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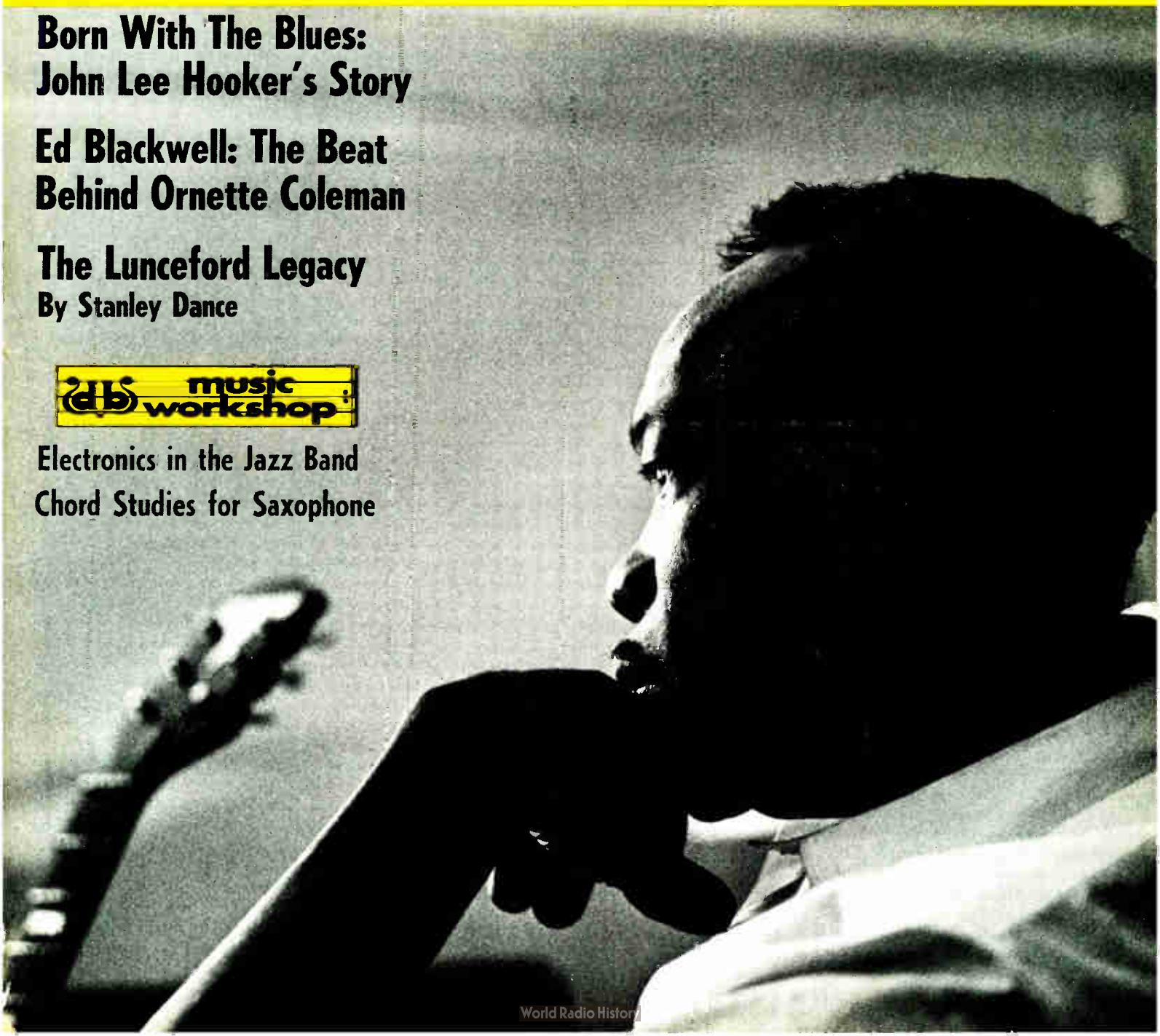
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

COINCIDENTAL with the opening of school and the new job season we receive many letters concerning the possibility (or impossibility) of making a living from music. Among this year's letters are several from candidates for masters' and doctorate degrees inquiring about "literature on the subject." These comments, not necessarily meant as footnotes to a dissertation, will outline the principal areas within music where one can be gainfully employed.

First, in numbers at least, is education. There are at least 80,000 teachers of instrumental music in the U.S., from grade school to university. Salaries are improving and the opportunities for added outside income are better than in any other area of the teaching profession.

The second largest area in numbers and average income—is professional playing. The A. F. of M. does not gather statistics on its members (its probably better and safer not to know) but a reliable estimate holds that only about 8,000 musicians earn their full time living from playing music. And many of these "core" professionals augment their income by teaching, writing or publishing.

There is music publishing. The big ASCAP and BMI licensing firms in New York, Nashville, and Los Angeles always need good personnel . . . copyists, marketing men, contact men with the recording people (formerly a function of the "songplugger"). And there are many independent publishers of music materials doing very well in specialized phases of music.

The record industry remains a challenge to anyone in music. It doesn't always seem that way, but virtually all record companies are staffed by musicians, men and women who understand enough about music to relate it to something called public taste and to package and market the resulting product with a profit. Musical instrument manufacturers are quite similar in their makeup. Almost all personnel have a music background; even acoustical engineers and production line managers have a working knowledge of music.

Music retailing is closely connected to music education. The more successful dealerships maintain teaching studios and close ties with music educators and their students (about 17 million this school year). Music journalism and criticism is another tack. Newspapers usually have a music critic, whether or not his ability warrants the title. The recently inaugurated course of study at UCLA for music critics is a good step to aid a sadly neglected field. (Jazz criticism, however, is still a self-taught or experience-taught technique with *Down Beat* as the professional seminary.)

There are some faint stirrings in the colleges for courses in "business music" but these will probably not come about until subsidized by the music industry . . . which is doubtful. The record producer and piano manufacturer still find it difficult to believe that they have any common goals or that their profits and problems are based on something called music. But the most practical way for companies involved in the music business to recruit and upgrade employees is to grant scholarships and other forms of selective assistance.



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contents

- 6 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 11 Chords and Discords
- 12 News
- 14 View from the hydrant, by Stanley Dance
- 15 John Lee Hooker: Me and the Blues: The blues singer-guitarist discusses the roots of his music and the new audience he has found. As told to Pete Welding
- 18 Ed Blackwell: Well-Tempered Drummer: Valerie Wilmer reveals the gentle strength of Ornette Coleman's favorite drummer.
- 20 Ed Wilcox: Lunceford Ace: New insights into the Lunceford band are given by its gifted pianist-arranger in an interview with Stanley Dance.
- 24 Record Reviews
- 27 Record Briefs
- 29 Caught in the Act: Antibes Jazz Festival • Sonny Rollins • Ray Nance • Pittsburgh Jazz Festival • Walter Bishop
- 34 Music Workshop: Electronics in the Jazz Band • Chord Studies for saxophone
- 39 Strictly Ad Lib
- 40 12th Annual Down Beat Hall of Fame Scholarship Information
- 44 Where and When: A guide to current jazz attractions.
- 44 Readers Poll Ballot

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Plenty, Plenty Soul

I've been reading *DB* for some time now and must take this opportunity to tell you about your Aug. 8 issue, pertaining to Miss Aretha Franklin (*Lady Soul*).

After reading the two-part interview with Miss Franklin, I had the feeling that I'd known this young lady all my life, even though she is a little bit older than I. To me, she is something special. Not just because we're of the opposite sex, but because her musical ability is truly superb. There are only a few other female singers that I would say this about; they are Nancy Wilson, Nina Simone, Ella Fitzgerald, and Sarah Vaughan.

From a male's point of view, all of these girls have the ability to really turn me on. But Aretha does it every time that I hear anything by her. . . .

I'm a jazz buff and always will be, but this is one Soul Sister that will always turn me on. . . . Next to my wife, she's the greatest. Thanks, Aretha.

Robert Pettigrew

New York City

Poll Perspectives

Being a recent addition to a growing group of young jazz enthusiasts, I am appalled at the results of the International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, Aug. 22). It seemed, for the most part, that the people you polled were plain prejudiced against what many of them referred to as the new or modern jazz.

As far as I can tell, most of your critics haven't been exposed to what's happening. These are new times and I enjoy the new sounds. How many of them have listened to the Afro Blues Quintet, Eddie Harris, or Big Black? Why not get some new critics for the new sound and get rid of the sentimentalists? Everything is changing, so why not get with it?

Thanks for hearing me out. Your magazine is heavy (for the most part).

Douglas Gintz

Los Angeles, Calif.

Surprise! Here's my list of completely objective comments on your 16th Critics Poll:

TDWR indicates the extent of schizophrenia necessary to be a "jazz critic." First choices are generally those who have emerged in the last two years; hence, the critics can feel good about promoting new and "significant" artists. At the same time, many are either aware enough or old enough to have a halfway decent sense of history, so we see, at the end of TDWR lists, such names as Eldridge, Morton, Konitz, Norvo, etc. The point is that, to take an example, while Charles Tolliver probably has longer to achieve fame, Roy Eldridge deserves far wider recognition NOW!!

Critics reveal parochial attitudes, particularly in their neophyte adventures into

rock appreciation. Somebody feels obliged to include the Beatles as a "blues/r&b" group, something the British foursome long ago transcended. . . . In addition, we see the names of Larry Coryell and Sonny Sharrock with no mention of Eric Clapton and Mike Bloomfield. These last two are the Louis Armstrongs of rock-oriented guitar. Jazz critics who work so hard on who-influenced-whom aren't holding up their end in their new area of endeavor. . . .

Dan Morgenstern remains the only one in the whole operation with the class to vote for Zutty Singleton. It will be a gross injustice when, as inevitably will happen, the man dies without having had universal recognition as the musician who invented every major device of 20th Century drum set technique. Edison gets the credit for the light bulb; not every Tom, Dick and Harry (or Max, Roy, and Elvin) who switches on a lamp.

Bob Melton

San Diego, Calif.

Prodigy

I am writing in regard to your *Caught in the Act* on the Intercollegiate Jazz Review at Fairfield University (*DB*, July 11).

First of all, I want to thank you for the acknowledgment of my son John Durso's bongo performance with the Quinnipiac College ensemble. In the article you showed his age as 17, and we thought you would be interested to know that he is only seven.

I also thought you'd like to know that John was introduced at the festival by Johnny Richards. . . .

John has been written up in the Boston *Evening Globe* and the New Haven *Register*. He is now appearing in local clubs with me. . . .

Sal Durso

West Haven, Conn.

Lunceford Touch

In John Wilson's review of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival (*DB*, Aug. 8), he mentioned a number played by the Illinois band called *The Lunceford Touch*.

This was very interesting to me, because about 10 years ago the Herb Pomeroy Band played a splendid arrangement with the same title at the Newport Jazz Festival. I was always dismayed that no one had ever recorded it. Is this by any chance the same arrangement? Can anyone tell me and won't someone please record it?

Please also accept sincere congratulations for Harvey Siders' fine review of the Don Ellis *Electric Bath* LP. Siders did a brilliant job.

Ed Mulford

Monroe, Conn.

The arrangement is an original by bassist George Duvivier, who wrote it for the Pomeroy band after having heard their version of Lunceford, which he found wanting. The Illinois chart is a slight modification.

education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

The Berklee School is my musical Alma Mater.

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QUINCY JONES

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Quincy Jones

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NEW ORLEANS FEST GOES ANNUAL; NAMES CONOVER

The New Orleans International Jazz Festival, successfully initiated last May, will become an annual affair, according to Durel Black, chairman of the festival board of directors.

Willis Conover, who was the emcee of the first festival, has been appointed music and program director for the 1969 event, scheduled to take place June 1-7.

As in its first year, the festival will offer a program of jazz and sacred music; jazz aboard a Mississippi riverboat; special events throughout the city, and four major evening concerts at the Municipal Auditorium. An innovation will be a series of jazz performances in Congo Square, regarded as one of the birthplaces of Afro-American music.

Conover has selected seven advisors, five from New Orleans, to work with him in planning the festival. They are Danny Barker, musician-historian and curator of the New Orleans Jazz Museum; Stanley Dance, critic and writer; Scoop Kennedy, president and founder of the National Jazz Foundation and the International Federation of Jazz; Al Belletto, saxophonist and music director of the New Orleans Play-boy Club; Doug Ramsey, journalist and broadcaster; Leopold Tyrmand, author and festival producer, and Joe Gemelli, a local jazz enthusiast.

SWISS DRUMMER SEES USA ON CYMBAL RIDE

One of the most logical jobs for a jazz drummer, apart from playing, is the testing of cymbals for sound characteristics and other properties. This is exactly what Pierre Favre, a 31-year-old Swiss, does for the Paiste company at their factory near Lucerne.

Recently Favre visited the U.S. for five weeks to demonstrate the cymbals in nine major cities and take part in a drum workshop co-sponsored by Paiste and the Ludwig Drum Co. at the Hotel Americana in New York. He wanted to know "why New York musicians play the way they do. Now I know. New York is fascinating—many contrasts. The people are not arrogant, not nervous, even if they are in a hurry."

It meant a lot to Favre to meet New York musicians "here rather than in Europe, where they are out of their natural environment. I appreciated seeing the musicians in their everyday situation rather than as 'gods.'" Perhaps this explains why Favre says: "I expected to have no confidence here. Instead I got more confidence."

Favre, who has been a professional since 1954, came up at the same time as another Swiss drummer, Daniel Humair. Favre is from Neuchâtel, Humair from

Geneva. Since 1956, when Favre began to travel around Europe, he has played with American clarinetist Bill Smith in Italy and tenor saxophonist Don Menza in Germany. His own trio, which includes



PROFESSIONAL DRUM SHOP OF HOLLYWOOD

Pierre Favre
Cymbals and New Thing

pianist Irene Schweitzer and bassist Peter Kowald, works throughout Switzerland. The trio has also appeared in Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Finland, and they hope to visit Russia in the fall and Poland in the winter.

The American group that Favre would most like to emulate is Cecil Taylor's. On this trip he was chiefly impressed with the Elvin Jones trio, drummer Milford

Fuller Explanation

In our Newport Jazz Festival review (DB, Sept. 5) we unwittingly did an injustice to Gil Fuller by attributing to him the arrangements performed by the big band fronted by Dizzy Gillespie. In fact, only one of these was by Fuller (*Angel City Blues*); the others were by Chico O'Farrill, Gerald Wilson, Lalo Schiffrin, Mike Longo and Pete Anson. Furthermore, the band, assembled by Fuller, was "underrehearsed," as we had it, due to the fact that the original program, which had indeed been adequately rehearsed, was scrapped at the last minute—and not by Fuller himself. In light of this, Fuller can obviously not be held responsible for the less than brilliant impression created by the band.—Ed.

Graves, and saxophonist Robin Kenyatta.

"The cymbal business is good for my ears," says Favre. "The interplay between playing and listening, the testing of cymbals and experimentation with sound, has developed my ear. Working in the musical field while not being forced to play music I don't want to play strengthens me in the direction I want to go."

FREE SEATTLE CONCERTS ATTENDED BY THOUSANDS

Four "Jazz in the Park" concerts, free to the public, attracted from 4,000 to 8,000 listeners each in Seattle's Seward Park this summer. The concerts were financed by Sicks' Rainier Brewing Co. and the A. F. of M. Recording Trust Fund, and managed by the Seattle Jazz Society.

Groups led by John Handy, Bola Sete, Charles Lloyd, Gene Harris and Little Richard were supplemented by local jazz and rock bands. Sunny Buxton, Seattle Jazz Society president, emceed the events.

Buxton and Allen Ferguson, Sicks' Brewery president, both expressed hope that the series would be repeated next summer. The site of the concerts was a huge outdoor amphitheater in Seward Park, which is located on a wooded peninsula in Lake Washington.

The Seattle Jazz Society used volunteer help so that the maximum amount of funds could be devoted to musicians and equipment. Coordination was also provided by Local 76 of the A. F. of M., KYAC disc jockey Lloyd Jones (Quincy Jones' brother), and rock promoter Boyd Grafmyre.

NAT. STAGE BAND CAMPS WRAP UP BIGGEST YEAR

The annual Summer Jazz Clinics of the National Stage Band Camps held five week-long 1968 sessions with a total enrollment of 545 students. Attendance was up 15% over 1967.

The student body ranged in age from 12 to 50. The youngest musicians were rather precocious junior high school stage band aspirants, while the older students were educators who had come to learn. Leon Breeden and Tom Brown were the camp directors, heading up about 40 faculty members.

The camps were split into two divisions, covering clinic locations in the East and West: Milliken University (Decatur, Ill.); the University of Connecticut; the University of Portland (Ore.); Sacramento State College (Calif.), and the University of Utah. Guest clinicians making one-day appearances included drummer Roy Burnes and pianist Marian McPartland.

Each clinic began on a Sunday with auditions by all students. Placement in particular bands the following day was based on ability to sight read and improvise.

wise. Each student also took a theory test, the results of which determined his course placement.

Each student followed the clinic curriculum developed over the past ten years. A typical day's schedule included two hours of theory or arranging; two hours of big band rehearsal; lunch; one hour of improvisational training; and two hours of section rehearsal for advanced students while others participated in various small groupings.

After dinner each evening there was

a one to two hour recital by faculty or student groups. After this full schedule, students retired to their campus dorms to apply lip salve and work on assignments for the next day. Breakfast call was at 7 a.m.

On Friday, the faculty band performed original arrangements written by student or educator arrangers. On Friday night, all student bands performed in concert before fellow campers, parents, and guests. Saturday morning the faculty departed for the next location, while students began to

unwind from the tempo of a fast-paced, concentrated week of musical activity.

The largest clinic was the one held at Milliken University, with 215 students

FILM REVIEW: MINGUS

TOM REICHMAN'S 60-minute *Mingus* captures the composer-bassist at a trying period of his life. While the poetic photography of a Bergman or the articulation of an Antonioni are not present, the young film-maker has produced a dramatic work employing the techniques of the standard newsreel, the television documentary and cinema verite.

The accuracy, honesty and lack of



melodrama are refreshing attributes, and the film is recommended to a public that for years has been besieged with exaggerated and unfounded stories about Mingus.

Framed during the opening and closing credits by Charles Stewart's marvelous photographs, the film basically consists of an interview with Mingus in his downtown New York City loft on the eve of his well-publicized eviction two years ago. Footage of various Mingus groups performing in clubs is dramatically intercut at various points during the interview.

When Billie Holiday opened her autobiography with "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married; he was 18, she was 16, and I was three," the reader knows that she intends to be uncomfortably honest. Similarly, Mingus dispels the apprehensions of skeptics fearful of a put-on with such bitter confessions as "I like to play Cowboys and Indians. What, is that for children? Well, sure; and I am a child. An

adult is educated. In this country, I was deprived of an education. What else have they let me be but a child?"

The interview reveals a great deal of bitterness within Mingus, both explicit and implicit, mixed with soulful warmth and sharp, delicately hard humor. At one very touching moment, Mingus' extraordinarily articulate five year-old daughter reminds her father of the days she misses—the days when the family was living in luxury on Sutton Place. The once prosperous Mingus simply embraces her, lovingly and painfully.

As he moves about the room packing, Mingus talks about the lack of faithful, sexually open women in America's morally twisted society, about his beautiful antique bass, about the late Eric Dolphy, and about his own experiences at home and abroad.

The climax is a newsreel sequence showing television reporters and press photographers plying their trade before the harassed musician on the morning of the eviction. As he is escorted by police to the paddy wagon, Mingus comments to the reporters, first seriously, then sarcastically, finally on the verge of tears.

In a mere hour, the audience is taken heart and soul into the world of a tormented musical genius. The major assets of the film are the absence of slickness and melodrama, and the opportunity to learn about Mingus from the man himself.

To obtain a wider perspective and more objectivity, the producer might have interviewed some of Mingus' close musical associates, such as Jaki Byard, Booker Ervin, Paul Bley and Dannie Richmond. But this film is a must for anyone with even the slightest interest in jazz or cinema.

Mingus was premiered as part of a double feature at the New Cinema Playhouse in New York City. The other film was *Lenny Bruce*, an hour-long document of an appearance by the comedian at Basin Street East about 1963. The constant references to legal procedure and courts place this performance close to Bruce's final downfall. Still, he is humorous, sharp and critical enough to make us thankful that at least some of this brilliant man's work has been preserved on film.

