

NOVEMBER 13, 1969 50c

down beat

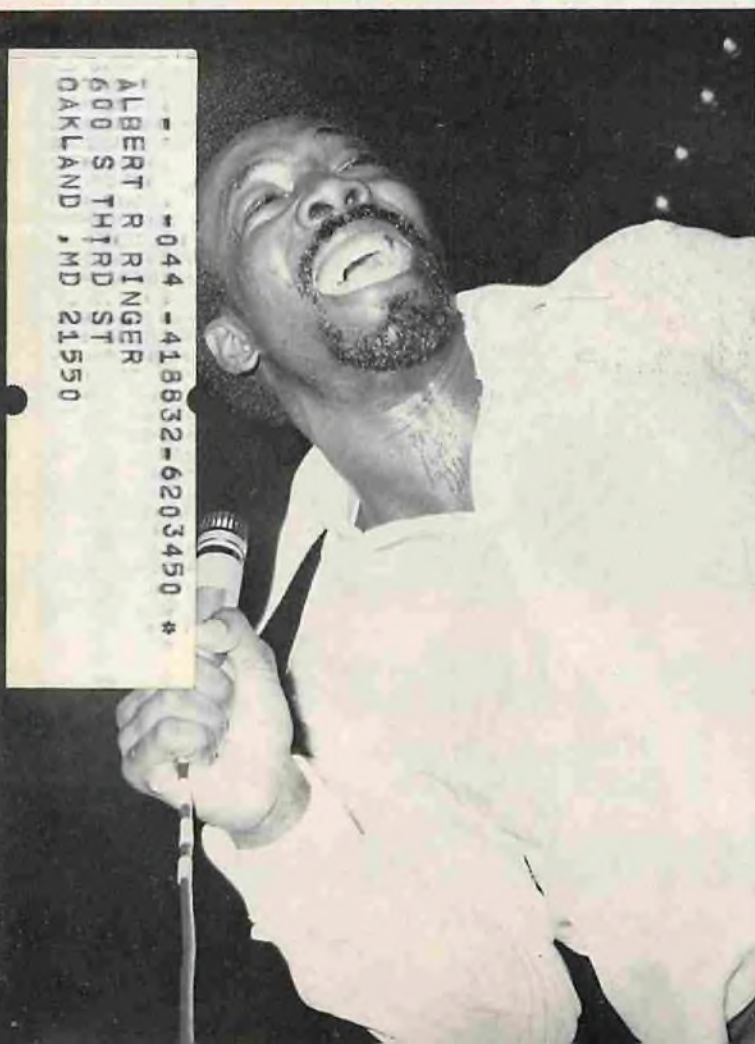
EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

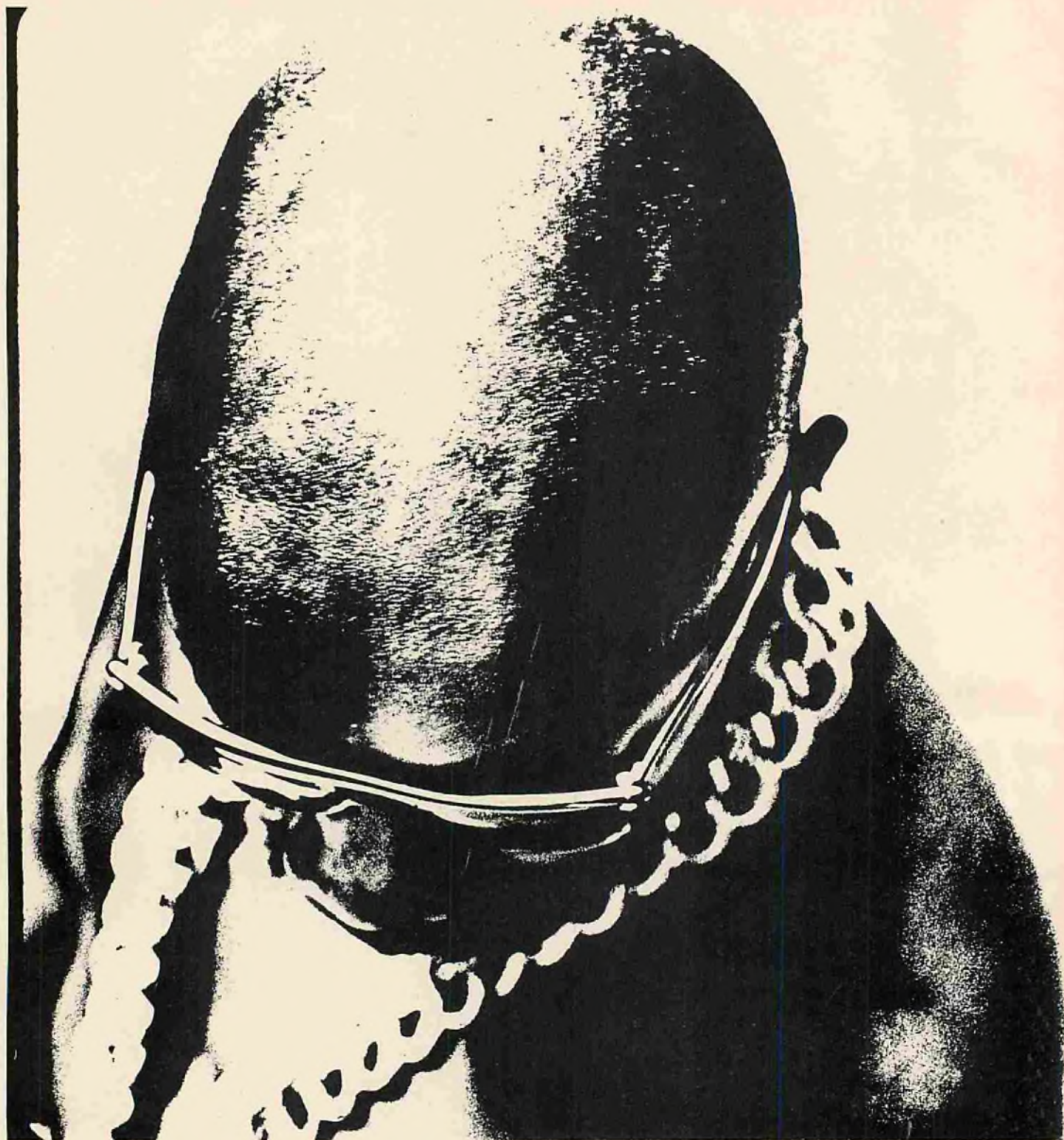
Spotlight On Singers:

- The Multi-talented Mel Torme
- Dawn Of A New O'Day (Anita, that is)
- Jimmy Rushing: Movie Star
- Wilson Pickett Conquers London
- Billy Eckstine Blindfold Test



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education in jazz

—by Willis Conover

Just as a rose-colored object seen through rose-colored glasses comes out a blank, so does jazz so reflect the American spirit that many Americans don't notice it's around.

Yet Peggy Lee hits the Hit Parade with "Fever" . . . Eddie Miller takes a tenor solo midway in the Pied-Piper's "Dream" . . . Nat Cole sings on with



Willis Conover

a pulse he can never depress . . . and at the four corners of a city block a John Lewis cinema soundtrack, an Armstrong juke box offering, a Bernstein musical comedy score, and a Negro church service attract and hold American audiences. And a thousand hidden seeds

lie sprouting in less obvious soils.

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY's recent announcement that he intends to devote more time to clinics and concerts at colleges (see *Jazz On Campus*, page 32) brings to mind the almost schizophrenic attitude of college music educators towards professional performers.

The first symptom of schizophrenia is noticed in the speech pattern of the musical pedagogue. He says "serious" musician when he talks of any musician who plays the music he likes. He used to refer to all other players as "jazz musicians". Now, his musical hindsight is extended with "rock and roll nut". He does reserve the term "dance band musician" for someone "not too bad". After all, he played in a dance band when he was in college. When he speaks of those halcyon days, his eyes grow misty and he is likely to hum a few bars of *Tippi Tippi Tin*, tapping his glasses on his attache case on one and three. The best way to bring him back from prom land is to ask if he teaches jazz. "Certainly not. I would not waste my time. My students are here to learn *music*." And off he goes to his 11 o'clock class on "faster forked fingerings for classical clarinet".

Another piece of doubletalk and doublethink comes when you discuss performers with teachers. The university music teacher (and certainly the university trustees and endowers) speaks with pride of The Master Classes taught by Jascha Heifetz, Janos Starker and other fine but "serious" musicians. The college educator speaks glowingly of the inspiration these artists give to the students. (He doesn't let on that only a few graduate students get to study with the master. Most undergraduate musicians can buy a ticket to the next concert or listen to a record.) As for master musicians whose performing idiom is jazz, the question is moot. There just aren't any, according to music establishmentarians—even if Dizzy used John Birks Gillespie as a handle. Dave Brubeck might be an exception, but for composition (the oratorio, you know) rather than for piano.

The talented and earnest jazz teacher of any rank is still viewed with scarcely veiled animosity by his "colleagues". When Gene Hall (and he had his Ph.D) started the jazz program at North Texas College in 1947, he was studiously ignored, socially and professionally, by fellow music "educators" until he left in 1961.

Bigotry of this kind gets pretty raunchy when the jazz man doesn't have all the degrees and a friend in the Dean's office. It is no secret that Roger Scheuler was almost axed out of Milliken because of jealousy from his fellow musicians. Tasso Harris, the fine jazz trombonist, is under fire right now from the University of Denver because his contemporary music program is too relevant—and he doesn't have the right letters after his name. He has been busy educating a large number of good, dedicated players who are indeed "serious" about their music. (Not so accidentally, this is the same university that did not allow its big jazz band to take the State Department tour it had earned with a Notre Dame Jazz Festival victory several years ago.)

Yes, jazz is getting into the colleges and universities—over 400, at last count. But it's causing hyper-tension heads and acid stomachs for many doctors . . . of music.

ATS

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6 ☐ DOWN BEAT

November 13, 1969

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down beat

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contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 8 Chords and Discords
- 11 News
- 12 Rock's In My Head, by Alan Heineman
- 12 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 The Good Old Brand New, Multitalented Mel Torme: Leonard Feather interviews the singer-writer-director-producer-etc.
- 16 Dawn Of A New O'Day: The inimitable Anita O'Day looks to the future. By Alan Surpin.
- 17 Jimmy Rushing: A Sturdy Branch Of The Learning Tree: The great singer proves to be an equally gifted screen performer. By Chris Albertson.
- 18 Introducing Patti Allen: Don Ellis' New Vocalist: Harvey Siders describes a dynamic new talent.
- 19 Record Reviews
- 25 Blindfold Test: Billy Eckstine
- 26 Caught in the Act: Wilson Pickett • Joe Turner/Charles Kynard/Leo Blevins • Clark Terry • Baby Laurence/Eddie Phylfe
- 30 Music Workshop: Rock-Jazz Drum Patterns by Ed Shaughnessy • The Evolution of Electronic Music by Chuck Lishon • Jazz On Campus
- 34 Sittin' In by Art Hodes

Cover photos: Wilson Pickett (Valerie Wilmer), Anita O'Day (Jim Marshall), Mel Torme

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Cheers for Jones and Gitler

I just finished reading the article by Ira Gitler on Elvin Jones (*DB*, Oct. 2). Beautiful! The thing I like most about Gitler's articles is that he seems to bring out the best in a musician when he interviews him; he doesn't rely on trite questions but rather gets into it and allows the interviewee to really speak his mind.

I didn't become turned around to Elvin until January of this year when I caught him and his trio (Jimmy Garrison, and Harold Alexander subbing for Joe Farrell) at Shelly's Manne Hole. The quote that really stuck out in my mind was the one which summed up Elvin's philosophy of playing—"Whenever you play, imagine it's the very last chance or opportunity you'll ever have." Anyone who's ever seen and/or heard Elvin play can attest to the fact that he goes all out, all the time. It's too bad some other musicians don't always feel and play that way.

P.S. Being a drummer, I noticed that the picture of Elvin on the cover was backwards. That was the only thing that marred an otherwise groovy issue.

Geoff Nelson

Garden Grove, Calif.

School Music Blues

Charles Suber's column on music education (*DB*, Sept. 18) tells it like it is. I know, because for the past eight years I was a victim of music education in a school that never has and never will know what music education is all about, let alone jazz.

Anybody can learn the mechanics of playing an instrument by getting a book and learning to play all the exercises in it. This is all music education at school was. If one ever encountered jazz in music appreciation class (and this was the only place in the whole educational system where there was a chance of hearing it) he learned that there were different kinds (blues, bebop, Dixieland; I forget the rest), that it is improvised, and listened to a couple of Louis Armstrong records.

... It's a damn shame, because the people who manage to show a little bit of ability go on to find out that they don't have enough background to play in a Salvation Army band, so they become music teachers and come back to teach more students to do the same thing.

Adam J. Myers III

Gettysburg, Pa.

Agricultural Note

Marion, Iowa's, seasoned (!) and well-traveled (!) jazz critic (!) Jack Evans (*Chords and Discords*; *DB*, Oct. 2) ought to stay on the farm where he belongs.

Veryl Oakland

Carmichael, Calif.

We Do . . .

Really dug your article on the Ann Arbor Blues Festival (*DB*, Oct. 2).

When you're hung up on the blues, it's hard to find out anything about what's happening, so it would really make a lot of people happy if you could write something about the blues in every issue.

More blues!

T. Mozzolini

San Francisco, Calif.

"The Horn" Still The Man

Today, while trumpeters like Davis, Gillespie and Terry are winning every jazz poll, many of the best are slipping into obscurity. Most critics have forgotten the best around, Harry James. They dropped him in 1941 when he recorded *You Made Me Love You*. But James has since dropped his strings and is blowing great stuff.

If these critics would listen to the James version of Lester Young's *Lester Leaps In* or his record of Hefti compositions, they'd realize he can and does blow the most potent jazz horn around.

Chuck Parr Due II

Hialeah, Fla.

Looks Are Deceiving

Re: *If You Can Hear Us . . .* (*DB*, Sept. 18, 1969):

So the "paraphernalia" worn by a handful of black rock musicians functions to "relieve their feelings of uncertainty and insecurity." If physical appearance is to be taken as an index of role insecurity, consider the tremors projected by the multitude of white rock musicians who personify uncomeliness. Ah, deep psychological implications.

Marilyn A. Wilson

St. Louis, Mo.

Not Miles Ahead

Columbia Records' newest Miles Davis album, *In A Silent Way*, bears special interest, for it typifies some of the indifference shown by many record manufacturers in the field of jazz.

One is led to believe that two compositions are presented on each side, when there is but one. Miles' playing on the title piece is very sloppy and should have been edited; instead, the cut was simply spliced on to the end of the side and one hears the mistakes twice. The musicians for each side are not listed, no times are given for the selections, Wayne Shorter is incorrectly noted as playing tenor sax, and the unusually inane liner notes seem to fit another album called *New Directions*.

The quality of the performances is the lowest I have ever heard from Miles.

Sure, the critics will rave—my life is made stable by the knowledge that no matter what is played by Brubeck, Ornette or Miles the reviews will be uniform—but the buyer should beware. Five dollars should warrant quality. It does for classical music.

Thomas C. Reeves

Denver, Colo.

Larry Kart's review of the album (*DB*, Oct. 30) makes some of the same points as this letter from our Denver Correspondent. We regret having made his life unstable.

HAMMOND HONORED AT NARAS LUNCHEON

If the Colonnades of New York's Essex House looked like a record industry convention the afternoon of Sept. 30, it was because one of the deans of a&r men was being honored by his colleagues. More than 250 persons, including musicians, record company executives, fellow a&r men, and writers joined to honor Columbia Records' John Hammond, for over 35 years a vital producer of jazz and pop recordings, and instrumental in the dis-



Hammond and Basie
Tribute to a Champion

covery of many great talents.

The highlight of the luncheon was a slide-tape show prepared by Frank Driggs featuring some of the records and artists Hammond has been associated with: Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger, among others. This was narrated by George Simon, Executive Director of NARAS, the organization whose New York chapter sponsored the event.

During the cocktail hour, music was supplied by a quartet consisting of Ruby Braff, cornet; George Wein (Dick Hyman sitting in), piano; Larry Ridley, bass; and Gus Johnson, drums. Other musicians in attendance were Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Gerry Mulligan, Sy Oliver, Joe Newman, Richard Davis, and Freddie Green. Green flew in from Oklahoma City with his leader, Count Basie, especially for the event. Later they returned to Nebraska for a one-nighter.

Basie and Hammond's brother-in-law, Benny Goodman, were seated on the dais. Speeches were made by Goddard Lieberson and Columbia Records president Clive Davis, who presented Hammond with a Bingoreno machine.

Half the proceeds of the \$20-a-plate affair went to the integrated Symphony of the New World, on whose Board of Directors Hammond serves. The large turnout for the luncheon caused Goodman to comment: "This guy ought to go out on the road, the way he draws crowds."

MILES DAVIS SHOT IN N.Y. EXTORTION PLOT

Miles Davis was shot and wounded in the hip by unknown assailants in the early morning of Oct. 9 as he sat in a parked car with a friend in New York's East Village.



The injury was not serious, and Davis was treated at a hospital and released.

The trumpeter, who was appearing at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn, told police that he had been warned four days prior to the assault not to appear at the club, located in Bedford-Stuyvesant, unless he paid part of his salary to the unidentified man making the threats.

After finishing the night's work, Davis drove a woman friend to her home. They were sitting in the car when a gypsy cab carrying three men drove up. One of the men got out and fired four shots, after which all three fled. Davis' passenger was not hit.

According to police, an unspecified quantity of marijuana was found in the car Davis was driving. He was booked on charges of possession, but these were dropped when it was established that the car had recently been driven from California and that it could not be proved how or when the grass had been placed in the car.

Davis offered a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the identification and/or arrest of his assailants. He said he would never again play at the club.

TEXAS COLLEGE OFFERS COMPOSITION CONTEST

Sam Houston State College in Huntsville, Texas has inaugurated an annual National Jazz Composition Contest. The first place winner will receive an award of \$100 and a publication contract with Berklee School of Music Publications, Inc. In addition, trombonist-arranger Philip Wilson will conduct the winning composition at a concert to be given at Sam Houston State in February 1970. All contestants must be enrolled in a college or university during the fall of 1969. The deadline for entries is Jan. 6, 1970. For further information contact Harley Rex, Chairman, National Jazz Composition Contest, Dept. of Music, Sam Houston State College, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

FINAL BAR

Two veteran traditional jazzmen died in

New Orleans in September. Drummer **Joe Watkins**, born Mitchell Watson in 1900, had been ill for three years and suffered a stroke during the June *Jazzfest*. He was a regular at Preservation Hall and a veteran of bands led by George Lewis, Punch Miller, and Jim Robinson.

Noon Johnson, best known as the inventor of a bizarre-looking instrument called the bazooka, played on the streets of Storyville as a boy. He led a trio that included guitarist Sam Rankin and banjoist Harrison Vernet, and beginning in the mid-'40s worked with brass bands as a tuba player.

POTPOURRI

A benefit concert for the Menomonee Club for Boys and Girls, featuring **Woody Herman** and his orchestra, **Muddy Waters' Blues Band**, and the **Colony Six**, will be held Nov. 4 at Chicago's Auditorium Theater starting at 8 p.m. Tickets are available from Ticket Central and at the box office, and range from \$3 to donor box seats at \$12.50.

Reedman-flutist **Robin Kenyatta** left New York in late September for Bologna, Italy, where he was due to concertize. An extended stay in Paris was to follow.

UCLA will make **Frank Sinatra** an honorary alumnus Nov. 2 at a special ceremony celebrating his "achievements in the entertainment industry" as well as the annual music scholarship to the university that the singer has so liberally endowed. **Andy Williams** will be the host.

Anita O'Day will have a dramatic role in MGM's *False Witness*, her first film since *The Gene Krupa Story* (1963).

Tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate** has joined the **Saints and Sinners**, replacing trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, featured with **Bobby Hackett**. The band begins a European tour Nov. 15 with a festival appearance in Barcelona, Spain. Led by pianist **Red Richards**, the other **Saints and Sinners** are **Herman Autrey**, trumpet, vocals; **Rudy Powell**, clarinet, alto and tenor saxophones; **Danny Mastri**, bass; **George Reed**, drums.

The **New York Hot Jazz Society** will host a jazz party Nov. 2 at the Hotel Diplomat from 5 p.m. to midnight to raise funds for a jazz museum. Admission is \$10 for non-members, \$8 for members, and includes free food and reduced-price drinks. Clarinetist **Sol Yaged's** group, featuring **Ray Nance**, will supply the sounds, abetted by many musical guests including **Buddy Tate**, **Tiny Grimes**, **J. C. Higginbotham**, and **Struttin' Sam**.

Former *Down Beat* assistant editor **Bill Quinn**, now an assistant editor of *Play-*

boy, is collaborating with **Richard Durham** on the script for a unique television series produced by Chicago's educational station, WTTW. Called *Bird of the Iron Feather*, it is described as a "black soap opera", in 100 segments. Quinn is also composing the background score for the series, to be performed by a group including reedman **Jimmy Ellis**, pianist **Richard Abrams**, bassist **John Whitfield**, Quinn himself on drums, and others.

Our esteemed New York Editor, **Ira Gitler**, in collaboration with sports writers **Stan Fischler** and **Dick Beddoes**, has written a book called *Hockey: The Story of the World's Fastest Game*, published by Macmillan in October. Gitler is active as an amateur hockeyist in the New York area.

Lyricist and former *Down Beat* editor **Gene Lees** and composer **Lalo Schiffrin** have completed a TV special for Paramount and are currently collaborating on a Broadway musical.

