

APRIL 3, 1989

35c

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

LESTER YOUNG—BILLIE HOLIDAY MEMORIAL ISSUE

Pee Wee Russell Dies



Lester Young's "Just You, Just Me"
Jazz Violin by Joe Kennedy



Chick Corea: Self Portrait
Comeback For Ernie Wilkins
Gabor Szabo Blindfold Test
J. S. Bach Meets Shelley Manne

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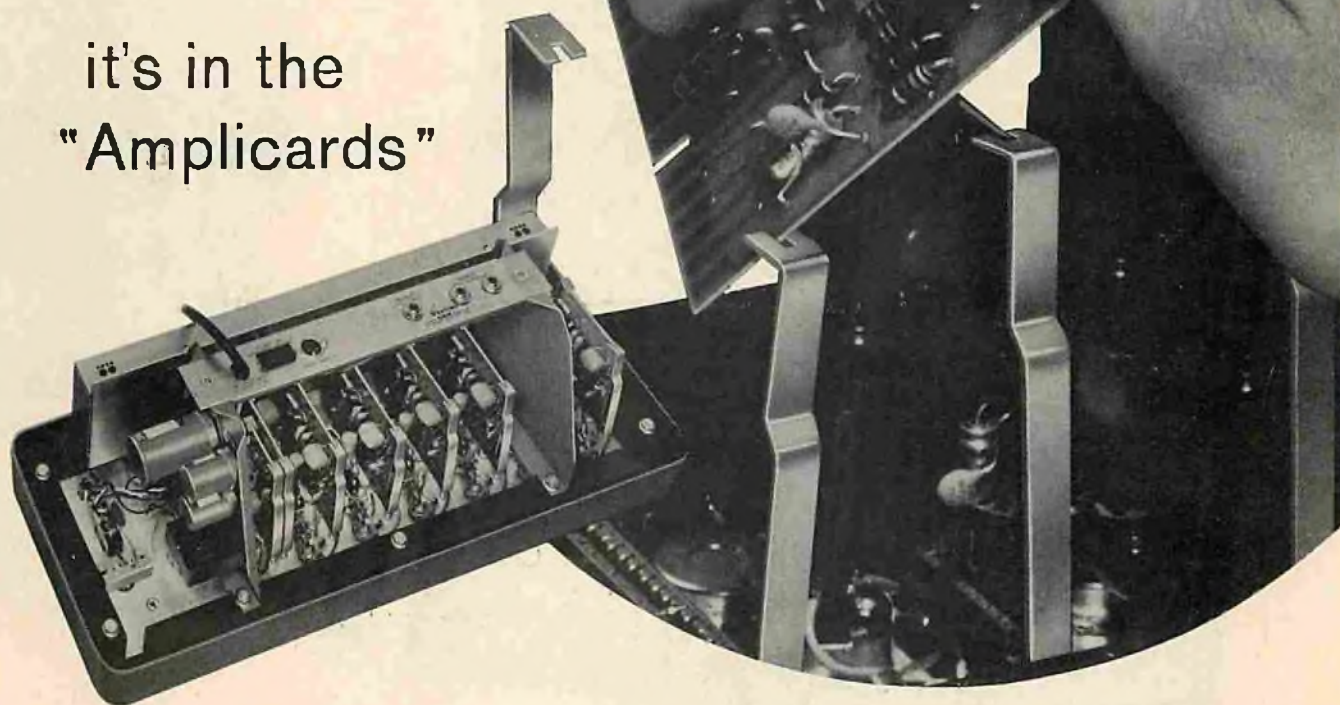
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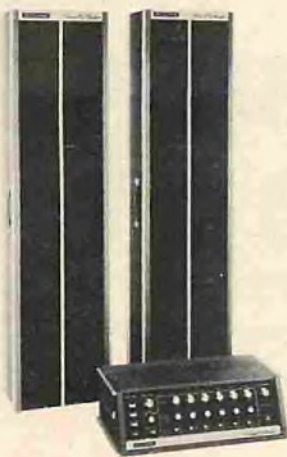
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

AS WE GET well into the school jazz festival season, it seems pertinent to make some observations on what's happening.

It should come as no great surprise that the level of performance exhibited at both the college and high school levels is greater than ever. Many of the festivals have been operating for over 10 years, with the standards of performance constantly improved by competition and rewards. The cumulative effect of improved teaching techniques (and sharper teachers), excellent teaching materials, special jazz clinics, summer camps, etc., is bringing us a rich harvest of young musicians relatively skilled in ensemble performance. It should be remembered, however, that these young musicians are not yet fully skilled jazz musicians of a professional standard. Generally speaking, particularly at the junior and senior high school level, there is little attempt at individual improvisation (most ad lib solos are written out). In too many schools the prevailing concept is not jazz but a kind of dance band idiom



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It may seem like semantic niggling but the term "stage band" no longer helps toward a better understanding of what a jazz ensemble should be. At the college level the word used is "jazz" and it does make a difference.

It is disturbing to see so many high school groups choose poor published material. If the educator-leader is serious about the values of his jazz program then he should be similarly serious about his selection of material. There is ample choice available (the *Down Beat Music Directory* lists over 2,000 big band arrangements) if the director knows how and where to go. He should send for materials "on approval" if he has not heard them performed. He should seek out material graded for his level and slightly beyond. He should encourage his local music dealer to hold a reading clinic for new jazz literature. Reading sessions are standard procedure for concert and marching bands, and are very easy and inexpensive to arrange.

Also observed are some symptoms of administrative restraint, diagnosed here as academic acne. This irritation manifests itself in such ways as: limiting the size and instrumentation of a jazz ensemble (instead of letting the band take its chances with originality and creativity); and limiting the choice of material to an "approved music list" (sheer nonsense). These annoyances are inevitable, I suppose, when something becomes big and important enough to affect the direction and growth of music education. Just let's keep the hall cleared of coaches and other music impediments.



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contents

- 7 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 10 Chords and Discords
- 12 News
- 15 Strictly Ad Lib
- 16 Sittin' In, by Art Hodes
- 17 Prez And Lady: The 10th anniversary of Lester Young's and Billie Holiday's deaths is marked in words, pictures and verse.
- 19 Lester Leaps In: Dan Morgenstern's evocation of the night honoring Lester Young's "30 Years in Showbusiness."
- 21 The Chick Corea File: A report on the pianist's ideas and activities. By Larry Kart
- 24 Record Reviews
- 29 Blues 'N' Folk
- 32 Blindfold Test: Gabor Szabo, Part 1
- 33 Caught in the Act: Shelly Manne • Berkeley Winter Jazz Symposium • Frank Foster • Jeremy Steig Quartet
- 37 Music Workshop: Lester Young Solo • Jazz Violin, by Joe Kennedy

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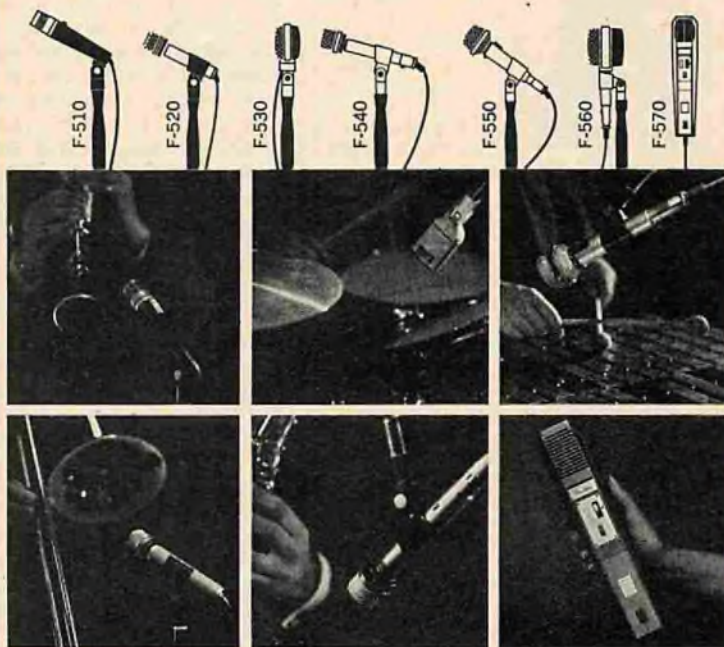
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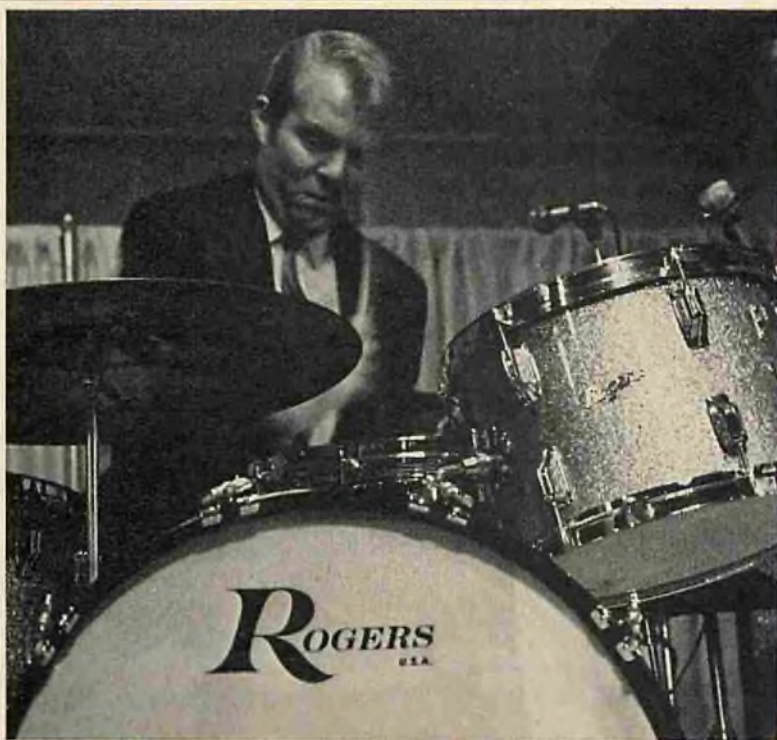
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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately followed by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My



PHIL WILSON

own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.

My first conversation with the Administrative staff at Berklee, however, made it immediately apparent that my strong interest in teaching supported by my extensive professional experience was exactly what the school required in all of its faculty appointments. More specifically, what I was told was "we don't just want you to teach the theory of trombone playing; we want you to prepare your students to make a living." Well, I had made a good living as a professional trombonist for a number of years and I was certainly aware of the varied and exacting demands of the world of professional music.

I'm now comfortably, if somewhat hectically, situated at Berklee teaching arranging, coaching ensembles and "preparing trombone students to make a living." As chairman of the trombone department, I've made certain that all my students are involved in a wide variety of ensemble activities . . . large and small jazz groups; theater and studio orchestras; brass quartets, quintets and choirs; concert bands; and even a special ten trombone jazz workshop.

I don't know exactly what musical directions each of my students will choose, but I do know that each will leave Berklee well prepared technically and musically for a career as a professional trombonist.

Phil Wilson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Blue For Lou

Lou Donaldson's criticism of the avant garde (*DB*, Feb 6) was ill-thought out, to say the least. Granted that this jazz form is plagued by more than its share of pretentious shuckers. But his scatter-gun put-down made no allowance for the many fine musicians who now work in or have worked in at some time or other the free-form idiom, Donaldson notwithstanding (Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Richard Davis, Roy Haynes, Joe Henderson, Billy Higgins and Ed Blackwell, to name a few), and many of them are composers and arrangers of note, having come through the ranks of r&b bands and groups led by established personalities such as Art Blakey, Maynard Ferguson, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Quite frankly, that jazz-is-dead saw is getting quite hackneyed, having been used by too many cultists and jive promoters to tar-and-feather, among other things, bebop.

His point that most serious jazz listeners are still leery of freeform jazz, rather than being an intended reflection upon the music's general aesthetics, is a revealing commentary upon what the music industry has done to jazz and its musicians with relation to the black ghetto out of which it sprang. Being a professional musician of long standing, Donaldson should know that jazz, unlike rhythm-and-blues, could be accomplished without the black public or the musicians getting hip. Most slum youths today (and many of their parents as well) wouldn't even know what Thelonious Monk or Jackie McLean were doing on a stage, let alone Archie Shepp, were they to hear them. Live jazz in the ghetto is a thing of the past, and industry price-fixing has put most jazz records beyond their means.

In light of this enforced audience enlightenment, I would hesitate to swear by its discrimination, as Donaldson seems to do. On the whole, Donaldson strikes me as an artist who has isolated himself from too many recent *meaningful* trends in jazz and from too many young artists who do *not* go around low-rating roots for his own artistic good or for his criticisms to be taken seriously.

William Washburn III

Nashville, Tenn.

I just glued my eyes in on *Lou's Blues* by Bill Quinn. Tell it like it is. Things ain't what they used to be. More of that talk. Bravo.

Moody Andre Redd

Aliquippa, Pa.

Blues Woes

I was very interested in John Litweiler's review of the Johnny Shines album (*DB*, Feb. 6), especially the remark that Shines is unlikely to "find the exposure . . . he deserves and needs. . ."

For about 10 months, I was managing

agent for Shines and Big Joe Williams. I was frankly unprofessional and not very good at that kind of thing. (The last straw came when Big Joe dropped out of sight. . .)

Shines and his band toured California in December. "Tour" is the wrong word; they played at the Ash Grove and the New Orleans House. All other clubs, big and small (notably the Fillmore West), refused to even pay the band scale. The trip from Chicago was a disaster.

It is evident that the only real exposure Shines and any number of important bluesmen will ever get is via white rock. Shines has eight children, a wife, and talent. He performs only for his construction boss.

John Simmons

Evanston, Ill.

Context And Potential

It is heartening to read Don Heckman's praise of drummer Philip Wilson's work with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band (*DB*, Jan. 9). Heckman writes that Wilson "cannot go unnoticed by the jazz audience (and the jazz press) much longer." That



was my feeling when I reviewed his work with the brilliant Roscoe Mitchell Quartet a year or so back (*DB*, Sept. 7, 1967). That piece concluded . . . "Music of such sensitivity, richness and vigor is too rare to be ignored. . . ." And really it's something of a pity about Wilson's present context.

The full creative potential of Wilson, Mitchell, Bowie, Favors . . . "go unnoticed"?—I wonder.

Terry Martin

Seattle, Wash.

Playboy's Poll Galls

One of the highlights of the year has already arrived, publication of *Playboy's* 1969 jazz poll. *Down Beat* is certainly out of tune with the fastidious taste of *Playboy* readers. Who but the most discerning would select Herb Alpert over runners-up Dean Martin, Barbra Streisand and Henry Mancini in the Jazz Hall of Fame, or Paul Mauriat's *Blooming Hits* as the big band LP of the year? How many *Down Beat* readers can say that they voted for Claudine Longet, Cher, Lulu or Cass Elliott as female vocalist of the year?

Excuse me while I vomit all over this month's centerfold.

Richard A. Waters

Madison, N.J.

Not that we disagree, but in fairness to the folks in Bunnyland, they now call it the Playboy Jazz and Pop Poll.

The Thinking Drummer Strikes

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Richard R. Gildersleeve

Portland, Conn.

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NEWPORT TO FEATURE BRITISH ROCK GROUPS

Ten years after the memorable Newport Jazz Festival which included the Kingston Trio and Pat Suzuki, Ten Years After (along with Jeff Beck, Jethro Tull, and Led Zeppelin) will come to Newport.

The groups are all British imports, and it is claimed that their brand of rock, with its emphasis on extended improvisation, is stylistically close to jazz. Jimmy Page (Led Zeppelin), Alvin Lee (Ten Years After), and Jeff Beck have all gained considerable reputations as rock guitarists.

Festival producer George Wein (who hopes that Led Zeppelin, et al, will not be lead balloons) grants that the inclusion of these groups will stir controversy, but he feels that they will bring a new and enthusiastic audience to jazz and help bridge the gap between jazz and rock. He also believes that rock will grow through exposure to jazz.

Several American rock groups, whose names will be announced at a later date, will also appear at the festival.

OLIVER NELSON TOURS AFRICA FOR STATE DEPT.

The Oliver Nelson Septet began an eight-week, eight-country tour of West and Central Africa March 3 under the auspices of the U.S. State Department. Stemming from an idea discussed years ago between Nelson and John S. Wilson, the tour will find the combo concertizing in Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Niger, Chad, Cameroon, Dahomey and the Central African Republic for one week each—a total of 14,000 miles.

"We will be concentrating on workshops and universities in an attempt to reach students at all levels. The tour is strictly non-political. This is something I've wanted to do for a long time—the only drag has been the shots required for overseas travel," Nelson said. The combo took along its own sound equipment. Escort officers, who act as interpreters, are provided by the U.S. Embassy in each capital city. Personnel making the tour: Freddie Hill, trumpet; Nelson, Ernie Watts, Frank Strozier, John Klemmer, reeds; Stan Gilbert, bass; Bob Morin, drums. The tour will conclude May 1.

MUSIC WORLD MOURNS PEE WEE RUSSELL, 62

The jazz world was grieved by the news that Pee Wee Russell, the clarinetist who had become a legend in his own time, had died after a brief illness at 62 at Alexandria Hospital, Alexandria, Va. on Feb. 15.

Russell was born in St. Louis, Mo. and studied with private teachers there and in Muskogee, Okla. He was inspired to play jazz after hearing New Orleans clarinetist Alcide (Yellow) Nunez.

After attending Western Military Academy and the University of Missouri, Russell began his professional career with local bands and soon joined Herbert Berger, with whom he toured Mexico and California. He played in Texas with pianist Peck Kelly, where he first met Jack Teagarden and also heard Leon Rappolo.

Back in St. Louis, he played in Frank Trumbauer's band at the Arcadia Ballroom, which included Bix Beiderbecke,

who became a close friend. Russell then went to New York (contrary to published information, he did not work in Chicago in the '20s and was adamant about this point) where he played with Red Nichols, Cass Hagan, Ben Pollack and other bands and first became associated with the so-called Chicagoans.

In 1935, he was with Louis Prima on 52nd St. and remained with the trumpeter after he formed a big band, doubling alto saxophone. He also was in Bobby Hackett's big band in 1938, but thereafter

Pee Wee Russell is dead. A simple fact that can be accepted, abstractly, a piece of intellectual exercise like memorizing the solution to a chess problem. And then we re-arrange the pieces and set up another puzzle. Or would like to. But this time we can't. The miracle of Pee Wee's playing is dead, that crabbed, choked, knotted tangle of squawks with which he could create such woodsy freedom, such an enormous roomy private universe.

I remember the band at Nick's in 1946—one of the most robust front lines ever—Muggsy Spanier, cornet; Pee Wee, clarinet; Miff Mole, trombone. The band was in a good mood that night. Muggsy, who had been a pitcher and who had a move like Whitey Ford's, had just thrown a whisky-soaked napkin across the room and hit the bartender neatly with it just below the ear. Miff, being his usual glowering self, watched the fun behind steel-rimmed glasses, his tiny prison. Pee Wee leaned back, his drink under his chair, rocking gently, and expelled such a cloud of spiky chains from his clarinet, so many blue wedges, sharp stars of sound, sharp-edged daisies of sound, that Muggsy turned and yelled "Blow, Pee Wee, blow!" And Pee Wee closed his eyes and blew. And I was there.

Their vigor filled the room. Which is why we all went there, of course. To be nourished by these men, to be brought in touch with them and each other by the power and freedom of their music, perhaps to have a vision of human goodness, of the animal transcendent. And now it's over.

Miff ended up walking on two canes, selling pretzels at 88th and Broadway. I saw Muggsy at the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans a few years ago, an old man in a faded blue hospital dressing-gown, still carrying his athletic grace with him like a youthful snapshot. And now Pee Wee. Pee Wee Russell is dead. A simple fact. I pick it up, bang it on the floor and put it into my mouth like a child. And spit it out uncomprehended.

