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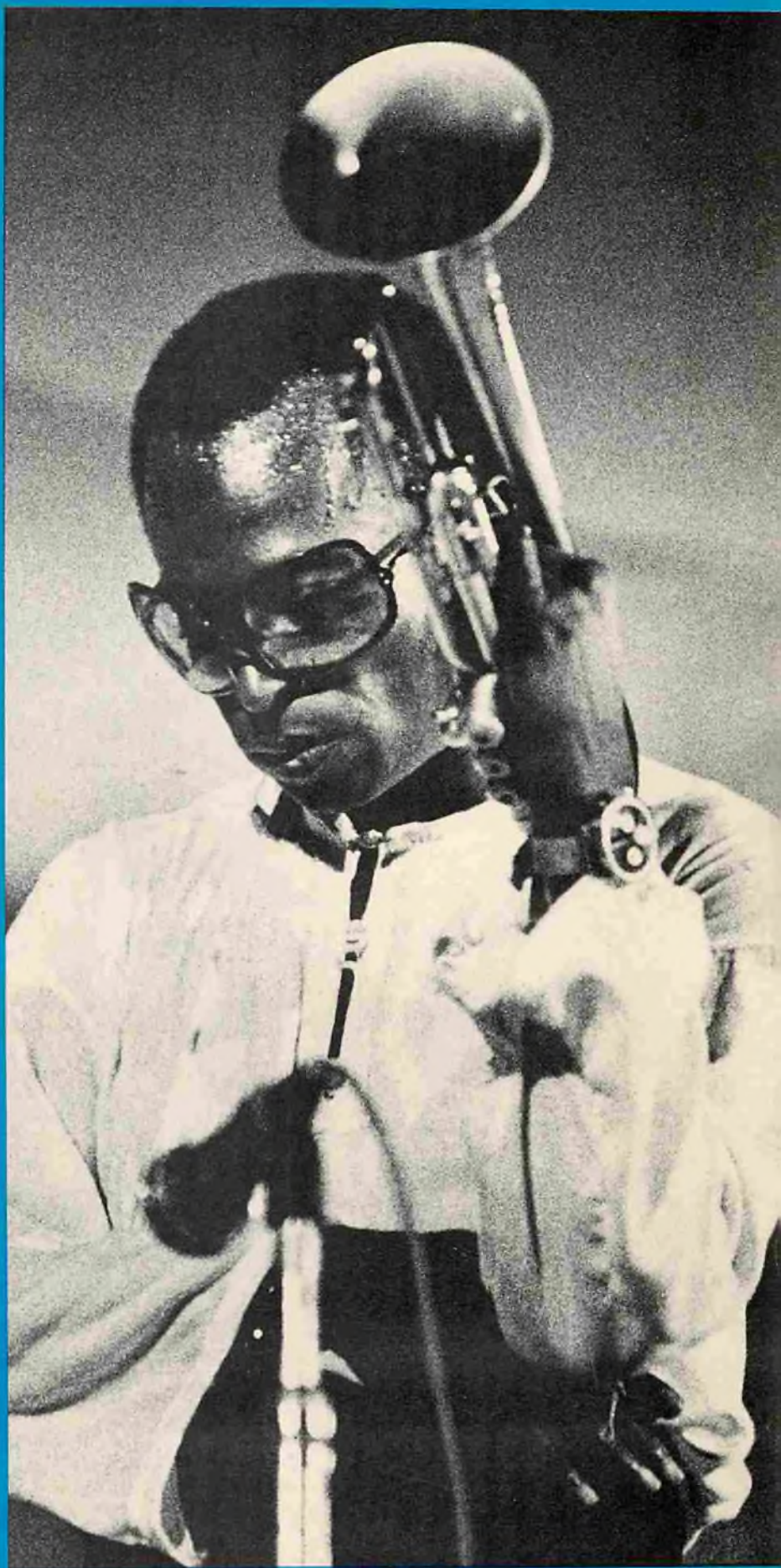
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

"NO MUSIC TEACHER has the legal or moral right to tell students what they should appreciate . . . We teachers must rid ourselves of the Toscanini complex that structures young people into music in our own image".

The speaker was Dr. William Johnston, Supervisor of Music Education for the state of Illinois. The occasion was the summary session of the Third Annual Leadership Conference in Music Education held at Springfield, Ill. in mid-October. The audience of 125 represented the top music educators in Illinois from all grade levels. The Conference theme was "Youth Music—Its Place In The School Music Program."


Johnston's hard-hitting summary of the conference was an accurate reflection of what surfaced during the important two-day meeting. On the whole, the attending educators were disturbed. Traditionalists were disturbed that anyone should think there was any problem with school music. Others were disturbed at suggestions that young people should have any say about their own curriculum. A good many were honestly scared at having to cope with music they could not play or understand. Some concern was expressed from everyone. They came to the meeting with some vague understanding that not all was right with school music. They left knowing about some things that are wrong, whether or not they will have the power and guts to do anything about it.

The cold statistics (presented by *down beat* Sept. 18) showing the number of students participating in school music actually declining in the face of the rising school population came as rather a shock to the conference. The accompanying fact that at least six young people are involved in instrumental music outside of school for each one involved in the school came as an added jolt.

The point of this conference—and similar ones being held throughout the country—was how to broaden the base of school music, and how to involve more young people in music. Just having a stage band (now "officially" renamed "jazz ensemble" or "big band") has helped upper grade students learn some jazz (and too many dance charts), but has not increased the number of students involved. The kids in the concert band are also in the marching band and in the school orchestra, if there is one.

The top music supervisor of a large Illinois City put it very well: Let's plan for a total *music* program, not just a band or orchestra program for a limited number of students.

Johnston's office (he is also Director of Music Curriculum Studies for Illinois) has already scheduled a series of jazz/rock clinics to tour the state, with clinicians from the U. of Illinois Jazz Band. Also scheduled are travelling clinics on the teaching of class guitar and new materials for Youth Music.

Now it's up to individual teachers and schools to keep the pressure on. (If anyone needs background on all this and *down beat's* 10-point program on relevant music education, just ask for our Youth Music File, c/o our Chicago office.) 

down beat

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Subscription rates \$8 one year, \$13 two years, \$18 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and MUSIC '69. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilms) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT, MUSIC '69;
MUSIC DIRECTORY; NAMM DAILY



Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill., 60606, (312) 346-7311. Dan Morgenstern, Lawrence Kart, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 250 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y., 10019, (212) 767-5111. Ira Gitler, Editorial. Jack Maher, Advertising Sales.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 11571 Wyandotte St., North Hollywood, CA. 91605, 875-2190. Harvey Siders, Editorial. Martin Galloway, Advertising sales, 14974 Valley Vista Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA. 91403, 784-0042.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 350 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

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



PHIL WILSON

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

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

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

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

Phil Wilson

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Junior Mance Is Now

Your article on Junior Mance (*DB*, Oct. 16) was most welcome for several reasons. Junior has been one of my personal favorites since his days with Dizzy. My own choice for the best Mance record would be his first trio date with Ray Brown recorded 10 years ago (Verve 8319), and Riverside's *Junior's Blues*, where he gets into everything from Meade Lux Lewis to Monk.

His hair may be turning gray and he may be on the other side of 40, but his comments regarding r&b and rock should be heeded by those jazz purists and critics who won't give it a chance. Sure there are rock groups I wouldn't go across the street to hear, but that doesn't mean I'm going to deny the existence of or deprive myself of the pleasure of digging really together rock and r&b groups. I find no contradiction in filing my Junior Mance records right along with the Byrds, the 'Stones, and Janis Joplin.

The future belongs to Miles, Gabor Szabo, Herbie Mann, Junior Mance and others who are not afraid to listen to what's going on today. By the way, if you're listening, Junior—how about convincing Atlantic to record you and 'Spoon

together? It just might be the best thing since Crosby, Stills and Nash.

Richard A. Waters

Madison, N.J.

... Junior Mance says, in reference to his accompanying, "I've worked with some very good singers: Dinah Washington, Joe Williams, Jimmy Rushing, Witherspoon, Johnny Hartman."

Junior should have added one more name to his impressive list . . . Marge Dodson, who gets my vote and the vote of many other Bostonians as the Female Vocalist Most Deserving of Wider Recognition. Mance and Dodson played together at Lennies-On-The-Turnpike for two weeks during the summer of 1967. (Lennie's, as many readers will know from reviews in *DB*, is just about the best-run jazz room around—anywhere.)

Those two weeks will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to be at Lennie's. Atlantic records, who record Mance, would be most wise to reunite him with Miss Dodson for an album. The results, I'm sure, would be excellence, or, if you will, five stars.

Richard P. Santeusano
Assistant Professor
Psychological Services
and Education

Suffolk University, Boston, Mass.

Sudsy Rejoinder

As the British IAJRC member who "crossed the Atlantic to attend a previous convention" referred to in Martin Wil-

liams' *Bystander* (*DB*, Oct. 30), I feel I must set the record straight.

Firstly, I most certainly was *not* "appalled at all the 1920s jazz I heard," even though my main interest is indeed Stan Kenton. I can and frequently do listen to jazz of other eras, and in fact I enjoyed most of what I heard at the convention.

One other point. I fear Mr. Williams must have mis-heard the informant who told him I "came over to find my American peers." In fact, I went over to try some American beers, and managed to get through 17 different brands on the first day of the convention alone—a stirring



tribute to British guts and to Bill Love's organizing genius.

Thanks anyway for an otherwise excellent coverage of this year's shindig.

Arnie Chadwick

Bury, Lancs., England

Backroom Boy

Read your article on Eddie Higgins (*DB*, Oct. 16) and found it very interesting. I was in Chicago recently and saw Higgins at the Backroom and found him to be a very gifted musician. I hope others will take note of him.

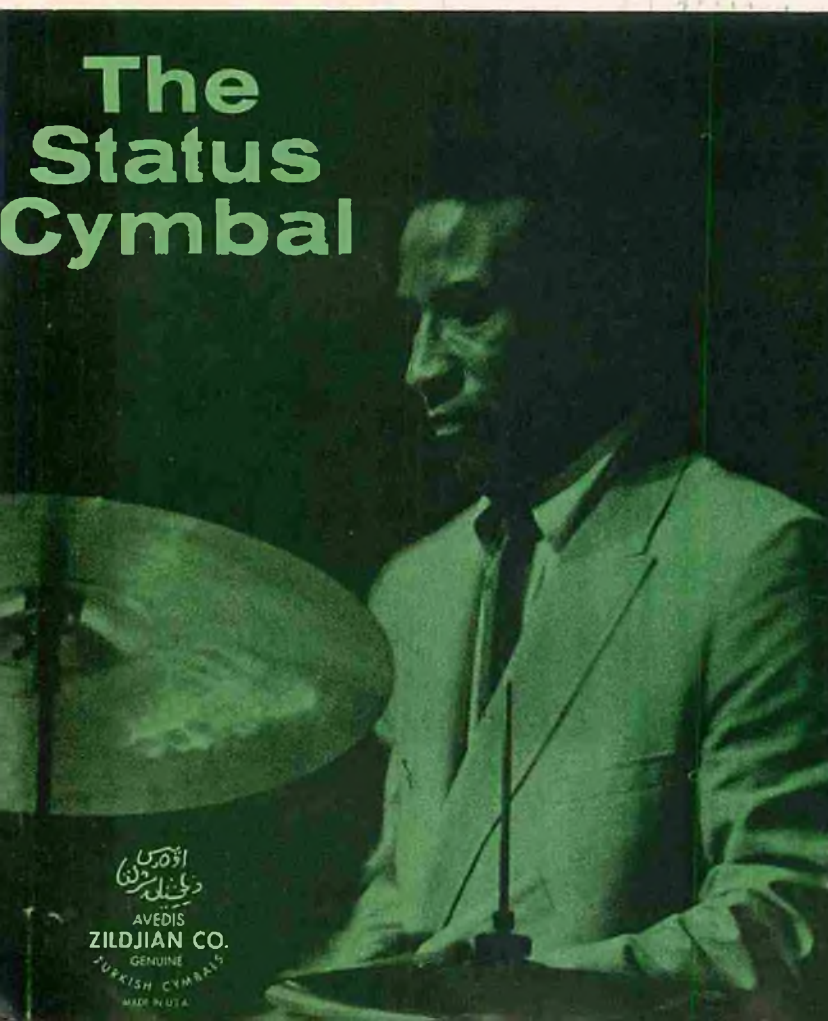
Jim Altomar

San Francisco, Calif.

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MUDDY WATERS BADLY HURT IN CAR CRASH

Muddy Waters, the great bluesman, suffered a broken pelvis in a two-car crash near Champaign, Ill. Oct. 26 which killed three persons and also slightly injured two members of Waters' band.

Waters and his men were on their way home to Chicago from an engagement in St. Louis when their station wagon was struck head-on by an out-of-control auto. Waters' driver, James E. Warren, 38, was killed, as were the driver of the other car and his passenger, an 18-year-old girl.

Waters, guitarist James Madison, and pianist Joe (Pinetop) Perkins were taken to Carle Hospital in Urbana, Ill. The two sidemen were released soon after treatment, but Waters, placed in traction, was expected to remain hospitalized for at least two months.

FINAL BAR

October took a heavy toll of jazz veterans, including two great pioneers, a long-time expatriate, and two swing-era notables.

Bassist **George Murphy (Pops) Foster**, 77, died Oct. 30 in San Francisco, where he had been making his home for many years. Born in McCall, La., he moved to New Orleans in 1902, starting his musical instruction on cello, but soon switching to string bass. In 1908, when he was 16, he became a professional musician, and subsequently played with many leading bands in the Crescent City and on the Mississippi riverboats, including a stint in Fate Marable's 1918 band with Louis Armstrong. After a period in St. Louis with Charlie Creath, Dewey Jackson, and others, he came to New York with King Oliver in 1928, and gained prominence the following year with Luis Russell's band, which also backed Armstrong on records. Foster remained with Russell, whose band was fronted by Armstrong from 1935 on, until 1940, when he formed a duo with guitarist Isidore Langlois. From 1942 to '45, he worked for the New York Transit Authority, playing only occasionally, but returned to music full-time with Sidney Bechet, Art Hodes, and Rudi Blesh's *This Is Jazz* radio band. He toured France with Mezz Mezzrow in 1948, and joined Bob Wilber's ber's band in 1949, staying on when trombonist Jimmy Archey took it over in 1952. In 1956, he toured Europe and North Africa with Sam Price's band, and then went to San Francisco, working with Earl Hines at the Hangover until the early '60s. From then on, he played and toured with many traditional groups, including the New Orleans All Stars in Europe in 1966. In recent years, he suffered from a leg ailment and underwent several operations; nevertheless, he was spry enough to come to Chicago in the fall of 1968 to

tape a program for educational TV with his old friend Art Hodes.

Along with his contemporaries and fellow New Orleanians Wellman Braud and



Pops Foster
Great Pioneer of Bass

Steve Brown, Foster must be considered the chief popularizer of jazz string bass. It was to no small degree due to his powerful, propulsive playing with the Russell band that the brass bass was gradually abandoned in jazz. Foster was the master of a simple, direct and tremendously swinging bass style, often marked by slapping of the strings and bowing in tempo. He was the heart of many a great rhythm section, and participated in a host of now classic recording sessions. Among his outstanding records are *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, *St. Louis Blues* and *Swing That Music* (all with Armstrong); the entire early output of the Luis Russell Band, especially *Jersey Lightning*; and *Bowin' the Blues* with the Mezzrow-Bechet Quintet, but dozens more could be cited.

Funeral services, held at San Francisco's Sacred Heart Church Nov. 4, included a recital by Turk Murphy's band.

Drummer **Tony Spargo**, 72, the last surviving member of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, died Oct. 30 at his Forest Hills, N.Y. home of a stroke. Born Anthony Sbarbaro in New Orleans, he joined the ODJB in 1914, left home with the band in 1916, and participated in its historic 1917 recordings, the first jazz discs made. He remained with the band through its various phases until it broke up in 1925, after which he settled in New York City and worked mainly with society bands, leading his own outfit for a while. When the ODJB was reorganized in the mid-'30s, Spargo toured and recorded with it, and from then on was associated mainly with traditional groups, including bands led by Miff Mole, Phil Napoleon, Pee Wee

Erwin, Jimmy Lytell, and Tony Parenti. He also was a regular at the weekly jam sessions at the Central Plaza and Stuyvesant Casino. An excellent practitioner of classic New Orleans drum style, Spargo's work on the earliest ODJB discs stands up very well indeed. He later modified the style and became a fine all-round drummer, but was still at his best with a tight-knit Dixieland ensemble such as that led by Napoleon. Spargo also specialized in novelty solos on kazoo, played with amazingly trumpet-like inflections. During the '60s, he was inactive musically.

Clarinetist-saxophonist **Booker Pittman**, 62, died Oct. 13 in Sao Paulo, Brazil of cancer. A grandson of Booker T. Washington, Pittman was born in Alabama and raised in Kansas City, where his jobs included a trio gig with Count Basie and drummer Baby Lovett. He went to Europe in the early '30s with Ralph Cooper's band (later taken over by Lucky Millinder) and was active on the continent for several years. He went to South America in 1935 and settled in Brazil. In the mid-'60s, he came to the U.S. with his daughter, singer Eliana Pittman, to attempt a comeback. He was by then playing soprano saxophone exclusively. The attempt failed, and Pittman returned to Brazil. His best work on records was with Freddie Johnson's band in Paris in 1933, including *Sweet Madness* and *Tiger Rag*. His later South American records are disappointing.

Tenor saxophonist-singer-bandleader **Tony Pastor**, 62, died Oct. 31 at his home in Old Lyme, Conn. He had been in retirement since suffering a severe heart attack in Dayton last year. Born Antonio Pestritto in Middletown, Conn., Pastor began his name-band career with Irving Aaronson's Commanders in 1923, a band later joined by his boyhood friend Artie Shaw. A key member of Shaw's first band in 1936, Pastor remained with the clarinetist until he disbanded in 1940, and became a swing era favorite with his solid tenor playing and humorous, Armstrong-tinged vocals (*Rosalie*; *Indian Love Call*). After leaving Shaw, he formed his own big band, which later became a talent incubator for vocalists, notably Rosemary Clooney. In 1959, he disbanded and formed a vocal act with his sons, Tony Jr. and Guy.

