BECEMBER 25, 1969 50c BOWN BOCK B

READERS RESULTS

Ornette Coleman
Joins Hall Of Fame
Martin Williams on the
Man & His Music

Miles Davis:

Jazzman of the Year

"Filles De Kilimanjaro":

Album of the Year

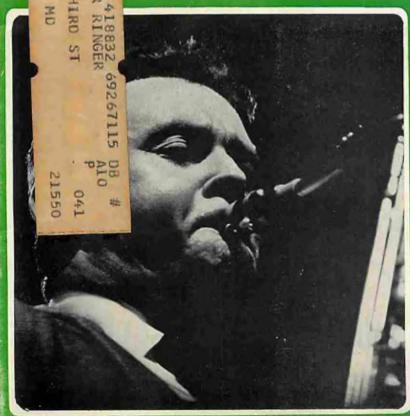
db music

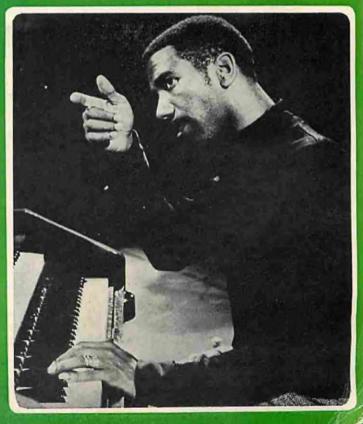
Dave Raker Transcribes

(zes Miles'

achins" Solo







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by Gary Burton

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THE PAST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IN 1968, paid circulation of the September and October issues carrying Readers Poll ballots averaged about 76,000 copies each. The equivalent 1969 issues average over 86,000 copies each. (This issue will sell over 90,000 copies.)

The additional 10,000 readers, mostly issue the force of the

The additional 10,000 readers, mostly subscribers, do not vary significantly from the down beat reader profile: median age about 19; predominantly male (95%);



virtually all learning players and educators (93%) whose musical tastes can be de-

fined as jazz-oriented.

So our circulation has jumped 14% in one year. But the results of our 34th annual Readers Poll remain relatively constant. All the winners—and virtually all the "shows and placers"—are there because of talent and not as a result of erratic fan popularity. That's been one of the chief strengths of the down bent poll—affirmation of basic musicianship regardless of passing fads and fancies. Rock music, for example, has passed beyond its cultists and yahoos. Witness the Poll votes for Blood, Sweat & Tears. Our readers certainly regard them as jazz players—or, at least, as the best of what may best be called jazz rock. They are this year's hot attractions, winning the rock/blues/pop category coming from 12th position in 1968; placing sixth in the jazz combo category without 1968 precedent; their album sandwiched between two Miles Davis best-sellers.

The contemporary forms of jazz—or shall we say the forms of jazz that are sometimes referred to as such—are reflected in other poll results. Look at the votes for Jazzman of the Year. Each of the top five—Davis, Rich, Ellington, Ellingand Kirk—have kept contemporary. Ellington, of course, keeps alive and fresh on his own terms. The others continue to use their talents in new and different ways.

Availability and promotion of an artist's recordings have an effect on our poll. It's a tribute to Sarah Vaughan's great talents—and the memory of our readers—that she places among the Top 10 female vocalists without having cut a record in three years. Gerry Mulligan continues to dominate baritone saxophonists partly because of his new record presence with Dave Brubeck. Contrast him with Joe Morello, whose standing in the drum category continues to dip the longer he stays away from public view. (His talents have not decreased, nor has his effectiveness as a drum clinician. He recently drew over 3,000 to a drum clinic in Rome.)

Ornette Coleman now enters the Hall of Fame. Evidently our readers agree that he is no longer merely an innovator or a so-called avant gardist. Coleman is a giant and has earned all the honors.

On behalf of down beat—and the musicians whom you have favored in the Readers Poll—let me thank you for your participation and the high musical standards you continue to espouse. What a healthy way to sign off a year!

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Give Me Liberty

In Leonard Feather's interview with Mel Torme (DB, Nov. 13) Mel is quoted as saying, "They (Liberty) were trying to get me to sing all my records like Johnny Rivers. I... would have people in the booth say to me, 'Don't sing that phrase quite so long, sing it shorter,' trying to mold my singing..."

I would gently like to remind Mel that I was the "people in the booth" and that the one singles date he did was Jim Webb's Didn't We, which I respectfully nominate as one of the best ballads written in the last decade. The arranger was Shorty Rogers.

I think that most persons who know Mel realize you do not tell him how to phrase or sing any song. He is the same sort of iconoclast he describes Buddy Rich to be. He is his own man who does his own thing.

But I must add that at no time during our association was Mel anything but a groovy and cooperative and genuinely fine person to work with. He is a marvelously talented pro in every sense of that word.

Sometimes, however, many of us find it difficult to realize that no matter how hard we work together to get a hit record, the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley.

Neither Mel or I are associated with Liberty Records these days. That's the way it goes.

But, Melvin, I wish you nothing but huge success and many hits at Capitol.

Jack Tracy

Paramount Records, Hollywood

Yell, Mel!

Sincerest thanks for the printed words on Mel Torme. It is all too infrequently



that articles on this man are written.

Mel Torme is truly the most fantastic singer in the musical idiom, and that's a fact! That his talent is not always recognized by non-musicians is one of the enigmas of life. But for those of us who dig him, he is the Hippest of the Hip.

Steve Young

New York, N.Y.

Don't Pass The Bromo

Charles Suber deals harshly with us (First Chorus, DB, Nov. 13). He should at least qualify his more damaging statements: "schizophrenic attitude of (some) college music educators"; "earnest jazz

teacher is still viewed with scarcely veiled animosity by (some) of his colleagues," etc.

The situation isn't all that grim. The fact that the average college teacher isn't gungho about jazz or pop music doesn't mean that he is necessarily hostile toward it. In most cases it just isn't his cup of tea and you can't fault him for that. Trouble arises when a jazz teacher miscalculates by trying to make jazz something it isn't—by placing an undeserved emphasis on it in terms of a balanced program.

I would paint a more optimistic picture. We are finding new and varied ways of involving jazz music in the classroom. Musicologists now generally recognize that jazz is already an historical subject. The music that college jazz ensembles play today is exciting—far more interesting to both the casual and the informed listener.

We don't have any "hyper-tension heads" or "acid stomachs" on our staff.

acid stomachs" on our staff.
Wayne Scot

Wayne Scott Associate Professor

University of Colorado, Boulder

Hodes Brings Joy

Art Hodes' sentimental journey (Sittin' In, DB, Nov. 13) to the big town was ditto for me. I especially enjoyed his literary style which combined memorabilia with his recent visit to New York.

If Art ever tires of the ivory keys, I'm sure he could be almost as successful at the typewriter variety.

Arthur S. Cobin

Yonkers, N.Y.







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HOTTEST SOUNDS THIS SIDE OF MANHATTAN?

On Nov. 25, New York's Roosevelt Grill, once the playground of Guy Lombardo but shuttered for the past two years, reopened to the strains of a quite different kind of music, that of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, sharing the stand with Joe Venuti's quartet.

The WGJB will be on hand for six weeks, inaugurating a jazz policy at the famous location, Dick Gibson, foundermanager of the band, will be in charge of the music, "This represents the largest committment to jazz by any commercial interest in the history of New York," he

"This is an enormous step toward bringing jazz to that part of the public which will find it vital, exciting music if given a chance to hear it," Gibson pointed out. He plans, among other things, to bring in "existing jazz-oriented big bands," and to hold a replica of his famous Jazz Party (DB, Dec. 11) four times annually, for a week at the time. The WGJB will play the room for four months each year.

The Roosevelt Grill will have a \$3.50 cover charge, but this will be absorbed for patrons who come to eat as well as to drink. Dinners are \$15, including one drink and tip, and after 9:30 p.m., supper

is \$10 in the same package.

MOOG VOGUE IN N.Y.: PANEL AND CONCERTS

Considerable interest in the Moog Synthesizer is being generated these days.

The inner workings and musical potentials of the invention were explored by pianist-composer Dick Hyman and electronics expert Walter Sear for the benefit of an SRO audience at a gathering sponsored by the New York chapter of NARAS

Hyman illustrated the Moog's capabilities in a performance of his piece Minotaur and a spontaneous multi-track original. Sear, who worked closely with Robert Moog in the development of the synthesizer, explained just how it works in a lengthy question-and-answer session.

Further Moog doings on the New York scene are in store at two Philharmonic Hall concerts (8:30 and 10:30 p.m.) Dec. 26 featuring Paul Bley on Moog, accompanied by bassist Bill Folwell and drummer Barry Altschul, Bley will also back his wife, singer Annette Peacock, along with a larger ensemble including Glenn Moore, bass, and Laurence Cook, drums. (Advance tickets are \$4, but will be scaled at \$4, 5 and 6 if purchased on the day of performance.)

All the bassists and drummers operate pedals which allow their efforts to be directed through the Moog. At a November Town Hall concert, Miss Peacock appeared during the first half in a green, highcollared maxi-dress. After intermission, she returned clad in a floor-length black skirt and black pasties. Garb for the upcoming concert has not been revealed. It all depends on the Moog Miss Peacock

NORTH TEXAS LAB BAND INVITED TO MONTREUX

North Texas State University's famous Lab Band has been invited to perform as the official big band at the 1970 Montreux International Jazz Festival, to be held at the Swiss resort June 17-21.

The invitation came from festival organizer Claude Nobs, an admirer of the NTSU band since the time he heard its Lab '67 LP. The university's board of regents voted \$20,000 to underwrite the trip.

Three additional U.S. college bands, one from Kent State University in Ohio, the remaining two yet to be chosen, will also perform at Montreux.

As the festival's official band, the Lab men will perform with such guest stars as trumpeter Clark Terry, who himself led the 1969 festival's International Big Band.

That band, made up of 19 musicians from 13 countries playing arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, can be heard on a just released Polydor album. The idea for the band was originated by Bob Share of the Berklee School of Music and developed with the help of Helen Keane, New York coordinator for Montreux.