—Dick Wellstood



Pee Wee Russell
Unique Voice Stilled

worked exclusively with smaller combos, such as Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude Band and various groups led by Eddie Condon.

Through the '40s he was a fixture at Nick's and Eddie Condon's Club in Greenwich Village, recording prolifically for Commodore and other labels, and working with leaders including Condon, Georg Brunis, Miff Mole, Art Hodes, Muggsy Spanier and Wild Bill Davison.

In 1951, while in San Francisco, Russell suffered a near-fatal illness, and his miraculous recovery was widely publicized in *Life* and other national magazines. He resumed his career with a band of his own including Ruby Braff, but as he did not care much to be a leader, soon went back to working with his old associates, as well as with groups organized by George Wein, at whose Newport Jazz Festivals he became a regular feature.

In 1963, tired of the restrictions imposed by the traditional format in which he most often found himself, Russell formed a quartet with valve trombonist-arranger Marshall Brown, bassist Russell George, and drummer Ron Lundberg which performed a wide-ranging repertoire including pieces by John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman.

Though hailed by critics and introduced with an excellent LP, the quartet was not a commercial success, and Russell returned to casual work with other leaders and regular gigs with the Newport All Stars, with whom he toured Europe and Mexico. He appeared in the TV specials *The Sound of Jazz* (duetting with Jimmy Giuffrè) and *Chicago And All That Jazz*, with Bobby Hackett on NBC, and with Art Hodes on NET.

When he was 60, Russell took up oil painting and in a short period produced a series of remarkable canvases. He stopped painting after the death of his wife, Mary, of cancer in 1968.

Russell was one of the great individualists of jazz. His unique approach to his instrument, encompassing everything from a whisper to piercing shrieks, produced one of the most personal and unmistakable sounds extant. As an improviser, he was peerless, creating fresh and totally unpredictable solo flights with a seemingly inexhaustible imagination. Though famous for his unorthodoxy and use of smears, growls and other "dirty" devices, he was equally capable of producing a pure and lovely tone. His ensemble playing in a traditional front line context sometimes produced almost surrealistic effects, yet never clashed with the other horns.

Russell's style was timeless and unclassifiable, and won him followers in all camps of jazz, as indicated by his winning the *Down Beat* Critics Poll from 1962 through 1968, and the Readers Poll from 1942 to 1944 and again in 1968.

Among the hundreds of records made by Russell, it is difficult to choose outstanding examples, since the level of his playing was so consistently high, but a list would have to include *One Hour* (1929; Red McKenzie); *Bugle Call Rag* (1932; The Rhythmakers); *Tennessee Twilight* (1933; Eddie Condon); *The Last Time I Saw Chicago* and *Jig Walk* (Three Deuces, 1940); and a string of LP performances under his own name, including *Sugar (We're In the Money)*; *Pee Wee's Song (Pee Wee Plays Pee Wee)*, and the entire albums *Swinging With Pee Wee* (1960), *New Groove* (1963) and *Ask Me Now* (1966).

Funeral services were held Feb. 18 at the Apter Funeral Home in Maplewood, N.J.

ST. LOUIS CELEBRATES SINGLETON PALMER DAY

Singleton Palmer, the bassist-tuba player whose band has been working steadily in the St. Louis area for the past 20 years, was honored by the city when Mayor Alfonso J. Cervantes proclaimed Feb. 10 *Singleton Palmer Day*.

In making the proclamation, Cervantes praised Palmer and his Dixieland Band for their cultural contribution to St. Louis and for the pleasure they have given both residents and visitors. After the ceremony, the band gave a concert in the rotunda of City Hall.

Palmer, who worked with Oliver Cobb,

George Hudson, and Count Basie before forming his own band, leads a group of equally veteran jazz performers. Trumpeter Bill Martin has served with Ruby Floyd and Jeter-Pillars; trombonist Leon King with Fate Marable, Charlie Creath, and Jimmy Lunceford; clarinetist Norman Mason with Marable; pianist Gus Perryman with Kid Ory; and drummer Ben Thigpen (Ed's father) with Andy Kirk.

The Palmer band currently plays on the riverboat *Goldenrod*.

FINAL BAR

Drummer **Paul Barbarin**, 69, died Feb. 10 in his native New Orleans after having led his Onward Brass Band along part of the route of the Proteus Carnival parade in the prelude to the Mardi Gras festival.

Feeling unwell, Barbarin left the parade, stepped to the curb and requested a drink of water. He then collapsed and was pronounced dead of a heart attack by a physician who had been watching the march.

Barbarin, whose father, Isadore, played mellophone and alto horn in New Orleans marching bands, began on clarinet at 15, then took up drums. He played with Freddie Keppard and Buddy Petit, among others, before moving to Chicago in 1918, where he joined Clarence Johnson and then Bill Johnson's Original Creole Band.

He came to prominence with King Oliver from 1925-28, and spent the next 11 years with Luis Russell's band, which was fronted by Louis Armstrong from 1935. He then returned to New Orleans, but made occasional trips north to work with Red Allen (1942), Sidney Bechet (1943) and Art Hodes (1953).

In 1955, Barbarin formed his own band, which had long engagements in New York and Los Angeles, appeared in several TV shows, and recorded for Atlantic, Riverside and other labels. He was the uncle of guitarist Danny Barker.

Barbarin was among the top drummers in the New Orleans school, and can be heard on many recordings, among which those with the Russell band of 1929 and Louis Armstrong's *Jubilee* are the best. He composed a number of pieces, two of which, *Come Back Sweet Papa* and *Bourbon Street Parade*, have become standards.

Dancer **James Berry**, 54, died Jan. 28 at New York Hospital from complications of arteriosclerosis. He had been a member of the famous Berry Brothers (James, Ananias and Warren), and began his professional career at 4 years of age.

The Berry Brothers were the first black act to play the Copacabana (1929) and were on the opening bill of Radio City Music Hall in 1930. They worked with many famous bands, including King Oliver and Duke Ellington, appeared in musical shows and films (*Panama Hattie*, *Lady Be Good*, *You're My Everything*), and toured Europe and Latin America.

The team disbanded in 1951, when Ananias Berry died. James later organized the Jazz Dance Theater with Mura Dehn, made documentary films, wrote and lectured on the dance, and appeared as a single in dance recitals.

POTPOURRI

Composer **George Russell** became the first jazz artist to receive a grant from the National Council on the Arts under the U.S. Government National Endowment for the Arts program. Russell was granted \$5,000. The council's newly appointed jazz panel had made additional recommendations for aid, but funds were not available.

A new jazz room, **Beef, Booze and Jazz**, opened in New York City March 7 with *The World's Greatest Jazz Band*, which will be in residence until May 1, sharing the stand with the **George Van Eps Quartet** for the first four weeks and with **Joe Venuti's** group for the second four. The club, located at 42nd St. and Lexington Ave., is operated by the Longchamps restaurant chain, which also includes the Riverboat.

Singer **Jon Hendricks** rounded out his first year as a resident of Europe Feb. 22 at the Pickwick Club in London, where he will be appearing when not on tour. The first week of March found him at the Hotel Gstadt in Switzerland. During his year abroad, Hendricks kept busy with, among other things, stints at the Molde, Cologne, Berlin, Lugano and Bologna jazz festivals, two engagements at Ronnie Scott's Club, a BBC special of his *Evolution of the Blues*, and a tour with Annick Ross and Maynard Ferguson.

Jazz Interactions, Inc. of New York has been granted funds to continue its series of public school jazz concert-lecture programs inaugurated last year. The New York State Council on the Arts gave a \$10,000 grant to the non-profit organization.

Deutsche Grammophon has announced the formation of a new U.S. record company, Polydor Inc., which will market "a broad line of records covering the entire spectrum from pop music to classics." **Jerry Schoenbaum**, formerly with Atlantic and MGM records, was appointed president.

The Hot Jazz Society of Greensboro, N.C. was formed Jan. 5 by members of the city's only traditional jazz band, the **Riverboat Roustabouts**. Pianist **Dave Gary** and trombonist **Kenny Carter** were elected president and vice-president.

Coleman Hawkins was the guest of honor at the Duke Ellington Society's February meeting in New York City.

The Blue Note, only jazz club in Durban, South Africa, celebrated its 10th anniversary March 9. The club is open on weekends only, and has a large following.

E. B. Marks, the nation's oldest music publishing house, celebrated its Diamond Jubilee with a champagne supper at New York's Plaza Hotel Feb. 7. A special display of vintage sheet music was an added attraction.

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moody melodies or the belt-'em-out, sock-it-to-me jazz, the PR-200 is a "pro", through and through.

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Ernie Wilkins Returns

The press release read: "Well-known arranger-composer Ernie Wilkins has joined the staff of Etoile Music Productions, Inc. as musical director for the Clark Terry Orchestra and the firm's other projects.

"Wilkins, who has been absent from the New York music scene for two years, fills the vacancy left when Phil Woods moved to Europe. His first assignment will be to change over the band's sound and restyle it as he has done in the past for Count Basie and Harry James."

On the face of it, this piece of news might seem to be nothing out of the ordinary until one asks, "Where has Ernie Wilkins been?" Where was the man who had helped spark the resurgence of the Basie band in the early '50s and arranged so impressively for James, Tommy Dorsey, Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan and Sonny Rollins, to name but a few, and also conceived the highly praised *Drum Suite*? In the early '60s, Wilkins free-lanced in New York and also spent time in Detroit, where he wrote for his brother Jimmy's orchestra. Then one began to hear less of him and see him not at all. Ernie Wilkins was strung out. Late in the game, in the day of psychedelics, Ernie Wilkins had fallen victim to that old scourge, heroin.

Wilkins is not reluctant to talk about his fall and the experience that brought him to greater self-awareness and restored him as a functioning member of the community. Toward the end of 1966, he entered the Morris Bernstein Institute (formerly Manhattan General Hospital), a detoxification unit where he rested and received minimal therapy for six months. However, it was not until May 1967, when he went to Hart Island and entered the therapeutic community called Phoenix House, that he really came to grips with his trouble.

Two former addicts who were working with Dr. Efrén Ramirez (until December 1968 head of the Addiction Services Agency of the City of New York, now run by Larry A. Bear) began to motivate people to join the program.

At Hart, ex-addicts helped them to start the community while, simultaneously, some of the people Wilkins had known at the hospital inaugurated a Phoenix House in Manhattan. "Drugs are not the problem," says Wilkins, "but the symptom of the person's problem. Before anyone is accepted in the program he must kick the habit."

The encounter technique is used within a peer group. There is no group leader, but confrontations among people aware of each other's lies and manipulations. One or more of the members regulates the group.

The program works in three phases: Induction; Treatment; and Re-entry. Induction involves store-front locations in high-addiction neighborhoods. Ex-addicts get the addict in off the street and involve him in group therapy sessions. If he shows promise, he is sent to a day-care center for an eight-hour therapy program. After two or three weeks of this, he is ready to enter phase two at Phoenix House.

Treatment lasts from 10 months to a year. After someone shows real growth and responsibility, he moves into phase three.

When I saw Wilkins last summer, he was already in the re-entry phase. "It's a gradual thing," he said. "It's using the things we learned in treatment." Wilkins worked with addicts off the street and in the detoxification and induction program at Riker's Island, and later as an Addiction Aide in the day-care center in Queens known as Samaritan House. "Re-entry," he says, "entails giving back what was given to you. We have a saying: 'You can't keep it unless you give it away.'"

Even when residents of Phoenix House are in re-entry, they have three encounters a week. They also go to a school called Phoenix Institute which operates on a 15-week semester. Wilkins studied Principles of Social Case Work; Psychology; Math; Anthropology, and Criminology. On Saturdays, he studied music privately with composer Hall Overton. In addition to composing, Ernie has been playing piano



and his original instrument, tenor saxophone.

"When I went in," says Wilkins, "I didn't want anyone to see me. Those 14 months were the hardest of my life. It's hard to look at yourself as you are, and then make the changes. You must make the identity grow until you become the real you."

In March 1968, Clark Terry came to Hart's Island with his group. Wilkins sat in and made it a quintet. The reunion led to their present association. Encouragement to graduate from phase three of the program is given if the person has a definite thing to do. The post with Terry was it for Wilkins. For a while he lived in the re-entry house, paying his own rent. Then he moved out completely and is now on his own.

Since assuming his duties with Terry, Wilkins has also been appointed musical director for the Ron Davis dance company. On March 28, he, Davis and the Terry band will perform at the Georgia State Negro Teachers Convention, and, on April 5, they will appear at Buell College in Denver, Colo.

Wilkins wants to do things with a small group, too. He wants to play. ("If you're playing it helps your writing. It refreshes you.") He wants to give the band a direction and an identity. "I want to do something meaningful," he says.

He already has.

—Ira Gitler

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: When Anita O'Day opened at the Half Note, her former Gene Krupa bandmate, Roy Eldridge, was held over at the Spring St. club. With the volatile trumpeter were Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Roland Hanna, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass, and Eddie Locke, drums. Guitarist Wayne Wright has been a frequent sitter-in. Catlett and Locke have been accompanying Miss O'Day, along with her regular pianist Alan Marlowe . . . Speaking of singers, the Scene presented a diversified vocal double bill with Betty Carter and Mose Allison . . . Mabel Mercer, accompanied by pianist Buddy Barnes, gave a song recital at the Museum of the City of New York for the Friends of the Theatre and Music Collection of the Museum . . . Thelonious Monk played the Vanguard with Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Herbie Lewis, bass, and Roy Haynes, drums. Opposite was singer Novella Nelson backed by a trio led by pianist Phil Moore . . . The Hugh Masekela group and blues singer Esther Marrow filled a weekend at the Village Gate. Miss Marrow, formerly with Duke Ellington, was backed by Kenny Barron, piano; Bill Salter, bass, and Reggie Ferguson, drums . . . George Wein's Newport All Stars did a return engagement at Plaza 9 for two weeks before Oscar Peterson moved in with his trio. Peterson closes March 23 to be followed by Earl Hines . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society presented a Kansas City Alumni Band at the Half Note in late February. Reedman Eddie Barefield led the group which included Ed Lewis, trumpet; Eddie Durham, trombone and guitar, and Snub Mosely, trombone and slide saxophone . . . Jazz Interactions Sundays at the Scene featured the groups of Jimmy Hamilton, Pharoah Sanders and Sam Rivers in some recent sessions. Clarinetist-tenor saxophonist Hamilton had Bill Berry, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Richard Phillippi, bass, and Jake Hanna, drums. Saxophonist Sanders' group was peopled by vocalist Leon Thomas, organist Lonnie Smith, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Billy Hart. Saxophonist Rivers was aided by Virgil Jones, trumpet; Dick Griffin, trombone; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Reggie Workman, bass, and Horace Arnold, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan reports from Vienna that he recently recorded eight titles for Austrian Radio under the direction of Erich Kleinschuster. He also recorded in a like manner for Norwegian Radio in Oslo . . . Vibist Karl Berger, recently returned to New York from Europe where he recorded his *Rudiments for Strings, Flute and Percussion* in Baden-Baden, Germany, and did a half-hour TV show in Hamburg, leading a group consisting of Becky Friend, flutes; Alan Silva, cello and bass; Kent Carter, bass, and Jacques Thollot, drums. Berger was scheduled to take a group to Canada for early March performances at colleges in Toronto and Ottawa. He is presently working with Sam Rivers, Reggie Workman and Horace Arnold for the series of New

York public school concerts staged by Young Audiences . . . Trombonist Marshall Brown did a Wednesday night at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . Clarinetist Sol Yaged did two Sunday night sessions, one in February and one in March, at the Caton Inn in Brooklyn . . . Chico Hamilton and Herbie Mann did radio spots for the Fair Housing Campaign to be aired on over 2,000 stations across the nation . . . Tenorman Joe Farrell on "temporary leave of absence" from the Elvin Jones group, posed in silhouette for a whisky ad, participated in a movie-score taping with Gil Evans, and was a sideman on a James Moody date for Milestone. Farrell played oboe and alto flute in a band that included Johnny Coles, trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Ron Carter, bass, and Freddie Waits, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist Frank Foster also utilized his clarinet in a recent recording for Blue Note. The supporting cast consisted of Burt Collins, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Ed Pazant, alto saxophone; George Cables, piano; Buster Williams, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums . . . The Locke-Hanna Trio (drummer Eddie, pianist Roland, and bassist Buddy Catlett) did a *Dial M for Music* that was shown March 9. The trio, with Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, and Norris Turney, alto saxophone, clarinet and flute, taped an independently produced date with no particular label in mind . . . DB's Ira Gitler and Prestige's Don Schlitten resigned from the long-running *Scope of Jazz* show on WBAI due to the station's rude, crude policies toward jazz . . . Jimmy Lyon, once a fixture and great favorite at the old Blue Angel, is back on the New York scene as part of the new late supper music policy at the Four Seasons.

Los Angeles: Call it "artistry in nostalgia"—Stan Kenton and his orchestra appeared with June Christy at Los Angeles Valley College in a special one-nighter for the benefit of the San Fernando Valley Symphony Association and its scholarship fund. Most of Miss Christy's special material was arranged by hubby Bob Cooper, but of course there were the old chestnuts too. The San Fernando Valley Symphony, for whom Kenton has played benefit concerts in the past, is under the baton of Elmer Bernstein. Kenton reedman Bill Fritz is very much involved in another of the Kenton-inspired institutions: The Collegiate Neophonic. That ensemble recently gave a noon concert at East Los Angeles Junior College in Monterey Park, with Fritz conducting . . . Horace Silver made his first West Coast appearance in two years and unveiled a new group for his gig at the Lighthouse: Randy Brecker, trumpet; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; John Williams, bass, and most recent addition Bob Fant, drums. If they didn't get enough of a workout Wednesday through Sunday, Brecker and Maupin returned to the Lighthouse on a Tuesday night when Bobby Bryant's combo holds forth. The night they sat

/Continued on page 40

Sittin' In

By ART HODES

There'll Be No Other Pee Wee

IT WAS COLD, but it was clear. Looked like a good day for a drive. Besides, I wasn't drivin'; I like that. You sit and talk and maybe you reminisce. Had good company; Red Saunders had been there and back. He could relate. He remembered Memphis, and Lil Armstrong was close to his family, and the early scufflin' days in "dear ole" Chi. You eat up miles and the gig don't seem that far. But pretty soon there's a change in the weather and we're not seein' so good. Now we're tellin' the driver "Don't worry; the thing is to get there in one piece; so what if you're late, so what."

You keep telling yourself there must be an easier way, but I really believe it's the product that holds us. This music I grew up with comes to mean everything. And when you not only gas yourself but

got to thinkin' about what they missed and what the people missed because they didn't become bigger names, more popular names. I really feel it's the people that got cheated; to have missed hearing such fine music is a real loss. Sure, sometime you may get around to hearing these greats and their music on records. But to have heard them in person; no substitute.

Names: Edmond Hall; a blowing concern. When he played he made a difference in the band. It was not just that he'd solo and you'd like what he did. More; it was what he did as he played that "helped out" the whole bit. Every tub. And he moved, and moved the band. We who played with him knew how great he was. He deserved top billing. But Edmond was the quiet type. Only



Pee Wee and Mary Russell, Valentine's Day 1966

also reach the people, it's kind of satisfying. It makes up for the "in-betweens" and the road trips. I like it when someone draws me a map and says, "You can't miss it." Just two weeks before this New York gig, I was covering much of the same territory and discovering "lost" farmhouses, dead-end roads, whatnot. Don't tell me I can't miss it. But again, when our band hit that night, that second set after we'd "re-set" the rhythm section, it all was worthwhile. And you look out on the floor and we got as many dancers as the feature attraction: the Glenn Miller Band (17 pieces). Buddy DeFranco fronts this organization. This cat can blow. I remember we were on a gig at Burlington and he needed help (his piano man was missing). That's how you find out if a player "is." Now we had a couple of minutes conversation. Somehow it got around to the *Down Beat* Readers Poll and the fact that Buddy had missed this year. "Yeah; I had it for 17 years; so Pee Wee's got it this year."