Trumpeter **Nate Kazebier**, 57, died Oct. 22 in Reno, Nev. Best known for his 1935-36 stint with Benny Goodman as hot trumpet soloist, he later worked with Jimmy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, in Army bands and for Armed Forces Radio during World War II, and with small groups in California during the late '40s. In recent years, he had been musically active in the Reno-Lake Tahoe area, also working as a golf instructor. A good Bunny Berigan-influenced hornman, he can be heard on many Goodman band sides, but his best solo was *Blues of Israel* with Krupa, recently reissued on Prestige's *Swing Classics*.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Plaza 9 pulled a coup in presenting the Cannonball Adderley Quintet for the first time. At the elegant Central Park South jazz club with Cannon, alto and soprano saxophones, were brother Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, piano; Walter Booker, bass; and Roy McCurdy, drums . . . Don Ellis' 20-piece band came east to play a weekend at the Village Gate opposite singer Morgana King, who was doing her second consecutive Friday and Saturday. Eddie Harris, his electric saxophone and his quintet, who had appeared on the first bill with Miss King, returned for the last weekend in October with Anita O'Day in the vocal spotlight. On the following Tuesday, Miss O'Day went into the Village Vanguard for a week, backed by Roland Hanna, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; and Scooby Stroman, drums. Baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams also performed with the same rhythm section, and pianist Charles Bell's group completed the show . . . At the Top of the Gate, singer Marian Taylor, pianist Reggie

Moore's trio (Hank Haynie, bass; Denny Siewell, drums) and solo pianist Toshiko checked in for a week in late October . . . Lee Konitz was held over for a third week at the Half Note. Late in the engagement, he left his alto sax at home and concentrated on tenor and flute. Pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Mousey Alexander were the supporting trio . . . A 12-hour tenor saxophone marathon took place at the Club Afro-Disiac in Jamaica, Long Island, Oct. 25 with Tina Brooks, Junior Cook, Frank Foster, Jimmy Heath, Harold Vick, George Coleman, Booker Ervin, Billy Harper, Billy Mitchell, Charlie Rouse, Frank Wess and three all-star rhythm sections. The event ran from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., with WLIR's Ed Williams and Al Roberts handling the emcee duties . . . Marian McPartland, with bassist Mike Moore and drummer Ben Riley, are at the Downbeat through Nov. 27, opposite the Seven Shades of Jazz (Bobby Nichols, trumpet; Harry De Vito, trombone; Artie Baker, clarinet; Bernie Berger, baritone saxophone; John Troy,

guitar; Al Ferrari, bass; Dick Satriano, drums) . . . Elvin Jones, with reedman-flutist Joe Farrell and bassist Richard Davis, played a free Sunday afternoon concert for the Goddard-Riverside Community Center at the St. Gregory School auditorium on West 90th St. . . . The Dave Liebman-Steve Grossman Quintet, with Liebman on tenor and flute and his co-leader on piano, played a Sunday session for Jazz Interactions at Danny's. . . . October groups at Slugs' included Art Blakey, Elvin Jones, and McCoy Tyner . . . Blues singer-guitarist Emily-Jane did a concert at the Image Club of the Sloane House YMCA on West 34th St. with Frank Clayton, doubling bass and flute, and Rashied Ali, drums, conga, and flute. They followed up with a weekend at Cafe Au Go Go, with Peter St. Jacques and Waldrop & Rountree also on the bill . . . Ali Baba East now has listening and dancing cocktail parties Sundays from 4 to 9 p.m., with music by the George McCleary combo . . . Tenor saxophonist Carlos Garnett and pianist Richard Wil-

/Continued on page 39

JAZZ SOIREE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET performed at the White House Oct. 21 in honor of the Shah of Iran. The members of the MJQ—John Lewis, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, and Connie Kay—and their wives were also guests of President and Mrs. Nixon at a formal state dinner prior to the musicale, which began at 11 p.m.

President Nixon handled the master-of-ceremonies role himself with a short and apt introduction.

"His Imperial Majesty represents a dynasty over 2500 years old and a civilization over 6500 years old," he said. "He has graciously consented to be entertained by the best of our civilization—American jazz, as it is so ably represented by the Modern Jazz Quartet—or as we 'in' people call them, the MJQ."

Five selections were performed: *The Blue Necklace*; *A Visitor from Venus*; *A Visitor from Mars*; the adagio movement of the *Concierto de Aranjuez* by Joaquin Rodrigo; and *Under the Jasmin Tree*.

Immediately after the program, the guests socialized, sipped champagne, and danced to the bouncy rhythms of the U.S. Navy Dance Band. *Exeunt omnes* about 1:30 a.m.

Here are some impressions from our White House correspondent, Charles Su-

ber.
Arrived at the West Gate at 10 p.m. per instructions from the White House press office . . . Requested very politely to wait by a guard until my name could be found on the guest list . . . Stood and talked with my cab driver about his tastes in jazz while his car radio was playing a Toots Thielemans blues . . . The cabbie dug blues mostly, like Joe Turner, Muddy Waters . . . By the time we got to Leadbelly, the Sergeant of the Guard allowed that I was to go to the Southwest entrance . . . Before I took off, he noted that I was from Chicago and "you sure have a good Mayor there," to which refrain the other guards assented as I made

my exit . . . After waiting with Stanley Dance and a gaggle of press ladies for several minutes, was ushered into the first floor reception rooms where the "after dinner only" guests were assembling . . . A sweet young thing from the First Lady's



staff did her best to make me feel comfortable (she thought she liked jazz and would have to read down beat sometime) . . . Found some interesting books in the "Indian Library", the most livable room in that sector, particularly some first editions of Cleanth Brooks poetry and James Agee essays . . . Music filtered most charmingly throughout—courtesy of a string ensemble by the guest entrance . . . At about 10:30, the ascent to the second floor via the front marble staircase . . . The President and First Lady flanked the Shah of Iran in the receiving line, a

presidential aide tactfully murmuring each guest's name to the President . . . Then directly into the East Room, where about 250 comfortable chairs were arranged in a horseshoe pattern . . . When we were all in place, the President and party took their seats and Mr. Nixon made his introduction of the MJQ with ease and affability. Whether the words were original or not, the impression was gracious . . . The chandelier lights went out and two banks of colored spots hit the MJQ on a small raised platform stage . . . Percy Heath looked more distinguished than anyone in the house . . . Milt Jackson looked somber and somewhat funereal . . . Most of the smiles came from John Lewis and Connie Kay, but they were reserved and introspective . . . After each number, there was good measure of polite applause . . . The group played flawlessly, but you couldn't say they swung . . . With the first applause it became apparent that this was the chamber music of our American court . . . Leonard Garment and Willis Conover had chosen wisely—it wasn't the blues outside by the gate and beyond but it was jazz, and it was not in any way condescension to have it here and now . . . After the performance, the President and the Shah posed briefly for pictures with the MJQ and then we all were free to mingle and party . . . Out came more champagne, and the social aides escorted congressmen's wives to the dance floor while I made my way over to Vice President Agnew . . . I asked him if I could have his views on jazz . . . He very pleasantly replied he was a "big band man" ("I used to collect Artie Shaw and Larry Clinton records"), and went on to say that he doesn't hear enough jazz to make any further comments . . . Yes, he most certainly liked the MJQ, "particularly the last number (Jasmin Tree) with the triangle and tambourine in counterpoint" . . . Several of the front line in the Navy dance band said hello—they were ex-stage band musicians.

CB

"And in this corner, The Sidewalk Kid . . ."

by Don DeMicheal

A LITTLE MAN scurries down the dark staircase of the dingy old building on Chicago's 63rd St.

"Is Johnny Coulon's Physical Training Club upstairs?" I ask him.

"Third floor," he pipes.

"Miles Davis up there?"

"Oh, yes. You just missed seeing him box. Knocked a fellow down twice."

On the third floor, Miles Davis the boxer is busy skipping rope before a full-length mirror. . . . *Dittle-e-dop, dittle-e-dop, dittle-e-dop.* His feet dance lightly over the rope and across the floor. There isn't an ounce of fat on him.

"Hey, Don," he says, not missing a skip.

"You should have seen me box."

Dittle-e-dop, dittle-e-dop. . .

"A man just told me you knocked a guy down twice."

Dittle-e-dop. . .

"Naw, man" . . . *dittle-e . . .* "We" . . . *dop . . .* "just sparred a little."

He drops the rope and goes over to a punching bag suspended at head height by ropes connected to the ceiling and floor.

He tries some combinations and jabs on the bag, dodging it as it bounces toward him. A heavy-set man comes up to him and starts sparring lightly, giving advice as Miles tries unsuccessfully to land a light blow. Miles stops and listens to the man, who is Kid Carson, a trainer. He tries what Carson tells him, finds it works, and smiles.

Miles introduces me to Carson; Johnny Coulon (the little man on the stairs); and his eldest son, Gregory, up from East St. Louis, Davis' home town, for a visit.

"Greg won three titles while he was in the Army," says the young man's obviously proud father. "Plays drums, too."

"Can you beat your old man?" I ask, but the son is noncommittal, and the father chuckles.

"Hey, try to lift Johnny," Miles says with an impish glint in his eye.

This didn't seem to be a problem, since Johnny Coulon, who was bantamweight champion many, many years ago, weighs about 90 pounds. So I lifted him.

"Now try it again," Miles says, suppressing a laugh.

Coulon cannot be budged.

"Ain't nobody ever lifted him when he didn't want 'em to," Davis says. "Show him your pictures, Johnny."

Coulon conducts his standard visitor's tour among fading photos of such boxers as Braddock, Dempsey, Carnera, Tunney, Louis, Clay—all trying to lift the little man.

In the middle of Coulon's reminiscences, Miles walks up in a white terry-cloth robe.

"Hey, man," he whispers gleefully, "keep your cool, but dig when I turn around."

There in that cloth script one has seen on hundreds of boxers' robes is inscribed "Miles Davis." Miles looks over his shoulder and flashes that beautiful smile of his. Miles Davis, boxer, seems a happier man than Miles Davis, musician.

After Miles had dressed, we climbed into his Volkswagen bus (used to haul his quintet's electric piano) and headed for Floogie's Restaurant, one of his favorite eating places in Chicago.

"Turn on your recorder," he said. "We can talk while I drive." And we did, while Miles dodged the traffic.

The obvious question was first:

DeMicheal: Why do you box?

Davis: It gives you a lot of strength. It's good for your wind. I mean, when I go to play something that I know is kind of impossible to play, I have that strength, that wind. And it blows the smoke out of your lungs from last night.

DeMicheal: Do you work out every day?

Davis: Uh-huh. Like today I did about seven rounds, boxed four and worked out about three.

DeMicheal: Did you ever think about boxing a bout somewhere?

Davis: It didn't go that way with me, 'cause I always could box, you know? Anybody'd I'd box as a kid I could beat. It's just a natural thing. But I like to go up against trainers like Carson to find out what they know. Carson trains Eddie Perkins. Eddie's the welterweight champ. I boxed Eddie yesterday, four rounds. He's so slick, can't even touch him.

DeMicheal: How long have you been doing it?

Davis: All my life.

DeMicheal: I mean working out in a gym.

Davis: I started about 10 years ago.

DeMicheal: Anybody ever try to start some trouble with you? Say, in the club where you're playing?

Davis: I'd kill a man in the club.

DeMicheal: I mean, does it ever happen?

Davis: Uh-huh. If they start it, I just tell 'em, you know? I just say point blank, "Y'wanna fight?" or "What's happening?"

A man in the street is no contest against what I can drop on him. Even if he hits me three or four times, he'll be tired. I don't get tired. I just tell him, "Go sit down and enjoy yourself." A guy who doesn't know how to fight is the one who always wants to fight. They think it's a big deal to fight, but it's the easiest thing in the world to whip somebody like that. Can scratch their eyes out, kick 'em in the groin, and then they say that's not fighting fair. But a fight is a fight. Ain't nobody gonna stand up to me and say watch the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. If I get in a fight, I'm choking the mother. I just box on account it makes you graceful, and it shapes the body nice.

DeMicheal: To play music you have to be in good physical shape.

Davis: You can say that again. And the way I play . . . I play from my legs. You ever notice?

DeMicheal: Yeah, I've noticed how you bend your knees.

Davis: That's to keep from breaking the embouchure.

DeMicheal: How does that keep you from breaking your embouchure?

Davis: You see, when I play. . . . You notice guys when they play—and this is some corny stuff—they play and they breathe in the regular spots; so, therefore, they play the regular thing.

DeMicheal: You're talking about two- and four-bar phrases, things like that?

Davis: Yeah. But if you keep your embouchure up there and breathe out of your nose—or whatever comes natural—you can play different things. But don't drop your hands. [Sings broken-rhythm phrases to show what can be done by not dropping hands.] See, it'll fall in different spots. [Sings short, jerky phrases.]

DeMicheal: You break the flow.

Davis: You break the flow, and it's the same thing. You're playing in a pattern. Especially if the time is getting mucked up, and you're playing in a pattern, it's going to get more mucked up 'cause you're going to start dropping the time when you drop your horn down, 'cause whoever is playing behind you will say, "Well, he's resting." You never let a guy know when your gonna rest. Like in boxing, if I jab a guy, I won't relax, 'cause if I jab him,

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GIUSEPPE PINO

Different Drummers, or The Case of the Paranoid Percussionist

By Michael Zwerin

THERE'S THIS KID, see, and he's only a rock-and-roll basher. He wants to learn to really . . . you know . . . PLAY. Play his head off—drop bombs, cross rhythms, odd meters, up tempos. He knows that Mitch Mitchell got a lot of his stuff from Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, and he's always heard that jazz drummers are better than rock drummers so he decides to take some lessons from Philly Joe Jones.

Philly Joe is one of the all-time best jazz drummers, and jazz, as we all know, is very complicated music. So this kid wanted to learn Philly Joe's bag. He was scared, making it to the first lesson. Philly Joe asked him to play something. Pounding away, loud, embarrassed, trying his best to swing, the kid was sure he was just awful.

Philly Joe stopped him: "Hey, kid, what's that you just played? That's groovy, man. Show me how you do that?"

The moral of the story is that all is not bash that strikes the ear as such. "I'm just a basher," Charlie Watts says about his playing. "The drums are nothing, really." He's probably a bit too modest because somebody is making the Rolling Stones swing, and when a band swings, thank the drummer usually. What's more, swinging isn't all that easy, with or without bash.

You might call Charlie neo-classic. Hold on to roots, purity, simplicity. One of his favorite drummers is the late Danny Alvin, who played with an old-time swing cat from Chicago named Art Hodes. Now, just about nobody remembers Danny Alvin these days. Alvin was four to the bar, total rhythm and total anonymity, not the stuff stars are made of. That's one kind of drummer, the kind who fits into the old story about a five-piece band being "four musicians and a drummer." Watts believes that story.

Then there are the virtuosos, Ginger Baker for one. Ginger needs a track on an LP to do his thing; he's got to stretch out. He can make any tempo and has complete independence on his gear. He also has taste, knowing when not to play and that holes are heavy.

You've got to learn how to reject in any art, and it's hard. The older Miles Davis gets, the fewer notes he plays. At the end of his life, Matisse drew a portrait with only a line or two. It took Picasso about 50 years to learn how to paint like a child.

Players like Charlie Watts and Ringo Starr, on the other hand, operate almost entirely from instinct. They're beautiful, but the fact remains that they don't know anything else. It is the difference between a drawing by a 5-year-old and a "primitive" work by Picasso, which superficially may look the same. A child has this innocent, fresh thing, and that's lovely. Then the child starts accumulating knowledge and information and shows it all off. Some people never grow out of that. But there are those who come through the other end, who know all those things and play like children again.

The trouble with drummers is that they tend to show off: "See, we're really five musicians—look at me work." They develop an elaborate bag of tricks, which they play too loudly and with no relation

to the music they are supposed to be accompanying. They wave their arms and smile too much. As Miles once said about a famous jazz drummer: "He can't play worth shit but he sure does look good, and that's half the battle."

There are a few who win the war while looking good. Sonny Payne, when he was with Count Basie, sat up high with his conked hair and a big, toothy smile, twirling his sticks, catin' all the way. But he looks just as good on an LP. Nobody looks as good as Max Roach anywhere. But Buddy Rich is the best example—every drummer's favorite drummer. They hate him. He puts them in tears. "I mean, you don't ever want to play opposite him," Charlie Watts says.

One night in Birdland, Buddy, then leading a quintet, was opposite Maynard Ferguson's band. The last set of the night there, Buddy sat in with Maynard. He sounded as though he'd been with the band for a year. Instinct! Time is a gift; if you don't have it, you can't learn it, and there's no sense picking up sticks.

It's often luck that brings a kid to the instrument he is best equipped for. Some teacher in high school handed me a trombone. It so happened my chops were suited, and I learned fast.

Charlie Watts picked up the drums at the age of 13, when he heard Gerry Mulligan's *Walkin' Shoes* and fell in love with Chico Hamilton's playing.

Robert Wyatt of the Soft Machine, on the other hand, made an intellectual decision: "Well, it's pretty easy to do *something* on the drums without any lessons, and, being very slothful, I couldn't really come to grips with piano lessons. Negative things drew me to the drums more than anything else. Also, maybe it was the drama of everybody playing together, the interaction, which is most easily controlled by the drums. There's a certain power you don't get playing anything else."

Power! Drummers need power. Good drummers have it; bad ones want it. In any case, it figures. Most drummers have endurance. There were about 10 different conceptions of where the beat was at when I was on Maynard's band. Frankie Dunlop was the only thing between the charts and total anarchy. He'd sit up there cooking for sometimes half an hour straight, at a tempo too fast to tap your foot to, sweating like a blast-furnace stoker, and I often thought, watching him, how lonely it must be to play drums.

The drummer is the only guy on the band who can never stop. If he stops, everything stops. He works harder. I could sense Frankie's paranoia . . . people don't dig how much harder I work than those other cats—they can lay out, juice, and rap in the middle of a tune, but not me.

At least a slight edge of paranoia appears in all drummers.

Drummers like to use sound effects. "Duckuhdee, duckuhdee, duckuhdee, duckah duckah," says Robert Wyatt explaining Mike Ratledge's 13. Mike plays organ with the Soft Machine. "I thought . . . oh, to hell with him . . . you know. I'll just do figures based on that, reversing the accent or something. Mike's sevens are duckuhdee, duckah duckah . . . one strong beat and it kind of tumbles down. I sort of slow it

slightly under him . . . Dakoom, zackah-dackah . . . to get the sort of bubbly thing he wants, rather than the kind of time thing I like. I just sort of fall in. He shouldn't be expected to even have to think about it. If he says, 'I enjoyed that solo,' I say, 'Good—I'll push that from now on.'"

Watts thinks that's the best sort of drumming, playing with the band.

"The rhythm section on a Chuck Berry record can blow the ass of many so-called jazz groups. Ray Lucas, the drummer with King Curtis, is fantastic. He's nothing—just a drummer—but he's fantastic. Most of my own drumming, when it's any good, is me translating what Mick says verbally. I'll do something which I think works, and Mick will say, 'Well, it works but, . . . and he'll sing some impossible rhythm that nobody can ever play . . . and I'll try to do something with that. I like so-called rock-and-roll. It doesn't matter if you just sit there banging because banging works within that situation.'"

Back to Robert Wyatt on the same matter: "I play the way I do at any moment because it's the best way to support and encourage the way Mike plays organ. He's kind of a neurotic, bubbly organist so I'm playing neurotic, bubbly drums. I think drummers have in common a more basic . . . Look. Drumming has changed about three times this century. First there was oom chick-a-doong, chick-a-doong. Then djoong djoong djoong djoong. Then boom boom BAH, gudugahdugah BAH, bah dah goong, and so on.

That's about it—the history of drums. Whereas melodically and harmonically all sorts of things have been happening—you know, sevenths, ninths, elevenths, and all that. Drums are not a melodic instrument."

Tony Oxley has another opinion: "Drum-

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Frankie Dunlop: Lonely?

ASPEN '69: A PARTY TO REMEMBER

"I THINK YOU will find that this is not an ordinary party," said host Dick Gibson during the first day of the three-day marathon he calls his Jazz Party. When it was all over, it certainly had to be called extraordinary.

The music, presented in five lengthy sessions, was played by a variety of small groups peopled by kaleidoscopically shifting combinations of the 33 musicians on hand. (Gibson, the programmer, predates and precludes computers.) When the smoke had cleared—(where there is smoke there is fire, and there was a lot of flame on the weekend of Sept. 12-14)—more than 130 songs had been explored, 17 of them twice and three of them thrice. From Thelonious Monk's *Rhythm-a-ning* to the *Saints* (played once as a grand finale), the familiar and the rare were rendered on a musical level that was consistently quite high.

Situated in Aspen, Colo., at 7,900 feet above sea level, one might say that the party was also quite high. But if one had trouble catching one's breath, it could be attributed to the excitement of the music as well as to the altitude.

This was the seventh in a series of parties inaugurated by Gibson and his peachy wife, Maddie, in 1963. Aspen was the original site, but with the closing of the Hotel Jerome the party had been shifted to Vail, Colo., in 1967 and 68. This year, with the venerable Jerome unshuttered, Vail served only as a beefsteak-lunch waystation for the busload of musicians, press, (myself and Whitney Balliett of *The New Yorker*) and Gibsons (four children in tow) that made its mountain-pass ascent on narrow roads and treacherous passes. Jazz adventure.