Hopefully, both films will become classics like *Jazz On a Summer's Day* and tour the underground theaters throughout the country. —Michael Cuscuna



AMERICAN MUSIC CONFERENCE

Trumpeter Lennie Johnson and Student
From 12 to 50

grouped into 12 bands and assorted smaller ensembles. An outstanding faculty recital was held here, featuring a quartet of Jerry Coker (alto saxophone), David Baker (cello), Atilla Zoller (guitar), and Alan Dawson (drums).

Ken Morris, president of the camps, announced that the five 1968 locations would be repeated next year, with an additional campus at Denver, Colo. There is also a possibility, he said, of a third eastern location at the University of Miami, Fla.

FINAL BAR

Trombonist Cutty Cutshall, 56, died of a heart attack Aug. 20 in Toronto, Canada, where he was appearing with Eddie Condon's band at the Colonial Tavern.

Condon became disturbed when Cutshall failed to appear for work and called his hotel. The door to his room was forced open and it was found that the trombonist had died in his sleep.

Robert Dewees Cutshall was born in Huntington County, Pa. and began his musical career as a symphony trombonist in Pittsburgh. He joined Charles Dornberger's band in 1934, then played with Jan Savitt, and was with Benny Goodman from 1940 to 1942. After four years of military service, he briefly rejoined Goodman, leaving in December 1946.

Cutshall subsequently freelanced in New York City, and soon became a key associate of Condon and a fixture at the guitarist's club, where he spent the better part of the years from 1949 to 1967, when the club closed. He also played with Billy Butterfield, Peanuts Hucko, and Bob Crosby's Bobcats, and was active in recording, radio and television work.

An extremely capable ensemble player, Cutshall was also a fine Teagarden-inspired soloist. He was amazingly consistent, and never seemed to have an off night. His work can be heard on a large number of Condon LPs, and also with groups under the leadership of Wild Bill

Davison, George Wettling, Yank Lawson, and Boyce Brown. Funeral services were held in New York City.

Clarinetist-arranger **Bill Stegmeyer**, 51, died Aug. 19 at Meadowbrook Hospital in Syosset, N.Y. At the time of his death, Stegmeyer was working on orchestrations for musicals at a Connecticut summer theater and scoring an album for the Arbor Singers.

Born in Detroit, Mich., Stegmeyer studied at Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky., where his roommate was trumpeter Billy Butterfield. After doing radio work in Detroit, Stegmeyer joined Glenn Miller in 1938 on alto saxophone and clarinet, and was with the Bob Crosby band the following year.

He settled in New York City in 1942, writing for Paul Lavalle's radio orchestra and leading his own band at Kelly's Stable on 52nd St. From 1946 to 1947, he was chief arranger and featured clarinetist in Butterfield's big band, and later played and arranged for Will Bradley and Yank Lawson.

From the '50s on, Stegmeyer was mainly active in the pop music field, but continued to play and write jazz. Some of

his best recorded work from this period was with the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band and Jimmy McPartland. He was also active as a teacher of composition and arranging.

Pianist **Cy Walter**, 53, died of cancer at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City Aug. 18. From 1945 to 1951, and again from 1959 until a week before his death, Walter was a fixture at the Drake Room of the Drake Hotel on Park Ave. in Manhattan. Though not a jazz musician, Walter was an unusually musical cocktail pianist with a wide and devoted following and a vast repertoire.

Hugh L. Smith, professor of English at California State College, died of a heart attack July 30 while traveling in Canada. He was 47. Smith wrote his doctoral dissertation on jazz in the American novel, was a frequent contributor to jazz publications, taught a graduate seminar in jazz, and founded the Tulsa Jazz Club.

POTPOURRI

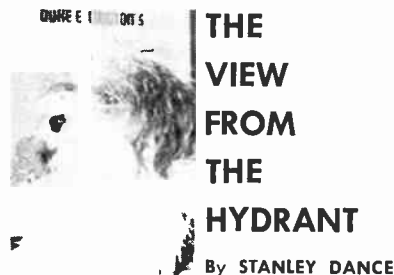
Also saxophonist **Paul Desmond**, who has been traveling and working on a novel since leaving the **Dave Brubeck**

quartet, signed a long-term contract with **Herb Alpert's A&M** label.

Best news in many a moon for New York's thirsty and sociable jazzmen was the August reopening of **Jim&Andy's**, their favorite watering hole, at a new location on West 55th St. between 7th and 8th Aves. The old **Jim&Andy's** fell victim to the expansion of Rockefeller Center last spring.

Tenor saxophonist **Brew Moore** was set for a Sept. 2 opening at New York's Half Note, his first major engagement since returning to the U.S. early this year after a lengthy European sojourn, with pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Bill Takas**, and drummer **Mousey Alexander**.

The **Thorntoneers Jazz Band** from Thornton Township High School in Harvey, Ill. won its third consecutive Governor's trophy at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield in August. The 18-piece band bridges the generation gap. Its director is arranger-composer **Frank Derrick, Jr.** and the student leader is his son, drummer **Frank Derrick III**.



"BANG! BANG!"

"Woof! Woof! That's what you're supposed to say."

"Bang! Bang!"

The Missouri Kid was leisurely eating the cover of a new Columbia album by George Wein (CS 9631). He had started on the top right-hand corner, and all that remained of the title—before the eye reached the chewed, juicy area—was *George Wein Is Alive*. . . . One grubby paw was on George's face, and it was now withdrawn with the greatest reluctance.

"*George Wein Is Alive and Well in Mexico*," I read aloud from the spine.

"Yeah," he said, "but how long? Look at all them guns. It must be more propaganda for the National Revolver Association."

"It's just a gag," I said. "Those guys are not even Mexicans. They're Columbia a&r men dressed up."

"Isn't Teo Macero a famous Mexican bandit?"

"Of course not."

"Well," said the Kid, "I don't trust him. He's up to mischief. Look at this."

He scraped with both feet under the desk and dragged out another Columbia album from his cache. It was *Underground* by Thelonious Monk (CS 9632), also produced by Macero.

"That's the best cover of the year,"

I said firmly.

"No, it ain't," he said—his grammar always deteriorates when he is mad. "Look at those grenades, pistols, automatic rifles—sticks of dynamite, too."

"I tell you it's just a joke."

"It's not. The gun lobby will be pleased with that cover. Maybe every citizen should have a dozen grenades in the home, but do you think winos should be trusted with them?"

"Thelonious Monk isn't a wino," I replied.

"Why's he got all that wine on the piano then?"

"It's an old French custom."

"He's not French."

"Your'e making too much of a coincidence."

"Coincidence nothing!"

He pushed a pile of albums over with his nose and located *The Soul of Bonnie and Clyde* by the South Central Avenue Municipal Blues Band (BluesWay BLS-6018).

"See, more guns," he growled. "Everybody's got one except that little girl, and she probably has a derringer up her sleeve."

"Well, *Bonnie and Clyde* was supposed to be the best movie of 1967."

"Yeah, and who do you think voted for it?"

"Moviegoers or movie critics, I guess."

"It was them riflemen again, you dupe!"

"But the movie was also a big success overseas. . . ."

"They're exporting violence now."

It seemed possible that he didn't fully comprehend the significance of the cover, the meaning of "soul" in the title, or the fact that the desperadoes were all apparently, eh, Afro-Americans. I tried to explain in language he would understand, but he continued to glare truculently until I had finished.

"Maybe they're Black Panthers," he

snapped.

"They're just models posed for the cover."

"That one on the right looks like Pat Paulsen on the Smothers Brothers' show."

"You don't think Paulsen's a Black Panther, do you?"

"How about the producer, Bob Thiele? Is he a Black Panther?"

"Of course not. He's a respected member of NARAS."

"What's that?" the Kid asked. "Another rifle brigade? The National Association of Riflemen and Sharpshooters?"

"Don't be stupid. You never saw George Simon, Billy Taylor, Dom Cerulli, Nesuhi Ertegun, John Hammond or Father O'Connor with a gun, did you?"

"No, but Father O'Connor don't need one. He can call down thunder, lightning and snakes on you."

"What have you been reading now!"

"That book you brought back from New Orleans about voodoo."

"It has nothing at all to do with the Paulist Order."

He fell silent as a peremptory command summoned me to the dinner table. When I returned, he was still studying the South Central Avenue Municipal Blues Band.

"What kind of old hash is She-Who-Must-Be-Obedyed serving tonight?" he asked, looking up.

"Defrosted Alaskan King Crab."

"Ugh! Last night it was that cheap trading-stamp salami."

"She's trying to fill another book. You know how it is."

"Can you get guns with trading stamps?"

"Why are you so darned bitter about guns?" I felt compelled to ask.

"I'll tell you why. When a man shoots an unarmed man, he's a murderer. Right? But when a man shoots an unarmed animal, he's a sportsman!"

JOHN LEE HOOKER: ME AND THE BLUES

As Told To PETE WELDING

Though Detroit never became the blues recording center that Chicago did in the years following World War II, it did produce one of the modern blues' major figures in John Lee Hooker. Born in Clarksdale, Miss., in 1915, and reared there and in Memphis, the singer-guitarist settled in the northern city in 1943. Supporting himself through a succession of jobs, he began performing with a small group in taverns and nightclubs along Hastings Street, one of the main thoroughfares of the city's black west side section. In 1948 Hooker made his first recordings, for the Modern label, and almost immediately achieved great success with his powerful, darkly expressive singing and the heavily rhythmic guitar work with which he underlined it; both were solidly grounded in the traditional blues of his native state.

Hooker's music has been described as "crude" and "primitive," though it is perhaps more correct to consider it as music of extraordinary harmonic simplicity. He plays in the open guitar tunings usually associated with the older country blues, and his music is often modal. Interesting tensions are created by the superimposition of the standard blues harmonic patterns of his singing over the rhythmic, modal guitar patterns. His most interesting recordings—and perhaps his most artistically successful as well—have been those in which he has performed alone, since other instrumentalists have often had great difficulty in accompanying his unpredictable, somewhat eccentric music.

He has produced some of the most magnificent, personal, and nakedly emotional blues of the postwar years. Pieces such as his *Boogie Chillen*, *I'm in the Mood*, *Sally Mae*, *Nightmare Blues*, *Drifting from Door to Door*, and *Hobo Blues*, among many others in a prolific recording output, will stand as an enduring testament to the creative and re-creative genius of Hooker, one of the major bearers of the blues tradition.

Over the years, he has made a vast number of recordings for various labels, among them Modern, Sensation, Regal, Vee Jay, King, Federal, Acorn, Regent, Savoy, Staff, Prize, Gotham, Swingtime, Gone, Chess, Chance, DeLuxe, Chart, Specialty, JVB, Fortune, Lauren, Galaxy, Riverside, Verve, and most recently Bluesway. In recent years Hooker has found that his audience has changed. Once almost exclusively composed of rhythm-and-blues listeners, it now includes the young college-aged whites who make up the so-called folk "revival" audience. Their support has been responsible for the rediscovery of a number of veteran country blues performers as well as for the existence of a performance circuit on which the full range of blues styles may be heard, from rural to country urban.—P.W.

I FIRST STARTED UP on spirituals when I was about 13 years old. I did that for five or six years—playing and singing spirituals, but I switched from spirituals to this. Then I left my home in Clarksdale, Miss. I was born and raised around there.

How did I learn guitar? Well, my step-

father—my real dad and my mom broke up; she remarried—was a guitar player, and that's where I get my style from—him. Identical like me, identical. He used the same tuning [Hooker most often plays in open-G tuning—DGDGBD] that I'm using now. Now, open tuning [Hooker here referred to standard guitar tuning—EADGBE], that's something that I got on my own, something that I picked up after he gave me my start.

He played nothing but the blues; just blues. At that time there wasn't this kind of stuff as today. He was from Louisiana, Shreveport to be exact. I got a lot of songs from him too . . . a lot of them—*My Starter (Won't Start)*, *Don't Turn Me from Your Door*, *When My First Wife Quit Me (Hobo Blues)*. I used to hear him sit around and play things like that. He wrote all his stuff, but the stuff that I did that he taught me and that I got today, in the modern days I kind of brushed it up; it's identical but I kind of changed a few words . . . just a little bit more modern, but not too much.

He was a farmer, you know; had his own farm. I never helped too much on the farm. I never did like it, so I ran off from home. I was lazy, you know, about farm work. But this was my hobby—guitar. It was a thing I was born with. Yes, it came easy to me. All the folks around there were farmers; in around through the country that's all you found—mostly farmers. Farming never has appealed much to me. I just didn't like it. I just loved guitar.

There were some others around there played G-tuning too; James Smith and Coot Harris. I was a little child, and they were about 30 or 40 years old. Just a little child, but I used to follow them around, night and day. Got a lot of songs from them. I stood around in the corner at these houseparties, you know. I used to go to sleep just holding that guitar in my lap, go to sleep with it and they'd wake me up and take me home. I was just that serious.

Back in those days they'd play the blues and honky-tonk music. There wasn't any band, just guitar and piano, and they'd honky-tonk all night. Piano boogie woogies and guitar boogie woogies, and things like that.

I saw Blind Lemon (Jefferson) one time . . . at that time I wasn't even allowed out. I was about nine years old, but it wasn't at any party that I saw him. He came to our house to see my stepfather. Gosh, he was a great guitar player, Blind Lemon was. Blind Lemon, Blind Blake, Charlie Patton—you heard of them? All those guys, in those days, they were older fellows; I was just a little kid.

We had a wind-up record player. Nothing like today, no electricity. I was a small kid then. I remember those three—Blind

Blake, Blind Lemon, and Charlie Patton; they used to come by my stepfather's because he was a musician. I wasn't playing then, but I remember seeing them. Still, my soul was in it at that age. I said that if I ever got of age I'd do this, and I did. I mean my whole heart, soul, was in that and nothing else.

I was playing around 12. I wasn't too good but I was picking up things. After a year or a year-and-a-half I *thought* I was good, and I was. I was singing spirituals from around through 13. When I put that down I just started the blues.

You take spirituals and the blues—maybe I'm wrong but I think I'm right—the blues come from spirituals. They are the background of all music. I don't want to argue the point, but they are: they use the same patterns. I really don't know why I switched [from spirituals to blues]. I just had a lot of soul for the blues, could express myself better, tell my story and hard times of different people and myself, and the things that you come through—trials and tribulations. Blues, it seems, can express it better.

I was doing what my stepfather was doing, because I knowed what he did at that time. And he taught me what he knowed, and I loved what he knowed, and I dug what he knowed, so I just went that way. Some of his favorite pieces were *Pea Vine Special*, *Rather Drink Muddy Water (Sleep in a Hollow Log)*, *Blues Jumped a Rabbit*, old tunes like that. He had a very good reputation, yes, very good. And he would take me around with him, at my age, and I would sit up and when he got through he would tell people that "my son played too." I got a big bang out of that. At those parties and suppers they'd play those pieces like I said before—*Blues Jumped a Rabbit* and *Pea Vine Special*, piano boogie woogies and guitar boogie woogies and things like that. And so I got my style just from that, and everything I do today is exactly patterned . . . oh, I brush it up a little bit, put a little more modern in, 'cause you got a lot of kids in the modern days like the upbeat stuff and things like that, so I just have to do those things to stay in the field. My type of music, I got a variety—for the young folks and the older folks, and the folksingers. Now that's a field I'm getting more into. I have created about three different fields; a folk field, a blues field, and a jump field for the kids. If it was necessary I could do hillbilly stuff but I don't do it. I *can* do it. The big market today is folksongs and blues and jump.

When I started out playing there weren't too many problems in learning the instrument, but now, as things develop and go along, there *are* problems. But I don't have too many problems because I have worked hard and started myself a big

name and I got a big field to myself—no one plays my style, not too much. I'm in a field all to myself, so that makes it pretty easy like that. But if I was playing something that everybody played, then I'd have a big problem. You find a lot of musicians who sound real good, but you find thousands of them playing the same thing—they sound alike.

I DIDN'T GROW UP in Clarksdale. I left there when I was 14 years old. I went to Memphis. My auntie lived there, and I lived with her, and I was an usher at the W.C. Handy Theater. He was a great man, and they had a theater named after him on Beale Street, I think it was. I worked there for a while, during the day. I wasn't playing much, just around. When I was living with my auntie, I would play a few honky-tonk joints, get a quarter, nickel or a dime here and there. I was happy with it, you know.

In Memphis I used to play with guys like Robert Nighthawk, Eddie Love, Joe Willard—they're still around. On my little time off I went to school when I could. That wasn't too much; I didn't go far—fifth grade. But that hasn't held me back, definitely not. Like I say, I have something that every entertainer don't have—an outstanding style. I always thought that I had a gift but I wasn't sure until I made my first number, which was *Boogie Chillen*. Then I was definitely sure. *Boogie Chillen* was a big, big thing; that's when

I really knew I could be sure of myself. I stayed in Memphis two years. Then I came to Cincinnati with my other auntie, and I got a job there in a factory for about four months. After that I started back doing the same thing I'd done in Memphis—an usher at a downtown theater seating people. I stayed there quite a while, six or seven years.

And then I came to Detroit in 1943. I was 28, and I married in Detroit. I had saved up a few coins here and there; I had planned to come there. At that time jobs weren't hard to get—it was during the war. Good money too. You could go anywhere any day and get a job, nothing to worry about too much. So I started working as an orderly at the receiving hospital and I worked there, oh, a couple of years and then I got a job at the Dodge main plant as janitor. I worked there a couple of years and then I left there and I went to a place called Comco Steel. I worked there—got a little more money there for janitors—until I got this break.

I was playing around Detroit in different night clubs. I was getting pretty good jobs then—at least I call them pretty good jobs, because to me at the time, to play a club I thought I really was going places. There was a lot of money floating about then, so I got pretty good bread.

I had a little group, had four pieces. I used bass, drums, piano, another guitar—a second guitar. One night a guy came in, Lee Sensation. It was a club at Russell

and Orange and I'm in there playing. I didn't know he was in the house, and I'm real loose because I didn't dig he was in the house looking at me. He said later the reason he didn't tell me was because he knew I was a little nervous. If he had told me, I would have fell apart.

When I came down they sent me a note, said this guy wanted to see me. So I walked over to the table and I said, "You want to see me, man?" He said, "Yeah. Oh, kid, you're good." I said, "Oh, thanks. Who are you?" "I'm from Modern records. I heard a lot of talk about you around town; people say you're real good," I said, "Oh, no, who's talking about me?" He said, "You'll be surprised." So I said, "Well, I am surprised." He said, "You want to record?" I said, "Yeah, but you think I'm good enough?" He said, "Oh, yeah, you're awful good." I said, "I can't believe it." He said, "Yeah, when you get some time on your hands I'll drop in. I'll come out where you live." And I told him. He said, "I'll be out"—that was a Sunday night—"I'll be out Tuesday around four o'clock." I gave him my address and everything and he said, "Okay, I'm going to bring a contract along for you. If you like it, if you want to, I would love to record you."

On Tuesday I was pretty nervous. He said, "Don't be shook up; you're a little shaky." He talked with me, and next Friday we set up an appointment to meet downtown at United Sound Studio. At the



PHOTO/RAY FLERLAGE

John Lee Hooker and Mike Bloomfield

recording session he said, "You have any material?" I said, "Yes, I got a thing I do called *Boogie Chillen*, and *Hobo Blues* and stuff like that. So I did all that stuff.

Well, my mama she didn't allow me just to stay out all night long, Oh, Lord.

Well, my mama didn't allow me just to stay out all night long, I didn't care if she didn't allow, I would boogie-woogie anyhow.

When I first come to town, people, I was walking down Hastings Street, I heard everybody talking about Henry's Swing Club, I decided I'd drop in there that night and when I got there I said, Yes, people, yes, they was really having a ball. (Yes, I know)

Boogie, chillen!

One night I was laying down, I heard mama and papa talking, I heard papa tell mama to let that boy boogie-woogie, 'Cause it's in him and it got to come out.

Well, I felt so good and I went on boogie-woogieing just the same, yes.

He said, "You know what, kid? This is going to be a big hit." I said, "You think so?" and he said, "Oh, yeah." And it was—right off the bat. Boom!

In the Mood—that was a big one.