Poet **John Sinclair**, who managed the MC5 rock group, was sentenced last July to not less than 9½ or more than 10 years in prison for possession of two sticks of pot. While we hold no brief for Sinclair's

political convictions, this harsh sentence, plus denial of bail on appeal, is a manifest injustice. Donations to the John Sinclair Defense Fund can be sent to Legal Self Defense, 1510 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. It is also suggested that letters or telegrams be sent to Governor William Milliken, State Capitol Building, Lansing, Mich. 48904, and to national and state representatives.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: **Bill Evans** and **Jaki Byard** shared the piano at the Top of the Gate for the month of October. Bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Marty Morell** were with Evans. Byard played solo . . . **Pharaoh Sanders** was at the Vanguard for two weeks, with **Leon Thomas** on vocals . . . **Yusef Lateef** did a week at Slug's . . . **Zoot Sims**, backed by the house rhythm section of pianist **Ross Tompkins**, bassist **Larry Ridley** and drummer **Mousey Alexander**, played the Half Note for a week. **Al Cohn** sat in with him on a Friday. **Kai Winding** took over the bandstand at the waterfront club the following week . . . **Johnny Robinson**, who appears in the film *Putney Swope* as "John-John", is leading a group called **John-John and Friends**

at the Limelight on 7th Ave. in the Village. Among the "friends" are **Brew Moore**, tenor saxophone; and **Bob Orr**, guitar. **Robinson** plays piano, sings, and keeps time with a set of hi-hats. **Roger Rhodes** has appeared on bass, as has siter-in **Buddy Jones**. Other jammers have been **Johnny Carisi**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; and **Alan Jeffreys**, trumpet. The group plays Monday through Friday, 9 to 1 . . . **Mel Torme** was at the Royal Box of the Americana Hotel from Sept. 4 to Sept. 27 . . . Bassist **Paul West**, director of Jazzmobile, took a quartet under the auspices of his organization to play for the patients at Pilgrim State Hospital on Long Island . . . **Stevie Wonder** and **Hugh Masekela** were presented in concert at Philharmonic Hall . . . **B.B. King's** opening at Ungano's was launched with a cocktail party at the club . . . **Troubadour** (formerly known as **El Zorro**) at 1st Ave. between 58th and 59th Sts., reopened with pianist **Jimmy Neeley's** trio . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society presented New Orleans clarinetist **Albert Burbank** at a Sunday afternoon bash at the Half Note. With him were **Wild Bill Davison**, cornet; **George Stevenson**, trombone; **Herb Hall**, clarinet, tenor saxophone; **Dill Jones**, piano; **Gene Ramey**, bass; and **Marcus Foster**, drums. Prior

/Continued on page 39



ROCK'S IN MY HEAD

By ALAN HEINEMAN

WITH THE RELEASE of their two-record rock opera, *Tommy* (Decca DXSW 7205), The Who have opened up enormous possibilities for rock.

They have also succeeded remarkably well on their—and the new genre's—own terms. I want to talk here, however, about the failings of *Tommy*, precisely because it is such a significant development.

Rock, it seems to me, can continue to evolve in three basic directions: people will write more songs, of course; they will improvise, assimilating jazz techniques and concepts; and they will produce extended works, like *Tommy*, *Baxter's*, and *Uncle Meat*. These three works show the potential diversity within the latter direction.

Baxter's is unified chiefly and unmistakably by rather abstract musical ideas. *Meat*—though it's hard to tell without seeing the 14-hour movie it was written to accompany—is unified musically and by certain thematic concerns. *Tommy* is unified musically to an extent (recurrent motifs, etc.), but, more important, in a narrative—or literary, if you will—fashion.

It is the narrative structure, though, that causes most of *Tommy's* problems. To reiterate, there are some marvelous

things on the album. *Pinball Wizard* is a classic rock-and-roll song. Tommy's repeated plea, "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me," is exquisitely moving. The trailing voice in 1921 ("you didn't hear it . . .") is blood-chilling. And like that.

But first there is the matter of the story and then of fitting the music to it. The Who have been so faithful to the concept of traditional opera that they have written a melodramatic plot with a dull libretto. One has to look very hard to find a good line or two, and don't bother looking for a lyric that makes it from beginning to end. The lyrics are supremely functional: they get you from Point A to Point B. But the scenery en route is hardly noticeable.

I might be willing to accept the story more easily if it were wholly penetrable. We know *Tommy* is made deaf, dumb, and blind by witnessing his father do something terrible. What? Commit adultery? Kill his lover? What? He is exposed to various curative efforts, and to torments (by his sadistic cousin and sexually perverted uncle). And he is finally cured, when his mother smashes the mirror into which he is gazing (sightlessly?). But what, exactly, has cured him? Fear? Freedom from fear? The progression from introspection (symbolized by the mirror) to communication? (He becomes the leader of a youth cult.) The episode is crucially important and we're left without a clue as to its meaning. (And the engineer could have done much better on the mirror-smashing sound effect. Sounds more like somebody throwing 50 pounds of costume jewelry out the window.)

Okay, so now he's enlightened and a youth leader. Then why is his perverted Uncle Ernie the host at his camp? And why, if he's seen the light, are the pro-

ceedings at the camp so absurd—and, as a picture in the libretto makes clear, so fascistic?

His followers rebel, understandably, and leave him, whereupon he reprises the "see me, feel me . . ." motif. Has he been returned to his prior senseless state? The last song is also a reprise, recalling his awakening. "Listening to you, I get the music . . .". Who is the "you" of that song. What is the source of inspiration? And finally, how are we to judge *Tommy*? Is he a narcissistic Fascist, or were his followers blind, deaf, and dumb to the truths he revealed?

None of these questions, so far as I can tell, is satisfactorily answered, and if they aren't important, then neither, finally, is the opera itself, although some of the music stands on its own merits.

I have other, minor quibbles. There are horns on the overture; why are they never heard again? Why did the group de-blues *Eyesight to the Blind*, the sole non-original in the score? The 10-minute *Underture* is awfully repetitive.

My largest remaining reservation, however, is that although some sections, notably *Miracle Cure* and the finale, are brilliantly understated, others scream for drama in the music to match the situation. The two most obvious are *Smash the Mirror* and *We're Not Gonna Take It*: these are two of the three cruxes of the narrative. The other, 1921, is handled very well. Where's the build, the tension, the climax?

Well, that the Who have left so much undone in terms of integrating more imaginative orchestration, in using and updating traditional musical devices—fugue, counterpoint, bitonality—is, in a way, good. At least other groups, and the Who, still have something to shoot for in the new genre.

ES

CHARLIE HADEN'S PROTEST JAZZ

ON A NIGHT last winter in New York City, Charlie Haden, the well-known Ornette Coleman bassist, began to explain, with great and genuine enthusiasm, plans for his first record date. The idea sounded splendid but not too commercially promising, so one was inclined to file the idea with other enthusiastic pipe dreams.

The record date was to present 20th century protest music, performed by an orchestra of leading contemporary musicians.

The idea was indeed difficult to peddle. Record companies shied away. But finally Haden lined up the session for three successive days in late April at Judson Hall. Impulse has just released the date as *Liberation Music Orchestra* (AS-9183).

At the first five-hour session, a large banner bearing the words Liberation Music Orchestra stood over a group of musicians and microphones gathered around the boyish, earnest-looking Haden. The musicians included pianist-arranger Carla Bley; trumpeter Mike Mantler; cornetist Don Cherry; trombonist Roswell Rudd; French horn player Bob Northern; tubaist Howard Johnson; reedmen Gato Barbieri, Dewey Redman, and Perry Robinson; guitarist Sam Brown; and drummer Paul Motian.

They began to run through the first six pieces, which consisted of opening and closing tunes by Carla Bley encasing songs identified with the Spanish Civil War. This was to be the first side of the album.

Haden explained the origin of the four songs that were used by the Spanish Republic in its effort to thwart Franco and his allies, Hitler and Mussolini. *Song of the United Front* was a German workers' song by Hans Eisler with anti-fascist lyrics by Bertolt Brecht. The other three songs were Spanish folk tunes with new lyrics that applied to the war situation.

Though Haden's music had no vocal parts, the blending of timeless, spirited protest music with the interpretation of avant-garde jazz musicians who have developed their own musical voices of freedom resulted in stimulating, excellent, sincere, original music.

During the first two sessions, invited members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the U.S. volunteer unit that went to Spain to help the Loyalists, appreciated the music with firsthand recall and expressed a great admiration for what Haden was trying to accomplish. Also in the fluctuating audience were such musicians as Barry Altshul, Gil Evans, and Keith Jarrett, and writers Martin Williams and Don Heckman.

The third session produced the second side of the album. Haden's own *Song for Che* led things off. There were solos by the leader and by Cherry and Redman.

Of extra significance in this project is the first recording of an Ornette Coleman composition, *War Orphans*. The 1964 tune, which Haden often has played in Coleman's group, was arranged by Carla Bley.

A Bley interlude called *Drinking Music* precedes Haden's own *Circus* '68-'69, for which Andrew Cyrille was added as a



Carla Bley and Charlie Haden

second drummer. This piece has a fascinating Charles Ivesian flavor and background. Having seen the Democratic national convention on television last year, Haden recalled that "after it was evident that the minority Vietnam plank had been defeated, the California and New York delegations started to sing *We Shall Overcome* in protest. Unable to gain control of the floor, the rostrum signaled the convention band to drown out the singing. They played *You're a Grand Old Flag* and *Happy Days Are Here Again* over *We Shall Overcome*. To me, this told the story, in music, of what was happening politically in this country at that time. In *Circus* we try to reconstruct what happened that night at the convention."

Haden's first recording as a leader is not a free-for-all or a jam session; it is a unique artistic entity with social relevance. Why such an album? The leader is quick to explain that "the first reason is the power and beauty of the music itself. Of course, some of that power and beauty may come from the political connotations."

Of the Liberation Music Orchestra itself, Haden said he hopes it can get together for more activities, such as another record or a concert, but that he has no definite plans now.

"Its purpose is to showcase music and musicians who are for political change," he said. "The music is dedicated to the end of all war, racism, poverty, and exploitation."—Michael Cuscuna



The newly formed J-P-J Quartet on a lark in New York's Central Park. From l to r: Oliver Jackson, drums; Bill Pemberton, bass; Dill Jones, piano; Budd Johnson, reeds.

The Good Old Brand New, Multitalented MEL TORME by Leonard Feather

MANY SINGERS ARE simply singers; some are also songwriters. Melvin Howard Torme's life in show business has taken him along so many paths that it is not only difficult to keep track of them, but almost impossible to believe that all of them have been part of the career of one man.

Though Mel's innumerable bags have overlapped frequently, he was known primarily during his childhood as a singer (starting at the age of 3, when he did remotes from Chicago's Blackhawk with the Coon-Sanders orchestra, and continuing during his early school years with Buddy Rogers and other name bands); a drummer from 1933, and a radio soap opera actor between the ages of 8 and 15. He was at the latter age when his first song, *Lament to Love*, was recorded by Harry James in 1941. He joined ASCAP in 1946; his chief credits, some of them as both composer and lyricist, include *The Christmas Song*, *Stranger in Town*, *Born To Be Blue* and the extended work *California Suite*.

Torme also led one of the most advanced vocal groups of its day, the Mel-Tones, in California in the early '40s.

Though respected by musicians everywhere and often highly rated in jazz polls, Torme has never been pigeonholed as a jazz singer. (He disagrees: see below.) He has worked, of course, within countless jazz contexts, most notably the Marty Paich Dektet, which established a singular vocal background character for him during the '50s.

A couple of years ago Torme sprang yet another surprise, announcing that he had decided to write all his own arrangements. Despite his lack of experience in this area, he did the job painstakingly and well, unveiling his first set of charts at a Las Vegas casino.

This year brought perhaps the most unexpected extension of his seemingly limitless activities. He was appointed Executive Producer of a CBS special, *The Singers*. Aired last Sept. 8, it had many of the qualities of *Laugh-In*; some observers felt it should have been called *Sing-In*. Much of the show revealed Mel's sense of humor, his avocational interest in old planes, and his keen sense of camp.

Torme himself did not appear on the program, which featured Frankie Laine, Jerri Grainger, Marilyn Michaels and others. The dialogue below took place just a

few days before *The Singers* went on the air. It was evident that Mel had applied himself with typical dedication to his new role. In a small office adjoining his living room, a movieola machine had been installed, enabling him to check on the editing of the show and other details. Mel is not the type to waste any time: during most of the interview, his hair was being cut. He was due to leave in a few hours for New York.

Feather: Diversification has been a keynote of your career in the past couple of years. Writing your own arrangements, working as a television actor, and now getting into the production end, writing scripts and so forth. Did these developments just happen one at a time by chance, or were they part of a master plan?

Torme: I don't really know how to categorize them. It's no secret of course, that I was disturbed about the fact that in the image-inducing kind of business that we're in, if someone is a good, fair, mediocre or even a great actor, if you have a giant image as a singer or what have you, it's very difficult to get the powers that be to recognize any other talents.

One of the reasons I wrote a *Run for Your Life* script, and a *Virginian*, both of which I also guest-starred in, was to create a couple of good acting roles for myself, to the point where these guys would start thinking of me more as an actor, in conjunction with my singing career.

Well, this worked out, because sure enough, I just finished doing one of the first episodes as the lead guest in the new series, *The Bold Ones*. They did three separate family things, the lawyers, the police and the doctors. I did the lawyers, with Burl Ives and Jimmy Farrantino and Joe Campanella.

LF: You scripted it too?

MT: No. That's the point I'm trying to make. Roy Huggins, who's the executive producer, and Jo Swerling, the producer, gave me my chance with *Run For Your Life* and apparently liked my acting well enough to cast me in this terribly important, highly dramatic role without my having to write it.

LF: Would you still get enough satisfaction out of writing and be able to devote enough time to continue on that line?

MT: Yes. But it takes a tremendous amount of time to write for TV. It took me three months to write the *Run For Your Life* and seven months to write *The Virginian*, and I could never create enough roles for myself, first of all, within a year's time, just devoting myself exclusively to writing and acting. The singing career would preclude that. Any writing I think I'd do in the future, from the standpoint of film or tape, would either be what I've just done now with this show I've just produced, or it would be in the nature of a theatrical movie as opposed to a TV show. It's just too much work to perpetuate.

LF: What are the details of the show?

MT: The title, believe it not, is *The Good Old Brand New, Multicolored, Fascinating, Winged, Singing, Swing Singers* or . . . *The Singers*. Of course, it will be known as *The Singers*, but that's really our first title. It's a complete departure; it's a way to present a musical show in comedy framework without ever resorting to the

standard cliches of introductions, the standard "Good evening, folks, and welcome to our show".

There's no specific star; it's not like doing, for example, the *Andy Williams Show* or the *Dean Martin Show*. We have a guest host, but he's one of the stars on the show; Jack Jones is the guest host on this one. We also have Frankie Laine, Cliff Robertson, Edward G. Robinson, Jonathan Winters.

LF: How did you come to be producer?

MT: I created the show. I had worked with Billy Foster before on the Jerry Lewis Show, and I felt that between us we might form a rather interesting company—Torme-Foster Productions. I brought him in as a full partner and we developed my original idea into what this show is now. There are several reasons, of course. A main one is that my wife Jan is having a baby, and I see a way to stay in town, if the show gets picked up for a series, and concentrate on producing a show.

I would have to curtail my other guest shot activities. For instance, I've been signed for two Carol Burnett's, but they don't go until January, and if this show is picked up, it will go in January. The only way I could do guest appearances would be on my own show. Again that may seem like a parallel to the writing thing, but it's not really, because in this instance on the special, Billy Foster, amongst others, said why don't you do a little vignette? I said I really don't want to be on this show; I've hired the people, I've cast it, along with Billy of course, and I think it's incumbent on me to stay out of the front of the camera, just in the back because that's where I function.

I wrote about 90% of the material, put it together—Billy produced and directed, I functioned as Executive Producer and one of the writers, and it's been a wild experience, it's been great.

LF: Does the presence of the movieola here have anything to do with it?

MT: Yes. I've been picking up on all techniques. I've been working with the Editek machine, the Ediophore—the Editek allows you to make your edits electronically, you don't have to cut the tape. You make them from two pieces of tape and they go through a computer-like process with numbers, etc.

Also, the creative end of my career has always been pretty important to me; for instance when I was a writer on the Judy Garland series a few years back, I suddenly thought it seemed stupid to write for other people and at least not gain the reward of owning it. I own 50% of this show and with any kind of luck it could be a great money-maker and, more than that, it gives me a chance to flex the mind muscle again.

LF: The last time I had an interview with you you were violently opposed to what was then the burgeoning rock movement; that was more than four years ago. Now you have either modified or changed your views in some ways.

MT: I've changed them to this extent. I still like quality, whether it's in jazz or classical music or rock, and I recognize that just like any infant, rock has grown enormously. When you get tunes like *McArthur Park*, and a tune that I just re-



corded that I'm mad about called *Willie & Laura Mae Jones*; a great song called *Games People Play*, which is breaking as a hit for me, it's just being obstinate and obdurate to rap rock—no, I don't call it rock any more—pop music. I've grown extremely fond of the Fender bass; they're certainly far more in tune usually than standup basses. Most guys I know who play bass have learned to play them, and play them very well.

LF: What about individual singers, or groups?

MT: I like the Fifth Dimension, Simon & Garfunkel; Blood, Sweat & Tears I think are very groovy. Among the individual singers it's a little hard to say. Glen Campbell does a very good job with what he does. I like Joe South, I think he's a gas; and I like Dusty Springfield, particularly what she did with *Willie & Laura Mae Jones*.

In the area of soul singers, I like O. C. Smith, but that's hard to say, because they're always finding new names for it; it's such a faddist business, faddist country. I must say that I'm kind of against labels, categories—this started with *The Velvet Fog*, my old nickname. I do think that the obvious King of Soul is James Brown these days and he puts me completely away. But only from the standpoint of his own individual talents as opposed to what people have labeled him.

I think that just as the kids, the teenagers have had to have an identity with the people of their own sphere or their collective psyche, so do I think that the black

people of this country have had to also be able to relate; using the name soul has given them an "in" thing; that's their thing, just like say Johnny Rivers or Harry Nilsson are the sort of property of the kids. From my standpoint I'm not really against it, but I am against all labels in general. I think that if somebody is a gas they're a gas for themselves and I think it's a shame to have to label them in order to qualify them.

In almost every interview there's a question that's ever asked of me; it's almost the bane of my existence these days: "Mel, they call you one of the few jazz singers, what is a jazz singer?", and I tell interviewers again and again that I'm not a jazz singer. I, like Sinatra, like Jack Jones, like some *thousands* of singers, am jazz-oriented, jazz influenced, but what is a jazz singer?

I'll probably get shot for this, but I don't think Ella Fitzgerald is a jazz singer. Maybe Leo Watson was a jazz singer. I think to be a jazz singer, in the purest sense of the word, you must devote yourself to never singing words, just sing like an instrument completely—this is just a theory, but it's what I think.

The minute you devote yourself to singing pop songs, even if they're not current pop songs, even if it's Gershwin, Kern and all the greats, what you are then doing is singing popular songs, and if you happen to have a jazz-influenced or oriented approach to them, okay, groovy.

LF: Would you agree that the same artist could be a jazz singer and a non-jazz singer

according to the context and to the material?

MT: Yes, I think so, but now we get into semantics about what a jazz singer is. For instance, and I don't want to be quoted as saying this rancorously, I don't think Eddie Fisher thinks he's a jazz singer by any means. Suppose he were to sing the tune you and Benny Golson wrote, *Whisper Not*, in his very straight, pop way. Would that make him a jazz singer? No, I don't think so. I think that at the other end of the stick, if you are a jazz-influenced singer, you can sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* if you want to, just as for instance Jose Feliciano, who's a rock singer, sang the *Star Spangled Banner*, so I think it's all a matter of conception.

LF: I agree that it's not necessary always to refer to someone as a jazz singer, or any other particular kind—and I'd say that would apply to calling Feliciano a rock singer.

MT: You know the biggest compliment that's ever been paid to me? You've certainly written a lot about me, as have Gene Lees and a lot of other guys, and I'm grateful, believe me—but I know you'll understand this. I did a concert in Central Park with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band about two years ago. We just had people, not necessarily jazz fans, but 3,000 people. John Wilson on the *New York Times*, a guy I've always respected, went through all the obvious things that I admit myself, that my vocal instrument is certainly not the greatest vocal instrument in the world, that many singers have a much more legitimate vocal instrument . . . but he then said, "For my money, Mel Torme is the most complete pop singer in the world today." When he said "pop" singer as opposed to "jazz" singer, I really could have walked up and wrung him by the hand and said, "Boy! Thanks!" because the jazz singer label, again here we go with labels, has been as much of an onus as it has been a matter of pride with me.

I have broken these barriers down; I do all the TV guest shots and everything, but for a while it was a problem, because all the TV producers would look upon me purely as a jazz singer and say that a mass audience can't relate to a jazz singer. It's really sad.

LF: I think the producers are a bit more mature and hipper now.

MT: Some of them are. Here we go back to producing again, but I'm hoping that if my show becomes a series . . . one of the nicest things that happened was that almost everyone associated with the show on a singing level came to me at one time or another and said how nice it was to be treated this way, and figured it was because I'm a singer and have been through it and know the problems involved. That does seem to sort of make sense, if you're going to do a show called *The Singers*, to have a singer as producer rather than some guy who pretends he understands what the singer's problems are, but doesn't really.

LF: Have you done much arranging this year?

MT: Oh, yes. In fact one of the high points, I hope, of the Americana engagement is going to be a medley that I arranged. It's kind of like a bravura piece,

/Continued on page 37

DAWN OF A NEW O'DAY by Alan Surpin

THE SENSUOUS VOICE fondled each note of *Four Brothers* like a horn player would. It reminded a listener of the intricacies of a great improviser such as tenorist Warne Marsh.

With eyes closed, in the dimly-lit Half Note club in New York City, one could conjure up the Woody Herman sax section that created the sound of that tune.

But on the stand was only the house trio—and Anita O'Day, swinging as if she were the complete Herman Herd, moving through Jimmy Giuffre's buoyant line.

In sets of standard tunes, jazz classics, and some current hits, Anita O'Day showed consistent flexibility of sound and peerless time. It boils down to experience, and Anita has plenty.

Relaxing in a friend's apartment a few weeks later—after her five-month stint at the Half Note had ended—Anita spoke of the voices and sounds that influenced her unique style.

After some basic training from her musical family—piano and voice les-

sons—Anita started singing before unknowing audiences during the days of the marathon dances. (If you are over 30, you know about them—if not, take a look in the back issue department of any newspaper that was around during the Depression.)

"When I was about 17 I met a musician who introduced me to records. And some lady singers—'like listen to this one, Anita'—and her name was Ella Fitzgerald. 'And listen to this one'—her name was Mildred Bailey. And Billie Holiday was among them too. For about three years I listened to those records."

Although these ladies of song had a profound influence on the personal style that Anita developed, would you believe that it was Martha Raye—before the days of the Green Beret uniform—who really inspired the young Anita?

"... Yeah, I went to a movie and saw a gal sing *Mr. Paganini*. And I thought that if you're going to sing, that's the way to do it. So I analyzed it a bit and realized that I was a band singer and that Martha was a performer. So I got both of those thoughts going, which is what I do now."