For early arrivals, there had been informal sessioning at a gathering Thursday evening in Denver. (Zoot Sims on *Three Little Words* and Toots Thielemans on *Take the Train* helped mightily to whet the appetites for the weekend.) The first official blowing, however, began at 5:30 p.m. in the main dining room of the Jerome on Friday, shortly after our arrival. The heavy load of luggage, instrument cases and people had thrown the bus trip off schedule. There was little breathing room between debarking and the opening notes. (For really hard-pressed breathers, there was a tank of oxygen just inside the entrance of the hotel. On Saturday, Phil Woods asked, "Would you like to go to the lobby and make some Life-O-Gen?" Five whiffs later I was ready to carry on more effectively.)

The music was happening, and the dining room was packed.

The guests of the Gibsons had come to listen. They came early and they stayed until each session had concluded. This year there were some 400—the largest crowd to date—and, some of them—like altoist Phil Woods—came from as far away as Europe. The basic ingredients for the weekends were these men: Billy Butterfield, Bobby Hackett, Yank Lawson, Clark Terry, trumpets, cornets, and fluegelhorns; Vic Dickenson, Carl Fontana, Lou McGarity, Kai Winding, trombones; Peanuts Hucko, Matty Matlock, Bob Wilber, clarinets, with Wilber doubling soprano saxophone; Woods, alto saxophone;

Al Cohn, Bud Freeman, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Ernie Caceres, baritone saxophone; Joe Venuti, violin; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Toots Thielemans, harmonica, guitar; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Dick Hyman, Dave McKenna, Lou Stein, Ralph Sutton, Teddy Wilson, piano; Bob Haggart, Milt Hinton, Jack Lesberg, Larry Ridley, basses; and Morey Feld, Sol Gubin, Gus Johnson, Cliff Leeman, drums.

It can be seen that all members of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, the formation of which came about as a result of the earlier Aspen parties, were on the scene. They played some sets as a unit, served as a nucleus in others, and appeared individually throughout the weekend.

Hackett and Dickenson, who regularly work as a team, and Sims and Cohn, who are still a team even if they no longer appear in tandem on a steady basis, were the only other "groups" to play intact besides the WGJB and Norvo and Hucko, who have been playing together in Denver. Mainly, the emphasis was on jamming, however, and it led to some inspired sets from musicians who ordinarily do not get a chance to play together. A great fraternal spirit was worn like arm-bands by all the players, who often congratulated each other at the end of a turn onstage.

To attempt to relate a blow-by-blow account of the proceedings would be like describing each pitch in the World Series. But one has to talk about the extra-base hits and the errors. There weren't many of the latter, but they seemed to occur when Hucko and Norvo were on. Peanuts was in driving, energizing form when he was parts of a mixed grill, but with his regular outfit he tended to be showier and, hence, shallower. Norvo was treated badly by the amplification system on Friday evening in his feature, *Witchcraft*, and on Sunday evening his *Girl from Ipanema* was distorted from the start. Fortunately, the sound cleared, and his gentle filigrees came through like delicate Chinese temple bells.

The audience was guilty of inverted sportsmanship on Friday evening. In the midst of a pre-bedtime set with Hackett and Matlock, Pizzarelli played an unaccompanied, acoustic guitar solo on Villa Lobo's *Prelude No. 4*. The gathering, considerably noisier than the afternoon crowd, immediately hushed. Odd, for a sensitively played jazz ballad does not command the same respect. It is a maddening attitude; it emerges from the recesses of the mind to say: "This is serious music, pay strict attention." Jazz squaredom.

If a Most Valuable Player award had been given, there would have been many strong contenders, but my vote would go to Sims. Every time out, he contributed strongly, and sometimes he outdid himself. There was a set with Terry, Winding, and Woods; a truly heavyweight outing with Terry, Fontana, Woods, and Cohn, backed by Wilson, Hinton, and Johnson, during which Sims engineered one of his roof-raising constructions on *Lester Leaps In* (jazz verity); a Saturday afternoon tandem with the brilliant Fontana; a robust duo with his ol' pardner, Cohn, on Sunday, into which he injected some hot Ben

Webster rasps on *Lover, Come Back to Me*; and a Saturday night performance of *I Found a New Baby* with Venuti that outpeaked the surrounding mountains.

It began as Venuti's set with Stein, Hinton, and Feld as the rhythm makers. Some people say he is in his 60s, some say 70s (the reference books say 65), but Giuseppe is timeless. His intonation is impeccable, his harmonic acumen formidable, and his swing relentless. On *I Want to Be Happy* he swung majestically, made forceful pizzicato comments, and, while inserting *Moten Swing*, riffed like an entire Basie band. His second number was a melange of *Fascination* into *Night Train* whereupon he proceeded to play all the strings simultaneously by adjusting the frog on his bow so that the underside of the hairs were caressing the strings as the violin was encircled by stick and hair.

Along came Sims. With Feld playing his best of the weekend, they found some new things in *Baby*. Sims' swing was savage, with Venuti pizzicatoing him on. After a chuckling, slapped solo by Hinton, the collective improvisations of tenor and violin built to a climax whose intensity sent adrenalin stocks soaring beyond Dow-Jones or Parke-Davis ratings. Jazz ecstasy!

We were then let down delightfully by a Venuti-McGarity violin duet on *Lady Be Good* with some fine four-bar exchanges. Then Sims joined Venuti for an *I Got Rhythm* that was anticlimactic only because of *Baby*. It had rhythm and everything else that makes one say, "Who could ask for anything more?" John Haley Sims is certainly the Jack of Heart.

Bob Wilber was another consistent delight throughout the weekend. On soprano he blends Sidney Bechet, Johnny Hodges, and the message of Bird. He even threw in a couple of Buddy DeFranco-like licks in a clarinet solo during *At the Jazz Band Ball*. In one set he blended his soprano with Caceres' baritone in *Rosetta*, *Poor Butterfly*, and Hoagy Carmichael's *New Orleans*.

Caceres, a sensitive player with a deep, mellow sound, goes at his own unruffled pace no matter what the tempo. Wilber also did a lilting two-clarinet version of *In a Little Spanish Town* with Matlock. Matlock, a gentle man, reflects his personality in his playing, but it is a gentility that also swings. On faster numbers his tone takes on an attractive, burry edge at times.

One of the standouts at the party was the versatile Toots Thielemans. Playing harmonica, he came on like a saxophone virtuoso in his performance—among others—of *I Can't Get Started*. He invested *Now's the Time* with all the swinging melancholy of a typical bebop blues—truly one of Bird's children. On Saturday afternoon, with Pizzarelli, Stein, Hinton, and Gubin, he ate high on the harmonica for *Strike Up the Band* and even interpolated *Bye, Bye, Blackbird* in *Sophisticated Lady*. He also offered the rock beat energies of his score for *Midnight Cowboy*. But the highlight of this set was the guitar duets with Pizzarelli: a *Moonlight on the Gangs* that opened for a chorus without the rhythm section and then pow!, and a gauzy *Nuages* with Thielemans reminis-



JACK BRADLEY

Jamming at Aspen, l. to r. Dick Hyman, Phil Woods, Jack Lesberg, Ernie Caceres, Cliff Leeman, Clark Terry, Kai Winding.

cing about Django Reinhardt. One listener nearby said, "You could see those clouds drifting by." The success of the set was due in no small part to Stein, who did his best work of the party here.

Woods, all the way from Paris, acquitted himself well whenever and wherever he appeared but especially in a set of his own with Winding, Hyman, Hinton, and Feld. Particularly noteworthy were Woods' feature, *Here's That Rainy Day*, and a rousing *Night in Tunisia*. When they opened with a medium-groove *All the Things You Are*, a listener could have thought he was at the Royal Roost in 1948, not Aspen in 1969. I haven't heard Winding as involved in playing jazz in a long time, though he did suffer by comparison in a two-tram recital with Fontana.

Hackett and Dickenson were substantial contributors but never more effectively than in a diversified Sunday outing which presented *Robbins' Nest*; *Jitterbug Waltz*; *Oh, By Jingo* (Dickenson's tricks with plunger); and *I May Be Wrong*. Hackett is one of the golden horns and, like Dickenson, one of the authentic individualists of the music.

The WGJB was in good form throughout but its most typically solid set came on Friday at the Red Onion, the night club where all the evening sessions were held. This is a band that must be caught in person to relish fully the flavor of the teamwork as it is happening. There was *South Rampart Street Parade*; *Savoy Blues* with its marvelous Butterfield-Fontana-McGarity trio; Freeman and Wilber on *Just One of Those Things*; Lawson and Butterfield, with and without plungers, on *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; Fontana and McGarity on *Sometimes I'm Happy*; Sutton's *Honky-Tonk Train*; Haggart and Johnson on *Big Noise from Winnetka*; and a *Muskrat Ramble* to top it off. It was a set to hear and to see.

The band also played on Saturday afternoon, without Freeman, who was tem-

porarily hors de combat. But the redoubtable Bud returned for a moving, crying solo on *Basin Street Blues*. And Sunday, on *That's A Plenty*, he showed again that he was one of the early avant-gardists, the Pharoah Sanders of the Austin High Gang.

The brass men of the WGJB distinguished themselves at various points along the way. McGarity was a street parade unto himself in a solo on *California, Here I Come* and effective on *Cutty*, a eulogic dirge written and performed by Hyman for the late Cutty Cutshall. Lawson's plunger seared on *Basin Street*, and the low-down groove he achieved on *Black and Blue* got one right in the gizzard. He and Butterfield did a *St. James Infirmary* in which they took turns as doctor and patient, growling with their plungers, and a *New Orleans* in which they appeared as Satchmo's sons. Billy also shone in a first-day set, combining with Johnson on *Rose Room* and Dickenson in *Swing That Music*. On Sunday he and Terry dueted on *Brotherhood of Man* at the end of Clark's featured set, which included *Mumbles* and a funky blues vocal.

Terry was in the middle of many good bands, one such on Saturday—black-tie night—with Cohn, Woods, Caceres, Wilber, Hyman, Ridley, and Gubin. Dizzy Gillespie's *Ow* found Wilber bopping, Terry on hot fluegelhorn, funky Phil, and inspired Al. Clark was constantly setting riffs to augment the solos: *Bottoms Up* in back of Wilber; *Fuller Bop Man* behind Woods.

Cohn had knocked entrepreneur Gibson out so much in a Friday evening performance that he gave him a special spot. in front of the Teddy Wilson Trio (Hinton and drummer Bert Dahlander, now an Aspen resident, who was sitting in) and the tenorist responded with his great melodic and harmonic continuity and drive on *It Had to Be You* and *Fine and Dandy*. Wilson's trio set that preceded Cohn was one of three outings that were never less than

good. There was one with Lesberg and Leeman in which he scored with *Shiny Stockings* and a deftly swift *Honeysuckle Rose* with Leeman brushing him on.

In another set with Wilson, Leeman limped badly through a flying *Sweet Georgia Brown*. He and Feld were inconsistent over the weekend, either very good or below par. Gus Johnson, on the other hand, was always superb. He is one of the very best drummers in jazz. Gubin, usually cast in a New York studio role, showed from the very first set of the party that he is a steady, consistently swinging, model drummer.

The pianists, especially McKenna, and the bassists worked hard, long and well all weekend. On Saturday evening there were special sets devoted to each instrument. Lesberg and Johnson backed the pianists, except Sutton, who explored the lovely passing chords and impressionist harmonies of Bix Beiderbecke's *In the Dark* unaccompanied. Hyman played an out-of-tempo, then straight-ahead *Thou Swell*; Stein did a Young-Holt thing; and McKenna attacked the blues with big, full chords.

The basses broke up into teams, each backed by Hyman and Gubin. Haggart and Lesberg delineated *You Make Me Feel So Young* while Hinton and Ridley whizzed *Fascinatin' Rhythm*.

If a lot has been left out in this account, it is because there was too much to put in. Aspen '69 was a long-distance event and much endurance was needed. But when the music was popping, one found new energy. I had heard about these affairs for years and it was worth waiting for. I won't forget the music or the long morning swims in the Jerome pool, breathing that rarefied air. Until next time, I leave the tranquil mountain spot to the skiers and that community within a community whom you find sitting in cars, lounging in bars or just hanging out on street corners—the myriad dogs of Aspen.



HOLIDAY RECORD SHOPPING GUIDE

CURRENT INSTRUMENTAL:

Cannonball Adderley: Accent on Africa, Capitol ST 2987
Gary Bartz: Another Earth, Milestone 9018
Ran Blake: The Blue Potato, Milestone 9021
Paul Bley: Mr. Joy, Limelight 86860
Randy Brecker: Score, Solid State 18051
Kenny Burrell: Night Song, Verve 68751
Gary Burton: Country Roads, RCA Victor LSP 4098; Throb, Atlantic SD 1531
Billy Butler: This Is, Prestige 7622
Jaki Byard: Experience, Prestige 7615
Don Cherry: Where Is Brooklyn?, Blue Note 84311
Ornette Coleman: New York Is Now, Blue Note 84287; Ornette At 12, Impulse 9178
Chic Corea: Now He Sings, Now He Sobs, Solid State 18039
Kenny Cox: Introducing, Blue Note 84302
Sonny Criss: Rockin' In Rhythm, Prestige 7610
Miles Davis: Filles de Kilimanjaro, Columbia CS 9750
Jack DeJohnette: Complex, Milestone 9022
Paul Desmond: Summertime, A&M 3015
Booker Ervin: Heavy!, Prestige 7499
Bill Evans: Live At Montreux, Verve 68762
Stan Getz: Didn't We, Verve 68780
Dexter Gordon: The Tower Of Power, Prestige 7623
Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson: This Is Our Bag, Project 3 PR 5034
Herbie Hancock: Speak Like a Child, Blue Note 84279
Barry Harris: Bull's Eye, Prestige 7600
Eddie Harris: Silver Cycles, Atlantic SD 1517
Joe Henderson: Tetragon, Milestone 9017
Andrew Hill: Grass Roots, Blue Note 84303
Earl Hines: Blows Best, Decca 75048
Art Hodes: Bucket's Got A Hole In It, Delmark 211
Bobby Hutcherson: Total Eclipse, Blue Note 84291
Joseph Jarman: As If It were The Seasons, Delmark 417
Elvin Jones: The Ultimate, Blue Note 84305
Roland Kirk: Left And Right, Atlantic SD 1518
Eric Kloss: In The Land Of The Giants, Prestige 7627
Yusef Lateef: Detroit, Atlantic SD 1525
Pat Martino: Baiyina, Prestige 7589
Jackie McLean: 'Bout Soul, Blue Note 84284
Roscoe Mitchell: Congliptious, Nessa 2
Modern Jazz Quartet: Under The Jasmin Tree, Apple ST 3353
Wes Montgomery: Road Song, A&M 3012
James Moody: Don't Look Away Now, Prestige 7625
Lee Morgan: Caramba, Blue Note 84289
Oscar Peterson: Great, Prestige 7620; Soul-Oh!, Prestige 7595
Jean-Luc Ponty: More Than Meets The Ear, Pacific Jazz 20134
Max Roach: Members, Don't Get Weary, Atlantic SD 1510
Pharoah Sanders: Tauhid, Impulse 9138
Archie Shepp: Way Ahead, Impulse 9170

Wayne Shorter: Schizophrenia, Blue Note 84297
Honore Silver: Serenade To A Soul Sister, Blue Note 84277
Jimmy Smith: The Boss, Verve 68770
Johnny Smith: Phase II, Verve 68767
Bobby Timmons: Do You Know The Way, Milestone 9020
McCoy Tyner: Time For, Blue Note 84307
World's Greatest Jazzband: Extra!, Project 3 PR 5309

CURRENT BIG BAND:

Count Basie: Standing Ovation, Dot 25938
Bobby Bryant: Earth Dance, Pacific Jazz 20154
Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland: Fire, Heat, Soul & Guts, Prestige 7634
Duke Ellington: And His Mother Called Him Bill, RCA Victor LSP 3906
Don Ellis: Autumn, Columbia CS 9721; Goes Underground, Columbia CS 9889
Clare Fischer: Thesaurus, Atlantic SD 1520
Woody Herman: Light My Fire, Cadet 819
Quincy Jones: Walking In Space, A&M 3023
Thad Jones-Mel Lewis: Monday Night, Solid State 18048; Central Park North, Solid State 18058
Gary McFarland: America The Beautiful, Skye 8
Duke Pearson: Now Hear This, Blue Note 84308
Buddy Rich: Mercy, Mercy, Pacific Jazz 20133; Buddy And Soul, Pacific Jazz 20158
Gerald Wilson: Eternal Equinox, Pacific Jazz 20160

BLUES

Big Bill Broonzy: Epic 22017
Big Boy Crudup: Delmark 614
Sleepy John Estes: 1929-40, RBF 8; Brownsville Blues, Delmark 613
John Lee Hooker: Real Blues, Chess 1508
Lightnin' Hopkins: Greatest Hits, Prestige 7592; California Mudslide, Vault 129
Son House: Father of Folk Blues, Columbia CS 9217
J. B. Hutto: Hawk Squat, Delmark 617
Blind Lemon Jefferson: Milestone 2004
B. B. King: Live at the Regal, ABC 509; Live and Well, BluesWay 6031
Magic Sam: West Side Soul, Delmark 615
Mississippi Monners: 1927-42, Yazoo 1009
Ma Rainey: The Immortal, Milestone 2001; Blues the World Forgot, Biograph 12001
Jimmy Rushing: Listen to the Blues, Vanguard 73007
Bessie Smith: Story, Vols. 1-4, Columbia CL 855-58
Super Blues: Checker 3008
Joe Turner: Boss of the Blues, Atlantic 1234
T-Bone Walker: Funky Town, BluesWay 6014
Muddy Waters: Best, Chess 1427
Junior Wells: Delmark 612
Howlin' Wolf: Moanin' in the Moonlight, Chess 1434

SOUL/R&B:

James Brown: Say It Loud, King 5/1047
Booker T & the MGs: Best, Atlantic 8202
Chambers Brothers: New Time, New Day, Columbia CS 9671
Ray Charles: Portrait, ABC Paramount ABC 625
Fats Domino: Is Back, Reprise 6304
Aretha Franklin: Soul '69, Atlantic 8212
Otis Redding: History, Atco S 33-290
Ike and Tina Turner: Greatest Hits, Warner Brothers 1810

ROCK:


Beatles: Abbey Road, Apple 383
Blood, Sweat & Tears: Columbia CS 9720
Bonzo Dog Band: Urban Spaceman, Imperial 12432
Butterfield Blues Band: Keep On Moving, Elektra 74053
Crosby, Stills & Nash: Atlantic 8229
Fourth Way: Capitol ST 317
Jimi Hendrix: Smash Hits, Reprise 2025
Jefferson Airplane: Bless Its Little Pointed Head, RCA Victor LSP 4133
Jethro Tull: This Was, Reprise 6336
Kaleidoscope: Incredible, Epic BN 26467
Lighthouse: RCA Victor LSP 4173
Steve Miller: Brave New World, Capitol SKAO 184
Mothers of Invention: Uncle Meat, Bizarre 2MS 2024
John Mayall: Turning Point, Polydor 244004
Pentangle: Sweet Child, Reprise 6334
Procul Harum: Salty Dog, A&M 4179
Quicksilver Messenger Service: Happy Trails, Capitol ST 120
Rolling Stones: Through the Past Darkly, London NPS 3
Traffic: Last Exit, United Artists 6702
West: Bridges, Epic BN 26433
Who: Tommy, Decca DXSW 7205

JAZZ CLASSICS/BASICS:

Louis Armstrong: Story (1925-30), Columbia CL 851-54 (4 records); V.S.O.P., Epic 22019; Rare Batch of Satch, Victor LPM 2322; Autobiography, Decca DX-155 (4-record set); Rare Items, Decca 9225
Count Basie: Best, Decca DX 170 (2-record set); In London, Verve 68199
Sidney Bechet: Blue Bechet, Victor LPV 535; Sidney Bechet, Blue Note 81201-02
Bix Beiderbecke: Story, Columbia CL 844-46 (3 records); Legend, Victor LPM 2323
Bunny Berigan: Victor LPM 2078
Art Blakey: Night At Birdland, Blue Note 81521-22
Clifford Brown: Memorial, Blue Note 81526; Study in Brown, Mercury 36037
Dave Brubeck: At College of Pacific, Fantasy 8078
Don Byas: In Paris, Prestige 7589
Benny Carter: 1933, Prestige 7643; Further Definitions, Impulse 12
Don Cherry: Symphony for Improvisers, Blue Note 84247
Charlie Christian: Story, Columbia CL 652; Charlie Christian, Arch. of Folk Music 219
Ornette Coleman: Change of the Century, Atlantic 1327; At the Golden Circle, Blue Note 84224-25

- John Coltrane:** Blue Train, Blue Note 81577; Giant Steps, Atlantic 1311; Live at Village Vanguard, Impulse 10; Impressions, Impulse 42; Love Supreme, Impulse 77; Ascension, Impulse 95
- Miles Davis:** Birth Of Cool, Capitol DT-1974; Modern Jazz Giants, Prestige 7150; Cookin', Prestige 7094; Greatest Hits, Columbia CS 9808; Kind of Blue, Columbia CS 8163; Milestones, Columbia CS 9428
- Johnny Dodds:** Victor LPV 558
- Eric Dolphy:** Outward Bound, Prestige 7311; Out to Lunch, Blue Note 84163
- Duke Ellington:** Ellington Era, Vol. 1, Columbia C3L27; Vol. 2, C3L39 (3-record sets); Daybreak Express, Victor LPV 506; In A Mellotone, Victor LPM 1364; Uptown, Columbia CL 830; Side by Side, Verve 68345; First Time (w/Basie), Columbia CS 8515; Far East Suite, Victor LSP 3782
- Booker Ervin:** The Space Book, Prestige 7386
- Bill Evans:** At Village Vanguard, Riverside 3006; Undercurrent, Solid State 18018; At Town Hall, Verve 68683
- Gil Evans:** Out of the Cool, Impulse 4
- Ella Fitzgerald:** Ella&Basie, Verve 64061
- Bud Freeman:** United Artists 15033
- Erroll Garner:** Concert by the Sea, Columbia CL 883; Now Playing, MGM 4335
- Stan Getz:** Greatest Hits, Prestige 7337; At Storyville, Roost 2209; At Opera House (w/J. J. Johnson), Verve 68490
- Dizzy Gillespie:** Groovin' High, Savoy 12020; Dizzy Gillespie, Victor LPV 530; Soul Mates (w/Roy Eldridge), VSP 28; Portrait of Ellington, Verve 68386
- Jimmy Giuffre:** Three, Atlantic 1254
- Benny Goodman:** Small Groups, Victor LPV 521; Carnegie Hall Concert, Columbia OSL-160 (2-record set); Trio-Quartet-Quintet, Victor LPM 1226
- Edmond Hall:** Celestial Express (w/Charlie Christian), Blue Note 6505
- Lionel Hampton:** Swing Classics, Victor LPM 2381; Original Star Dust, Decca 74194
- Herbie Hancock:** Maiden Voyage, Blue Note 84195
- Hampton Hawes:** Trio, Contemporary 3505
- Coleman Hawkins:** Body and Soul, Victor LPV 501; Jazz Pioneers, Prestige 7647; Meditations, Mainstream 6037; Today and Now, Impulse 34
- Fletcher Henderson:** Vols. 1&2, Decca 79227-28; Big Bands, 1933 (w/Ellington), Prestige 7645
- Woody Herman:** The Thundering Herds, Columbia C3L25 (3-record set); Hits, Capitol DT-1554
- Earl Hines:** Hines Rhythm, Epic 22021; South Side Swing, Decca 79221; In Concert, Focus 335; Grand Reunion, Lime-light 86028
- Art Hodes:** The Funky Piano Of, Blue Note 6502
- Johnny Hodges:** Hodge Podge, Epic 22001; Things Ain't . . . , Victor LPV 533; Blue Pyramid, Verve 68635
- Billie Holiday:** Golden Years, Vol. 1, Columbia C3L21; Vol. 2, C3L40 (3-record sets); Story, Decca DXS-7161 (2-record set); Billie Holiday, Mainstream 6000; Solitude, Verve 68074; Lady In Satin, Columbia CS 8048
- Freddie Hubbard:** Breaking Point, Blue Note 84172
- Milt Jackson:** Blue Note 81509; Plenty, Plenty Soul, Atlantic 1269
- Illinois Jacquet:** Bottoms Up, Prestige 7575
- Ahmad Jamal:** At the Pershing, Cadet 628
- Bunk Johnson:** Good Time Jazz 12048
- James P. Johnson:** Columbia CL 1780; New York Jazz, Stinson 21
- J. J. Johnson:** The Eminent, Blue Note 81506-07
- Sian Kenton:** Artistry in Rhythm, Capitol DT-167; Cuban Fire, Capitol T-731; Deluxe Set, Capitol STCL-2989 (3 records)
- Lee Konitz:** Subconscious-Lee, Prestige 7250; Duets, Milestone 9013
- Gene Krupa:** Drumm'n' Man, Columbia C2L29 (2-record set)
- George Lewis:** Blue Note 81208
- John Lewis:** Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West, Pacific Jazz 20144
- Jimmie Lunceford:** Vols. 1&2, Decca 79237-38
- Shelley Manne:** 2, 3, 4, Impulse 20
- Jackie McLean:** A Fickle Sonance, Blue Note 84089
- Carmen McRae:** Yesterdays, Harmony 11252; Portrait, Atlantic 8165
- Jay McShann:** New York—1208 Miles (w/Charlie Parker), Decca 79236
- Charlie Mingus:** Pithecanthropus Erectus, Atlantic 1237; Tijuana Moods, Victor LSP 2533; Mingus Ah Um, Columbia CS 8171; Black Saint&Sinner Lady, Impulse 35
- Modern Jazz Quartet:** Classics, Prestige 7425; Fontessa, Atlantic 1231; European Concert, Atlantic 1385-86 (2-record set)
- Thelonious Monk:** Vols. 1&2, Blue Note 81510-11; Plays Duke, Riverside 3015; Monk's Music, Riverside 3004; Solo Monk, Columbia CS 9149; Greatest Hits, Columbia CS 9775
- Wes Montgomery:** March 6, 1925-June 15, 1968, Riverside 3036; This Is, Riverside 3012; Willow Weep For Me, Verve 68765
- Jelly Roll Morton:** King of New Orleans Jazz, Victor LPM 1649; Stomps&Joys, Victor LPV 508; I Thought I Heard . . . , Victor LPV 559
- Gerry Mulligan:** Timeless (w/Chet Baker), Pacific Jazz 20146; Jeru, Odyssey 32160290; At the Village Vanguard, Verve 68396
- Fats Navarro:** Nostalgia, Savoy 12133; Good Bait, Riverside 3019
- Red Nichols:** Story, Brunswick 54047
- Jimmie Noone:** At Apex Club (w/Hines), Decca 79235
- Red Norvo:** Epic 22009; Move, Savoy 12088
- Anita O'Day:** Sings the Winners, Verve 68485
- Original Dixieland Jazz Band:** Victor LPV 547
- Charlie Parker:** Greatest Recording Session, Savoy 12079; Bird at St. Nicks, Fantasy 6012; Bird&Diz, Verve 68006; April In Paris, Verve 68008; Now's the Time, Verve 68005; Swedish Schnapps, Verve 68010
- Bud Powell:** The Amazing, Vols. 1&2, Blue Note 81503-04
- Django Reinhardt:** First Recordings, Prestige 7614; Best of, Capitol T-10457-58 (2-record set); And American Jazz Giants, Prestige 7633
- Buddy Rich:** At JATP, VSP 34
- Max Roach:** Best of Roach&Brown, GNP 18; Drums Unlimited, Atlantic 1467
- Sonny Rollins:** Three Giants (w/Brown&Roach), Prestige 7291; Worktime, Prestige 7264; Saxophone Colossus, Prestige 7326; Way Out West, Contemporary 7530
- George Russell:** Sextet, Riverside 3043; Jazz For Space Age, Decca 79219
- Pee Wee Russell:** Ask Me Now, Impulse 96
- Horace Silver:** Blowin' the Blues Away, Blue Note 84017; Horace-Scope, Blue Note 84042
- Jabbo Smith:** Trumpet Acc, Melodisc 7326-27. (2 records)
- Jimmy Smith:** New Sound, Blue Note 81515; Midnight Special, Blue Note 84078
- Johnny Smith:** Moonlight In Vermont (w/Getz, etc.), Roost 2251
- Willie The Lion Smith:** Memoirs, Victor LSP 6016 (2-record-set)
- Muggsy Spanier:** The Great 16, Victor LPM 1295
- Sonny Stitt:** Burnin', Cadet 661
- Art Tatum:** Decca 8715; Here's Art, Brunswick 54004; Genius Of, Verve 68036-37; Piano Starts Here, Columbia CS 9655
- Cecil Taylor:** Looking Ahead, Contemporary 7562; Unit Structures, Blue Note 84237
- Jack Teagarden:** Victor LPV 528; The Golden Horn Of, Decca 74540
- Clark Terry:** Tonight, Mainstream 6043
- Lennie Tristano:** The New, Atlantic 1357
- Joe Venuti:** Stringin' the Blues (w/Ed Lang), Columbia C2L24 (2-record set)
- Fats Waller:** '34-35, Victor LPV 516; Valentine Stomp, Victor LPV 525; Fractious Fingering, Victor LPV 537
- Dinah Washington:** Dinah Jams, Mercury 36000
- Chick Webb:** Vols. 1&2, Decca 79222-23
- Dickie Wells:** In Paris, 1937, Prestige 7593
- Lee Wiley:** Sings Rodgers&Hart&Harold Arlen, Monmouth-Evergreen 6807
- Mary Lou Williams:** Stinson 24
- Lester Young:** Kansas City Six, Mainstream 6012; Blue Lester, Savoy 12068; At His Very Best, Emarcy 66010

JAZZ COLLECTIONS & ANTHOLOGIES:

- Big Bands Uptown,** Decca 79242
- Chicagoans** (Teschemacher, etc.), Decca 79231
- Encyclopedia of Jazz,** Decca DXS-7140 (4-record set)
- Jazz, Vols. 1-11,** Folkways 2801-11
- Jazz at Massey Hall** (Parker, Gillespie, Powell), Fantasy 86003
- Jazz Odyssey: Vol. 1** (New Orleans), Columbia C3L30; **Vol. 2** (Chicago), C3L32; **Vol. 3** (Harlem), C3L33 (all 3-record sets)
- New Wave,** Impulse 90
- Panassie Sessions** (1939), Victor LPV 542
- Swing 1946,** Prestige 7604
- Swing Classics,** Prestige 7646
- Territory Bands, 1929-33,** Historical 24; 1926-31, Historical 26
- Three Decades of Jazz: 1939-49,** Blue Note 89902; 1949-59, 89903; 1959-69, 89904 (all 2-record sets) 

Record Reviews

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

Gunter Hampel

THE 8TH OF JULY 1969—Birth NJ 001: *We Move*; *Morning Song*; *Crepuscule*; *The 8th Of July* 1969.

Personnel: Anthony Braxton, soprano and alto saxophones, contrabass clarinet; Willem Breuker, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, bass clarinet; Hampel, bass clarinet, vibraphone, piano; Arien Gorter, bass, bass guitar; Steve McCall, drums; Jeanne Lee, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This record is a welcome surprise. My previous impression of Hampel's music, based on the album he made with Marion Brown (*Gesprachsetzen*), was unfavorable. His music seemed like a pretentious attempt to incorporate into jazz the sonorities and methods of the European classical avant garde. And Anthony Braxton, the principal soloist here, had become involved, I felt, in the American equivalent of such affectation, squandering his considerable gifts.

Well, this time it all works. Hampel, while still not a notable soloist, organizes these performances with a natural flair—solo cadenzas and ensemble passages alternate with a conciseness that leaves no empty spots—and Braxton once again plays with the gorgeous lyricism that marked his earlier efforts.

I think that Hampel's music sounds good to me now, as it didn't before, for several reasons. First, his partnership with Brown was an oil-and-water mixture—an unsuccessful combination of a spontaneous melodist with a flowing sense of time (Brown) and a self-conscious manipulator of sonorities who hears rhythm in disjunct units (Hampel). Secondly, the two major pieces here, *Morning Song* and *Crepuscule*, have impressionistic aims which are sometimes quite literal (the harbor sounds on the latter) but generally less specific (the bright harmonic color and the pattern of rising expectation on the former). This impressionism helps dispel the mechanical quality which was so oppressive in Hampel's efforts with Brown—it's as if light and air were finally entering a boarded-up house.

In Braxton's case, the reason for success may simply be a release from the pressures of being a leader-composer. Whatever, he is excellent throughout—his round, rich sound on alto and his predilection for melodic lines that spiral upwards make his solos sound like lyrical fanfares proclaiming some impossibly joyous event.

The other horn player, Dutch reedman Willem Breuker, is Hampel's regular partner and the first European avant-gardist (aside from John Tchicai) who sounds convincing to me. He is an exceptional technician, probably the most skilled bass clarinetist since Eric Dolphy, and he is able to get unique sounds from the tenor

saxophone (a huge foghorn effect and a precise high-register scream). But what really makes him interesting is that his music, while unquestionably jazz, is also totally European. His tenor solo on *Crepuscule* seems to play quite consciously with the relation between man and machine—beginning with the foghorn effect, his playing rises to a lonely human cry and then evolves into a complex imitation of electronic sounds. The emotion behind such a procedure seems most European—akin to those forlorn human figures who wander through factories and housing projects in Antonioni's films. It is a rather self-consciously grim corner of experience, but Breuker makes it seem necessary and genuine.

Jeanne Lee contributes a great deal to these performances and she also may be responsible for humanizing Hampel's music. Her wordless vocalizing on *Morning Song* and *Crepuscule* is more interesting than her manipulations of words on *We Move*. On the former, she improvises melodies that really swing, and, in this context, they are pleasantly reminiscent of Sarah Vaughan's *Shulie-a-Bop*. On the latter, she abandons melody altogether and offers a montage of natural vocal sounds—hisses, tongue-clucks, purrs, hums, and chortles—that I found quite moving. It's as if she were whispering intimately into your ear, and, though this sounds like mere novelty, the performance remains fascinating under repeated listening.

Steve McCall is one of the best drummers around, and, on *Crepuscule*, he brings off a drum solo that is similar to Miss Lee's vocal—he gets "natural" sounds from the drums (brushes scraping on the snare, wooshing effects on the cymbals) and makes them into a tightly constructed virtuoso performance. The charm of his efforts and Miss Lee's probably comes from the pleasure of hearing order imposed on material previously felt to be trivial or chaotic.

The album is superbly recorded (the balance between Miss Lee and the ensemble is perfect) and handsomely packaged. It can be obtained from G. Hampel, Postcheckkonto 239233, Hannover, West Germany.

—Kart

Paul Horn

INSIDE—Epic 26466: *Prologue/Inside*; *Mantra I/Meditation*; *Mumtaz Mahal*; *Unity*; *Agra*; *Vibrations*; *Akasha*; *Jumna*; *Shah Jahan*; *Mantra II/Duality*; *Ustad Isa/Mantra III*.

Personnel: Horn, alto flute; unidentified Indian singers.

No Rating

This album came about when Horn was given permission to play and record inside the Taj Mahal. It was, apparently, a pro-

found experience for Horn, enhanced by the incredibly pure acoustics of the hall and the natural echo chamber of its dome.

As a testimonial to that experience, the album is impressive. Horn was clearly in awe; four of the five solo flute tracks consist of simple lines played off against their own echoes. The lines are simple—simple-minded, almost. The only exception is *Akasha*, which begins like all the others but moves to a gay improvisation including the only rhythmically-oriented playing on the album before it settles back into a slow, religiously melancholy conclusion.

But that cut and Horn's two duets with the anonymous Indian holy singers (*Unity*, *Mantra III*) provide the sole strictly musical interest on the album. (The vocal solos without flute—tracks 2, 4, 6, and 8—are pleasing, but more of a direct expression of homage than a transformation of religious emotions into a work of art.)

It's a nice record to meditate to, and it's probably very groovy alone-stoned-and-at-peace-with-yourself companionship. It's certainly unsusceptible of criticism, however. As a vehicle for introspection it may be useful, but it doesn't stand alone as music.

—Heineman

Eric Kloss

IN THE LAND OF THE GIANTS—Prestige 7627: *Summertime*; *So What*; *Sock It to Me*; *Socrates*; *When Two Lovers Touch*; *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*.

Personnel: Kloss, alto saxophone; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A first-rate blowing session. Lots of room for five fine players, with no one, including the leader, hogging the limelight. Prestige is gloriously lucky to have a rhythm section like this nonpareil one available (Lady Luck's name, in this case, is Don Schlitten.—Ed.), and while neither of the reedmen is of the absolutely highest rank, neither is far behind, either. Kloss in particular has genuinely come of age; his earlier recordings were brimful of the promise engendered by youthful fire, but here the 20-year-old plays not like a man but as one.

Here's the thing: all the solos are at least interesting. But every time you listen behind the solos, *everybody* is doing *exactly* the right thing. Dawson is often termed a drummer's drummer; more to the point, he's a soloist's drummer: enough energy and tension to sustain a cat out front, enough empathy for a whole T-group, enough taste to obtrude only when a second solo voice is called for. About Davis nothing need be said. Nor about Byard, except that he has perhaps the most individual harmonic ear of any pianist playing chordally-based jazz.

Summertime has a really interesting set-

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ting. Byard states the melody in a Hinesish slow-stride style. Davis enters, walking fast, to introduce Kloss' strong, lyrical solo; Dawson comes in for the last eight bars of the first chorus. Ervin's intentionally nervous, edgy, tough solo is immeasurably aided by Byard's sharp, dissonant punctuation.

Kloss is memorable on *So What*—he pays attention to the over-all structure of his solo, but within that form evokes moods ranging from tough to tender, and integrates some free, angry squeals (which Byard practically levitates with his chording) into generally harmonic reading. Toward the end, Kloss gets off some marvelous slurs and slides.

Socrates is a predictable rockish backbeat riff, with, however, a not so predictable modulation. Nice, economical solos from Kloss, Ervin, Byard and Davis. *Lovers* is gently Latin. Kloss plays lyrically, but always with bite—no self-indulgent Romantic he. Byard sticks exclusively to chords, laying down deceptively complex, rich patterns in the middle and upper registers, mostly. Kloss again: a slightly warmer approach, ending with some perfect trills.

It takes balls for an altoist to attempt *Things*, but Kloss, undaunted, called a superfast tempo (maybe wisely; few swing like Hodges at medium-up) and acquits himself with drive, taste, and a fine sense of pacing. Ervin picks up the leader's concluding slur perfectly to enter, and gets off his best playing of the date—along with that on *Summertime*—before he and Kloss alternate trading fours with Dawson. Then Ervin and Kloss lock horns in some booting exchanges reminiscent of Ervin's powerful, exciting duets with John Handy in the Mingus bands of the early '60s. Toward the close, Kloss plays one gorgeously satirical, sardonic phrase.

This album represents the cream of what post-bop has to offer. When a strong, original player like Ervin is a session's weakest link, it must be saying something. Look out for Eric Kloss! —Heineman

John Littlejohn

CHICAGO BLUES STARS—Archaic, 10-13: *What In The World You Goin' To Do*; *Treat Me Wrong*; *Catfish Blues*; *Kiddeo*; *Slidin' Home*; *Dream*; *Reelin' and Rockin'*; *Been Around The World*; *Shake Your Money Maker*.