Everytime I see you, baby, walking down the street.

You know, I get a thrill now, baby, from my head down to my toes, I'm in the mood, I'm in the mood, I'm in the mood for love.

Night time is the right time to be with the one you love, You know, when night time comes, baby, you're so far away, I'm in the mood, etc.

If I can't be with you, baby, won't be with nobody else, I can't get my thrill now, baby, less'n I be with you, I'm in the mood, etc.

Yes, my mama told me to leave that gal alone, But my mama don't know, good God, what that gal was putting down, I'm in the mood, etc.

Drifting from Door to Door, Hobo Blues, Sally Mae—those things came up bang, bang, bang!

At that time, I began to believe in myself. I got a strong hold on myself. I knew then I was in a field of my own. Nobody on those numbers—just myself. That's how he wanted them.

After the records I still had the same four-piece band; I kept them for about nine years. Gosh, I was hot as a firecracker then. When I played in clubs I used the group, got requests for *Boogie Chillen* all night long. I could do it with the combo. Those days a hit lasted longer; nowadays a hit don't last but two or three months.

I did some records as Johnnie Williams; I did some as Texas Slim. At that time I was under contract to Modern records,

and I was hot as a firecracker, and they would give me big money to do them some material, use a different name. Money's pretty exciting, you know, so I was Texas Slim for King, John Lee Booker for Chance and Chess and DeLuxe, and Johnny Williams for Gotham and Staff. Staff was owned by Dessie Malloy in Detroit; I did about six sides for her but she went out of business.

I write my own tunes. Everything I got is original. It's a funny thing: you can say a word—it wouldn't mean anything to you—I can take that one word and write a whole song. Rhyme it right down the line, just rhyme it from word to word—just one word you speak. The songs have to tell a story. Just like *Boom Boom*: I used to come into a bar and there was a barmaid used to come in nights—she was a very nice kid, a friend of mine—some nights, you know, I would come in late, she'd say, "Uh oh, boom boom!" Just like that, "The boss gonna get you." She kept saying that over and over and I just put one and two together:

*Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Gonna shoot you right down,
Right offa your feet,
Take you home with me,
Put you in my house.
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!*

Maybe we been sitting here and talking, me and you. You can seem worried. Now I may not say anything about it right then, but it's right here [taps forehead]; it don't leave here. I keep it in mind. We can be just having a conversation; hear something I like, make a song out of it, or a title. I just take it and keep it up here until you leave. Then I get up from bed—I don't know what time of night it is—and get my guitar . . . On my records, lots of times I just make up the words on the spot, right there, like I do in clubs. *Democrat Man*—I made that right up as I went along:

*Democrats put us on our feet; these crazy women they voted them out, (2)
But I don't think they'll make the same mistake, won't make that same mistake again.*

They told them, "I'll send your sons home." They did just that: they sent them home without a job.

I declare they won't make that same mistake again,

Democrats put us on our feet; these crazy women voted them out.

You know, though, I'm pretty good at those things, doing things like that. I don't know *how* I do it, but I do.

The blues is different from other music because of the feeling. It's something that I am a-saying: it's problems, yours and mine. It's something that comes in your life . . . once in a while you had a hard time. It's true of every race on this earth, at sometime or another they've had tribulations. Maybe it's love affairs, or money affairs, or food—anything, any kind of hard time. And when you sing these songs it reaches you so deep down.

In my opinion the blues is a thing; you have the blues about something. Maybe you're broke, you're disgusted, you have bills, you're losing your home, your car,

your girl-friend. That's the blues. When you got money, you're happy. Lots of clothes, it's no blues. Blues come out of sadness, trouble, misfortune. Yes, there's happy blues too, but they're not "soul" blues. Soul blues is sorry. . . .

Now, *Crawling King Snake*, that's a lover's number. You're telling that you rule your den, you know—you're a girl lover. You rule this girl because she digs you and that's what *Crawling King Snake* means: she digs you so much and you're so powerful you rule her.

Getting back to soul music and what it sprung from and what it means, when you lose something—a home, money, your beautiful car—well, you ain't happy behind it and that's the blues. And, really, what the blues comes from . . . our folks was in slavery a long time ago—now I don't remember that!—but my great-grandparents, it's all they could do on the field or farm is moan. That's the only way they could express their mind and get a little happy—to sing sad songs. It eases your mind a little bit. That's the only way they had of expressing themselves; on the fields and farms they'd be working and humming songs.

NOW, THE AVERAGE colored kid, it seems like the blues is embarrassing to them. This is my story: I think that they dig it but they feel like it's embarrassing because their foreparents and great-grandparents were brought up in slavery. They like it, but they feel like in the modern days they shouldn't listen to it. They feel it drags them back. It don't do that. But that's the way they feel. They're thinking back on slavery but that's past and gone; it ain't anymore.

I feel sorry for them. I just look at them and think to myself that they really shouldn't be like that. Like I say, they're thinking back, way way back, and those days are gone. They should just forget about those days and look ahead. They should think of one thing: they should be proud that we have these things to offer, and it's so great today. But this is the colored kids only, not the white kids. They really appreciate it so much; they're down to earth and they're serious not only about appreciating the blues but learning it too. The average young white kid now, he digs it the most and a lot of them is playing it. For three years I had a Jew boy, a guitar player, in my band. He could tear up some blues! He had a little accident—I feel bad about it; he got put in jail for alimony. But he was a *bad* guitar player, really bad, I tell you.

For most of the time during the last four years I've only played for white audiences, and everywhere I play, it's jammed. They love me. They throw me big parties. I really appreciate it. Sometimes they're so overjoyed, I just can't believe it. They're pulling no punches: they're really serious.

The clubs in Detroit—there's a lot of them there, but I don't work in Detroit, hardly ever. Only maybe when I'm home I go to see some of my friends who are entertaining and dig them . . . for relaxation. But I don't work there, because the money is not big enough for me there any more. They have a lot of entertainers

/Continued on page 38

"The Best Music Is The Happiest Kind . . ."

ED BLACKWELL: Well-Tempered Drummer

By Valerie Wilmer

THERE'S SOMETHING about a man from New Orleans, something that's hard to define. The first giants of jazz were born there, but the era doesn't matter. The city seems to produce a gentle breed of musicians, men who know music almost instinctively, and who carry themselves with a rare kind of dignity. George Lewis has it, Jim Robinson, Slow Drag Pavegeau—and Edward Blackwell has it, too. Ornette Coleman's drummer is by no means a small man, but he knows how to tread softly, with the leisurely walk of the Louisiana delta.

He plays drums in that deceptively casual manner, too; unruffled no matter what he's into. His interplay with Coleman is understanding personified. Blackwell plays so *cool*; his eyes invisible behind green-tinted glasses, his pencil moustache hidden when he draws in his lips to dig into the music; a picture of perception, finesse and concentration. Ornette has only to breathe in a different way, it seems, for Blackwell to sense his change of direction.

Coleman said it himself eight years ago when he wrote, in the liner notes for *This Is Our Music*: "Blackwell . . . has one of the most musical ears of playing rhythm of anyone I have heard. This man can play rhythm so close to the tempered notes that one seems to hear them take each other's places."

In spite of its obvious looseness, his drumming sticks a little too rigidly to a straight 4/4 beat for the people who like their drummers to really go "outside". But his most recent predecessor with Coleman is not among those. "Billy Higgins and Edward Blackwell," Charles Moffett once stated emphatically. "I'd go out of my way to hear these guys play because they play some very nice percussion and, at the same time, they can be very musical. And that's a hard thing to do on drums."

Moffett, himself deeply rooted in the oldtime tradition and never a man for half-baked opinions, was echoing precisely the virtue that Coleman admires in his three favorite drummers. When Moffett left the quartet in August 1967, his place was immediately taken by the gregarious Higgins who filled in for Blackwell, then touring with pianist Randy Weston in Morocco.

Now the soft-spoken New Orleansian is back with Ornette and the wheel has come full circle. In the '50s, when the saxophonist was an outcast on the Los Angeles jazz scene, it was Black-

well's steady encouragement that helped him stay on the right roads. "When I heard Ornette for the first time, I felt the happiness he generates," Blackwell explained in his unaffected, gentle manner. "That was one of the main things that I loved about his playing. It was so free, although he had so many terrible experiences behind him because of the way he played. I couldn't understand why people couldn't hear it."

Blackwell, now 41, met the saxophonist in New Orleans in 1949. Both were with rock 'n' roll groups at the time. The drummer, together with clarinetist Alvin Batiste, was one of the few musicians to recognize that the unorthodox saxophonist, then playing tenor, was into something all his own. Blackwell enjoyed the vibrant happiness that sparkled from Ornette's horn, especially since it recalled for him the joy he'd experienced as a child following the parades in the "second line."

"The rhythms they had going with those parade bands were so beautiful that even now I still feel that rhythmic inspiration I got from being able to run along behind the drummers coming



VALERIE WILMER

from the funerals and things," he confided. "It was such a gas, man. In fact, you can always hear that type of thing in the playing of practically any drummer that's from New Orleans, the parade beats and the street beats, you know."

Blackwell's eldest brother played piano, but outside the family it was the revered New Orleans master drummer, Paul Barbarin, who took an interest in the youngster. "Whenever I had the time to go down to where he was working, he'd always let me sit in. Naturally they had this segregation thing going, so I always had to go 'round behind the bandstand, but this didn't bother me because it was such a gas just being there listening. He's beautiful."

In 1951, Blackwell moved to Los Angeles, and two years later Coleman migrated there from Texas. For three years the two musicians shared a house and worked out daily until the saxophonist married, and according to Blackwell, much of the groundwork for the contemporary Coleman concept was laid in those drab and penniless days. Most Los Angeles musicians became so hostile when hearing the new Messiah that the two men were unable to even find a bass player to audition with them when the rare gig came up. "The only time we could get a bassist was when we had the job," said Blackwell ruefully. "We'd play for \$10 a night, sometimes eight, just to be able to be working." And sometimes they'd jam for nothing.

Blackwell decided to return to New Orleans shortly before Coleman's long association with Don Cherry began, but just before he moved, he and Ornette did some more practicing with the young Billy Higgins in a garage owned by another alto player from Watts, Cherry's and Higgins' neighborhood. "That's how I got to be pretty close to Billy before I split," said Blackwell, whose fondness for Higgins is that of a brother. "He was more or less naturally the one for Ornette to get, I guess, since I wouldn't come back. For me, he's a beautiful drummer and a beautiful person and I love him."

Although the drummer had opted to return to the south, his fortunes were to be inextricably linked with Coleman's. He was attracted by both the man and his music, "because they were so close," he put it. "I know that after we lived together for a while, I found that his personality is really such a peaceful thing. It rubbed off on me a lot because I was very wild in California! He was a big influence on channeling my way of playing to the way it is now. He knows I can play more or less what he wants to hear on drums, but when you grow up together, *what a*

person actually likes about you is something you can't describe. After a while, you can't put it into words. I'd like to hear his answer to that myself."

In 1959, Coleman sent for Blackwell for his first Contemporary recording session but the drummer returned the ticket. "I wasn't ready then," he smiled, "so he used Billy and then took him to New York." The following year, the saxophonist recommended Blackwell to the late John Coltrane, who was then in the process of forming a new group. The drummer decided that now was the right time to move north, but in the meantime, Higgins had run into cabaret card difficulties in New York, and Blackwell arrived just in time to take his place with Coleman at the Five Spot. "I appreciate the fact of being able to work with Ornette," he said, but added regretfully, "I now wish I'd been able to play some with John, too."

Coleman's group spent three months at the club, and the mixed reaction to the music is now a legend in the jazz annals. "One thing I seem to notice is that whenever Ornette and I played together, people seemed to be able to hear what I was doing more than they did what Ornette's into," Blackwell mused. "I can't understand how they would differentiate so much as to prefer what I'm doing when I'm playing what he's playing!"

He stressed the even greater anomaly of the drums being one of the harder instruments for the layman to appreciate in musical terms. "They're so hard for people to hear, but even in California there'd be people who'd want to hire me whereas when we'd go to jam sessions, the people would walk off the stand.

"But people are so fickle. Like, if you go to California now, everybody's been digging Ornette for *so long*," he laughed. "I can understand them not liking him if they don't *listen*, but after three or four tunes they should begin to hear what he's doing. His music arouses aggressiveness in people who can't understand it, but he doesn't let himself be worried. There are times when his meekness has infuriated me, but he just doesn't anger very easily."

After the Five Spot engagement, Coleman's group went on the road. On his return to New York, Blackwell worked for a while with pianist Mal Waldron and bassist Richard Davis in the combo co-led by Booker Little and Eric Dolphy. "He reminded me a lot of Ornette in the way his music would go," said Blackwell of the late saxophonist. "Booker was the same way. He had the same type of personality that Ornette has; very humble and everything."

Two barren years followed, with

little or no work apart from the occasional coffeehouse or loft gig with Don Cherry, and a few recordings, one with Cherry and Coltrane (*Avant Garde*, Atlantic 1451). The drummer's luck changed in 1965, when he started to work with Randy Weston, who took him to Africa on his 1967 State Department tour.

The trip made more than a fleeting impression on the New Orleanian. "Africa really reminded me of the south, the way the people live and the whole atmosphere of it," was his comment. "I'd see people that reminded me of home everywhere I went. You'd see your father and you'd see your mother, and it was such a close resemblance that I really got nostalgic. The three months we spent there were such a success and I was really happy for Randy because it was one of his life's ambitions to go there and play."

In September of last year, Weston returned to the African continent, this time to Morocco, taking Blackwell and bassist Bill Wood with him. This second trip conclusively cemented the drummer's view of the permissible extent of freedom in music. "The freedom I've always felt for drumming I really could hear in the drummers in Africa. I feel more uninhibited now as far as the right and the wrong things to play are concerned. I began to realize that there's never any wrong way to play if you play the drums."

"Max Roach is still my favorite drummer. Most of the records I buy are Charlie Parker and things like that, because I don't think you can get away from the roots. You can improvise on them, but like they say, nothing is new. Whenever I used to hear those records with Max and Bird, I always thought of Max being in the front line, because he *contributed*, and contributing, that's being on the front line. I guess it all depends on the place where people put it, but just because the drummer is situated behind the horns doesn't mean that he's not playing an equal part—not when you're talking of drummers like Max and Billy and Elvin (Jones)."

Blackwell also wanted to pay tribute to two other drummers from his hometown, Dennis Charles and his lesser-known brother Frank (or "Huss") Charles. At the time of this interview, he was scheduled to record an all-percussion date on African log drums, with Higgins and the two brothers. This, for Clifford Jordan's Frontier label, was to be his first date as leader, an unlikely situation for the rather retiring percussionist.

"I never know what to say when people ask me about music," he smiled

/Continued on page 38

ED WILCOX: LUNCEFORD ACE

an interview with the pioneer pianist-arranger

By STANLEY DANCE

IT IS OVER 20 years since Jimmie Lunceford died, but the memory of the man and the band he led remains strong in the minds of those who knew them. Lunceford devices, moreover, still echo in many forms of contemporary popular music.

Probably the most significant event in the entire 1968 Newport Jazz Festival's big band night occurred when Lunceford's tenor star, Joe Thomas, returned to play with Count Basie's band. More than an exercise in nostalgia, as was much of the music heard that evening, their performance of *For Dancers Only* became a demonstration of the artistic durability of great jazz arrangements in the hands of skilled and sympathetic musicians. Certainly, Thomas and Basie were there as guarantors in the all-important matter of tempo, but many also remarked how appropriately Al Aarons and Harold Jones—both relatively young—played in the context of Sy Oliver's arrangement.

Oliver was, of course, a member of the vital triumvirate behind Lunceford. Willie Smith, the alto saxophonist, was another. The third and least publicized was Ed Wilcox, pianist and arranger, who contributed over a longer period of time than anyone else in the band.

He was born in Method, near Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1909, the youngest of three girls and five boys. He took piano lessons in order to please his oldest sister, who helped with the children. He played in a local dance band during his last year at high school, and on graduating his father tried to persuade him to abandon music and take over management of the family farm. When he enrolled at Fisk University, Nashville, in 1925, his sister urged him to take music and his mother medicine. He took both before making a decision.

A bad cotton crop ultimately made it difficult for his father to help with his expenses, so he decided to forgo the longer medical course. He graduated in 1927 with a degree in music.

Meanwhile, he had met Lunceford, who was a senior at Fisk, and Willie Smith, who was in his second year. Lunceford had a campus band that played in the Nashville area, and Wilcox joined as pianist. In his first summer, they played an engagement at Belmar, New Jersey; the following year, they were at Asbury Park.

"I never heard any of the great names among pianists around Raleigh," Wilcox said. "I heard records, but nothing really impressed me much until I heard an excellent pianist called Charlie Lewis in Nashville. He went to Paris later, and they called him 'Dizzy'. He was a classmate of Jimmie's, a music student, and when I heard him play I realized for the first time how much you could do with the instrument. You see, when you hear something on record, it's not so impressive

as when you see somebody do it. I saw this guy, his fingers flying like lightning, and making anything he wanted to make. 'This is what I've got to learn to do,' I said to myself. Then I really began to enjoy hearing men like Fats Waller. I listened to Earl Hines, James P. Johnson, Willie The Lion—all of them.

"After my father died, I decided I'd better study something about music, besides playing the piano. We had orchestration, harmony and counterpoint at Fisk, but when I came out of school I had only orchestrated things like *America*. Willie Smith had had a little of it, in high school or some place, enough to know chords, but I took the course. Little of it meant anything where dance bands were concerned. It was leveled at the symphony, and the difference is like day and night. So when I got out with our band, and we heard all the others with special stuff, I decided I'd better learn how to write fast. I knew all the chords, but I didn't know the instruments so well, nor the particular styles that went with them. Technically and theoretically, what I wrote might be correct, but I didn't know whether it would be the sound I meant.

"When the guys started playing, I

would say, 'What is that note? Show it to me on the staff.' Then I associated the position on the staff with the sound I heard. For a long time, it was a matter of trial and error. If I didn't like what I'd written, I'd have the guy play something I liked, and then decide where it should be on the paper. I only had to see it once. From then on, I'd got it. And after you've done that a long time, you cannot write bad. To show how important that was, many years later when I went to Juilliard to take an advanced course, I found the kids there were getting the same things I already had. I *know* what it's going to sound like now before it comes off. But at that time, I had to wait to hear it. Sometimes it would be better than I expected, sometimes worse."

When Lunceford graduated from Fisk, he took a job as a teacher at a school in Memphis, where first Willie Smith and then Ed Wilcox joined him to help in the development of an 11-piece band. It was while playing a summer engagement at Lakeside, Ohio in 1929, that the band's progress resulted in the decision to go professional full time.

"The guys who wrote the arrangements were more responsible for the character



The Lunceford band, 1929. Standing, l to r: Henry Wells, George Clark, Alfred Kahn, Jimmy Crawford, Mose Allen, Wilcox, Henry Clay, Charlie Douglas. Seated: Christopher Johnson, Lunceford, Willie Smith.

of the band's music than Jimmie," Wilcox continued, "but he was responsible for seeing that it was played the way they wanted it played. In the beginning, we were all young and stimulated by new ideas and he left the writing up to us, but he demanded our best effort. We were all just out of school and used to discipline, and Jimmie was several years older than most of us.

"He was serious-minded, good at discipline and organization, and he meant everything to be done right when you were working. When you were out playing baseball, or talking about airplanes, he was a lot of fun, but when you got on the stand, he was very serious.

"The relationship between Jimmie, Willie Smith and myself was close. There was never a boss relationship, but we were intelligent enough to respect him as a musician. He played guitar, banjo, clarinet, flute, trombone, and the whole saxophone family. He was also an excellent basketball player, an excellent football player, and an excellent track man. Whatever he decided to do, he concentrated on. He didn't like anything done sloppily, and that carried into the music."

The "Lunceford style," Wilcox insisted, definitely originated before Sy Oliver joined the band. Records, particularly the 1933 Columbia performances of *While Love Lasts* and *Flaming Reeds*—both recently issued for the first time, and both arranged by Wilcox—bear him out.