We asked Anita if she had been influenced by horn players. She smiled and said that horn players had not made much of an impression on her in the early days. On the contrary, she pointed out that it was the drummers who attracted her and that her first love was Gene Krupa.

But piano players—Anita is now boning up on piano with the intention of doing some club work on it—did make their mark on her musical psyche.

"In early 1939, I went to work in this club in Chicago (the Three Deuces). I stayed there about a year as the house singer and I'd work with different bands that would come through. Upstairs was the piano bar where we had people like Art Tatum. So I got to hear those kind of people. It was a very good musical base."

Improvising is as much a part of Anita O'Day's singing as a reed is of a tenorist's playing. But did she plan it that way, or did she just let nature take its course?

"Improvising? ... Well, I don't know exactly how I got into that. Perhaps it was in this club I was speaking of. I didn't quite think of it as jazz. I only knew three or four songs, and the owner would say that the people would like to hear more tunes. So, rather than learn another tune, I'd learn another chorus. I had 12 choruses on *Lady Be Good*. At that time, nothing was thought about it; the musicians thought it was groovy.

"Then we got a lot of people coming in who wanted to hear the girl who could sing 12 choruses of a tune and

none of them would be the same. From my training, this was piano chords. You see, there are so many notes in a chord, so you can add a note every beat and you can add grace chords in between, which gives you a lot of notes, a lot of sound," Anita pointed out.

Miss O'Day is well aware of the changing musical scene and is on the verge of getting together a group geared to some of the contemporary sounds.

"I've performed through the Dixieland, swing, bebop and progressive jazz eras. And I've got a few of the new rock tunes in my store. I always did variety, so I'm not in one bag, such as a singer like Jimmy Witherspoon, who more or less sings the blues. I do a lot of different type tunes."

Anita listens "wherever I am. It's all music and you listen to all of it." At the time of the interview, her favorite current group was Blood, Sweat & Tears.

"You listen to their album and its variety and the group thing. Groups are the thing today. I've been thinking of getting together a group. First of all, you get a guitar, if you can find a guy. Then you get a Fender bass player who can really turn it down and play; and he should be able to double on string bass. Maybe a piano too, or somebody that can double, so you have the piano for certain tunes."

She added that it was important to find musicians who had a background in jazz who can also play at a level that won't drive the audiences out the door with muddy ears.

During her many years of singing, Anita ventured, she has probably performed about 5,000 tunes, 500 of which she remembers. But how does a tune come to be part of the store?

"I work like a farmer works. You take the seed, which in music is the seed of thought. The farmer plants the seed into the ground; so you plant the seed of the tune in your mind," she said in a rhythm somewhat like a walking bass.

"Then the farmer covers the seed over and waters it down. So you work on the tune a little bit. Then he waits for the sun to shine and give the seed warmth; so you let the tune sit and then go back to it a little later on. Then you let it sit and sit; and the next thing you know here's a whole bean sprout. You've been working on three or four tunes and one of them is going to come through while the others disappear. They'll never make it.

"I do this for recordings. Some of the tunes get away from me right after the recording. I never think of singing as technical, although I suppose I've worked out some things in my head."

Most of the tunes on her Verve al-

/Continued on page 38



RON HOWARD

Jimmy Rushing: A Sturdy Branch of The Learning Tree

by Chris Albertson



LEIF WIGH

A 57-YEAR-OLD BLACK man is making Hollywood history. Gordon Parks, a photographer for *Life* since 1949, a composer, musician, poet and author, is winning acclaim for the film based on his autobiographical novel *The Learning Tree*. Parks is the first black American to produce and direct a large-scale motion picture for a major U.S. studio.

Parks was born on a farm near Fort Scott, Kan., not far from Kansas City, and this is the setting for the picture, an area where jazz thrived in the '20s. This was also the setting for some of the early musical experiences of James Andrew Rushing.

Jimmy Rushing went to Kansas City from his native Oklahoma City, where he had started singing with a school group. "I also used to play piano at house-rent parties," he recalled. "I was a big-time piano player, you know, but I was singing louder than I was playing . . . I only could play in three keys."

As the vocalist with Walter Page's Blue Devils, Rushing traveled in the Kansas City area during 1927 and '28, and though it is doubtful that his path crossed that of young Parks in those days, their paths did cross in the '40s and again last October when, at Parks' request, Rushing, now 66, stepped before the cameras to portray Chappy Logan, a colorful character who, in Rushing's words "owns a joint, sings, and sells whisky."

In his previous film appearances—Olsen and Johnson's 1944 slapstick *Funzapoppin'* and a musical short with Basie, Rushing was pretty much limited to a singing role. In *The Learning Tree* he acts, and very well. The movie, he said, "was like taking candy from a baby. . . . Of course, that wasn't nothing new to me—I mean I've been around all that kind of thing, and I've lived it. The scenes are typical of that period, a town joint with girls

and boys and everybody just having themselves a ball, like the old Kansas City days."

His smile broadens and his eyes wistfully radiate the joys of days not past recall whenever the "old Kansas City days" are mentioned.

"That was the greatest jazz place in the world, as far as I'm concerned," he said, almost with reverence. "They used to have those afterhours spots and the night clubs run by the mob, and if you could play or sing or dance, you were welcome at any of them. We finally got it down to where everyone would go to one particular place, the Sunset. We'd go there on a Monday night—that was the night—and they'd have every entertainer who was in Kansas City and who was worth anything, black or white. Normally a three-piece group worked there, but on that particular night, they'd have a 16- or 17-piece band. . . . Guys coming up and jamming, you know, and if you weren't pretty good, the guys wouldn't tell you so . . . they'd just change keys on you real quick, and if you could weather the storm, you were okay."

Of the Blue Devil band, Rushing recalled in a 1959 radio interview that "you couldn't buy a man out of that band. It was a funny thing how that band was organized. We'd play a dance one night, and no people would show up, so Page would say, 'Well, fellows, come and get it. . . . We've got enough for a hamburger or something.' And we'd be happy with that. . . . We'd just take out enough money for gas so that we could get to our next gig."

The Blue Devils, who included the great trumpeter Hot Lips Page and young Count Basie, played a lot of dates in small towns. Rushing remembers one engagement, in Bear Strap, Miss., when, because of bad roads and a rather tired automobile, they

arrived after the dance was over.

"We drove into the heart of town," Rushing said, "and were stopped by a policeman who asked us if we were the band that was supposed to have played at the dance. When we said that we were he attached our instruments! The following morning we met with the guy who had booked us and he said, 'Okay, we'll pass out bills (small towns often used handbills to announce special events) and let the people know you're playing tonight.' They wouldn't let us touch our instruments until we started rehearsing, and then this guy sat there with a big pistol."

In 1929, Rushing, Basie, Page, and some of their fellow Blue Devils joined Bennie Moten's famous band. After Moten's death, in 1935, his brother, Buster, who had played accordion in the band, kept it going briefly but it seemed that one of the greatest of the Midwestern bands had run its course.

Not all was lost, however. Basie landed a job at the Reno Club in Kansas City and formed a nine-piece band that included Rushing (at \$20 a week), Walter Page, Hot Lips Page, Jo Jones, and other good men. "Those were the days before the PA system," Rushing recalled, "and I used to sing through a megaphone. I had a little short one, called the Rudy Valle, and a long one. Every night, when the band packed up its instruments, I'd put my megaphones in a case. . . just like the rest of them. In those days, if you couldn't stand flat-footed and sing, *period*, you couldn't sing with a band. You really had to shout . . . there weren't too many singers who could sing with a big band in those days; the band had to soften down, but not for me. I think those PA systems made many a singer because, without them, a lot of them can't sing. . . . They really need it."

In April, 1936, jazz critic-record producer John Hammond heard the Basie band on W9XBY, an experimental short wave radio station that carried live broadcasts from the Reno for one hour every weekday night and three hours on Saturday nights.

"It was just marvelous," Hammond, who was inspired to visit the Reno, has recalled. "Jimmy used to do some numbers with a corpulent lady named Hattie Noel, plus four or six girls and Hot Lips Page. . . . Scotch was 15 cents at the bar, and beer was a nickel."

After a slight reorganization of the band including the addition of 25-year-old Buck Clayton, just returned from China, Hammond got it a booking at Chicago's Grand Terrace Ballroom. "It was an absolute disaster," Hammond has recalled, "because most of the band couldn't read."

Rushing has a slightly different version of that story, saying "It was Basie who couldn't read, and the trouble started when Tiny Parham had written an arrangement for the band of the *William Tell* Overture. Basie couldn't play the piano part so we had to call in a woman who was a music teacher, and she took over the piano."

After a series of one-nighters, the much-improved band opened at New York's Roseland Ballroom in December, 1936,

(Continued on page 38)

Introducing Patti Allen: Don Ellis' New Vocalist

WHATEVER DON ELLIS does is guaranteed to engender controversy. Such is the price of success in the highly factional world of music. It happened when he added two drums and two basses to the normal rhythm section; it happened when he featured arrangements in weird time signatures, and when sidemen came and went with the same frequency that his tempos changed.

It flared anew when he switched from World-Pacific to Columbia, and again when Al Kooper replaced John Hammond as Ellis' record producer. Controversy accompanied the Prince Valiant-type uniforms that Don unveiled at the '68 Newport Jazz Festival, and it is erupting again now that he has publicly stated his preference for r&b over jazz.

But these might be merely tempests in the proverbial teapot if the reaction to Ellis' latest move is judged by racial, not musical standards. He has added a singer to his band: Patti Allen, black, beautiful, with a loud and clear natural, and a style that is strictly rhythm and blues.

St. Louis was her birthplace, but from age 3 she lived in what she calls home, Seattle, Wash., until Ellis' business manager, Joe Salyers, sent him a tape of a vocal group. Ellis heard one voice in particular that had immediate appeal. At the risk of being obvious, it belonged to Patti Allen. Ellis, who was on his way to a Vancouver, B.C. gig, contacted Patti, had her join him on the bus to Vancouver and made the job offer then and there.

By the time they'd reached the job, Miss Allen had gone over the charts (they happened to be in her key), and she sang that same night, knocked out the people, and assured herself of a permanent place with the band.

Things have happened fast for Patti. She has paid what amounts to "instant dues," but despite her youth and the first flush of success, Patti has both feet firmly on the ground and a level-headed talent for self-evaluation.

"I wish I could say I was deprived as a child, but it just ain't the truth. I've always lived in a groovy crib. I never even lived in a ghetto. My parents were real nice, we always had plenty of groceries, and Christmas was real cool. Oh yes, I *did* sing in a church—a Baptist church," she said.

She does not consider her voice particularly musical; she describes it as "strong, very strong and emotional—but I get tired of being called the 'female James Brown,' or worse yet, 'the black Janis Joplin.'"

Ellis called these comparisons strange, but added, "I can understand the 'compliments': Patti has a magnetism in person that really gets inside the people."

That's the reason Patti's making it with the band. She has the "now" temperament to inspire and sustain a happening. And there's no band on the horizon better equipped to nurture a happening than Don Ellis.

Patti explained her obsession with communication, "I like to get people at concerts to say 'love' or 'peace' out loud. It sure beats having people say 'Heil Hitler,' doesn't it? What I do is come right down into the audience and work directly with the people. I get them feeling good ('feeling good' is one of Patti's favorite phrases, but the way she italicizes *good*, it's more



Patti Allen and Don Ellis

than a phrase, it's a philosophy) by getting them to clap their hands and stomp their feet. Why should they just sit there? The first time I ever did it turned into a real happening. It surprised the band when I jumped off the stand, but they started yelling and cheering and feeling *good*. That kind of frenzy can be exhausting, but it all has purpose. We weren't just foaming at the mouth."

During one of the more recent happenings, the band was really nonplussed. At the end of one tune, Patti recalled, "We really got it on and I actually got Don to dance. This was a first, and the guys were so dumbfounded they lost their time." For Don Ellis' band to lose its time is comparable to the guards at Buckingham Palace losing their cool.

Speaking of time, Patti confessed that Ellis won't let her touch a tambourine. "He says I don't stay on time." The simulated pout disappeared when she added, "but I get a foot-stomping thing going."

She does from three to five numbers per set, "but they can really stretch out if I get into the audience." Her charts are all in 4/4, "but if the mood hits me, the time becomes flexible." The mood and the material are strictly r&b. They reflect the strongest influence on Patti: Dinah Washington and Tina Turner; and her strongest personal preferences: Sly and The Family Stone and the Fifth Dimension. And she credits Ellis for "channeling my approach from 'My baby done left me/woo, woo,

woo/And I feel so-o-o bad,' to something I really believe in, something I can groove to." It was also the band leader who suggested she wear a "natural".

But the influences have not been one-sided. Patti, who has been living with Ellis, his wife, Connie, and their two young boys, has single-handedly subverted the Ellis household, undermining its health-food routine. "Living with Don, I was losing weight at a thousand miles an hour. Now we have 'Soul Night,' and I've got Connie making greens and beans and I make my own fried chicken."

Many of Patti's steps forward—from nutrition to music—can be attributed to the art of shucking (Patti's second most favorite phrase). "Whenever I want something from Don, I shuck him. Eventually, I get my way. Like that tune *Black Baby* on our new album. I got 'instructions' some time ago in a letter from my mother. She said, 'On your next album, why not do something about a brown or a black baby?' And Connie also inspired me to do something on that topic, so I worked out the lyrics by myself and pinned them on Don's door." Following this Luther-like action, she shucked him into working out the song with her.

Patti is still somewhat awed by the fact that Ellis picked her above all the budding talent available in Los Angeles. When she speaks of her professional future, she plays down the solo bit, not out of grati-

(Continued on page 39)

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Irvin Moskowitz, 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.

Clarence Carter

TESTIFYIN'—Atlantic 8238: *Bad News: Snatching It Back; Soul Deep; I Smell a Rat; Doin' Our Thing; You Can't Miss What You Can't Measure; Instant Reaction; Making Love (At the Dark End of the Street); The Feeling Is Right; Back Door Santa; I Can't Do Without You.*

Collective Personnel: Gene Miller, Harrison Collaway, trumpets; Aaron Varnell, Joe Arnold, tenor saxophones; Ronnie Eades, baritone saxophone; Barry Beckett, Clayton Ivy, piano and organ; Carter, guitar and vocals; Albert Lowe, Jimmy Johnson, guitars; David Hood, Jesse Boyce, bass; Roger Hawkins, Freeman Brown, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Almost all music is ritualistic in some degree. Currently, soul music, both the Memphis and Motown strains, seems designed to fulfill only the exigencies of ritual, at the expense of creativity, exploration, innovation, etc. Those for whom such a performance is sufficient will probably enjoy these sides.

Carter manipulates the soul clichés enjoyably, although his voice is less mobile than those of other soul performers. Plenty of "y'all's and "now look-a here's", several wicked chuckles, and endless repetitions of Carter's trademark, an "ahh" that slides down as low as he can go, then slurs upward into the first note of his next phrase. *Feeling* is virtually based on that device.

There are two really nice cuts, *Soul Deep* and *Santa*, the latter containing some funny lines. The other tracks are pleasant but undistinguished, except for *Making Love*, an embarrassingly self-conscious monologue with about a minute of singing at the end. In it, we learn some fascinating things about sexual behavior in the animal world, for example that "cows like to make love."

Well, it's nice dance music, anyway.

—Heineman

Colosseum

THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU—Dunhill 50062: *The Kettle; Plenty Hard Luck; Debut; Those About to Die; Valentyne Sweet; Walking in the Park.*

Personnel: Henry Lowther, trumpet (track 6); Dick Heckstall-Smith, soprano and tenor saxophones; James Litherland, guitar, vocals; Dave Greenslade, vibraphone, piano, organ, vocals; Tony Reeves, electric bass; Jon Hiseman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

I don't really keep track of what was released when, but unless I've misplaced a significant album, this is far and away the best rock LP of the summer. Damn! The power and drive of traditional rock, the ensemble tightness, group empathy and, frequently, the innovative soloing normally associated with jazz.

Virtually everyone in the group—virtually every British rock player, apparently—is a refugee of Graham Bond's and/or John Mayall's bands. Mayall in particular seems to be the functional equivalent of Art Blakey in terms of launching starring

careers for his sidemen.

I have but two reservations about these sides, neither serious: Hiseman, the leader, is a little too anxious to be heard, on occasion, and will sometimes mar the overwhelmingly cooperative group sound; and I think they will do better in terms of original compositions and solos as they work together more. Except for the three-part *Sweet* and the title track, the tunes themselves aren't that compelling.

The playing, however, is superb. All five are technically masterful, but then, so are hordes of rock musicians; these guys have found individual voices and a total sound. Heckstall-Smith and Greenslade are especially noteworthy ensemble and solo players. The former is the more striking on the first auditions, but I've begun recently to feel that Greenslade is at once more interesting and more essential to the band's unity. They're both groovy.

There are a great many points of interest on the album—which, incidentally, is absolutely beautifully recorded, for which a deep bow to Dunhill—but I'll just mention them in passing, so as to concentrate on *Sweet* in detail. Dig: Heckstall-Smith's booting tenor on *Hard Luck* (he has mastered Roland Kirk's two-horns-at-once technique and uses the same harmony but not the same phrasing); Greenslade's two-chorus organ solo on *Debut*, which starts as an Eastern-flavored blues, misterioso, then moves into a bolero rhythm after the first two choruses; Greenslade's organ again on *Die*, followed by an intriguing dialogue Heckstall-Smith has with himself, first double-tracking his tenor, then playing tenor and soprano simultaneously, weaving Latin and Spanish rhythms all through the rock fibres; and the latter composition itself, which begins as a jumpy blues, adds a Latin bridge, and then some Eastern ensemble figures.

Sweet is the album's showpiece. It's described in three parts, but I hear four. The first section begins with a rock theme, elaborated on with, among other things, a gorgeous piano-soprano conversation. Its second theme is modal, a four-note descending riff with each note repeated once. More fine organ, wailing, driving, wailing again, melancholy—Greenslade gets a bizarre banshee sound, possibly by tilting the organ, that sets my teeth on edge. A climax, a diminuendo, and then the second part, a ballad theme stated on organ with chorale-like vocal support. Heckstall-Smith takes the tempo and tension up on tenor, crescendoes on the two horns; some perfectly timed drum breaks lead into part three, a motif based on a Bach chord sequence, according to the

liner notes (it's the same sequence that begins and runs through *Whiter Shade of Pale*), stated with dignity and given interesting variations by the tenor and then by the organ. Greenslade moves to piano to introduce another classical-sounding figure. The ensemble tantalizingly plays a bar-and-a-half of the *Satisfaction* riff, and then shifts to a conga rhythm for a guitar solo, immeasurably enhanced by Heckstall-Smith's tenor commentary in back. (Litherland has a few nice moments throughout the album, but he's the least original player in the band, though he never detracts). The tenor restates the Bach motif, and the piece ends—a bit anti-climactically and inconclusively, given the electric excitement of what has just gone down.

Colosseum is out of sight. It's one of the few bands for whose next album I'm genuinely anxious to the point of impatience. The strength of conception and the togetherness evinced here make it highly unlikely that this will be a one-shot group.

—Heineman

Jack De Johnette

THE DE JOHNETTE COMPLEX—Milestone 9022: *Equipoise; The Major General; Miles' Mode; Requiem Number 1; Mirror Image; Papa-Daddy and Me; Brown, Warm and Wintry; Requiem Number 2.*

Personnel: Bennie Maupin, flute, wood flute, tenor saxophone; De Johnette, Melodica, drums; Stanley Cowell, piano, electric piano; Eddie Gomez and/or Miroslav Vitous, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is an awfully nice session. The tunes are interesting, the soloists are good, and the group interplay is splendid. It would recommend itself more strongly except that a certain spark seems missing, that small ignition that transforms intelligent, competent playing into inspired performance.

This is due in part to De Johnette's choice of a doubling horn. The Melodica, a keyboard instrument played by blowing through a mouth-piece, hasn't much of a chromatic or dynamic range. The leader, according to the liner notes, is a frustrated pianist, but the Melodica isn't really a workable compromise.

Nevertheless, the album is certainly worth hearing. It was released shortly after De Johnette joined Miles Davis, and the lines, all but three by De Johnette, show clearly that an empathy exists. *Mirror* in particular is written and voiced very much in the Davis-Shorter vein. The former tune features Cowell on electric piano, playing in a quiet, relaxed, economical fashion.

Cowell is also into some good things on *General*. De Johnette is on drums for this one, and the rhythm section alternates

effectively between free playing and more traditional jazz rhythms behind Maupin's tenor. Cowell, on piano, strikes a delicate and highly individual balance between single-note and chorded work. The single-note lines are compelling, and he gets off one gorgeous short phrase in the lower register toward the end of his solo. De Johnette is sympathetic and propulsive in back.

The leader's Melodica solo on Coltrane's *Mode* demonstrates the horn's inadequacy. He plays some intricate, swirling figures, intriguing in themselves, but debilitated by the Melodica's lack of power. Gomez, always a treat to hear, follows with an unaccompanied solo, swift, flowing, light-handed and -hearted but in no sense frivolous. Gomez and Vitous are both on *Mirror*, which Vitous wrote, and they engage in some delightful interplay. For the most part, Vitous is the aggressor, with Gomez responding instantaneously to and then elaborating on his statements. Cowell backs them, and fills the many well-placed spaces, with shimmering, reverberated electric piano. (De Johnette, though he plays well, might have been gentler on drums here.)

Haynes takes honors on *Papa-Daddy*, composed for him by De Johnette. His solo, beginning with some truncated rolls, is a marvel of sensitive construction. First De Johnette on Melodica, then Maupin on tenor, come in behind as Haynes continues, and the leader's work here is the most effective he does on the instrument.

Brown is a lovely line, gorgeously performed. Maupin, more of an individualist on flute than tenor, takes a delicious solo, followed by some delicate Cowell on electric piano. A most moving track. The two takes of *Requiem* are also pretty, though the first is more coherent than the second.

De Johnette has already demonstrated that he is one of the best of the younger drummers, and he shows himself here as a fine composer as well. He will probably be better off letting other hornmen develop his tunes, however.

—Heineman

Charlie Earland

SOUL CRIB—Choice ST 520: *Soon It's Gonna Rain*; *Strangers In The Night*; *Old Folks*; *The Dozens*; *Milestones*; *Mus' Be LSD*; *Undecided*. Personnel: George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Earland, organ; Jimmie Ponder, guitar; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Earland, a low-key and funky but mellow organist who is a member of Lou Donaldson's group, makes his recording debut as a leader in a generally pleasing set. To this jaded listener, the album is far more musical than the usual tenor-cum-organ issues and yet has enough of the groovy feeling to satisfy devotees of that genre.