Personnel: Robert Pulliam, Willie Young, tenor saxophones; Littlejohn, vocals, solo guitar; Monroe Jones Jr., rhythm guitar; Alvin Nichols, bass; Booker Sidgrave, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Driftin' Slim

SOMEBODY HOO-DOO'D THE HOO-DOO MAN—Milestone 93004: *Jackson Blues*; *How Many More Years*; *Hoo-Do Man Blues*; *Mama Blues*; *Standing Around Crying*; *Give An Account*; *Jack O'Diamonds*; *My Little Machine*; *Mama Don't Tear My Clothes*; *This World Is None Of My Home*; *A Dip of Snuff* and a *Narrow Escape*; *Till I Got Sixteen*; *Christine Blues*; *Jonah*; *I'm Hunting Somebody*.

Personnel: Tracks 1,3,6,9,13: Slim (Elmon Mickle), vocals, harmonica; Jack Wall, electric guitar; Ike Parker, electric bass; Guy Jones, drums. All other tracks: Slim, vocals, harmonica, unamplified guitar, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The Littlejohn record ought to be better, especially as it is his first and he is a very good singer and guitarist. The band needs a piano as a unifying element, and nearly all the tracks need to be edited by a chorus or two—maybe a couple more songs could

have been included.

Littlejohn, a long-time old pro, is an extremely eclectic performer who has taken stylistic qualities from every post-1950 singer and guitarist imaginable. The instrumental track *Slidin'* uses Elmore James, *What In The World* uses the omnipresent B.B. King, etc. guitar style, *Catfish* uses Muddy Waters circa 1951, and *Kiddeo* is, sure enough, the Brook Benton vehicle, though Littlejohn does it better. He performs well in all of these styles, displaying very skillful, even imaginative, guitar playing without making a distinct personal impression.

There are three very fine guitar choruses in *Reelin'*, and his much-vaunted slide guitar work is fine in *Slidin'* and *Shake*. *What In The World* should have been the hit of the set, with tough guitar, moaning sax, and strong words:

It makes me feel so bad when my poor children's crying for bread.

Sometimes it makes me wonder if a poor man ain't better off dead.

At one point, Littlejohn fluffs the changes and at another the words, thus effectively breaking the necessary concentration. But the very sound of the band, the guitar (with or without the bottleneck), and Littlejohn's good singing voice ought to be enough to send any dedicated contemporary Chicago blues admirer into instant shouts of delight. *Dream*, another slow blues, almost makes it on the high level that *What In The World* started out on, and thus is my own favorite track.

Driftin' Slim is a Sonny Boy Williamson advocate—John Lee, the first Sonny Boy—who plays traditional Mississippi harmonica and guitar and sings in a quiet voice. The five band tracks all sound tough and together (even *Christine*, a nod at the hit market, comes off dandy), guitarist Wall working alertly and intelligently behind the interesting harmonica lines.

The one-man band items are another matter: the drums are unnecessary, but the guitar is complex and forceful, making the rhythm with great energy (*Hunting*) or else complementing the harmonica and vocal lines with detailed, dense lines and broken rhythms (as in *Sixteen*). The one-man band set-up is more than a trick; it is an effective setting for good singing and a classic harmonica style.

The real pleasure of this LP is the variety of material. The quartet tracks are echoes of the mid-50's blues idiom, but *Jackson* and *Tear My Clothes* sound like old jump tunes translated into modern style, this aside from the former's sweet singing and the latter's exuberance. There are a well-done *Jack* and a not-so-hot double entendre song to appeal to the kids, and a very good spiritual, *Jonah*, and *Mama Blues*, a cute harmonica show-off routine. Most interesting are the autobiographical *This World*, *Dip of Snuff* and *Sixteen*. *Dip of Snuff* is a plain-spoken conversational narrative which in *Sixteen* becomes a song—a unique, intimate look at a blues creator at work. The guitar work here is especially rewarding.

Not a great LP by any means, but a well-programmed, entertaining collection of classic-period black blues and folk music to warm you these cold nights. —Litweiler

Gary McFarland

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL—Skye SK-8: *On This Site Shall Be Erected*; *80 Miles an Hour through Beer Can Country*; *Suburbia—Two Poodles and a Plastic Jesus*; *If I'm Elected*; *Last Rites for the Promised Land*; *Due to a Lack of Interest, Tomorrow Has Been Cancelled*.

Collective personnel: Marvin Stamm, Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Richard Williams, Bernie Glow, Randy Brecker, trumpets; flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Ray Alonge, Jim Buffington, Earl Chapin, French horns; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, Wally Caine, Danny Bank, Ray Beckenstein, Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, reeds; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Eric Gayle, guitar; Jerry Jemmot, Chuck Rainey, bass; Bill Lavorgna, Bernard Purdie, drums; Warren Smith, percussion; Gene Orloff, David Naden, Aaron Rosand, violins; Al Brown, viola; George Ricci, Harvey Shapiro, cello; McFarland, conductor-composer.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

First, let it be understood that this album's title is meant to be sardonic. Second, let it be known that this is a compositional effort that succeeds without reservation in its obviously programmatic portrayal of certain aspects of our society.

McFarland has infused his work with just the right amount of musical humor (any more would have been frivolous), tempered with soberingly dissonant voicings and judiciously juxtaposed moods of the pastoral/calm and the chaotic/frantic. It is music that must be listened to without distraction, for the quick and often subtle shifts of mood and changes in orchestral color cannot be appreciated out of the total context.

McFarland is primarily a colorist and melodist, and this work clearly reveals his mastery of those two elements of composition/orchestration. His is also a light-handed and hearted approach, which makes it possible for him to compose the mawkish, drunken-sailor-reeling theme of *Elected*, the macabre boogie-woogie figure used in *Interest*, and, on the other side of the humor world, a delightful satire of Henry Mancini's style for *Suburbia*.

The musicians play McFarland's scores without serious mishap (the writing can be difficult to play) and with more than a little understanding and enthusiasm. Cellist Ricci is especially effective in written solos, and guitarist Gayle in improvised ones (wine and wail with Eric Gayle.) Richardson also turns in a notable performance on *Elected*, as does flugelhornist Young on the somber *Last Rites*. Nor should drummers Purdie and Lavorgna be left unmentioned for their large contribution to the vitality of the performances.

The level of interpretation combined with that of the composition makes this an album of importance. —DeMicheal

Phil Moore, Jr.

RIGHT ON—Atlantic S-1530: *Nappy Head Child*; *Right On*; *You Shaved Me*; *I Get the Sweetest Feeling*; *Hog Call*; *A Now Thing*; *Workin' On a Groovy Thing*; *Funky Canyon*; *Hold Me Now*; *Ain't No Mountain High Enough*.

Personnel: Moore, Melodica, clavinet (both amplified), piano, electric piano; Clarence McDonald, piano, electric piano; Matt Hutcherson, vibraphone (tracks 3,8,10); Steve Kahn, guitar; Wilton Felder, bass; Andre Fischer (tracks 3,8,10) or Nesbert Hooper Jr., drums; Ed Jones, conga, tambourine; Andrea Martin, Gloria Smith, Blondet Jones, vocal backgrounds.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

I listened to this once, then shoved it to the back of my review stack; when it worked its way to the fore, I thought I'd dismiss it glibly as yet another failed jazz-rock fusion, another instance of a jazz player corrupting his integrity in the serv-

ice of Mammon.

One reason was the absence of any worthwhile solos. True enough. But on further auditions, what became obvious was that the focus of the session was the arrangements and voicings, not the virtuosity of the players. (This despite a lot of sententious b.s. on the liner, attributed to Moore, about how much his Melodica playing is influenced by Coltrane.) Moore has his old man's arranging talent; many of the tracks have real bite to them. I have not heard this sound before, despite the relatively orthodox instrumentation, and there's the distinct illusion in some spots that one is listening to a big band. It is not a startlingly new sound—as my first response shows—but a subtly new one.

Some of the best cuts: *Nappy*, a happy chart with full texture and an intelligent blending of the girls' voices into it. Moore uses the Melodica to weave lines around and through the arrangement; he almost breaks loose as a distinct solo voice in a couple of places, but not quite. The title track is well-named: it moves right on.

Hog Call, rockish like most of the tracks, is climaxed by a false fade and a reprise of the head at a slightly faster tempo, with a different setting on the electric piano. (Probably McDonald plays electric piano at the original tempo, and Moore on the reprise.) Kahn shows sensitivity and originality in his counterpoint lines and fills.

Hold Me is an attractively wistful piece, and *Mountain* is played hard and effectively. Virtually the only write-off is *Canyon*, which is terribly similar to *Ode to Billy Joe* and has the most lackluster setting on the date.

The only first-rate solo is Moore's Melodica excursion on *Now Thing*. The comparison to Coltrane is most believable here; Moore runs through some interesting changes, and on the out chorus, his phrasing is a great deal like 'Trane's, especially at the beginnings of figures. Apart from that, as indicated, Moore's playing is competent and certainly complementary, but scarcely memorable.

—Heinemann

Now Creative Arts Jazz Ensemble

NOW—Arhoolie 8002: *Madness; Pretty Good; Doris; Nirvana; Daniel; Now*.

Personnel: Peter Montalano, trumpet; Patrick O'Hara, trombone; Mike Breen, soprano, tenor saxophones; Bert Wilson, soprano, tenor saxophones; Rahim Roach, alto saxophone; Dale Reamer, tenor saxophone; David Wilson, vibraharp; Robin Young, piano; Chris Amberger, bass; Smiley Winters, drums; Carol Wilson, vocal (track 6).

Rating: ★★½

Sonny Simmons

MANHATTAN EGOS—Arhoolie 8003: *Coltrane in Paradise; The Prober; Manhattan Egos; Seven Dances of Salami; Visions*.

Personnel: Barbara Donald, trumpet; Simmons, alto saxophone, English horn; Junia, bass, congas; Paul Smith, drums; Voodoo Bembe, congas (track 4).

Rating: ★★★

These two albums are sort of opposite numbers. The Now Ensemble, directed with a clearly strong hand by David Wilson (the group has as many Wilsons in it as the Beach Boys), emphasizes a group sound, which is interesting and variegated, albeit often rough to no purpose. The solos, however, are generally undistin-

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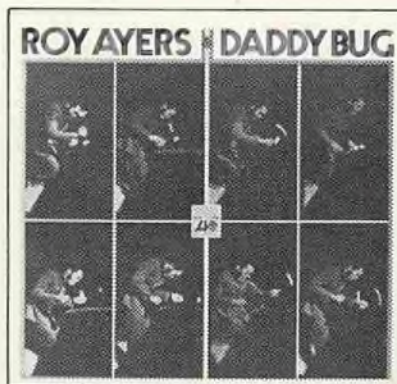
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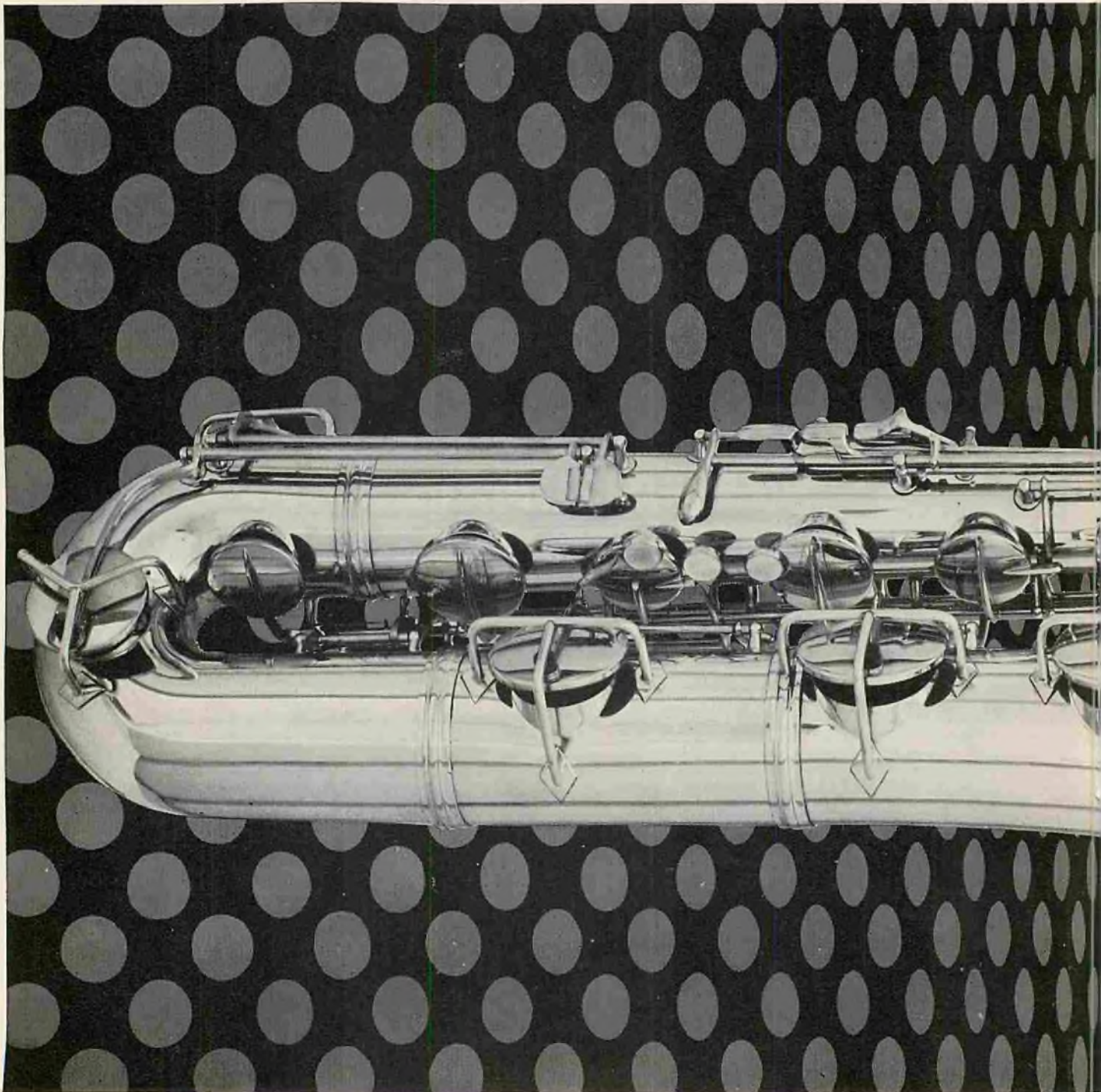
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guished. The sax solos are also indistinguishable from each other; with the exception of Bert Wilson's soprano work on *Good*, each saxophone screams, runs non-scales, screams and subsides—at varying intervals, of course. Young does the only noteworthy soloing on piano, and he is hardly a revelation.

The ensemble work behind Reamer's tenor and particularly behind Breen's soprano on *Madness* builds the piece pretty effectively; the ensemble riff behind Bert Wilson's free soprano excursion on *Good* is more or less successful; and there are some unique voicings for *Daniel*, a ballad which is performed strictly as a group piece except for Young's break on the bridge. But the texture on the latter is awfully rough, seemingly in a dysfunctional way.

There are some isolated moments of powerful cohesion throughout the sides, but nothing is sustained over an entire track. The band is into mixed-media concerts, and may be a great deal more vital as a part of those than as a single unit.

The Simmons LP, on the other hand, is full of vibrant solos, but is bogged down frequently by the rhythm players. Juma is a decent supporting bassist, although his solo on *Coltrane* makes absolutely no sense. Smith, however, is inadequate. He plays in unconnected fragments, deriving his approach from Murray, Graves, et. al., but wholly lacking the deeper logic that permeates their best playing. Thus, the work of Simmons and Miss Donald, an intriguing new voice, is often undermined.

Coltrane has a complex structure: a stately, deliberate theme, a livelier motif, the first theme reprised, and another up-tempo theme. (The structure doesn't seem to carry over into the solos, however.) Simmons takes the first solo, on alto; he begins with general references to the slow motif, and goes on with just enough reference to his earlier statements, just enough sense of continuity, so that his screeching and warping make sense. He builds to a peak and Miss Donald enters. Hints of Booker Little and Don Cherry, though without the warmth of either.

Prober is ominous. A group improvisation is followed by Simmons, who begins in the upper register and solos with passion, albeit with considerable waste space. Miss Donald does demonstrate lyricism in her work after Simmons, but it's a tough, economical lyricism, quite pleasing and original. There's a nice moment of interplay when Simmons joins her, playing a sad, atonal melody to which she adds intelligent contrapuntal remarks.

The title cut is a slow line with a Spanish feel to part of it. Miss Donaldson's solo here shows considerably less imagination than her earlier ones—lots of scale (and non-scale) running. Again, the group interplay is interesting: Simmons duets with her, stormily, angrily, and then Juma emerges, arco, as a strong third solo voice. A few very exciting moments.

Salami features just congas and Simmons on English horn. The leader opens, after a percussion intro, with some staccato figures on one note, gradually embellishing it, Orientalizing it, using it as a tonal center. He has some lovely ideas, but the track gets a bit repetitive toward

the close, and the drumming and chanting (by Bembe?) aren't especially moving.

The group's composition perforce reminds one of Ornette Coleman's early bands; is testimony to Simmons' originality that only on *Visions* is there much of a real correspondence. The line is Colemanesque, as is the walking bass, and Simmons' alto solo draws more from Coleman than most of his previous playing, although Simmons is harsher, less interested in melody, and—it scarcely needs saying—not nearly so inventive nor controlled as the father of free jazz. The trumpet solo is adequate, the drum solo boring.

Had the group excellence of the Now Ensemble been synthesized with the individual brilliance of some of Simmons' and Miss Donald's playing, something electrifying would have resulted. Instead, we have bits and pieces, with more of enduring worth on the Simmons album than on the Now band's. There's probably much of interest yet to come from both groups.

—Heineman

The Red Onion Jazz Band/Natalie Lamb

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!—Biograph BLP-12012; *Downhearted Blues*; *Trombone Cholly*; *There'll Be A Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight*; *Little Rock Getaway*; *Wild Man Blues*; *San Francisco Bay*; *Cake Walkin' Babies*; *Lizzy's Blues*; *See See Rider*; *Backwater Blues*; *Beale Street Blues*.

Personnel: John Bucher, cornet; Richard Dreiwitz, trombone; Denis Brady, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Hank Ross, piano; Eric Hassell, banjo; Arnold Hyman, bass; Boh Thompson, drums, leader; Miss Lamb, vocals (tracks 1-3, 6-8, 10).

Rating: ★★½

New York's Town Hall was the scene of this ROJB concert last February 2. Biograph's idea was, I suspect, to spotlight Miss Lamb (she receives feature billing on the cover) as a sort of contemporary aspect to their major business—their issue of classic '20s material from the Paramount catalog.

Led since its inception in 1953 by Thompson (bassist Hyman has the second highest seniority), the ROJB has evolved from a Lu Watters-styled band to a relatively polished, sophisticated ensemble. Miss Lamb, a public-school teacher, was a folk-pop singer with some night-club experience before making her jazz-blues debut at an earlier Town Hall concert.

I heard her in June at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival, where she appeared to have largely overcome the difficulties that plagued her at this concert; that is, an affected vibrato on certain words and phrases (and especially at faster tempos) that seriously compromises her pitch and intonation.

San Francisco Bay, obviously inspired by the Watters-Barbara Dane Fantasy version, is an example of this. Taken faster than the model—too fast for comfort—it becomes an unintended parody, akin to Florence Foster Jenkins. Conversely, Miss Lamb is at her best on the slow blues; *Downhearted* and *Lizzy's* (a comedy-sex song on the venerable *How Come You Do Me Like You Do* changes) are relatively good. Her *Backwater* and *Cholly*, being topical and specialty songs respectively, are the less convincing for it. If one is not Bessie Smith, nor even close, why go this far to invite comparison? There is certainly more suitable material in the classic repertoire.