Later, I got to thinking of clarinet players I'd played with; and believe me, I've played with some fine cats. And I

when he played did he blow his horn.

And what about Bechet? Tell me, how many readers ever heard of Sidney Bechet? Man, when you stop to think of how many greats (and I'll stick to clarinet) didn't have it so great. The polls didn't discover them. Jimmy Noone has to be one of our best. Omer Simeon was another. Albert Nicholas can't seem to make it in this country so he plays the Continent. Don't tell me it doesn't take something out of a player to know how good you are in comparison to some other cat and then look at the way you're rated and have to take what goes with it. Inside, it takes its toll.

So now Pee Wee. To Brunis he's "we, the people." The indestructible Russell. One of a handful from our era who found acceptance in the "now" age. In his case, many of us felt that the unbelievable had happened. Like, who could have ever conceived of Pee Wee turning to painting? He not only did, he had an exhibit, and now, your guess is as good as mine as to what those paintings may be worth.

/Continued on page 36



Lester Young at Newport, 1958

Almost 10 years have passed since, within three months, Lester Young and Billie Holiday died; Prez on March 15, 1959, Lady Day on July 17. They had been very close, then drifted apart; in death they were close once again.

The music they created, together and separately, includes some of the most beautiful works in jazz. Luckily, much of it was captured for posterity, and it lives on. Young listeners today, who never saw Prez or Lady in the flesh, have yet come to know them intimately through the legacy of records.

Even within the harsh context of the jazz life, Prez and Billie suffered more than most. Though miles apart in temperament, they shared the burden of the proud, committed artist in a world not attuned to his ways of being and doing. Both were vulnerable and easily wounded, and at the end the scars were only too visible.

Billie fought back whenever she could; Lester withdrew into himself. But he, too, kept punching with his horn for the cause of love. Outsiders both, they had the gift of getting inside everyone with the capacity to hear their message.

In jazz, as in any other art, much is ephemeral and temporary. But the work of Billie Holiday and Lester Young will endure.



Sweets Edison, Buddy Tate and Prez with Count Basie, 1940



Lady Day and Mister, her pet boxer

YOU STILL HEAR Billie Holiday records on juke boxes, in the most unexpected places as well as in the hip ones. Most often, it's *Lover Man*, one of the many songs she made her own, in the 1944 Decca version. Billie never got a gold record, but that one must have sold a few copies over the years. More important and less measurable is the comfort it must have brought, and still can bring, to untold numbers of temporarily or permanently lost souls.

It was Carmen McRae, I believe, who so rightly said that Lady Day was her true self only when she sang. From the start, she put everything she had to give into her singing—that was her life. It is our great good fortune that we can still hear her—from the game, tough girl-woman of 18 making her recording debut in 1933, to the still game but no longer very tough 44-year old making her last record date in 1959.

One might begin the journey with *Lady Day* (Columbia CL-637), perhaps the most perfect single album of Billie's art yet compiled. It includes the charming and lighthearted *Miss Brown to You* and *What a Little Moonlight Can Do* from 1935, with Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Benny Goodman and Teddy Wilson; *Moonlight*, of course, became a permanent fixture in Lady's repertoire, and even towards the end, she could infuse it with an innocence that was heartbreaking.

And then the masterpieces with Prez: *Easy Living*, *Foolin' Myself*, and the incredible *Sailboat in the Moonlight* and *Me, Myself and I*, on which singing and obbligato become as one, which you can listen to hundreds of times and still find fresh, though each note has become familiar.

Ninety-six other gems from Billie's fertile 20s can be found on the two *Golden Years* boxed sets (Columbia C3L-21 and C3L-40). All the best players wanted to back Lady, and the supporting cast reads like a *Who's Who* of jazz. (The first set has lovely photographs galore; the second substitutes ghastly "art.")

In the mid-'40s, Billie's backing on records became more lush, often with strings, sometimes with vocal groups. Classics like *Lover Man*, *Don't Explain*, *You'd Better Go Now* and *Good Morning, Heartache* stem from this period, and can be found on various Decca collections, the most recent of which is 75040.

Slightly earlier, if you can find it, is a lovely Mainstream album (6000), including the famous *Strange Fruit* and the unforgettable *I'll Be Seeing You*.

In 1952, Billie began recording for Norman Granz, often backed by old friends like Sweets Edison, Charlie Shavers, Ben Webster and Benny Carter, and even Paul Quinichette in Lester's old role. Among the finest of nine albums still in the catalog are *Solitude* (Verve 68074), with *These Foolish Things*, a masterpiece, and *Recital* (Verve 68027), with the delightful *If the Moon Turns Green*.

There's much else; this is just a personal selection. They wouldn't let Billie sing at Lester's funeral, but no philistines can prevent you from having your own Billie Holiday recital. God bless the child that's got his own. —D.M.

THE DAY LADY DIED

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday three days after Bastille day, yes it is 1959 and I go get a shoeshine because I will get off the 4:19 in Easthampton at 7:15 and then go straight to dinner and I don't know the people who will feed me

I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun and have a hamburger and a malted and buy an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what the poets in Ghana are doing these days

I go on to the bank and Miss Stillwagon (first name Linda I once heard) doesn't even look up my balance for once in her life and in the GOLDEN GRIFFIN I get a little Verlaine for Patsy with drawings by Bonnard although I do think of Hesiod, trans. Richard Lattimore or Brendan Behan's new play or *Le Balcon* or *Les Negres* of Genet, but I don't, I stick with Verlaine after practically going to sleep with quandariness

and for Mike I just stroll into the PARK LANE Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of Strega and then I go back where I came from to 6th Avenue and the tobacconist in the Ziegfeld Theatre and casually ask for a carton of Gauloises and a carton of Picayunes, and a NEW YORK POST with her face on it

and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of leaning on the john door in the 5 SPOT while she whispered a song along the keyboard to Mal Waldron and everyone and I stopped breathing

1959
Frank O'Hara

Frank O'Hara (1926-1966) was a major figure in modern American verse. "The Day Lady Died," copyright 1964 by O'Hara, appears in his *Lunch Poems*. It is reprinted by permission of the publisher, City Lights Books. Among his other books are *Meditations In An Emergency* (Grove) and *Second Avenue* (Totem/Corinth). His work is included in *The New American Poetry* (Grove) and *A Controversy of Poets* (Doubleday).

db



ROBERT PARENT

LESTER LEAPS IN by Dan Morgenstern

MONDAY NIGHT is jam session night at Birdland. The regulars are off, the admission is lowered, and there is no minimum at the tables. Newly formed groups and lesser-known musicians are given a hearing. There may be a few "names" present, but more often than not they appear in supporting roles. There may be drum battles, flute battles and unusual instrumental combinations.

On this particular Monday night, however, there was to be something else, something quite different. There was to be an anniversary party for Lester Young, given to celebrate his "30 Years in Showbusiness." The guest of honor, who was to appear with a group of his own choosing, was reportedly in a Parker mood—three weeks earlier he had opened and closed at Small's Paradise uptown on the same night. Lester, after arriving late, had fallen asleep on the bandstand. (Or so they said . . . later, one discovered that he had suffered a mild heart seizure.) It was said that he had the *No Eyes Blues*, and bad. Thus it was a noble and missionary gesture that Marshall Stearns and Nat Hentoff, the sponsors, Morris Levy, the clubowner, and Symphony Sid, the master of ceremonies, were making. In the world of jazz such gestures are rare; more attention is paid to the dead than to the troubled living.

Would Lester be there? And if he did come, would he stay on his feet? And if he did stay on his feet, how would he sound?

And Lester came—graceful sleep-walker; Prez hat and Lester face; beat but on the scene.

The house is full. The Lester Young Quintet is on stand—a young band, as Lester's bands have always been. A promising supporting cast: Curtis Fuller on trombone, a young hard bopper but not looking hard at all; Nat Pierce on piano, the unbilled member of Count Basie's Home Runners; Doug Watkins on bass, very young but already a name; Willie Jones on drums, even younger but a veteran of the Bohemia and the Charlie Mingus club. Lester Young mounts the stand. The downbeat is soft, the tempo medium. *Pennies From Heaven* is a haunted song. Not a mild summer rain this, but a grey November drizzle. The pennies are few, worn thin and smooth. The tone is choked, the phrasing halting . . . not from inability but from pain. The last

note dies and Lester looks up from a troubled dream. Silence. The faces of the musicians who have backed him, so gently, so sympathetically, are intent and serious. Then the applause: warm and strong and friendly—the applause of a jazz audience.

Mean to Me is not a lament but a quest; climbing in uncertain terrain, gaining a foothold and finally reaching solid ground where one can walk once more. And Prez smiles, and the young band, having helped to bring on that smile, are in turn turned on. From then on, it's walkin' and talkin'. Having prayed, Prez is now ready to preach. *Up 'n Adam* jumps. The master begins softly, gaining in volume and heat with each consecutive chorus (can one speak of "choruses" where there is unbroken continuity?), coming up shouting like the old Prez (did they say he was no more?) and suddenly there is a new, astonishing Prez as well!

Behind him, cool Doug Watkins, elegant in his double-breasted Ivy League suit, new in approach as well as clothes, is coming on like Slam Stewart's little brother, singing, bowing and having a quiet ball. Shy Willie Jones, knowing how to drum softly yet hotly, knowing how to join the party without slamming the door, pawing the chicks and grabbing all the whisky, uncorks a drum solo that has a message and which is to be just the first in a triad of uniquely original excursions into time and timbre. And Nat Pierce is laying down the right chords in the right places as if he's there to help; striding out on his own too, with his soul in the right place. And Prez . . . Prez walking over to whoever is speaking his piece, saying "yes," "aha," "yeah"—digging everybody; saying, before taking it out: "Catch me somewhere along the way" and going out with a Louis ending, while someone shouts "yeah, Prezerini!" and there is some handclapping going—and when it is over, everybody is happy; Sid beaming from inside for a change, and Prez hugging his horn as he retires to his corner.

The other group makes its appearance. Alto, three trombones, piano, bass, drums—and four music stands. *In A Mellotone*, by Duke Ellington. But where is Duke, where are the mellow tones? It's loud, man . . . and I do mean loud! Yet it is hard to hear anything. The alto has heard Bird, but only when he spoke in anger or frustration. The 'bones have heard J. J.; but have they heard Teagarden, or Vic or Dicky? Machinegunners all: chief gunner, triple-tongue gunner, and burp-gun champ. There is no attempt at contrasts in mood or volume, and had there been, they would have been effortlessly demolished by the perpetual drum solo

being played behind it all. And everybody blowing so long, oh baby how long! Everybody drumming, nobody singing; everybody driving, nobody swinging. . . .

Off go the music stands and Lester Leaps In. Horn up high, tempo solid, rhythm gentle but firm behind him. And then the stop-time thing; stop time; suspend time—go around it, behind it, in front of it—always on time and on to time. Lester leaping in and bouncing back, spiralling up like a diver in reverse, joining time and space in sound. I Got Rhythm and a Unified Field Theory too. Can Prez still blow? Oh Baby!

The house is warm as down home now. "Waterfront, Prez baby" someone calls out when the last leap has returned us all to earth, with four bars of half-speed for gentle landing. The plea in the voice is explicit. "Right now," says Prez, gentle wailing Prez who has just made Curtis Fuller blow like you know he never blew before—maybe didn't even know he could. Prez covers the waterfronts, all of them. He covers them with a tenor saxophone sound that vibrates right through everything and everybody; as if the ocean were inside of us and Prez playing from in there, making us all his soundingboard, bringing on the message from so deep within himself that it merges with all around him as he and his instrument have merged. . . .

Almost without pause Lester glides into *Tea for Two*; fast, fast, but unhurried. Surging like a river, like blood through the veins . . . runs and cascades of notes, and notes whole and sustained: systole and diastole, that good old tension-relaxation riff: not one and one, but tea for two, me an' you . . . tea for we. And all so quickly from mind to mouth and hands . . . time and tone and chords and changes; no time to polish and revise, choices made and determining other choices, music once and for all in the making and the hearing. Here, hear and gone. (Sometimes grooved into wax immortality, the ephemeral made permanent—but how often when it is right, like this?) Tea for two, all for you, *right* now and gone—but leaving a message behind.

The music stands return: rattle 'dem 'bones, crash that cymbal . . . off we go! To where? To Lostville: too much sound and no true fury. Good hands, good skill . . . good will? Yes, but also frustration. Tense, not relaxed; alone, not together. Not together is not jazz.

Let's Go To Prez! The sponsors and their guest having arrived amidst the 'boning, we are now ready for the ceremony. Lester is on stand, perhaps wanting to blow. But parties must proceed on schedule. Big cake and cham-

This piece originally appeared, in slightly different form, in the August 1958 issue of Jazz Journal, and was reprinted in the March 1963 issue of Jazz. The fact that Lester Young read it, liked it, and told me so at what was to be our last encounter remains a highlight of my writing career. It is here dedicated to his memory. —D.M.

pagne brought in. Lester attempts cake-cutting ritual from stand. Impossible. Descends into space between stand and front table. Big cake. Lester blows out candles, smiles, shakes hands. Symphony Sid announces members of party. Includes a Dr. Cloud. Nice name for doctor. Lester cuts cake. Birdland cameragirl, instructed by official-looking gentleman, takes picture. Pop! goes flashbulb. The band watches. "He didn't look up" says cameragirl, plaintively. Lester plays a few bars of *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*. Dr. Stearns breaks up. "Got the message?" asks Prez. Picture is ordered retaken. Lester picks up knife, makes like cutting cake, looks up and says "Cheese." Flashbulb goes pop. Success! A toast. Bubbly and exchange of pleasantries. Lester is perfect gentleman. Excuses himself. Climbs back on stand. Party is attentive but some late arrivals seem vaguely reminiscent of philanthropists at a benefit. Prez beats off *There'll Never Be Another You*. It is nostalgic: wistful and tender but somehow removed. A part, who can say which, of the whole Lester is no longer involved. The spell is breaking. During trombone solo distribution of cake commences. Guests at front table on left begin conversing. Not loud, but it spreads. Nat Hentoff is digging Lester. The party was a wonderful idea. The cake should have been cut later, the guests should have come earlier. Doug Watkins plays his first plucked solo of the evening. Prez and the band deliberate next tune. Familiar face appears on stand; Symphony Sid announces well-known drummer who asks to sit in. Willie Jones leaves stand slowly. Prez starts *Jeepers Creepers*. Fantastic tone. The new drummer is a little stiff. He is louder than Jones, but not as sensitive.

And now something very strange is about to occur. A familiar figure is being shown to a front table. In brown suit, red shirt and budding beard, Bud Powell seats himself. He hunches over. He digs Lester. He *digs* Lester. Thirty seconds pass. Bud leaps from chair to stand, gives Nat Pierce a hug and takes over at the piano bench. It was a rather gentle hug, to be sure, but quite sudden. Nat, sitting at Bud's vacated table, looks as if he had seen a ghost. Lester, too, has seen him but it is reflected only in his playing. In mid-solo, he searches for Bud, but Bud is hard to find. Prez plays three choruses under strain, but he will not hurt Bud's feelings. And now Bud solos. He is trying to play everything he can hear. The fingers can not always follow, so he sings. He sings a weird song, yet he is happy—he is possessed. Lester gazes upon Bud, and gradually withdraws into himself. He shows no displeasure, only sadness.

From the "bleachers" a little man is watching with an indescribable expression on his face. His name is Erroll Garner. He has been present since early in the evening, but he did not leap up on the stand. Where he lives that isn't done. Bud goes into a locked hands passage which gains coherence, but he is interrupted by the entry of the drums. A long, loud drum solo ensues. Bud, leaning over the piano, appears to dig it. Right now, he digs everything. Lester raises and lowers his horn, silently moves his lips, and politely waits the drummer out. He enters with the release, and takes it out. He then talks into the microphone for the first time. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I would like to introduce my trombonist, Curtis Fuller. He will play a slow-motion number for you." He acknowledges the sporadic applause and steps down.

The blues begin. Fuller is caught out twice by Bud's introduction. Then he just moves in, and Bud falls into line.

His playing is much clearer now. He no longer sings, and he has adopted his characteristic pose: legs crossed, smile fixed like a mask. His solo is moving. He understands and perhaps is sorry, he just wanted to play with Prez. Fuller plays much better than any of the music stands. Perhaps he is angry.

Prez sits at the musicians' table, far to the left of the bandstand, where he also sat earlier between sets. His companion is a young lady dressed in black. She did not participate in the cake-cutting. The official party is restless. Nat Hentoff is digging Curtis and Bud. The tempo doubles. *I think of Up 'n Adam*. How long ago was that? Prez will play no more tonight. It is too late. The music stands return. The party arises, bids Prez goodnight. They should have come earlier. They did a great thing. I will never forget the celebration of Lester Young's thirtieth anniversary in Showbusiness. Some business. Quite a show.



HERB SNITZER

The Chick Corea File:

submitted by

Larry Kart

(see photo at

right for

identification:

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I'm always hassling with people . . . who ask for biographies. They want to know when you were born and who you've played with. What good is that going to do anyone to know? I'd rather provoke someone's mind by saying something ridiculous, rather than giving them a bunch of details. Nonsense is more fun to me.

—Armando Anthony (Chick) Corea

My expression is very serious; when I laugh it is unintentional, and I always apologize very politely.—Erik Satie

Born: Yes. (6/12/41)

Name of Present Employer: Miles Dewey Davis Jr.

Working Conditions: My first conversation with Miles was over the phone. I was supposed to call him back to tell him whether I could do the gig, because Tony (Williams) had called me to do it. I told him I could, and I mentioned that I had looked at some of Wayne Shorter's music that I didn't know and that it looked interesting and open to a lot of different ways of being played. He said, "Yeah, it should remain that way." Then there was a little silence and he said, "I don't know what else to tell you except that we'll go and play, but whatever *you* think it is, that's what it is." That really inspired me and stuck with me, because that's the whole feeling of the way the band approaches music—whatever anybody feels that it is, that's the way it becomes.

When Tony had called me for the gig, he said that he thought Miles was more interested in an accompanist than a soloist, but the first few weeks I hardly comped

at all. I didn't know what to comp. Previously, I had started to play in a very unharmonic atmosphere, using harmonies as sounds and textures rather than as voice leadings in song-like fashion. But when I got on the band the things that Miles and Wayne were playing were so harmonically oriented (single notes they would hang onto would imply so much harmonically) that I was at a loss for what to do. Also there was the shadow of Herbie (Hancock) and what he had done hanging over the band. I couldn't do what Herbie had done, not that I particularly wanted to, and I didn't have anything else either, so I didn't play at all until Miles told me, "Whatever you have, just drop it in." So I began doing that.

Whenever I would have something, rather than hesitating because it might conflict, I would play it, and what started to happen (maybe just to my own ears) was that Miles and Wayne began to play all inside what I would put down. It would seem so apropos all the time that there was nothing that could be played which was "wrong." Whatever is presented always seems to fit. That really makes it very relaxed.

Also, I think the Fender piano I'm using has a lot to do with it, because the problem in clubs was that the piano was always too soft to be heard. I could never develop anything, get anything out. I would be at the mercy of the acoustics, having to play in between things. Now, with the Fender, I can set something out front by turning the volume up. I don't basically like the electronic feeling, but the problem that it solves really makes

me feel like part of the band. If I could have a big Steinway on every gig there would be no need of an electric piano. Either that or a baby grand with some amplification equipment that would carry the true sound out.