Coleman, technically one of the most gifted saxophonists, sometimes tries to overpower the listener with all his equipment. Here he just lays back and blows. He is especially poignant on Willard Robison's *Old Folks*; in swift, striking form on Miles Davis' *Milestones*, and a soul-warming cooker on Charlie Shavers' ever-evergreen *Undecided*. Earland gets into full flight on the last named, as does Ponder with a strong single-string solo.

The guitarist has an octave-style section on what must be the weirdest track

in awhile, *LSD*. It's minor mood is dominated by some schizophrenic mumbles from an unidentified vocalist who sounds suspiciously like Perkins. Walter does his mallet-on-bent-cymbal specialty here — that's for sure. It's a track with macabre humor.

The two contemporary pops, *Rain* and *Strangers*, are swung with a moving beat and have solid solos from Earland and Coleman. In all, an auspicious debut. The album was produced by Ozzie Cadena, formerly of Savoy and Prestige, for a new company. The address is Box 5021, Newark, N.J.

—Gitler

W. C. Fields

W. C. FIELDS ON RADIO—Columbia CS 9890: *The Skunk Trap*; *Children*; *Old Friends and Old Wine*; *Feathered Friends*; *Molts*; *The Snake Story*; *The Temperance Lecture*; *Promotions Unlimited*; *The Swim to Catalina*; *The Pharmacist*.

Rating: ★★★★★

I won't waste words trying to justify a review of this LP in a music publication; W.C. Fields was a great improviser.

This is far and away the best specimen of recorded Fields thus far harvested in what has been a bumper crop of Fieldsian fruits over the last year.

Whereas the recent best seller from Decca (*Original Voice Tracks*, DL 79164) cluttered its subject with superfluous narration and musical bridges, this one is pure Fields, stretching out for 25:07 on one side and a generous 29:43 on the other.

Moreover, he is needled to his heights by radio's most famous brat, Charlie McCarthy at his most impish, and an equally obnoxious, anonymous tyke on the other side. Fields holds his own, though, since he never was afraid to dodge convention and respond in kind to provocations. "I hear pink elephants take aspirin to get rid of W.C. Fields," says McCarthy. But Fields strikes back: "I hear you got married and raised a cord of children," or "Be careful, you stunted spruce, or I'll break every knot in your body." Or this exchange: "Many's the time I wish you were here to fill that terrible vacancy." "In your heart?" "No, in my fireplace."

So much for free samples. Fields was a funny man because all his humor was the outgrowth of a total personality, a whole character. In many ways the rules of classic tragedy hold for classic comedy as well. One cannot impose a funny situation upon dull or bland characters and expect great comedy. When the situation dominates the people, the premise wears thin and nothing is left to sustain interest.

Like nothing before, this LP allows Fields to perform in the context of the environment he scorned so harshly. His sense of dignity told him to strike back, but the restraints of his position (i.e., as adult, husband, father, breadwinner, pharmacist, etc.) made him attempt to play it respectable and suffer the stupidity of his surroundings.

Because today's youthful audiences see Fields as having the right instincts, he has suddenly become the man of the hour. His attitude entitled him to a moral victory, if nothing more, over the system.

But the college kids who flock to Fields festivals and claim him as one of their

own miss an important point. Fields was a complete individualist, not just an adversary of the system. If he could not tolerate the inanities of the Babbitts, could he have endured the pretenses of the hippies?

This LP is a salute worthy of the Great Man.

—McDonough

Elvin Jones

THE ULTIMATE—Blue Note BST 84305: *In the Truth*; *What Is This?*; *Ascendant*; *Yesterdays*; *Sometimes Joie*; *We'll Be Together Again*.

Personnel: Joe Farrell, soprano and tenor saxophones, flute; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It isn't easy for a trio of a drummer, bassist and hornman (even a hornman who plays soprano and tenor saxophones and flute) to sustain interest over the course of an entire LP. Jones' trio accomplishes this feat, however, and displays fine musicianship and considerable ingenuity in the process.

In the Truth is a buoyant, up-tempo selection which features excellent John Coltrane-influenced tenor work. Jones' work as an accompanist is complex here, but quiet enough to allow Garrison's very nice playing to be heard clearly. On this track, the rhythm section not only accompanies Farrell but is interesting in itself.

What Is This, a relaxed selection, contains fine duet work by Farrell on soprano and Garrison. There is also good collective trio improvisation. Farrell's soloing is supple and tasteful and the bass solo work is well constructed, rhythmically varied and interesting.

Farrell, again on soprano, and Garrison combine to produce a very attractive front line sound during the theme statement on *Ascendant*. Actually, Garrison does not state the entire melody with Farrell; he is in the rhythm section backing Joe during some of it. His alternation between the rhythm section and the front line during the theme statement represents a clever and effective bit of arranging.

Farrell turns in a biting, many-noted solo on *Ascendant*. His soprano tone on both *What Is This* and *Ascendant* is distinctive; rather small and penetrating, it is somewhat less dry than the soprano sounds of John Coltrane and Steve Lacy.

Farrell's Coltrane statement of the *Yesterdays* theme on tenor has a rather misterioso quality. His improvising here is vigorous and lucid; he contrasts complex passages with simpler phrases intelligently. Garrison takes a nice economical solo.

Sometimes Joie is an angular original by Garrison that conveys a feeling of Thelonious Monkish humor. The bassist, it should be pointed out, also wrote *What Is This* and *Ascendant*. His originals indicate that he is a gifted composer.

Farrell's hard-toned, idea-filled, jagged tenor work on *Joie* should stimulate the fan looking for challenging listening. Garrison not only bows his strings but also drums on them with his bow.

Together Again features the graceful, singing flute work of Farrell.

Jones' playing with sticks and brushes is superb throughout. When he was with Coltrane, Jones' work was often violently powerful, yet on this record he plays with great subtlety and sensitivity. He is a consummate artist; a musician whose versatil-

ity and adaptability are perhaps not as widely appreciated by jazz fans as they should be. —Pekar

Thad Jones — Mel Lewis

CENTRAL PARK NORTH—Solid State SS 18058: *Tow Away Zone*; *Quietude*; *Five Samba*; *The Groove Merchant*; *Big Dipper*; *Central Park North*.

Personnel: Jones, fluegelhorn; Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Richard Williams, Danny Moore, trumpets; Eddie Bert, Jimmy Knepper, Benny Powell, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Joe Farrell, Joe Temperley, saxophones; Barry Galbraith, Sam Brown, guitars; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass, Fender bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Essentially this is a Jones-Lewis rock, blues, and funk album, but the band's rock cannot be really called rock in the true sense, because its treatment differs so widely even from the way another large band, Buddy Rich's, approaches that idiom. This is a relaxed, spirited, happy band with a mess of good soloists including leader Thad, whose four originals and six arrangements contribute no end to the album's success.

The closer, *North*, features a boogaloo beat utilizing the two guitars and Davis on Fender, but it also contains a lovely pastoral segment with Jones' fluegel. Nottingham's growls, also in evidence on *Dipper* (dig his *Taxi War Dance*), precede some raunchily inventive Richardson soprano as the funky groove returns. Dynamic Lewis and impressive brass help round out this versatile and compelling chart.

Groove is Richardson's song arranged by Jones. I've heard the band do it in person, and it really gets up and grabs you by the viscera. The recording was made when it was brand new to the band, and though it doesn't lack verve, it does suffer in comparison to the kind of romping the band does on it now. There is some lovely saxophone writing, with Richardson playing lead soprano, and a chorus from Hanna before the punching brass come on.

Samba has an insinuating beat and the band builds intensity and excitement as Williams and Moore trade solos and the former returns for an upper-register excursion. After a brief cooling-off period, the lava starts to rise again as Richardson's burr-edged flute stokes the fire. Then the band, with Lewis driving, takes over. This one grew on me. Very danceable.

Quietude is a contrast, one of those piquant Jones melodies that you might find emanating from his fluegel in the course of a solo. Hanna is the lone soloist here, and he is fine, but it is the sheer sound and power of the ensemble that sweep you in a benevolent updraft and waft you to the land of good feelings.

The opener, *Zone*, has a boogie-wiggle, sock-and-sizzle beat with keening saxophones, bursting almost immediately into a hot tenor exchange between Farrell and Daniels. Both contribute with heat and fervor. (Daniels, who still digs Sonny Rollins but who has made great leaps and bounds toward a personal expression in the last year, is also heard to advantage on *Dipper*.) After some in-the-alley Hanna, controlled pandemonium ensues with some creatively athletic Lewis.

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Harold Mabern

RAKIN' AND SCRAPIN'—Prestige 7624: *Rakin' and Scrapin'*; *Such Is Life*; *Aon*; *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*; *Valerie*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Mabern, piano, electric piano (track 4); Bill Lee, bass; Hugh Walker, drums.

Rating: ★★

Mabern seems to have been on the scene since the beginning of time—a skillful, efficient band pianist for dozens of groups, yet this is only his second LP as leader. His slick, mid-'50s style invites comparison with Red Garland, and Mabern is, I feel, an honest pianist, committed to the hard, tradition-oriented yet catchy and essentially light material he composed for this album.

Throughout the set, he reproduces familiar routines (the hoary block-chord bits on *Aon* and *Valerie*, for example), yet in solo and accompaniment the sound is flowing, with plenty of small graces—just-right touches that mark his originality.

His themes are attractive—*Aon*, an up-tempo funky minor bop theme, interestingly constructed with a groovy bridge (tenor and trumpet play opposing lines); *Rakin'*, a catchy double-timed slow blues; and even the ballad, *Such*, the kind of heavy-seeming romantic thing that began to proliferate in the mid-'50s. The work is saved from billowing into clouds of cashmere tenderness by the horn solos, the strong yet clean-sounding Coleman especially, and by the last chorus unison bass and piano counterline, another very fine touch. My own favorite on the album is *Valerie*, a long rambunctious solo piano track, but there are pleasures on every piece.

Otherwise, Coleman plays reasonably good if undisguised tenor, while Mitchell invents some nice ideas on *Rakin'*. Something hangs him up badly on *Aon*, and on the whole his improvisations are not strong. Drummer Walker is good, however, and as you might expect from a Mabern date, the rhythm section plays well throughout. There is one uninteresting track, *Grapevine*, which has no solos, but for the most part this is a thoughtfully organized, well-played, middle-of-the-road LP which augurs well for future Harold Mabern productions. —Litweiler

Harvey Mandel

RIGHTTEOUS—Philips 600-306: *Righteous*; *Jive Samba*; *Love of Life*; *Poontang*; *Just a Hair More*; *Summer Sequence*; *Shori's Stuff*; *Boo-Bee-Do*; *Campus Blues*.

Personnel: Mandel, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Somebody apparently told Mandel he could play jazz guitar. Somebody was wrong.

This is a very tasteful album. Nothing out of place, or jarring. Also nothing of interest, except Mandel playing hard blues, which he is good at. There are some string and horn arrangements by Shorty Rogers. They, like the solo work, are unobtrusive and unexciting—save for the

incredible string chart for *Jive*, which takes Nat Adderley's hard-driving samba and transforms it into a milquetoast fox-trot with bossa overtones. The strings play well, and with surprising bite, but they can't come near to saving it. Mandel takes an ordinary solo, which he partially rescues with some effective dissonance just before the return to the head.

The unidentified keyboard player is uniformly dull. He's off-key in an organ break on *Jive*, plays clumsy piano on *Hair More*, and is underrecorded on the latter track and *Poontang*.

Sequence and *Boo-Bee-Do* are both pleasant lines; the former is aided by a lush Rogers horn arrangement, but the latter is the more appealing tune. No interesting solos.

The only two effective tracks are *Stuff*, which is also the longest, and *Campus*. *Stuff* is big band r&b. Mandel blows hard, gritty, if not innovative guitar; there's a tough tenor solo (who?), and Mandel re-enters, finishing his solo with a trill that sounds exactly like what somebody once called the Cannonball Adderley Fluter. He also plays hard and well on the blues-rock *Campus*, which he wrote.

Mandel is currently with Canned Heat, having supplanted Henry Vestine. For the moment, that context should be far more congenial. —Heineman

The New Orleans All Stars

THE NEW ORLEANS ALL STARS—GHB 35: *Lonesome Road*; *Sister Kate*; *Trombone Preachin'*; *Blues*; *Tbat's A Plenty*; *All the Girls Go Crazy*; *West End Blues*; *Big Butter and Egg Man*; *Panama*.

Personnel: Alvin Alcorn (or Keith Smith), trumpet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Alton Purnell, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Cic Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★

Considering the fact that this set features some highly regarded jazz players, it is singularly uninteresting.

There seems to be some dispute as to whether the trumpet is Alcorn (as the album cover indicates) or a young Englishman by the name of Keith Smith (as he claims). In any case, either would be better off without that rather dubious distinction.

After playing the album through four times, I still have not heard anything that could possibly have warranted its release. The solos are, for the most part, sloppy and unimaginative, and the ensemble passages are disjointed.

As the ranks of traditional jazzmen diminish, there is a regrettable tendency to make too many allowances for the shortcomings of those who survive. Those staunch traditionalists who desperately cling to the faded flowers of early jazz get misty-eyed in the presence of their heroes and listen with ears veiled in romantic unreality.

To them, jazz never traveled beyond Chicago—indeed, to some it never got even that far. The liner notes seem to be the product of such narrow-mindedness. They are all about those good, happy cullud folks who were born with music in their souls—"Cic Frazier is so New Orleans," the exuberant annotator tells us, "that he says 'you-all' and smiles the way drawings do in the plantation picture books." And this is 1969! —Albertson

Johnny Shines/Big Walter Horton

JOHNNY SHINES WITH BIG WALTER HORTON—Testament 2217: *Hello Central; You Don't Have To Go; Sneakin' and Hidin'; 'Til I Made My Tonsils Sore; Fat Mama; Worried Life Blues; I Cry, I Cry; If It Ain't Me; I Want To Warn You Baby; G.B. Blues.*

Collective Personnel: Shines, guitar, vocals; Horton, harmonica, vocal; Luther Allison, guitar; Otis Spann, piano; Prince Candy, Lee Jackson, bass; Bill Brown, Fred Below, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Robert Nighthawk/Houston Stackhouse

ROBERT NIGHTHAWK/HOUSTON STACKHOUSE—Testament 2215: *Black Angel Blues; I'm Getting Tired; Bricks In My Pillow; Merry Christmas, Baby; Crying Won't Help You; Kansas City Blues; Big Road Blues; Cool Water Blues; Big Fat Mama Blues; Take A Little Walk With Me.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-7: John Wrencher, harmonica; Nighthawk, guitar, vocals; Johnny Young, guitar. Track 8: Little Walter Jacobs, harmonica; Nighthawk, Young, Tracks 9-12: Stackhouse, guitar, vocals; Nighthawk, guitar; James (Peck) Curtis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Three tracks make the Shines LP worthwhile: the brief instrumental *G.B.*, three choruses of nice Spann boogie; the ever-popular *Worried Life*, well-sung with intelligent Spann-Below accompaniment; and a very good *Warn You*, again with fine piano and drums. For nearly all of this LP, Shines' guitar is under wraps, and in fact Allison seems to have taken the guitar lead at the Los Angeles session. He certainly rescues poor Horton in the instrumental *Sneakin'*, but that entire date has oddly muffled second guitar, bass, and drums, as though recorded in a closet, and Horton in any case was having a bad day musically.

In the Chicago session—leavings from Testament 2212—the thuddy-sounding bassist does not swing, while the fine band pianist Spann and the master blues drummer Below certainly do. Shines is a valuable bluesman whose quite personal idiom is hardly even implied in this context. How about a Shines trio session, with Below and a flexible bassist, such as Jack Myers? Meanwhile, Shines' other Testament LP is surely worth hearing.

The Nighthawk album comes as a revelation. Nighthawk was a transitional figure, a missing link between late-blooming Mississippi blues and early post-war Chicago blues—his music too harmonically advanced for one style, too mellow and emotionally undecorated for the other, and perhaps too naturally flowing and linear for either. The LP definitely makes plausible Don Kent's contention that Nighthawk influenced Muddy Waters and Elmore James, for several of these solos and accompaniments present specific ideas which those "urban" guitarists used.

Nighthawk was a considerably more graceful musician, so the discontinuous phrases of the city guitarists emerge here as elements of consistent, structured solos (the first *Black Angel* solo chorus is perhaps the favorite post-war guitar solo). As the excellent liner notes by Kent and Pete Welding indicate, the primary feature of these works is Nighthawk's structures, conceived as total units and including quite surprising rhythmic development.

Thus *Merry* hints at rhythmic complexities in the intro and first vocal chorus, complexities realized in a startling solo which introduces unique harmonies and compounded in the concluding solo with freely-moving double-time—a most cre-

ative performance. *Bricks*, one of only two up-tempo songs here, offers less complex but equally magnificent guitar work, featuring a freedom of phrasing and accent unknown elsewhere in the classic Mississippi-Southwestern blues traditions. The sharp rhythmic details of *Rooster* and *Tired* suggest an emotional link, surely an unconscious one, with city jump-r&b pianists. In fact, despite the fine work by his two partners here, Nighthawk's style might possibly have found a place alongside the jazz-tinged West Coast bluesmen of 20 years ago.

Wrencher is a very skillful and sympathetic country player, offering secondary lines in each song which creatively decorate or sometimes lead Nighthawk's guitar and singing. Young, of course, supports

with his usual steady-rocking swing—two more ideal partners could not have been found.

Despite the instrumental excellence, it is the choice of material and Nighthawk's singing (a limited voice, but he slides into notes, provides unexpected accents, and in general presents dynamic surprises in understated fashion) that determine the emotional tone of this LP: warm, mellow, with an underlying sense of bitter sorrow (*Rooster*).

The Stackhouse sides are confusing. He reportedly influenced Nighthawk, and it is supposedly Stackhouse's guitar in the foreground. If so, his major contribution was supplying certain phrases to Nighthawk's vocabulary, though there is sometimes a free sense of accent and solid use

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of the 12-measure blues structure which indicates a fairly sophisticated Mississippi musician. The vocal on *Big Road* ("I asked her for water, she brought me gasoline") is idiomatically interesting; the lead guitar on *Little Walk* is rhythmically varied and quite good.

This is an eclectic music, diffuse in effect. But Nighthawk is a near-classic blues figure, usually overlooked because so thoroughly unfashionable, and since his earlier records are unlikely to be reissued, the importance of this 1964 collection is magnified.

—Litweiler

McCoy Tyner

TIME FOR TYNER—Blue Note BST 84307: *African Village; Little Madimba; May Street; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; The Surrey with the Fringe on Top; I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face.*

Personnel: Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Tyner, piano; Herbert Lewis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

This LP was recorded in 1968 at Shaw University's Black Arts Festival in Raleigh, N. C. Tyner and his sidemen were in



good form on what was primarily a blowing date.

Tyner contributed three originals, *African Village*, *Little Madimba* and *May Street*, and each is an attractive piece and good vehicle for improvisation.

Your Face is unaccompanied by Tyner and *Surrey* is by Tyner, Lewis and Waits. The other selections are by the quartet.

It makes a lot of sense for Tyner and Hutcherson to play together because they have similar musical conceptions. Both have been influenced by the post-boppers and John Coltrane. (Coltrane could, for part of his career, be considered a post-bopper though he, of course, evolved beyond this movement.) Both have performed superbly in avant garde and mainstream modern jazz contexts. Both, though still young, are veteran jazzmen who have already developed individual styles. Tyner, as a matter of fact, seems to be one of the more influential jazz pianists on the scene these days.

Tyner's work is generally quite inspired and vigorous here. He plays strong lines

and uses his left hand forcefully and intelligently. He is at his best on *May Street*, taken at a very fast tempo. Tyner is a musician who seemingly always performs with discipline and good taste.

The romantic side of the pianist's work can be heard on *Your Face*. He does a nice job on it; his playing is flowery but stops just short of being schmaltzy.

Hutcherson, like Tyner, is at once a disciplined and forceful musician. On *May Street* he builds very well, pacing himself lucidly. Spurred by Tyner's driving rhythm section work, he turns in some intense, inventive improvising on *Village*, and his graceful double timing on *Little Madimba* deserves praise.

Waits and Lewis perform competently. Lewis turns in some good arco and pizzicato solo work on *Village*.

—Pekar

Barney Wilen

DEAR PROF. LEARY—MPS 15191: *The Fool on the Hill; Dear Prof. Leary; Ode to Billie Joe; Dur Dur Dur; You Keep Me Hanging On; Lonely Woman; Respect.*

Personnel: Wilen, tenor and soprano saxophones; Mimi Lorenzini, guitar; Joachim Kuhn, organ, piano; Gunter Lenz, bass, electric bass; Aldo Romano and Wolfgang Paap, drums.

Rating: no stars

Wilen is quoted in the liner notes as saying, "Actually, I have no particular interest in today's pop music. What I listen to is jazz." So, naturally, he has recorded an album of today's pop music.

It is one thing for a jazz musician to express disinterest in rock; it's quite another for someone to do so and then record a rock album. It is an act of profound disrespect. And, as might be expected, it stinks.

Wilen's attitude is perfectly apparent in the music. He calls his group the Amazing Free Rock Band, but it's clearly more free than rock. Except for *Respect*, where Wilen makes an interesting paraphrased melody statement, the tunes are disregarded almost totally when the improvisation begins. Only Lorenzini (a pretty fair, if wildly overdramatic guitarist), Lenz, and Paap evince any understanding of rock; Kuhn, Romano and especially Wilen play as if they'd just wandered in from an adjoining studio.

Actually, Kuhn has some nice moments along the way: a pleasant organ break on *Leary* (most of the rest of which is chaos), and a piano excursion on *Respect* that runs the gamut from free to blues to country to free. Doesn't have much to do with the arrangement, but it's kind of intriguing.

The killer is *Woman*. It's clear from the album's opening flatulations that the group doesn't know what's going down in rock. But Wilen, Kuhn and Romano are free players of some repute; how could they take perhaps the most beautiful composition of the past decade and routine it with a RICKtickatick rock beat? Let us pray that Ornette never hears this side. Lenz's arco work is especially wretched, and one should, if one wishes to remain sane, try not to compare it to Charlie Haden's exquisite statements on the same tune.

They are not, however, entitled to defraud. *Dear Prof. Leary* is a shuck and an insult.

—Heineman

BILLY ECKSTINE

A recent visit to the Hong Kong Bar in Century City convinced me yet again that Billy Eckstine is one of the few dependables—singers who can outlive trends and transcend fads in popular singing.