A special mention for Ross, the old veteran, whose bright, immaculate rhythmic buoys the ensemble, and for Dreiwitz, who is so under-recorded that it seems only fair to remind you that he's present.

Playing time 43:17. For the all-embracing traditionalist only. —Jones

ROCK BRIEFS

BY MICHAEL CUSCUNA

SINCE ROCK has become a catch-all word for the popular music of the young today, this column will dwell on some of the better recent albums that go beyond simple rock and roll.

Urban Spaceman (Imperial LP 12432) by the Bonzo Dog Band is satirical rock at its British dry best. The band is as versatile and perceptive as Frank Zappa's, but it does not have the problems of stylization and self-consciousness discernible these days in the Mothers of Invention. In fact, *We are Normal* is a magnificent satire of the satirical Zappa. The Bonzo Dog Band is a brilliant alternative to the Mothers.

The latest entry in the world of country rock is **Poco**, led by Richie Furay, guitarist, singer, and composer from the Buffalo Springfield. Its initial album, **Pickin' Pieces** (Epic), is an excellent presentation of Furay songs with some expert steel guitar work by Rusty Young.

The **Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark** (A&M SP-4158) combines the songwriting, vocal, and instrumental talent of Doug Dillard, Gene Clark, and Bernie Leadon. The music is essentially light, country bluegrass with a folk-rock singing style. All the songs are interesting, and most deal with searching or restlessness of one sort or another. This is legitimate country music of a contemporary nature.

Bamboo (Elektra 74048) seems to consist of American folk performers singing country lyrics with good-timey backup music played by hard-rock musicians. Surprisingly, it works. Led by Will Donicht and singer Dave Ray, *Bamboo* is a delightful listening experience. The album's highlights are *The Virgin Albatross* and *Odyssey of Thaddeus Baxter*.

Listening to *Tyrannosaurus Rex* is a bit of a shock. On their U.S. album, **Unicorn** (Blue Thumb BTS-7), the group combines beautiful, magical poetry with light, infectious melodies and chants them with an almost incredible vocal style. The listener either will loathe them or love them.

Fairport Convention (A&M SP-4185) is a British folk-rock group after the manner of Pentangle. With varied forms, styles, and instrumentation, they present a balanced program of eight originals, two traditional English songs, Joni Mitchell's *Eastern Rain*, and Bob Dylan's *I'll Keep It with Mine*. Lead singer Denny MacLean and the rest of the group are certainly not lacking in musicianship and taste.

Don Cooper (Roulette SR 42025) is no Tim Buckley, but he is a pleasant singer and engaging songwriter. His debut album is worth a listen despite its rather slick orchestrations. *Miss Georgia* is Cooper's most convincing song.

A word of warning: unless you like the

Gene Krupa antics of Ginger Baker and the noisy guitar work of Eric Clapton, beware of **Blind Faith** (Atco). The superb musicianship of Rick Grech and Stevie Winwood does not save this group from tedium. Clapton is still ignoring his talents as a songwriter and blues guitarist in his poor attempts at rock. Strangely enough, Baker, the group's weakest link, is reportedly the most dissatisfied, and the group appears to be dissolving.

The songs of James Taylor were first brought to the public by Tom Rush. But now there is **James Taylor** (Apple SKAO 3352), and this brilliant songwriter shows as a beautiful performer. He is a musical totality, as this well-conceived and well-produced album illustrates.

It's **A Beautiful Day** (Columbia CS-9768) is by a highly original San Francisco group led by violinist David La Flamme. The sound is slightly Eastern, the musicianship and ideas are superb, and the music generates a beautiful intensity without being noisy or relying on a strong lead guitar. Highly recommended and unclassifiable.


The Steve Miller Band has regrouped for its third and best album, **Brave New World** (Capitol SKAO 184). Having got the imitation blues and psychedelic rock out of its system a while back, the band has developed into one of the most tasteful and tightest pure rock groups in this country. All the material is substantial, both instrumentally and vocally. And *Cow Cow* and *Space Cowboy* are masterpieces of the genre.

Stone hard rock is a difficult form to make musically substantial, but **Spooky Tooth** perform miracles in its second effort, **Spooky Two** (A&M SP-4194). *Better By you*, *Better Than Me* and *Evil Woman* illustrate excellently that hard rock can be meaningful and interesting.

British singer Joe Cocker has assembled an all-star backup group for his first album, **With a Little Help from My Friends** (A&M SP-4182). Cocker is no white blues imitator, although he can shout with the best of them. His tone, phrasing, and delivery are dynamic and sensitive.

Behind him is a Raelettes type of female vocal group and a great array of rock musicians. The arrangements are superb, and every track is a success. Stevie Winwood and Matthew Fisher are outstanding on organ. The disc balances well-known tunes, such as Dylan's *I Shall Be Released*, with some interesting originals.

Possibly the best rock album of 1969 is **Salty Dog** (A&M SP-4179) by Procul Harum. The group has branched out of its weighty, Baroque organ bag with a spectrum of sensitive sounds. No track on this album fails, and some are masterpieces of the idiom. *Salty Dog*, *The Milk of Human Kindness*, *Devil Came from Kansas*, and *Pilgrim's Progress* are remarkable.

Everything Is Everything (Vanguard Apostolic Vsd-6512) is essentially the Free Spirits without Larry Coryell and with West Coast jazz drummer James Zitro replacing Bobby Moses. Most of the album is uninspired rhythm-and-blues by Chris Hills. But tenor saxophonist Jim Pepper's interpretation of John Coltrane's *Naima* and his own music for the Peyote chant *Wichita Tai To* are worth hearing. 



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JOHN MAYALL/BLINDFOLD TEST

One of the happiest aspects of John Mayall's present combo is that it has shattered a myth. It has no drummer, no wildly amplified battery of guitars, and it includes a saxophone and flute soloist (John Almond) whose roots are quite clearly in modern jazz.

Mayall's group was one of the few rock or rock-blues units to earn a standing ovation at the last Newport Jazz Festival. This came as an agreeable surprise, not only to the critics but to Mayall himself, who was not sure how listeners would react to this unconventional instrumentation.

A veteran figure in British blues circles, Mayall was born in Manchester in 1934. After playing boogie-woogie piano, he went to art school, joined the army, and was on leave in Tokyo in 1953 when he bought his first guitar. He formed his first band, the Power House Four, in 1955.

Moving to London in 1963, he formed the Bluesbreakers. His various combos became as much a nursery for blues talent as the Woody Herman herds have been schools of jazz. Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Mike Taylor, Peter Green, and Mick Fleetwood are among the alumni featured in Mayall's anthological LP *Looking Back*. (His new quartet is represented on a Polydor album, *The Turning Point*.)

This was Mayall's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather



1. JIMMY WITHERSPOON. *Pay The Consequence* (from *The Blues Singer*, BluesWay). Witherspoon, vocal; Charley Musselwhite, harmonica.

I was sort of at a loss to know who that was. At first I thought it was Jimmy Witherspoon . . . it's his sort of phrasing, but in a setting that's not usually found with him.

I really like the record. If that's on an album, it has a single sound to it . . . a lot of blues records come out sounding that good only when they were made as singles.

I liked the harmonica in there too, although again I can't guess who it was, or for that matter who any of them were. It sounded like a Paul Butterfield phrasing, which sort of derives from that Muddy Waters-oriented backing. That's a really successful mixture that works—the voice, particularly—the double tracking on the voice has a bite to it that's . . . What can I say? That's a good blues record. Five stars.

2. QUINCY JONES. *I Never Told You* (from *Walking In Space*, A&M). Toots Thielemans, harmonica; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; Johnny Mandel, composer; Bob James, arranger.

This is going to be a beautiful example of non-direction in answer—pure guesswork. There's so many different people that could have been. Four or five years ago you could have said that would be Gil Evans, because he was the only person using big bands in that kind of composition. Since then, everything has expanded in music so much. The only person I know who plays a harmonica like that is Toots Thielemans, and I didn't know he'd been making any records recently.

I also thought, at times, that it sounded like an electric saxophone. I thought of Eddie Harris, Tom Scott. Then I was trying to identify the band and I thought of Gil Evans, Don Ellis, Monk Higgins, Herbie Mann overtones . . . It was a really nice piece of music, what I call late night listening music, with quite a lot more in it. I'll give that three and a half.

3. BEATLES. *Come Together* (from *Abbey Road*, Apple).

Yes, that's a tricky one. My first impres-

sion was of sort of backwoods voodoo blues—white . . . a white voice. Then in a certain phrase, I think it would be the Beatles, and it sounded like Billy Preston playing piano, because when he went over to England, he started working with them on *Get Back*. They've always been into lots of things, but with that, they seem to be going into blues now—a little late, but . . .

What can you say but that they are talented and they're coming up with new things. Just from a recording point of view, or production point of view, the things I like about most Beatles records is the subtlety. There seems to be a little string section that just came in for a few passages, then slid out; by then the steel guitar had taken over, floating about.

I like that record. If it had been *Get Back* I'd have given it 4½, but I'll give that one four.

4. CANNED HEAT. *Do Not Enter* (from *Hallelujah*, Imperial). Alan Wilson, vocal, guitar, harmonica, composer.

That would have to be Canned Heat, but I think it's pretty abominable. For a start, the whole tune is an attempt to be so clever with different timings and arrangements, which is really not their bag. A completely nonsensical, disjointed backing. So I'd only be listening to Al Wilson singing and playing harmonica, and he's usually much better than that.

It's the song and the arrangement that would kill it for me, and rate it no stars; but I'll give Al 2½ for his harmonica playing, under unbelievably restricting circumstances. It's a really nothing number.

5. JANIS JOPLIN. *Maybe* (from *Kozmic Blues*, Columbia).

Well, I'd guess Janis Joplin, and on that assumption, this must be her new band. The Big Brother Holding Company, which was a very crude outfit, I never particularly liked. And I never particularly liked Janis Joplin very much.

However, she's definitely on the road to improvement. At least she's got some kind of musicianship behind her now, but it's not that kind of musicianship I particularly

like. That's a soul song, and it's what I'd call a New York, Al Kooper/Nick Gravemites/Mike Bloomfield concept of production, which I don't like. The whole thing is too brash, forced and over-arranged for my taste.

I'd give it 1½. I wouldn't listen to it again, but Janis Joplin freaks will.

6. EARL HOOKER. *Come To Me Right Away, Baby* (from *Don't Have To Worry*, BluesWay). Little Andrew (Blues Boy) Odom, vocal.

Well, that's the kind of shuffle blues I've been hearing a million times before. The lyrics are nothing, the backing is completely ordinary. It's an attempt to be modern by using the 'wah-wah' pedal on the guitar.

I guess it could be Earl Hooker. He's got about three albums out, and between them all there's enough for about one. And that's not one of the best selections one could do for the blues. But that's the way I feel about most blues albums today. Most blues artists don't have enough to say to make a thing like this, whether it's instrumentally or whatever.

It's hard to rate it. If that was Earl Hooker, I like some of the things I've heard from him recently, but that certainly isn't one of them. One star.

7. THREE SOUNDS. *Do Do Do* (from *Coldwater Flat*, Blue Note). Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Donald Bailey, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger; Nat Adderley, composer.

That's a pretty short track—one of those things that would be very hard to guess who's playing. It's a sort of modern jazz big band centered around the pianist. I assume it was a pianist's showcase, but there wasn't really enough improvisation. Maybe Herbie Hancock. . . .

The tune, I thought, was the Don Ellis composition *Indian Lady*. I liked the bass playing . . . Ron Carter, maybe. The intro was very nice. The drums were rather over-'cymbalized.'

I really don't know who it was; it was a rather average thing, it didn't really go anywhere. Just a stock kind of treatment, background music jazz using modern tunes, blending into pop. 1½ stars.





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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



MONTY YOSS

Brew Moore: The Natural

Brew Moore

Danny's Restaurant, New York City
Personnel: Moore, tenor saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Bob Orr, guitar; Russell George, bass; Johnny Robinson, drums. Guest: Johnny Carisi, trumpet, fluegelhorn.

Of the many gifted tenor men who were inspired by Lester Young, Brew Moore is perhaps the most underappreciated. Since his return last year from a lengthy stay in Europe, he's had a few stands at New York's Half Note, was heard at Newport in one of those staged "jam sessions," making his presence explicitly felt in some fleeting moments of beauty, and has had a few "casual" engagements, among them two Sunday sessions for Jazz Interactions, of which this was the most recent.

It found him in the company of two musicians who share his first steady gig since coming home, Orr and Robinson. These three are currently featured at The Limelight in Greenwich Village, Robinson doubling piano and drums simultaneously and also singing. Not perhaps the ideal jazz gig, it is a friendly one, and it helps Brew keep his chops in shape.

He is a man who has always loved to play. His every note swings from the ground up, and he was in fine form, stretching out on almost every tune through three lengthy sets.

He received loving support from his cohorts, and by the second set, the group sounded as if it had been together for months. The appearance of Carisi at mid-way did not destroy the ambience, since the trumpeter (better known as a composer-arranger) has been a frequent playing guest at the Limelight.

Brew's basic approach to music hasn't changed, but his conception has deepened, and his instrumental command is at a new peak. His sound, always soulful, can still

be smooth in the manner of vintage Prez, but as he develops a solo statement, it now takes on a harder edge and even encompasses the hoarse cries associated with the contemporary tenor vocabulary. This is in no way grafted onto his style, but flows naturally from the context of his mature ideas.

Natural, in fact, is a key term for Brew's music, which pours from his horn with the unforced ease of stirring conversation. It's all of a piece, with a seemingly built-in sense of balance and structure—and of course, that wonderful swing.

The group performed a number of originals, of which the most interesting were two pieces by the late Tony Fruscella, *Beet* and *Moz*. Respective bows to Beethoven and Mozart, these were not neo-classic exercises but jazz compositions of unusual structure with interesting changes.

There were also seldom-heard modern jazz gems like *Godchild* and *Donna (Dig)* (in both of which Brew and Carisi engaged in some effective contrapuntal collective improvisation brightened by Frishberg's inventive underpinnings); current material interestingly treated (the Beatles' *Here, There and Everywhere*; *Song For My Father*, with fine modal tenor), and *Quiet Nights*, on which Brew began softly and gently and built to a moving climax, again with splendid assistance from the pianist.

But the tenorist's most inspired and inspiring playing came on a brace of his favorite standards in hard-swinging, up-tempo treatment: *There'll Never Be Another You*, *It's you Or No One*, *Taking A Chance On Love*, and *Secret Love*. On these, Brew's melodic invention seemed boundless. He gobbled up the changes with evident relish, getting more deeply

into his thing, stringing together successive choruses into delightful musical tapestries full of wit and warmth. On *No One* and *Secret*, especially, it seemed as if he could have gone on forever without running dry. This was playing that lifted the listener physically out of his seat and spiritually out of the cares and woes the flesh is heir to—the kind of music that is jazz's strongest suit but is all too rarely played these days.

The warm climate generated by the leader, whose relaxed and often wry emceeing added to the good feeling in the room (small, cozy and not unlike old 52nd Street), did not fail to ignite his fellows. Robinson is not a fancy drummer, but he kept good, steady time and never got in the soloists' way. It was a pleasure to hear a drummer who never got too loud or attempted to attract undue attention to himself. George, whose reputation as an accomplished all-round bassist is solidly established, concentrated on soft, supportive swing and occasionally stepped out with interesting melodic solo work (notably on the first version of the band's theme, *No More Brew*). Orr, the youngster of the group, did a good musicianly job in the ensembles and confined his solo spots to short statements which showed a yet unformed but promising talent.

Carisi, like most playing arrangers, sometimes seemed to have more ideas than he could comfortably accommodate, and as a result his solo work at times was overly busy. But when he relaxed and spaced out his thoughts, some very good moments occurred, enhanced by his pretty sound on both horns.

Frishberg is a gas. Musicians and singers have known about him for years, but the general public has yet to get the message. He is without doubt one of the most refreshing and original pianists on the scene today, far superior to many established "names." There is never anything remotely mechanical about his music—no pianistic clichés, no borrowed licks. His touch is percussive yet full, and no matter what the tempo, he has a rhythmic thrust that makes the music come alive. There is humor and warmth in his playing, and he is always completely involved. He has no obvious influences, but his effective comping and marvelously apt ensemble fills at times reflect Ellington, as does his uncluttered, mature approach to ballad playing. He is also a gifted songwriter (words and music) and a remarkable blues player—altogether, a brilliant musician long overdue for recognition.

As you will have gathered by now, this was a more than pleasant afternoon and early evening of genuine jazz—a kind of music unfortunately not very fashionable in this age of hype.

Brew Moore is a committed musician, incapable of playing a dishonest note. His music doesn't lend itself to slogans or political messages; it's just pure and loving and a joy to hear. He has kept his faith against odds that might well have broken a lesser spirit. That such dedication and gifts bring scant material rewards from the world of music is a prime example of the sickness of that world—and the larger one that surrounds it. More Brew!

—Dan Morgenstern

Garden State Jazz Festival

Garden State Art Center
Holmdel, New Jersey

The Garden State Arts Center is a magnificent semi-outdoor amphitheatre, built by the New Jersey Highway Authority and designed by Edward Durell Stone.

Its first season, last year, began with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and ended with a two-day jazz festival.

This year, the jazz festival again consisted of Friday and Saturday night concerts, both of which attracted a surprisingly large audience, considering the fact that the place is inaccessible except by private car. The attendance *did* fall quite a bit short of the Center's 8,058 capacity, but there were no chart-makers added to the

program to lure the pop fan. This crowd came to hear jazz, and it *listened*.

The festival has its own house band, this year under the leadership of clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton. It was this nine-piece group which got the first evening's activities off the ground. Unfortunately, the band itself never did.

Hamilton, playing very much in the Benny Goodman bag, had written some rather ordinary arrangements of *Summertime*, *Poor Butterfly*, *Sweet Georgia Brown* and a few Ellington standards. The band, which included trombonist Quentin Jackson, bassist Joe Benjamin, and drummer Don Lamond, breezed rather routinely through a set that was made tolerable by pianist Dick Hyman and, especially, Cecil Payne, whose baritone solos were a blessed relief. Some of the other musicians had

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JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Tal Farlow: Still Exceptional

their moments, too, but this seemed to be a clear case of uninspired leadership, a theory that Hamilton underlined on the second evening when he presented the exact same program in the same order and with the same verbal introductions. Too bad that this little band couldn't just have been allowed to jam.

Next, Rev. John Gensel, the evening's emcee, introduced "the band that played at the Creation" as Dizzy Gillespie and his men, sporting dashikis, stepped onstage to the tune of enthusiastic applause. Dizzy, whose humor exceeds that of the average professional comic, did a bit of jesting before launching into the first number, pianist Mike Longo's *Beach Buggy*—James Moody delivered a memorable alto solo on that one. This was an almost perfect set.

With piano, bass and drums, Tal Farlow, opened his set with *Summertime*, a real study in frustration, since it took several choruses before they could get the guitar amp working. Once the right connections had been made, however, passages of piano and guitar interplay transported me back to the King Cole and Art Tatum trio days and a sound heard in every supper club

before the organ invasion. It was a pleasant excursion into the not-too-distant past. I hope that Farlow, still an exceptional guitarist, will bring his music more up to date as he proceeds to reestablish himself after having come out of semi-retirement.

After a brief intermission, Carmen McRae, accompanied by guitarist Al Hill, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Mickey Roker, started a relaxed set with *Watch What Happens*. What *did* happen was simple. The singer captured her audience and held it through a variety of moods, all with an enviable cool. It is amazing that Miss McRae, who has infinitely more to offer than most of her chart-topping contemporaries, has not achieved wider popular recognition, but that, as they say, is show biz.

The first evening ended with Duke Ellington and his orchestra. After receiving a plaque from New Jersey State "for outstanding contribution", Duke started his well-oiled machine with *Soul Call*, the highlight of which was a tenor solo by Paul Gonsalves. Then Duke and Russell Procope got *La Plus Belle Africaine* off to a good start after which the band settled into the routine of Ellington standards,

pleasant enough and with some good solos here and there, but rather old hat. The set, and the evening, ended with the unfortunate appearance of singer Toney Watkins.