STUDENTS FIND JOY AT McPARTLAND "JAZZ-IN"

Cokes, pretzels and jazz were the menu for more than 200 junior high and high school students who attended a Nov. 8 Jazz-In at the Downbeat Club in New York City, hosted by pianist Marian Mc-Partland.

The students from five schools in Manhattan, Long Island, and New Jersey both listened and participated in the two-hour afternoon program. The Candlewood Junior High School Band from Dix Hills, N.J. opened the show under the direction of Joe Fazio, and the Cold Spring Harbor H.S. Band from Huntington, N.Y. led by Clem De Rosa appeared later in the pro-

De Rosa's son Richard, a young vibist, sat in with Miss McPartland's trio (Mike Moore, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums), and another guest was trumpeter Jimmy Nottingham, who raced over for a set during a rehearsal break in the Ed Sullivan Show.

The club's management was overwhelmed by the turnout and plans for monthly conclaves are being solidified. Miss McPartland, who closed a six-week stand at the Downbeat Nov. 27, was en-thusiastic. "Thanks to the club," she said, "200 students received an opportunity to see and hear jazz in action in what constituted a field trip for them. . . . Jazz as we play it is not meant to convert the rock fans among our 13 to 16-year-old audience. It was presented to implement their musical knowledge and to expand their interests beyond the scope of the Beatles and such."

FINAL BAR

Band leader Ted Heath, 69, died Nov. 18 at Virginia Water, Surrey, England. He had been ill for five years.

The son of a band leader, Heath started



on tenor horn, winning a prize in a brass band contest at the age of 10. He later took up trombone and became one of Britain's most accomplished dance band musicians, working with the bands of Bert Firman, Jack Hylton, Ambrose, Benny Carter, and Geraldo. In 1944, he was assigned by the BBC to assemble a radio orchestra, which began to play public concerts at the London Palladium a year

The band soon became very popular through its broadcasts and expertly crafted recordings, and served as a talent incubator for many top instrumental and vocal stars to be, among them drummer Jack Parnell, tenorist Ronnie Scott, and singer Lita Roza. Heath continued to lead bands until he was taken ill.

Heath's records became big sellers in the U.S., and the band made the first of several successful American tours in 1956. At its peak, the Heath band was a model of disciplined musicianship and effective stage presentation, featuring excellent arrangements (Tadd Dameron was on Heath's staff in the mid-'50s) and accomplished soloists. One of the best of the band's many albums was Fats Waller's London Suite.

Ivory (Deck) Watson, 60, co-founder and tenor singer of the original Ink Spots, died Nov. 11 in Washington, D.C.

Trumpeter George Kenyon, 64, died Oct. 22 in Chicago. In the late '20s, he worked with many of the famous Chicago jazzmen in bands led by Charles Pierce, Floyd Towne, and Murph Podalsky. Later, he became Marty Marsala's replacement in Del Coon's territory band.

POTPOURRI

The Mothers of Invention have disbanded, but some 12 albums are still to be released, Head Mother Frank Zappa will produce albums by various artists for his labels, Bizarre and Straight, and work on film and TV projects. He is currently writing arrangements for an album of his music by violinist Jean-Luc Ponty. Of the other members, Jimmy Carl Black has formed a group, Geronimo Black; Don Preston is collaborating with dancer Meredith Monk in performances of electronic music; Ian Underwood is preparing a solo piano album; Motorhead Sherwood will appear in a film with Captain Beefheart, and the rest are doing studio work in Los Angeles. It is possible, according to Zappa, that the Mothers will re-form "when audiences have properly assimilated the recorded work of the group."

A mid-October Midnight Concert in Harlem at the Apollo Theater launched an international fund-raising campaign for a jazz center in Harlem and featured Miles Davis, Bill Evans, Herbie Hancock, Donald Byrd, Milford Graves and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra.

Ray Brown, Quincy Jones and Harold (*The Carpetbaggers*) Robbins have formed a partnership in a recording company named Symbolic.

Roland Kirk is now Rasaan Roland Kirk, and his group will be billed as The Vibration Society. If plans work out, the vibrations may be extended to a membership organization.

Among the nearly 2,000 writer-members sharing in the record-breaking ASCAP Special Panel cash awards for the year 1969-70 are jazzmen Kenny Burrell, Ornette Coleman, Chick Corea, Dizzy Gillespie, Mike Mainieri, Red Norvo, Horace Silver, and Billy Taylor.

One of the eight actor-singers in the new rock musical Salvation is Yolande Bayan, formerly of Lambert, Hendricks&Bayan.

A book by Valerie Wilmer, our London correspondent and valued contributor, will be published in the spring by Allison& Busby Ltd. of London. Titled *The Jazz People*, it will contain profiles and photos of 14 leading U.S. jazzmen, including Thelonious Monk, Art Farmer, and Archie Shepp, several of which appeared in *Down Beat*.

Pianist Harold Goldberg, former operator of the Club Montmartre in Copenhagen, now lives in Emmaboda, Sweden, and is a member of baritone saxophonist Lars Gullin's band, based in that town. In late summer, he appeared with Ben Webster at the Swedish Jazz Festival.

Pete Fountain and his band gave a surprise Columbus Day concert for the employees of Leblanc in Kenosha, Wisc. on the occasion of Leblanc president Vito Pascucci's birthday.

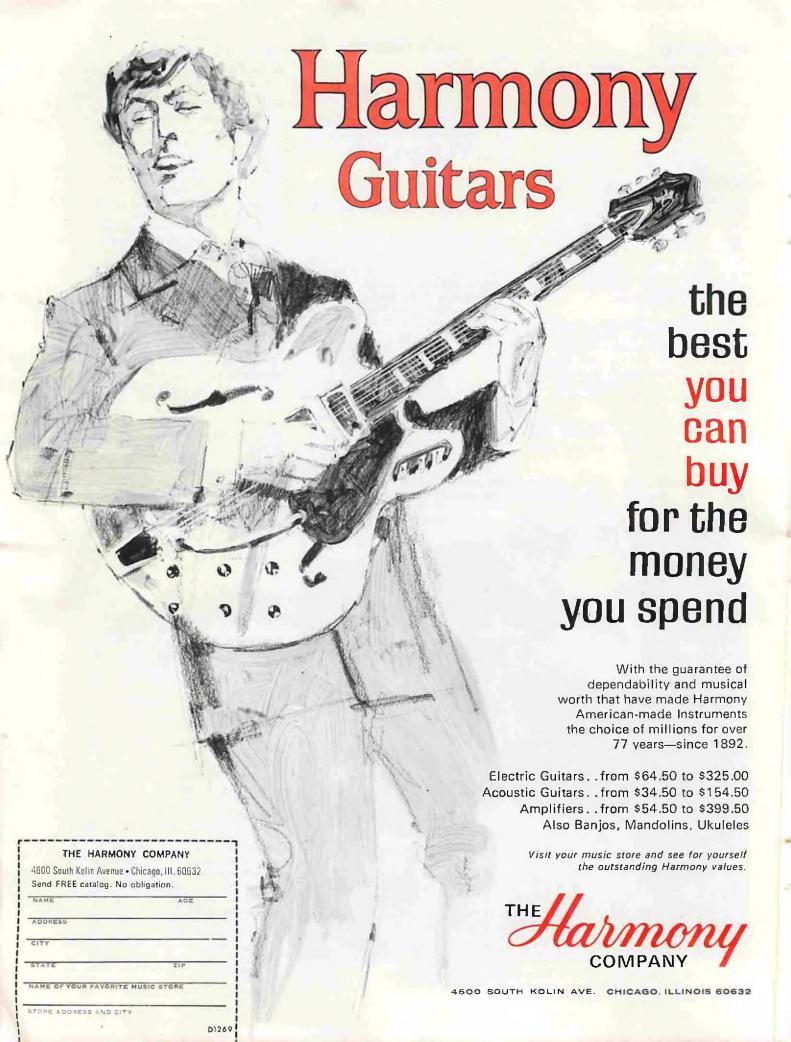


Louis Armstrong's first gig in more than a year was taping the theme for the film "Her Majesty's Secret Service," composed by John Barry (I) and Hal David. The famed chops are back in top shape, observers report.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Several new jazz sceneseast and west-have sprung up in Manhattan of late. A concert-dance involving Booker Ervin and Ted Curson at the Lorelei on East 86th St. (Ad Lib, Nov. 27) led to a similar affair Nov. 9, involving Ervin, tenor saxophone; Toshiko, piano: and George Solano, drums. Reedman Bobby Brown's group played for dancing from 4 to 8:30 p.m., followed by the others in concert. On Nov. 17, the Lorelei instituted a series of Monday evening sessions under the title Swing Nite, with Toshiko and Solano joined by bassist Wilbur Little in the rhythm section, and augmented by various horn soloists. Trumpeter Kenny Dorham was slated to be the opening attraction . . . Meanwhile, on the west side, Danny's on W. 46th St., new home of Jazz Interactions' Sunday afternoon bashes, began a series of Saturday-Sunday night engagements with a double bill made up of drummer Pete La Roca's quartet featuring reedman Dave Liebnian, and the Master of the Macabre, Brother Theodore, Recent Sunday matinces have included a group consisting of Joe Beck, guitar; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Hal Gaylor, bass; and Don McDonald, drums; and pianist Harold Mabern's trio . . . The Tony Williams Lifetime Trio and Jackie & Roy were a double-header at the Village Gate . . . The N.Y. Hot Jazz Society's fund-raising bash for a New York Jazz Museum at the Hotel Diplomat attracted a lot of musicians and listeners. Among the former were Sol Yaged, Sam Margolis, Tony Parenti, clarinets; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Carmen Leggio, Julian Dash, Big Nick Nicholas, tenors; Cecil Payne, baritone; Ray Nance, trumpet, violin; Jimmy Mc-Partland, Jack Fine, cornets; J. C. Higginbotham, Vic Dickenson, Graham Stewart, trombones; George Bien, Lawrence Lucie, guitars; Dave Martin, Nat Pierce, Dick Wellstood, Norman Lester, Marty Napoleon, Dill Jones, piano; Lisle Atkinson, Hayes Alvis, Jim Gribbon, bass: Freddie Moore, Sam Ulano, Frankie Dunlop, Ray Mosen, Al Harewood and Mike Bergovitch, drums; and singer Jimmy Rushing. Also appearing were the Grove Street Stompers and the Red Onion Jazz Band with songstress Natalie Lamb. Other musicians who attended but didn't get to perform were singer Babs Gonzales, pianist Dick Katz, and trumpeter Buck Clayton . . . Hot Jazz Society president Jack Bradley is now hosting Sunday early evening sessions (6 to 9) of swing and trad at Uncle John's Straw Hat at 316 West 49th St. . . . During Roy Eldridge's stay at the Half Note, singer Chris Connor joined the bill on several weekends . . . The Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet was at Slugs', followed by the Art Farmer-Jimmy Heath combo. It was Farmer's first visit to the U.S. in quite a while. Heath was just back from seven weeks on the Continent. He played at the Montmartre in Copenhagen; in Gothenburg, Sweden; at Stampen in Stockholm with Red Mitchell; at the University of Norway in Oslo, where he also conducted and instructed the student