"It started between Willie Smith and myself," Wilcox explained. "We didn't really hear bands that gave us ideas. It was what we wanted to do. The melodic quality I had came from studying classical piano. That was how I wanted it to sound. If you have a good classical teacher, melodic structure is implanted in you so strongly that even when you find yourself wanting to do something else, you don't lose it. Willie was influential in the way the reed section phrased from the beginning, because he was so positive in what he wanted to do, and so dominating in tone and quality. And he had good ideas. A lot of people have good ideas, but they're not positive enough in the presentation of them. Willie was always more concerned with being able to play the horn well, and arranging was a lot of work.

"*Runnin' Wild* was arranged by him and we had it in the book a long time before we recorded it. He wrote the whole arrangement with the pick-up inside, instead of outside. He couldn't figure it. He didn't get the down beat at the right place. We played it all right, but it just felt wrong all the way. That disgusted him so much, he decided to quit arranging. It was a pity he didn't keep on, because what he did was good, although unorthodox."

The young musicians spent their first professional winter the hard way, nearly starving, in Cleveland. It was there that Wilcox's ambition was spurred in a strange way.

"McKinney's Cotton Pickers were having themselves a big Thanksgiving dinner," he recalled, "and there were a lot of girls around. We were all hungry and poor, and we saw these famous guys like

Don Redman, and we wanted to talk to them. But we were nobodies, and younger, too, and they didn't have anything to say to us. I wanted to have just a word with Don, just to be able to say I'd talked to him.

"'Oh, kid, I ain't got time to talk,' he said to me, just like a lot of people would when they were busy, and didn't want to talk music at a time like that.

"Instead of discouraging me, I told the rest of the guys, 'I'm going to make that man respect me one of these days. I'm going to learn how to write something, and I'm going to be in competition with him.' They looked at me and said, 'Oh, you're crazy!' But it happened.

"When Sugar Ray Robinson started to make his musical debut about 25 years later, they got Don Redman, Jimmy Mundy, Fred Norman and myself to write arrangements. 'Here's my chance,' I said. 'I'm going to do my music so well—and no tricks with the band—that it will make the singer sound good.' I did about 12 arrangements and they were the only ones used. I especially remember *It's Nice to Go Traveling*. Now Sugar Ray was not a real singer, and that a singer has got to be if he's going to top a band behind him when a lot of crazy stuff is going on, but I had had a lot of experience writing for singers by then. When Don Redman came up and said, 'That's very, very good,' I thanked him, but I didn't remind him of our encounter years before. I thought about it, but then I decided it would be too small. So that was one of the things that was influential with me, that created determination."

After Cleveland, the band went to Buffalo, where it became necessary to acquire financial backing. Lunceford's age and extra experience made him the man to do it, and when he was successful the original three-way partnership with Smith and Wilcox was virtually dissolved. More than money was acquired in Buffalo, however.

"Jonah Jones was with us a short time, and Joe Thomas joined the band there,"

Wilcox continued. "Joe had a lot of personality, and a lot of tricks on the horn. He had a way of slopping over notes, too, instead of making all the notes in a run. Willie Smith wouldn't settle for that kind of stuff. He would turn his back on you, refuse to listen if you played that way. 'Play all the notes in the run, man,' Willie would say. 'Don't play like that.' Joe was a good tenor player when we first got him, but sitting beside a man like that he naturally got better, for Willie was a perfectionist. He believed in doing everything right. And that made three of us, because Lunceford and I were the same way.

"I was instrumental in Sy Oliver coming into the band. Jimmie didn't particularly like his personality until he got to know him. 'You've got to recognize that he has a lot of talent,' I told him. 'He's a great arranger and he can play enough trumpet to be in the section, too. He's a stylist, and we need somebody else to help us out on arranging.'

"After Sy was in, I gradually got entrusted with the ballads and vocal arrangements, because he couldn't do those so well as he could the jump and jazz. Sy used to do the old things like *St. Louis Blues*, but one day I said to him, 'Why don't you do some of this pop stuff. You'd learn something. It's got different kinds of changes in it.' So he tried his hand on *Woodenhead Puddinhead Jones*, but when he'd finished he'd got the chords wrong. 'Use the changes the man gave you,' I told him. So he took it back and made another arrangement that turned out better, but was still not right. He wound up making three arrangements, and fussing with me each time. He'd get mad, but as a result he started writing pop things, and learned a lot he didn't know. Many things were contrived in that way. We weren't exactly in competition with one another, but each of us wanted his thing to be as good as possible. That applied right through the band. It was what you call esprit de corps.



The Lunceford Rhythm Section: Wilcox, Jimmy Crawford, Mose Allen, Al Norris.

"Eddie Durham came in the band because he was a good trombone player, and at that time (1935) it was much harder to find good trombone players. Besides, he could write music and double on guitar. He was among the first to use the electric guitar. We collaborated on the arrangements of Duke Ellington's *Bird of Paradise* and *Rhapsody Junior* because there were a lot of things in there for the piano player. We had to get together, because he didn't know whether I could play it, and I didn't know how he wanted me to play!

"A lot of the band's ideas came from the arrangers—presentation and everything. We knew we had to have something different if we were going to make it. The band didn't have many great soloists. We had enough to cover, but we had to have something nobody else was doing. The glee club did numbers like *It's the Talk of the Town* and *Don't Blame Me*. All the guys would be singing except the rhythm section. We turned it loose when we didn't need it any longer, and when everybody else started copying it. We were the only Negro band doing it originally. In fact, the only other band with a glee club that we knew of was Fred Waring's."

A musician for whom Wilcox evinced the highest regard, and one about whom very little has been written, was Eddie Tompkins.

"Eddie," the pianist said, "was not only a great first trumpet player, but a great all-round trumpeet man, and the best we ever had. The split lip he suffered from may have kept him from making the F's and G's, but he could make everything else. He could play any part. I remember one in *Rhythm Is Our Business* that Steve (Tommy Stevenson) used to play. When Steve got sick, everybody was wondering who was going to play it, and Lunceford himself was getting worried. 'Don't worry about it,' Eddie said. 'I'll play it.' He got up and played it better than Steve—didn't miss, split a note, or anything. He could do everything. When the band was rehearsing the acts for a show, and didn't know where to come in, he'd get up and do the steps, and tell the band, 'That's where you hit!' He never got the credit he deserved, but that happens in life."

Paul Webster, who eventually took over the high-note chair after a period with Bennie Moten, was no accidental or casual choice.

"We knew of him because he had been at school with me at Fisk," Wilcox explained. "Earl Carruthers, the baritone saxophonist, was another classmate of mine. And Henry Wells, the singer and trombonist, and Mrs. Lunceford, had gone to Fisk, too."

The spirit that made the band such a success for a decade was a subject that Wilcox touched on repeatedly in different ways, in anecdote after anecdote.

"When we started out, we were a bunch of ambitious youngsters," he said. "Money wasn't important. It was being able to play good. When anybody made a mistake, hit a bad note, the guys would all stomp their feet out of time. It didn't matter what we were doing—recording, broadcasting, or anything. The trumpet guys used to take a mute and hit it on

their derbies. It got so bad, Lunceford eventually had to stop it. But it used to make you try hard to avoid being stomped on! If you had something you couldn't play, they'd let you go at a rehearsal, but when it came the time, they'd stomp on you. So what you had to do was to take your part home and work on it. That kind of spirit you can't buy.

"I remember the arrangement Sy made on *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. It wasn't hard, but somebody who writes for piano and doesn't play piano can write the most awkward stuff in the world, because it doesn't fit the instrument. It doesn't lay right for the fingers. 'I've played sonatas by Chopin that weren't this hard,' I said. I took it home and worked on it. It was all a matter of the fingering and the key. Sy didn't write it that way deliberately. Things like that just happen. It was the kind of number we played as dinner music, and we had a library that would fit no matter where we played. *Shoemaker's Holiday* was a little, light, airy piece, and Jimmie never called it unless he knew I had a good piano. So I didn't play it often, but on the occasion I'm thinking of, when they thought I was going to stumble, I ate it up alive.

"I remember once when we were playing our concert arrangement of *Sonata Pathetique* in the Oriental Theatre, Chicago. I didn't know our light man, Dutch Williams, was going to give the cue when I came in so that a pinpoint light hit me. It was like an electric ray. It shocked me so bad, I don't think I played five notes out of that first run. I felt so ashamed, but the band was tied up in knots. I had a brandy between shows, and was ready the next time. It taught me a lesson, that you always had to be prepared.

"I mention this because when you see a guy doing something fairly easy, you don't know what price he has paid to learn how to do it easy. That's why, when people sometimes ask me how I do something, I tell them, 'It takes a long time.'"

When the band first went to New York, it was faced with a union problem.

"Because the union wouldn't let us in," Wilcox remembered, "we started doing gigs all around, and from that our years of tough itineraries really began. The band got so hot that Harold Oxley, the manager, had no difficulty booking us. The real reason we did all those one-nighters was that the location jobs didn't pay the same money. It suited Jimmie to do one-nighters, because he could make twice as much money that way."

The attitude towards money had, in Wilcox's opinion, much to do with the band's decline and fall.

"It was Jimmie's fault that the band began to break up," he said. "When you're young, you can go a long way on ambition, but when you get older you want some of the things older people have, and Jimmie didn't want to give enough money. Those that did stay, after several had quit, he treated better, but it was late then. I know that when Willie Smith left, he cried. He didn't want to leave, but the money was wrong. Jimmie was used to treating us like little boys who left Memphis with him, but we had become grown men and we needed more. He

wanted to keep us on the same scale financially, and it ruined the whole thing.

"Another thing that hurt us badly was that leaders of most other bands gave their men a vacation with pay. We'd have a vacation sometimes, but it would be like a lay-off, with no money. I blamed Jimmie rather than Oxley, because we told him what the trouble was."

When Lunceford died in 1947, Wilcox set about re-organizing the band.

"I planned to revamp the whole thing with a bunch of young and energetic musicians, not ones filled with lethargy," he said. "I wanted a little more inspiration, and although I didn't plan to do it at one time, I was going to cut down from 18 pieces to 12."

Although he found a sponsor, and although the band had been doing good business right up to Lunceford's death, too many problems doomed the project after a short spell in which he and Joe Thomas were the band's nominal leaders.

"I couldn't make the same money, even if I had had the same men and the same music," Wilcox explained, "because everybody knew Jimmie was dead, anyway. And 1947 was a rough time for big bands."

After he let the band go, he worked as arranger for the Derby record company, for which he wrote the all-important chart on Sunny Gale's hit *Wheel of Fortune*. Having paid off the debts incurred with the band by arranging, he decided he ought to be able to work as a pianist, too.

"So I sharpened up at a little club in the Village called the Riviera, and stayed there about 10 years. Then I had a trio in the Garden Cafe for 2½ years. On the side, I wrote orchestrations and did vocal coaching, as I still do. I was at Banjo Inn 18 months, and now I'm at the Pink Poodle. I've been playing in a Dixieland group Sundays at the Club Eleven in Brooklyn, where we've had guys like Roy Eldridge, Ray Nance and Big Chief Moore."

A student was waiting for a vocal lesson. Wilcox got up from his desk to say goodbye, a frank, firm, articulate man with an air of disciplined self-reliance that characterizes so many Lunceford alumni. The arranger of *Sophisticated Lady*, *Rhythm Is Our Business*, *Sleepy Time Gal*, *I'm Walking Through Heaven with You*, and so many other significant numbers in the band's book, he obviously knew full well what he had personally contributed to the Lunceford story. Somehow, his final words on Eddie Tompkins came to mind: "He never got the credit he deserved, but that happens in life."

Discographical Note

At present, there are only two Lunceford LPs in the catalog, Columbia's *Lunceford Special* (CS 9515), which contains the two 1933 selections mentioned in the text plus 14 representative samples of the band's 1939-41 work, and Decca's *Jimmie Lunceford and his Orchestra* (DL 8050), 12 tracks from the mid-'30s, including some of the band's biggest commercial hits. Decca is currently preparing two additional Lunceford albums as part of its "Jazz Heritage" series, and these should be available by October.



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Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Miles Davis

MILES IN THE SKY—Columbia CS 9628: *Stuff*; *Paraphernalia*; *Black Comedy*; *Country Boy*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar (Track 2); Herbie Hancock, piano, electric piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Miles Davis has participated in one revolution in jazz and witnessed another which, verbally at least, he refuses to accept. When that second revolution was taking effect, midway between Miles' 1956 quintet and his present group, it seemed that he might be trapped in a pattern of self-imitation, but, as this record and the recent *Miles Smiles* show, he has triumphantly renewed himself.

Miles has always been a lyrical player with an affection for the American popular song, and in many of his best solos (the second *When Lights Are Low*, *All Blues*) he created a wonderful tension by approaching and then withdrawing from the symmetry and sweetness of Gershwin and Richard Rodgers. In one sense this way of playing can be called ironic. The player refers to a mood of simplicity and romantic sentiment and places himself at an emotional distance from it. If this describes the Miles of '55-'60, it is clear why he has been unable to accept the essence of Coleman and Coltrane, since Ornette has never found the popular song tradition to be relevant to his music, while Coltrane, for all the beauty of his middle-period ballads, finally abandoned it.

This record, one of the best that Miles has made with his present group, shows the effect of the Coleman-Coltrane revolution even as Miles denies it, for their assault on the popular song has pushed Miles along the only path that seems open to him, an increasingly ironic detachment from sentiment and prettiness.

Throughout this album, Miles takes material from his earlier days and darkens its emotional tone. His opening phrase on *Country Boy* recalls a fragment from his *Summertime* solo on the *Porgy and Bess* album, but here it is delivered with a vehemence that rejects the poignancy of the earlier performance. Even on *Black Comedy*, his most straight-ahead solo here, the orderly pattern of the past is displaced and fragmented.

As Miles' playing becomes more oblique, he risks losing continuity altogether. That he doesn't is due, in large measure, to his wonderfully sympathetic group. Wayne Shorter's solos echo Miles' ironic temperament, and his tune, *Paraphernalia*, is a perfect example of the groups' dead-pan comedy. It begins with a rhythm section vamp which in the past would have led directly into the theme. Here it is presented as an object in itself, over which the horns play a gentle, seemingly un-

related melody. During the solos the rhythm section periodically rises in the kind of crescendo that McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones employed to push Coltrane to new heights of ecstasy, but here it is followed abruptly by a return of the opening vamp. The effect is wry as the soloists ride over the crescendo, knowing that at its end the background will demand that their passion be chastened rather than released.

Stuff is the rhythm sections' tour de force. It establishes a pattern that hints at rock, bossa nova, country and western, and even an occasional ballroom glide. Tony Williams plays a rock beat but spaces it out and diminishes its volume. Herbie Hancock does some beautiful work on electric piano, emphasizing its relationship to electric guitar and organ. Ron Carter either plays electric bass on this track or his technique on the conventional bass enables him to simulate the rumbles and slides of the electronic instrument. Over this pattern Miles and Shorter play a theme that hints at a number of the up-tempo conventions of the late '50s, but these phrases, slowed down to a walk, take on the strange grace of a man running under water.

On *Paraphernalia*, George Benson's guitar is added, and he successfully captures the mood of the composition, subduing his bright, blues-based conception so he sounds almost like Jimmy Raney. *Country Boy* sums up the album's effect—an attempt by Miles to retain his style while pushing it to its limits. The track begins with Miles in full flight, but his first phrase (the *Summertime* echo) sounds like the middle of something, not a beginning. He ends the track in similar fashion, letting a phrase that seems to demand a resolution stand by itself. It is as if Miles were saying, "I don't need new material. I only have to look at the old in a new way."

This album indicates that, for himself at this time, he is absolutely right. —Kart

Eddie Harris

PLUG ME IN—Atlantic 1506: *Live Right Now*; *It's Crazy*; *Ballad (For My Love)*; *Lovely Is Today*; *Theme in Search of a TV Commercial*; *Winter Meeting*.

Collective Personnel: Jimmy Owens, Melvin Lastie, Joe Newman, James Bossy, trumpets; Tom McIntosh, Garnett Brown, trombone; Harris, Varitone tenor saxophone; Haywood Henry, baritone saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, Ron Carter, bass; Charles Rainey, electric bass; Richard Smith, Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Harris is a fine r&b hornman, but it's a mild mystery why he has limited himself exclusively to that bag on this album. (Possible answer: bread?) There are some genuinely attractive themes here, especially *Live* (an unusual 10-bar line in 8/4), *TV*, and the opening of *Ballad*, though the

latter wanders around and gets a bit lost. But every one except *Meeting* has an unvarying funky-butt beat, and the Charles Stepney charts come down very heavy on repeated (and repeated and repeated) blues riffs.

And Harris, either because he is unwilling or because he was unfamiliar with the arrangements, gets trapped by the riffs into concentrating on 4- and 8-bar phrasing, rarely building the kind of intense, melodic lines at which he's adroit.

An exception is *Lovely*, which begins with some calypso steel drum work leading (or misleading, but cleverly so) into some Motown brass. The brass sets up the melody statement—on which, incidentally, Harris does a brilliant imitation of Stan Getz, same slurs, same tone, everything (intentionally, one hopes)—and re-enters behind Harris' first chorus. So far, same as the other tunes, but then the band lays out and Harris begins to build some very nice lines, loosening his delivery considerably and even throwing in an inverted quote from *Hawaiian War Chant* and two bars of third harmony with himself (overdubbed? two horns at once?) lifted intact from the Roland Kirk canon. A nice solo, leavened with humor and with good linear sense.

He has another fine solo on *Crazy*, focussing on the upper register with high emotional impact. (The arrangement sounds like a couple of things on Kirk's *Slightly Latin* album.) And he is mellow on *Meeting*, which features the only jazz beat on the record—though the effect is dimmed by the discomfort of the drummer (must be Smith), whose tom accents are off by plenty.

The charts, as indicated, are too unyielding in their r&b orientation to be compelling, but one nice thing is that Henry's baritone is the loudest and strongest voice, playing off against all the other brass and serving as a kind of bridge to Harris. This might be an accident, but it works.

Except for some two-fisted blues shouting by Christian on *Live*, Harris is the only soloist. The tracks mentioned above are good listening, but his efforts on *Ballad* and *TV* are mediocre. There are better Eddie Harris sides available. —Heineman

Illinois Jacquet

BOTTOMS UP—Prestige 7575: *Bottoms Up*; *Port of Rico*; *You Left Me All Alone*; *Sassy*; *Jivin' with Jack the Bellboy*; *Ghost of a Chance*; *Our Delight*.

Personnel: Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In *Down Beat's* March 7 issue, John Lewis was asked, "Who are the most

underrated jazz musicians on the current scene?" The first name he mentioned was Illinois Jacquet. For those who may have wondered why Lewis admires a musician they remember as a honking showboater, this album provides an answer.

Jacquet is one of the tenor men who blended elements from Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins into a personal style (Wardell Grey, Dexter Gordon, and Gene Ammons are others). Herschel Evans and Chu Berry seem to have been his direct mentors, but the final result is all Jacquet.

This album presents Jacquet in an ideal setting, with a modern rhythm section that has its roots in the best music of the 1940's. Listen to Barry Harris' subtle locked hands introduction to *Port of Rico* and his sparkling Bud Powell-like solo on *Jivin' with Jack the Bellboy*. On that track, Alan Dawson's crisp cymbal sound and quick-witted fours are also delightful. Still, Jacquet is the star. His playing here is uniformly good, but for me the highpoints are the easy flow of his *Jivin' with Jack* solo (listen to the touch of Pres on the theme statement) and the feeling of power in reserve he has on *Sassy*, an intriguing and quite modern tune written by Milt Buckner.

As Bob Porter points out in his liner notes, *You Left Me All Alone* deserves special mention. It is Jacquet's composition, a blues-ballad of the type that Coltrane loved to play, and Illinois performs it with a passionate intensity that is romantic without being sentimental. His expressive use of timbre here should interest avant-garde players, especially Archie Shepp.

This is a fine album that properly presents one of jazz' unrecognized innovators, a man who has as much if not more to offer today as he did 25 years ago. Congratulations to Don Schlitten for creative a&r work, and congratulations to Jacquet for his undimmed artistry. I hope this album is the first of many.

—Kart

Mike Mainieri

INSIGHT—Solid State SS18029: *Autumn Leaves*; *Skating in Central Park*; *Rain Child*; *On the Trail*; *Instant Garlic*; *Minnesota Thins*; *La Plus Que Lente*.