Watkins has been with Duke for several years and I have never been able to figure out why. I called it a night when Watkins began to dance.

The second evening started off with excellence. The Miles Davis quintet played an extended piece that lasted the whole set. It was one of the most exciting performances I had heard since a certain night in 1953, when a barely 23-year old Clifford Brown blew a lot of Danish minds at an all-night Copenhagen jam session.

Davis and Wayne Shorter expressed themselves eloquently, stepping to the back of the huge stage between chill-provoking solos as the rhythm section exploded in a pulsating orgasm of hip sounds, pianist Chick Corea embroidering electrical embellishments that lent a tinge of rock to this memorable piece. During the second minute of the tumultuous ovation that followed, the young lady seated behind me was still gasping "Oh God, oh God, oh God." Her reaction was understandable. She had just witnessed contemporary jazz at its peak of perfection.

It would have been hard for anyone to follow Miles on that night, but the Jimmy Hamilton house band was a particularly poor choice.

The mood of the audience had gone from restlessness to resignation when Hamilton's set finally came to an end and

pianist Billy Taylor, that evening's emcee, announced the next group. Enter Monk.

Like a solemn-faced Mandarin, he seated himself at the piano and launched into what was to be a set of old Monk originals. It was a set one had heard many times before. Charlie Rouse played a couple of fine solos, but except for the bell bottoms and beads worn by the supporting players, one could not tell that this was 1969. Monk seems to have settled into what no longer is a new groove, while Miles continues to leap ahead.

It was after the intermission that the big surprise of the evening came. Billy Taylor stepped out of his role as emcee and gave some remarkable performances with a trio, completed by Cranshaw, electric bass, and Bobby Thomas, drums.

Both Cranshaw and Thomas are members of the David Frost TV show orchestra and Taylor is the show's musical director. Together they form a most cohesive group, never sounding merely like piano with rhythm. The surprise was not that Taylor's playing was superb, but that the audience was able to hear this. Their reaction to the trio's first two numbers, Clare Fischer's *Pensativa* and *Horny*, was enthusiastic, but they virtually exploded after Taylor's own *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free*, a church-rock number. Taylor and his men were obviously the evening's favorites.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral had originally been scheduled to appear, but were unable to make it. In their place, we heard singer Arthur Prysock in a set which we could

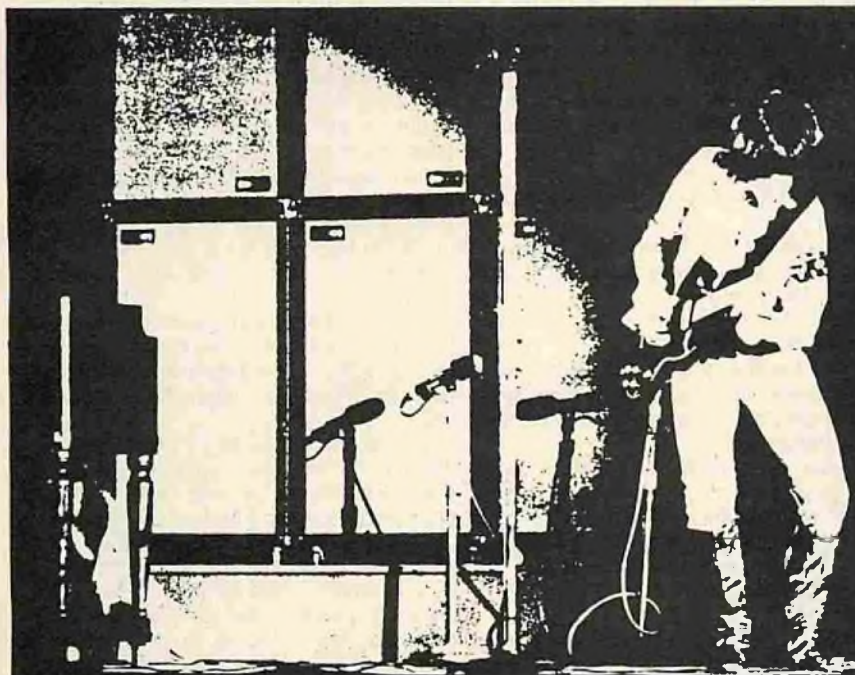
well have done without. This was the only time the amphitheatre's amplification system did not function properly and Prysock's voice was for the most part drowned out by the accompanying organ and alto sax. What I did hear displeased me and not even the ladies seemed impressed when the singer routinely turned on his charm.

As bad programming would have it, the evening ended with the MJQ. Bad programming, because their music requires rapt attention and the sounds of what had gone on before had not had time to settle.

The celebrated quartet appeared in Nehru suits, but that was the only out-moded thing about them—their music was beyond reproach as they went through a varied repertoire of old and new works. I say "works", for that is exactly what they are: *The Golden Striker*, Tim Hardin's *Misty Roses*, *The Blue Necklace*, *The Jasmin Tree*—these are comparable to the masterpieces of 19th century chamber music, the only difference being that no other interpreters could come close to matching the MJQ's performance. Their music is their very own and can only be preserved on recording. Though it was less appreciated by the audience, the ending of the second night of the 1969 Garden State Jazz Festival was as auspicious as the beginning.

In all, these were two fine evenings of music, and the producers can well be proud of the result. I hope that the festival will continue next year, and that someone will arrange for charter buses from New York city, so that more people will be able to attend.

—Chris Albertson



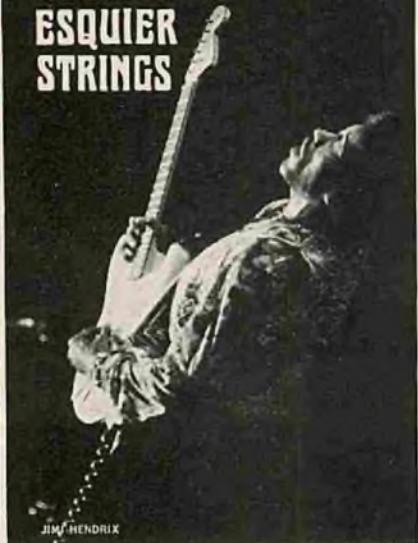
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SIDEWALK KID

(Continued from page 12)

that's a point for me. If I jab him, then I'm gonna do something else. I mean, you've got to keep something going on all the time.

DeMicheal: If when you move, you break your embouchure, why move at all?

Davis: You keep getting your balance. You keep getting your balance back. Certain things jerk you. Say, like last night I was playing triplets against a fast 4/4. Jack [DeJohnette, his drummer], was playing [Miles taps his fingers at a fast tempo against the dashboard], and I'm playing like [sings quarter-note triplets as he moves slowly up and down]; it's got to break. . . .

DeMicheal: You mean different muscles, different pressures, to get the notes?

Davis: Yeah. So you got to keep getting your balance and . . . I mean you just got to keep in time [with the body] so it'll swing, or so it'll sort of stay connected. It's according to how you think. When you box, you gotta watch a guy. You understand? You gotta watch him, anticipate him . . . you gotta say if he jabs, I'm gonna stop it with my left hand. All this stuff has to be like this [snaps fingers].

DeMicheal: Then you're saying the same thing's true in music.

Davis: The things of music you just finish. When you play, you carry them through till you think they're finished or until the rhythm dictates that it's finished, and then you do something else. But you also connect what you finished with what you're going to do next. So it don't sound like a pattern. So when you learn that, you got a good band, and when your band learns that, it's a good band.

DeMicheal: A lot of times you'll let, say, eight bars go by during a solo without playing anything.

Davis: Yeah.

DeMicheal: Doesn't that break the flow you talked about?

Davis: It doesn't break the flow because the rhythm section is doing the same thing they were doing before.

DeMicheal: In other words, you're letting the tension grow in there.

Davis: No, I'm letting it go off. Whatever's been happening has been happening too long; if it dies out, you can start a whole different thing.

DeMicheal: As a listener, though, I feel there is another kind of tension in those places, of anticipation of when you're going to come back in, of what's going to happen. So that in that space, I feel a tension growing. . . .

Davis: Yeah.

DeMicheal: . . . So when you come in, then the release comes.


Davis: Sometimes if you do the same thing, it hits the spot.

DeMicheal: You mean: do the same thing you ended with.

Davis: Yeah. It'd be mellow, you know? [He turns to go into the parking lot.]

Davis: You're not going to believe this. . . [drives up the sidewalk and turns into a parking place.] . . . screw it.

DeMicheal: Say, you came driving out on the sidewalk the other day.

Davis: Right . . . the Sidewalk Kid. 

DRUMMERS

(Continued from page 13)

mers are much more musical today. I wrote the music for my album, for example, and this is something that is getting to be more common—drummers playing piano and so on. Drummers serve more of a linear function now than a foundation, depending on the music, of course. But I think that the four-musicians-and-a-drummer thing is pretty much gone."

Tony is a jazz drummer, one of England's best, and can play just about anything in addition to the free jazz he prefers. But it is not unusual to find so-called free drummers who never bothered to learn djoong djoong djoong djoong. As somebody once said: "Where anything goes, nothing counts."


Drummers, I've noticed, tend to drink a lot. Maybe it's because they work so hard, sweat so much. May it's to drown their paranoia. Maybe I generalize too much. . . . More generalizing: Drummers tend to be extroverts. Grady Tate became a singer. Dunlop is a pantomimist. Rich and Gene Krupa are almost as much showbiz as musicians. Most rock drummers are too. If a guitarist had to move his left hand about a foot with every note he played, he might turn the audience on more. But he doesn't, so it looks easy. Drummers have to be all over the place. It's as simple as that . . . my God, look at him go . . . working out. That kind of work attracts that kind of guy.

There are also some quiet ones.

"I think subtle drumming is the best," Charlie Watts, the confessed basher, confesses. "Paul Motian is fantastic, and that other guy who played with Bill Evans . . . Larry Bunker. Brilliant musicians. They can play anything. The thing I admire about people like that is their absolute taste. It doesn't mean a thing to me when I play myself, but the control and taste those people have. . . . At the end of a tune, instead of one almighty row and crash, Bunker will do a single stroke and stop one beat before they come in. That's so subtle."

Subtle drummers also tend to be quieter than the others; shy, restrained, reflecting their playing. Their hands are always tapping on something. They tend to stare a lot.

Let's finish with a funny drummer story. There's this guy, see—a legend in his own time—who is about the best all-round drummer there is, but he has bad habits . . . like, he falls asleep a lot. Once he is playing a show, during which there is a long dramatic scene without music. The scene ends with a loud and important cymbal crash, which has to be on exactly the right beat in order to bring the band, the singers, and the dancers into a major production number.

One night, he is really out. The conductor is desperately trying to attract what little attention our drummer has left. To no avail. Finally, the French horn player nudges the drummer, who, although there are about 30 seconds to go, wakes up, crashing on every piece of brass in reach. Whereupon he puts his sweat towel over his arm and, in a loud baritone, announces: "Dinner is served." 

PARAMAHANSA

By Paul Horn

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AMPLIFICATION FOR THE ROCK GROUP:

AN EQUIPMENT GUIDE

BY CHUCK LISHON

This is part two of an interview with audio engineer John Tomlinson.

What would you recommend in mixers?

"I would recommend the Shure M68FC, a good low-cost four input mixer with low Z inputs. The M68RM is a M68FC with reverb (just passable), adequate frequency response, jack for remote reverb, but no tone controls. The M68FC is about \$85. The M68RM is \$108. For tone control, get a Shure M63 (one per channel). It's \$90 and has a master gain control, VU meter, bass and treble controls, and variable low pass and high pass filters. A good mixing system can be assembled with these units. The electronics are a little noisy, but the price is extremely low.

"Now we move into the big leagues, where mixers cost money. An excellent professional mixer is Altec 1567. It lists for \$216, but by the time the transformers, meters, and connectors are added, it's about \$375. The 1567 uses tubes, not transistors, and a few things should be said about tube versus solid state. One is not necessarily better than the other. Tubes run hotter than transistors. Tubes are less noisy than transistors. Tubes are microphonic; transistors are not. Tubes may be easily replaced. This is not always true with transistors. Transistors are more rugged than tubes. From my experience, use a tube or very quiet transistor mixer and a solid state power amp. The 1567 mixer has been updated, not replaced, by the Altec 1592 solid state mixer. However, the 1592 sells for about \$86 with all the trimmings.

"Ampex makes a mixer, the AM-10, for use with their tape machines. List is \$449 and it's good. Four low Z inputs, but no tone controls. The Ampex has a nice feature: above each mix control is a switch which allows you to put the mike on Channel A, Channel B, or equally divided between A and B. An accessory meter panel (Model 4010098-1) has two VU meters, a level selector, and monitor jacks. Ideally, a mixer would be custom-made for a particular group, allowing a considerable increase in flexibility and sound. There are other available mixers, of course, but these, I feel, are the best commercial units for the purpose."

What about power amps?

"In my opinion, there is no commercially available power amp that is ideally suited. Good ones are the Altec 1593 (50WRMS) at \$253 and the Altec 1494A (100 Watts RMS) at \$315. Several hi-fi amps are good. The McIntosh 240 is excellent (100 watts, 50 watts per channel). One possibility that has interested me is the Dynaco 120. It's rated at 120 watts (60 watts per channel). At \$200, it's a bargain. Also, the Dynaco 80 (40

watts per channel) at \$160. Both Dynaco's are available as kits for \$60 for the 120, and \$120 for the 80. For those with money, there is the monster amp by Crown, the DC300. Three hundred watts RMS for \$685, and no measurable distortion."

What kind of speakers would you suggest, and how well do they hold up under this type of use?

"First, let's eliminate columns. There are all kinds of column speakers, good, bad and indifferent. I've never heard columns I liked. I've never had anything but bad luck with them. They are small and portable. If you want them—fine. It's your choice. For my money, there are three that are very good. First the Jensen E-516 system, a 15" low frequency speaker in a box 46" X 27" X 18", with a row of horns across the top. The E-516 is rated at 40 watts and will put out a lot of sound for \$300. Note that although these speakers have low wattage ratings, they are considerably more efficient than columns. This means more sound for less power. Better are the Altec A-7 and A-7-500. Same price (rated for 30 watts) and a lot of sound.

"The A-7's are those seen in most recording studios for playbacks. Then there is the killer, and I mean literally. The Electro-Voice Eliminator I and II. A guitarist friend of mine was standing a few feet in front of an Eliminator I at the wrong time, and it took him six hours to regain hearing in his left ear. The box is about 38" X 23" X 23". The Eliminator I is \$400, has a 15" low frequency speaker, a mid-range horn, and two high frequency horns. The Eliminators are rated at 100 watts Ams.

"The only other thing I would add about speakers is: be certain that the ohm rating on the speaker is about the same as the amp output. Also, those Dual-Shoeman, etc., bottoms can be improved by adding a horn and fader control. Good horns are the Altec 811B, with the 806A driver and N-800 crossover (total about \$128) or the 511B with the 802D driver and N500-G crossover (total about \$170). Electro-Voice also makes the impressive looking M253 horn, but it runs \$180 just for the horn, less driver and crossover.

"So there we have microphones, mixers, amps, and speakers. Much has been left unsaid. There are good systems by Bogen, Wilder, Kustom, and about every instrument amp manufacturer around. Bose, the great, and I mean that sincerely, hi-fi speaker people are reported to have something in the works, and if the quality is anywhere near their hi-fi speakers, it may well set a complete new standard for industry and the consumer. Crown appears to be working on a 100-200 watt stereo amp that will undoubtedly be as excellent as their past amplifiers."

What systems components would you, personally, select, cost being no object?

"What would I plan for a PA? Shure 566 Unisphere microphone, a custom mixer with effects (some nice things of my own), a pair of Crown DC300 amplifiers, and an EV Eliminator I stacked on an Eliminator II on each side of the stage."

What about a less expensive system?

"Use the same Shure mikes, a com-

mercial mixer, Dynaco power amps, and two EV Eliminators."

With all of this power relating to dB, what do you feel is the ultimate answer to the question of volume against hearing loss?

"While there is no question that such levels are damaging, I don't believe that warnings to this effect will have as much success as the statement that 'smoking may be hazardous to your health.' I see no solution, other than a decrease in public demand on the premise that musical trends are changing—then we might put more emphasis on musicianship and less on volume and POWER!!

AS

Chuck Lishon is a partner in Son-Art, an independent recording and electronics company which tests and evaluates sound equipment for down beat. In future issues, he will deal with various types of sound equipment and accessories and their application to the learning and performance of music.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: The Collegiate Neophonic Orchestra of Southern California played at a stage band clinic at El Rancho High School in Los Angeles, then gave its annual fall concert at its home campus, Cerritos College in Norwalk . . . Dave Mackay delivered a lecture at the U. of California in San Diego on the history of jazz piano, illustrated with recordings as well as his own keyboard examples. He also fronted a trio for a concert at the school, with Burt Turetsky, bass, and Nick Vasquez, drums. Turetsky is a member of UCSD's music department . . . Bill Fritz has collaborated with another performer-teacher on a book published by University Press at Fresno, Calif. Called *Listening to Jazz*, it was co-authored by Dr. John Martin, a faculty member at Fresno State College, where Fritz has taught during recent summers . . . Former Glenn Miller trombonist Paul Tanner is putting together a survey based on a 15,000 mile fact-finding tour of campuses where jazz courses are taught, plus returns on his 600 questionnaires to any college indicating some form of jazz instruction in its catalog. He hopes his efforts will culminate in a conference next summer at UCLA where instructors in jazz can take a crash course in teaching techniques. Tanner's own course at UCLA, *The History and Development of Jazz*, is one of the better-attended courses on the campus . . . Vietnam Moratorium Day (Oct. 15) was marked by a marathon music-making session at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y. Roger Wesby, president of the Student Association at Eastman, described the event as "...no preaching, no pickets. Just great music for four hours straight, with a few short breaks. It was a day of reconsideration". . . Ralph Mutchler will finish his doctoral dissertation at Colorado State Univ. this December. He will then resume his post at Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash. in January.

WE HAVE A report from Dr. William Fowler on the effect of the Jazz Major instituted this fall at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, on music department enrollment. The figures below are for the Fall quarter of 1965 to 1969, a five-year indication. Note that the total class enrollment for the music department has been declining in relation to the total University enrollment. As a matter of fact, there were fewer music department enrollees in 1968 than in 1965, in spite of a 2,000 increase in total enrollment. It would definitely seem that the students at Utah have been less than interested in standard music education fare. It should also be noted that the same principle applies to general music classes (music appreciation).

Year	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969
Total Music Class					
Enrollment	1825	1762	1736	1746	2222
Total University					
Enrollment	14,100	14,605	15,338	16,485	17,779
Graduate level					
Music Majors	26	31	17	23	75
Undergraduate level					
Music Majors	117	92	142	139	287
Total Music Majors	143	123	159	162	362!!!
Private lesson					
Enrollment	181	76	67	91	241
Beginning Theory					
Enrollment	114	110	99	99	139
(Indicates entering Freshmen)					
Stage Band Enrollment				30	60
Enrollment in Classes which are entirely jazz area.	?	?	?	30	140
(Note: The Jazz History Class is not offered this quarter. It will raise this figure substantially in the Spring quarter.)					
Music Appreciation					
Enrollment	509	478	502	463	560
(Indicates interest of Non-Music Students)					

AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

liamson each did a concert for MUSE in Brooklyn.