Miles has a discipline, but it's unspoken. It's a magical thing that you hardly see anymore—the way family units used to be. The father would inspire the rest of the family, and they would try to become like him. The people that play with Miles respect him so much, and, knowing that he knows, they humbly put themselves at his disposal and learn from him.

When I saw Horowitz on TV last night, I thought, "Why isn't Miles received like that?" He has much more to tell us. Horowitz is a great performer, but the last piece on his program was something he had written himself, an arrangement of some gypsy songs, and it sounded like it was written in 1800. It was very pianistic and flashy, nice and entertaining, but it didn't show you anything about what's actually going on.

I wish people who have no means of abstract expression would realize how much artists are needed to show them what it's about. Scientists can look at small areas and find out what's happening, and then they have conventions to try and put it all together. Meanwhile, the artist, who doesn't particularly know about the details of any of these sciences, has the ability to put it all together and see what's going to happen.

Other Musicians: Wayne is carrying the music to someplace else. He really gets in the middle of things, in the tiny little

crevices. He plays the saxophone so sensitively. Sometimes, when he and Dave (Holland) play alone, he'll play at a whisper, but be playing *fast*, doing all kinds of things.

Herbie and I have a similar kind of search. I hear a lot of things he's working with that strike a chord in myself. I heard the title track from *Speak Like A Child*, and that was a very humble effort. The harmonies were very subtle, and they do sensuous things to your ears, like Ravel's harmonies. On Tony's *Spring* album they do a free-form piece, and towards the end everybody stops and Herbie tacks on a little thing that's beautiful. I asked Tony about it, and he said that he'd written that part. I thought it was improvised. I'm sure what Tony meant was that he had indicated a melody or a chord or two and Herbie did the rest.

I made a tape collage from my record collection, and at first it was just snatches of things that I liked best. Then the transitions between one thing and another started to be interesting. There was one passage by Cecil Taylor and it spliced immediately into Art Tatum playing a fast stride version of a classical piece, and you couldn't tell the difference for a couple of seconds. Tatum was so harmonically advanced. You can only take harmonies so far; after that they become sounds.

I've heard the Beatles' records, which I like, but there's one album that Dave (Holland) has, an in-concert record of Cream. The fact that it's in concert enables them to stretch out, put in a middle section where they improvise. They're really good musicians and the tunes are extraordinary. It's a helluva record.

Recording: My recording contact with Solid State came about when I played a concert with Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and Richard Davis at the Eastman School of Music. Manny Albam was conducting an arranging course there, and at the end of the term they gave a concert featuring the students' works. We came up, and Thad brought some of his big band arrangements with him which we played with the Eastman band.

Manny Albam had some kind of connection with Solid State, and he introduced me to Sonny Lester when I got back to New York. At first I was very defensive about it, because a lot of people had approached me about recording before, but it was always with some kind of catch. I had to do some specific thing. Herbie Mann was always on me about "Do you want to record?", and he would say "Get some timbales and a conga drum" which is nice, but. . . . So I was defensive when Sonny Lester talked to me. He said, "Manny Albam, etc., etc., and your playing, and we'd like to sign you with Solid State." I said, "Wait a minute. Before we go any further, if I'm to do this, I'd like the freedom to record anything, absolutely anything. From what you might call commercial music to the strangest things you've ever heard, even without me playing piano or writing. Just so I know I can make an honest effort." He said, "That's our policy—to let the artist have freedom." I was amazed.

The first date (with Miroslav Vitous

and Roy Haynes) turned out that way. They let me do what I wanted. I went to Steinway & Sons and spent a couple of hours choosing a piano for the date. I was like a little kid in a mountain of ice cream, jumping from Steinway to Steinway. When we got to the date they just turned the tape on—there was no take 1 and take 2—and we just played. **Clubs:** When I'm sitting by myself between sets, the club is so dimly lit that sometimes my eyes will relax, so that they're not focusing on anything, and a whole world of shapes and forms starts happening. Just something to entertain myself, I guess. We entertain the people when we get up and play, but the other times we've got to entertain ourselves, let the people entertain us.

What's really funny is that the management at the door have a roll of money in their hands, a big wad of bills, and as soon as the people come in they pounce on them for the \$2.50 before they even get their coats off. It's *freezing* out, and you want to get inside, *anything*, but just get inside to feel warm. They pounce, and you have to open your coat in the doorway and search for the money. It sets up the wrong kind of atmosphere.

Why aren't club owners ever interested in music? Very few of them are. Max Gordon (of New York's Village Vanguard) is one, and Lennie Sogoloff (of Boston's Lennie's On The Turnpike) is another. Max hires the groups he likes—the music he likes to listen to.

Audiences: Some people (probably the majority) want to be entertained by what they know will please them. They don't want to become involved in someone's search for where it's at, because that takes too much out of them.

I don't think there's ever been an honest music made where the players were too wrapped up in what the audience thought of the music. Some of the older musicians who talk about being aware of the audience—those musicians are more entertainers than creators.

I've worked a few engagements with Sarah Vaughan that proved to be creative experiences. She reminds me of Miles a lot. The way she takes those standard tunes and condenses them, does different things with them. She'd sing *Misty* every night on every show, and sing the hell out of it every time.

Practical Philosophy: I'm hanging between two things in the performance of music—concentrating on the subtleties of the music as opposed to letting it all out. There's some kind of median that I haven't found yet, but I know that it's possible. I've been involved in some situations where the music has taken itself into letting it all out, just playing whatever may be at hand rather than trying to create "gems of music." It's another kind of feeling, yet I feel some of both ways.

One time I was playing in a quartet with Pete LaRoca, and we had rehearsed and rehearsed. There was so much love involved that the rehearsals were like seances. We had no gigs except one weekend at the Vanguard. Playing there, I got the feeling that I had left my body and was watching myself and everything that was going on with great glee, not

knowing what was happening and not really caring, but just seeing that it was wonderful. I was watching my fingers move over the piano and saying, "How did I do that? . . . That was wild! . . . That little thing was nice." It inspired my life and made everything new again.

To me, music is a key. It's a key because there's something I get snatches of from time to time that I want to know. It's like a white light that I catch glimpses of, and I know I'm very attracted to it. If it would stay shining long enough, I feel I could locate it, go into it, and come out the other side. Music is the key, because through music I can keep the light burning for longer periods of time.

I know that there is a point beyond which you would no longer need the arts. You get to a certain point in your own art where it has done what it has to do, which is show you where that light is. Once you've passed that point, you don't need the means anymore, you can just live.

I went through a thing of trying to discipline myself, trying to level my life off by all the standards that I thought were good ones. It turned out to be a very unnatural process, and I had to let it all go and put my foot in everything, let it come out wrong if necessary. Whether it comes out wrong or not, something has been experienced that will color whatever else happens, rather than sitting and waiting.

You can get an idea that appeals to you, and start weighing it and end up with a long list of pros and cons. To me, it's just a labyrinth off from reality. It's like playing chess. When it's your move you can find out all the possibilities and sit for years, but the point comes where you have to move. What seems to happen then is that your hand does it rather than your brain. You may have gone through all the analysis, but finally there's some kind of energy on the table, just from the way the pieces are sitting. Your hand approaches the table with an idea about which piece has to go where, and the hand does it and that's it. You're relieved of all guilt!

Life Style: The idea of forming a musical community has been popping up a lot between me and my friends. Buying some land in upstate New York, where musicians of similar temperaments and moods could live with their families, relax, and get some music together. What record companies should really do, if they want to get the best out of the people they record, is give them a month's freedom to go someplace comfortable and secluded with the people they want to make their music with, and then record.

I'm glad I don't have any money, because if I did I'd probably withdraw from everything. At least this way the wind forces me into relations with the outer world, which I guess is needed.

Often, when I live in a hotel room I get involved with sketching things. I buy some paper and some Pentels or crayons, and hang what I sketch on the walls. Or I buy colored paper and make collages over the doors. Then just leave it there. That's a nice feeling—to leave something behind.

LIKE

Recorded live
at the
London House.
The
Soulful Strings
in Concert
Cadet LPS-820



BIG BROTHER

Brother
Jack McDuff
Getting Our
Thing Together
Cadet LPS-817



HIGH

Up Above
The Rock
Ray Bryant
Cadet LPS-818



PURE SAX

Lou Donaldson
At His Best
Cadet LPS-815



CADET



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Karl, John Litweiler, John McDanough, Marian McParland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding. Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Jaki Byard

JAKI BYARD WITH STRINGS!—Prestige 7573: *Music to Watch Girls By; Falling Rain; of Life; Cat's Cradle Conference Rag; How High the Moon; Ray's Blues.*

Personnel: Ray Nance, violin (vocal, track 5); Byard, piano; George Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, cello; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums, vibraphone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A Jaki Byard album is never predictable. One approaches it with pleasant anticipation, and is seldom disappointed. This particular excursion is one of Byard's most enjoyable in some time. The instrumentation is unique and all participants turn in outstanding performances.

The music is fresh and exciting, and Byard, a great instigator and explorer, is not afraid of venturing into uncharted territory. On *Cat's Cradle*, for example, he gets six different lines, all based on the same changes, going at once—and it comes off. You'll have fun sorting out the six standards, but even if you can't it won't lessen your enjoyment of the music one bit.

If the record has a star, it's the amazing Ray Nance. His *Ray's Blues*, on which he also sings with gusto, is a complete delight and one of the most infectiously swinging performances to reach record in some time. His solo and ensemble work throughout is magnificent, and it is indeed a wonder why so vital and gifted a player has had no LP of his own as yet. Nance doesn't play his soulful trumpet here, but in the concluding passages of *Blues*, the fiddle comes as close to emulating a horn as it has since Stuff Smith left the scene.

Benson shows that there is much more to him than his mastery of the blues. He shines on *Cradle*.

Carter and Davis turn in virtuoso performances and get into an exciting duel on *Cradle*. Dawson is always where he should be, keeping things well anchored.

Byard has much fun with *Girls*, on which he has overdubbed an organ ending. In contrast, his *Falling Rain* is a gentle ballad, and still another side of the pianist's personality is revealed in his funky playing on *Blues*.

If you're in the mood for something different than the usual jams, you'll relish this record. Like Jaki Byard, it has passion, warmth, humor and that too-often absent element of surprise. —Morgenstern

Clare Fischer

ONE TO GET READY, FOUR TO GO!—Revelation 6: *Liz Anne; In Memoriam: J.F.K. and R.F.K.; You Stepped Out of a Dream; Lover Man; Lover Man; Free Ways.*

Personnel: Tracks 1,2,3,5: Fischer, piano. Tracks 4 and 6: Gary Foster, tenor saxophone; Fischer, piano; Bobby West, bass; Jim Keltner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fischer is, I am convinced, one of the

great though underappreciated jazz talents of our times. He is a total musician, being equally at home in classical, jazz and popular music. To each of these, he brings perfect understanding and implements this with unerring taste, superb craftsmanship and, above all, imagination of the highest order. (His large orchestra, which I have heard both live and recorded, is sure to be one of the most important jazz ensembles of recent years. His brand new Atlantic album should easily confirm this; hopefully, too, Columbia will eventually issue the big-band jazz album he did for them at the same time he recorded his earlier and extraordinarily lovely *Songs for Rainy Day Lovers*, 9491.)

This recording, however, preserves a number of Fischer's more intimate—though no less committed or daring—jazz performances. *Liz Anne*, *In Memoriam: J.F.K. and R.F.K.*, *You Stepped Out of a Dream* and the second version of *Lover Man* are unaccompanied piano solos recorded in the familiar surroundings of Fischer's practice room by his close friend John William Hardy. The other two tracks were taped there as well, but Foster, West and Keltner were added. The six performances make a remarkable, immensely satisfying sampling of Fischer's huge musical gifts.

Fischer is one of jazz' foremost melodists, and this fact has seldom been more beautifully displayed on record than in the four piano solos here. They are superlative ballad readings, by any standards you might care to invoke, full of lyrical beauty, warmth, depths of reflection, unceasing invention, and elegance. Always the latter.

Fischer's playing on both versions of *Lover Man* and on Cal Tjader's beautiful ballad *Liz Anne* is incandescent. He illuminates both pieces with some of the most honest, uncloyingly romantic jazz playing I've heard in a long while. His improvisations rarely depart radically from the melodies but reveal, in their rush of imagination and sureness of control, depths and potentialities one would have not thought possible. In a sense, Clare reminds me of Art Tatum in his ability to disclose the fascinating, teeming life lurking beneath the surface of a melody, which requires an artist of Tatum's or Fischer's abilities to set free. In Fischer's case, this is suggested by indirection and understatement rather than by the more overt, torrential and, occasionally, crazy-quilt improvisational flow Tatum set in motion.

Something of the brilliance of the latter infuses Fischer's playing on *You Stepped Out of a Dream*, alone worth the price of the album. This is a truly amazing performance. The first half of the piece consists of a darting, quicksilver flow of invention

that never lets up and which is full of fertile, penetrating, highly imaginative ideas. It is some of the most stimulating pure pop-styled piano on record since the days of Bud Powell, and I invite it to the attention of all who dig solid, creative, impassioned jazz piano (of whatever stylistic persuasion).

The tribute to John and Robert Kennedy is touching; a sensitive and unbathe-tic composition illuminated with deep feeling.

One of the most impressive performances on the set is the 16½-minute exercise in totally free group playing aptly titled *Free Ways*. Saxophonist Foster describes it in his urbane, informative liner notes:

"On *Free Ways* all entrances, tempo changes, solo sections, accompaniments, and the ending happened as you hear them. No cues were given physically and I believe that, indeed, no one was purposely watching anyone else during the performance. Listening to the other players, attempting to sense what to play in relation to what else is being played, and then responding on impulse alone was the direction taken here . . . *Free Ways* is almost 17 minutes of pure 'ear' playing, containing, I hope, enough variety to sustain a listener from either camp."

It sure does and is, in fact, one of the most interesting and fully together tracks in an interesting, vital album. It is tribute to the empathetic powers of all four men that the piece possesses the organic unity and flowing sense of inevitability with which it is so thoroughly stamped. It just grows out and up, a perfect illustration of what can happen when four inventive musicians are able to focus their artistry and intuitions on a single goal. Everyone's going in the same direction on these *Free Ways*.

A beautiful, tasty album in every respect and unreservedly recommended. Revelation Records are obtainable from P.O. Box 65593, Los Angeles, Calif. 90065. Get this album, you won't be disappointed.

—Welding

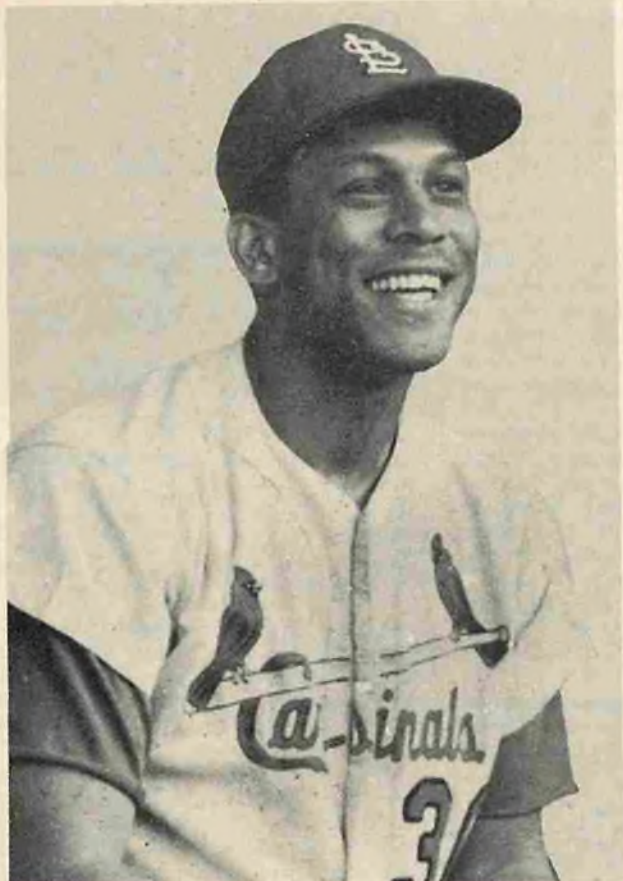
Babs Gonzales

THE EXPUBIDENT WORLD OF BABS GONZALES—EXP 008: *Cool Cookin'; Me; Lullaby of the Doomed; Le Continental; You've Changed; Beginning of the End; Lonely One; Babs' Mood for Love.*

Personnel: Track 1: Clark Terry, trumpet; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Gonzales, vocal. Tracks 2-4: Les Spann, flute; Charlie Rouse, bass clarinet; Griffin, tenor saxophone; Parlan, piano; Ray Crawford, guitar; Peck Morrison, bass; Haynes, drums; Gonzales and The Modern Set, vocals. Tracks 4-8: Ray Nance, violin; Parlan, piano; Gonzales, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Cookin' is a very swinging track from a live session Gonzales hosted at Small's Paradise (other performances by the



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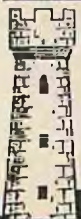


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group were issued on the Dauntless label). It features delightfully raunchy lyrics by the leader, and hot but relaxed blowing by Terry and Griffin (who plays one of his best recorded solos). *Me* and *Continental* have the same goodtime atmosphere, with tasty work by Spann, Crawford, and Griffin.

The remaining tracks essay a more melancholy mood. Except for *Love*, each song is dedicated to a departed giant—*Doomed* and *Changed* to Billie Holiday, *End* to Nat Cole, and *Lonely One* to Dinah Washington. Though Gonzales' vocal equipment is limited, his portrait of Holiday on *Changed* is accurate and moving.

Gonzales seems to have the ability to relax and inspire other musicians. Listen, for example, to Griffin, or to the excellent obligatos and solos of Ray Nance on the last four tracks, especially *End*, where he darts about like a passionate butterfly. The record can be obtained from Expubident Publishing Corp., 839 Riverside Drive, Apt. 5E, New York, N.Y. 10032.

—Karl

Wayne Henderson

SOUL SOUND SYSTEM—Atlantic SD 1512: *Behold the Day; What the World Needs Now Is Love; Love-out; Soul Sound System; It Was a Very Good Year; Are You Sure; All You Need Is Love.*

Personnel: Henderson, trombone; Willie Gresham, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Bristol, baritone saxophone or flute; Harold Land Jr., piano; Matt Hutcherson, vibes; Pancho Bristol, bass; Fred Hampton, drums; Chino Valdez, Moises Oblagacion, Ricky Chemelis, Max Guarduno, Dee Allen, percussion.

Rating: ★★

There is very little creativity in evidence on this LP, the second cut by a Henderson group called the Freedom Sounds. The music contains elements of Latin and soul music as well as jazz, and is slick but trite.

The arrangements lack originality and subtlety; some of the ensemble work pounds along like a herd of elephants.

Aside from Gresham's good, hard-swinging improvisations, the solo work is unimpressive. Henderson has a big tone and plays with plenty of drive but his solos are loaded with cliches. He has played far more impressively on other records.

Hutcherson's work is buoyant, but suffers from a lack of individuality.

The whole album is filled with quasi-hip devices and effects which the listener with a casual acquaintance with jazz may think are groovy, while more demanding ears may find it a drag.

—Pekar

Jack McDuff

THE NATURAL THING—Cadet IPS-812: *Let My People Go; Who Stole My Soul?; L. David Sloan; Funky Guru; Ain't It?; The Natural Thing; Run On Home; Con Alma; Rock Candy.*

Personnel: Cliff Davis, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; McDuff, organ; Phil Upchurch or Roland Faulkner, guitar; plus unidentified brass section (tracks 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6) and drums. Arrangements by Richard Evans.

Rating: see below

The Common Thing would be a more appropriate title for this album. With the exception of a couple of interesting solos by McDuff (on *Run On Home* and *Con Alma*) the album is a dreadful bore: simple bass lines disastrously embellished with heavy arrangements containing every r&b cliché in the book.