/Continued on page 49



34th Annual

Down Beat Readers Poll

The 1969 down beat Readers Poll signals the end of a decade without bringing great surprises. No crystal ball was needed to predict that Miles Davis would again walk off with trumpet and jazz combo honors, and one of his several fine LPs of the past twelvemonth was a logical candidate for Jazz Album of the Year. (The fact that Miles showed as well as won in that category is icing on the cake.)

Nor was Duke Ellington's triple victory (Big Band, Composer, Arranger) unpredictable; having yielded first place in the latter category last

year, he regained it easily.

One true surprise is Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet crown. The passing of Pee Wee Russell left a gap which one might logically have assumed 1968 runner-up Buddy DeFranco to fill, but Hamilton reached the top from eighth place, though he has not been much in the public eye since leaving the Ellington fold two years ago—an encouraging fact.

Otherwise, one can marvel at the size of Blood, Sweat&Tears' victory margin in the Rock/Pop/Blues Group slot. Their album also scored big, and lead singer David Clayton-Thomas and several of the group's instrumen-

talists did very well.

Ornette Coleman's place in the Hall of Fame, the highest honor the Poll can bestow, is certainly well earned, and one notes with pleasure that this year's winner comes from the ranks of the living.

Artists receiving fewer than 30 votes are not shown. Numbers in parentheses indicate last year's position. As usual, some foolish attempts at cheating were foiled.—D.M.

HALL OF FAME

- 1. Ornette Coleman (5) . . . 372
- 2. Clifford Brown (3) . . . 242
- 3. Django Reinhardt (13) . . . 204
- 4. Gene Krupa (4) . . . 182
- 5. Buddy Rich (10) . . . 157



6. Dave Brubeck (6) . . . 137 7. Sonny Rollins (10) . . . 136 8. Ella Fitzgerald (11) . . . 132 9. Charles Mingus (9) . . . 128 10. Woody Herman (8) . . . 111 11. Stan Getz (7) . . . 105 12. Fletcher Henderson (12) ... 91 13. Johnny Hodges (18) . . . 86 14. Paul Chambers (-) . . . 85 15. Oscar Peterson (26) . . . 83 16. Roland Kirk (20) . . . 80 17. Bill Evans (17) . . . 73 18. Don Ellis (21) . . . 66 19. Ray Charles (14) . . . 65 20. Roy Eldridge (—) . . . 56 21. Milt Jackson (—) . . . 55 21. Elvin Jones (--) . . . 55 22, Jimmy Smith (24) . . . 51 23. Cannonball Adderley (15) . . . 46 24. King Oliver (23) . . . 45 25. Scott La Faro (16) . . . 41 26. Booker Little (--) . . . 37 27. B.B. King (-) . . . 36 28. John Lewis (19) . . . 34

28. Cecil Taylor (-) . . . 34

29. J.J. Johnson (25) . . . 32

29. Max Roach (24) ... 32

30. Ron Carter (—) . . . 31

30. Herbie Mann (-) . . . 31

31. Gary Burton (-) . . . 30



JAZZMAN OF THE YEAR

1. Miles Davis (2) . . . 987 2. Buddy Rich (4) . . . 603 3. Duke Ellington (3) . . . 556 4. Don Ellis (5) . . . 273 5. Roland Kirk (7) . . . 260 6. Gary Burton (1) . . . 197 7. Pharoah Sanders (24) . . . 163 8. Elvin Jones (11) . . . 145 9. Herbie Hancock (15) . . . 83 10. Sonny Rollins (16) . . . 67 11. Cannonball Adderley (14) . . . 65 12. Bill Evans (9) . . . 61 13. Ornette Coleman (8) . . . 57 14. Clark Terry (20) . . . 54 15. Frank Zappa (—) . . . 53 16. Larry Coryell (—) . . . 50 17. Thad Jones (26) . . . 47 18. Herbie Mann (23) . . . 46 19. Dizzy Gillespie (13) . . . 45 19. Tony Williams (-) . . . 45 20. Charles Lloyd (6) . . . 43 21. Cecil Taylor (24) . . . 40 22. Jean-Luc Ponty (--) . . . 36 23. Billy Taylor (—) . . . 34 23. Jimmy Smith (29) . . . 34 24. B.B. King (—) . . . 33 25. Doc Severinsen (—) . . . 31 26. Ron Carter (-) . . . 30



JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR

1.	Miles Davis:
	Filles De Kilimanjaro 482
2.	Blood, Sweat&Tears 342
3.	Miles Davis:
	In a Silent Way 229
4.	Duke Ellington: And His
	Mother Called Him Bill 217
5.	Buddy Rich:
	Mercy, Mercy, Mercy 176
6.	Pharoah Sanders: Karma 136
7.	Buddy Rich:
	Buddy and Soul 127
8.	Herbie Mann:

- Memphis Underground . . . 104
 9. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis:
- Monday Night . . . 98

 10. Lee Konitz: Duets . . . 91

 11. Miles Davis: Miles In the Sky . . . 73
- 12. Elvin Jones: Puttin' It Together . . . 72
- 13. Gary Burton: Genuine
 Tong Funeral . . . 69
- 14. Mothers of Invention; Uncle Meat . . . 68
- 15. Gary Burton: Country Roads . . . 66
- 16. Woody Herman: Light My Fire . . . 65
- 17. Don Ellis: Autumn . . . 59
- 18. Don Ellis: Electric Bath . . . 52
- Don Ellis: Underground . . . 51
 Chick Corea: Now He Sings, Now He Sobs . . . 45
- 21. Elvin Jones: The Ultimate . . . 40
- 22. Isaac Hayes: Hot Buttered Soul . . . 35
- 23. Ornette Coleman: New York Is Now . . . 34
- 23. Tony Williams: Emergency . . . 34
- 24. Modern Jazz Quartet:
 Under the Jasmin Tree . . . 33

BIG BAND

- Duke Ellington (1) . . . 1,141
 Thad Jones-Mel
- Lewis (3) . . . 1,048
- Buddy Rich (2) . . . 1,022
 Don Ellis (4) . . . 502
- Count Basie (5) . . . 271
 Gerald Wilson (6) . . . 205
- 7. Sun Ra (8) . . . 198

- Woody Herman (7) . . . 167
 Duke Pearson (11) . . . 102
- 10. Stan Kenton (10) ... 87 11. Clarke-Boland (—) ... 72
- 12. Oliver Nelson (9) . . . 5813. Doc Severinsen
- (Tonight Show) (12) . . . 55
- 14. Jazz Composer's Orchestra (---) . . . 51
- 15. Clark Terry (13) . . . 36
- 16. University of Illinois Jazz Band . . . 34



JAZZ COMBO

	Miles Davis (1) 1,511
2.	Elvin Jones (11) 316
3.	Modern Jazz Quartet (3) 302
4.	Gary Burton (2) 270
5.	Cannonball Adderley (5) 242
6.	Blood, Sweat&Tears (-) 156
7.	Oscar Peterson (6) 130
8.	Dizzy Gillespie (8) 116
9.	Jazz Crusaders (7) 101
10.	Tony Williams (—) 94
11.	Dave Brubeck (10) 90
12.	Herbie Hancock () 88

- Herbie Hancock (—) . . .
 World's Greatest Jazz Band (—) . . . 86
 Charles Lloyd (4) . . . 79
- 14. Charles Lloyd (4) . . . 79
 15. Horace Silver (9) . . . 71
- 16. Herbie Mann (13) . . . 63



- 17. Bill Evans (12) ... 6018. Pharoah Sanders (26) ... 5619. Ornette Coleman (16) ... 54
- 20. Young-Holt Unlimited (—) ... 52 21. Mothers of Invention (—) ... 49
- 22. Ramsey Lewis (15) . . . 40
- 23. Roland Kirk (22) . . . 38
- 24. Thelonious Monk (18) ... 33
- 25. Stan Getz (14) . . . 31
- 25. Phil Woods (--) . . . 31

TRUMPET

- 1. Miles Davis (1) . . . 2,379
- 2. Dizzy Gillespie (2) . . . 474
- 3. Clark Terry (3) . . . 421
- 4. Freddie Hubbard (4) . . . 348
- 5. Doc Severinsen (5) . . . 251
- 6. Don Ellis (6) . . . 218
- 7. Don Cherry (9) . . . 160
- 8. Lee Morgan (7) . . . 124
- 9. Randy Brecker (23) . . . 86
- 10. Nat Adderley (13) . . . 73
- 11. Roy Eldridge (11) . . . 64
- 12. Maynard Ferguson (10) . . . 57
- 12. Thad Jones (18) ... 57
- 13. Louis Armstrong (15) . . . 43
- 13. Bobby Bryant (-) . . . 43
- 14. Al Hirt (14) . . . 42
- 15. Jimmy Owens (14) . . . 38
- 16. Lew Soloff (---) . . . 36
- 17. Art Farmer (16) . . . 35
- 17. Bobby Hackett (12) . . . 35
- 18. Harry James (21) . . . 33
- 19. Blue Mitchell (—) . . . 32
- 20. Hugh Masekela (8) . . . 31
- 21. Herb Alpert (13) . . . 30
- 21. Woody Shaw (-) ... 30