A principal reason, of course, is Eckstine's genuine musicianship. He started playing trumpet for kicks during his days as a vocalist with the Earl Hines Orchestra, all of three decades ago. In the mid-1940s, having built a durable personal and musical relationship with Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Parker, he formed his own big band, of which they were all members at one time or another. Eckstine at that point got his kicks playing valve trombone.

Working as a single since the late '40s, he never has failed to sustain an interest in the instrumental sounds on the jazz scene. He plays trumpet as part of his act and has recently taken up guitar, on which he accompanies himself for one or two numbers.

If you don't believe he has the sharpest ear in the vocal end of the business, think for a moment: how many singers can you name who would be able to identify Mel Tormé, Freddie Hubbard, Shirley Bassey, and Lightnin' Hopkins? Eckstine received no prior information on the records played.

—Leonard Feather

1. MEL TORMÉ. *Games People Play* (from *A Time For Us*, Capitol). Tormé, vocal; Jimmy Jones, arranger.

That was Mel. In a rock thing like that, I don't like that much background. There's too much brass and things—Mel's doing something good. Mel's one of the big talents. But they're doing too much to get what they want out of it.

I wonder who did the arrangement. In spots he sounded like Jimmy Jones, like some of his voicings. Jimmy is something else. I love his writing; he's a genius.

But it's a little too much, and it could have been a little of Tormé's indoctrination to make it heavier than normal. You know, I've never heard a conventional singer, one of any kind of stature, say from our era, make rock hits. They seem too good.

Of course, Mel's a bitch; I dig Mel. Musically this is good. Commercially it's too good, but for my own personal liking I'd give it three stars.

2. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *True Colors* (from *High Blues Pressure*, Atlantic). Hubbard, trumpet, composer; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

That was Freddie Hubbard. The other guys I'm not too sure about. One could have been Wayne Shorter on tenor. Frankly, I wouldn't buy this. I'd buy it if it was for Freddie Hubbard, because he's probably my favorite of the young trumpet players. He probably has the best execution and says more than a lot of the other young guys since Clifford Brown.

That could have been Art Blakey on drums. The rhythm section was good. I liked that very much. The composition itself was a little too avantgarde for me. I can admire these young guys for their creativity in certain things, but by the same token I think sometimes it gets a little bit too far in this respect so that you can't follow it.

Freddie is great, though. He's got range, he's got sound, and he's got execution, which is just about what it takes. Two stars.

3. SHIRLEY BASSEY. *My Way Of Life* (from *Does Anybody Miss Me?*, United Artists).

I'm torn between two people on that—Vicki Carr and Shirley Bassey. I think it could be Vicki Carr. It's in tune, which is a good thing for Vicki Carr, because I notice that when Shirley belts, she sometimes gets out of tune.

I don't like that song; it's a very highly dramatized thing, and because of the dramatization, I'm going back on what I said . . . It is Shirley Bassey. It's a little too busy. On the singing performance I'd give it three stars, but I'd give the cluttered-up background only one star.

4. TONY BENNETT. *Play It Again, Sam* (from *I've Gotta Be Me*, Columbia). Marky Markowitz, trumpet; Tarrie Zito, arranger.

That's my baby—that's Tony Bennett. He's one of my extreme favorites. Tony, you can bet, will try to do something good at all times. He never prostitutes himself. You can be sure that if Tony picks a song, he's given plenty of thought to what he wants to do with it. And the fact that it may not sell doesn't mean a thing to him if it's pure and it's good. We need a lot more like that nowadays.

This song, I guess, is taken from the play, *Play It Again, Sam*. It's a good song, but I think it's more or less a vehicle in the show. It's not saying too much, but Tony does a hell of a job with what he's got.

Again, I'd have to divide this one up. I'd give Tony's performance four stars. I quite liked the use of the trumpet in there, but it's not as effective as some of the things Bobby Hackett has done along with him. It sounds like the arranger said, "just noodle along in there," but he wasn't quite sure what he wanted to noodle with. So, I'd give the song two stars, the arrangement three stars, and Tony five stars.

5. RAY CHARLES. *If It Wasn't for Bad Luck* (from *Doing His Thing*, Tangerine). Charles, Jimmy Lewis, vocals, composers.

This isn't something that would be one of my favorite Ray Charles'. I don't know who the fellow is with him, but I do know it's Ray. I would much rather have had that same song with Ray doing the whole thing, without that cluttering-up conversation going on.



ROBERT SKEETZ

I'm a dyed-in-the-wool Ray Charles fan. He's something else as a musician and as a performing artist. But I'd only give that record two stars.

6. LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS. *Stool Pigeon Blues* (from *Lightnin' Hopkins*, Everest).

It could be Lightnin' Hopkins . . . because it's got to be one of the real, authentic blues singers. That's definitely authentic and basic . . . That is the blues! There's no embellishments—nothing but the blues. The off-meter—I'll tell you what; try writing an arrangement to what he's playing. You'd go out of your mind trying to count those bars.

But for what that is, and for the truth, if I'd have to rate it for truth, I'd have to give it four stars.

7. FRANK SINATRA. *Lonesome Cities* (from *A Man Alone*, Reprise). Rod McKuen, composer; Don Costa, arranger.

I'm sure that's one of the songs from the Rod McKuen album that he wrote for Frank. Rod McKuen, as everyone will agree, is a marvelous writer. His poems dealing with everyday life and everyday beauty are very . . . homespun and very descriptive.

I'd say this, though: when you take a poet and put his things to music, a lot of times it doesn't come off at the musical end of the thing. The thought expressed in the poem is gorgeous, but I don't think the melodic line is good. Frank does a helluva job with what he's got. He's reciting the lyric well, but I think the tune itself is very trite. Again, I'd have to dissect this for rating. I'd give the lyric five stars, I'd give Frank three, and the melody line one.

I think it would have been fitting for an Arlo Guthrie or someone of that folk ilk to sing a Rod McKuen album, because Frank is so much of a musician he tends to put the music where there is no music. Like with this particular tune, which is trite, Frank is putting musicianship into something which should be done by somebody who has no musicianship—I don't mean that in relationship to Arlo Guthrie, who is more of a folk singer, but he sings the words and not so much the melody. **ES**



Wilson Pickett: That Charismatic Thing

Wilson Pickett

Royal Albert Hall, London, England
Personnel: Pickett, Erma Franklin, Danny White, Johnny Nash, vocals; the Globe Show; the Midnight Movers.

Until Wilson Pickett came to London and wrenched the place apart single-handed, he was for me one of the worst offenders in what I cynically termed the "instant soul" bag. It was Frank Zappa who once said: "Soul music lacks soul yet the public believes in it," and I've nurtured that quote for a long time with Pickett in mind. Now, though, I'll willingly bow down at the feet of this magnificent giant of a man, this all-conquering hero of soul, and beg his forgiveness.

The wicked Pickett, you see, was believable every step of the way. Whether he was tenderly caressing the poignant *Hey Joe* or exhorting the leaping hundreds with "lemme hear you say yeah!" he had that charismatic thing going that pulls you out of your seat and compels your heart and soul to be at one with his.

I've always liked my singers to fit comfortably into the Turner-Witherspoon tradition and thus had scant time for the screamers, but when Pickett does his thing, (and the screaming is part of it), you just get to wondering how the other cats have got the nerve to go out there and compete. Especially the locals. Oh sure, there are some with soul—I know quite a few—but the Globe Show, who opened the concert with anemic attempts at *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag* and so on, do not number in their ranks. Their wishy-washy wailing was a prelude to a disappointing set from Aretha's little sister, Erma Franklin. Gospel-throated, cute and so tiny she could hardly reach the mike, she suffered from lack of rehearsal.

Her choice of material didn't help, either. *Light My Fire* and *By The Time I Get To Phoenix* were fine for Jose Feliciano and Glenn Campbell respectively, but once again the castrating hand of the sing-something-we-all-know syndrome was painfully in evidence. Management and recording companies messed with Sam Cooke's talent, they messed with Dinah Washington, they've done it with the Su-

premes and now they're trying to brain-wash Aretha. When will they learn that the people who dig soul dig SOUL?

What's more, the Britishers were so busy trying to look cute and soulful at one and the same time that they missed half of Miss Franklin's cues; with a black band, this doesn't happen. When the Midnight Movers leapt onstage to loosen up the proceedings, the messing around was out the window. One glance at the fat little bassman's hip gyrations was enough to know the cats meant business. Let me not be accused of unnecessarily anti-white sentiments in this context; it's just that I've suffered the would-be soulful for far too long. I know.

Danny White, who preceded Pickett,

was an urbane crowd-pleaser in the Otis Redding mould. He worked on *Do You Like Soul Music?*, *Dock of the Bay* and *Cold Sweat* while the Midnight Movers got into a heavy groove.

And then it was time for the man himself. Black and oh-so-damned beautiful in the hippest purple suit and casually-tied lilac scarf, Pickett was Daddy Soul from the off. He was dressed prettily, yes, but his sartorial elegance was a far cry from the phoney camp of the local imitators. Strong and supple, rock-hard yet yielding, Pickett was (is) original Adam.

He shouted, he whispered, he begged and he pleaded, then took off into *I'm a Midnight Mover* and never looked back. Suddenly the place was alight with people jumping, and the people were *his*, their response was for him alone, for soul music at its ultimate.

He shed his jacket to oohs and aahs from the ladies, but that the arena was not filled with teeny-bopper fanatics was clear when he slowed down the pace for a tasty, sob-in-the-throat version of Jimi Hendrix' smash, *Hey Joe*. The singer kept the people quiet and appreciative, hanging on his every nuance and right *there*, in the massive palm of his soulful hand. He stayed nicely restrained, too, to give the folks a chance to catch their breath before all hell broke loose.

The band swung out, the bassman thundered, and Pickett, lemon-yellow shirt clinging to his sweat-soaked frame, leapt down among his flock, shaking hands left and right and doing his soulful strut. The magnetism of the man was tremendous and so is the respect he commands. Though some chicks grabbed at him for a fleeting kiss, mostly they danced with him, doing *their* thing and letting him do his.

To see the Royal Albert Hall rise to its feet as one is a classic experience that



Joe Turner: Still the Boss

doesn't happen often. *Hey Jude* did it, though, and the man had a riot on his hands. Love was all around as all sorts of men and women wanted to be with the singer, wanted to hold his hand, to dance with him and add their voices to the torrential roar that kept pouring forth from his mighty lungs.

With *In The Midnight Hour* the story was complete. The British, traditionally restrained, were soul brothers all on this night. They mobbed him, sure, but they let him escape unscathed after he brought Miss Franklin, White and the visiting Johnny Nash down front for a classic raveup on *Land of a Thousand Dances*. Pickett had been virtually attacked throughout his European tour, but this time the fuzz were not needed as they had been elsewhere. He fled for the exit unharmed for he had given the crowd what they came for—plenty, plenty soul and handfuls of love. And you can't say that for many people these days.

I'm truly sorry if I put you down in the past, Mr. Pickett. You took me up to Cloud Nine this time, and that's where I'm staying for a long, long while to come.

—Valerie Wilmer

Joe Turner/Charles Kynard/Leo Blevins

Tiki Island, Los Angeles

Personnel: Turner, vocals; Kynard, Bobby Blevins, organ; Leo Blevins, guitar; unidentified drummer.

Big Joe Turner has been hanging out in Los Angeles recently. What with the resurgence of interest in the blues, it is especially appropriate that the big man is still out there giving lessons.

Mondays at the Tiki are generally Celebrity Night presentations. The "celebrities" range from total unknowns to stars, and one has to be lucky to catch some fireworks. But on this Monday, Turner was on hand not only to sing but to help promote what is hoped will become an indefinite run of Tuesday night gigs.

The club's atmosphere is comfortable, and during the week drummer Johnny Kirkwood fronts a trio with Ray Crawford on guitar and Paul Bryant on organ. Mondays the house gig falls to the Blevins brothers.

Leo Blevins is a Chicagoan who has been residing in Los Angeles for the past few years. Best known for his association with Gene Ammons, he is an excellent blues player whose modern roots in no way hinder the direct nature of his message. In the trio portion of the evening, he sounded equally at home with *How High the Moon* or a Jack McDuff blues. Brother Bobby is a capable organist, though not especially powerful. The trio was completed by a rather tame drummer whose name I didn't catch.

As the band took a break, the audience was subjected to various amateur talent best left undescribed. During that time, Turner made his entry.

At 58, Turner is still impressive. A big man—he must be about 280—he sidled over to the bar and surveyed the scene with the nonchalance of a veteran of over 40 years experience.

As the trio returned, Kynard was introduced and called to the stand. The Tiki is home ground for Kynard, who had just

completed a run of some three years at the club. As an instrumentalist, Kynard is one of those rare men who immediately take charge of a situation. He started in on *See See Rider* and the room began to react. There are few organists who can match Kynard for power and intensity on the blues. An adaptable player, he has Kansas City roots (he was born there, in fact) and Big Joe started to dig him.

As the *Rider* faded into the sunset, Big Joe came on. The opener was *Flip, Flop and Fly*, and a couple of visiting horn players provided some riff backing. The last time I had seen Turner was at an r&b show some 15 years ago, but with the exception of the surroundings and his casual attire there wasn't any discernible

change—certainly not in his method or his pipes.

A brief *Honey Hush* set the stage for an incredible 35-minute version of *Chains of Love*. Obviously enjoying his instrumental support, Turner got as far into the blues as one can go. I don't know how many choruses he sang, but at the end of the tune there was tumultuous applause.

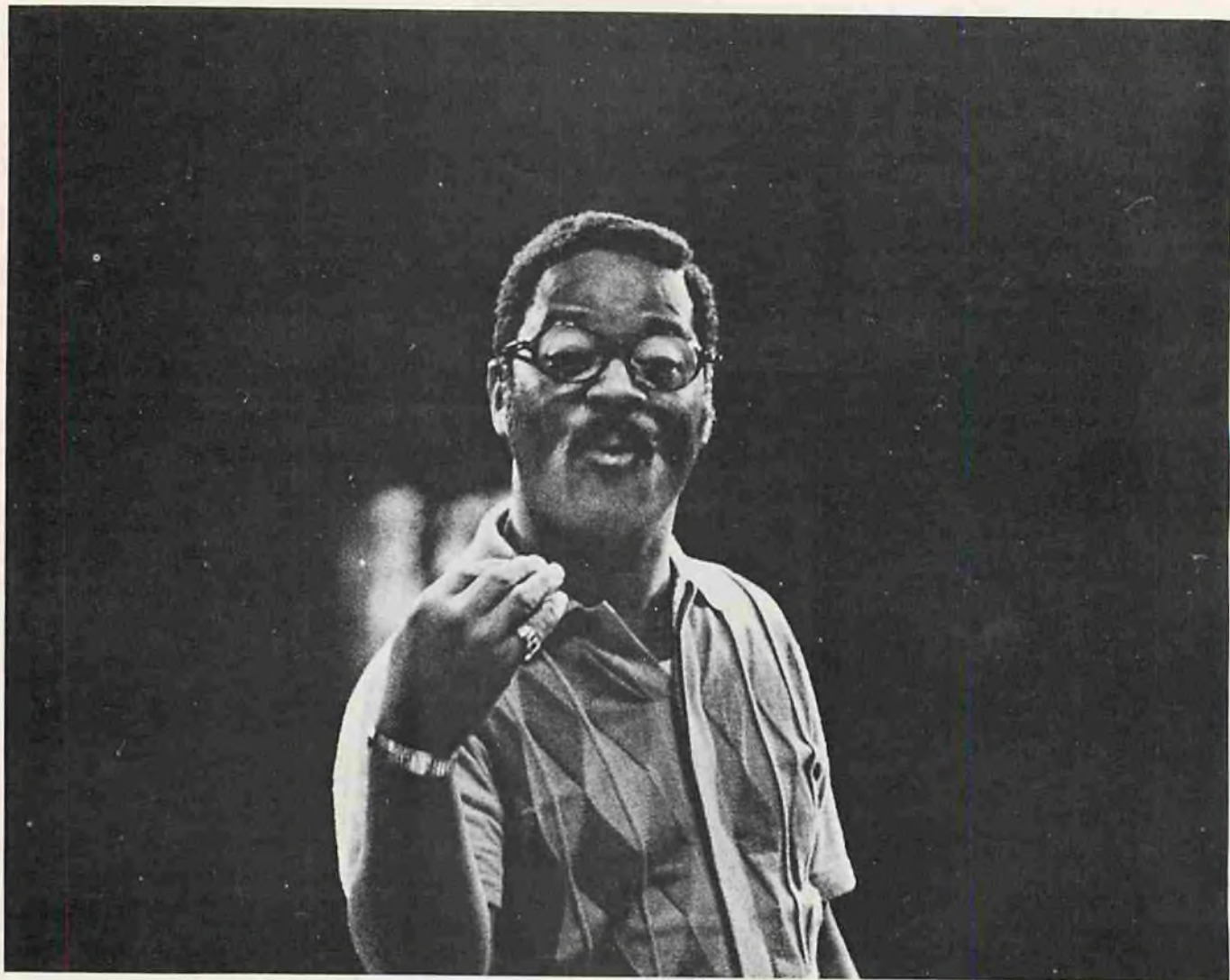
At the end of the set I had to split. The word got back the next day that T-Bone Walker had come by a little later. That must have been a groove, but I had heard what I came to hear and I felt better leaving than I had going in, and that is the true test. Thank you Mr. Blevins, Brother Kynard and Big Joe Turner, *still* the Boss of the Blues.

—Gene Gray

— yes, it's IRV "Mr. TIME" COTTLER with FRANK SINATRA ... NELSON RIDDLE ... HENRY MANCINI ... and BILLY MAY



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GIUSEPPE PINO

Clark Terry

Indiana University, South Bend, Ind.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn, vocals; Larry Dwyer, piano; Tom Holland, bass; Bob Wantuch, drums.

This was the inaugural concert of Michigan Friends of Jazz, a newly-formed organization whose members come from northern Indiana and southern Michigan. It was a success, both financially and musically, and that was due to the generosity and talent of the ebullient Clark Terry.

The idea for the organization began last March at the symposium preceding Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival. On the panel were Gary McFarland, Ernie Wilkins, Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., Notre Dame's Rev. Carl Hager, C.S.C., *Down Beat's* Dan Morgenstern, and the aforementioned Mr. Terry. The audience was rapping with the panel, and the subject turned to the dearth of live jazz in the Hoosier hinterlands. The panel was unanimous in its advice, and Terry led the charge. "You've got to do it yourself," he said; "you've got to get yourselves together and bring the music in."

Terry's excitement had him squirming in his chair. "Look," he said, "you get your group going, and I'll come out here and play your first gig—for free."

He was as good as his word. On Aug. 23, he flew in from Denver, arrived ex-

hausted, caught an hour's sleep, then blew his heart out for 500 jazz-starved fans. The standing ovation at the end was as much for the man as for the music. Both deserved it.

Accompanying Terry was a trio of talented young musicians (average age 24) led by Larry Dwyer. Dwyer, who holds a B.A. from Notre Dame and an M.M.E. from the University of Illinois, has competed in five of the eleven Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festivals, and presumably will be back again, since he is returning to Illinois to work on his doctorate. He twice won CJF's best trombone award, the first time (1965), curiously enough, when Clark Terry was one of the judges. For his reunion with Terry, however, he played piano, somewhat in the manner of Oscar Peterson but even more *a la* Larry Dwyer. His solos were first-rate, and he got into some Fats Waller stride on an untitled number based on *I Got Rhythm* changes and the melody to *For Dancers Only*.

Bassist Tom Holland, a Richmond, Kentucky native, grew up with Andy Simpkins (George Shearing's bassist) and Harold Jones (Count Basie's drummer). He gassed the crowd with his nimble quarter-tone work, and was especially effective on *Mack the Knife* and Charlie Parker's *The Hymn*. He repeatedly ignited and shared in the large fund of humor always latent

in a Clark Terry performance.

Bob Wantuch, a 22-year-old local resident and a graduate of Indiana University at South Bend, proved to be a remarkably mature drummer. Of the three sidemen, he was the surest in following Terry's cues. He played with admirable restraint (not a common trait in young drummers), understating at appropriate points with considerable effect. Two of the evening's highlights were his inventive fours with Terry on *Days of Wine and Roses* and the *Rhythm/Dancers Only* number.

The first set was made up mostly of standards—*Secret Love*, *Misty*, *Take the A Train*, *Stardust*—a sensible policy, since Terry had not rehearsed with his sidemen. Terry stretched out a bit on *Bye Bye Blackbird*, employing both muted trumpet and fluegelhorn, and *Hymn*.

Mack the Knife kicked off the second hour-long set, and then Terry brought the house down with a straight (non-mumbling) vocal version of *I Want a Little Girl*. Swinging on through *Perdido* and *Wine and Roses*, he closed—of course—with *Mumbles*. Ovation. Encore (consisting of an unnamed blues-cum-scat-mumbles piece featuring pocket trumpet) and, finally, an out-of-sight chorus or two on mouth-piece.

Clark Terry, you're too much.

—Richard Bizot

Baby Laurence/Eddie Phyfe

The Diadem, Gaithersburg, Md.

Personnel: Laurence, tap dancing; Larry Eanet, piano; Ketter Belts, bass; Phyfe, drums.

"Jazz tap dancing is considered to be a dying art. I refuse to believe this," announced Baby Laurence prior to his last show at the Diadem, where he was completing a four-month engagement with the Eddie Phyfe Trio. He then proceeded to demonstrate his conviction, introducing the steps with equally graceful preliminary comments.

"I'd like to do the history of tap, extended—well, not too extended," said Laurence. "You know, kids in the 1830s were doin' this stuff on street corners. In New Orleans, kids were dancing with bottle tops between their toes. They actually made a pretty sound. King Rastus Brown got the idea of putting the taps on the shoes. And that was the beginning of the buck dance."

Laurence did a brief time step, feet straight underneath, tapping easily. The



NONFLEET BARNES

Baby Laurence: Intricate Barrage

audience appeared somewhat puzzled. There was no applause. Joke time—the one about the Alaskan Ki Ki bird—"Ki Ki Ki-ris it's cold up here." Things began to loosen up.

"The next was the cross step," said Laurence, sliding toes in back of heels and finishing with one leg raised. "Can I get it down?" (More laughs and a scattering of applause.)

"Here's the wing. Jack Wiggins was instrumental in this. There's the connotation of buck and wing." Laurence executed a sort of flying step, alternately raising one leg, sliding the other in from the side.