Davis is tolerable on *Funky Guru*, where he plays the flute, but the rest of his efforts belong back in the '50s with the rockers.

With the exception of *Con Alma*, all the tunes end in a fade-out, and I'm afraid this album is destined to follow suit in very short order.

—Albertson

Steve Miller Band

SAILOR—Capitol ST 2984: *Song For Our Ancestors; Dear Mary; My Friend; Living in the U.S.A.; Quicksilver Girl; Lucky Man; Gangster Of Love; You're So Fine; Overdrive; Dime-A-Dance Romance.*

Personnel: Miller, guitar, harmonica, vocals; Boz Scaggs, guitar, harmonica, vocals; Jim Peterman, piano, organ, vocals; Lonnie Turner, electric bass; Tim Davis, drums, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Tyrone Washington

NATURAL ESSENCE—Blue Note BST 84274: *Natural Essence; Yearning For Love; Positive Path; Soul Dance; Ethos; Song Of Peace.*

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Washington, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Reginald Workman, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

At first glance there seems little connection between Steve Miller's music and Tyrone Washington's, but consecutive listening inspired some thoughts on what I'd call the emotional-historical relationships between the musics.

Most, if not all, of the musicians on these two records were teenagers sometime during the 1950s, and most of them probably responded to the contemporary popular music of their respective scenes—rock 'n' roll for the Miller band, rhythm & blues for Washington's group. To some degree, these early associations are reflected in their present music.

It's likely that the members of the Miller band, after they "outgrew" rock 'n' roll, passed through the folk-music revival which swept the hipper colleges and white high schools in the late '50s. In one way or another, this revival led many young musicians to the blues and country music of previous decades. Jimmy Rodgers' and Bill Monroe's music met Robert Johnson's and Muddy Waters', and, while the attempted match produced some interesting instrumental music, the emotional climate was confused, e.g. the incongruity of high school and college boys mouthing the words of Delta blues or country music's lovelorn laments.

A resolution came with the rediscovery of '50s rock 'n' roll. The subject matter of this music—young love, loss of innocence, tough-guy posturing, etc.—was relevant to the performers' lives, and its means were eclectic enough to swallow any style.

So now we have rock, and bands like Steve Miller's. I haven't heard enough rock to make anything but a subjective judgment of the group's instrumental skills. By those standards they are all more than competent, and organist Peterman and drummer Davis are very good.

The manner and matter of the vocals is at least half of this music, and the key to where it stands emotionally. *Dear Mary*, for example, is both a parody and a resurrection of the '50s love ballad (*Love Me Tender*, et al.) The words portray a sulking teenage romantic, and while the performance mocks his sentimentality, it never loses touch with the real tenderness of his emotions.

Lucky Man borrows the double language of the blues, as honestly as possible, to describe a young man's mixed feelings about his girl. Of course it doesn't have the tragic depth of, say, Robert Johnson's *Preachin' Blues*, but that kind of emotion wouldn't be appropriate to the situation.

On its own terms, this music works beautifully. I doubt that listeners whose adolescence preceded the Korean War will find much to respond to here, but you might say that the kids of the '50s and '60s (I'm one of them) need this music. It tells much of our story.

The emotional history of Washington's music is more difficult to trace, partly because it is totally instrumental. Annotator A. B. Spellman points out that Washington "has deep roots in the . . . grits and funk music of the '50s. . . ." I'd go back farther than that to Illinois Jacquet's *Flying Home* and *Jazz at the Philharmonic*. The cross-pollination between this music and rhythm & blues was continuous, and the hard bop of Art Blakey and Horace Silver was one result.

In adapting the omnipresent 12/8 and 8/8 rhythms of rhythm & blues, hard bop tied melody to rhythm to a great extent (in Charlie Parker's music the relationship between the two was often contrapuntal). With the exception of *Path*, every composition here avoids 4/4 rhythm patterns, and Washington, who wrote them all, responds like an updated Jacquet. His out-of-tempo solo on *Peace* sounds at times like a series of Jacquet ballad cadenzas, and his intense solo on *Essence*, for all its harmonic sophistication, follows the same

emotional pattern as Jacquet's *Jet Propulsion* and thousands of r&b performances—a violent acceleration from "angry" swing to hysterical ecstasy.

The success of such music depends, for the most part, on whether or not it is emotionally convincing, i.e. do we feel the musician is living his emotion or merely portraying it. The conscious portrayal of emotion in jazz implies a dramatic form (Coleman Hawkins and Roscoe Mitchell are two examples), but Washington doesn't seem to be into that yet. He is still most effective when we feel he is his material, though he has already come a long way (he is only 23.)

His associates all play well, and Spaulding, Barron and Chambers are particularly impressive. The music as a whole is emotionally rich but unsettled, with one foot in r&b and one foot in the avant garde. Where Washington will go from here (and where Steve Miller's music will go) remains to be seen, but their present relevance can not be denied.

—Kart

Don Patterson

OPUS DE DON—Prestige 7577: *Little Shannon*; *Opus De Don*; *Dem New York Dues*; *Sir John*; *Stairway to the Stars*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Here's a solid, unpretentious record. Patterson and his sidemen are in good form on this informal but not sloppy session.

Mitchell does a particularly fine job. His solos are relaxed, lyrical, buoyant, skillfully put together and cleanly ex-

ecuted. His tone is refreshingly clear, and though he doesn't do a lot of screaming, his use of high notes is effective and intelligent. In his own unobtrusive way Mitchell has become a master.

I didn't think much of Cook's playing in the late '50s and early '60s, but he has improved steadily since then and is now a musician to be respected. Here he displays a full, rather hard tone and improvises with virility. He doesn't waste notes.

Martino plays superbly. His work isn't far out but very fresh and attractive melodically. He swings gracefully and his tone is warmer and prettier than I've heard before.

The dependable Patterson turns in some lithe, powerful solo work. His playing is aggressive but, aside from some unnecessary screaming on *Little Shannon*, tasteful.

Patterson also deserves praise for his intelligent, unobtrusive rhythm section work. In addition to being one of the best jazz organ soloists around, he's a fine accompanist.

—Pekar

Houston Person

BLUE ODYSSEY—Prestige 7566: *Blue Odyssey*; *Holy Land*; *I Love You, Yes I Do*; *Funky London*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Star Burst*.

Personnel: Curtis Fuller, trombone; Person, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano, arranger; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Frankie Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

If a *Blindfold* Test could be devised for the purpose of determining the leader of a date, I'd bet that most listeners would



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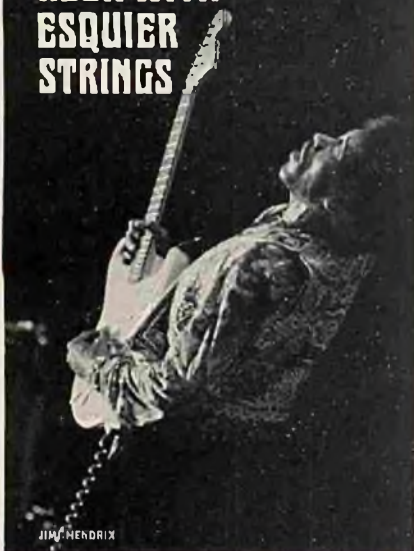
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pick Cedar Walton for this album. No offense to Person; in fact, *Blue Odyssey* is a fine outlet for his talents as a soloist and ensemble player. But Walton clearly dominates the session. His charts are imaginative, clear and remarkably buoyant for the potentially murky front line of tenor, baritone and trombone. His solos are intelligent and politely swinging without ever being showy.

By far his most outstanding contribution comes in an area seldom singled out, except by appreciative soloists and picaresque record reviewers: comping. Walton can be full-bodied and harmonically extended, as he is on *I Love You*; funky, as his backing is on *Please Send Me*; introspective, like his solo interludes on *Holy Land*; playful, like the wide-spread octaves he uses for an obbligato behind the head of the same track; or even serpentine, as his Guaraldi-like bass figure demonstrates on the title tune; and he never gets in the way, never overpowers, just contributes.

Again, not trying to take the wind out of Person's sail, Walton's contributions make this album. For the sake of this recording, this is the Houston Person Sextet, and he should have five stars for picking such groovy sidemen. You can judge a musician by the company he keeps, and you have to give Person full credit for keeping up with colleagues of the calibre of Adams and Fuller.

Of course, he does more than hold his own. He has a gutsy, hard-edged, bop-flavored tone as well as the ability to phrase sensitively. He uses both and provides a full range of feeling in the process.

Regarding range, Adams never disappoints. Each of his solos is an object lesson in how to be cool, intense, funky and humorous simultaneously. Fuller barks out his ideas with the tongue-in-cheek authority of Vic Dickenson. And in ensemble passages, his horn runneth over with a barrelhouse sound. Jones lays down a fine, dependable rhythmic foundation. I'm sure that Cranshaw does too, but the stereo balance is not too kind to his bass lines, except in *Starr Burstt*. Fortunately, we have his resounding solo in *Funky London*.

It's a good odyssey in blue—not the kind that filtered out of Pandora's Box, but the kind that swung from Cedar's chest.

—Siders

Horace Silver

SERENADE TO A SOUL SISTER—Blue Note BST 84277: *Psychedelic Sally*; *Serenade to a Soul Sister*; *Rain Dance*; *Jungle Juice*; *Kindrid Spirits*; *Next Time I Fall in Love*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Tracks 4&5: Tolliver; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone; Silver; John Williams, bass; Billy Cobham, drums. Track 6: Silver, Williams, Cobham only.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Silver's 15th album as leader of his own band (16th if you count the one where he led the Jazz Messengers), the records spread over a period of more than 12 years.

That statistic reflects many things: a great deal of excellent music and an unusual number of excellent pieces (to name a random few, *Doodlin'*, *The Preacher*,

Senor Blues, *Cookin' at the Continental*, *Sister Sadie*, *Filthy McNasty*, *Nica's Dream*, *Strollin'*, *Tokyo Blues*, *Song for My Father*); an unusually thoughtful approach to recording (generally, no more than one album per year, always with new and varied material), and relatively stable personnel. But most of all it reflects durability, a staying power matched by few musicians of Silver's generation.

This is an album made in a transition period. The band on side one is a studio group; the second is Silver's 1968 quintet. Randy Brecker has since replaced Tolliver, and not long ago Bill Cobham left the group.

When one considers how long the Blue Mitchell-Junior Cook-Gene Taylor-Roy Brooks edition of the quintet stayed together, and how much good music it produced, one realizes how things have changed. With a few exceptions, stable groups have become a rarity in jazz.

Thus it is even more to Silver's credit that he has managed to put his stamp on every line-up assembled under his leadership, and this album is no exception. It is not one of his greatest LPs, but in the context of current jazz output, it is well above average.

Its most engaging quality, perhaps, is that the music is immediately identifiable as Silver's and nobody else's. Another plus factor is the spirited drive of the performances. The music always swings. It is contemporary in flavor, yet it retains the essentials of the tradition.

Of the compositions, *Psychedelic Sally* is the one most likely to remain a lasting part of Silver's repertoire. Turrentine's solo, especially in the opening passages, clearly shows his affection for Illinois Jacquet. Maupin's tenor work is less fluent but more arresting; he is a thoughtful improviser.

Tolliver has made strides. He had good equipment from the start but his tone used to have a strident quality that I didn't care for. Now it has become warmer, and his playing has also gained in melodic interest.

The rhythm sections are both very competent. Cranshaw and Roker make a good team, and the bassist consolidates his position as one of the top men on his instrument. It is regrettable that Cobham decided to quit the group, but we will surely hear more from him. He is one of the most gifted drummers to come on the scene in recent years. Williams seems a solid and dependable musician.

Silver's piano is the heartbeat of the music, both in solo and in his very personal comping. He always gets something going and he always keeps up the momentum. On the trio track, which happens to be my favorite on this LP, Silver shows his lyrical side. The tune is a pretty one which singers are advised to investigate, the more so since the lyric (by Ronnell Bright) is printed in the liner notes.

These notes are by Silver himself and they are worth quoting from: "Musical composition should bring happiness and joy to people and make them forget their trouble, and perhaps in that joy and happiness there might be strength to help them overcome it."

Horace Silver's music is a touchstone in a confused period for jazz. It's nice to have him on the scene. —Morgenstern

Various Artists

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, VOL. 3: THE WEST COAST SCENE—Solid State SS 18037; *Satin Doll*; *Straight No Chaser*.

Personnel: Harry Edison, Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, Carl Fontana, trombones; Pete Christlieb, Harold Land, tenor saxophones; Jimmy Rowles or Tommy Flanagan, piano; Victor Feldman, vibes; Chuck Berghofer or Ray Brown, bass; Mel Lewis or Ben Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This album was cut at a February, 1968 Sunday afternoon jazz session at Marty's on the Hill in Los Angeles. The backgrounds of the participants vary quite a bit but they get together to produce enjoyable and at times even stimulating music.

Maybe top honors should go to the trombonists and tenormen. Rosolino and Fontana play very well on both tracks. It's good to hear Fontana, who gained some attention while a member of Woody Herman's band but has recently been (to quote liner note writer Leonard Feather) "buried in the obscurity of Las Vegas casino bands" operating in a jazz setting again. His solos are forceful, complex and intelligently constructed. He resolves his ideas well and plays for keeps; he gives the impression of a man really trying to play as well as he can.

Rosolino's spots also contain plenty of substance, though he's not quite as consistently inventive as Fontana on this album. As usual, his work conveys a feeling of ebullience that is hard to resist.

Christlieb is a 24-year old musician with experience in the bands of Jerry Gray, Si Zentner, Louis Bellson and Woody Herman. His gutty, lean-toned work on this LP could be labeled mainstream modern. He swings effortlessly and builds powerfully on both selections, although he does some groping at the beginning of his *Straight No Chaser* spot.

Land solos only on *Straight No Chaser*. His spot is rich in ideas and has fine continuity.

Edison and Bryant appear on both tracks. On the basis of his excellent and advanced playing with Count Basie during the late '30s and early '40s, Edison deserves to be recognized as an outstanding jazz trumpet player. During the past 15 years or so, however, his work has sometimes been disappointing. He has acquired a vocabulary of cliches on which he draws far too often and not even his big, ringing tone and relaxed but crisp articulation can make up for this fault. His work on this LP contains some trite ideas, but on *Straight No Chaser* he plays some fresh, long lines. His soft muted sound on *No Chaser* is very attractive. On *Satin Doll*, the easygoing power of his work is notable.

Bryant, described in Feather's notes as "one of the busiest studio men in town," is a powerful trumpeter. He may be a fine section man, but his solos here are disappointing. On *Satin Doll* his improvisation, influenced by swing as well as modern trumpeters, is stiff and he uses the upper register tastelessly. His *Chaser*

spot is somewhat better, but on neither track does he demonstrate much individuality or imagination.

Flanagan's lucid, graceful soloing on *Straight No Chaser* is one of the album's highlights. Flanagan's work is so consistently good that some people probably have come to expect fine, tasteful performances from him whenever he plays. That may have something to do with why he's taken for granted by too many these days.

This LP is a kind of smorgasbord; at least something on it will please most listeners. —Pekar

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

John Lee Hooker, *Urban Blues* (Blues-Way 6012)

Rating: ★★½

Muddy Waters, *Electric Mud* (Cadet 314)

Rating: no stars

James Cotton Blues Band, *Pure Cotton* (Verve Forecast 3038)

Rating: ★★½

Lightnin' Hopkins, *Texas Blues Man* (Arhoolie 1034)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Juke Boy Bonner (Arhoolie 1036)

Rating: ★★½

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yet another John Lee Hooker set, particularly one that offers no new insights or format and little new material but that, instead, merely presents newly recorded versions of several of his older pieces and a couple of newly written pieces in that manner.

It's not a bad production job, and the musicians assembled to back Hooker (guitarists Phil Upchurch and Eddie Taylor, drummer Al Duncan, and the uncredited harmonica player Louis Myers) work extremely well with him. There are few of the harmonic conflicts that have marred several of the singer's previous outings with backup musicians who did not understand his music.

Hooker is in good voice, and the music moves along quite nicely, but it's not especially exciting. This is most true in respect to the new versions of the older songs; in every case the early performances have it all over these efforts.

Also contributing to the lack of excitement is the absence of contrast in programming. Performance follows performance in the same key and at the same tempo, not the most intelligent way to schedule an album, for eventually it leads to a deadening sameness. The album's not bad—just not very interesting. There's too much superb Hooker available elsewhere.

The Waters album is a debacle, the latest product of Chess' long failure to understand what the singer's music is all about.

It attempts to psychedelicize Waters by subjecting a number of his best-known pieces to a barrage of instrumental effects associated with the new rock—heavy guitar distortion and feedback, over-recorded and overbusy bass work (there are two electric basses), ponderous drumming, and an assortment of amplified horn accompaniments, including Varitone soprano saxophone and flute.

The project might have worked if it had been carried out with some sort of restraint or even a knowledge of what contemporary rock is all about, but they've simply larded everything on in the belief that nothing succeeds like excess (which, I guess, it does; the album is selling well). The result suggests nothing so much as Waters accompanied by Blue Cheer, which ought to give a slight idea of the dismalness of the venture.

It's sad to see an artist of Waters' importance reduced to this kind of posturing. One might have forgiven everything if this project had been handled with understanding and intelligence, but their opposites, unfortunately, dominate the release.

Poor psychedelic Muddy, victim of a technological process he helped set in motion two decades ago and which here all but swamps him. This has got to be one of the most tasteless albums within recent memory.

The second album by former long-time Waters sideman, singer-harmonica player James Cotton, is an unpretentious success.

Long a fine instrumentalist, Cotton's growing abilities as a vocalist are well showcased in this pleasant, underplayed set, which features his then current tour-

ing unit—guitarist Luther Tucker, an inventive and tasteful musician; pianist-organist Alberto Gianquinto; bassist Robert Anderson, and drummer Francis Clay, who has since left the group to work with Shakey Jake.

While Cotton is not one of the great movers and shakers of the blues, he has a solid command of its conventions and creates happy, entertaining music that is, if not greatly original, consistently good. Some of the pieces are slight, but the band is tight, Cotton in good spirits, and the feeling is right, making for an enjoyable, generally satisfying album. The only dull spots are Anderson's undistinguished vocal on *Somethin' You Got* and Gianquinto's remake of Steve Allen's old *Little Red Riding Hood* monolog (here credited to the young pianist, however).

Arhoolie is responsible for one of the finer albums in some time by veteran Texas bluesman Sam (Lightnin') Hopkins. Through overrecording, a number of Hopkins' later albums—particularly in the Bluesville series—were rather undistinguished, primarily in the area of material. But here Hopkins is in fine form, doubtless as a result of the rapport producer Chris Strachwitz has with him.

The performances are relaxed, full of restrained excitement, and stamped with the authority of the master. Several of the numbers are superb: the two pieces outlining some of the more brutal aspects of Negro life in Texas, *Tom Moore Blues* and *Bud Russell Blues*, as well as Hopkins' spontaneous reflections on *Slavery* and segregation, *I Would If I Could*.

The general level of the set is high, and many of the performances have the quality of overheard private musings. A fine set in every respect, with a groovy cover photo.

A number of blues musicians have recorded as one-man bands, and now Houston's Weldon (Juke Boy) Bonner makes his LP debut with this format. Bonner sings, plays amplified guitar, harmonica (held on a rack around his neck), and traps. He is quite good, generating a solid rhythmic pulse, over which his voice rides easily.

However, for all the skill involved in simultaneously performing on three instruments, the one-man band ploy is ultimately self-defeating in that it prevents the performer from employing the full resources of each instrument. For example, inasmuch as Bonner must use both hands to keep the guitar part going, he cannot wrest any more than a necessarily limited number of effects from the harmonica. His playing of the harmonica restricts that which he can do simultaneously on the guitar. And how much is he then left to do on drums? The work of the one-man band generally winds up being monotonous over the long haul, since it is by and large limited to a relatively small area of color, texture and instrumental patterns. That happens to this set.