Personnel: Mainieri, vibraharp; Joe Beck, guitar; Lyn Christie, bass; Don McDonald, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The insight yielded by this rewarding album is chiefly into the fine art of interplay. These four musicians are as attuned to each other as the moving parts of a perfectly balanced clockwork.

This is not to imply, however, that their music is in any sense mechanistic or lacking in individual strength. As an ensemble, they are sensitive, original, and versatile. Mainieri and Beck are outstanding soloists.

The vibist, who entered the major leagues while still very young and somewhat green, comes into his own with this record. His own is a definitive place among the top practitioners of his instrument. His four-mallet work rivals Gary Burton's; he can swing; his sound is his own; he is a thinking improviser, and he has that elusive thing called taste.

On *Instant Garlic*, the album's mandatory bow to freedom playing, he also comes up with some unique sonorities. Most impressive is his solo interpretation

and arrangement for vibes of Debussy's *La Plus Que Lente*, a lovely piano piece. The airiness of the melody and the uncloying sweetness of the harmonies lend themselves well to the character of the instrument, and Mainieri's touch gently evokes and sustains a wistful mood.

"Is it jazz?" is a question that could just as well be applied to Billy Strayhorn's or Bix Beiderbecke's piano pieces (and would I dig hearing *In the Dark* on vibes), which also belong to the impressionist tradition. Today, such a question is less relevant than ever—unless one is engaged in eschatological dispute.

Mainieri gives a glimpse of funk on the brief *Minnesota Thins* (the album's mandatory bow to Soul), and is particularly inventive and swinging on *Skating and Trail*.

Joe Beck is a find. He has personality; one need only hear 12 bars from him to know that one is in the presence of a *player*. His amplified sound is most appealingly guitaristic, and everything he plays is stamped with musical intelligence. On *Trail* (theme statement and opening solo) he is a bitch. Remember the name—you'll hear it again.

Bassist Christie, from Australia, and a surgeon, no less, has hands I would gladly entrust myself to. He first made a name for himself in New York jazz circles through his work with Tal Farlow, and proves here that the praise was justified. His time, choice of notes, well-articulated sound and mastery of the bow add up to a remarkable musical profile. At times, he sings along with his bowing, in the spirit if not the manner of Slam Stewart.

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Drummer McDonald, whom I first encountered with Lee Konitz and who's currently with Jeremy and the Satyrs, contributes tastily (nice brush work on *Rain Child*) and swingingly, and even his "outside" work on *Garlic* is thoughtfully controlled.

I'd stack this group up against any of similar instrumentation; with their rendition of John Lewis' *Skating in Central Park* they are contending on tough territory, but the claim is well staked out.

The sole reservation with a group of this kind is that it might succumb to the restrictions of a kind of chamber jazz bag. Some occasional unfettered stretching out, which rarely occurs on this album, should alleviate that, and further collaboration, which hopefully is in the cards, should bring further excellence. How refreshingly this music falls on the ear after too much exposure to the maxi-decibel distortions of our electronic brigades! —Morgenstern

Houston Person

TRUST IN ME—Prestige 7548: *One Mint Julep*; *Trust in Me*; *Hey There*; *My Little Suede Shoes*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*; *The Second Time Around*.

Personnel: Person, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Ralph Dorsey, conga drums.

Rating: ★★½

Styles come and go, but certain basic ways of playing the music, once established, happily remain. They do so, one suspects, because the players who practice them feel comfortable and right with them, and because they are indeed basic, in the essential sense.

One of these basic ways of playing established itself as a mainstream after bebop had ceased to be regarded as revolutionary, but it existed both before and during the bop era. It generally involves a saxophonist—a tenorman, mostly, though there can be additional horns—and a rhythm section. Both major components swing. The repertoire consists of standards old and new; a mess of blues at various tempos and with different dance beats, and jazz originals from the late '40s on timespan. The melody is always stated to establish a point of departure, and a tap-your-foot-shake-your-head beat is never absent. Sometimes an organ may be involved.

This music has been, still is, and more than likely will continue to be one of the most viable types of jazz, providing bread-and-butter jobs for many musicians, both of national (or international) and purely regional repute. It encompasses players whose reputations were established as far back as the dawn of swing, ex-beboppers, would-be new thingers (a few), borderline rhythm-and-blues players, and newcomers.

Person is of the latter—relatively speaking. He's been around long enough to have been in the Army with Leo Wright, Eddie Harris, Don Ellis, and pianist Cedar Walton, who's with him here; and to have spent three years touring and recording with organist Johnny (Hammond) Smith, and another three fronting his own group in New England.

This is his second straight-ahead jazz album as a leader, and it shows increased confidence and presence over the first,

which was far from unimpressive. His approach to playing resembles Gene Ammons', with touches of classic Rollins here and there (particularly in his wry, terse way of stating themes), and he is strong without being swaggering, which many lesser tenors tend to be when given their own head.

He has a knack for choosing his material intelligently: good r&b tunes (*Julep*; *Trust*); quality pops of not-too distant vintage (*Hey There*; *Around*); seldom-done Birdlore (*Suede Shoes*), and basic soul (*Child*). He does little things with each tune that reveal thought and planning, but these routines are fitting—not cute. And he is just as honest in his playing, which is free from phony effects and never meretricious.

Person is backed by some of Prestige's best house men, plus ringer Dorsey, whose congas are not intrusive, though they add most to *Shoes*, which is home territory (there's a nice solo here).

Walton, Chambers, and McBrowne would be hard to top as a section for this kind of groove (though they are far from being restricted to it alone). They are paragons of togetherness and other rhythmic virtues, and they support. The pianist has several fine solos; his most impressive to these ears being the exploratory one on *Child*. Chambers is a prime example of the fickleness of the jazz public. When with Miles Davis, he was enormously popular; today, he's often overlooked when the bass honor roll is called. Ironically, he has grown in the intervening years and is a joy to hear and (I'd venture) a gas to play with. McBrowne never has had due recognition, but increasing exposure should bring this about. He is one of the steadiest and most musical drummers on the set these days.

Person is at his best on *Magic*, where he digs in, and on *Child*, which he turns into a deep-blue sermon of considerable weight. *Julep* is also in there, and while I'm no dancer, it had me doing some stepping. *Trust* is a mite too fast to bring out the genuine lyricism of the melody (Hawk did this tune up just right on a Prestige album of a decade ago, *Stash*). But in general, no complaints.

Richard Alderson's engineering is a gas, producing one of the most natural-sounding, crisp, and well-balanced jazz sounds imaginable. The rating would be higher if Person were not so promising. He didn't blow it all on this one, and neither did we. He's a comer. —Morgenstern

Tony Scott

MUSIC FOR YOGA MEDITATION AND OTHER JOYS—Verve V6-8742: *Prabha—Life Force*; *Shiva—The Third Eye*; *Samadhi—Ultimate Bliss*; *Hare Hathra—Sun and Moon*; *Kundalina—Serpent Power*; *Shasrara—Highest Chakra*; *Triveni—Sacred Knot*; *Shanti—Peace*.

Personnel: Scott, clarinet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★½

These selections have more in common with Indian music than jazz. Scott plays within the context of a small Indian ensemble and appears to be attempting to emulate Indian improvisers.

About all he has accomplished, however, is to make an album of bland mood music. Compared to good Indian music, this stuff is elementary. The performers play in a very subdued manner. Maybe their work

is supposed to sound mysterious and exotic, but it doesn't go anywhere; it's merely boring.

Scott's playing has neither an authoritative jazz or Indian feeling; he doesn't do much more than fool around as if he weren't sure of what to do. He uses the lower register a lot, employing a breathy tone which probably reflects the influence of tenor saxophonist Ben Webster. (Webster is one of Scott's favorite musicians.)

It is understandable that an American record company should want to take advantage of the widespread interest in Indian music by making an LP such as this. I hope that those involved realize that esthetically it leaves much to be desired.

—Pekar

Sol Yaged

ONE MORE TIME—Lane LP154: *Winchester Cathedral*; *Wolverine Blues*; *Autumn Leaves*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Nagasaki*; *Crazy Rhythm*; *St. Louis Blues*; *Hindustan*.

Personnel: Ray Nance, cornet, violin, vocals; Yaged, clarinet; Dave Martin, piano; Sam Ulano, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album of happy, good-time jazz, recorded live at New York's Gaslight Club, has as its chief claim to attention the presence of Ray Nance, a musician of genius.

The Gaslight Clubs is where Playboy got the idea from, but the decor and musical outlook stress nostalgia rather than the pseudo-contemporary. Yaged, who has been active on the New York scene for more than 20 years as a leader—always working, always picking good sidemen—knows how to get to an audience. No crusader, he plays for the people, but he always gives them jazz.

Sol has been in charge at the Gaslight for some three years, with stable personnel. Much of what the band serves up is obviously routine; the climaxes are built in. But while much is predictable, it's done with flair, and there are surprises, such as Nance's violin and Yaged's clarinet duetting on *Autumn Leaves*—unexpectedly sophisticated fare for such a menu.

Crazy Rhythm, which features the violin, is also a departure from the norm, which is a roisterous, extroverted mainstream-Dixieland format with frequent Nance vocals. The absence of a bassist demands hard work from Martin and Ulano. The pianist, a vastly experienced veteran, comps expertly and contributes jaunty solo work. The drummer, best known as a teacher, is a bit on the busy side, but he keeps firm time, which is the main thing.

Yaged has always emulated Benny Goodman, but not to the point of following B.G.'s changes in style and embouchure. Thus, he keeps alive a stage of Goodman that the originator has largely abandoned. He projects well and has a very nice sound, and his enthusiasm communicates, though his employment of cliché riffs and phrases sometimes jars. His work on *Wolverine* and *Hindustan* shows him at his best.

Nance is a marvel. A born entertainer, he does not shy away from a little showbiz here and there, but it's done with charm and taste. His fat, mellow cornet sound, varied with skillful use of mutes and natural dynamics, is a joy to hear,

and he had good chops on this session.

He even manages to make a piece of music of *Winchester*, with a disarming vocal. His ensemble leads are exceptional. On *St. James*, with plunger mute, he recaptures the spirit of Hot Lips Page, who owned this piece. His driving solo on *St. Louis* is a high point of the album, and his violin on the two aforementioned titles is lovely.

The loud applause and cheering after each number becomes irritating after a few hearings, but attests to the group's communicative powers. Records like this, showing a working group in its workaday surroundings, are currently rare. There are groups and clubs like this throughout the country, but none of the others have Ray Nance. His fans will want this record, available from Sam Ulano, 101 West 42nd St., New York N.Y. 10036.

—Morgenstern



RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

The effusions of several self-righteous rock writers to the effect that Los Angeles singer-composer-orchestrator Randy Newman is a genius are given the lie by his first album (Reprise 6286).

At best, Newman is the composer of a number of mildly interesting pieces of some sardonic charm. But even so, the determined diffidence of his approach to lyrics soon wears thin over a whole LP, and the impression with which one is left is that it is merely a stance or pose.

Newman's singing takes some getting used to; his attempts to vocalize with the same kind of laconic obliquity his lyrics possess has him sounding like Buddy Hackett. His orchestrations reveal solid craftsmanship but veer uncomfortably close to routine Hollywood—overelaborate, obvious, heavy-handed.

Like Van Dyke Parks, Newman seems a talented young artist who has run amok in the studio. Hopefully, he'll settle down. I'm sure I'll be branded obsolete by Newman's champions, but if this is the direction in which "art rock" is expected to go, I'd like to register a protest right now. There's little worse than deliberately underplayed pretentiousness.

Though considerably less talented (but much less pretentious) than Newman, the writing-performing team of Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart seems almost refreshing

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in comparison.

There's no doubt the pair has all the conventions and techniques of popular song down pat; they apparently can grind out a hit song at the drop of a contract and have done so for the Monkees, Del Shannon, Little Anthony and the Imperials, and even Dean Martin. But their performances of their own material on two recent LPs, *Test Patterns* (A&M 4126) and *I Wonder What She's Doing Tonight?* (A&M 4143), indicate that their songs are more properly catalogs of effects and attitudes copped from other records.

They are skilled craftsmen, synthesizers rather than creators, who produce acceptable, conventionalized contemporary-sounding parallel pieces (rather than outright copies) to the leading original works. The surfaces of their music are perfect for each genre they attempt, but there's little depth or content to their music. Pass these up.

Another set of flawless surfaces and smooth vocal stylings, but essentially empty of meaningful commitment or even a consistent point of view—save the desire to concoct hit-sounding recordings—is *Bound to Happen* by (Terry) Cashman, (Gene) Pistilli and (T.P.) West (ABC 629). The production of the trio's 10 tunes is top notch, but at the core there's not much happening in the Top-40, Four Seasons bag this group pursues.

An attractive, unpretentious set is *Safe at Home* (LHI Records 12,001) by the International Submarine Band, a West Coast quartet that ostensibly has fused con-

temporary country-and-western and rock. The sole bow in the direction of the latter would appear to be the use of a prominently recorded electric bass sound, for otherwise the group seems merely to be aping standard c&w style.

The group's lead singer, Gram Parsons (currently with the Byrd Brothers), reveals a firm grasp of the idiom and has contributed four original pieces that are little different from the conventional c&w fare the group performs. This is not particularly exciting when compared with the real thing but not bad in its way, and certainly the International Submarine Band does the c&w idiom no great harm.

My vote for Noncontender of the Year goes to Dave Van Ronk for missing the boat again. The erstwhile folk singer-guitarist recently elected to join the swing to electric bands with *Dave Van Ronk and the Hudson Dusters* (Verve/Forecast 3041), the Dusters being a four-piece group of some considerable skill.

Unfortunately, however, the group's fine supporting work, Dave Woods' interesting rock arrangements, and the excellent tunes he has written are unable to rescue this set from disaster. The fault is entirely the leader's, and his singing here has got to set an all-time low, even for Van Ronk.


He apparently is unable (or unwilling) to sustain tones or manage the range of the pieces with any kind of smoothness. His voice repeatedly breaks throughout the performances, and his tonal quality suggests nothing so much as a rusty Brillo

pad suddenly been empowered with speech. His phrasing attains to new levels of mannered woodenness on *Clouds* and *Dink's Song*, the latter one of the loveliest of American Negro folksongs.

The Candymen, who do *Candy Power* (ABC 633), formerly backed rockabilly singer Roy Orbison, whose recordings with the group were among the best he and it did. This recent LP reveals that the group is tight and can generate considerable power and rhythmic force but lacks direction.

Lead singer Rodney Justo is competent but undistinguished, and the band's choice of material leaves much to be desired. The set never gets off the ground.

Similarly producing competent but essentially faceless music is a three-piece group, the Griffin. Its recent *The World's Filled with Love* (ABC 634) reveals little in the way of lyrical or musical originality but demonstrates a solid grasp of the basic elements of rock style. More maturity and a point of view would make a big difference. Here, however, the group has little to say that hasn't been said—better and with greater distinction—many times before.

The Bubble Gum Machine (Senate 21002) produces routine Top-40-directed, teeny-bopper-mentality pop music of little emotional or intellectual substance. The Machine's chief virtue would appear to be its inoffensiveness. I hope it gets a hit, for it appears to be striving mightily for one, and such single-mindedness should not go unrewarded. Forget this one, too. 

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Antibes Jazz Festival

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Easily the most disappointing and lackluster participants in the ninth Antibes Festival were the audience. Because musicians are paid to perform and because audiences have to pay to listen, it is natural that we should expect musicians to make the greater effort when it comes to communication between themselves and the customers.

In jazz criticism in recent years there has been no shortage of adverse comment about the "take it or leave it" attitude of some musicians towards the cash-paying public—and I've contributed my share. Certainly musicians have a moral responsibility to do more than just play; equally certainly, however, audiences have a moral responsibility to do more than just pay.

But the audiences at Antibes this year, confronted with a jazz menu that, if not exactly cordon bleu, was at least nourishing and varied, seemed for the most part to sit on their hands and say, "O.K. send us into instant ecstasy." Even the booing and whistling for some parts of Don Ellis' set were shamefully hesitant and half-hearted by normal French audience standards.

It could be that the May-June French crisis had knocked some of the stuffing out of the people and it is true that attendance was down compared to previous years. The inherent danger for a critic sitting among an apathetic audience is that he can be persuaded that what he is hearing is less worthy than it really is, but in fact the music on the whole was of a high standard, and it was sad that it did not evoke a more positive response.

The Antibes formula, based on popular successes in previous years, is now well-established: a big name band (Basie); a Gospel singer (Mahalia Jackson) and a Gospel group (the Drayton Singers); an avant garde group combining a whiff of black power, a tinge of psychedelia and a dash of pop (Pharoah Sanders); a new group (Don Ellis); a sprinkling of European outfits, and a last-minute French contingent to appease the musicians' union (Henri Renaud's quartet, Claude Bolling's orchestra, and the Happy Cookies).

As a six-day series of concerts it was fine; but it failed as a festival—compared, for example, with Montreux—not only because of the sluggish audiences, but because there was no jazz atmosphere in Juan-les-Pins apart from the concerts. One felt a certain sympathy with the students who clashed with police outside the open-air auditorium on the Pinede, shouting slogans to the effect that jazz should be made available to its faithful supporters and that ticket prices were too high (from three to 10 dollars).

There were no drum clinics, few public rehearsals, and jam sessions were mostly limited to a match-box sized club, the Early Bird, which most fans couldn't afford. The result was that Maxim Saury's group, which had nothing to do with the festival, drew great crowds for its nightly sessions in the open-fronted Pam Pam cafe, and on one night was joined by Basie sidemen Eric Dixon, Al Aarons and



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

John Klemmer with Don Ellis: Star Soloist

Grover Mitchell.

The Happy Cookies, a French traditional group, opened the festival on Saturday with some pretty routine versions of numbers like *Royal Garden Blues* and *King Porter Stomp*, but the first real event of the festival was the return to the concert stage of pianist Henri Renaud, leading a quartet completed by Dominique Chanson, alto and flute; Benoit Charvet, bass, and Franco Manzecchi, drums.

Renaud, whose tasteful single-noted style strikes one as a combination of Bengt Hallberg and Al Haig, kicked off with his own version of *Green Dolphin Street* (*Blue Antibes Street*) which stuck fairly close to the original and featured a fine solo by Chanson.

Chanson, a most accomplished musician who deserves much more credit and recognition, followed with some haunting flute on *Willow Weep for Me*, and the set concluded with *A Night With You*, a thinly-disguised *Night in Tunisia*.

The Boy Edgar big band from Holland is unique in being the only big jazz band directed by a brain surgeon and subsidized by its country's ministry of culture. It is not unique in very much else.

Edgar is clearly a tremendous enthusiast, but even with two bass players his band doesn't swing. The set was relieved only by the magnificent trumpet and flugelhorn work of Europe's most traveled lead man, Benny Bailey, and by some fiery alto playing from Piet Noordyk.

What Edgar can take credit for, however, is bringing the superb Betty Carter to the festival for the first time. Miss Carter an extremely musicianly jazz singer (hence, undoubtedly, her failure to make it as big as many less accomplished vocalists) came on stage in trousers and a jaunty cap and sang with such verve and command that she almost got the band to swing.

I Only Have Eyes For You was taken

at a brisk, marching 4/4 and Miss Carter handled the changes like an instrumentalist. She followed with a medley of good standards—I *Didn't Know What Time It Was*, *All the Things You Are*, and *I Could Write a Book*—backed by the rhythm section, and wrapped up the set with a storming scat version of *On The Alamo* which reminded why Lionel Hampton used to introduce her as "Betty Bebop."

At her second festival appearance, Miss Carter suffered. The band got hung up in an arrangement of *Loverman*, and *Thou Swell* tailed off inconclusively as the singer tried unsuccessfully to get the band to modulate to a different key. This highly talented singer deserved better backing for her debut in France.

The Pharoah Sanders Quartet (Sanders, tenor; Lennie Smith Jr., piano; Norris Jones, bass; Magid Shabazz, drums) came on next in the spot which has been occupied by John Handy and Charles Lloyd in previous festivals.

Sanders played *Creative Music* and *Venus* and showed himself to be a resourceful and emotional player with one foot in the avant garde camp and one in the camp camp, or the Fillmore auditorium.