"Next are steps you'd learn in a dancing school if you went there—flash steps—the end of the dancing routine. The Step Brothers and Bill Robinson used these," said Laurence, putting together a series of acrobatic steps and winding up with one entitled "over the top and into the trenches," that involved a one-legged leap forward, a hop and a two-legged descent to the stage.

"And now I'd like to show you what us modern dancers did," said Baby, "such as (Pete) Nugent and (Honi) Coles." With the Phyfe trio laying down a solid blues, Laurence riffled off an intricate barrage of steps with superb time, carrying him to

the front of the stage where, for a finale, with arms outstretched and a cry of "Let's go home," he executed a slow, spread-legged, tapping turn. By this time, the crowd was solidly with him.

Laurence closed with "an afternoon in percussion," his impression of a drummer practicing (or of a couple of dancers trying to outdo one another). He and drummer Phyfe began by trading eight bar passages, Phyfe using rolls with accents, Baby tapping back and forth in front of the band, echoing Phyfe perfectly and adding embellishments. They extended to 16 bars, then back to eights, fours, twos, together—and with a wave of his hands, Laurence was off to the side, mopping his brow.

A contemporary of Billie Holiday (he attended school in Baltimore with her and comedian Slappy White), Laurence has always been known as a musician's dancer, shunning for the most part the crowd-pleasing flash or acrobatic steps. ("The rhythm was what first attracted me.") In fact, except for his feet, he is not a particularly graceful dancer; his body and face are apt to appear contorted as he assembles a particularly complex combination of steps.

But his time is flawless, he swings, and on the authority of other jazz tap dancers, he is perhaps the most inventive of their dwindling number. And he does indeed make pretty sounds with his feet.

—James D. Dilts

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Stanley Spector writes—

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JAZZ-ROCK DRUM PATTERNS

By Ed Shaughnessy

THIS COLUMN is especially directed to the younger (and/or seasoned) drummer who wants to prepare himself—in basic "meat and potatoes" chops exercises—for today's jazz-rock patterns. They're a ball to play . . . more challenging than ever . . . and especially good practice for the drummer whose bass drum foot has only been "so-so".

Here's a favourite of mine, with the typical use of the bass drum and left hand in a mixed 1/16th note pattern, while the right hand plays 1/8th notes on hi-hat or ride cymbal. Have a ball with this one!

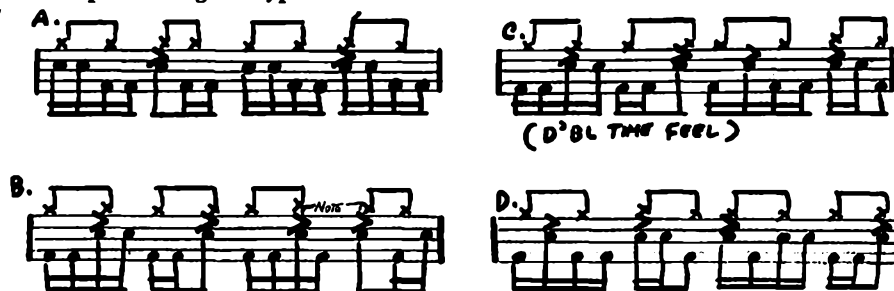
Boogaloo No. 1:



As in many of these "busy" patterns, a strong after-beat knits the whole thing together. When right hand is on ride cymbal, left foot can play on 2 and 4, or on all 4 beats for a different variation. I prefer the latter 4 beat hi-hat.

If the beat above is too much at once to control, here are some warm-up type exercises to get the hand-feet coordination together. Go slow at first, and above all—*be steady*. In my teaching experience, most drummers will have the bass drum beater "get away from them", or rush a bit on the fast double beats. Don't be discouraged if this happens—it can be corrected with consistent and sensible practice. *Steadiness is where it's at!*

Warm-ups for boogaloo-type beats:



In these various rock-jazz patterns, we see typical examples of the "big switch" in basic drumming technique that is needed for this style of playing. That "switch" is in the faster rhythms being played by bass drum and left hand on snare drum, while the right hand plays a slower pattern.

Remember: In mainstream (swing era) drumming, and the bebop drumming styles that followed, the right hand was generally the "fast one", while left and bass drum contributed accents at chosen times. Even when those styles were "cookin' and churning along, the right hand was the consistently "busy hand".

Granted that many fine present-day drummers are playing an extremely busy contrapuntal jazz style, they are not generally as consistently *busy* as some of the jazz-rock patterns demand in their performance, especially in the continual division of patterns between left hand and bass drum foot.

Actually, approached with an open mind, both jazz playing and jazz-rock playing can broaden a drummer's scope, as many students will attest to. A typical quote is: "My independence for jazz playing is much better since consistently practicing and playing jazz-rock patterns." That's really a true statement that I hope you drum-souls will believe—and experience!

May we take a moment to wish you all the very best in this school year, and encourage you to work at and practice music with love and dedication, all of which comes back a hundred-fold a thousand times over—'cause music is your great friend all your life. Treat it so . . . it's a gas.

We hope to present some columns on Indian rhythms in the future, in collaboration with the wonderful Hari Har Rao, a fantastic authority and performer in the field of Indian music. If any readers are particularly interested in any other aspects of drumming, percussion, etc., drop a line to this column. We'll cook up some informative stuff for you. In the meantime, keep them cards and letters a-comin' in.

Hope to get the chance to meet many of you on my clinic trips around the country. Come up and say hello and talk some drums . . . don't be shy.



THE EVOLUTION OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC

BY CHUCK LISHON

SINCE PRIMITIVE MAN first plucked at bow strings, marveling at the new sounds he could not vocally produce, a continuous search has been made for new forms of aesthetic expression. This exploration has pushed music from monophony to polyphony, from polytonality to microtonality, and finally, on the wings of a new technology, into the intricacies of electronic music.

It was Herman Von Helmholtz (1821-1894), a noted German physicist, who laid down scientifically the physical basis of tone quality already established empirically in the early 17th century by Pere Mersenne. Helmholtz discovered that "the quality of sound is determined by the number and prominence of the overtones which are blended with the fundamental."

To prove it, he first constructed a large number of resonators, each responding to a note of some particular pitch. By holding these resonators in succession to the ear, while one musical note to be analyzed was sounding, he picked out the constituents of the note; that is, he found out just which overtones were present and what were their relative intensities. He then put these constituents back together again and reproduced the original tone. This was done by sounding simultaneously, with appropriate intensities, two or more of a whole series of tuning forks which had the proper vibration ratios of 1:1, 1:2, 1:3, etc. In this way, he succeeded not only in synthesizing the qualities of different musical instruments, but even in reproducing the various vowel sounds.

From the knowledge thus disseminated, much has been accomplished. Seashore, for example, added the subjective importance of music and its application to modern psychological theory.

In about 1897, Professor Thaddeus Cahill made practical use of the Helmholtz discovery. Knowing that alternating current can be produced by rotary electromagnetic alternators, he made a large number of them, each designed to produce a sinusoidal "simple" wave having the pitch frequency of a note of the musical scale. These alternators were connected in electrical circuits so that an organist seated at a console could draw upon generators associated with different playing keys. Electric waves from the generators would activate the mechanism of a receiver similar to the one we hold to our ear when telephoning. The only amplification device known at that time was an ordinary flared phonograph horn attached to the receiver. The sinusoidal waves produced by the generators were, by an ingenious system of electrical circuits, compounded into complex wave-forms in accordance with the spectrum designating wave forms typical of the tone quality of any instrument.

A franchise was granted to Cahill to lay electric cables in the streets of New York City and by agreement with the

jazz improvisation A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Foreword by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 192 pp. (104 music plates). 8½x11, spiral bnd., \$12.50.

JAZZ IMPROVISATION is the first in a series of down beat/Music Workshop publications, original materials for the study and performance of jazz.

The methodology and music of JAZZ IMPROVISATION have been developed by David Baker from his experience as a professional musician, composer, arranger, and teacher. The programmed concept of JAZZ IMPROVISATION has been thoroughly "field-tested" by Mr. Baker in his jazz study classes and demonstrations at universities, clinics, and seminars throughout the U.S.A. Manuscript copies of JAZZ IMPROVISATION were used as primary texts for Mr. Baker's 1969 summer school improvisation classes at Tanglewood. JAZZ IMPROVISATION addresses itself to the needs of:

- all players at all levels of proficiency who want to learn the essence of jazz in its many styles. Professional players will similarly profit from its disciplined studies.
- music teachers who want to be relevant to America's music, and who want to equip their students with the basics of musical creativity.
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Table of Contents: I Nomenclature, Chord Charts. II Foundation Exercises for the Jazz Player. III Use of Dramatic Devices. IV An Approach To Improvising On Tunes, Three Original Compositions: I.V. Swing Machine/Le Roi Roly Poly. V The II V₇ Progression and Other Frequently Used Formulae. VI Construction of Scales and the Technique of Relating Them to Chords, Scale Chart. VII Cycles. VIII Turnbacks. IX Developing a Feel for Swing, List of Bebop Tunes. X Developing The Ear. XI The Blues, List of Blues Tunes, Blues Chart. XII Constructing a Melody. XIII Techniques to be Used in Developing a Melody. XIV Constructing a Jazz Chorus, Three Solos Analyzed: Kentucky Oysters/121 Bank Street/Moment's Notice. XV Chord Substitution, Substitution Chart. XVI The Rhythm Section (Piano), Piano Chart. XVII Bass. XVIII Drums. XIX Psychological Approach to Communicating Through an Improvised Solo. XX Some Advanced Concepts in Jazz Playing; List of Standards, List of Jazz Tunes.

JAZZ IMPROVISATION will be a standard text for the various jazz courses offered during 1969-70 at Indiana University (Bloomington). Other colleges also plan to adopt JAZZ IMPROVISATION as a text or "required study." Many high school music educators and private music teachers have placed advance-of-publication orders.

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telephone company, arrangements were completed for metering the Cahill Electric Organ Music to telephone subscribers. Two of the first to subscribe and have their residences wired to receive organ music via telephone were Mark Twain and Enrico Caruso. Cahill's organ required 200 tons of mechanisms and had a service capacity of 25,000 telephone subscribers. Here was a case of an invention so far ahead of its time that the patents granted to Cahill expired before the public could realize any real benefit.

From 1911 to 1917 a company in Boston manufactured and sold in the U.S. and Canada an electric organ known as the "Choralcello." It operated on an entirely different principle than the electromagnetic type of tone generator employed by Cahill. Piano strings were placed in vibration electro-magnetically, and when the keys were depressed, sustained tones simulating those of the organ were produced. By a mixing system as taught by Helmholtz, a great number of interesting tone colors were available to the player.

Once the principles of the Lee de Forest amplifying triode were industrialized, various commercial electronic musical instruments appeared on the market. Most of them were patterned after traditional tempered keyboards. Some of these were melodic instruments, playing only one note at a time and producing orchestral instrument imitations by analyzing with electronic filters on initially complex wave-form or synthesizing the tone with a series of simpler wave-forms. The American Solovox, the British Univox, and the French clavoline are samples of these type of instruments.

The approach to polyphonic instruments was as varied as the tone generating principles so recently made feasible by electronic amplification. Each company had its pet generator system, nursed it, perfected it, and in some cases is still using it today.

Around 1934, Hammond, probably inspired by Cahill's telephone generators, developed the magnetic wheel. Wuritzer, using an electrostatic pick-up, amplified electronically the vibrations of a real reed blown up by a low pressure generator. Compton had the different wave shapes engraved in rotating electrostatic discs (a principle used in the contemporary Dereux organ). Welte used variable area recordings of real pipe organ sounds on glass discs and scanned them photoelectrically. Allen, in 1938, used individually tuned banks of tube oscillators for each rank, achieving the closest sound to an actual pipe organ at that time. This was the granddaddy of electronic organs of today.

But the most popular generator system was to be the locked octave Eccless Jordan bi-stable multi-vibrator, which faithfully and reliably divides into the octaves of the instruments the frequencies of 12 master oscillators. The output of each divider is a square wave. By combining it with the outputs of other dividers of the same chain, wave-forms of higher complexity are achieved. The Lowrey organ was the first polyphonic instrument to use this system. It is now used in approximately 80% of all home organs.

(To be continued)

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Cannonball Adderley has formed a new company, Gopam Enterprises, with his manager, John Levy, to centralize Adderley's school music activities. During the past eight years or so, Cannonball (often with his quintet) has done an increasing number of jazz clinics and campus concerts for school music departments. He has



GIUSEPPE PINO

also served as a judge for many school jazz festivals, including that now famous session at the 1962 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival when he "convinced" fellow judges Oliver Nelson, Gary McFarland, Bob Share, and George Russell that soul was indeed important to jazz.

The Adderley brothers, Julian and Nat, are graduates of Florida A&M College. Julian taught music for five years at Dillard High School in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. His sidemen are also well-equipped academically. Pianist Joe Zawinul studied at the Vienna Conservatory and drummer Roy McCurdy at the Eastman School of Music. Bassist Walter Booker is a graduate of Morehouse College in Atlanta and studied privately with symphony teachers in New York. With its academic and performing background, the Adderley Quintet can bring a wealth of know-how and talent to the school scene.

In a recent interview with Leonard Feather, Adderley spoke up loud and clear for the need of more jazz performers to involve themselves with young musicians. He said: "... Although there's more interest in performing music today than ever before, the standards for performance are probably lower than ever. When I was a kid, I knew I had to be a pretty good saxophone player to get a job. It was obvious to me that I couldn't play as well as Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Dorsey, or Benny Carter. Today, though, a kid may be playing guitar just for his own enjoyment, then find that someone who doesn't play any better than he does has just earned \$5,000,000 with a couple of records.

"There's not enough public admiration for truly great artistry. The only ones who are lionized and revered are the old men, like Pablo Casals. People select these institutions to idolize rather than the artistic level to emulate.

"We're hoping, with our college tours, to stimulate young musicians into wanting to improve themselves."

The results of the second annual International Percussion Symposium, sponsored by Ludwig Industries, are still being evaluated. For the 123 students (high school, college, and educators) from 26 states, Canada, and Sweden most results were instantly appreciated. They learned the full gamut of percussion instrumentation in all styles and forms. The 25 faculty members proved that percussionists (*nee* drummers) can and must be musicians.

One of the projects worked on during the two-week session at Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.) last August was the standardization of percussion notation. Sandy Feldstein was assisted by several other faculty members, and all the students, in reviewing in detail the theory and practice of proper and clear notation for percussionists. These results will be made available to the publishing industry and are being incorporated into all Ludwig music publications, and further disseminated by Ludwig clinicians.

The most elusive result of the symposium is its long-lasting effect on individual musicians and on school music programs. It was obvious in speaking with students and faculty that horizons were being expanded and new appreciations being developed. Our researches into "Youth Music" problems reveal a strong need for more symposia and workshops like this. The average school band director is most often a wind instrument player who doesn't have the background and experience to involve his students in percussion ensembles and mallet percussion instrumentation.

The faculty roster was impressive, and the scheduling was well designed for students to discuss particular problems with individual teachers. Gary Burton, for example, did a beautiful job in teaching the basic approach to improvisation in one-to-one situations. A student (usually about 17 and nervous about the word and idea "improvisation"), after a half session with Burton exploring the possibilities in a slow, simple blues pattern, actually began to make it on his (or her) own. Alan Swain (one of the few Northwestern music faculty members aware of the 20th century) also did noble work, particularly on keyboard improvisation. (His materials are being published in six volumes entitled *The Four Way Keyboard*.) Contemporary percussion classes and methods were handled principally by Joe Morello, Bob Tilles, Ed Thigpen, and Roy Haynes, although there was no arbitrary distinction between musical periods and styles. Other faculty members implemented the well rounded curriculum: Terry Applebaum, Frank Arsenault, Bobby Christian, Bill Crowden, Marvin Dahlgren, Frederick Fennell, Red Holt, Roy Knapp, Don Koss, Maurice Lishon, Mitch Markovich, Al Payson, Gordon Peters, Rick Powell, Duane Thamm, John Therion, and John Welsh. The Symposium was under the direction of Dick Schory, assisted by Jim Sewrey, and was administered by Bill Chaloner.

Don Minaglia, Supervisor of Music for the City of Chicago, is finalizing plans to install a pilot program of teaching class guitar in several of the Chicago public schools. The use of "Youth Music" instruments (steel drums are already in use)

is only part of Minaglia's program designed to bring Chicago up to and beyond par in instrumental music after decades of somnolence. The 20,000 or so music educators who will attend the biennial convention of the Music Educators National Conference in Chicago March 6-10 will see first hand the new Chicago look—and hear the new Chicago "sound". A feature of the M.E.N.C. Conference will be a program of ethnic music performed by Chicago school musicians and singers. And if it can be done in Chicago, it can be done anywhere!

Class guitar is rapidly taking hold in many schools spurred on by recent seminars on "Youth Music" and the obvious advantages of teaching an instrument so directly involved in contemporary music. Class guitar equipment is substantially the same as that used by language labs and electronic keyboard systems—a master control panel for the teacher with six or more student "stations" equipped with headsets, individual volume controls for each ear, mini-amp, etc. Several studies, particularly from the Berklee School of Music in Boston indicate that the learning rate is improved 15-25% by this system. Dr. William Fowler of the University of Utah (Salt Lake City) is among the leading educators who have developed methodology for class guitar instruction.

Campus Ad Lib:

Elon College, Elon, North Carolina, will hold a Music Festival June 15-23, 1970, which will include workshops and symposia for jazz band, arranging, theory, trumpet, French horn, trombone, and tuba. Approximately 50 scholarships will be provided for talented players. Administrator of the Festival will be Dr. Charles Colin who has been co-clinician (with Reynold Schilke) of the Brass Specialist School at Elon for the past six years. Dr. Colin's credits include trumpet specialist for Columbia University Teachers' College; Educational Director for the DEG Musical Instrument Company, Lake Geneva, Wis.; and President of the New Sounds in Modern Music Publishing Co., New York City . . . Composer Mel Powell (former Benny Goodman pianist) has left Yale University music school to head the music department at the new Valencia campus of the California Institute of the Arts . . . Kansas State University (Manhattan) is looking forward to its new multi-purpose auditorium with special acoustical design by George Izenour, the Yale University theater expert. Izenour has designed movable panels of absorptive material that can be programmed for five different settings with reverberation times ranging from 1.2 to 1.8 per second . . . Mike Vaccaro, formerly a reed player with Stan Kenton, Paul Horn and other west coast groups, will do a number of clinics this year on improving school stage band sax sections . . . Gary Parker, winner of a Berklee scholarship as an "outstanding woodwind player" at the 1969 Elmhurst (Ill.) Jazz Festival from the fine Eastern Ill. Univ. (Charleston) band is now Director of Instrumental music at the Mason City, Ill. high school . . . Walter Watson, director of the Kent State Univ. (Ohio) band reports improved acceptance as a direct result of their Elmhurst Jazz Festival win.

The band is scheduled for local community concerts and will perform in an invitational concert with Dave Baker's Indiana Univ. band at the Univ. of Cincinnati in January. Watson also advises that Bill Dobbins, who won the "best arranger" awards at last year's college jazz festival finals is now a graduate student at Kent. His jazz combo will perform next month a Ned Rorem work for symphony and jazz combo with the Akron Symphony under Louis Lane. Dobbins is also working on an improvisation book heavy on transcribed solos, as well as fulfilling a commitment to Ludwig Industries for big band charts . . . Stan Seekler's Pico Rivera Stage Band took first place in that division at the Hollywood Bowl (Calif.), Battle of the Bands. This is the band's second

victory, and it is the only band to participate for five consecutive years. Judges for the event (which was shown on local educational TV) included Neal Hefti, Bob Florence, H.B. Barnum, Leonard Feather, and Mike Barone . . . A number of schools have written to this column requesting information on how they may be part of the 1970 Montreux Jazz Festival. Please address your inquiries to Mr. Claude Nobs, Case Box 97, Montreux, Switzerland, for full details. Bear in mind before you inquire that the festival is only able to offer lodgings (but good). You get there on your own . . . Eddy Evans, the fine student arranger from the University of Nevada (Reno) Jazz Lab band, has been commissioned to write several big band charts for Ludwig. (25)

1970 Grants Total \$6,500.00

down beat's 13th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

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

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

Members of the Jazz Hall of Fame whom these scholarships honor are elected by down beat's annual Readers and International Jazz Critics Polls. The Berklee School of Music offers a four-year music and academic curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition, Music Education or Applied Music; and a four-year professional diploma curriculum with recognition in Arranging/Composition of Instrumental Performance.

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

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1970.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1970.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1969. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1970 issue of down beat.

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

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

All scholarship winners must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1970 or January, 1971, or else forfeit the scholarship award. Scholarships are not transferable.

The 1970 Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are made in the following amounts.

Two scholarships valued at \$1,000.00 each	\$2,000.00
Six scholarships valued at \$500.00 each	\$3,000.00
Six scholarships valued at \$250.00 each	\$1,500.00
Total value of down beat's 1970 Scholarships	<u>\$6,500.00</u>

HOW TO APPLY: Fill out the coupon in this announcement, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, down beat, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60606. You will be sent immediately an official application form. With the official application, you will be required to send to down beat a tape or record of your playing an instrument or of an ensemble performing your original composition, and/or arrangement.

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Please send me, by return mail, an official application for the 1970 down beat Hall of Fame Scholarship grants. (You or your teacher or your guidance counselor may request additional applications at no cost.)

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Sentimental Journey: New York Revisited

By Art Hodess

SOME PEOPLE SAY April in Paris, but for me it was New York City in April, and I'm goin' back 30 years, plus. I do recall packing that ancient Ford with all—I mean *all*—my worldly goods, plus my newest possession, a wife (let's not forget the two dogs) and taking off.

I remember one of the McGovern gals saying to me, "You mean you're taking off for New York and no job, just like that?" Well, she had the Liberty Inn, and I will admit it represented some kind of security (though nothing "social," like a retirement pension), but I'd had it. Chicago was getting more bare by the day; the accordion was in and jazz had long been gone. Actually I had lagged behind; from Armstrong to Wingy Manone, they'd long preceded me. The beat had gone that-a-way.

The long-awaited day came when I had put in my six-month union waiting period and I could do anything the next guy could and go after anything I could get my hands on. The feeling in the air was: "Man, go!" Freedom of enterprise was a new phenomenon. It was catching. I'd found me a town, and in time I loved it. Yeah, we had our ups and downs. I cried those big tears, but I stuck it out. There were big moments too—Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Basin Street (remember radio?), a W. Winchell write-up. And I was growing a family. Then one day the phone rang, and I couldn't turn down that sweet offer to take an all-star six-piece group into the Blue Note, Chicago.