Bonner is a fine performer and a relaxed, ingratiating singer—and a pretty good blues composer, too—but the sameness of approach ultimately dulls the listener's appetite. The set is best sampled in small doses.



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GABOR SZABO/BLINDFOLD TEST Pt. 1

Since his previous *Blindfold Test* (DB, 2/9/67), the career of Gabor Szabo has moved along a continuous upward curve.

He escaped from his native Hungary during the 1956 uprising and made his first major U.S. appearance in 1958 with the Newport International Youth Band. During his first two years in the United States he was a student at the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

After putting in time as a sideman with Chico Hamilton (1961-65), Gary McFarland (1965), and Charles Lloyd ('65-66), Szabo, who already had made his debut as a leader on records, formed his own quartet and soon established a firm identity.

The instrumentation of his group (two guitars, two percussion, and bass) is in itself distinctive, but beyond this Szabo has explored successfully the possibilities of fusing many ethnic strains, principally Indian, Hungarian and American, in a series of often hypnotic performances.

For the accompanying interview, a couple of fellow Hungarians were included (Vig, Zoller), as well as records by two of his former employers. He had a lot to say, so this is the first installment of a two-part test.

Szabo was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather



VERLY OAKLAND

1. CHICO HAMILTON. *Jim-Jeannio* (from *The Dealer*, Impulse). Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Larry Coryell, guitar; Hamilton, drums, composer; Jimmy Heath, composer.

At the very beginning, for a few bars, I was confused, but I'm pretty sure that's Chico Hamilton and his organization. I don't know for a fact whether Joe Beck played with Chico, but it sounded like Joe on guitar.

The first impression I got was that the unison line at the beginning was somewhat out of tune—it was unmusical and disturbing. I don't always care if somebody isn't right on pitch, because that's secondary, usually, for me. But here it bothered me.

At the very beginning of the guitar solo, I thought it was Joe Pass because the picking was very similar to that of Joe, but the style was less . . . musical. It was terribly frantic, and I know for a fact that Joe Beck at one time used to play like that, although he doesn't do it any more—terribly busy and trying to get almost all his knowledge into those eight or 16 bars, whatever are available.

This all goes back to musicianship, because it's just a matter of maturity, which eventually, I guess, will come.

The alto solo is really rather uninspired. I have no idea who it could have been. It wasn't a very distinctive style. Later on during the alto solo, there was an interplay which also became terribly frantic and unmusical. They weren't complementing each other. They were kind of dragging each other to a certain direction, everyone trying to prove that his way is the best. That was the point I became sure it was Chico on drums. His playing was a bit heavy for this tempo and too busy.

Also, I imagine that was a Chico

Hamilton composition, because I recognize that theme, having been with Chico for about 3½ years. Toward the end it became worse and more disturbing, this chaos and frenzy.

All in all, I felt like this could be either the very first or the very last tune of the session, when either everybody was too tired and trying to get their artificial energies together, or the very first tune, when they had too much energy, and there was nothing balanced. So I would rate it two stars, and that's only because I know two of the musicians, and Joe Beck I regard as a very good young guitar player. It was all very disturbing to me, with a lack of taste.

2. HERBIE MANN. *Flute Bag* (from *Wailing Dervishes*, Atlantic). Mann, flute; James Glenn, bass; Rufus Harley, bagpipes, composer.

The sound was a bit bright, but I think it was Herbie Mann. As usual Herbie—if it is Herbie Mann—manages to get a pretty persistent groove, although I felt that this one didn't seem to particularly result in a climax; it seemed to start out pretty good and stayed there for the duration of the tune. In other words it didn't develop quite as I expected it to develop.

The bass player especially I want to compliment. I think it was an electric bass, and he managed to get a very nice loose feeling. His bass lines were very flowing and pleasant.

My ignorance may get me here, but it sounded like there could have been a bagpipe there, from the way it was phrased, and yet the tone of it was closer to an oboe or an English horn, and I couldn't quite tell what it was. Whoever played it—whatever "it" was—I enjoyed his performance probably the

most of the whole tune.

It didn't really leave such a lasting mark on me, so I would probably give it 2½ stars.

3. TOMMY VIG. *Lazy Beauty* (from *Sound of the Seventies*, Milestone). Charlie McLean, alto saxophone; Vig, composer.

I'm completely stuck with this one. It was a very strange combination of all kinds of styles, which makes me think it may be one of the school recordings. I won't say Berklee, but something similar to Berklee School student recordings.

It had from Bach fugues, jazzed up, to Count Basie to Stan Kenton-like brass lines, to Gil Evans-type chords in the background. The same stands for the alto saxophone player. Whoever took the solo also was kind of everything brought together in one big bag.

It's very hard for me to judge any more, because five or 10 years ago you'd sit down and you started judging people—like, oh, yes, he uses nice chords, or he has a very good way of handling the brass or . . . in other words you were able to judge more on technical merits.

Music, I feel, has developed to an absolute form today where you cannot afford to give out roses for any particular qualifications of this kind, because there are so many people today who are producing total, absolute music. Even in pop music, never mind jazz, you cannot any more compromise and say yes, I'll give it three stars, because it was a very good effort, and he will eventually wind up to be a good writer or player.

All in all, I'd say it bothered me more than a bad recording because it was musical but had absolutely no reason for this whole song to be recorded, and I really can't rate it.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Shelly Manne

University of California, Los Angeles

Personnel: Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor saxophone; Mike Wofford, piano; Dave Parlato, bass; Manne, drums. Southern California Chamber Symphony Orchestra conducted by Henri Temianka.

There's nothing new in adding syncopation to the counterpoint of Bach, nor in up-dating his sequential harmonies. For years, The Swingle Singers have been paying lip service to both concepts. But Shelly Manne and Henri Temianka came up with a go-for-Baroque idea that neatly combined classical and jazz without awkwardly integrating the two; without forcing jazzmen to turn self-consciously square; without the embarrassing spectacle



Shelly Manne
Dazzling Brushwork

of legitimate players trying to swing.

This was one situation where "separate-but-equal" accomplished more than integration. Temianka and his Southern California Chamber Symphony Orchestra played three of Bach's *Brandenburg* concerti; Manne and His Men took excerpts from these and "commented" on them the best they knew how. One was interpretation; the other was improvisation.

Temianka's skills were devoted to spreading the Gospel according to Johann Sebastian—carrying out the master's intentions as faithfully as Bach's spare markings indicated. For the jazzmen, Bach's utterances were merely the launching pad for fanciful flights into solo and ensemble variations while paying homage to the spirit of the original creations.

Temianka can be considered Shelly Manne's legitimate counterpart. In his own bag, he is involved in endless musical activities and projects. Like Manne, he constantly seeks new outlets, never con-

tent to stay on one level, never flirting with stagnation. Thus it comes as no surprise that the idea for the Bachward glance was mutually conceived. And considering how much each has contributed to the artistic growth of Los Angeles, it was not surprising to see many people turned away from UCLA's acoustically inviting Royce Hall.

The first work to be metamorphosed was the third *Brandenburg*. Temianka conducted the entire work, but Manne improvised only on the first two movements. The first movement is scored for three violins, three violas and three cellos, with an underpinning by harpsichord and one double bass. Bach's intricate counterpoint is spread uniformly among the three string groupings, with the lead passing from one section to another. Following a suggestion of Bach's melody, the lead—thoroughly improvised—passed from the triple-tonguing of Barone, to the high alto-range sound of Gross, to the fine double-stopping of Parlato (who was subbing for Manne's regular bassist, Bob West). Both ensembles finished together.

The second movement of the third *Brandenburg* is the shortest movement in the entire literature of music; just two chords. Why it qualifies as a movement is beyond me. It really serves as a slow B-minor bridge between two moderate movements in G-major. In terms best understood by a jazzman, it is actually a 2 to 5 progression begging to be resolved. For me, this was the highpoint of the evening: with Temianka constantly repeating the two chords, the quintet put on a brilliant display of improvisation. Manne's rhythmic by-play and "pitched" tympani provided an ideal background for Barone's haunting, open sound. It evolved into a slow, funky feel that progressed through double and triple time before returning to the original tempo.

Brandenburg No. 5 was played next, and Manne chose its second, canonic movement for his jazz variations, confining his demonstration to just piano, bass and drums. Wofford, Parlato and Manne superimposed a feeling of three (actually 12/8) over the strict legitimate rhythm in four maintained by flute, violin and harpsichord. Manne put on a dazzling display of brushwork behind the chamber soloists. The two groups mixed their blessings very skillfully: occasionally they alternated; other times they were together, but each maintained its intrinsic sound and identity.

For the finale, the fugue of the fourth *Brandenburg* was chosen. It began with an example of intermarriage that produced an unusual offspring: with a loose, relaxed beat behind a violin obbligato, one got the impression that the violinist was swinging! Wofford played an outstanding solo highlighted by his trademark: harmonies extended as far as possible within the realm of tonality. Barone and Gross contributed brief but swinging statements, goosed by the humorous, rhythmic fireworks of Manne. Both groups played the ending together—each in its "native tongue"—

climaxed by the Bach-type "screeching" of Barone.

Bach might well have been interested to hear not only how intelligently his concept of contrapuntal lines was manipulated, but also how well thinking jazz musicians did with his meager harmonies.

—Harvey Siders

Berkeley Winter Jazz Symposium Newman Center, Berkeley, Calif.

Although less heralded than coinciding Bay Area appearances of Elvin Jones, Hampton Hawes and Sonny Criss, Charles Lloyd and Gabor Szabo, the quarterly Berkeley Jazz Symposium, produced by student Wes Robinson, featured four renowned groups: the quartet of altoist Sonny Simmons, with trumpeter Barbara Donald; the Fourth Way (the John Handy group minus John Handy); Listen, a group whose ESP album *Zitro* received four stars in this magazine; and Raphael Garrett's Circus.

The first of two evening concerts opened with *The Mini-Drum Suite*, a performance by the quartet of inspired drummer Smiley Winters, a Bay Area bop veteran who has toured with Dinah Washington. Completing the temporary unit were Bert Wilson on tenor, Jim Zitro on soprano, and Chris Amberger on bass. The sketchily-structured *Suite* revealed Winters' progress to newer directions and made one wish that his intricate yet cogent playing could be more widely heard.

Next was a cohesive set by Listen, with John Neufeld on amplified flute and clarinet, Wilson on tenor and soprano, Mike Cohen on piano, Amberger and Kenny Jenkins on basses, and Jim Zitro, this time on drums. All the compositions were from within the group, and all conveyed its philosophy: that the new music is not a mutant but the son of bop. The listeners could hear that these were not untutored poseurs but accomplished, well-rooted musicians. Whether coursing through oblique changes or exploring suspensions, the group was together—musically as well as emotionally.

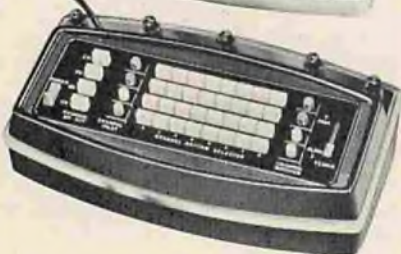
Third to appear on Friday night was a quintet of local musicians, with Mike Breen on tenor and soprano saxophones, Sue Muscarella on piano, Erv Denman and Jerry Sealand on basses, and John Wiler on drums. Their set, comprising all modal pieces, evinced a probing appreciation for the later work of John Coltrane, as well as burgeoning individuality. They were followed by ethno-blues songstress-guitarist Avotja, who sang with conviction and warmth but with distressing intonation. Jerry Sealand accompanied her on bass. In addition, the audience relished the rare comic spectacle of a definitely unstudied "free" player trying to say his piece (with bass clarinet fills) on several down home blues.

Arresting for their imaginative material and their precision and taste were the Fourth Way: Mike White, amplified violin; Mike Nock, piano; James Leary, bass, and Eddie Marshall, drums. In addition to this general attractiveness, the Fourth Way projected an entrancing sense of collective purpose. Though some in the audience

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might have wished for more daring, the Fourth Way captivated all.

Of course, the audience had been waiting all evening for the Sonny Simmons Quartet: Simmons on alto, his wife Barbara Donald on trumpet, Juma on bass, and Paul Smith on drums.

At first the group sounded frightening, but its scorching candor soon organized itself into coherent patterns. Simmons slashed through the 12-tone realm, upturning gem upon gem. Miss Donald's attack and ideas were incisive and powerful. Her playing was amazing, no qualifications. (She plays on Simmons' most recent ESP album.) Miss Donald and drummer Smith, who played and listened to the others with an intensity reminiscent of Max Roach, exhibited deep bop roots.

It was obvious to this writer, who long doubted the new music, that although there was no pre-arranged blowing structure, what came forth did have structure. The musicians were listening to one another.

The Saturday concert began with sets by two local groups: Circuitry, and Raphael (formerly Don) Garrett's Circus, the common format being perambulatory playing and random exchanges of instruments. Circuitry consisted of altoist Rahim Roach, vibist Dave Wilson, tenorist-flutist Dale Reamer, bassist Howard Traylor, and visiting trumpeter Earl Davis.

Of the Circus troupe, only bassist-reedman Garrett (who, incidentally, plays on John Coltrane's *Kulu Se Mama*) and bassist Joe Halpin were present, but Circuitry lingered to augment them. There was something very open-minded about all these musicians trading axes, but after an hour and a half, the impression was that the few musically valuable moments weren't really worth all the fuss. As anyone knows, a good tuba player won't necessarily blow good glockenspiel.

The second evening climaxed with superb music, first from Listen and then from the Sonny Simmons group. So ended the Berkeley Symposium, a conspicuous symptom of musical vigor by the San Francisco Bay.

—Joe Gallagher

Frank Foster

Judson Hall, New York City

Personnel: Martin Banks, Johnny Coles, Richard Williams, Virgil Jones, Robert Williams, Eddie Preston, trumpets; Garnett Brown, Jimmy Cleveland, Kiane Zawadi, John Gordon, Benny Powell, Dick Griffin, trombones; Norris Turney, alto saxophone; Ed Pazant, alto saxophone, flute, oboe; Roland Alexander, tenor and soprano saxophones; Al Gibbons, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute; Harold Cumberbatch, baritone saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Bob Cunningham, Larry Ridley, basses; Sonny Brown, Omar Clay, drums.

The job of carrying the banner for tradition during a time of revolutionary turmoil is not exactly the most thankful task that comes to mind. Yet it would be hard to dispute the fact that, in the arts, the task of maintaining excellence in technical discipline and craft is just as important—perhaps even more so—in periods of unrest as in periods of classical stability. Few contemporary jazzman have worked as hard as Frank Foster to find a creative expression that sustains and rejuvenates traditional jazz values.

It will come as a surprise to no one to point out that Foster is a masterful ar-

ranger for the familiarly instrumented jazz band. His many years of section experience have provided firm insights into the deceptively complex problems of big band scoring. One of these insights was especially well demonstrated in this program by his remarkable saxophone section writing. Quite simply, I can recall only a few instances in which I've heard the kind of stunning saxophone voicings that Foster consistently produced. (I don't, by the way, mean to neglect the balance of his writings, which is top-notch—from precisely controlled brass voicings to hard swinging ensemble figures.)

I must admit to reservations about Foster's material, however. His preference for blues is understandable; Duke Ellington, for one, has proved for more than 40 years that blues possess sufficient artistic resources to serve as starting points for an enormously wide range of musical expressions. But Foster has not yet filled his



Frank Foster
Masterful Arranger

blues palette with sufficiently varied pigments to sustain an almost continuous reliance upon the form. When, and if he does, he will be something special, indeed.

A few words for the smoothly proficient band assembled for the occasion: It ran the gamut of styles, from Coles' ethereal fluegelhorn lines to the gutsy shouts of Alexander's tenor saxophone. Powell's trombone, as usual, was delightful—alternatively humorous, rocking and soaring. Gibbons' Gonsalves-like tenor was heard to fine advantage, as were Pazant's woodwinds, Turney's clarinet, Williams' trumpet, and brief but sparkling solo spots from virtually everyone else in the band.

It seems obvious that, short of having acquired foundation support, Foster could hardly have made the payroll for this large an ensemble with the receipts from

down beat's **BIG BAND ISSUE**
on sale April 3, 1969

the relatively limited confines of Judson Hall. It says something for the excellence of his music and the altruism of the musicians that he was nonetheless able to assemble a virtually all-star band. One of these days some sharp a&r man is going to realize that groups like Foster's are good enough to warrant a taste of the high-powered promotion and expensive production that seem to be available to almost any young rock group for the asking.

—Don Heckman

Jeremy Steig Quartet

Jazz Workshop, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Steig, flute; Mike Mainieri, vibraphone; Hal Gaylor, bass; Donald MacDonald, drums.

This is, ordinarily, a fine jazz quartet. It's a tragedy that it is no longer the six-man Jeremy and the Satyrs, a group that during its relatively short life suggested the only viable direction so far demonstrated for a full fusion of jazz and rock—not one genre with hints of the other, not a song-by-song alternation between the two, but a new, dynamic and frequently electrifying hybrid. The current quartet alludes to the idiom often, and MacDonald is at home in either bag, but it's a jazz band now—as the Gary Burton Quartet has always been, critical bayings to the contrary notwithstanding.

And a fine one, as stated. Ordinarily, but not (this time, because Steig, normally one of the few original voices on flute, had a very bad night. He took several long solos atypically filled with aimless noodling, and in tune after tune would try for a forceful, climactic burst of notes only to produce bursts of air. (These as distinguished from the occasions when he was clearly attempting to make white noise rather than conventional music.) His tone was far thinner than usual, too.

Nonetheless, some very good things happened, for which Mainieri and MacDonald, an exciting and versatile drummer, were chiefly responsible.

The first tune was one of the most interestingly constructed of those performed. Steig and Mainieri (who has thoroughly mastered and almost always employs the four-mallet technique, although the second right-hand mallet doesn't get as much play as it might) began improvising together off a slow line based on one phrase. The rhythm joined and they moved into a hard 8-bar blues phrase, from which Steig improvised, alternating blue licks and atonality, sometimes humming along with himself. There was a nice, short Mainieri spot backed by effective Gaylor strums and some sharp hi-hat stickwork by MacDonald. The tune ritarded into a false ending based on the slow line, then repeated the "blues" line and ritarded again to take it out.

Autumn Leaves followed similar outlines: a slow intro that referred obliquely (if at all) to the melody, followed by the tune at a medium-up tempo. Mainieri backed Steig's wandering though sometimes effectively lyrical solo sensitively, laying out for a couple of choruses, entering at exactly the right moments and providing some sophisticated counterpoint. His vibes solo was a model of logical contrast, beginning with thick, lush chording,

moving to some short and whimsical single-note lines and then to more widely spaced chords featuring some most attractive dissonances. He built to several small climaxes before ending with a definitive one.

Mainieri was also excellent on *All Blues* (which featured Steig's best solo of the night as well). Another nice chart, it moved in and out of double-time often and effectively. Mainieri's excursion began quietly; the tempo doubled, MacDonald laid down a rock beat and Mainieri got down and dirty, much bluesier than Steig's solo had been. He held a minor third trill for an entire half-chorus and got away with it beautifully (thanks partly to MacDonald's variations behind him), built to

a climax (sympathetic, adroit MacDonald again) and then released the tension for the last chorus, in which he interpolated a strain from *Comin' Home, Baby*.

The other noteworthy performance was on *Joshua*. Mainieri and MacDonald cooperated brilliantly in back of Steig, and the vibist played another nice solo with what seemed extra-sensory help from MacDonald. The ensemble playing here was first-rate, too.