TROMBONE

- 1. J. J. Johnson (1) . . . 1,469
- 2. Roswell Rudd (3) . . . 534
- 3. Bob Brookmeyer (2) . . . 453
- 4. Urbie Green (7) . . . 246
- Garnett Brown (10) . . . 208
 Grachan Moncur III (4) . . . 192
- 7. Curtis Fuller (6) . . . 171
- 8. Carl Fontana (12) . . . 130
- 9. Lawrence Brown (9) . . . 119
- 10. Wayne Henderson (5) . . . 110
 11. Vic Dickenson (13) . . . 101
- 12. James Pankow (—) . . . 89

13.	Kai Winding (11) 85
14.	Frank Rosolino (8) 82
15.	Phil Wilson (14) 80
16.	Jimmy Cleveland (15) 47
17.	Albert Mangelsdorff (19)
18.	Jim Knepper (17) 44
19.	Jerry Hyman (—) 39
20.	Glenn Ferris (—) 38
21.	Dick Halligan (—) 34
22.	Dickie Wells (17) 32
23.	Bennie Green (20) 30
23.	Slide Hampton (14) 30
23.	Julian Priester (21) 30

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1.	Jimmy Hamilton (8) 682
	Roland Kirk (13) 593
3.	Buddy DeFranco (2) 587
4.	Tony Scott (3) 287
	Pete Fountain (4) 278
6.	Benny Goodman (9) 263
7.	Woody Herman (6) 238
8.	Jimmy Giuffre (7) 229
	Eddie Daniels (5) 160
10.	Perry Robinson (10) 112
11.	Russell Procope (14) 95
12.	Paul Horn (12) 63
13.	Phil Woods (11) 62
14.	Rolf Kuhn (13) 57
16	Parnou Bigard () 31



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1.	Joe Far	rell .		402
2.	Roland	Kirk		. 395

3.	Oliver Nelson 389
4.	Steve Lacy 374
5.	Cannonball Adderley 362
6.	Wayne Shorter 323
	Lucky Thompson 257
8.	Jerome Richardson 249
9.	Bob Wilber 165
10.	Budd Johnson 162
11.	Woody Herman 110
12.	John Surman 73
13.	Sam Rivers 68
14.	Tom Scott 64
15.	Bunk Gardner 49
16.	Steve Marcus 46
17.	Joseph Jarman 38
18.	Ira Sullivan 35
19.	Yusef Lateef 31

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	Cannonball Adderley (1) 83
2.	Ornette Coleman (3) 756
3.	Johnny Hodges (2) 632
4.	Paul Desmond (4) 507
5.	Phil Woods (5) 296
6.	Fred Lipsius (21) 239
7.	John Handy (6) 223
8.	Lee Konitz (11) 177
9.	Sonny Criss (7) 170
10.	Jackie McLean (8) 151
in	THE ACTOR AND THE
663	A CONTRACTOR OF WARRING
100	



11.	Sonny Stitt (9) 77
12.	Art Pepper (16) 65
13.	Eric Kloss (21) 62
14.	Frank Strozier (19) 59
15.	James Moody (14) 53
16.	James Spaulding (10) 51
17.	Lou Donaldson (20) 50
18.	Jamey Aebersold (—) 46
19.	Charlie Mariano (12) 42
19.	Bud Shank (15) 42
20.	Marion Brown (13) 40
21.	lan Underwood (—) 39
22.	Charles McPherson (18) 3
23.	Richie Cole (—) 31

TENOR SAXOPHONE

1.	Stan Getz (1)	. 1,004
2.	Sonny Rollins (2)) 963
3.	Wayne Shorter (4	1) 445

4.	Pharaoh Sanders (5) 30
5.	Joe Henderson (6) 216
5.	Charles Lloyd (3) 216
6.	Don Menza () 144
7.	Joe Farrell (8) 142
8.	Roland Kirk (11) 130



10.	Theme onepp (5)
11.	Ben Webster (15) 85
12.	Paul Gonsalves (16) 83
12.	James Moody (18) 83
13.	Zoot Sims (12) 72
14.	Stanley Turrentine (13) 5
15.	John Klemmer (29) 54
16.	Albert Ayler (17) 53
17.	Bud Freeman (27) 50
18.	Jay Corre (14) 42
19.	Lockjaw Davis (26) 36
19.	Yusef Lateef (22) 36
20.	Boots Randolph (25) 34
21.	Sonny Stitt (20) 33
22.	Dexter Gordon (23) 32
22.	Harold Land (26) 32



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1.	Gerry Mulligan (1) 2,076
2.	Pepper Adams (2) 895
3.	Harry Carney (3) 736
4.	Cecil Payne (4) 154
5.	Roland Kirk (5) 125
6.	John Surman (—) 92
7.	Charles Davis (6) 90

8.	Ronnie Cuber (/) /0
9.	Pat Patrick (10) 50
10.	Sahib Shihab (8) 49
11.	Nick Brignola (—) 40
12.	Jerome Richardson (9) 38
13.	Howard Johnson (—) 30

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1.	Herbie Mann (1) 1,303
2.	Roland Kirk (2) 653
	James Moody (4) 601
4.	Yusef Lateef (5) 545
	Charles Lloyd (3) 392
6.	Jeremy Steig (6) 354
7.	Hubert Laws (7) 235
8.	Joe Farrell (12) 184
9.	Paul Horn (8) 151
	James Spaulding (11) 127
11.	lan Anderson (—) 90
11.	Frank Wess (9) 90
12.	Jerome Richardson (10) 68
13.	Bud Shank (13) 66
1/	Fric Divon (—) 30

14. Chris Woods (--) . . . 30



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2. Oscar Peterson (3) 684
3. Bill Evans (2) 540
4. Chick Corea (15) 297
5. McCoy Tyner (5) 295
6. Cecil Taylor (9) 245
7. Thelonious Monk (4) 234
8. Earl Hines (11) 206
9. Dave Brubeck (7) 186
10. Erroll Garner (6) 179
11. Keith Jarrett (8) 121
12. Duke Ellington (14) 103
13. Joe Zawinul (16) 92
14. Horace Silver (10) 77
15. Jaki Byard (12) 76
15. Ramsey Lewis (13) 76
16. Ahmad Jamal (17) 58
17. Valdo Williams (29) 45
18. Otis Spann (—) 43

1. Herbie Hancock (1) . . . 833



19. Count Basie (22) . . . 40
20. Nickey Hopkins (—) . . . 39
21. Billy Taylor (21) . . . 38
22. Roland Hanna (—) . . . 33
22. Les McCann (—) . . . 33
23. Teddy Wilson (28) . . . 32
24. Peter Nero (20) . . . 31

25. Al Kooper (-) ... 30

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1. Jimmy Smith (1) . . . 2,595
2. Larry Young (2) . . . 554
3. Richard Holmes (3) . . . 249
4. Shirley Scott (4) . . . 163
5. Al Kooper (8) . . . 150
6. Wild Bill Davis (11) . . . 144
7. Don Patterson (7) . . . 122
8. Jack McDuff (5) . . . 116
9. Brian Auger (—) . . . 91
10. Stevie Winwood (—) . . . 79



- Lonnie Smith (9) . . . 73
 Count Basie (6) . . . 60
 Dick Halligan (—) . . . 45
 Jimmy McGriff (10) . . . 45
- 13. Jimmy McGriff (10) . . . 45 14. Booker T. Jones (—) . . . 44
- 15. Earl Grant (14) . . . 34 16. Joe Zawinul (—) . . . 30

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1. Gary Burton (1) . . . 1,909
2. Bobby Hutcherson (3) . . . 1,065
3. Milt Jackson (2) . . . 945
4. Lionel Hampton (4) . . . 407
5. Roy Ayers (6) . . . 146
5. Red Norvo (8) . . . 146
6. Cal Tjader (5) . . . 101
7. Terry Gibbs (7) . . . 76
8. Karl Berger (11) . . . 67
9. Mike Mainieri (9) . . . 56
10. Gary McFarland (—) . . . 30



GUITAR

1. Kenny Burrell (1) 1,031
2. Larry Coryell (2) 595
3. George Benson (6) 390
4. Jim Hall (3) 275
5. Eric Clapton (4) 240
6. Pat Martino (22) 206
7. B.B. King (19) 201
8. Gabor Szabo (3) 190
9. Grant Green (10) 182
10. Charlie Byrd (7) 130
11. Barney Kessel (9) 126
12. Mike Bloomfield (10) 123
13. Tal Farlow (8) 119
14. Jimi Hendrix (12) 111
15. Jerry Hahn (12) 104
16. Herb Ellis (15) 82



- 17. Sonny Sharrock (14) . . . 77
- 18. John McLaughlin (---) . . . 76
- 19. Joe Pass (11) ... 59
- 20. Atilla Zoller (18) . . . 52
- 21. Freddie Green (19) . . . 45
- 22. Johnny Smith (17) . . . 43
- 23. Alvin Lee (—) . . . 42
- 24. Bola Sete (16) . . . 39
- 25. Howard Roberts (13) . . . 32
- 26. Laurindo Almeida (21) . . . 30
- 26. Tony Mottola (20) . . . 30



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- 1. Richard Davis (1) . . . 1,007
- 2. Ron Carter (3) . . . 801
- 3. Ray Brown (2) . . . 737
- 4. Charles Mingus (5) . . . 377
- 5. Jimmy Garrison (6) . . . 335
- 6. Steve Swallow (4) . . . 241
- 7. Jack Bruce (10) . . . 168
- 8. Jim Fielder (—) . . . 147
- 9. Eddie Gornez (8) . . . 124
- 10. Charlie Haden (6) . . . 84
 11. Jack Casady (—) . . . 71
- 12. Bob Cranshaw (12) . . . 47
- 12. Dave Holland (-) . . . 47