And now I'm going back to New York City to visit with a member of my family who's living there. I know. You New Yorkers, you see it all the time. So who goes to look? But here I am, gawking like a farmer. I'm taking two afternoon hours to walk the Times Square-to-52nd St. area, Seventh to Fifth. It's still my kind of town. Well, I've got to see it at night. Sure'd love to catch a show while I'm here. No use calling my musician friends. I've only got a couple of days—I'd just erupt with what I'd never have time to get at. So I got my two gals (wife and daughter) and we park on 39th and make the walk down Eighth Ave. to 44th. We're gonna catch Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway.

I'll bet that's the bar over there where I played a booking I'll always remember. This agent was trying to be helpful, and I'm hurtin' for work. So he tells me, "Just go down there for one night and do the best you can; if you like it, we'll go from there." If I live to be a thousand, man. . . . I'm down there, and it's a swinging sailor-and-soldier joint. I belong there like I belong in a football game. I'm thinking: I'm the featured performer, huh? It turns out I'm playing intermission piano to a hillbilly trio that's got the joint sewed up. Man, when they're on, the hat that serves as a kitty fills up. When I'm on, it's clean. I don't know how I got through that night, but I did. . . .

A couple of blocks, and the whole scene changes. Turn the corner and it's the kind of people you play for. The gal on the phone told me, "You'll have no trouble getting seats." Huh. The ticket man straightened me. And he was right;

the place was packed and we were lucky to get three in the second aisle, way in the end. In a way it turned out good since Pearl kept coming toward that end of the stage and it kind of felt as if she were looking right at us. But that was later; at first, we sat there and read program notes, and when I saw where it said Miss Bailey had got one of her early starts at the Village Vanguard, I got lost in thought, because that was my alma mater too. . . .

I'd been there; been there when Eddie Heywood had the group and I played a single. Been there when I had the group (Wild Bill, Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky). What talent I saw and heard there. Big Bill Broonzy sang his blues; the Lion from Trinidad with his original material (remember "If you want to be happy and live a good life, never make a pretty woman your wife?"). Burl Ives, Richard Dyer Bennett. How about the time J. C. Heard took a group in there? Opening night all the guys from his big band show up to sit in, and I'm standing in the back of the basement spa with the little round man who was (and still is) Mr. Operator, Max Gordon. And he speaks up: "Man, when I hire a quartet, that's what I expect. I don't want 10 men when I hire four." I mean, that's a disappearing brand of boss.

Then one night, this gal was on. And she's swingin' a good old chestnut, *It's A Long Way to Tipperary*. Me? I'm standing back there, enjoying it. She's new, but she's making me happy. The way she moves her hands. Pearl Bailey; she's got to be Bill Bailey's sister. No wonder. Man, what a dancer. And this gal has in her hands what Bill had in his feet.

Now Max wanders over. He's shaking his head. "I don't know," he's saying. "There's something about that gal; if I could just figure it out and change something here or there." Yeah. Like the next time Max hired her, he changed something—like her salary. From less than 100 to 1,500 (so I heard). And it wasn't the Vanguard she played, but the plush, eastside Blue Angel.

And so—also from records and TV and from Truck Parham, the bass player, telling me what a nice scene it was working for her and Louie Bellson—I know that Pearl was doing up there on the stage just about what she had been doing all those years. . . . her humor and her way of swinging a song. I was prepared for just what I got, an evening's entertainment. First there was this musical, *Hello, Dolly*. I enjoyed it; I dug the cast. Man, what movement, pace. The scenery; costumes. And the nostalgia of Cab Calloway. Those two acts went too fast. That was all—except it wasn't. For Pearl B. came out and announced a third act—"and this is on me." And this gal proceeded to entertain. But what tied it up for us was the tune she picked to "walk" through: "Mr. Pianoman, give me a little bit of that *Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town*."

Reluctantly the people left the theater; there was a lot of buzz in the air. Mezz (Milton Mezzrow, clarinetist) used to say, "Come on with the come on." And wasn't it the late Cecil Scott (tenor sax and

clarinet) who taught me how to give with my all when I was on?


On 52nd St. it was happening in the '40s. (Don't look now; I did, and what a drag. Like big business has taken over.) Coleman Hawkins, Barney Bigard, Billie Holiday, Jack T.; Onyx, Three Deuces; the "One Rose," we used to call it (where we met between sets—we played a set then; we didn't do shows). It's all gone. But that street, that town produced some greatness. If you were a little boy, you grew up fast. When that moment came when, finally, you were "on," you went—go for broke. Man, with all that talent around, you might not get called again. So whatever you had, you gave.

New York taught me that perspiration was healthy. You know, I've worked jobs where I could wear a white shirt for a week and never notice it needed changing, for it didn't. But then, along came people like Fats Waller who made it happen. And my favorite (gone now), Lips Page. New York held them, held them all. And maybe it's still happening; I didn't have time to go look. I would believe it possible; New York is that kind of town. If it's happening anywhere, it's happening there. Somebody wants to blow more than they want to eat. Someone feels that something inside, and he's not going to be satisfied 'til he tries. And New York's the town to try. As old as Bunk Johnson was, that's where they brought him, to New York, to break him out and tell the people about this New Orleans jazz. Man, that town had a beat. Pearl made me homesick.

"How long since you've been to New York?"

I was told, "Don't look now, it's not the same. You don't roam the streets like you used to. And the Village—forget it." Well, I don't know, because I didn't have time. All I have is memories of how it was. . . .

The afternoon the big shot went off, and all the neighborhood had their heads out the windows. It was trombone man Brad Gowans' big Rolls Royce; ancient. He had Pee Wee Russell out there at that service station, helpin' him rebuild that monster, and that shot was when they started that double-barrel machine. And Julius' bar, grill, emporium; where the jazz elite met. And when I was there, if you got up in the morning (we did have accidents), you could catch a glance of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt walking the dog. That Village had one look in the day, another at night. There was a war then too. Or we were just coming out of it. But I don't think that would keep me from trying the big apple if I were the right age. I think once you've made that scene, it kind of stays with you. Like. . . .

A few years back, *Down Beat* had a jazz festival here in dear old Chi, at Soldier Field. I was called in to be part of the reconstructed Austin High Gang (Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Jim Lanigan). We had some moments to reminisce. Quickly; you're on and your off, and the gig is over. Someone asked Bud to stay over an extra night. I still hear his answer: "Man, I can't; my phone is ringing." 

TORME

(Continued from page 15)

something called *Love* and it's every kind of love song you can imagine from *I Love a Parade* to *I Love Life* to *Love*, the great old Blane and Martin tune, to *Hooray for Love*, and it really cooks. It took me something like 35 hours to write. It's like a book—it takes seven minutes to do. I must say that with the exception of writing music and lyrics like I've done for this *Singers* special—and that's also great fun, I love to see it come to life—I still most enjoy playing a concert. I did one in Concord, Calif. last night, a kind of town festival. Buddy Rich's band, Shelly Manne and myself were the stars of that one, and I must say that to have the band play my charts and have young, hip musicians say, "Hey, man, I really dig that chart" is a gas. And Buddy cornered me afterwards and said, "Gee, would you please write some charts for the band?" It's a kick for me, even though I don't have the time to do it. But knowing Buddy, knowing what an iconoclast he is personally and musically, I honestly don't think he would ask me to do something like that if he didn't really like what I wrote.

LF: Did you pick up that guitar around the same time?

MT: It's not really a guitar, it's a four string baritone ukulele—you know I've been playing ukulele since I was a child, and it's really a glorified tenor guitar, four string. But I've taught myself some good chords. Originally I used to know the standard *Who's Sorry Now?* kind of '20s

things, plus Hawaiian chords, but now I think I sound reasonable on the instrument with these new found chords.

LF: Have you studied any horns—enough to have a good working knowledge?

MT: No, everything I do, is totally instinctual or instinctive. I've never studied music, but I know the capacity of the horn. That happened when Shorty Rogers was writing an album for me and he seemed to be rather enamoured of the things I was writing for the big band. First of all I was writing everything transposed, and all the copyist had to do was copy the exact notes that I'd written. I wasn't even writing scores, to show you how pedestrian I was, I was taking regular music paper—like the musician reads—and I would take the four trumpet parts and put them on the piano and I'd write those parts, and then I would add the 'bones, then the bottom, which would usually be the saxophones, and write *each part* in pencil—I can show 'em to you—so I would write a complete part entirely transposed and all the copyist would have to do . . . he could almost literally take a pen and go over my notes and have an inked part. So Shorty stopped me and said, "For God's sake, that's really the tough way to do it. Write in concert and let your copyist go ahead and transpose them." So I started doing that and I finally cornered Shorty when he was writing an album for me and said, "Hey Shorty, I'm totally ignorant. Tell me where I can buy some books so I can learn about range." And he said, "You don't need that," and he took a piece of score paper and he wrote, in concert, the effective

range of every single instrument. Just how high the trumpet can go, how low the baritone can go—I know never to write below D₃ on the piano for a baritone, it's all concert. Where to write for trumpets and 'bones and all of a sudden, just through practice, I found myself writing what seemed to be rather good charts; I'm really quite proud of them.

LF: We haven't talked yet about the Capitol deal.

MT: That's really kind of wild. I do think that in the past couple of years I have, I guess the word is mellowed, taken stock of life; I think Jan has been an enormous influence on that because she's one of the most level-headed, collected human beings. (Torme was married in May 1966 to British actress Janette Scott.) This has to be a preamble to what I have to say about Capitol, to say that I was with Columbia and they were very nice to me, but we just never seemed to get lucky together; and then I went with Liberty.

(Torme discussed at some length his unhappiness with his experience at Liberty, but said he preferred not to be quoted in toto as he did not wish to become involved in any personal acrimony. However, he made the following quotable observation.)

They were trying to get me to sing all my records like Johnny Rivers. I would go into the recording studio and would have people in the booth say to me, "Don't sing that phrase quite so long, sing it shorter," trying to mold my singing, trying to get me to be a rock singer and I, of course, continually said to them, "Fellas, I'm not going to sell to 9 to 15-year-old

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kids. If there's a chance to spend their \$4.98 on me or on Steppenwolf, they're going to buy Steppenwolf—let's be sensible." But they wouldn't do it, and we finally agreed to part company.

Then suddenly the Capitol deal came along out of the blue, thanks to Jess Rand, who's now managing me. I shouldn't say "out of the blue." Jess worked his can off and got me that deal. With the result, and I'd like to be quoted on this, never in the history of my recording career has a company ever been behind me like Capitol is. They put a public relations firm on just to plug this first release, *A Time For Us*, and the single that came out of it. They have spent a king's ransom on this record.

That was something I desperately needed for years, a campaign of that kind, as opposed to putting records out and saying let's see what happens. Whatever happens with Capitol—if I bomb with them—I can never ever say that they didn't really get behind me 100% and try to make good records with me and I'm very excited about the whole thing.

It's one of the single biggest breaks of my career, and I'm just too old not to be grateful for it. I've been around too long. I suppose if I were a young kid just starting, I'd probably think it was all coming to me. But with the enormous competition, no matter what people think of my singing, still at this point in my career to have them saying "You're for us," is really groovy.


One of the most important elements in the Capitol situation is unquestionably Dave Cavanaugh. Dave produced a lot of records for me when I was with Capitol years and years ago. Getting together with him again was like reuniting a broken marriage.

LF: Dave has built up a wonderful track record with singers, hasn't he. It must be reassuring to work with someone who was so important in the careers of Nat King Cole, Peggy Lee, Nancy Wilson and all the others. . . .

MT: Dave is a real bread-and-butter, good music, no-nonsense kind of guy. He knows music upside-down, backwards and forwards, so even in picking pop tunes, he knows where the quality lies. I can never conceive of Dave Cavanaugh playing tunes for me prospectively to record, and having them be really lousy rotten tunes.

He has such empathetic vibrations going. The album *A Time For Us* was one of the greatest musical experiences of my life. All the guys in the band—Jimmy Jones wrote most of the charts, he's marvelous—they all stayed and stayed and stayed just to listen again and again. And, this is incredible, we finished 10 minutes early on two of the three sessions. Not because we rushed through them, but because everything was right, just groovy.

LF: Jimmy is a wonderful writer, isn't he?

MT: Oh! He's just incredible. I love his writing. I can't say enough about him. Altogether, the record situation looks brighter than it has in a long time. In fact, with all the variety of opportunities I've had lately. Leonard, with so many challenges in different areas, I'd say it looks as though 1970 is going to be one of the most exciting years of my life. But I'm going to have a hell of a time even topping 1969! 

O'DAY

(Continued from page 16)

bums, she said, were selected by Norman Granz, who wanted a library of standards. But in the early days, some tunes came from the strangest places.

"I recall one time. I was sitting in a bar in Hollywood. The bar was across the street from a recording studio where I was doing a four-tune record date for a small company (Gem) the next day. And I could pick the four tunes. Well, I had picked three; two standards, one pop tune of the time. I was thinking that maybe I could find a tune that nobody had done and was talking to the bartender about this. There's this drunk at the end of the bar—really, like . . . but it's the truth. And the drunk overhears the conversation and says that he's a song writer and has a tune and lives right around the corner. So up we go to his place, where the little woman is in the kitchen making dinner. And we sit down at the piano and he plays three tunes, one of which I bought for the date for \$5. It turned out to be *Vaya Con Dios*, which we later sold for 10 G's."

At the present time, the singer said, she has no record dates lined up. There have been some discussions, but these have turned into "40 minute chats with the 'we'll keep in touch' at the end."


She spoke of the changing music scene in terms of the environment musicians are exposed to.

"The way a particular musician plays is basically the interpretation of the music, how it's constructed, against the surroundings when one rehearses. If you rehearse on the beach, like many of the West Coast Jazz musicians have done, it affects the sound—the sound of the surf somehow gets into the music.

"Like Hawaiian music; the wawa is the sound of the breeze blowing by. It's the same with the players who grow up around a place where there's a lot of racket, babies crying, etc.—it's all a part of the environment."

A few days after this interview, Anita left for Las Vegas for a two-week stint at the Tropicana Hotel opposite Cannonball Adderley, Joe Williams, and the Jack Sheldon Quartet in what was billed as the First Annual Las Vegas Jazz Festival.

Last July, she appeared at Newport for the first time since her memorable *Jazz On A Summer's Day* stint in 1958. Though her set was marred by rain, it was one of the high points of the week-end.

Anita O'Day remains one of the great original stylists of contemporary song—call it jazz, pop, or what you will. It's about time some of those "we'll keep in touch" record people picked up the phone. 

RUSHING

(Continued from page 17)

for several weeks and then became the first black band to play the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. There followed more one-nighters and, finally, a very successful opening at Harlem's Apollo Theater, in April of '37. The first Decca sides had been recorded in the meantime, and the Basie band soon became firmly established as one of the greatest bands of the swing era.


Rushing was an integral part of the Basie band. There have been many other vocalists since, but none except Joe Williams has achieved as close an identification with Basie as Jimmy Rushing.

In 1950, economic conditions forced Basie to disband his orchestra and form a septet. Rushing, by that time a jazz star in his own right, ventured out on his own. Forming an eight-piece band, he soon encountered the same difficulties that had forced Basie to change. Briefly, Rushing's evaluation of that scene was: "Bands are a headache."

For almost two decades, Rushing has worked as a single, appearing with Harry James' band in Las Vegas, Nev.; Benny Goodman's band at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair; Eddie Condon's group in New Zealand, and Humphrey Lyttelton's band in England. He does club dates with house bands, has appeared at many jazz festivals, and generally manages to work and keep a busy schedule without having a manager or agent.

He says he finds the current music scene encouraging. "I think the music game is getting back to where it used to be," he said. "Everyone's picking up on the blues now. . . . They'll never get away from it. How can you get away from it—it's American music. . . . I listen to the rock-and-roll bands, but I'm very funny when it comes to the blues. I can stand any kind of music changing, except the blues . . . because it belongs to America. You can get your piece of apple pie and mix it in with something else, and you've got apple pie and something else. I want it straight, the real McCoy . . . like it belongs."

There was a time when Rushing belonged to the Basie band. One can recall the disappointment, widely shared, when the Count Basie Orchestra arrived in Europe in 1954 without that familiar figure, whose words one had not always understood but whose sound had given so much pleasure. It was as if one had been robbed of a vital ingredient. . . and indeed it was true.

Although Rushing has continued to record (his most recent work is on ABC's BluesWay label), he is not well enough known to the younger generation. His appearance in *The Learning Tree*, which includes his singing "a very pretty blues," *My Baby Done Gone*, written by producer Parks (with accompaniment by a trio including pianist Jimmy Jones and drummer Panama Francis) could change that. It might also change Rushing's current plans of "retiring a little bit." Mr. Five-by-Five, as he is fondly known, still has a lot of music in him. 

PATTI

(Continued from page 18)

tude, but because she genuinely enjoys being a band vocalist—and a vocalist with the Ellis band in particular. "They're a symbol of what togetherness can do. And you know something, I've never had any trouble with the guys. They're like a family. It's like having 21 guys looking out for you."

From someone else, that might sound as naive as a press release, but coming from Patti Allen, it has a ring of unadorned truth, especially when she disavows her role of tokenism.

"That's a bad scene today. People are counting, not listening. But when I'm out in front of that band, I know I got the job on my merits, not my color. Let me tell you something: since I've been with Don I've discovered that there is no basis for the controversy about the band being all white. I've brought black musicians to audition for him. But either Don's charts were too complex, or the musicians were not reliable. If they could read the charts, maybe they didn't show up again. I hate to say that about my own people, but it's true."

That's the type of forthrightness that comes through when she sings—in person. Columbia has not been able to record her properly, at least not to this pair of ears. Nor do her photos do her justice. Hers is the kind of vitality, visual and aural, that cannot be "captured;" it must be *experienced*. For one thing, her infectious humor can only be appreciated in person. Patti has a delightfully funky sense of humor. (I'd say "down home" humor, but somehow the exhilarating, smog-free northwest can hardly qualify as down home.) She's completely uninhibited, yet predictably feminine: "I prefer pant suits, don't like dresses." She'd rather wear the loose, flowing African styles that hide a well-proportioned size five. She has a slight lisp that she is slowly eliminating through a self-corrective program. "I use a tape recorder, but occasionally it slips out."

One thing that won't slip out—if Patti can help it—is her age. "Please don't mention it. Let 'em think I'm 19. You know, one San Francisco reviewer said I was a 'young girl.' Well, I cut that portion of the article out and pasted in on my forehead." Suffice it to say she's quite young: to borrow a Cape Kennedy cliché, she's 19 and holding.

All of which modulated to the next subject, marriage. "I'll wait for the right one if it takes till I'm 90. Who do I fall in love with? Musicians—the most despicable kind. But I do want to get married, have babies—the whole scene. And yet I want to keep singing, even when I'm ready for a wheelchair. And when that day comes along, it'd better be a wheelchair with an electric motor."

There's no denying that Patti Allen has the bug. She wants to keep singing, even though she's just a few credits shy of earning her teaching credentials. (She's a graduate of Western & Bellingham, in Washington.) The decision is probably a wise one: she's on a winning team. **ES**

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

to the session, Burbank played two concerts for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club . . . **Horace Arnold's Here And Now Company** appeared at the Whitney Museum in a presentation planned with Harlem Cultural Council Executive Director **Edward K. Taylor**. Music, words and slides were combined to depict Afro-American art and culture. With the drummer were **Mike Lawrence**, trumpet; **Sam Rivers**, alto saxophone; **Karl Berger**, vibes; **Reggie Workman**, bass, and **Jeanne Faulkner**, vocals . . . **Roy Haynes** was at Club Baron; then **Milt Jackson** did a week at the club . . . The groups of drummer **Pete La Roca** and alto saxophonist **Pete Yellen** were at La Bohème . . . **Nature's Spirits**, under the leadership of clarinetist-guitarist **Michael Berardi**, did an outdoor concert at Father Francis' Church-on-the-Mountain. The rest of the Spirits were **James Duboise**, trumpet, E-flat horn; **Mark Whitecage**, tenor and alto saxophones, flute; **Eddie MacDonald**, tenor saxophone; **Mario Pavone**, bass; and **Lawrence Cook**, drums. **Michael Pavone**, aged 7, sat in on trumpet . . . Record Note: **Elvin Jones** recorded for Blue Note with regulars **Joe Farrell** and **Wilbur Little** and added starters **George Coleman** and **Candido**.