He daubs his playing with wild shrieks, screeching harmonics and the occasional cry of a ruptured moose in the conventional avant-garde manner, but among the predictable frenzy there is much meaningful music.

In his second performance, Sanders played a sequence of pieces, one of which bore a more than passing resemblance to Charles Lloyd's *Sombrero Sam*, with ringing piano chords, a calypso beat, and Sanders using cowbells, maracas and tambourine.

In some of the slower passages there were moments of great beauty from Sanders. Smith played imaginative and interesting piano, but drummer Shabazz seemed

to be the weak spot of the rhythm section.

The Sanders quartet, augmented by a Senegalese conga drummer, Djibrill, on its second night, drew the greatest volume of applause of any group in the festival.

But easily the most exciting spots were the sets by the Don Ellis Band, an outfit which simply erupts with vitality and vigor. I had frankly had apprehensions that the band would eventually be submerged under the weight of its own gimmicks—but they proved unjustified. Leaving aside quarter-tone trumpets, delayed echo effects, electronic flutes and time signatures like vulgar fractions, this band really loves to swing, and does.

When Ellis announced *Open Beauty* as a psychedelic ballad in 3/4, 4/4, 5/4 and 3½/4, one feared the worst. But in fact Ellis *uses* the time signatures and doesn't allow them to use him.

Ellis has opened up a whole new range of resources for big band jazz, but he has not made the mistake of using them as ends in themselves and it is quite evident from the enthusiasm the band generates that it hasn't by any means abandoned the traditional concepts of rousing, romping big band jazz.

The band has an immensely gifted soloist in tenorist John Klemmer, who was featured in his own *Last Summer's Spell*, a ballad similar in mood to *Early Autumn*. Klemmer, a fiery and highly individualistic soloist, also starred in the 7/4 piece *A New Kind of Country*.

Indian Lady, in 5/4, featured Ellis on trumpet and he used the delayed echo

system to achieve an intriguing campanological effect. But perhaps the most challenging item was a piece written specially for the festival by Ellis and called *Variations for Trumpet*.

This work presented a cascade of sounds—more delayed echo, use of the octave device on trumpet—in a variety of time signatures, 5/4, 4/4, 9/4, 7/4 and 32/8, and appreciation of its various sections was greatly enhanced by Ellis' taking the trouble to explain the development.

The leader, in fact, announced throughout in French, using notes which he had prepared for the occasion, and his conduct on stage was an object lesson in how to reach the public.

Sunday, appropriately enough, was Gospel day and the powerful, evangelical voice of Mahalia Jackson more than compensated for the dull mediocrity of the Drayton Singers who occupied the first half of the concert.

Miss Jackson, 100 pounds lighter than when she was last in Europe, is a great favorite in France and was making her first appearance at Antibes. But despite her passionate readings of such Gospel standards as *Down by the Riverside*, *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho*, *If I Can Help Somebody*, and *Didn't It Rain*, the audience response was a good deal less than fervent.

Britain's sole representatives at the festival, the Don Rendell-Ian Carr Quintet, acquitted themselves extremely well. This tight-knit modern group, in which Carr on fluegelhorn was the outstanding soloist,

contributed three arresting originals, *Pavane*, *Hot Rod* and *Voices*.

Pianist Michael Garrick soloed impressively on *Hot Rod* and bassist Dave Green provided strong and intelligent support throughout the set, which, unhappily, was too short for the musicians really to stretch out.

The third French group to appear in the festival was the Claude Bolling Orchestra which played a sort of mainstream suite at inordinate length and was notable for the versatile piano work of the leader.

The fourth and fifth nights of the festival were devoted entirely to the Count Basie Band, that superb professional unit which repeatedly proves that predictable music need by no means be uninspired or boring.

The Basie rhythm section—one of the great jazz institutions—is almost worth a concert to itself, and the superb togetherness of the sections sent shivers down musically sensitive spines.

All of Me, with its delayed action brass explosions, was followed by a selection of Basic basics which included a whirlwind workout by Eddie Davis on *Cherokee*, a crackling *Night in Tunisia* from new trumpet man Oscar Brashear, and the genial gibberish of singer Richard Boone in *Boone's Blues*.

The Basic masterpieces *I'll Darlin'* and *Whirly Bird* stirred a jubilant response from the crowd, and *Blues for Eileen* featured a tasty duet between Eric Dixon's flute and Al Arons' muted trumpet.

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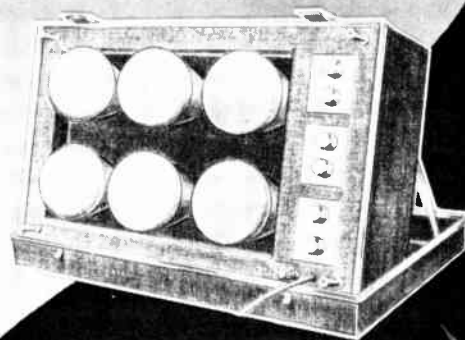
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soloist with the band was Vi Redd, who opened with *Every Day*, with nice backing from Eric Dixon, and sang up a storm on *Wee Baby Blues*.

Miss Redd completed her set with yet a third blues, *Monday Morning*, and the band rounded off the concert with *The Magic Flea*, the indestructible *One O'Clock Jump*, and a breakneck *Jumping at the Woodside* as an encore.

Conventional and conservative the Basie band may be, but it has some fine soloists, can still swing its tail off, and at Antibes provided a perfect balance for the eager experimentations of the Ellis band.

The festival concluded rather sepulchral on Thursday, with a final concert by the Drayton Singers and Mahalia Jackson—an anti-climactic ending to a festival in which the audience had been the biggest anti-climax of all. —Mike Hennessey

Sonny Rollins Quartet

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Pat Rebillot, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Rashied Ali, drums.

After another of his periodic absences from the American jazz scene, during which he played in Japan and meditated in India and Brooklyn, Rollins returned to public activity with a limited engagement at the cellar club on 7th Ave. During the course of his stay he replaced his bass and drum team frequently, keeping pianist Rebillot as the only constant in the changing rhythm section. The accompanying trio that I heard was certainly no help to Rollins.

Rebillot, who has distinguished himself in other contexts, seemed out of place here; Johnson was adequate but undistinguished; and Ali, more in command of his instrument than before, played against rather than with or for Rollins. Perhaps it was Sonny's sheer power as a musical presence, but I was able to tune out the others and concentrate solely on him. As you may have guessed, Rollins has lost none of his spellbinding ability and improvisational prowess. With one lip tied behind his face he can outblow 95% of today's tenor men. He began with *Old Devil Moon*, swinging with an ease that belied both his opposition and the intricacy of his improvisations. The long notes, spread over the cavern of his huge sound and contrasting with fantastically fast-fingered runs, constantly set you up and layed you out. The surging pulse of his playing, which some might describe as ingenious rhythmic displacement, is constant swing, swing, swing, unrelenting in its joy-bringing qualities.

The ballad, *In A Sentimental Mood*, was not only gorgeously stated within its body, but there was a typically fabulous Rollins coda. From there Sonny went into continuous medleyland. *St. Thomas* became *Three Little Words* and there were melodic permutations galore: *Autumn Nocturne*, a hint of *Raincheck* and, later, the whole quote; then, a return to *St. Thomas* and out.

Set two began with Rollins' own jazz standard, *Doxy*. It stretched out to examine the melodic figure from all angles. Harmonically, he explored it inside and

out. The rhythmic possibilities were explored with a passion as natural to Rollins as fingering the horn. *There Is No Greater Love* fomented a coda that was worth at least another song and a half. He concluded to a tumultuous ovation with another of his originals, *Oleo*. Ali's accents were anything but right. He sounded as if he were a computer wrongly programmed.

I don't presume to tell Rollins what to do, but I have known him and his music for a long time. As a selfish listener, I wish he would play with his peers. There is no telling what lyric and emotional heights he could reach. He and Max Roach once played together in Brown-Roach Inc. Why don't they try it again? To my mind, what jazz needs at this time—among other things—is consolidation of the giants.

—Ira Gitler

Ray Nance Septet

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Ray Nance, cornet, vocals; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; George (Big Nick) Nicholas, tenor saxophone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Jackie Williams, drums.

Last fall, Jack Bradley, the jazz photographer and self-proclaimed Armstrong fanatic, and Howard Fischer, a jazz-fancying lawyer, organized the New York Hot Jazz Society (225 W. 57th St., Suite 603, New York City, 10019) whose stated purpose is "to revive, preserve and promote hot jazz in the New York area." Since then the society has put on a monthly series of programs at various spots featuring such musicians as Willie (The Lion) Smith,

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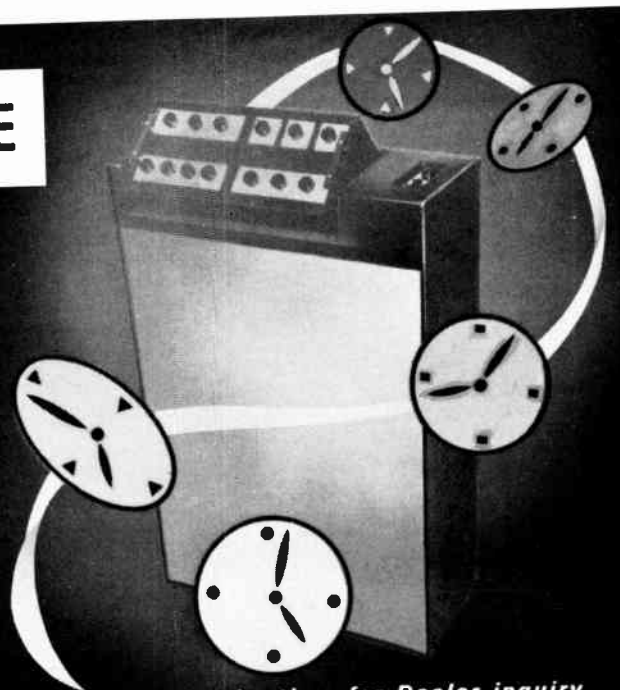
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44

Cliff Jackson, Zoot Sims, Pee Wee Russell, Buck Clayton and Wild Bill Davison and the Giants of Jazz.

Attendance has been strong at each session, and the society's last event before a summer lay-off drew a packed house to the Half Note. It was an attentive and enthusiastic audience that was aware of what it had come to hear and responded with warmth and appreciation.

There was plenty to appreciate. The group brought to the session by Nance was



Ray Nance
A Real Band

studded with names that roused nostalgic memories for the over-40 set. But there was a lot more than nostalgia in their performances.

Grimes, with whom Charlie Parker made his first small-group records in 1944 and who now plays regularly at a piano bar on the east side, the Ali Baba, was rolling out long, loping single-string solos that combined the Charlie Christian touch and his own eruptive, driving attack.

Stewart, humming in unison with his bowed bass on *Star Dust*, seemed unchanged from the days when he was part of the Benny Goodman Sextet or Art Tatum's trio or the team of Slim and Slam. At the piano, Sir Charles Thompson, who wrote *Robbins' Nest*, one of the jazz classics of the '40s, played with the easy, flowing sense of swing that made him one of the most vitally propulsive pianists of the postwar years.

Nicholas, a tenor saxophonist who used to exude the Coleman Hawkins style, now held his saxophone at a high angle in the Lester Young manner and poured out solos that danced along on Pres' phraseology. The broad, lusty trombone of J. C. Higginbotham was still full of its familiar burry smears.

And Nance, whose two decades with Duke Ellington once appeared to have typed him stylistically not only as a cornetist and violinist but as a singer and dancer, revealed that, outside the Ellington context, he has a far broader musical personality. Unfortunately, this was only indicated glancingly, since he was very modest in giving himself solo space.

Even drummer Williams, a generation

younger than the rest of the group, rose from a dependable supporting role to take a solo on *Caravan* that showed taste and imagination that caught and reflected the spirit of the band as a whole.

One of the most interesting aspects of the session was that this really was a band, a well-integrated band, even though it had never played together before as such. Its members swung together with a sensitivity for each man's role in the ensemble that only musicians who have been steeped in this kind of performance can summon up in such extemporary circumstances.

Individually and as a group, they were marvelous. The New York Hot Jazz Society was certainly living up to its credo in presenting this group. But why can't more people than the privileged few who caught them at the Half Note have the opportunity to hear jazzmen such as these who are now at the peak of their maturity as performers?

—John S. Wilson

Pittsburgh Jazz Festival

Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The fourth Pittsburgh Jazz Festival returned to an indoor setting at the Civic Arena in downtown Pittsburgh. The attitudes of its audience were almost as unpredictable as the caliber of performances by name jazz musicians.

A disappointing turnout of 3200 persons came to view Ray Charles, the Raelets and the Ray Charles Orchestra on Saturday evening. They seemed to enjoy what they saw and made considerably more applauding sounds than the surprisingly big crowd of 8500 which attended the following night's event and sat on its hands until vocalist Dionne Warwick asked for a clapping groove and got it.

All in all, the festival was adjudged a success by Father Michael Williams of the Catholic Youth Organization of the Pittsburgh Diocese, who helped to sponsor it, and by George Wein, who served as part-time emcee and full-time entrepreneur of talent.

The event got underway promptly at 8 p.m. Saturday, when hometown pianist-combo leader Walt Harper warmed up the audience with his arrangement of Nat Adderley's *Do, Do, Do*. Always a showman and crowd pleaser, Harper, who also was the show's associate director, played the kind of understandable and proficient jazz which has enabled him to make a profitable living in Pittsburgh. It also impressed the audience and the sidemen in the Ray Charles Band who were waiting to follow. The Harper instrumentalists included Nelson Harrison, trombone; Nate Harper, tenor; Tom McDaniels, bass; Bert Logan, drums; and Will Smith, bongos. Both brother Nate and newcomer Harrison were in top form and swung the Adderley tune with zeal. They scored again on *Sunny*, which also featured pianist Walt.

The first half of the show might have profited by featuring another "name" musician to spur attendance. But artistically it had some stirring moments by the Charles band, which played six instrumentals featuring saxophonist Curtis Amy, Pittsburgh-bred bassist Edgar Willis, and

drummer Bob Thompson. Organist Billy Preston also doubled on vocals, much to the consternation of the un-hip in the crowd who had no emcee to tell them he wasn't Ray Charles. Billy wowed them with *Satisfaction* and *Double-O Soul*.

Occasionally, a local disc jockey would wander to the microphone to mutter something about how great the show was, but never to identify a sideman or tune title. This was remedied, of course, when "Mr. Soul" himself made the scene after intermission. Obviously in good spirits, Charles enchanted the assemblage with his humor, philosophic advice and talent. Beginning with *Bright Lights* and ending with *Soft Winds*, he did nine Charles favorites which buoyed the spirits of everyone. *Georgia* and *Marie* were especially welcome.

The Raelets joined Charles on *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Crying Time*, *Ode to Billie Joe*, and four others.

The second night was another and most unusual story. The opening set boded well for things to come when Cannonball and Nat Adderley, Joe Zawinul, Vic Gaskin and Roy McCurdy took the stage. They played about 27 minutes of stylized recording arrangements including *Some-where*, *74 Miles Away*, *Walk Tall*, and *Early Chanson*. Cannon's soulful sounds on *Some-where* were a highspot, and pianist Zawinul is a Pittsburgh favorite who can do no wrong here.

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy made all the Adderley fans happy.

The next entry was the Gary Burton Quartet, which indulged in some free form exercises that might have been helped by emcee explanations. But to many, the sounds spoke for themselves, and there was scattered appreciation for *Good Citizen Swallow* featuring bassist Steve and an unamplified mike; *African Flower*, with some tasteful vibes by the leader, and an untitled work by guitarist Larry Coryell which gave drummer Roy Haynes a rousing three-minute solo.

South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela played music which he said was typical of the dance music heard on weekends in his native land, including *Grazing in the Grass*, a piece about cattle on which he did a kind of South African scat vocal.

The next two combos, Herbie Mann and Thelonious Monk, seemed to go through the motions of playing competent jazz and had a listless, lulling effect on the audience. Mann had a few stirring moments on *Love Is Stronger Than Us*, but his quintet never seemed to catch fire. Monk, who had been a highlight of previous Pittsburgh festivals, also seemed to be dispensing a packaged product which the people admired but couldn't get too excited about. Tenorist Charlie Rouse never really got off the ground.

The saving grace of the night was songstress Dionne Warwick, who swung through seven numbers, well programmed, perfectly phrased and dynamically exciting. They included *Up, Up and Away*, *Who Can I Turn To* (with long, sustained high notes), *Walk On By*, *Valley of the Dolls*, *San Jose*, and the usual Warwick highspot, *Alfie*.

A moment of silence was observed for Monty Montgomery who was to have ap-

peared on the show and was replaced by Masekela.

It appears that Pittsburghers are willing to buy good jazz, and the CYO and George Wein are to be commended for promoting this festival. A little bit more attention to programming, showmanship, and especially emceeing might provide bigger dividends in 1969.

—Roy Kohler

Walter Bishop Trio

14 and 10, New York City

Personnel: Bishop, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Gene Taylor, bass.

There is a new club in town, 14 and 10, located at 14th St. and 10th Ave. That is the area pioneered by West Boondock in the soul food and jazz departments. The sign outside says "Boss Soul Food," and after devouring an order of ribs and greens with cornbread, I can attest that this is not false advertising.

The music department was in as good shape as the kitchen, with Bishop really at home on the range. Once Charlie Parker's regular pianist—and that says something—he has experience, taste, imagination and feeling, with the fingers to get it all across. On this occasion, Bishop was accompanied by bassist Taylor, subbing for Herbie Lewis, and guitarist Richardson, who proved to be a reluctant performer.

Autumn Leaves opened the first set, followed by *Here's That Rainy Day*. The first was bright and swinging; the second more reflective. In his *Rainy Day* solo, Bishop hinted at Parker's *Au Privave*. I requested that he play this piece in its entirety, and he obliged with a swift version of the classic bebop line. For some reason, Richardson, who had graced the first two selections with a mellow presence, dropped out and didn't even pick up his instrument during the second set. Since Bishop ended the number with Bud Powell's *Dance of the Infidels* and Oscar Pettiford's *Collard Greens* and *Black-Eyed Peas (Blues in the Closet)*, I was tempted to call it Bird-Bish-Bud and O.P. The most sizable portion was Bish—lucid solo improvisations on the blues. Next he played a blues of another groove, and in it he quoted from *Vierd Blues (Trane's Blues)* and Monk's *Friday the 13th*.

The second set began with a bossa nova in which Bishop contrasted a two-handed attack with astonishingly fleet single-line playing. *When Sunny Gets Blue* was intelligent impressionism with Taylor bowing underneath in certain sections. The waltz *Someday My Prince Will Come* contained some fine interplay with the bassist, and another passel of quotes: *Umbrella Man*; *Straight No Chaser*; *Till the End of Time*.

Bishop closed with another good blues, quoting along the way from *Isn't It Romantic*.

All the quotes were expertly woven into the overall fabric of the solos, as only a master bopper can weave them. They were the piquant condiments in a fascinating menu served up by one of our most accomplished pianists. He and the ribs, enhancing each other, were an unbeatable combination.

—Ira Gitler

Next Issue...

Down Beat's 12th Annual Keyboard Issue

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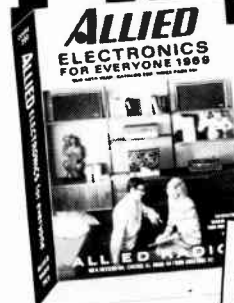
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f [Varitone: bright tone, more volume, more octamatic on baritone]

Little Girl Blue

arr. Snyder

unison tenors 2nd baritone

mp [Varitone: dark tone, soft veiled sound, hint of octamatic on baritone]

f [Varitone: bright tone, no octamatic, gradual added volume to give balance in crescendo over building brasses]

ELECTRONIC AND amplified instruments are here. This fact is easily seen by looking at the ads in this and other music magazines or by visiting a music-industry trade show. The manufacturers have increased amplification systems for all band instruments. These systems, the option of the player, can electronically amplify, alter, color, or augment either the tone quality or pitch of the instrument. At the recent National Association of Music Manufacturers trade show, one manufacturer was even displaying electronic drums, complete with a choice of tone colors.

Electronic and amplified instruments are here, but will they stay? I think that their future will depend on their acceptance by the professional and by the music educator and ultimately on their validity as a vehicle for musical expression.