- 13. Reggie Workman (20) . . . 46
- 14. Percy Heath (15) . . . 45
- 14. Wilbur Little (—) . . . 45
- 15. George Duvivier (11) . . . 44
- 16. Sam Jones (20) . . . 42
- 17. Cecil McBee (13) . . . 41
- 18. Bob Haggart (—) . . . 38
- 19. Miroslav Vitous (-) ... 34
- 20. Dave Izenzon (12) . . . 31
- 20. Gene Wright (9) . . . 31
- 21. Eldee Young (12) ... 30



DRUMS

- 1. Elvin Jones (1) . . . 1,296
- 2. Buddy Rich (2) . . . 1,237
- Tony Williams (3) . . . 672
- 4. Max Roach (7) . . . 205
- 5. Ginger Baker (11) . . . 193
- 6. Art Blakey (9) . . . 176
- 7. Alan Dawson (13) . . . 165
- 8. Roy Haynes (4) . . . 160
- 9. Chico Hamilton (19) . . . 139
- 9. Joe Morello (5) . . . 139
- 10. Grady Tate (6) ... 126
- 11. Joe Cusatis (16) ... 87
- 12. Jack DeJohnette (18) . . . 84
- 13. Mel Lewis (17) . . . 55
- 14. Louis Bellson (14) . . . 54
- 15. Shelley Manne (10) . . . 51
- 16. Ed Blackwell (—) . . . 47
- 17. Bobby Colomby (--) ... 45
- 18. Billy Higgins (12) . . . 34
- 19. Gene Krupa (15) . . . 32
- 20. Joe Chambers (21) . . . 30

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 1. Roland Kirk, Mz, St (1) . . . 1,579
- 2. Jean-Luc Ponty, Vi (7) . . . 546
- 3. Ray Nance, Vi (5) . . . 324
- 4. Yusef Lateef, Ob (3) . . . 310
- 5. Paul Butterfield, Hca (6) . . . 250
- 6. Ravi Shankar, Si (2) . . . 211
- 7. Rufus Harley, Bgp (4) . . . 129



- 8. Michael White, Vi (8) . . . 107
- 9. T. Thielemans, Hca (11) . . . 75
- 10. M. Santamaria, LP (14) . . . 47
- 11. Howard Johnson, Tu (13) . . . 38
- 12. Ornette Coleman, Vi (9) . . . 37
- 13. Dorothy Ashby, Hp (18) . . . 30
- Dave Baker, Clo (—) . . . 30
 Legend: Bgp-bagpipe: Clo-collo: Hca-harmonica; Hp-harp; LP-Latin percussion; Mz-manzello; Ob-oboe; SI-sitar; St-strich; Tu-tuba; VI-violin.

COMPOSER

- 1. Duke Ellington (1) . . . 1,297
- 2. Lennon-McCartney (4) . . . 357
- 3. Wayne Shorter (3) . . . 323
- 4. Herbie Hancock (8) . . . 204
- 5. Oliver Nelson (2) . . . 185
- 6. Frank Zappa (22) . . . 146
- 7. Burt Bacharach (12) . . . 138
- 8. Joe Zawinul (18) . . . 133
- 9. Miles Davis (21) . . . 126
- 10. Lalo Schifrin (6) . . . 119
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ROCK, JAZZ AND NEWPORT: AN EXCHANGE

ALAN HEINEMAN:

ONE SCARCELY knows where to begin. I didn't make Newport, having had teaching commitments, and the festival was very probably as mismanaged and ill planned for as the reportage suggests (DB, Aug. 21).

And I guess I don't want to talk about Ira Gitler's version of it, either. I've met Ira once. I like him. But at that time (April, 1966), he was coming down on every "new thing" player extant, Ornette and Cecil included.

But Dan Morgenstern is a reasonable man, an open man, a fair man. So the hackles rise when he concludes his Newport piece by admonishing promoters to "...leave rock where it belongs: in the circus or the kindergarten." In the first place, one should distinguish among the presentation of a music (which apparently wasn't good), the audience (have jazz audiences always been sedate, well-mannered, judicious in taste? What happened at the premiere of Le Sacre du Printemps?), and the music.

Dan, we learn, did not hear the major rock concert. (He did hear Sly, which, I would concur, is a bummer, a showboat group with no musical integrity.) But he learned the groups were "over-amplified." By whose standards, Dan? Rock music is designed to be played very loud, louder than you or most jazz critics are prepared to tolerate. If they were so far goosed that the sound was distorted, then, of course, no argument.

Dan was also saddened that Kenny Burrell and George Benson "were not on hand . . . to show the rockers what fine guitar playing is all about, and how amplification can be used for musical ends." I can't quarrel with the judgment on Burrell, who seems to me the best guitar going. But to compare Benson—who plays very pleasingly, very musically, very skillfully, to be sure-in terms of the interest, excitement and originality generated, to Kaukonen, Clapton, Alvin Lee, inter alia, is incomprehensible to me. And if you think the electronic aspects of the guitar aren't being explored in a thoroughly musical way-albeit violently and jarringly-then you just haven't been listening to rock. Listening, I said, not simply hearing.

But even that's not the point. Yes, Burrell and Benson represent what fine jazz guitar playing is about, but-forgive the obvious-most rock players are not playing jazz. They are playing rock, which is a different genre, even though it shares many roots with jazz. It is not intrinsically better, intrinsically worse. Just different. That you have not realized that, Dan, is evident in your laudatory remarks on Lighthouse. I like them, too. (Unfortunately, RCA castrated the sound of their first LP, but the music is awfully good.) It is very clear, however, that what you meant by their having "a musical slant" on things is a jazz slant. By me, there are other valid approaches.

Let me clarify myself here, because I have been criticized in print for applying jazz criteria to rock. Some rock groups don't improvise much, and so the standards are inapplicable. But even when they are, the context must be considered: when pulsing, driving, shattering rhythm is in-

volved, rhythmic complexity is not necessarily a desideratum; when harmonic simplicity is involved, abstract chordal patterns are not necessarily a desideratum. This is not to say that one should not look for rhythmic or harmonic complexity in rock. It's there, sometimes exquisitely so. It is merely to say that you must grant an artist his own terms initially. When you have grasped those terms—fully—you are then in a position to decide whether they are valid, and, if so, whether he has succeeded on his terms; then you have a context in which to discuss taste, logic, sincerity, musicianship, etc.

Perhaps this is why your remarks upset me most. I was still teething when the controversy over what was the Real Jazz in the early '40s was raging, but I know something of it. We smile condescendingly now at those who called bebop "Chinese music." Moldy figs, they were. And I remember distinctly the hooraw over the "new thing." Fortunately, most of us have reached the point where we understand the abstract terms of free playing, and can distinguish (well, usually) between those who use freedom to create and those who use it to hide their imaginative or technical poverty. Must we repeat this idiocy yet again?

If you think rock is going to roll (no pun intended) over and die merely because it offends you, you're wrong. And it won't do, either, to give the seal of approval only to rock which approximates what we think of as jazz. Much of rock is hungrily absorbing jazz traditions; but much of it isn't-couldn't care less. And jazz is borrowing, often with revitalizing results, from rock. And it's all music, some good, some bad. And you had best begin thinking of it that way. For the sake of your mind and body. Doesn't mean you have to like it. I don't like Count Basie much, for instance, but I know his importance. I respect him for his success in his chosen idiom. And I know his is not kindergarten or circus music.

DAN MORGENSTERN:

FIRST OF ALL: the hackle-raising concluding remarks of my Newport coverage did not pertain so much to the music as to the behavior of its audience and, unfortunately, some of its performers.

I'll readily admit that I was angry when I wrote about Newport, and I think with good reason. A moment's reflection should have made that clear to any reader, no matter how rock-oriented. After all, down beat initiated regular coverage of rock with my tenure as editor, and how could that be if I really believed that all of it was circus or kindergarten music?

No, my reaction was quite simply that of a life-long jazz enthusiast who had witnessed the near-destruction of the oldest and most famous jazz festival in the world, brought about by a combination of carelessness and stupidity in which rock, unfortunately, was the active principle.

A number of much larger rock festivals have taken place elsewhere this year without comparable upsets. At Woodstock, as the whole world must know by now, it was I-o-v-c, baby—all the way through the mud—and at Atlanta, the California

Newport, Atlantic City, the Isle of Wight, etc. there was no serious trouble.

What, then, caused the Newport debacle? Specifically, I think (aside from the crucial lack of suitable facilities to accommodate the crowds) a clash between two kinds of fans and two kinds of music. The jazz fans had come mainly to listen, while the rock fans were mainly there to create—and be part of—a "scene."

And in that difference in motivation—if I am correct in my assumption—is revealed a fundamental fact about rock: It is only incidentally music, whereas jazz, alas, is by now primarily music.

Why alas? Because jazz once also was a social force as well as a great music; because, at one time, it elicited similar (if less demonstrative) spontaneous participation from its audience, spawned new dances, contributed to American speech (even today, much of the hip vocabulary stems from jazz origins), and taught us how to live in peace and harmony with each other.

Rock does all these things today; perhaps more. It is music of, by and for youth (though many over 30 are getting rich from it) and it generates tribal behavior. It is also, as my friend Al Heineman points out, very loud—and with good reason.

It is so very loud because because it aims to obliterate everyday reality and its concommitant responses, in place of which it offers a total environment of its own. Therefore loudness, therefore psychedelic trimmings, overt sexuality, and psychic primers.

Nothing wrong with all that—on its own terms. Jazz people knew about getting high long before pot became a household word in suburbia. But it must be understood that these terms are to a large degree extra-musical. The music and its makers are the focal point, but is the listener focused on the music or on its metaphysical—and plain physical—overtones?

