local 174-496, opened with the **Onward Brass Band** and the **Francis Nichols H. S. Band**; the **James Rivers Quartet** and the **LSUNO Concert Band** performed the following week. Succeeding Saturdays brought **Les Moore** with the **St. Augustine H. S. Band**; the **Nord Civic Orchestra** and **Deacon John** and the **Electric Soul Train**; **Frank Assunto** with the **Dukes of Dixieland** and the **Xavier Jazz Lab Band**. The final week saw the **Olympia Brass Band** and the **Tulane University Concert Band** . . . **Red Tyler** and the **Wicked Ticks** continue at Mason's with **Clinton Scott** emceeding . . . Organist **Sammy Berfect's** group appears at the **Oasis Lounge** on weekends while **Willie "Tee"** and the **Souls** are at **Lloyd's Lounge** . . . The steamer **Delta Queen** made its final voyage down the river to the **Crescent City** to what may be her final resting place. Barring federal action to resurrect the **Queen**, the voyage brought to an end the passenger era which lasted 140 years. The ship was greeted by the **Olympia Brass Band**, exchanging musical salutes with banjoist **Vic Tooker** and trumpeter **Eddy Byard** who were abroad the **Queen**.

Philadelphia: Although **Miles Davis** and **Co.** were in town on the same night, **Max Roach**, the **Victory Choral Ensemble**, poet **Nikki Giovanni**, and guest vocalist **Anly Bey** still drew capacity crowds at **Town Hall** . . . **Hank Mobley**, recently returned from Europe, played the **Aqua Lounge** in November. With the tenorist was fellow jazz giant **Wynton Kelly**, and both guested on jazz station **WRTI-FM**. **Betty Carter** and her trio followed at the club . . . **Sonny Stitt** was the headliner for a week at the **First Nighter**, with the room's musical director, trombonist **Al Grey**, organist **Don Patterson**, and drummer **Sherman Ferguson** also on the bill. During the engagement, **Stitt** and **down beat** editor **Dan Morgenstern** received awards for their contributions "to jazz culture" from the **Jazz at Home Club of America**. **Joe Newman** was similarly honored in October, and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** is scheduled for an upcoming award.

The **Philadelphia Jazz Society** recently merged officially with the **JAHC** . . . **Station WUHY-FM** began incorporating jazz into its programming on **New Year's Day** . . . Organist **Trudy Pitts**, with drummer-husband **Bill Carney**, did a three-day stint at **Edna's** in **Camden, N.J.**, where drummer **Bobby Durham's Quartet** can be seen on alternate weekends . . . The **Afro-American Cultural Guild** is now sponsoring a weekly jazz series at the **Lec Cultural Center** each **Thursday**, featuring outstanding local talent.

San Francisco: **Billy Eckstine** did two weeks at the **Playboy Club** backed by **Bobby Tucker**, piano; **Fuzzy Firth**, bass, and **Charlie Persip**, drums . . . Following **Bobby Hutcherson's Quintet**, **Pharoah Sanders** played the **Both/And** with **Lonnie Liston Smith**, piano; **Cecil McBee**, bass, and **Clifford Jarvis**, drums . . . **Cal Tjader's Quintet** finished their two weeks at **El Matador** and then moved on to **Shelly's Manne-Hole** for another fortnight. Following **Tjader** at the **Matador** were some sharp locals: **Jules Rouell**, trombone; **Bob Ferraira**, tenor saxophone; **Jim Young**, piano; **Stewart McCain**, bass; **Coke Escoveda**, drums, and **Mike Escoveda**, conga. **Kenny Burrell** was slated to follow. **Richard Groove Holmes'** group is in its second month at **Jack's** at **Sutter Street** . . . The **Swingle Singers** made a Sunday concert stop at the **Oakland Coliseum**, with bassist **Jacky Cavallero** and drummer **Roger Fuegen** behind the talented eight . . . There were rock and jazz pairings at the **Keystone Korner** with **Jerry Hahn's Brotherhood** (Hahn, guitar; **Mike Finnigan**, piano; **Clyde Graves**, bass; **George Marsh**, drums) and **The Fourth Way** (**Mike White**, violin; **Mike Nock**, piano; **John Wilmuth**, bass; **Ed Marshall**, drums), then the **Vince Guaraldi Quartet** and **The Loading Zone** . . . **Gunther Schuller** gave a lecture-demonstration on contemporary music at the **Little Theater** in **Lincoln Park** . . . **The Ike and Tina Turner Revue** blasted **Basin St.** West for a week . . . **Hair** closed after a 15-month run. Some fine jazzmen (**John Coppola**, **Bill Atwood**, trumpets; **Charles Peterson**, baritone sax; **Tyrone Schmidling**, **Junius Simmons**, **David Blossom**, guitars; **Vaughn Aubrey**, piano; **Tom Rutley**, bass; **Vince Lateano**, **John Markham**, drums) kept the show spar-

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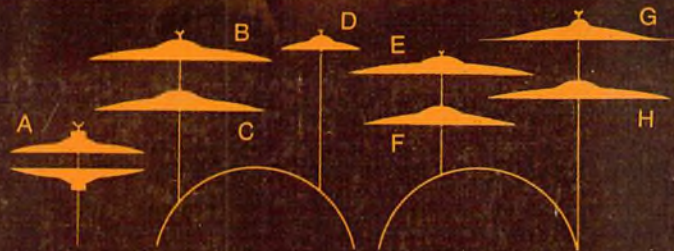
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