For the professional, electronic instruments represent a real asset. They have found an extensive use in small groups, whether pop or jazz. With their tonal and pitch variations they can add effective new colors to the small group; with their usually fine amplification they represent a great

improvement over the usual house microphones.

For the experimenting musician, they represent a new palette of sound sources until now available only in the recording studio.

As far as the music educator is concerned, little has been done in the use of electronic instruments. What little use has been made is in the stage bands. Why haven't educators made more use of these devices? Partly it is a question of money, since most schools operate on a limited budget, and electronic instruments are costly.

However, more of the answer lies in an attempt to come to grips with the other factor affecting the permanence of electronics in music—the musical validity of these sources of sound production. Many music educators tend to be purists. They look askance at anything that isn't traditional, at anything that smacks of the commercial or of the entertainment or pop field. More than one development and improvement in the instrument manufacturing field has been rendered ineffective by

this traditionalism, which has kept the mechanisms and construction of many instruments in the Middle Ages.

I feel that an electronically produced or altered sound is as valid a sound as one produced by the "natural" instrument. The problem is that it must be accepted as a different sound and not constantly compared with the sound of the unamplified instrument. It must be judged on its own merits as a sound, and not by how closely it approximates the natural tone quality of a trumpet, bassoon, etc. I believe that the climate is changing. With the insistent pressure from the avant-garde experimenters and the manufacturers, the electronic sounds will become more widely accepted as time goes by.

What makes them musically valid is the fact that they are a means of musical expression that cannot be duplicated by the natural instrument.

If we view them in this manner, positively, as adding whole new sources of musical expressions and not as corruptions of the pure tone qualities, they become more readily acceptable. However, they

must be evaluated constantly by musical and esthetic standards.

Listen critically to Don Ellis' *Electric Bath* (Columbia CS 9585), and see if the same impact could be obtained without the electronics involved. Then judge these effects, not on their novelty but by an application of all the canons of esthetics. Apply the same test to some of the more advanced pop works of the Beatles; the Mothers of Invention; Blood, Sweat and Tears, and other such groups.

If these are musically worthwhile, then why can't we, as music educators, adopt them? Let's go beyond the stage band and try some of their applications in concert band and orchestra. There are currently an increasing number of works, some published, for band and orchestra that employ prerecorded tape and aleatory music techniques. It took a long time for educators to become interested in the possibilities here. I feel that eventually electronic instruments will catch on as well.

Let's look at some of the possible applications in the school jazz group of one specific electronic device, the Varitone. In preparation for the annual jazz lab concert at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill., the Melodons were lent Varitone equipment by Selmer that enabled them to experiment with the following instruments: two soprano saxophones, two alto saxophones, two tenor saxophones, a baritone saxophone, clarinet, trumpet and trombone.

The woodwinds utilized a prototype of the section control box, which allows five instruments to play through one console under the control of the director.

The Varitone, as applied to any of the instruments, uses either a built-in pickup or one mounted on the saxophone neck, clarinet barrel, flute head joint, or on the brass and saxophone mouthpieces. The equipment we used had all three types of pickups, and there seemed to be no significant difference in the effectiveness of the sound, depending on the type Varitone used.

The heart of the Varitone is the control box, which allows the player or the director, in the case of the section control, to provide straight-through amplification in chosen amplitude; echo or reverberation in varying amounts, and the Octamatic or suboctave device in varying degrees of volume under the amplified or unamplified tone of the instrument. Separate switches, that can be used in combination, provide for amplification of the normal tone quality or with "bright" or "dark" electronic variations, plus a tremolo effect.

The section control box allows the director to control the over-all effects of the section and to balance the section, since each input has its own volume control. Using the section box, he can add Octamatic to any one of the five instruments but to only one at a time. Currently, the echo effect is not available on the section control, but all the other possibilities of the individual Varitone are available.

In our use of the Varitone, we approached it as another instrument(s) and didn't expect it to be just for amplifying saxophones, for instance.

The most frequent and logical use we

made of it was in solos, in which it provided excellent straight amplification. In the case of the trumpet and trombone soloists, it was used at their discretion to color and change the sound.

At the previously mentioned concert, the choice of mixtures was left up to the individuals with some combinations and functions more or less ruled out by the director.

Through experimentation we found that the best straight amplification of the brass came when the "bright" control was used along with the "normal." The "dark" sound on the brasses was very different and unusual. Varying amounts of amplification and echo coupled with "distorted sound production" by the soloist provided new and strange sounds for sound effects and "free" sections. We experimented with various amounts of Octamatic and found that one of the most appealing was the use of the unamplified trumpet with the Octamatic.

In the beginning of our use of Varitone with the brass I was a little concerned that the ease of playing resulting from the amount of work the Varitone would do might have a bad effect on the players' endurance and range when they were without the Varitone. So far, there does not seem to have been any bad effects.

The Varitone reduces the amount of work and effort the player has to expend to play loudly. It also increases the player's flexibility and range. It is these two last factors that seem to have most helped the brass soloists when playing without the Varitone, with no significant loss of projection and power.

Another danger we had to watch with all of the soloists was that since they were dealing with something novel, they tended to overdo some of their use of effects to the point where they might tend to become monotonous. This is easily corrected with reminders of the necessity of variation.

The straight-through amplification provided by the section control for the saxophones was extremely valuable in balancing the band. It was especially helpful in doing some of the Stan Kenton arrangements, for which it is almost impossible to get enough saxophone sound if one is going to open up all the brass fortissimo and then expect the saxophone counterline or arpeggiated figures to come through. This is hard enough for a professional band to do outside of a recording studio with individual miking. With the section control the director can amplify his entire saxophone section evenly and faithfully to balance the brasses. The section Varitone was especially helpful in balancing a soprano saxophone lead over the rest of the section.

Of course the ability of the section control to bring out the individual soloist over a thick brass or full-band backing passage was invaluable. It far surpasses any public-address system, for in most cases the amplified solo on P.A. comes from a different spacial location than the player; with the Varitone the solo voice is amplified in the context of the band.

Apart from amplification, the section Varitone was effective in coloring saxophone lines and section effects. In tutti

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"Hard Day's
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are your
round guitar
strings playing
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Shhhhhh
Ffff"?**

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sections it could be used to add more baritone (with or without Octamatic) to balance the section. However, its most startling use was in some of the unison saxophone lines. In one slow blues the saxophones opened in the low register with a unison melody. We used the "dark" coloration, had the saxophones play sub-tone, and added a small amount of Octamatic to the baritone. This opened up the possibility of all sorts of Mancini-ish effects. On the repeat of the line we moved from the "dark" to the "bright" sound, and as the section went into fortissimo harmony, we increased the Octamatic on the baritone. Maximum contrast in the two treatments of the melody was achieved.

Another example of the use of the saxophones was in a version of *Turkish Bath* from the Don Ellis album. The opening line was scored for woodwinds playing a unison—but tuned in quarter tones—above a rather raucous low brass rhythm patter. The brass were written low, and in order to get the needed edge, crispness, and impact, they had to play fairly loudly. Un-amplified woodwinds would have been lost; with the section control we easily could balance the two soprano saxophones and two clarinets. We went further and modified the tone electronically by adding some tremolo and coloration to make the line more effective.

There were some definite problems with the use of the section Varitone that we had to work on constantly.

One that was all to the good developed from the fact that with amplification, in-

tonation became much more critical both in the section and with the use of Octamatic. Notes that could have slipped by on baritone saxophone were highlighted starkly when Octamatic mixed with tuba, piano and arco bass on sustained notes.

Another problem was basically a psychological one that we had to overcome when the brasses really heard the saxophones in a full-band tutti section for the first time and then, in order to maintain what they assumed was the proper balance, began to increase their dynamic level to the point of overblowing.

On thing that must be made clear about the Varitone or any electronic instrument is that it is dependent for its efficiency on the technique of the player and is not automatically going to improve the player or give him new techniques. What was bad tone, bad intonation, bad phrasing before is going to remain and be electronically exaggerated.

I am glad that we had the chance to experiment. I certainly worked harder running the "box" at that concert than at any previous one, but it was worth it. The band was able to do things that we had not been able to do before. The over-all impact and sound of the band was improved and varied. I would wholeheartedly recommend that music teachers introduce their bands to electronic instruments. Now that we have some of the basics down we are going to move further in the direction of electronics. It's challenging and musically stimulating, and it can open up whole new concepts of sound.



CHORD STUDIES by Joseph Viola

The following material, extracted from *Chord Studies for Saxophone* by Joseph Viola, Supervisor of Woodwind Instruction at Berklee School of Music, may be effectively used for any instrument. Simply make octave adjustment wherever necessary.

The examples should first be played in the order in which they are presented and then practiced in all keys. If possible, do this without writing out the transpositions.

Additional variations will be presented in future columns in this series.

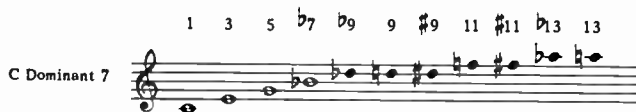
C major



C minor



C seventh



C minor seventh



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HOOKER

(Continued from page 23)

there—local, you know, they work for scale. There's a whole lot of young guys, like Little Junior, Eddie Burns, and Little Sonny—they're all friends of mine.

The blues are bigger now than ever—ten times bigger. You know why it's bigger? Because all the college kids are digging it now. Ten years back the blues was just in a certain area . . . it was just the blues lovers only. But nowadays all the kids are digging the blues—the college kids. That's where I do most of my work now, the college kids. Let's face facts. I've been overseas and there there's lots of people digging the blues. And here too. The college kids love the blues, they understand the blues now, but 10 years back they didn't understand the blues. And there's thousands, millions of them digging the blues now. Ten years back, or 15, they didn't. All the white kids, all kinds of kids—they're digging the blues right down to earth.

I don't know why it's happened; it's something I can't figure out myself. But as time marches by they understand the meaning of the blues . . . what you're saying. I'm spending a lot of time in Canada; they love me all over Canada. They love the blues all over there. Years back they didn't know what the blues was but now they dig them like . . . I don't know what!

Don't let nobody tell you the blues is going out. They're bigger, 10 times bigger. I'm trying to reach all kinds of publics,

people that love ballads, blues lovers, and the young kids with the big beat. I'm doing it all.

Selected Discography

Currently, there are more than two dozen LP recordings of Hooker's music available, plus other albums that offer samples of anywhere from one to six of his performances along with the work of other blues men. From this large output, I would unhesitatingly recommend the following items: *The Blues*, Crown 5157; *John Lee Hooker Sings the Blues*, Crown 5232; *Folk Blues*, Crown 5295; and *The Great John Lee Hooker*, Crown 5353—all reissues of his early single recordings for the Modern label from the years 1948 through 1955 (many of these Crown LPs have been repackaged and retitled on the United Superior label); *John Lee Hooker Sings Blues*, King 727—difficult to find in record shops but still in print, a set of performances recorded in Detroit in 1948 and 1949, and perhaps the best single LP collection of Hooker's music—certainly the 12 Hooker selections are among the most impassioned postwar blues recorded. (Note: though the album boasts 16 tracks, four of them are not by John Lee Hooker at all, but by Earl Hooker—*Poor Joe*, *Stomp Boogie*, *Who's Been Jivin' You*, and *Race Track*; also, five of the John Lee Hooker selections included in the King LP are included in that label's subsidiary Audio Lab *Highway of Blues* set (Audio Lab 1520). Another significant set of early performances by Hooker is *Don't Turn Me from Your Door*, Atco 33-151,

a reissue of seven pieces originally released as singles on the Chart and De-Luxe labels in 1953, as well as five tracks recorded in 1961. Two sets on the Riverside label, *That's My Story*, 12-321 (also issued as *Blues Man*, Battle 6113), and *The Country Blues of John Lee Hooker*, 12-838 (available also as *How Long Blues*, Battle 6114), are instructive primarily because they include numerous performances of material Hooker recalled from his youth in Mississippi.

Additionally, there are a number of Hooker LPs on the Chess and Vee Jay labels, among which *House of the Blues*, Chess 1438, and *I'm John Lee Hooker*, Vee Jay 1007, are easily the best. Much of Hooker's output for the latter label is among his most expendable recorded work, particularly the later albums. Of his most recent recordings, only *John Lee Hooker Live at Cafe Au-Go-Go* (BluesWay 6002), on which he is accompanied by the Muddy Waters band, is of more than passing interest.

As a general rule of thumb, the earlier recordings have it all over those of the 1960s, and often those of the late 1950s as well. While Hooker has remained a strong, compelling performer, the years of extensive recording have taken their toll in material.

EDS

BLACKWELL

(Continued from page 19)

shyly during our interview, "but you've got to put Klook (Kenny Clarke) in there. I always loved the way he plays cymbals. There are certain things about his playing that really gas me, because he can do some of the hippest things with the simplest amount of movement or sound. I've heard him make albums with just a snare and bass drum and it sounded so groovy. I've always felt limited without my tom-toms, but you don't even miss them when Klook is playing."

Music for Blackwell remains a strictly happy affair. "I always try to generate the feeling that I got as a kid in New Orleans," he explained. "The best music is the happiest kind, and that's how I feel about what Ornette plays. It's happy music, like in New Orleans.

"But New Orleans music generated many feelings. For instance, when they were on the way to the graveyard it was very sad, mournful, almost like a dirge, but on the way back it was a happy thing, a complete turnaround.

"I imagine that's what made New Orleans music so fantastic because of the way they were able to generate different moods. I think that's the mark of professionalism, being able to play with a variety of different feelings."

Edward Blackwell is a true professional. No wonder he is first choice drummer for Ornette Coleman; he really knows the score—even when there isn't any.

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STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The young management which revitalized the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn has taken over Count Basie's in Manhattan. Max Roach's group opened in mid-August and was joined on the weekend by the Miles Davis quintet . . . Meanwhile, the uptown scene was also graced by alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, tenor saxophonist George Coleman, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Peck Morrison and drummer Lenny McBrowne at Minton's . . . The Randall's Island Jazz Festival grossed \$205,000 as some 37,000 persons attended the two-night affair. Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Ahmad Jamal, Irene Reid, Shirley Scott, Jimmy Witherspoon and comedian Irwin C. Watson appeared on the first night; Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria, Lou Donaldson, Jack McDuff, Witherspoon and Dick Gregory on the second. Eddie Harris slated for the first night, was unable to appear because of illness . . . The *Symphony of the New World* has announced its schedule for the 1968-69 season. On Oct. 6, John Lewis and the *Modern Jazz Quartet* will be featured. Included will be first performances of commissioned works by Lewis. On Nov. 17, the Orchestra will be conducted by former jazz drummer James DePriest. DePriest

is a nephew of Marian Anderson . . . Pianist Jaki Byard has been busy of late on some unusual gigs. With trumpeter-violinist Ray Nance, tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, bassist David Izenzon and drummer Sonny Brown, he played a concert for the Girl Scouts of America in Pleasantville, N.Y. The same group, with Clifford Jordan subbing for Ervin, played at David Rockefeller's wedding reception. Earlier, Byard played at the bar-mitzvah party of James Weinstock, son of Prestige records president Bob Weinstock . . . The African Contemporary Music Ensemble played a Sunday session at the Dom for Jazz Interactions with Robin Kenyatta, reeds; Don Pullen, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Milford Graves, drums; and Rahman Ali, percussion. The following week, Zoot Sims filled in for the regularly-scheduled Clark Terry, who had to fulfill an out-of-town engagement. Later that night Sims doubled over to his regular job—the quintet he co-led with cornetist Ruby Braff at the Half Note during the month of August. Nat Pierce was on piano and Mousey Alexander on drums. Bassists included Herb Mickman, Herbie Lewis, Ron Markowitz, and Jack Lesberg. The Hot Jazz Society's monthly Half Note session spotlighted trumpeter Buck Clayton and tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson. The rhythm section consisted of Chuck Folds, piano; Lesberg; and Jimmy Crawford, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist Ray Abrams, who played with Dizzy Gillespie in the '40's and

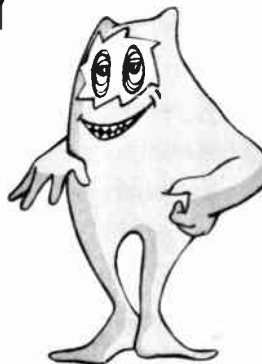
Terry Gibbs in the '50's, led his own 10-piece band in a free concert for MUSE, the Bedford Lincoln Neighborhood Museum in Brooklyn . . . Ed Summerlin's new cantata *Sourdough and Sweetbread*, commissioned by Openwide, the Kennebunk, Me. Arts Festival, was premiered Aug. 4 at the Kennebunk High School Gym. It is scored for three actors, five brass, flute, three jazz players, a chorus, six projectors and 25 children. The Don Doane band of Portland, Me. provided the brasses and flute. Summerlin, on tenor saxophone, with bassist Targan Unutmaz and drummer Charlie Marano, comprised the jazz trio, and the composer also conducted . . . Drummer Les De Merle worked two weekends at Dino's Lounge in Middletown, N.Y. to promote jazz for young people. His group included John Gatschel, fluegelhorn; Louis Hoff, alto saxophone; Mel Olman, piano; and Carmen Rubbino, Fender bass. DeMerle's regular job is at the Tune Timers on Northern Blvd. in Queens . . . Pianist Eddie Bonnemere took his septet and a 40-voice youth choir from St. Thomas the Apostle Roman Catholic Church to Washington, D.C. where they performed his latest mass for the Catholic Liturgical Conference . . . The groups of Charles Moffett and Giuseppe Logan played in Slug's Jazz on a Saturday Afternoon series . . . Bagpiper-reedman Rufus Harley did five concerts for The Jazzmobile in Manhattan and Brooklyn between Aug. 12 and 16.

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Los Angeles: The third Watts Summer Festival was accompanied by an occasional obligato of gunfire and rock and bottle throwing, but none of the incidents prevented good jazz from being heard. Participating were Oscar Brown, Jr., Nancy Wilson, Big Black, the Afro-Blues Sextet, Letta Mbulu, Shelly Manne and his Men, Les McCann, T-Bone Walker, and the Freedom Sounds . . . Yusef Lateef made his first appearance here in three years, playing two weeks at Shelly's Manne-Hole, with Hugh Lawson, piano; Cecil McBee, bass, and Roy Brooks, drums. Following a one-nighter at UCLA, Lateef and his group headed north to San Francisco for a gig at the Both/And. Sharing the first part of the Manne-Hole stand with Lateef was drummer Paulinho

and Sambrasil; later, it was Betty Carter, who also did a couple of Thursdays at Donte's . . . After many delays, the posh Jazz Suite finally opened on the site of the old Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. The membership club (entrance fee: \$1,000, plus a monthly tariff of \$25) unveiled an ambitious booking schedule: in the main room, the big bands of Oliver Nelson, Don Ellis, Count Basie, Stan Kenton and Gerald Wilson; Carmen McRae, and the Modern Jazz Quartet—all for one-week stands. In the smaller upstairs room, the combos of Red Norvo, Marian McPartland, and Earl Hines will be in for two weeks each . . . Joe Williams completed his third booking at the Hong Kong Bar, backed by Ellis Larkins (making one of his too-rare West coast appear-

ances), Al McKibbin, and Panama Francis . . . Gabor Szabo is finally off the ailing list and was scheduled to bring his combo into the Manne-Hole during the first two weeks of September. Only personnel change in the guitarist's quintet: drummer Dick Berk has replaced John Clauder . . . Clare Fischer's 18-piece band recorded for Atlantic under the aegis of producer Albert Marx . . . Father Tom Vaughn, the piano-playing priest, has moved from Midland, Mich. to Northridge, Calif. and will be in the area for at least three years while studying at UCLA for a doctorate in psychology. Shortly after defecting to the west, he found himself ensconced at Whittinghill's in Sherman Oaks . . . Another not-so-recent emigre is guitarist Cal Green. He came here two years ago with Brother Jack McDuff, worked with Lou Rawls, and is now with organist Charles Kynard at the Tiki. Also a West Coast resident now is bassist Eddie Kahn, who was recently reunited with old sidekick Dick Berk at Geri's Velvet Lounge in San Bernardino, where both worked with pianist Gene Russell . . . Trumpeter Billy Brooks is popularizing his skoonum (a two-bell trumpet he invented). Henry Grant used four skoonums (Skoonae?) in the trumpet section of his band at the Watts Festival, and it looks as if Ray Charles' band will follow suit . . . The Edgewater Inn, in Long Beach, is back on a name policy, leading off with Louis Armstrong Sept. 25. Also back in business is the Pilgrim Theater with its county-sponsored free Sunday matinees. Gerald Wilson was followed by Bill Plummer's Cosmic Brotherhood. Dave McKay's Concert Jazz Quintet is scheduled for Sept. 22; Ray Brown's quartet and Craig Hundley's trio will share the stage Sept. 29 . . . The Quintet De Sade gave two Monday concerts at the Ice House in Pasadena, the first of which was devoted to original compositions by Carla Bley . . . Pianist Terry Trotter led a quartet of Jim Helms, guitar; Steve LaFever, bass, and Chuck Flores, drums, behind Rod McKuen at the Troubadour . . . Bob Jung's big band, propelled by drummer Jack Sperling, continues at the Joker Room in Mission Hills . . . Harry James and band played a one-nighter at Melodyland, with Della Reese as special guest . . . Calvin Jackson played for a celebrity-studded crowd at the Beverly Hills club to benefit the Freedom from Hunger Foundation . . . Two city-sponsored events found the 17-piece Ambassadors at the focal point: first, a jazz concert held at Van Ness Recreation Center; second, a three-day *Festival in Black* at the Friendship Auditorium. Ed Greenwood led the band at both events. On Saturdays, drummer Alvin Hall has been running a summer jazz workshop program with the Ambassadors as the nucleus.