Gaylor didn't do much on his solos, but is a perfectly good accompanist. And when Steig is on his game, this is surely a band to catch. Meanwhile, Mainieri and MacDonald, with an occasional spark from the leader, made it a worthwhile evening.

—Alan Heineman

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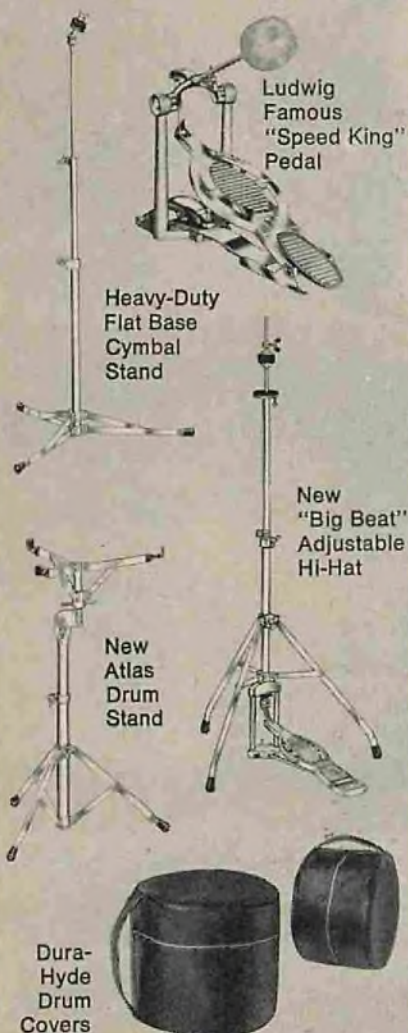
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HODES

(Continued from page 16)

This has to be one of the amazing players of our age. I only hope that friends and associates, such as Eddie Condon, who knew him down through the years, will take to the pen and share with us. For certainly there will be stories upon stories about the Russell man. In fact, I just heard one. . . .

I guess it was less than a year ago that Jimmy McPartland brought Pee Wee to Chicago and both of them did a *Jazz Alley* show with me for WTTW-TV. As the station is educational, we didn't have the various pressures one gets where loot "impresses," thanks to the two cats who made the scene possible (Jack Sommers, producer; Bob Kaiser, director). Pee Wee was in his usual form. We had plenty of time for "run-downs." The set called for a bar and bartender. No booze, but I'm sure the needy didn't come naked. And we had a night spot table set-up, with live audience. Both Pee Wee and Jimmy were pleased with the rhythm section I'd provided ("Rail" Wilson, bass; Harry Hawthorne, drums).

We sailed right through that show; I will admit a lot of trepidation was running loose. Bits and pieces, like Pee Wee looking up and discovering our bartender and putting in his order. Suddenly the scene changes and I'm comping Pee Wee on some blues and he's really talking. Russell wasn't as good to himself as he deserved but he didn't cheat others. He gave fully of what he had. Ever see some of the faces he'd make when he chorused? A woman in labor couldn't emote any better. Yet, some of the most touching bits he's put together came through at such times.

Oh yeah! About that tale. . . . Bob Kaiser had set us up where he thought we should be. Pee Wee was next to the piano and Jimmy in the center with the mike just in front of him. As I recall, Pee Wee usually leaned against the piano on other gigs. But this time he wanted the center spot. He must have asked Jimmy several times, "cause he finally was heard to say, "Jimmy, I'll give you five bucks if you change places with me." Ah, maybe it doesn't hit you; I would have liked to have the "asides" that were spoken into the lavalier mikes. I know the guys in the control booth were breaking up. I also know that though the mikes were never removed during the show, the connection was grounded. But get this; the show came off great. The end result was good. In fact, it was one of the six shows I was involved in that NET bought from Chicago's WTTW.

You live your life and you play scenes. And players come on stage and you do bits together, through the years. There are parts you keep remembering. Pee Wee and Art's Backroom in Greenwich Village. The Riviera Lounge on 7th Ave. near Nick's. The place was so tiny that Pee Wee could sit at a table and play his clarinet and the bass players and I could comp from where we were at and we'd be together. We started that venture with turned-out pockets and an idea. Russell had said, as we made the

long walk from 52nd St. to the Village (we weren't athletic; just broke): "I know a man who has a backroom and he ain't using it." We went from there. Hired us a bass player with money we didn't have and managed to pay him. Our backroom thrived and jumped. It "homed" the late-great Jack Teagarden when he had a week's lay-off (this was '49). It gave Willie The Lion Smith a room with a piano; and how will either one of us ever forget his piano-comp conversations with Bertha (Chippie) Hill (gone).

Yeah, from the Backroom, I came back to Chicago and the Blue Note; brought Pee Wee with me. *The All-Stars*. We managed to make a steady job last 11 weeks. And how vividly I recall McPartland visiting us and taking in the "state" of Pee Wee's health, insisting that Frank Holzfiend the manager let us put him in a hospital for some treatment and rest. Frank was with us, but thank God for Jimmy's strength. The indestructible one came back, as he continued to do right down to his final appearance.

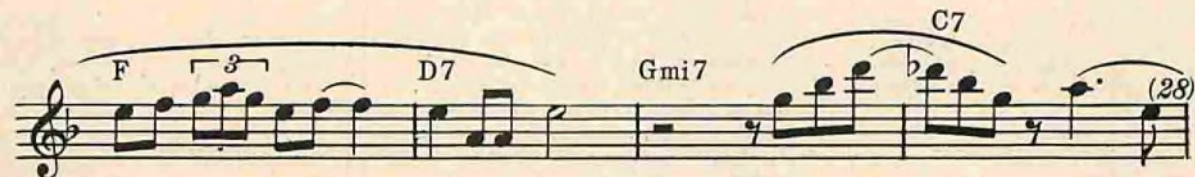
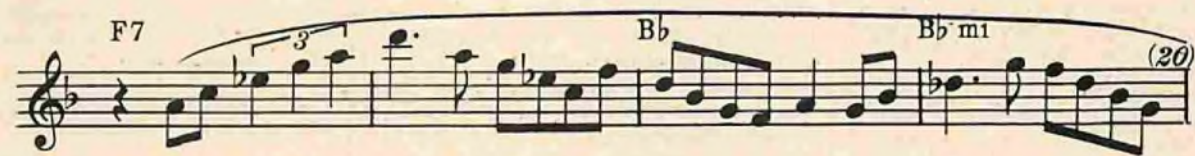
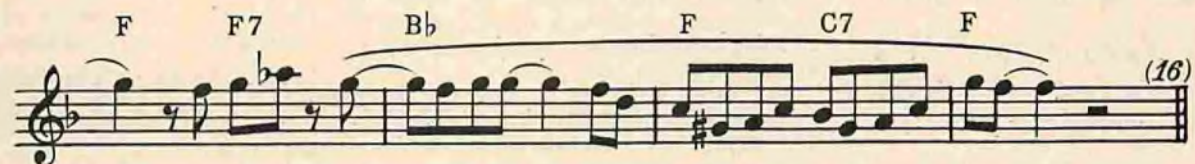
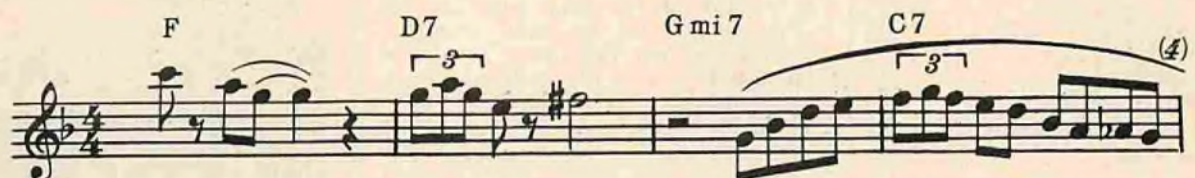
The next I heard was from San Francisco where my good friend, newspaper man Fred Wyatt, discovered Pee Wee in need of doctoring and put the news spotlight on the situation, and again he "arose." Three cities were to give benefits for Mr. Russell. Yeah! Somewhere around 1960 Pee Wee ceased to need benefits of that sort. None were more pleased than his friends of long standing. We were glad for his successes. One of his greatest was hardly ever mentioned. That was having his wife, Mary, in his corner. She, too, was a strength to him. How many times he'd call from Chicago and Mary would lay "the word" on him. But she too was mortal, and less than two years ago Mary passed. But I don't think either one of them would want you to be sad over it. They lived this life as they understood it, to the hilt. And here were two people who did some growing during their years.

Finally, the scene that keeps coming back to me was one that took place in dear ole Chi in the late '50s. A recording studio. Thirteen of us cutting *Meet Me In Chicago*. We were doing what I'd like to call "the Brunis version" of *Sister Kate*. There's a two-bar break at the 7th and 8th bars where George says, "This is mail box music; it sends me" etc. Well, Pee Wee was blowin' real good, forgot himself, and played right through the break. That broke it up. The director (Jack Tracy) stopped the rolling tapes, but not before Pee Wee had sputtered apologies and George had assured him profusely, "That was all right, Pee Wee" and that, my friends, was some act. That was what should have been released when the LP came alive. That was a roomful of talent, by the way. Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, George Wettling (and he's gone ahead), McPartland; yeah. I like that LP. Hard to find a copy anymore. Come to think of it, there's some guys we'll never find "copies" of. Like a one-shot. A breed apart. You haven't noticed any Jack Teagardens around; no George Wettlings. Save your eyes; there'll be no other Pee Wees.

ES

This solo was transcribed by Bill Russo and Lloyd Lifton for their *Jazz Off the Record* column (*DB*, Jan. 13, 1950). They commented: "An interesting difference can be noted between the first and second choruses of this record: the first chorus (not included below) is a simple elaboration on the melody, but the second chorus is a complete departure from the original song. Lester begins this second chorus with two short, simple phrases which establish a definite new feeling. Harmonically, Lester makes use of the major sixth, major seventh, and major ninth against the major chords. His use of the lowered or minor ninth and major 13th against the dominant seventh is of particular interest, especially in bar 12, where he makes use of both these notes. In bars 25 and 26 Lester starts on the third of the F7 and runs up to the 13th, substituting the third for the 11th. In both these examples and in bar 23 he approaches the 13th by a fourth skip from the third. The solo can be heard on *Lester Young At His Very Best* (Emarcy 66010), original masters.

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Strings And The Second Chorus By Joe Kennedy

I REMEMBER the eloquent sound of Cuban Bennett's horn many years ago—Freddie Webster was also in that superlative trumpet category. During this era it was exciting to go to the Stanley Theatre in my home town Pittsburgh and listen to the greats. Chu Berry's tenor with the Cab Calloway orchestra was really something!

Excursion boat rides were a gas too! I'll never forget Fate Marable's band which played on the steamer *Saint Paul*. Heard a bass player one afternoon and couldn't believe the reality. Every one raved over his playing, and during intermission I walked up to him and said, "You should be with someone like Ellington." We struck up a friendship the remainder of the summer, and six months later my favorite bassist joined the Duke Ellington orchestra. His name was Jimmy Blanton.

Another Jimmie was also an inspiration. His name was Jimmie Lunceford. Upon hearing one of my first compositional efforts, he immediately took a fatherly interest, and on one occasion asked, "What do you play?" Afraid of not being accepted into his jazz fraternity, I apologetically answered, "The violin is my favorite." His face was stern as he pointed his finger and said, "You should be proud to study such a beautiful instrument." I wish Mr. Lunceford were with us today. Perhaps he would recognize the danger sign and help motivate a revised interest of study in the area of strings—specifically violin, viola, and cello.

For nearly a quarter century the declining number of students seriously studying strings has been alarming—not to mention the decreasing quantity of males within this minority. In several generations, colleges, symphony orchestras, studio orchestras, and varied settings in jazz may be highly affected by the shortage of capable string players. And yet there are many music educators who only stress the instrumentation of the marching band, knowing full well that a balanced curriculum should embrace strings with the elementary level as a beginning point.

And why hasn't the jazz world encouraged string practitioners through the years? At this writing violinist Joe Venuti is still living, and is it not a monumental oversight to allow such an important contemporary to remain in semi-obscurity? It is also a serious indictment to have the rich legacy of Eddie South, Stuff Smith, and Ray Perry, among others, improperly represented and unavailable for posterity. Europeans salute and hail the work of Stephane Grappelly, Svend Asmussen, and Jean-Luc Ponty, while the American jazz violinist, with few exceptions, goes without work while spending a lifetime under-recorded or totally unrecorded in his native country.

When will jazz workshops begin to include strings as a valid point of departure? In June of 1968, Lloyd Ricks, Director of Instrumental Music, Hampton Institute, scheduled a highly interesting seminar en-

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titled, *Strings And Jazz*. The glowing results of this project were unique, and creative success was much in evidence.

Meanwhile, The American String Teachers Association, The A.F. of M. Congress of strings, and dedicated string teachers and clinicians such as noted authority J. Frederick Muller continue to encourage

the study of strings. I hope the jazz world will begin to channel a sincere abundance of good will in this direction. The investment would assure dividends for the future, and some string students could eventually be brave enough to apply for *Down Beat* scholarships and attend Berklee for further growth.



Arranger-composer Joe Kennedy is currently a music educator in the state of Virginia, and resident violinist in the Richmond Symphony Orchestra. A native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he received a Masters Degree in Music from Duquesne University.

YOU CAN BE SURE By Joe Kennedy

You Can Be Sure, a 12-bar blues, was arranged for jazz trio and string orchestra (piano, bass, drums—first violin, second violin, viola, and cello). This example is intended to express a simple medium for strings while maintaining an over-all authentic feeling of jazz. (Recorded by Ahmad Jamal, Cadet Records, L.P.764). Copyright, Hema Music Corp., (BMI).

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(Continued from page 16)

in, trombonist **George Bohannon** happened to be subbing for Bryant . . . Two recent emigres from the East Coast, drummer **Billy Higgins** and bassist **Eddie Khan**, have found themselves a comfortable niche in the **Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet**. The quintet was recently featured at Shelly's Manne-Hole and rounding out the combo was pianist **Joe Sample** . . . Another musician from back east (but not as far east) who has found a musical home here is pianist **Kirk Lightsey**, from Detroit. Lightsey replaced **Jack Wilson** as **O. C. Smith's** accompanist. Wilson, plagued by a series of

diabetic attacks, is at the Pied Piper with **Ike Isaacs**, bassist-leader, and **Jimmy Smith**, drums. Wilson is making up for lost time, having fallen behind in his contractual commitments to Blue Note. He is currently working on an album with strings, *Song for My Daughter*, with charts by **Billy Byers**. As soon as that is done, Wilson will begin gathering material for a big band album that will feature him on organ . . . In other recording news, vibist **Lynn Blessing** just signed a non-exclusive pact with Epic Records that calls for two albums. The first, *Sunset Painter*, is being produced by his former bossman, **Paul Horn**. The basic group (there might be a vocalist) will consist of Blessing, vibes; **Robert Hirtz**,

guitar; **Wolfgang Melz**, electric bass, and **Mel Telford**, drums. If there are any country overtones, it will be no accident. Blessing hails from Indiana and although he is fundamentally a jazzman, he is interested in all kinds of sounds, whether they be country, folk or rock. One of the groups he plays with regularly is **The Advancement**, fronted by **Jim Stewart**. *The Advancement* is also the name of Stewart's first album for Kapp . . . **Cal Tjader**, who followed Silver into the Lighthouse, recorded live for Skye at the club . . . At RPM Studios, **Ray Charles** recorded some commercials for Coca Cola, but it's a shame they weren't commercial recordings. His partner in rhyme was **Aretha Franklin** . . . **Charlie Byrd** played a very successful three-week gig at the Hong Kong Bar, one basic difference between his recent appearance and that of a year ago being the number in his combo. The trio has now become a quartet: **Mario Darpino**, flute; Byrd, guitar; **Joe Byrd**, bass; **Bill Reichenbach**, drums . . . **Joe Bushkin** finished his *Mirador* gig in Palm Springs prematurely, and was in no mood to talk about it. The only thing interesting him at the moment is an engagement in a brand new room—it's located in the Sheraton-Universal, the hotel that just opened on the grounds of Universal Studios. With Bushkin will be **Monk Montgomery**, electric bass (he says electric is all he's playing these days), and **Donald Bailey**, drums. Between the Palm Springs and the Universal City opening, Montgomery was lucky. He got a call from **Gene Harris** to join his *Three Sounds* for a mid-west tour . . . **Vi Redd** hopes to be making Cal State College at Los Angeles her home. Not just because it's her alma mater, but because there is a strong likelihood she will be teaching jazz history there as part of a new program in Afro-American studies . . . **Don Ellis** and his band were featured for three nights at the haven of rock, P.J.'s . . . **Don Piestrup** and **Larry Cansler** fronted their respective bands at Donte's for Sunday one-nighters, while **Louis Bellson** brought his "dyna-sonic" organization into the same club for two successive Thursdays . . . **Bob Jung's** band, which is heard on Mondays at the Joker Room in Mission Hills, cut an album for Command, produced by **Albert Marx** . . . **Woody Herman**, at presstime, was due to invade the Hong Kong Bar for three weeks . . . **Gel Melle** and his *Electronauts* played a benefit for the American Civil Liberties Union in Pacific Palisades. They also played a special two-night concert at Cinematheque 16, a theatre on Sunset Strip that specializes in underground movies.