Los Angeles: Mixed emotions greeted the "stand-up" policy inaugurated by Donte's for its November weekends. Some musicians griped about the club losing its homey intimacy, what with a door charge (although no one minds that institution when the big bands defray their expenses). The majority resigned itself to the knowledge that booking a jazz-oriented comic such as Mort Sahl would not alter the flavor of the club. Aside from Sahl, Donte's registered another first, booking Zoot Sims for five nights. This was Zoot's first trip to his birthplace in many years, and as a tribute to his reputation, the SRO audience was dominated by musicians. Backing Zoot were Roger Kellaway, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass (Ray Neapolitan subbed part of opening night); Larry Bunker, drums. During October, a number of groups played return engagements at Donte's: the Ken & Beverly Quintet; the Art Van Damme Quintet; quartets fronted by Claude Williamson and Jack Sheldon; the Murray McEachern Quintet; Tim Weisberg and the Jazz Trinity (the only secular trinity in the business that contains five men); and Jim Stewart and Gabor Szabo brought in new quintets . . . Two singers overlapped their gigs at Shelly's Manne Hole: Bill Henderson played there for two weeks, backed by the Jimmy Rowles Trio (Rowles, piano, with Bill Mays sub-

bing on occasion; Herb Mickman, bass; Tom Albright, drums). During the second week of the gig, Esther Marrow made her L.A. debut, backed by Kenny Barron and his trio. Both combinations shared the Manne-Hole during Henderson's second week. Walter Wanderly and Mose Allison followed for two weeks each, and Les McCann was due to open Dec. 2 . . . Stanley Turrentine paid one of his all-too-infrequent visits to the west coast, working at the Lighthouse with a local rhythm section: Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Dick Berk, drums. Dizzy Gillespie followed . . . Esther Phillips enjoyed a very successful engagement at Redd Foxx's, backed by Clifford Scott, reeds; La Bert Ellis, organ; Joe Brown, drums . . . Arthur Prysock headlined at the Hong Kong Bar for three weeks, backed by Harold Minerve, reeds; Betty Burgess, organ and vocals; L. J. Depland, drums. George Shearing and Ramsey Lewis followed Prysock at the Hong Kong for three weeks apiece, with Jimmy Smith scheduled to open there Dec. 22. O. C. Smith finally shared the Forum with Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass for a one-nighter inexplicably delayed for more than a month. Another one-nighter, at the Hollywood Palladium, featured Peggy Lee, Henry Mancini and his orchestra, Johnny Mathis and Andy Williams . . . At Hollywood Park, a number of Dixieland musicians convened to help celebrate the opening of night racing there. Among them: Nick Fatool, Matty Malneck, Dick Carey, Abe Lincoln, Nappy Lamare and John Guenery . . . UCLA continues to be the

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25-26/69

most active campus in terms of including jazz in its fine arts productions. The **Canonball Adderley Quintet** played at Royce Hall; **Ray Charles**, along with his protege, **Billy Preston**, were heard at Pauley Pavilion . . . **Bobby Bryant** has found a Sunday outlet for his big band. It's a new club in L.A. called **Peyton Place**. Bobby brings in different relief groups as often as he can. Most recent addition was the **J. J. Wiggins** trio, J. J. being the precocious, 13-year-old bass-playing son of pianist **Gerald Wiggins**. . . Pianists **Joyce Collins** and **Joanne Grauer** both subbed for regular pianist **Byron Olsen** in the pit band of *Hair* . . . **Mark Levine's** Latin-jazz combo is at Virginia's Club on Thursdays. Personnel includes: **Conte Candoli**, trumpet; **George Bohanon**, trombone; **Pete Christlieb**, tenor sax; **Levine**, piano; **Paul Smith**, bass; **Sheila Wilkerson**, timbales; **Richie Barriento**, congas. Levine is also rehearsing a 9-piece combo (strictly jazz) that is plagued by changing personnel (the familiar hang-up of all rehearsal groups) but among those who seem to be most permanent are **Luis Gasca**, trumpet; **Christlieb** and **Kim Richmond**, reeds; **Reggie Johnson**, bass; and **Chuck Glave**, drums . . . **Ernie Andrews** is still top-lining the Parisian Room, with jazz violinist **Johnny Creach** and the **Red Holloway Trio**. Drummer **Kenny Dixon** hosts **Celebrity Night** there every Monday . . . **Lorez Alexandria** returned to the Pied Piper, where she's backed by the **Ike Isaacs Trio** (**Jack Wilson**, piano; **Donald Bailey**, drums) . . . **Sam Fletcher** remains at Memory Lane, backed by the **Dolo Coker Trio** with **Sweets Edison** . . . The **Jazzmobile** continues its tours throughout Southern California, bringing live music to various parks and shopping centers. The mobile bandstand appears in different locations each Sunday and is co-sponsored by L.A.'s 24-hour jazz station, **KBCA**, and **Hamm's Beer Co.** Host is **Chuck Niles**, a **KBCA** DJ.

San Francisco: **Duke Ellington** spent Oct. 16 in and around Berkeley's Washington Laboratory School, comprising kindergarteners through third graders, and at the adjacent Berkeley High School. The guest of Washington principal and **KJAZ-FM** disc jockey **Herb Wong**, Ellington culminated his day of visiting by bringing his orchestra in for an early-evening concert, open to all but dedicated to the students. Location was the Berkeley Community Theater, on the campus of the high school . . . **Roland Kirk** and his group (**Ron Burton**, piano; **Vernon Martin**, bass; **Steve Ellington**, drums; **Joe Texidor**, special effects) are now **Rasaan and the Vibration Society**. In addition to his standbys—tenor, manzello, stritch, nose flute, whistle, gong, and siren—**Rasaan** now plays celeste. After the Society's two weeks at the **Both/And**, altoist **Jackie McLean** was set to open at the club Nov. 4 for two weeks . . . **Bill Graham** scheduled **Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young** for Nov. 13-16 at Winterland, the larger hall that he uses for especially strong draws. (During the summer it is a skating rink.) Their engagement the month before was canceled because of the death of one of the players' wives in an auto accident.

The other groups slated for November, all at Fillmore West, were **It's a Beautiful Day**, **Ike and Tina Turner**, **Alice Cooper**, **Rasaan and the Vibration Society**, **Bonzo Dog**, **Jethro Tull**, **England's Kinks**; **Taj Mahal**, and **Led Zeppelin** . . . At San Francisco's **Jack's of Sutter**, **Rudy Johnson & the Incorporateds** play every night except Tuesday and at **Jazz at Dawn** sessions on Sundays at 6 a.m. . . The Thirteenth Annual Berkeley Folk Festival, Oct. 23-26, featured Cajun fiddler and singer **Doug Kershaw** and **Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup**, the great blues man who influenced **Elvis Presley**. Others in the program were the **Youngbloods**, **Country Joe & the Fish**, **Vern & Ray**, **Janet Smith**, **Jeffrey Cain**, **Dan Hicks**, **John Fahey**, the **Opelousas Playboys** (a black Cajun group), **Charley Marshall**, **Commander Cody** and his **Lost Planet Airmen**, the **Joy of Cooking**, **Billie Joe Beroat**, **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee**, **Sam Hinton**, **Alice Stuart**, and **Mark Levine**. Noted folk expert **Charles Seeger** moderated four panel discussions during the Festival: "What Good is Folk Music?"; "Is Folk Music Relevant to Anything Today?"; "Folk, Pop—Are They Different and Does It Matter?"; "Is Folk Music Obsolete?". The film *The Blues, According to Lightning Hopkins* had its first showing on the West Coast. On the last day of the Festival, in Berkeley's Eucalyptus Grove, **Floating Lotus Magic Opera Company** presented *An Earth Beauty Feast—a Circle Celebration of Our Breath on the Mandala of this Planet, Sound-World-Gesture-Drama-Communion* . . . San Francisco's Matrix planned to feature the **Velvet Underground** with **Danny Cox** Nov. 10-15. Attractions later in the month were **Vince Guaraldi**, **Cal Tjader**, **Ramblin' Jack Elliott**, and **Commander Cody** and his **Lost Planet Airmen** . . . Following **Dizzy Gillespie's** two weeks, **Mose Allison** opened a two-week stay at the Jazz Workshop October 28. Organist **Groove Holmes** opened for two Nov. 11 . . . **The Rolling Stones** did a concert Nov. 9 at the Oakland Coliseum . . . Oakland's **Casuals** on the Square presented an afternoon session by **Charley Musselwhite** Oct. 26 and one by the **Fourth Way** (**Mike Nock**, piano; **Mike White**, amplified violin; **Ron McClure**, bass; **Eddie Marshall**, drums) Nov. 9 . . . During November the **Rehearsal Cafe** in San Francisco brought in pianist-singer **Roberta Flack**, reed man **Pharoah Sanders**, and **Sly & the Family Stone**.

Chicago: **Gene Ammons** followed up his extremely successful two-week engagement at the **Plugged Nickel** with a week at the **Apartment**. There are plans to bring him back to the **Nickel** with a long-time friendly combatant, **Sonny Stitt**. Ammons was succeeded at the **Nickel** by the **Charlie Byrd Trio** for a week and the **Woody Herman Band** for a one-nighter. Herman's presence in Chicago made it possible to reunite Ammons with the band of his former leader at a benefit concert for the **Memomonee Club for Boys and Girls** held at the **Auditorium Theater** Nov. 4. **Buddy Guy** and **Junior Wells** filled in for the injured **Muddy Waters** (see story page 8), and the **New Colony Six** also appeared . . . The **Elvin Jones Trio** (**Joe**

Farrell, reeds; **Wilbur Little**, bass) was heard at the **Club Tejar** Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 and at a *Modern Jazz Showcase* concert sponsored by **Joe Segal** Nov. 2. In addition to Jones' trio, the last affair featured the **Empress Martha Trio**, a group which consists of **Martha Holder**, piano (age 16); **David Holder**, bass (age 13); and **Diane Holder**, drums (age 11), with their cousin **Sharon** (age 9) sitting in on drums and vocals. The repertoire was straight jazz and Diane displayed a fine sense of swing. **Craig Hundley**, watch out . . . The **AACM** began their winter concert series at a new location, the **Blue Gargoyle** in Hyde Park's First Unitarian Church. The big band of **Richard (Muh) Abrams** led off Nov. 4, and succeeding Wednesdays featured concerts by the groups of reedmen **Henry Threadgill**, **John Stubblefield**, and **Wallace McMillan** . . . **Franz Jackson** returned from Viet Nam and reported that on his tour he met **Art Hodes'** son, who is stationed there. Jackson now resumes his Wed. night gigs at **Sloppy Joe's**, which during his absence were filled by Hodes' band (**George Finola**, cornet; **Jim Beebe**, trombone; **Hodes**, electric piano; **Rail Wilson**, bass; **Hillard Brown**, drums.) **Hodes**, the **Salty Dogs**, and other groups were featured at **Sloppy Joe's Jazz Festival** held Nov. 23. Tubaist **Mike Walbridge**, now appearing with **Turk Murphy**, will return to the **Salty Dogs** at the end of November. On Dec. 5-6, **Sloppy Joe's** will feature the **Hull Brothers Band** from Minneapolis . . . **Pauline Alvin**, widow of drummer **Danny Alvin**, ended her series of jam sessions at the **Edge Lounge** with a bash featuring trumpeter **Nap Trottier**, trombonist **Georg Brunis**, clarinetist **Jersey Fuller**, pianist **Dave Phelps**, and drummer **Tony Bellson** . . . **Jack McDuff** played a week at **Jazzville** . . . **Duke Ellington** has become the first honorary director of the **Jazz Institute of Chicago** . . . Pianist-composer **Ira Kurt** (a first cousin of *db's* assistant editor) recorded two of his tunes with a large studio band which included flutist **Lenny Druss**, guitarist **Phil Upchurch**, drummer **Morris Jennings**, and members of **The Soulful Strings**. Arrangements for the date were written by **Bobby Whiteside**, who also conducted.

Detroit: A recent surprise guest with pianist **Harold McKinney's** quintet at the **Black Horse** was drummer **Bobby Colomby** of **Blood, Sweat & Tears** . . . Detroit pianist **Dave Durrah** has joined the entourage of blues singer **B. B. King** . . . **WGPR** disc jockey **Sportie J.** brought live music to the **Disc Jockey Lounge** for the first time as trumpeter **Willie Wells** and his quartet (**John Evans**, guitar; **Melvin [Bubby] Hackett**, organ; **Slim Lemons**, drums) launched a series of Sunday matinees . . . Matinee activity on the east side takes place on Saturday, as tenorist **Wyman Stoudemire**, owner of **Studie's Lounge**, hosts sessions . . . The **Austin-Moro** big band followed up their concert at the University of Detroit with one at the **Roostertail** for the **Detroit Association of Performing Artists**. Like the earlier concert, this one featured the big band's satellite group, **Helmut Pistor's Big Rock-Jazz Band** . . . One after-hours jazz spot

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was lost as the Red Roach dropped tenorist Larry Nozero's quintet. Two of Nozero's sidemen, pianist Keith Vreeland and drummer Jimmy Peluso, joined forces with an old colleague, bassist John Dana, in reed man Brent Majors' quartet at the Sewer.

New Orleans: Vice President Spiro Agnew repaired to the Paddock Lounge to hear a revivalist group, Nicky's Jazz Band, after his now-famous "impudent snobs" speech here. He requested *Darktown Strutters' Ball* and *South Rampart Street Parade* . . . Wild Bill Davison's driving sextet opened at Economy Hall despite the cornetist's temporary partial deafness, caused by an inadequately pressurized airplane on his flight into town. Future headliners at the new club will include Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Hines, and Lionel Hampton . . . Traditional clarinetist Harry Shields is recuperating from a heart attack . . . The Central City Patio Coffee House has been holding Sunday afternoon concerts featuring Andrew Morgan's Jazz Band . . . Rod McKuen did a late October concert at the Municipal Auditorium . . . The Xavier U. Jazz Lab Band, directed by John Fernandez, is planning a December concert on campus . . . Former Orleanian Bill Jones, a guitarist, is musical director for Little Stevie Wonder . . . Drummer Smokey Johnson led a group on a date for Intrepid Records . . . Six Gospel groups, including the Davis Sisters and the Mighty Clouds of Joy, were on the *Gospel '69 Spectacular* at the Municipal Auditorium, which also was the site of the *Soul Monday* show, spotlighting the Big Impressions, Peg Leg Moffett, and others . . . Trombonist Al Herman is leading a jazz and show combo on a limited engagement at the Black Knight, a suburban club.

Paris: Byg Records is still busy recording. Recently, trumpeter Don Cherry and drummer Ed Blackwell cut two LPs of duets. Three albums were recorded with a rhythm section composed of guitarist Barney Kessel, bassist Larry Ridley, and drummer Don Lamond. The first was led by cornetist Ruby Braff; the second by vibraharpist Red Norvo, and the third co-led by violinists Stephane Grappelli and Joe Venuti. George Wein played piano on some tracks at all three sessions . . . Pianist Steve Kuhn recorded an LP with Steve Swallow on bass and Aldo

Romano on drums . . . Sopranoist Steve Lacy recorded with pianist Michel Grullier, bassist Jean-Francois Jenny Clark, and drummer Romano . . . Guitarist Tal Farlow, who had four dates booked in Europe by George Wein along with Barney Kessel and Kenny Burrell, had to cancel his trip due to illness. He was replaced by Grant Green . . . Andre Persiany, the French pianist who played for eight years in the U.S. with Jonah Jones, came back to France to live permanently . . . Bass player Gilbert Rovere and drummer Bernard Lubat have left the Swingle Singers . . . Jimmy Heath followed Art Farmer at Le Chat Qui Peche. He played two weeks in October backed by Georges Arvanitas, piano; Jacky Samson, bass; Charles Saudrais, drums . . . Bassist Gus Nemeth and drummer Bob Ventrello, who came to Europe with Keith Jarrett, have gone back to the U.S. Jarrett, who intends to stay for several months in Paris or Brussels, played the *Camelion* in late October and early November backed up by J. F. Jenny Clark and Aldo Romano . . . The Gary Burton Quartet toured Europe in October and November. In Paris, they played a radio-concert, taped a TV show (the first regular jazz program done here in color) and gave a concert in Toulouse . . . Organ player Jimmy McGriff started a two-week tour of France Nov. 12 . . . The Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland Big Band played Paris for the first time Oct. 29.

Germany: Among the U.S. artists touring in Germany during October and November were Oscar Peterson and his trio; Ray Charles; the Golden Gate Quartet; the Robert Patterson Singers (about 30 dates), and the American Folk Blues Festival . . . A group of veteran U.S. jazzmen, The Great Traditionalists, concertized in October and recorded for MPS with guest Albert Nicholas. In the group are trumpeter Nelson Williams (ex-Duke Ellington); trombonist Herb Fleming, clarinetist-tenor saxist Benny Waters; pianist Joe Turner, and ex-Earl Hines drummer Wallace Bishop . . . Ken Colyer and his band toured here recently, joined in some concerts by fellow Britisher Monty Sunshine . . . Ornette Coleman cancelled a scheduled Frankfurt concert during his recent European tour . . . Robin Kenyatta did some club dates here with Peter Brotzman, Irene Schweizer, Peter Kowald, and Pierre Favre . . . The Dave Pike Set, slated to perform in War-

saw, Prague and Berlin this fall, did a 15-minute spot in the *Dusty Springfield* Show produced by WDR-TV Cologne . . . During the Berlin Jazz Days, MPS recorded four albums: *The Newport All Stars*, *The Dave Pike Set*, *Lennie Tristano*, *Joe Turner*. The label is also releasing Erroll Garner's *Up In Erroll's Room* in Europe and plans a date with Count Basie's band . . . A new Berlin jazz spot called Avantgarde Music Center Berlin opened recently at 19 Sybelstrasse. During the Berlin Jazz Days, it planned to hold a "Total Music Meeting '69" . . . The new personnel of trumpeter Manfred Schoof's quintet is Michel Pilz, soprano sax, bass clarinet; Alexander von Schlippenbach, piano; Buschi Niebergall, bass; Paul Lovens, drums. The group will premiere an oratorio for orchestra, chorus, and jazz band by Bernd Alois Zimmermann in December . . . Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine began a series of broadcasts, *Jazz From Studio 2*, over station WDR in Cologne . . . Drummer Charly Antolini replaced Kurt Bong in Max Greger's big band.

Norway: Bassist Arild Andersen was chosen Musician of the Year at the successful Molde Jazz Festival and presented with the "Buddy" statuette. A permanent member of tenorist Jan Garbarek's quartet, he recorded with Don Cherry in Berlin and recently worked with George Russell in Bologna, Italy, at the latter's last European appearance before taking on his new duties at New England Conservatory in Boston. Russell used Garbarek, Andersen, guitarist Terje Rypdal, and drummer Jon Christensen—all members of Garbarek's group. Bassist Bjornar Andersen came along to handle the electronic equipment, and also joined the group for some special numbers. He is a member of the Svein Finnerud Trio, which performed in late October at the Munch Museum in Oslo . . . The Student City jazz club in Sogn, near Oslo, has had several successful guest artists lately. Keith Jarrett, with Gus Nemeth, bass, and Bob Ventrello, drums, was first and also did a radio concert and appeared at the Bikuben club. The trio was due back in November. Joe Newman, who scored a big hit at Molde, returned to Oslo before leaving for the U.S., and played at Sogn and at the Down Town Key Club. Tenorist Jimmy Heath also played Sogn and conducted the student city's orchestra in his own arrangements. George Russell's final pre-Bologna stand at Sogn had the above listed personnel plus Swedish trumpeter Bertil Lofgren, and Don Cherry gave a concert at Sogn as well as playing Bikuben, both with Garbarek's foursome . . . In October, Oslo had a three-day jazz festival of sorts, not pre-arranged, but coincidental. Gary Burton's quartet, the Oscar Peterson Trio, John Tchicai, Jimmy McGriff, Joe Morello and clarinetist Patte Wickman all played in town at different places—and all drew full houses . . . Singer Karin Krog was set for the Berlin Jazz Days. She recently released a 45 EP with trumpeter Ted Curson in the backup group . . . Lucky Thompson was scheduled for November concerts in Oslo and Trondheim.

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