Chicago: The International Association of Jazz Record Collectors held its fourth annual convention in Chicago Aug. 16-17 and elected Ken Crawford of Pittsburgh president. Rare jazz films were shown, rare records played, and live music made by members. The organization's membership list has passed the 200-mark . . . Banjoist-singer Eddy Davis, who also

1969 Grants Total \$6,500.00

Down Beat's 12th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

In 1956 Down Beat established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Hall of Fame Scholarship program provides for fourteen (14) scholarship grants to be awarded to student musicians on the basis of their potential and current abilities.

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WHO IS ELIGIBLE? Anyone, male or female, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the following age requirements is eligible.

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1968. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1969 issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of Down Beat and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee School of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

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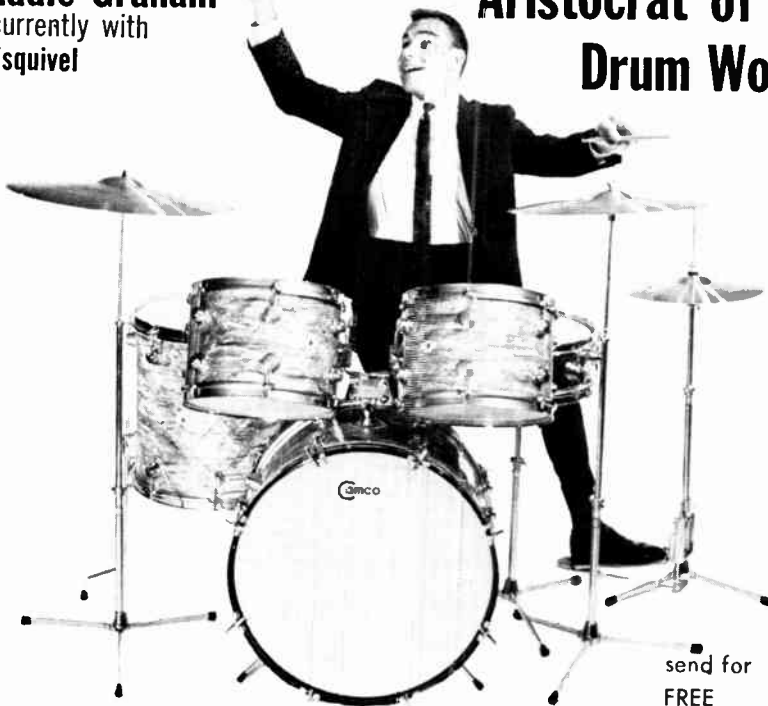
doubles on a multitude of instruments, has been holding forth for many months at the Scotch Mist, backed by a rhythm section . . . Blues singer-guitarist **Big Joe Williams** was featured artist in the first of a series of informal Sunday afternoon sessions at **Bob Koester's Jazz Record Mart**. Koester's Delmark label has prepared LPs by multi-reedman **Anthony Braxton** and clarinetist **Barney Bigard** (with **Art Hodes**) for fall release . . . Local Favorite **Sonny Stitt** (with organist **Don Patterson** and drummer **Billy James**) made his third visit of the year to the Plugged Nickel in late August . . . Trumpeter **Gene Shaw's** group at the Hungry Eye includes organist **Bobby Pierce** and drummer **Fred Stoll** . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians opened a series of Friday night concerts at the Hyde Park Art Center Aug. 16 with a performance by the A.A.C.M. Big Band led by pianist **Richard Abrams**. In addition to Abrams the band included **Lester Bowie**, **John Jackson**, **Leo Smith**, trumpets; **Lester Lashley**, trombone; **Joseph Jarman**, **Absholom Benscholomo**, **John Stubblefield**, **Maurice McIntyre**, **Bro McMillen**, reeds; **Muchaca Uba**, **Malachi Favors**, basses; **Ajaramu**, **Paul Ramsey**, percussion; and **Sherri Scott**, vocals. Appearances by the groups of Jarman and Smith were scheduled to follow.

New Orleans: Trumpeter **Milton Batiste**, known for his work with the **Olympia Brass Band**, led his own group at a dance and concert at the **ILA Auditorium** in September . . . The Police Fund benefit program called *The Biggest Show in Town* drew 17,000 at City Park Stadium. Among the groups appearing were **Al Belletto's** quartet from the **Playboy** and **Roy Liherto's** Dixieland combo from the **Famous Door** . . . A recently started underground publication, *The Ungarbled Word*, is featuring commentary on the local rock scene by **Jay Marlboro** . . . Bassist **Joe Herbert** joined pianist **Dave West's** trio for Sunday night sessions at the **Bostro** . . . Clarinetist **Harold Cooper** flew to Houston with the **Dukes of Dixieland** to play the intermission at the **Houston Oilers-New Orleans Saints** football game. The Dukes are set for frequent appearances at **Al Hirt's Bourbon St. club** . . . Drummer **Charlie Persip** accompanied **Billy Eckstine** during the singer's recent **Blue Room** engagement.

Detroit: The Detroit Creative Musician's Association has found a new home at the **Detroit Repertory Theatre**. Their first concert at the theatre featured **DCMA** president **James Brown's Nu-Art Organ Quartet** (Brown, drums; **John "Yogi" Cowan**, organ; **Charles Miles** and **Marvin Cabell**, reeds), pianist **Harold McKinney's** group (**Marcus Belgrave**, trumpet; **Bari**, tenor; **Rod Hicks**, bass; **George Davidson**, drums; and **Gwen McKinney**, vocals) and pianist **David Durrain's** quintet (Belgrave; Cabell; **John Dana**, bass, and **Doug Hammion**, drums). Dana is also a member of tenorist **Larry Nozero's** quartet which has brought jazz to northwest Detroit by opening at the **Ivanhoe Lounge**. Other

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members of the group are pianist Keith Vreeland and drummer Jim Nemeth. . . Altoist Larry Smith was detained for a week in starting with organist Charles Harris' trio at the Argyle. Subbing for Smith was altoist Thomas Hale. Current drummer with the group is James Youngblood. The Argyle gig marks Youngblood's first venture into jazz since mangling his right hand in a factory accident early this year . . . Three veteran Detroit musicians moved upstate when organist Levi Mann took his trio (**Big Bob Fennoy**, tenor; **Duke Hyde**, drums) into the Golden Horseshoe in Petoskey . . . Organist Lyman Woodward's trio (**Dennis Coffey**, guitar; **Melvin Davis**, drums) have left the Frolic after a long and successful stay to free lance. First stop for the group was a two nighter at Mr. Kelly's, where they were billed as **United Soul** . . . Organist **Trudy Pitts** trio (**Rudy Troccoli**, guitar; **Mr. C**, drums) returned to a good reception at the Drome. The club plans further ventures into a "name" policy, with appearances by altoist **Lou Donaldson** and multi-instrumentalist **Rufus Harkley** tentatively in the offing.

Baltimore: Henry Baker's Peyton Place brought in Milt Jackson in late August . . . The **Lee Morgan-Clifford Jordan** quintet and the **Chico Hamilton** octet were in town in late July and early August respectively for the Left Bank Jazz Society. On Aug. 18 the LBSJ had its annual *Jazz on the Bay* cruise on Chesapeake Bay. Aboard with the **Groove Holmes** trio was local tenor saxophonist **Mickey Fields**. The LBSJ donated the proceeds of its concert Aug. 25, featuring **Horace Silver's** group, to *Project Survival*, an organization supported by the anti-poverty program and interested in furthering the success of inner-city credit unions.

Cleveland: Trumpeter **Bob Lanese**, recently out of the army, finished a busy summer playing with the **Bobby Bryan** Septet in the Cabaret Room at the Blue Grass Restaurant. The group features jazz singer **Bryan**; **Ernie Krivda**, tenor; **Ron Kozak**, baritone; **Al Ballog**, piano; **Frank LaMarca**, bass; **Val Kent**, drums. Lanese has moved on to graduate school at North Texas State . . . **Lou Rawls** was featured for four big nights at Leo's Casino in August . . . **Harold Betters** and his group frequently appear at the Virginian . . . Pianist **Hugh Thompson's** trio (**Tony Carmen**, bass; **Tom Inck**, drums) is enjoying continued success at Pete and Charles'. **Sali Lynn** is the featured singer . . . The **Weasel Parker Trio** has returned to the Balcony Lounge.

Pittsburgh: Jon Walton, former tenorist with **Artie Shaw**, **Benny Goodman** and others, joined the **Jimmy Dorsey** (Lee Castle) Orchestra in early August . . . Mainstream fans have been going out of their way to hear the group of **Charlie Barnet** alumnus **Frankie Widders** at the Foodergong Motor Lodge near Ephrata, Pa. Sidemen include **Rod Schaum**, guitar and **Paul Warfel**, bass . . . The organ and tenor of **Shirley Scott** and **Stanley Turrentine**, a Pittsburgh native, were

heard on a Jazzmobile tour in early August. The tour was coordinated by pianist **Walt Harper** whose quintet was also featured . . . Saxist-pianist **Louis Schreiber** has been adding to his reputation this summer, most recently at The Crow's Nest . . . Trombonist **Harold Batters**' combo, a steady feature at The Encore in Shadyside, took a two week vacation in mid-August and were replaced by a group led by trombonist **Al Grey** . . . Flutist **Tommy Lee** headed a group at the Pilot House barge on the Monongahela River wharf. **Danny Mastri**, on leave from the **Saints and Sinners**, was the bassist . . . Organ combos continued to be featured at The Hurricane Bar. **Artie Sherman's** quartet with **Charles Spruling** on drums was followed by the **Rudy Johnson Trio**.

Toronto: **Eddie Condon** arrived at the Colonial Tavern for a three-week engagement with **Yank Lawson**, **Cutty Cutshall**, **Bob Wilber**, **Cliff Leeman** and **Herb Gardner**. Cutshall died of a heart attack during the engagement (see p. 13) . . . **Bob Brookmeyer**, with Toronto valve trombonist **Rob McConnell**, backed by **Ed Bickert**, **Bob Price**, and **Jerry Fuller**, played a week at George's Spaghetti House. Brookmeyer followed **Zoot Sims**, who appeared with **Art Ayre's** house band . . . The same week, **Bud Freeman** opened at the Golden Nugget with pianist **Don Ewell** . . . **Eubie Blake**, the 86-year old pianist, was the guest of honor at the annual meeting of the Ragtime Society . . . **Pinky Smith**, former Detroit gospel singer, has been attracting audiences with her appearances at the Penthouse Motor Inn . . . Another American singer, **Ada Lee**, who now lives in Toronto, is currently featured at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . **Big Chief Russell Moore's** band at the Colonial included **Emmett Berry**, **Eddie Wilcox**, **Franklyn Skeete**, and **Jackie Williams** . . . **Gunther Schuller** conducted the Stratford Festival Orchestra in a Sunday afternoon concert at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, where **Ravi Shankar** also recently appeared . . . **Howling Wolf's** blues band was one of the many attractions at the Mariposa Folk Festival, held this year at Toronto Island, a ferry boat ride away from downtown Toronto. Over 15,000 fans gathered at the new site.

London: The month of July saw a plethora of visiting Americans to shore up a drooping local scene. Pianist **Randy Weston** made a weekend trip from Morocco en route to the USA and sat in with expatriate **Jon Hendricks** during the latter's Sunday stint at The Bull's Head, Barnes. Weston also participated in some afterhours jamming with Hendricks and reed man **Clifford Jordan**, who arrived to promote his record label, Frontier, and also took over featured sideman chores on a Hendricks recording date. **Lennie Tristano** made his only British appearance at the Harrogate Arts Festival Aug. 9, playing with bassist **Peter Ind**, and pianist **Freddie Redd**, here since early June, has been appearing regularly on Thursday night sessions at The Troubadour with **Lionel Grigson's** group, the leader switch-

ing to trumpet to accommodate the piano man. On the penultimate session before the vacation, **Philly Joe Jones** sat in and played like a god . . . Still with the pianists crossing the pond, **Marian McPartland** returned home for a three-week vacation, and recorded a TV show for BBC's *Late Night Line-Up* and a radio date for BBC's *Jazz Club* . . . Pianist **Jack Wilson** toured here as **O.C. Smith's** accompanist . . . Following a month by the **Blossom Dearie Trio**, tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** opened Aug. 19 as featured soloist with **Ronnie Scott** and the band at Scott's club. The new octet which reunites the club's proprietor with trumpeter-flugelhornist **Kenny Wheeler** and reed men **Ray Warleigh** and **John Surman**, will also feature charts by Henderson. Singer **Joy Marshall** shares the bill. Activity in the Scott camp continues as plans to convert the club's next door premises progress. The present club room will be enlarged, and when the work is completed, entertainment on three floors will be the feature. Shades of the Playboy . . . Following the successful broadcast of **Graham Collier's Workpoints**, BBC producer **Roger Eames** has taped three further stereo sessions for the network's cultural Third Program. These are by the **Spontaneous Music Ensemble**, the **John Surman-Mike Osborne Jazz Workshop** and the **Chris McGregor** group . . . **Ray Charles** will record two shows for BBC-TV when he opens his three-day tour Sept. 30 . . . **Buddy Rich** begins a tour Sept. 24 at Bristol's Colston Hall, while the **Oscar Peterson Trio** kick off their

fall visit with concerts at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall Sept. 28 . . . The **Johnny Dankworth Orchestra**, singer **Cleo Laine** and vibraharpist **Frank Ricotti** blew for a gala night at the Scott Club July 28 in aid of the London Jazz Center Society. The LJCS plans a series of winter concerts at London's Conway Hall to prove to the Arts Council and other such bodies that jazz is an art in need of subsidy, especially now that the young players no longer have a place to experiment.

Poland: **Ben Webster's** summer visit here included concerts at the National Philharmonic in Warsaw and in several other cities. He was backed by Polish rhythm sections . . . **Novi**, the much-praised vocal quartet, left in mid-July for their first Scandinavian tour, including appearances at the Pori Jazz Festival in Finland, and concerts and television performances in Oslo, Stockholm and Copenhagen. They were accompanied by pianist **Andrzej Trzaskowski**, bassist **Roman Dylag**, and Norwegian drummer **Jon Christensen**. Novi will visit Cuba for the second time in November, and in January will become the first Polish jazz group to tour India . . . **Leonard Feather's** television series *Feather on Jazz* was shown here to considerable response. More presentations of a similar nature are being planned by Polish TV . . . **Paradox**, the winning band in the modern group category at the Student Jazz Festival in Wroclaw, participated in the International Amateur Jazz Festival in Zurich, Switzerland Sept. 9-14.

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LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.
Baby Grand: unk.
Basie's: name groups.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Horace Silver to 9/22;
Johnny Lytle 9/24-29; Dizzy Gillespie 10/8-13.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Herb Brown, tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun, afternoon.
Electric Circus: Sweet Savins Chain, 9/17-22.
Apple Pie Motherhood Band, 9/24-29.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vancro, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Fillmore East: Traffic, 9/20.
Forum Club (Staten Island): Pat Trixie, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
14 and 10: name pianists.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Tunia, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 9/30.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): Jimmy Wright, tfn.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): The Page Three, Bob Jennings, tfn.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Eddie McGinnis, tfn.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie, Al Haig.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Sarah Vaughan to 10/1.
Rx: Cliff Jackson, Thur.-Sat.
Riverboat: Glen Miller (Buddy DeFranco) to 9/18; Clyde McCoy, Eddie McGinnis, Fran Warren 9/19-10/7.
Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt. The Scene: unk.
Shepherd's: Blue Notes to 9/21.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tom Jones: Dave Rivera, tfn.
Top of the Gate: Mose Allison to 9/30.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: "World of Herbie Mann" to 9/30.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Wincellar: unk.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Philip Cohran, Fri.-Sun.
Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Bitter End: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Various organ groups.
Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Mongo Santamaria to 9/29.
Earl Hines, 10/1-20. Soulful Strings, 10/23-11/10.

Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Downtown): Pat Panessa, Fri.-Sat.
Midas Touch: The Soft Touch.
Mister Kelly's: Mara Lynn Brown to 9/29.
Frank D'Rone, 9/30-10/13. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Jimmy Smith to 9/22, Miles Davis 9/25-29.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Miss: Eddy Davis, hb.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat.
Tejar Club: various name groups.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Harold Nicholas, Dave Holden.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Janelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Don Boudreau, Jean Sampson.
Chadney's (Santa Monica): Stan Worth. (Sherman Oaks): Roy Malus.
Charter Oak (Mar Vista): Marty Harris, Thur.-Sun.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah, Dolo Coker, Sam Fletcher, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Nancy Wilson, 9/17-30. Ella Fitzgerald, 10/15-29.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Teddy Buckner, Clara Ward, Young Men From New Orleans.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Vocal Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big Bands, Sun.
Edgewater Inn (Long Beach): Louis Armstrong, 9/25.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Fleur-de-Lis (Laguna Beach): Jan Deneau, Thur.-Sun. Dewey Erney, Fri.-Sat.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Big Bands.
Jazz Suite (Beverly Hills): Big Bands and combos nightly.
Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon.
Kneidoscope: Don Ellis, Wed.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cosmic Brotherhood, 10/18-26. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
940 Club: Eddie Cano.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green, Lady Laura, Red Holloway, Mon.
Pied Piper: Gene Lynn, Karen Hernandez. Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pilgrimage Theatre: Cosmic Brotherhood, 9/15.
Concert Jazz Quintet, 9/22. Ray Brown, Craig Hundley, 9/29.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Redd Foxx's: Lovez Alexandria, Sun.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Mary Kaye.
Salem House (Farmers' Market): Marv Jenkins.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Cannonball Adderley to 9/22. Muddy Waters, 9/24-10/6. Closed Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobby Boyle. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneaky Pete's: Art Graham.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Whitting Hill's (Sherman Oaks): Father Tom Vaughn.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 33rd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Oct. 25—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. No stamp is necessary. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Oct. 25.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1968.
4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller.

5. Miscellaneous Instruments: This category includes instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. Record of the Year: Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

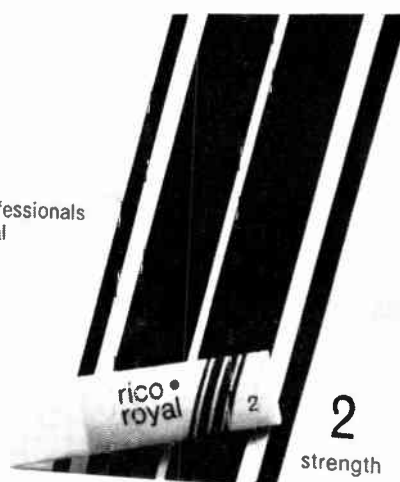
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*The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Edward C. Moore, 1891.



*Copper Venetian Salver, detail. Circa 1600.



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