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San Francisco: The University of Nevada Concert Jazz Band (**Bruce MacKay**, **Bob Montgomery**, **Gary Juhl**, **Jim Rishel**, **Ted Dorrar**, trumpets; **Tommy Bridges**, **Dean Carter**, **Terry Smith**, **Jon Waxman**, trombones; **Mike Cuno**, tuba; **John Reilly**, **Mike Boyd**, **Mark Heckman**, **Don Good**, **Paul Kardos**, reeds; **Bob Aymer**, piano; **Mike Cannon**, guitar; **Cheryl Gaston**, bass; **Ron Falter**, drums; **Jerry Kennet**, percussion) under the di-

rection of Gene Isaacs played a series of dates around East Bay colleges and high schools with a competence that had nothing junior about it, featuring compositions by **Dee Barton**, **Don Piestrup**, and its own student composer-arranger **Eddy Evans**, among others . . . *An Evening with Carmen McRae* on Feb. 1 got the U.C. Centennial Jazz Festival off to a glowing start. Backing Miss McRae were **Bill Bell**, piano; **Jim Mickman**, bass; **Frank Severino**, drums. Bell, formerly a teacher of jazz improvisation at Oakland's Merritt College and occasionally leading a trio at The Exit in Palo Alto, is now Miss McRae's musical director, replacing **Norman Simmons**, who spent eight years with her . . . The **Gabor Szabo Quartet** (**Francois Vnz**, guitar; **Louis Kabok**, bass; **Al Cecchi**, drums) took over at El Matador after **Cal Tjader's** month there. Szabo, **Charles Lloyd's** quintet and **The Fourth Way** had a one-nighter scheduled at the Berkeley Community Theater Feb. 8 . . . Same place, on the 15th, **Ravi Shankar** . . . Tjader's quintet (**Al Zuluca**, piano; **Jim McCabe**, bass; **John Rae**, drums; **Armando Perea**, conga) had a repeat dance engagement at the Rock Garden Feb. 7, 8 & 9 . . . Drummer **Benny Velarde**, with Tjader's original quintet when Tjader split from **George Shearing**, leads a Latin-jazz sextet at the Boogaloo Club: **Ron Smith**, trumpet; **Fabio Ponce**, reeds; **Phil Ayala**, piano; **Phil Escovado**, bass; **Richie Giraldez**, conga . . . Modern and traditional jazz was heard in aid of the Black Students' Union, from **John Handy's**

Concert Ensemble and the **Pops Foster** band at the Harding Theater Feb. 7 . . . Handy will be using his quintet (**Mike White**, violin; **Mike Nock**, piano; **James Leary**, bass; **Eddie Matthews**, drums) augmented by members of the S.F. Symphony, to score a background for a Day-ton Corp. industrial film . . . **Don Ellis** had a septet going in Hollywood, but received so many calls for the orchestra that he re-formed. The band (**Stu Blumberg**, **Glen Stewart**, **John Rosenbuhl**, **Jack Cuan**, trumpets; **Glen Ferris**, **Dana Hughes**, **Jock Ellis**, **Doug Bixby**, trombones; **John Klemmer**, **Fred Selden**, **Ron Starr**, **John Clarke**, **Sam Falzone**, reeds; **Fred Robinson**, piano; **Jan Graden**, guitar; **Jim Font**, bass; **Ralph Humphries**, **Gene Strimling**, **Gee Pastora**, percussion) had a two-night gig in late January at Basin Street West. The band featured **Obba Babatundé** from Palo Alto on vocals, and Ellis sat in on drums in a percussion orgy . . . The **Peter Welker Sextet** (**Welker**, trumpet; **Barry Ulman**, tenor saxophone and flute; **Jules Broussard**, alto saxophone; **Richard Crabtree**, piano; **Mc Graves**, bass; **Vince Lateano**, drums) played a concert at George Washington High School under the sponsorship of the Neighborhood Arts Programme, the first in a series which was to continue with the **Rafael Garrett Circus** at Lowell High School Feb. 7, the Welker sextet at Benjamin Franklin High Feb. 21, then the Welker and Garrett groups and **John Handy's** Concert Ensemble at Nourse Auditorium March 1 . . . The **Don Piestrup**

big band concert at The Casuals in Oakland on Jan. 26 was overflowingly full. Tenorist **Bob Ferrara** has replaced **Mel Martin**, altoist **Jim Rothermel** has replaced **Jules Broussard**. There were more new charts for the band, and **Frank Fisher** fronted it for his own composition, *Blues for Miss Charlie* . . . The **Elvin Jones Trio** was at the Jazz Workshop in early February, **Harold Alexander** on tenor, **Jimmy Garrison** on bass . . . **Hampton Hawes** and **Sonny Criss** opened at the Both/And Feb. 6. With them were bassist **Reggie Johnson** (with **Sarah Vaughan** for her month's engagement at the Fairmont Hotel, he stayed in town when she left), and drummer **Barry Altshul**. There are **John Coltrane Memorial Concerts** every Sunday at the Both/And, featuring visiting groups and the house-band, the **Hyler Jones Quartet** (**Martin Fierro**, tenor; **Jones**, piano; **Delano Dean**, bass; **Billy Williams**, drums, and vocalist **Millie Foster**). Thursday evenings are invitational jams for local groups and musicians.

Seattle: The **Charles Lloyd Quartet** had all the pots on at their University of Washington concert, with **Keith Jarrett** striding, **Ron McClure** walking and sliding, and **Paul Motian** on the time. The Lloyd group played opposite the **James Cotton Blues Band** for two nights at the Eagles, and in the packed rock hall Cotton and his blues men set them off well. **Sun Ra** and his **Solar Arkestra** were



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next on the University series March 5 . . . At Tacoma, Sunday sessions are being held in the Winthrop Hotel with the **Jerry Gray Trio** . . . **Dave Brubeck**, **Gerry Mulligan** and the **Don Ellis** big band will do a single in the Seattle Coliseum March 21 . . . Other Eagles dates included **Muddy Waters** and **Otis Spann**, and the **Butterfield Blues Band** . . . Sunday sessions are also underway at the Checkmate, co-sponsored by the Seattle Jazz Society and beginning with the **Omar Brown Quartet** . . . The **Byron Pope Ensemble**, jazz group in residence at the University of Washington, performed a concert there Feb. 27 and is scheduled for Eastern Oregon College at LaGrande, Ore., late in April . . . Vocalist **Patti Summers** is at the Casa Villa nightly, accompanied by pianist **Eddie Creed**, bassist **Lee Humes**, drummer **Chuck Mahaffay** . . . Drummer **Steve Haas**, after a year at the Checkmate, joined the **Horace Silver Quintet** in New York.

Philadelphia: Mimi Perrin, the originator of the **Double Six of Paris** is now directing a jazz vocal group at the Philadelphia Musical Academy and it is said that the group will be among the entries at the Villanova Jazz Festival this year. PMA seems to be attracting a good deal of jazz talent in both the staff and student body. The **PMA Jazz Workshop Big Band** which won many prizes at both the Villanova Jazz Festival and the Ohio Collegiate Jazz Festival last year has been doing a number of concert-lecture performances at public schools in this area under the direction of **Evan Solot**. **John Lamb**, the former **Duke Ellington** bassist, should add much to the band at this year's festivals . . . Drummer **Joe Sher** has taken over leadership of the big band once led by **Billy Duke** at Henrys. The band may now be heard at the Flying W Ranch in South Jersey on Friday nights. Sher is an experienced big band drummer who grew up playing with the **Dorseys**, **Mal Hallett**, **Bob Chester**, **Bob Strong**, **Ray Anthony** and **Charlie Parker**. His band is loaded with veterans of the big band era . . . **Freddie Thompson**, a pianist who worked at **Billy Krechmer's** for a number of years, has been hospitalized at Pennsylvania Hospital, but should be home before this issue of *Down Beat* hits the newsstands . . . Vocalist **Evelyn Simms** brought her husband, saxophonist **Lonnie Shaw**, and tenorman **Jimmy (Bad Man) Oliver** with her to join the **Spanky DeBrest Trio** featuring **DeBrest** on bass with **Colmore Duncan**, piano, and **Eddie Campbell**, drums. The place was the Sahara Hotel's Desert Room and **Norman Rollins'** big birthday party was the occasion. Vocalist **Dottie Smith** was hostess for the party . . . The **Fred Miles'** American Interracialist Jazz Society Sunday afternoon meetings at the Sahara, found tenor saxophonist **Bootsie Barnes** organizing some very exciting sessions. Drummer **Edgar Bateman** has been on hand for a number of them along with pianist **Riley Roberts** and bassist **Skip Johnson**. The meetings have attracted a number of local musicians . . . Vocalist **Little Jimmy Scott** did a booming two

weeks at **Peps Musical Bar** recently, having been held over after a most successful first week . . . The **Showboat Jazz Theater** has been shuttered since before Christmas, though rumor has it that the room may reopen early in the spring. The room's owners recently featured **Buddy Rich** and his big band at their superdelic room, **The Electric Factory** . . . **Mickey Roker**, the exciting drummer from South Philly, tells us that he has been playing with **Milt Jackson** and having a ball . . . Guitarist **Pat Martino** went on the road recently with a new group of his own . . . Drummer **Coatesville Harris** is said to be back in the hospital in his hometown of Coatesville, Pa. . . . Drummer **Harry (Skeets) Marsh** broke up his band featuring **Tommy Simms** on trumpet and is playing in the band at the **Twenty Three Skidoo Club** as a sideman . . . **Josh White** did a few nights at the **Main Point**, a coffee house out in the suburbs . . . **Lou Rawls** was slated for a concert at the **Academy of Music**. Vocalist **Zee Bonner** was set to do the concert with **Bootsie Barnes** and his group.

Pittsburgh: Late January saw an overflow crowd of more than 1000 at **The Flying Carpet** (near Greater Pittsburgh Airport) to hear the **Buddy Rich** band. Even would-be dancers did not seem too disconcerted at the volatile drummer-leader's announcement to cool **Terpsichore** and listen to the good sounds . . . Pianist-leader **Walt Harper**, on the mend after minor surgery, took his quintet to **Saltsburg, Pa.** to do a concert and dance for **Kiski Prep School** . . . One of the most enjoyable local Latin-styled jazz groups, **The Silhouettes**, have moved to the **Harmar House Lounge** near **Harmarville, Pa.** . . . Veteran pianist **Ray Crummie** plays cocktail music at the newly opened **Gammone's Restaurant** in the **South Hills** . . . The new **Diplomat Lounge** in **East Liberty** has lured a number of buffs to hear the trio of pianist **Frank Cunimondo**. It features **Ron Fadoli**, bass, and **Spider Rondinelli**, drums. On weekends, they are joined by recording star **Eric Kloss** and vocalist **Patti Swan** . . . The lounge of the **Redwood Motor Hotel** uses the jazz oriented **Al DiLernia Trio** on weekends . . . The **Sel Thomas Organ Septet** has been breaking it up at the **Aurora Lodge Club** in the **Hill District** . . . Another jazz spot on **The Hill**, the **Hurricane Bar** kept its parade of organ combos going with **Al Dowe** in late January and **Jon Bartel** with **Dave Blasingame** on drums in early February.

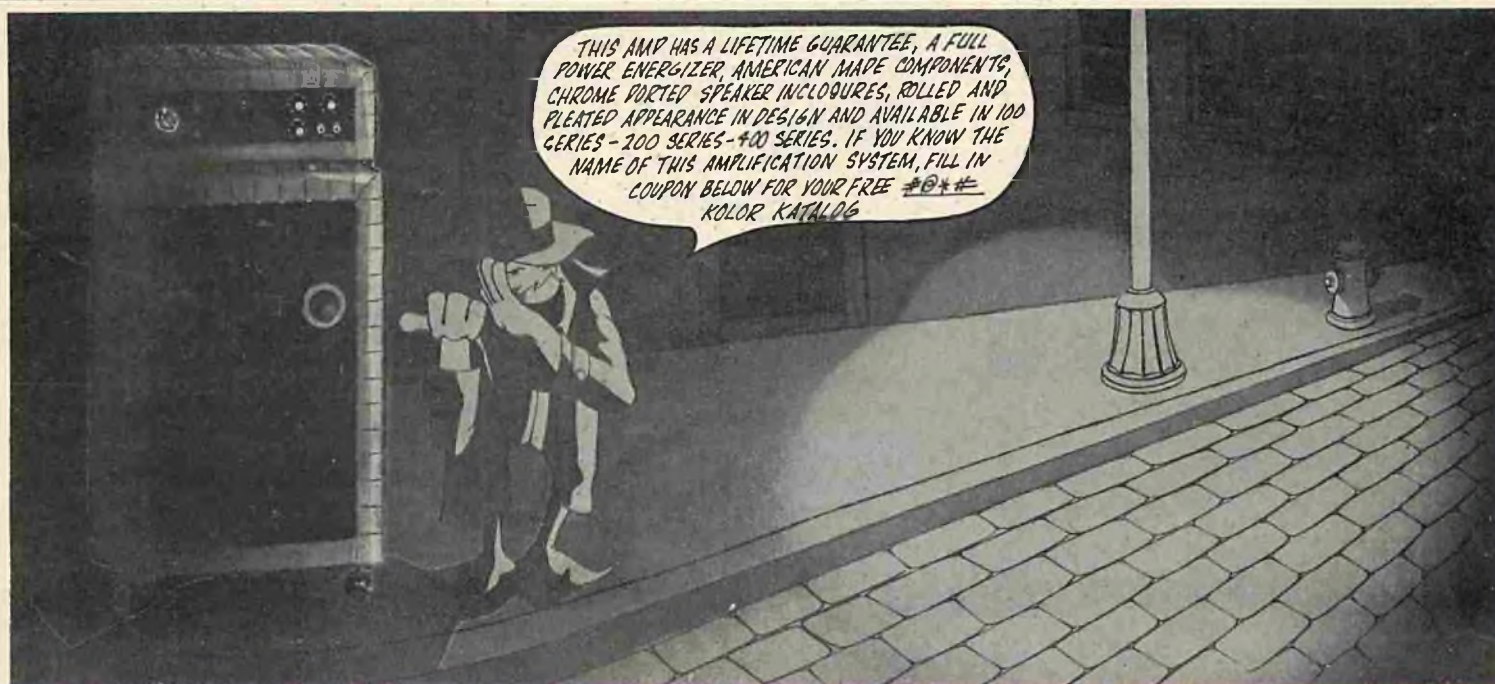
St. Louis: The **El Dorado Lounge** is the latest of local pubs to try a jazz policy, featuring tenorist **Fred Washington** (formerly with **Mongo Santamaria**) with **Don Williams**, trumpet; **Rick Bolden**, piano, and **Sonny Hamp**, drums. **Washington**, **Bolden**, **Hamp** and bassist **John Mixon** also play at the revived Saturday afternoon sessions at **Fats' States Lounge** in the midtown area . . . The **Jim Becker Trio**, with **Ed Randall**, bass, and **Gary Dinkelkamp**, drums, are currently appearing at the **Kettle and Keg** on weekends. Jazz vocalist **Jeanne Trevor** and **Becker** are together on Tuesdays through Thursdays . . . **Bob**

Kuban and the In Men recently played the Inaugural Ball for Gov. Hearnes. The group went to Jefferson City a day early to perform for the inmates at the state penitentiary. According to Kuban, the inmates have a very groovy soul group . . . Vocalist **Terri Andre** and **The Troupe** (Bobby Caldwell, guitar; Dennis Jakovae, bass, and husband **Bill Kent**, drums) are now featured at the Contac Room in the Ambassador Hotel . . . **Bud Holtzman**, who owned a club featuring Dixieland in the now-defunct Gaslight Square area, recently became the new owner of the Starlight Ballroom, where the latest feature attraction was the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** directed by **Buddy DeFranco** . . . The Goldenrod Showboat continues to feature Dixieland on a weekend basis with **Don Franz** and the **St. Louis Ragtimers** and **Singleton Palmer's** band . . . The Upstream Jazz Lounge has become a consistent weekend jazz hangout, due to the **Upstream Jazz Quartet** (**Ed Fritz**, piano; **Jim Casey**, bass; **Jerome Harrie**, drums; **Rich Tokatz**, Latin percussion), which owners **Greg** and **John Degerinis** happen to dig . . . Vocalist **Judy Gilbert** is pleasing the customers at Le Apartment in the Mansion House Center. She appears with the talented **Dan Wintermantle Trio** . . . **Roger McCoy**, trumpet, trombone and vocals, returned from a European tour with the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** and is currently fronting a trio at the House of the Lions, with **Charles Gottschalk**, piano and organ, and **Mike Maldano**, drums.

Dallas: 1500 young persons from the city's lower-income communities were guests at a jazz concert March 2 at SMU's McFarlin Auditorium. The project was part of the *Man to Man* program conceived by SMU Stage Band Director **Ron Modell**, through which he and other Dallas musicians have sought talented youngsters in underprivileged areas and offered free musical instruction. The event was sponsored by Oak Cliff businessman **James E. Joy**, with Dallas Cowboys **Pettis Norman**, **Mel Renfro**, **Jethro Pugh** and **Lance Rentzel** aiding in ticket distribution. Appearing on the concert were Modell's big band, the **Paul Guerrero Trio**, **Don Jacoby's** sextet and the **One O'Clock Lab Band** from North Texas State, along with added attraction, jazz tuba player **Rich Matteson** . . . **Joe Williams'** return to Harper's Corner April 1 will coincide with the second anniversary celebration of the Hilton Inn club . . . Joining forces again after a stint at the ill-fated **Fink Mink** are pianist **Red Garland** and bassist **Jim Black**, this time at Club Arandas . . . A quartet of Dallas Baptist and Bishop College students, dubbed **The Terrible Three Plus One**, are making jazz sounds at Club Sans on Second Ave. . . . **Dick Harp**, of 90th Floor fame, is reportedly working in the Corpus Christi area . . . Robert E. Lee high school of Houston held its second annual stage band festival earlier this year with divisional honors going to Kashmere Gardens, Channelview and Marion high schools and Fondren and

Johnston junior highs. Kashmere Gardens guitarist **John Reson** was voted outstanding musician by judges **Bob Morgan** and **Jess Alexander** of the Houston State College faculty and Houston trombonist **Joe Gallardo**. A concert featuring Morgan's jazz octet with Gallardo as soloist was highlight of the festival. Personnel included: **Kit Reid Jr.**, trumpet; **Reggie Goebel**, trombone; **Bill Rowe**, alto; **John Gonsalves**, tenor; **Gene Rolnick**, baritone; Morgan, piano; **Ken Muller**, bass; **Hal Roberts**, drums . . . Houston trumpeter **E. C. Holland** filled in when **Buddy Rich's** lead man **Nat Pavone** was taken ill during the band's recent Houston Music Hall engagement.

Paris: **Red Mitchell** recorded in Paris on Feb. 19 for Philips. He was backed up by his regular Swedish sidemen: **Bobo Stenson**, piano; **Rune Carlsson**, drums . . . **Phil Woods**, who has been in France for one year now, will be one of the stars of the third Montreux Jazz Festival (Switzerland) which will take place from June 18 to 22. He will share the bill with **Clark Terry**, **Kenny Burrell**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Eddie Harris**, **Les McCann** and several European groups. Miss Fitzgerald will give a concert at Paris' Salle Pleyel June 17 . . . Violinist **Jean-Luc Ponty**, who played **Ronnie Scott's** Club in London for two weeks backed up by an English rhythm section (**Stan Tracey**, piano; **Dave Green**, bass; **Brian Spring**, drums) left for the States on Feb. 26 to record,



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in Los Angeles, an album of his own with the **Gerald Wilson** big band. He will also play the **Both/And** in San Francisco . . . English bassist **John Hart**, who came to Paris to play with **Philly Joe Jones**, was killed in an automobile accident in France on February 4, en route to Morocco . . . American bass player **Alan Silva** fronted a French avant-garde group at a radio concert in Paris . . . Jamaican trumpeter **Sonny Grey** and his quartet played a two-week engagement at the **Chat Qui Peche** . . . Pianists **Aaron Bridgers** and **Art Simmons** are still at the **Living Room** . . . **Ray Charles** will give four concerts in Paris on Oct. 6, 7, 10, & 11.

Denmark: Altoist **John Tchicai**, 32, was named "Danish Jazz Musician of the Year" on Jan. 19. With the title, given to Tchicai by the dozen critics and producers who form the **Danish Jazz Academy**, will follow radio and television programs, a long playing album to be recorded in the immediate future, and, of course, further public interest in the art of Tchicai. His work with the eight piece group known as the **Cadentia Nova Danica** was one of the most consistently rewarding efforts on the Danish jazz scene last year . . . Drummer **Philly Joe Jones** was the featured attraction at the **Montmartre** in Copenhagen during the second week of January. The rest of the month one could hear **The Underground Railroad**, a quintet consisting of **Allan Bot-schinsky**, trumpet; **Ray Pitts**, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Kenny Drew**, organ; **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen**, Fender bass, and **Bjarne Rostvold**, drums. The group has created a very stimulating sound of its own, where the flexible organ playing of **Kenny Drew** is featured to good advantage. Young **John Jorgensen** (son of jazz critic **Birger Jorgensen**) is in command of the light department while **The Underground Railroad** is on . . . Composer-arranger **George Russell** was expected to be in Denmark again on Jan. 29 to do some new compositions at the Danish radio. One of the most talented of the young Danish musicians, trombonist **Erling Kroner**, will be in the Russell group on that occasion . . . Concert high-lights during January were the **Jimi Hendrix Experience** and the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** . . . During the last months of 1968, bassist **Paul Ehlers** decided to move from Aarhus to the Danish capital. In Copenhagen he has formed a quartet with tenorist **Jesper Aeuthen**, pianist **Ole Matthiassen**, and drummer **Bo de Richelieu**. During the concert at the **Montmartre** on Jan. 13 the audience and the critics found out not only that the young group has great potential but also that Ehlers is one of the most originally talented Danish musicians today. During the same concert the **Tom Prehn Quintet** from Aarhus could also be heard. This group is expected to pay a visit to Warsaw next autumn, thanks to Polish composer **Witold Lutoslawski** who, during a stay as guest teacher at the **Music Academy** of Aarhus, became very fond of the Prehn group. Prehn himself and vibist **Jens Wilhelm** are both teachers at the music academy.

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