Al, you tell me to listen to rock, not just to hear it. Well, I do, time permitting. But when I listen to in-person performances, I either become absorbed in the totality that surrounds them, or, when I'm in a less oceanic frame of mind, find myself observing that totality from the outside. In either case, the music is obscured—obscured, too, by its often painful loudness.

Listening to rock on records presents another problem. My job requires a great deal of professional listening. I go to hear all kinds of groups, including some I don't care for, jazz and rock; it's my job. I'm not complaining, but it is just as important that I also listen for pleasure, for myself. If I should ever lose my pleasure in music, I'd stop concerning myself with it professionally—and right quick.

When I listen for pleasure, I go first to jazz, then to blues, or my little store of favorite "classical" music (dumb term). Seldom to rock, though not all of it is loud, of course. I have enjoyed such groups and people as John Mayall, Pentangle, the Airplane, Canned Heat, CTA, Laura Nyro, Tim Hardin, of course the Beatles—and quite a few others. (I dug the Mothers very much—but were they



Part of the audience at Woodstock

rock? And Blood, Sweat&Tears seem to me a jazz-rock hybrid serving a constructive purpose.)

Rock can be a lot of fun, and at times genuinely moving. It surely has vitality. It has some good musicians and singers. It has (unfortunate cliche!) relevance, as its proponents never seem to tire of pointing out. (Thanks, Al, for not hectoring me with that.)

But in all sincerety, and with the best possible intentions, I have yet to find in it intrinsic musical substance comparable to the best in some other musics. Rock is a peculiar phenomenon of our time, combining aggressiveness and passivity, rule-breaking and conformity, genuine feeling and bathetic hype, sophisticated technology and primitive technique, revolutionary trimmings and a-political essence. But heard simply as music.

As we are so often told, rock came up the hard way. It was scorned and cursed, and "the kids" made it what it is today, against heavy odds. Except one: it was, almost from the start, a business. Today, it is no longer scorned. To the contrary, it is by now in danger of being stifled, in the embrace of the media, who never had much use for jazz or blues, and by the professional intellectuals, who prattle about it in Partisan Review and The New York Review of Books as they—thankfully—never did about jazz.

Rock today is a gigantic business, controlled and manipulated by the very forces its metaphysical and "philosophical" and political underpinnings oppose. It represents another victory for the good old American system, which turns everything marketable for profit into a commodity, and it has long since been socially neutralized, Mr. Linkletter to the contrary notwithstanding.

When Peter Townshend clubbed Jerry

Rubin at Woodstock, it was a symbolic act, and the audience's response proved it. How many established rock groups (the musically putrid MC5 prove the rule) perform at political events, back up student revolts, or actively support black radical aspirations? How many even do something for more sensible drug laws, other than getting themselves busted and being bailed out by their owners?

Rock is no longer, if indeed it ever was, in any sense a revolutionary force. On the contrary. By its very nature, it is evolutionary and eclectic, having borrowed here, there, and everywhere, and its social effect is accommodating and diversionary. In terms of the new sex-and-drug morality, it only echoes the needs of the leisure class and the marketplace.

Nothing wrong with all that, perhaps . . . but spare us the profundities and the posturing.

The day may well come when rock will produce a talent comparable to Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, or Ornette Coleman; Blind Lemon Jefferson, Bessie Smith, and B.B. King; Mozart, Mahler, or Alban Berg. Anything is possible in this best of all impossible worlds, but to be candid, it hasn't happened yet. Considering how long rock has now been around, it's becoming damned unlikely, the genuinely gifted Beatles notwithstanding—they can more aptly be compared to Gilbert & Sullivan.

In music, as in all other worthwhile things, there must be some order of priorities. In that order, jazz has made a place for itself, at as high a cost as any art has ever had to pay. The admission fee to Olympus is steeper than rock has yet been able to come up with. The dues—and the messages—have been relatively light.

In a time when Portnoy's Complaint is taken seriously as literature, anything goes. Given the almost total absence of viable esthetic and rational standards in our so-called cultural life, rock is often a breath of fresh air, for even at its most pretentious, it makes no grand claims to comparisons with the past, and asks only to be judged by its own standards.

But while the past can be ignored, it cannot be dismissed or obliterated. It is always there, if only silently. And rock, no matter how much it wishes to, cannot be heard in a cultural vacuum. It may be the music of today, but is it the only—or even the best—music for today? Besides, you cannot borrow from the past without having to pay interest.

God knows that jazz is not at present in one of its peak periods. It has to a large extent lost that popular base which fed it for so long, both spiritually and materially. Much of what is visible has become stale; much that is still vital is hidden away in obscure corners.

But if jazz is not well, it is far from dead—and one might remark paranthetically that judging from the printed word, it is not jazz that downgrades rock, but vice versa. Through its turbulent life span, it has survived other lean years. From what direction the next revival will come, nobody knows. Perhaps from neglected aspects of the past, perhaps from some funky little cat just getting his thing together somewhere out there.

More than likely, the jazz revival will somehow come from the direction of rock, with some heavy soul mixed in. No young musician today can help being exposed to rock, and few can escape playing it—even if only for the money. Besides, rock is a blood relative of jazz, because it has a beat ("improvised rhythm music") and because it, too, was born and reared in that unique crucible we call American civilization.

Rock won't die as long as it's profitable, which will be as long as America's affluent youth buys it. If and when the money stops to flow, its true powers of survival will be tested. In the meantime, I'd like to see an equitable share of its vast market go to jazz and blues and soul, not only in the interest of a balanced economy, but also in the interest of balanced tastes and balanced minds.

In this balance hangs the future of the beautiful and spiritually enriching music we call jazz which, in my humble opinion, has far more to offer the mind and body than today's interesting entertainments.

You're right, Al: it's all music, some good, some bad. Some better, too, and much merely indifferent. In a time that makes so much room for the bad and the spurious, a little space must also be found for the best. Otherwise, my friends, the game is up and the empire falls to the barbarians.

Rock's come a long way from Bill Haley, but the comet has yet to become a sun. I hope it will, and I do promise to listen. Meanwhile, these pages will remain open to those of greater faith, but it should be remembered that this, too, is a house that jazz built. At Newport, rock was a rude and noisy houseguest who almost cost the host his lease.

ORNETTE COLEMAN: TEN YEARS AFTER BY MARTIN WILLIAMS

This essay will appear in different form in Martin Williams' The Jazz Tradition, to be published next spring by Oxford University Press.

OUR POPULAR ARTISTS are apt to be handmade craftsmen, and no one would contend that the discovery of new techniques in their work is necessarily connected with an increased expressiveness. As the men who draw our comic strips become better draftsmen, they seem to give us more and more illustrated soap opera. And as the technical side of movie making becomes more polished, our films in general seem to talk a lot, say little, and show us less that we find memorable.

But with jazz things have gone a bit differently. So far, the music has thrived on periodic challenge and periodic change. Louis Armstrong told us the old things in a new way that made us understand them anew, and he told us grandiose, joyous, and painful things that no one had said before him. Similarly, Charlie Parker had sprightly, powerful, gentle, ironic and profound musical insights.

As changes in jazz involve growth, so also do they involve losses, but so far these have been the inevitable losses of a music very much alive and finding its own way.

In describing changes in the music, one must of course use the terms he has to describe what he hears—or go to the trouble of inventing and explaining new ones.

It is not enough to say that Ornette Coleman's music will affect jazz profoundly, for it already has so affected it, and not only the jazz of younger men but that of some of his elders as well. His music represents the first fundamental re-evaluation of basic materials and basic procedures for jazz since the innovations of Charlie Parker, ("Let's play the music and not the background," Coleman has said.) And when someone does something with the passion and deep conviction of an Ornette Coleman, I doubt if there could be any turning back; it seems mandatory somehow for others to follow and explore in the direction he indicates.

In any case, it is surely no longer required, when Coleman writes a 14-bar blues, that one suggest that he did it deliberately. Or, when in improvising, he fails to treat a theme as though it automatically set up a series of predetermined chord changes or a rigid outline of four and eight-bar phrases that must be followed, it is surely no longer required to explain that he does so purposefully and not out of ignorance. ("If I'm going to follow a pre-set chord sequence, I may as well write out my solo.")

Coleman's first recordings do not so much outline his own music as they juxtapose some of his own ideas with those of his predecessors. The tunes are his own. Like all his pieces, they are functional vehicles to introduce his improvising—and good, appropriate, sometimes excellent composed melody seems to flow out of him. But these early vehicles still have the rhythms and forms of bebop clinging to them and some of them use popular song sequences recognizably: Jayne echoes Out of Nowhere and Angel Voice is Or-

nette's I Got Rhythm. (It is interesting that the latter seemed to appeal to him as a rhythmic pattern rather than a harmonic one.) The Sphinx and Chippie, however, indicate a desire to break through the 4, 8, and 32-bar phrase boxes of song-form.

The quest to achieve his own music is clearly stated on his first entrance on the opening bridge to Invisible, where Parker-esque accents vie with a loose and highly vocalized phrasing of his own. (I have heard Coleman play an uncannily exact reproduction of Parker's style, by the way, and others attest to having heard him do the same for earlier alto styles.) Throughout the LP, it is clear that Coleman does not want to run chord changes to make his melodies, although he does regularly run the phrases of the pieces. His effort to get his horn to "speak" is also everywhere evident. And it's interesting that his playing is at its most "free" and most personal on a blues (a somewhat tonally ambiguous blues), The Disguise.

Coleman's second LP, Tomorrow is the Question (I do not like the deliberately futuristic titles on several of his LPs and pieces, and whether they proved to be accurate or not, I expect that at the time they were a tactical error) is a step forward.

First, and perhaps most obvious, the chordally anchoring piano has been eliminated, never to return. Coleman's themes and improvisations are freer of bebop accents, and more original rhythmically.

On Lorraine, particularly, Coleman's phrasing and melodic-rhythm are his own. The piece is the first of a series of exceptional dirges that includes Lonely Woman and Sadness, and it effectively uses a contrasting fast section both in the writing and the improvising. On the blues with the inspired title Tears Inside, Coleman's personally intoned solo is initially unsettling and ultimately self-justifying.