Los Angeles: The Ash Grove is back among the living, having literally risen from its ashes. In April of this year, the Los Angeles club was destroyed by fire after eleven years of continuous presentations of traditional folk and blues. Fittingly, when the club reopened in mid-September, **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry**, who inaugurated the club in July of 1958, were the headliners. The Ash Grove maintained the sound of the blues with **Willie Dixon**, **Shakey Horton**, and **John Fahey**. **Taj Mahal** closed Oct. 19 . . . Disneyland booked ten bands for its annual Dixieland bash, held Sept. 27: **Al Hirt** and his group; the **Sharkey Bonano Band**, from New Orleans; **Fred Finn** and his combo; the entire cast from the **Mickie Finn Show**; the **Firehouse Five Plus Two**; the **Royal St. Bachelors**; **Teddy Buckner** and his group; **The Banjo Kings**; **The Young Men from New Orleans**; and **Pete Lofthouse** and his **Second Story Men** with singer **Barbara Kelly**. Another two-beat item: the **South Market Street Jazz Band** from San Diego recently returned from another tour of Viet Nam and Thailand, entertaining GIs . . . A surprise birthday party was held Sept. 13 at Donte's for **Leonard Feather**. In attendance: the **Benny Carters**, the **Irving Townsends**, **Bobby Bryant**, the **Louis Jordans**, **Mrs. George Shearing**, the **Neal Heftis**, **Vi Redd**, the **Howard Roberts**, and the **Jimmy Tolberts**. On the stand was the **Roger Kellaway Quartet**: **Tom Scott**, reeds; **Kellaway**, piano; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; and **John Guerin**, drums. After Feather showed up and was dutifully surprised, Kellaway and company saluted him with **Happy Birthday** in 7/4. Kellaway will soon unveil his new highly improvisational quartet of piano, cello,

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bass and percussion . . . **Art Van Damme** got a group together at Donte's. With the accordionist were: **Doug Marsh** (subbing for **Charlie Shoemake**), vibes; **Joe Pass** (subbing for **John Gray**), guitar; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums. Berk will record for Blue Thumb Records—his own date. Another relative newcomer to Southern California, **Mary Osborne**, made it to Donte's for a couple of guitar nights. (Mary moved to Bakersfield about six months ago). With Miss Osborne were pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, (also new to these parts); **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums . . . Donte's Big Band Festival was postponed from late September to early October. During the week of Sept. 21, the following groups substituted: **Tim Weisberg** and the **Jazz Trinity**; the **Tom Vaughn Trio**; the **Ernie Watts Quartet** and the **Bud Shank Quintet**. The **Jazz Trinity** finished out the week at Shelly's Manne-Hole when **Miles Davis** headed north to Monterey. Miles did good business at the Manne-Hole . . . At the same time, **McCoy Tyner** was fronting a trio at the Lighthouse (**Herb Lewis**, bass; **Freddie Waits**, drums). Lewis was not only playing a borrowed bass (it belonged to Lighthouse manager **Howard Rumsey**), but he attached a stethoscope to it on those occasions when Waits' percussion obliterated all else. This could be the answer for musicians who complain about not hearing themselves. Tyner's group was followed by **Jimmy McGriff** . . . The Hong Kong Bar continues to bring in jazz and jazz-flavored names. **Billy Eckstine** played three weeks, singing and doing his usual trumpet bit, backed by his conductor-pianist for 21 years, **Bobby Tucker**; **Al McKibbin**, bass; and **Charlie Persip**, drums. They were followed by **Mongo Santamaria** for three frames, then **Arthur Prysock** opened Oct. 20 . . . Singer **Ann Richards** did a month at Ye Little Club . . . **George Shearing** returns Nov. 10 . . . An unlikely coupling took place recently at one of the least likely clubs for jazz in Los Angeles: Thee (CQ) Experience. **Jean-Luc Ponty** and the **George Duke Trio** played there with **Frank Zappa** sitting in on guitar. Another strange juxtaposition found **Vi Redd** sharing the Pilgrimage Theater stage with **Rosy McHargue** and his Dixieland Band. The following Sunday was devoted to **Mike Barone** and his Orchestra. The next two concerts in the Los Angeles County-sponsored series featured **Matty Matlock** (Oct. 19), and **Tommy Vig**, fronting a 20-piece band (Oct. 26). Two weeks before the Pilgrimage date, Vig was scheduled to give his fourth annual concert at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas . . . Another big band, essentially studio men, fronted by **Bob Jung**, has found a new home. They're at the Fire and Flame, in Studio City, on Monday nights . . . **Charles Lloyd** played a week at the Troubador—a club that ordinarily books the folk-rock talent . . . The **Bill Marx** trio is now providing the backing for the pop singer who falls by Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills . . . Clarinetist **Les Shepard** now fronts a Dixieland crew at the Nite Life in Van Nuys on Mondays . . . The **Jazz Corps** finished a two-week gig at the Hang-Up in West Los Angeles. Personnel: **Tommy Peltier**, flugelhorn, cornet, lead-

er; **Freddy Rodriguez**, reeds; **John Duke**, bass; and **Bobby Thompson**, drums . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** inaugurated this season's **Jazz at UCLA** series. Others in the series (all concerts take place in Royce Hall) are **Cannonball Adderley** (Nov. 21) and **Herbie Hancock** (Jan. 31) . . . A quartet from Chicago, co-led by two guitarists—**Bob Roberts** and **Marty Grosz**—gave a concert at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Others in the group: **Frank Chace**, clarinet; **Morris Jennings**, drums . . . The **Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band** played a week each in Mexico City and Acapulco. Also in Mexico City for one week: the **Clara Ward Singers** . . . Doing a little more traveling: **Morgana King**, who will be in Honolulu's Outrigger Room, Oct. 28-Nov. 13. The **Quintet de Sade**—a local avant garde combo—phased itself out of existence, giving its final concert at the Pasadena Ice House—an event with the inscrutable name, "A Moon Orgy."

San Francisco: **Miles Davis** cancelled his September engagement at the Both/And, but **The Fourth Way** came into the club for two weeks. In the Bay Area alone, there have been 5,000 sales of the first album by the group (**Mike White**, amplified violin; **Mike Nock**, piano and electric piano; **Ron McClure**, acoustic and electric basses; **Eddie Marshall**, drums). Scheduled to open Oct. 7 was **Charlie Mingus**; on Oct. 21, also for two weeks, **Roland Kirk**. **Freddie Hubbard** is likely to appear during November . . . The musicians' union may balk, but **Chet Helms'** Family Dog on the Great Highway and the groups who play there are contracting on a percentage of the take basis—no more flat fees. The new policy may limit the bookings to local groups, but Helms and the musicians, managers, lightshow workers and others who gather weekly at the "Common Meeting" have settled upon it. Besides, the area is well-stocked with local talent. During September and October, the slate included the **Grateful Dead**, the **Jefferson Airplane**, **New Riders of the Purple Sage**, **It's A Beautiful Day**, the **Renaissance Trio**, **The Fourth Way**, **Shag**, **Devil's Kitchen**, the **Moog synthesizer** from San Francisco Radical Lab (operated by **Doug McKichnie**), **Floating Bridge**, **Shades of Joy**, the **Rhythm Dukes** (with guitarist **Jerry Miller** of **Moby Grape**), **Commander Cody**, **Flying Circus**, **Deluxe**, **Lazarus**, and **Phoenix** . . . Most of **Bill Graham's** bookings are at the Carousel ballroom, Fillmore-West, a few at more capacious Winterland. Up during September and October were **Sea Train**, **Santana**, **Yusef Lateef**, **Steve Miller**, **Buddy Guy**, **Taj Mahal**, **Spooky Tooth**, **Chuck Berry**, **Aum**, **Loading Zone**, **Lighthouse** (a 13-piece group from Canada), **Crosby-Stills-Nash-and-Young**, **Blues Image**, **John Sebastian**, **Country Joe and the Fish**, **Albert King**, **Joe Cocker** and the **Grease Band**, **Little Richard**, the **Move**, and **Roland Kirk** . . . After **Cannonball Adderley's** fall engagement at the Jazz Workshop (a tradition established in 1959, when the altoist's newly-formed post-Miles group recorded the *In San Francisco* hit album), **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** were set to

take over for a week, **Dizzy Gillespie** was scheduled for the next two, and **Mose Allison** for three . . . A new Oakland club, The Monkey's Paw, features folk, rock, and jazz . . . Scrooge's featured the group of pianist **Clyde Pound** (**Eddie Duran**, guitar; **Al Obidinski**, bass; **Benny Barth**, drums) on Monday nights during September and October . . . In September, Basin Street West presented fortnights by the **Buddy Rich Band** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, and Mr. D's had **Don Ellis'** band for a week . . . **Donovan** gave a September concert at the Oakland Coliseum . . . On Sept. 26 and 27, the Berkeley Fall Jazz Symposium, organized by **Wes Robinson**, featured a quartet composed of **Tommy Warren**, trumpet; **Bo Young**, piano; **Dave Wilson**, bass; and **Smiley Winters** on drums; **Listen** with trombonist **John Mewborn**, tenor and soprano saxophonist **Bert Wilson**, pianist **Mike Cohen**, bassist **Bruce Cale** and drummer **Jimmy Zito**; the quartet of altoist **Sonny Simmons**, with trumpeter **Barbara Donald**, bassist **Emile**, and drummer **Winters**; **Circuitry**, with **Dave Wilson**, vibes and trombone; **Rahim Roach**, soprano, alto, and tenor saxes; **Dale Reamer**, tenor and flute; **Howard Traylor**, bass, and **Augustus Collins**, drums; and **Gemini** with tenor and soprano saxophonist **Mike Breen**; pianist **Brian Cooke**; bassist **Rob Fisher**, and drummer **John Waller**. On Saturday evening there was a performance of Robinson's one-act play *Flash* based on T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*. **Smiley Winters** played percussion accompaniment, and **Pam Fierro** both acted and sang . . . The **Jazz Communicators** have been playing at Oakland's Grand Twenty. Members are **Tommy Warren**, trumpet; **John Mewborn**, trombone; **Bert Wilson**, tenor and soprano saxes; **Bill Curtis**, piano; **Ron Crotty**, bass; **Dan Barnett**, drums.

Chicago: The first Black Minorities Business and Cultural Exposition, sponsored by Operation Breadbasket of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, was held over the weekend of Oct. 3 at the International Amphitheater. It was a huge success, and among the performers were **James Brown**, **Billy Eckstine**, **Les McCann**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Aretha Franklin**, **Ramsey Lewis**, **The Staple Singers**, **Johnny Nash**, **Mahalia Jackson**, **Muddy Waters**, **Howlin' Wolf**, **Koko Taylor**, **Bobby Bland**, **B.B. King**, and **Willie Dixon** . . . **Adderley's Quintet** played two weeks at the London House, followed by the **Judy Roberts** house trio. **Earl Hines** begins a three-week engagement Nov. 4 . . . The **Jazz Institute** of Chicago began its fall-winter concert series with performances by **Bobby Hackett** and **Vic Dickenson**. Cornetist **George Finola** shared the bill for the afternoon performance, accompanied by **Art Hodes** (now playing electric piano), trombonist **Jim Beebe**, bassist **Rail Wilson**, and drummer **Hillard Brown**. Along with **Hackett** and **Dickenson**, evening sets featured drummer **Wilbur Campbell's Quartet** (tenorman **Sandy Mosse**; pianist **Stu Katz**; bassist **Reggie Willis** . . . **Stan Kenton's** big band played two nights at the Plugged Nickel, followed by **Groove Holmes'** or-

gan trio for two weeks . . . Former *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal narrated a program, *American Music—the Blues Strain*, as part of a four-day event celebrating the centennial of Ferry Hall, a girl's preparatory school in Lake Forest, Ill. The lecture was followed by a concert with bass trumpeter Cy Touff, altoist Bunky Green, tenorist Jay Peters, pianist Eddie Higgins, bassist Jim Atlas, and drummer Marty Clausen. Other speakers on the program included Sen. Charles Percy, poetess Gwendolyn Brooks, prima ballerina Maria Tallchief of the New York City Ballet, and Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, professor of psychology at the University of Chicago . . . The Showboat Sari-S plans a series of nostalgic big band bookings including Clyde McCoy, the Jimmy Dorsey and the Glenn Miller ghost bands, and a band led by Russ Morgan's son, Jack Morgan. . . Erroll Garner's success at Mr. Kelly's, has opened possibilities for other jazzmen to play the room, usually devoted to singers and comedians . . . Charles Lloyd's new quartet did two nights at the Kinetic Playground . . . Buddy Miles was a hit at Beaver's in September and came back for an early October stand.

New Orleans: Willie Tee and the Souls appeared on the Lyceum Series of Southern University of New Orleans. David Lee, the group's fiery drummer, is back with the band after sustaining a hand injury . . . Pete Fountain and pianist Ronnie Kole were among those who addressed the City Council at a public hearing on proposed ordinances prohibiting store-window sale of food and drink on Bourbon Street. A controversy is raging over the rapidly spreading food-and-liquor windows because of the growing litter problem and the large number of walkers who now tour the Street with drinks and eats in hand, Coney Island style. Kole recently cut an album at his Bourbon Street club, spotlighting compositions by Orleansians Charles Brent and John Bergeron of Loyola University . . . Concerts continue to enliven the music scene, with the *Temptations* at the Municipal Auditorium, the *Association* at Tulane University, and Pearl Bailey and Skitch Henderson as headliners on the New Orleans Music and Drama Foundation Series. At a McAllister Auditorium concert, Frank Mannino's Holy Cross High School stage band will perform on a program with the New Orleans Symphony . . . Ella Fitzgerald put in a surprise appearance with Al Hirt at the half-time show of the New Orleans Saints-Washington Redskins football game . . . Tenorman Zoot Sims brought his combo into Economy Hall of the Royal Sonesta to share billing with the *Dukes of Dixieland* . . . Vocalist Mary Jane Hooper is working with the *Triple Souls*, one of the most sought-after groups in the area for vocal backgrounds on blues and soul recording sessions . . . Ex-Orleanian Earl Palmer's powerhouse drums are heard in the band backing up Della Reese on her weeknight NBC television show. . . Vocalist Bobbie Gentry is set for an October engagement at the Blue Room . . . The New Royal Sonesta Hotel was the site of a benefit dance for the Cultural Attractions Fund. Among the artists featured at

the event were the *Dukes of Dixieland*, who were joined briefly by their old friend Pete Fountain; Hazel Scott, currently playing at the hotel's Economy Hall; pianist Armand Hug; the Olympia Brass Band; and the Onward Brass Band . . . The Loyola University Jazz Lab Band will be featured at several of the home games of the New Orleans Saints football team . . . Trumpeter Sharkey Bonano will take his dixieland group to the annual Jazz in Disneyland Festival . . . Jim La Rocca, son of the late Dominic La Rocca of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band brought his powerhouse trumpet to Don Suhr's quartet at the Sho' Bar for a brief engagement . . . Bassist Sherwood Mangiapanne's All-Stars, who played at a recent *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon* concert for the New Orleans Jazz club, included trumpeter Thomas Jefferson, trombonist Paul Crawford, clarinetist Raymond Burke, pianist Armand Hug, banjoist Emanuel Sayles, and drummer Freddie Kohlman . . . The Downs Lounge on Veterans' Highway is featuring a quintet led by Dave Bartholomew, who had one of the most popular blues bands in the city during the late '40s and early '50s . . . The civic auditorium in conservative St. Bernard Parish is becoming the favorite site for pop-rock concerts. Latest to appear there is the *Jimi Hendrix Experience*.

Philadelphia: Pianist Barry Harris, with Bill Kollick and Sam Tart splitting bass chores and Charlie Rice on drums, played the Aqua Musical Lounge. Harris played the room with Milt Jackson not long ago and made quite a hit. The Aqua then offered Harold Land-Bobby Hutchinson, Max Roach, McCoy Tyner, Yusef Lateef, Herbie Hancock, and Sonny Rollins . . . Comedian Fyv Finkel of *Fiddler on the Roof* at the Shubert Theater was proudly passing out tickets to his friends at the Stage Door Lounge. His son, Ian Finkel, will be playing vibes at the Brooklyn Museum in New York City Nov. 23 . . . The Show Beat Jazz Theater reopening was shortlived. The once-popular room seemed to sink before it got afloat again . . . A show of art, sculpture and photography by artists featuring jazz themes is being planned. Among those already asked to exhibit are Martin Kaelin, Thomas McKinney, Dexter Jones, and Joseph Greenberg, Jr. As yet a suitable place has not been found to present such a show. Those interested in submitting quality jazz art may receive more information by writing to *Jazz Art Show c/o Down Beat's* New York Office . . . Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass offered O.C. Smith as special guest in their Oct. 15 Spectrum Concert . . . Vocalist Johnny Mathis had two concerts booked Oct. 24 and 25 at the Academy of Music . . . Pearl Bailey will be in town with *Hello Dolly* this season. Which theater would get the hit show had not been finally settled at this writing . . . Pianist Jimmy Golden rejoined his old boss, vocalist Jimmy Holmes, and we hear that they will be traveling to San Juan after their current gig in New Jersey . . . Evelyn Simms, the vocalist who "takes her music seriously", has left the area's soul clubs to try society work for

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a bit. The former **Dizzy Gillespie** singer has been working with orchestra leader **Howard Lanin** and is enjoying it. Former **Charlie Ventura** bassist **Ace Tisone** has been playing with them . . . **Bobby Durham** returned home after a tour with the **Oscar Peterson Trio**. The popular Philadelphia drummer joined trombonist **Al Grey** and his group for a swinging engagement at the Douglas Club in Germantown . . . **Joe Tarsia**, recording engineer at Cameo/Parkway records for many years, has opened up his own studio . . . Vocalist **Pearl Williams** recently joined up with tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Oliver** and his group . . . Pianist **Eddie Green** and his trio were heard recently with **Little Jimmy Scott** in Trenton, N.J. . . . **Willa Moultrie** of the **Clara Ward Singers** has been doing a single at the Mariott Motor Lodge on City Line . . . Jazz DJ **Mel Perry** of WWDB-FM should be out of the hospital and back on the air before this issue hits the stands . . . **Gregory Herbert**, the young alto-saxophonist who has played with the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** on a number of occasions, is currently working with drummer **Johnny Williams'** group at the 366th Infantry Club . . . Drummer **Abdu** has joined the **Willis (Gator) Jackson** group at **Lloyd Price's** Turntable on the site of New York's old Birdland . . . This writer was honored by the staff of Temple University's jazz-oriented station WRTI-FM. Trumpeter **Charlie Chisholme** was chosen as Philadelphia Jazz Musician of the year and I was asked to present a plaque to him at a free jazz concert held at Temple's Tomlinson Theater. I managed to give him the plaque without dropping it, though the sound system went dead just as I was about to make my little speech . . . Singer **Ernie (Dude) Banks** was backed by saxophonist **Myrtle Young** and her group at the Fashion Plate Lounge.

St. Louis: The **Don Cunningham Quartet** disbanded after their engagement at a new downtown spot, the Bahama Cay. Cunningham left for the west coast, drummer **Manny Quintero** joined **Gordon Johanningrueyer's** group at the River House, and as of this writing, bassist **Raymond Eldridge** and pianist **Rick Bolden** were out of a gig. **Gordon Lawrence**, vibes, flute, and Latin percussion, took over the bandstand at the Bahama Cay. Pianists **Ed Fritz** and **Paul Gunther** are

splitting the week; **Jim Hilleshein** is on bass, his wife, **Judy Gilbert** sings, and drummer **Frank Muriel** rounds out the group . . . The **Sammy Gardner Trio** played for the St. Louis Jazz Clubs' annual picnic. **Ralph Land** was on drums, and **Charley Ford** was the pianist . . . **Ron Carter**, who made such a hit last summer when he appeared here with **Oliver Nelson**, returned Oct. 4 to give a concert with the **New York Jazz Sextet** at Washington U.'s Graham Chapel . . . **Buddy Rich** and his orchestra did a Friday-Saturday stint at the Chase Hotel and a five-day engagement at the Lodge of the Four Seasons at nearby Lake of the Ozarks. The latter gig was a drag. The pavilion was hot, it was humid, the mosquitoes were starved, and the piano was miserable. The band played one set in their tuxes; then had to make a complete change. In spite of the handicaps, **Buddy** and the band still swung like crazy . . . **Peanuts Whalum** recorded an original tune for the baseball Cardinals. Featured on the record were **Bob Gibson**, **Jim (Mudcat) Grant**, **Nelson Briles** and announcer **Harry Carey**. **Peanuts** is doing the cocktail session at The Bahama Cay and the night stint at The Spanish Door . . . The Falstaff Brewery sponsored a jazz show featuring **Dionne Warwick**, **Woody Herman's** band, **Gene Harris' Three Sounds**, and **Jeanne Trevor** and her trio . . . Jazz organist **Don James** continues at The Parkway House. **McClinton Rayford** assists on drums . . . Vocalist **Sylvia Thomas** has returned to the scene . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Ralph Wynn** continues at Holiday Inn . . . **Gene Harris' Three Sounds** played La Cachette, followed by **Eddie Harris**. Owner **Gene Cole** tried a new policy for **Harris'** engagement: three shows nightly for \$5 per person including admission and all you could drink.

Baltimore: For some three years, **Bluesette**, a discotheque that caters to teenyboppers, has been running after hours jazz shows on Friday and Saturday nights. Local musicians **Jimmy Wells**, **Ted Hawke**, **Phil Harris**, and **Donald Bailey** were the regulars, and once in a while **Roland Kirk** or **Milt Jackson** or whoever was in town would come over to jam. No more: three weeks ago police closed down the **Bluesette's** jazz sessions. The **Bluesette** was licensed as a milk bar and therefore entitled to stay open between 2 and 6 a.m., provided no

alcoholic beverages were served. However, another clause in the milk bar statute says there shall be no live music between those hours. **Bluesette's** manager, **Art Peyton**, says he does not know why the police, after three years, suddenly decided to strictly enforce the law. **Peyton** went to some length to keep the **Bluesette** crowd free of the hustlers of one sort or another who hang around the other afterhours joints. "We get mostly couples," he said. "We never once had a police call. It's not as if they didn't know about it. They've had off-duty cops and undercover agents in here constantly. It was a nice thing we had going and they had to destroy it. They can't get it in their heads that we're just up here digging jazz." While the club's lawyer is trying to see what can be done about the situation, **Bluesette** is still open after hours—but the music is recorded . . . **Blood, Sweat & Tears** played two shows at Columbia early in September . . . Trumpeter **Richard Williams** substituted for **Thad Jones** when a quintet including baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams**, pianist **Duke Pearson**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Mel Lewis** played the Left Bank Jazz Society concert Sept. 28.

Denver: **Stan Kenton** and his 19-piece band played one-nighters in Denver and Colorado Springs in mid-September. In the latter city, the band drew a sell-out crowd at Tony Paris' Merry-Go-Round, a new club planning to host big bands as often as possible . . . **Duke Ellington** and his band performed his Sacred Music Concert Sept. 27 at Montview Presbyterian Church . . . The Preservation Hall Jazz Band of New Orleans performed October 11 at Auditorium Theatre . . . Trombonist **Carl Fontana** joined pianist **Don Grusin** and bassist **Paul Warburton** for three days in September at Ray Iverson's Senate Lounge . . . **Peanuts Hucko** continues to swing at his Navarre Club. With him in September were **Dick Culver**, saxophone; **Fran Feese**, piano; **Dale Bruning**, guitar; **Bill Bastien**, bass, and **Dave Jack**, drums . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith** plays Saturday nights at Shaner's, backed by pianist **Neil Bridge** and his trio.

Toronto: In the *Land of Dixie*, a new Sound Canada LP, features **Trump Davidson**, one of Canada's best known traditional musicians, with trombonist **Bob Livingstone**, clarinetist **Cliff McKay**, tenor saxophonist **Ted Davidson**, pianist **Harvey Silver**, guitarist **Al Harris**, bassist **Joe Niosi**, and drummer **Reef McGarvey** . . . Among recent Canadian Talent Library albums, **Jerry Toth's Tell Me Now** (the title of a Toth original) is a good example of his arranging talent. The record is on Capitol . . . **Count Basie's** orchestra will appear at The Inn On The Park and the Royal York Hotel this season . . . **Gene Lees** taped a series of radio programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The eight programs deal with the music of **Irving Berlin**, **Jerome Kern**, **Rodgers and Hart** and **Hammerstein**, **Johnny Mercer**, **George Gershwin**, **Cole Porter**, **Harold Arlen**, and **Henry Mancini** . . . **Jimmy Namaro's Trio** is back at Sutton Place for another long run.

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