Thus he was becoming an original, interesting, intense, and orderly improviser. if not quite vet a brilliant one.

The Shape of Jazz To Come, recorded in 1959, is a pivotal record in Coleman's development and in the evolution of the new jazz, and it clarified much about the

In the first place, it reassesses the themeand-variations form for jazz-indeed it ultimately rejects the form, and with good reason. For in a theme-and-variations approach there is an implicit primacy of the theme and secondary nature of the variations. But in jazz, the improvised variations are often the substance of the music, and variation and interpretation, at least in the form of embellishment and paraphrase, may extend even to an opening themestatement itself.

In Coleman's music, a theme may be interpreted even by two horns in an opening and closing "unison" passage. It is obviously difficult to do such a thing without sounding amateurish, but Coleman and Don Cherry do it extremely well.

Further, an opening theme may set a mood, fragments of melody, an area of pitch, rhythmic patterns, as points of departure for the player to explore. It need not set up patterns of chords or patterns of phrasing. Or if it does, these may be expanded, condensed, used freely-it does not necessarily take eight measures to explore an idea that it took eight measures to state, and an improvisation initially built on a melody itself need not also follow a harmonic outline that melody might suggest. (One remembers Charlie Parker's remark that "you can do anything with chords.") Nor would tempo in improvising have to be constant, but whereas Coleman (like Monk before him) had by this time used dual-tempos in his pieces, the question of tempo had to wait for further development.

But the question of accents and phrasing didn't have to wait and Coleman's melodic-rhythm is freer, more varied, more original (without, on the surface at least, being necessarily more "complex"). "Rhythm patterns should be as natural as breathing patterns," he has said. And if the past is a standard, an original development in rhythm is the surest key to valid innova-

tion in jazz.

Many of Coleman's individual melodicrhythms, and the responses they inspire in his bass players and drummers, are quite old-timey and simple. But he uses them as parts of a free, varied, and developing pattern. He offers not a further subdivision of the beat, as Armstrong, Lester Young and Parker had done, but greater variety and freedom in rhythm and phrase. It should go without saying that a free and original use of meters and accents is quite a different matter from setting up a tricky or difficult time-signature and then (as happens more often than not in such "experiments") skating over it with bop phrasing, after making a slight initial adjustment. Melodic-rhythm and polyrhythmic juxapositions are the essentials in jazz. And time-signatures, on paper or in performance, are sometimes a fiction or a mere convenience.

Intonation is a matter of context and expression to Coleman. "You can play sharp in tune and you can play flat in tune," he has said, and a D in a context representing sadness should not sound like a D in a pasage of joy. (A modern classicist would put it that Coleman uses "microtones.") This of course has nothing to do with "good" intonation, and if there be any doubt about that, there are enough key notes and phrases in Coleman's solos on exact pitch to dispel that doubt. Further, split-tones, harmonics, tense upper register cries and guttural lowregister sounds may be used expressively -not an entirely new idea but one which Coleman has developed with taste.

Coleman's improvising is predominantly modal, even diatonic, but under the inspiration of the moment he may move out of key, hence into a momentary atonality. Furthermore, since a chord pattern is not preset to a soloist, or at least may be freely departed from, there is a texture of atonality set up by the juxtaposition of the alto's lines and those of the bass, which moves in a kind of interplaying, melodic and dissonant counterpoint rather than accompaniment. (There are of course momentary, passing intervalic "clashes" of tones between players in traditional contexts too, between a pianist and his bass player and among the horns in a New Orleans ensemble.) Further, Ornette tends to suspend his lines, to leave them airborne, without making customary cadences and tonic resolutions. And he has also functioned with case in a context of complete "classical" atonality, as his remarkably perceptive improvising in Gunther Schuller's 12-tone Abstraction will demonstrate,

Analogies between Coleman's music and procedures in other musics, particularly East Indian music, are obvious, But I think a better understanding comes when we reflect on how much of what he does is implicit in Coleman's own sources. One thinks of the many "primitive" bluesmen (Clarence Lofton, or, vocally, Sonny Terry) to whom the blues is a flexible, not a rigidly 12-measure form-whether out of ignorance or inspiration may not matter. On the free-handed use of chord-changes, one thinks of Lester Young. In the matter of expressive intonation, Coleman has raised the idea of the blue notes and other vocally inflected tones to the level of first principles that may encompass whole melodies. One thinks also of, let us say, Charlie Parker's tendency to play slightly sharp. Indeed, one hears all the reed players in jazz history differently, from Sidney Bechet and Johnny Dodds onward, for having heard Ornette Coleman.

Certainly, Coleman did not contrive any of his procedures, nor force them on the music academically, out of a conscious effort to "improve" it. His artistic daemon tells him to do these things. And they show a penetrating, intuitive understanding into the nature of the music and its implications. ("It was when I found out I could make mistakes that I knew I was on

to something.")

Several players preceded Coleman more immediately in undertaking something of the same kind of spontaneity one hears in his music, and to mention some of them is undoubtedly to neglect others. But one thinks of Lennie Tristano's efforts at an unpremeditated group music. One thinks of Charlie Mingus' similar efforts and of his "extended form" in which a soloist may spontaneously extend a piece by turning any of its chords into a pedal tone for as long as he wishes to explore it-a procedure in which the rhythm section is to follow the soloist. And one thinks of Cecil Taylor's music, particularly in the way that Taylor's piano and his bassists' accompaniments may move in a-harmonic directions. But to mention such efforts is not to raise the question of their "influence" on Coleman, and indeed several of these efforts were largely isolated events. It is only to give further evidence that the procedures in his music are not so radical as they may seem, and were probably inevitable.

One does not enjoy such "theoretical" discussion before going to the music, of course, but one can hope that it serves its purpose. In any case, The Shape of Jazz to Come is a remarkable record in many

respects.

Peace is a beautifully conceived piece, and Coleman's improvisation is remarkable for its natural swing. Compositionally it has an opening section of 25 measures, a bridge of 10, a return to the opening 25 measures, and a closing coda of 5. Of course, jazz musicians have been working

on the idea of a modification of song form and its measured phrasing at least since Ellington in 1929. But I think Coleman's efforts have a rather different and somewhat more natural quality than some of the others. He does not "break through" or "extend" existing forms so much as he lets each piece take its own form as its own inspiration dictates, with earlier forms as a general source in the background, perhaps.

Focus on Sanity is an interesting "extended" work. Its two sections with their separate tempos do not really make it a "suite," and each ensemble portion truly sets up the impetus for the soloist.

Lonely Woman is a remarkable piece in plan and in execution, and a strong experience. It opens with bass and drums, each playing a separate but related rhythm, which they continue throughout. The horns enter unexpectedly, in a third, dirge tempo, and, freely intoned, interpret the stark theme with momentary break-aways by the alto. Coleman's solo is in perfect time and tempo, of course, but the freely accented individual phrases and an adroit use of implied double-time give an immeasurable complexity and richness to the performance. ("He is the first jazz musician since King Oliver," a friend has said, "whose playing does not seem egocentric to me.")

I think that the responsive textural richness of the drums on this piece make one long for more complex, improvised polyrhythmic textures on other performances here, although Billy Higgins is an exceptional drummer of exceptional swing. (It is interesting that from Higgins to Ed Blackwell to Charles Moffett and the single "guest" appearance of Elvin Jones, Coleman's drummers have played with an increasing variety of textures. But Coleman has not, as I write, yet found his Tony Williams.)

Congeniality has a much-admired Coleman solo, including the marvelous "mistake" between bars 127 and 142 in which Coleman enters "early" and turns the beat around, but produces a momentary confusion in the rhythm section. He therefore stretches out a bar to accommodate them. They, meanwhile, have turned around to him, and Coleman, hearing this, turned his beat around again!

Similarly, there is the moment at the end of *Chronology* when Coleman is ready for the closing "head" but Don Cherry does not respond, so the saxophonist uses a few bars to give him a guttural saxophone yell and call him in.

Such things are perhaps not "errors" so such as they are natural parts of a freely improvised music, and they can be heard on quite another level than a "technical" one. They are also complements to the otherwise almost telepathic understanding between Cherry and Coleman on matters of tempo and length of solo statement, and the responsive inspiration that Coleman and Charlie Haden provide for each other.

One central impression that emerged from this recital was that Coleman, an obviously impassioned and inventive player, working in a fresh and "free" and even fragmented idiom of his own, is also a logical melodist. His music does not invite a-harmonic chaos, but is decidedly orderly, and orderly along quite traditional lines.

An idea appears, inspired perhaps by the meaning of the tune or even by a single note of accent. It is phrased and rephrased, offered from every conceivable angle, developed sequentially until it yields another idea. Or it appears and reappears periodically in various guises within an otherwise contrasting context as a kind of point of reference. Patterns of tension and release are thus set up by the introduction and ultimate development of brief motives, or by their appearance and reappearance. Ornette Coleman has extended fundamental principles of orderly jazz improvisation that have been around at least since King Oliver. (And in effect it seems to me that he took these matters up just where Thelonious Monk left them with his Bags' Groove solo.)

If such continuity does not immediately occur to a listener from a performance like Congeniality, say, try one of Coleman's few solos on a piece by another man, Gunther Schuller's Variants on a Theme by Thelonious Monk, from Monk's Criss Cross. Coleman's entrance virtually dictates to the rhythm section the quality of the beat he wants; melodically he is clearly interested in Monk's theme, and the ideas it suggests to him, as his point of departure.

(Concluded in next issue)



Record Reviews

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

Eubie Blake

THE EIGHTY-SIX YEARS OF EUBIE BLAKE

—Columbus C2S 847: Dream Rag; Charleston
Rag; Maple Leaf Rag; Semper Fidelis; Eubie's
Boogie; Poor Jimmy Green; Tricky Fingers;
Stays and Stripes Forever; Baltimore Todolo;
Poor Katie Red; Kitchen Tom; Troublesome
Ivories; Chevy Chase; Brittwood Rag; Medley;
(Bleeding Moon, Under the Bamboo Tree); It's
All your Fault; Shuffle Along Medley; I'm
Just Wild About Harry; Spanish Venus; As
Long As You Live; Medley; (Charleston, Old
Fashioned Love, If I Could Be With You);
You Weren't Meant for Me; Dixie Moon;
Blues, Wby Don't You Let Me Alone; Blue
Rag in 12 Keys; Memories of You.

Personnel: Blake, piano, vocals; Noble Sissle,
vocals.

Rating: ★★★★½

This two-record set is a invaluable historical document, and, in places, it is also a totally satisfying musical experience.

Ragtime, especially the eastern branch that Blake comes from, is a music that demands virtuoso performance. Approximately 10 years ago, Blake, then 76, recorded two albums for the 20th Century Fox label (they should be reissued) on which his technical equipment more than met the demands of the music (in his prime, Blake's keyboard skill was a match for any pianist this side of Art Tatum). Now, however, some of that skill seems to have faded, and many of the pieces here are slightly marred by errors. (Blake rarely plays a wrong note, but he does falter rhythmically, especially in passages that require rapid, lateral arm motion.)

I said that some of Blake's skill seems to be gone, because a track like Maple Leaf Rag, for example, is a driving, almost flawless performance. It makes one wonder what this album would have been like if producer John Hammond had tempered enthusiasm with insight. Of course, Hammond is to be commended for the fact that the album exists, but was it Blake's idea to record it in three lengthy sessions, especially when Blake has said that he now finds it difficult to play well for more than 20 minutes at a time? As someone who heard the album pointed out, Wilhelm Backhaus made remarkable recordings in his 80s, when his technique was not what it once was, but he did so in close collaboration with a producer who was aware of the artistic problems involved (many takes were discarded until a satisfactory performance was assembled). Is it too much to ask that an inventive and interpretive master like Eubie Blake be recorded with similar care and understanding? After all, he is a musician, not an historical curiousity.

Despite this, the album is filled with music, and if some of it requires sympathetic listening to yield its treasures, those treasures are there.

The first two sides, which consist of rags by Blake and others and two arrangements of Sousa marches, are the

more intrinsically interesting from a musical point of view. In commenting on one of Blake's compositions in Early Jazz, Gunther Schuller mentioned his "feel for varied, chromatic continuity" and his "many interesting rhythmic ideas". I would add that even today there is nothing dated, either rhythmically or harmonically, about such pieces as Charleston Rag (composed in 1899 when Blake was 16), Baltimore Todolo, or Brittwood Rag. In fact, I think many young musicians would find Blake's musical procedures a source for fruitful elaboration (the device he calls "back bass", which can be heard on Troublesome Ivories, is a rock group's dream).

Most of the other two sides contain theater pieces, and on some of them Blake is joined by his old partner Noble Sissle, whose patter-style singing has a light charm. Still, most of this music has more historical than musical interest—it takes a piece of structural and melodic strength like Blake's Memories of You or James P. Johnson's Old Fashioned Love and If I Could Be With You to withstand the sentimentality inherent in the genre.

Memories of You, in particular, is a noble melody, and Blake's Lisztian embellishment of it is transcendental. If you are at all serious about jazz, this set deserves your attention.

—Kart

Art Blakey

THE WITCH DOCTOR—Blue Note BST 84288: The Witch Doctor; Afrique; Those Who Sit and Wait; A Little Busy; Joelle; Lost and Found.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: * * * * 1/2

This album comes to us for the first time almost nine years after it was recorded. Though one might complain about the delay in releasing these superior hard bop performances, we gain perspective by hearing the music in the light of all that has occurred since 1961.

The Lee Morgan-Wayne Shorter edition of the Jazz Messengers and the 1954 group with Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley, Horace Silver and Doug Watkins were probably the two finest bands Blakey has ever led. The earlier band defined the classic hard-bop manner— as Max Harrison has said, "... Blakey and Silver build around [the fundamental pulse] a mosaic of interlocking rhythmic and harmonic patterns closely related to what the horns are doing [and] this deep polyphony is the major contribution of the finest hard bop groups. ..." This kind of polyphony required not only that the rhythm section step forward but that the horn players, in a sense, step back-the flamboyant virtuousity of Parker or Gillespie would not have fit this basically collective music.

But the earnest, often noble simplicity of Dorham, the best soloist of the earlier group, was an increasingly rare quality—the aggressiveness of Morgan and Shorter was the new wave. In order to retain some polyphonic equilibrium with men like this in the front line, Blakey expanded and intensified his role, developing, in particular, the savage, shuffling back beat heard throughout the solo choruses on Witch Doctor and Afrique. Thus, whatever the soloists are doing is heard against an almost independent, rigid rhythmic wall.

It may seem unlikely that such changes would produce valuable music. The fact that they did is due mainly to the personalities of the soloists—their musical senses of humor, in particular.

Shorter's style of that time has been described by Harrison as "a virtuoso combination of . . . sudden dramatic contrasts, blatant tonal and linear distortions, [and] fiercely direct humor. . . ." The fierceness and directness both arose, I would guess, from an attempt to impose lucid thematic development on extremely chromatic material; material which, in jazz at that time, tended to resist such an approach. (The more natural way of dealing with this material seems to have been Coltrane'sa rhapsodic organization, if any, rather than a thematic one, with the emotional end being ecstasy rather than the objectivity of humour.)

Shorter soon abandoned this kind of playing, leaving behind, however, a number of unique and valuable improvisations. His solos on Afrique, Sit and Wait, Joelle, and Lost and Found are of high quality, and at times his dead-pan style calls up the image of Buster Keaton earnestly assembling a cabin cruiser in his cellar.

The kind of humor that appears in Morgan's playing is not as unique as Shorter's (Rex Stewart and Dizzy Gillespie are predecessors), but it is similarly effective. If Shorter's humor came from incongruous linear development, Morgan's comes from the imposition of a consistently sarcastic attitude on otherwise sober material. In fact, Morgan's humorous devices (half-valve effects, sonoric distortions, etc.) seem, at times, to be masks barely covering a dark, even painful emotion. Certainly his best playing has a depth matched by few trumpeters of his generation.

The rest of the group perform their functions well—Timmons contributing solid, Bud Powell-inspired solos and a good tune (A Little Busy), and Merritt providing the heavy, solid beat that Blakey's rhythmic conception required. I think most readers will find this a very satisfying I.P.

—Kart

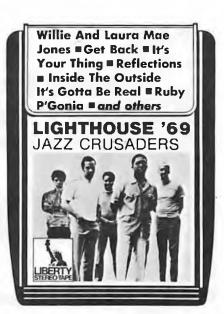




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28 \(\text{DOWN BEAT} \)

Mel Brown 1

BLUES FOR WE—Impulse AS-9180: Twist and Shout; Blues for We; Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da; Son-of-a-Preacher Man; Set Me Free; Freaky Zeke; Indian Giver; Stranger on the Shore.

Personnel: Brown, guitar and vocal, with unidentified orchestra, conducted and arranged by Artia Butler.

Rating:

I played this album through four times, for my mind kept drifting away from the music-it is that dull,

In his appropriately bland liner notes, a New York disc jockey states that Brown presents a bag full of authentic urban blues with a refreshing honesty." He does no such thing.

Instead, he struggles bravely through some of the most unimaginative arrangements this side of Lester Lanin. His guitar playing deserves a more suitable milieu, for he is capable of some interesting work.

Less interesting is his one vocal (on Twist and Shout, the Isley Brother's hit of some eight years ago)—it is rather ordinary. The Lennon-McCartney tune, Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, has little in common with the original and, like the rest of the set, tends to go in one car and out the other without registering a single note on one's memory.

If there is a market for such albums as this, I don't know where it would be found. The session's appearance on the Impulse label seems oddly inconsistent with the standards set by previous re--Albertson

Ella Fitzgerald

SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE—Presting 7685:
Hey Jude; Sunshine of Your Love; This Girl's
in Love with You; Watch What Happens; Alright, Okay, You Win; Give Me the Simple Life;
Useless Landscape; Old Devil Moon; Don'cha
Go 'Way Mad; A House is Not a Home; Trouble
is a Man; Love You Madly.

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy
Flanagan, piano; conducting an orchestra consisting of members of Ernie Heckscher's band
with Allen Smith, lead trumpet; Frank De La
Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. (Tracks 1
through 6). Accompaniment on remaining tracks
by Flanagan, De La Rosa, and Thigpen only.

Rating: ****

Rating: ***

ELLA—Reprise 6354; Get Ready: The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game; Yellow Man; I'll Never Fall in Love Again; Got to Get You Into My Life; I Wonder Why; Ooo Baby, Baby; Savoy Truffle; Open Your Window; Knock on Wood.

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; unidentified British studio band. Arrangements by Richard

Rating: ★★★★½

After a brief association with Capitol, which resulted in three not so memorable albums, Miss Fitzgerald is once again proving that you can't keep an old pro down.

The Prestige set was recorded during an appearance at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel and producer Norman Granz has very sensibly edited out the cute remarks, jokes and extraneous sounds that generally clutter up "live" recordings. What's left is 45½ minutes of music, some 38 of

which earns the above rating.

Strangely enough, the album's two opening tracks, Hey Jude and Sunshine, are the weakest. Here the singer seems to be struggling with irrelevant, unimaginative arrangements (both by Marty Paich) rather than with the songs themselves. That Ella Fitzgerald can feel at home with the current teen-scene repertoire, given the right, contemporary arrangements, is evidenced by the Reprise set.

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The rest of the Prestige tracks give us a relaxed Ella, feeling comfortable with her material, particularly the six numbers on side two, which feature accompaniment by the Tommy Flanagan Trio.

These tracks, with Flanagan's sensitive playing so eloquently complimenting the singer's suave, masterful delivery, make this one of the most satisfying Ella Fitzgerald albums to come out in a long time and prove that a singer who truly masters her art does not need the embellishments of a musical army.

The embellishments are to be found on the Reprise album, but it is an entirely different kettle of fish and I have given it a higher rating because of the superb way in which the 51-year-old veteran of the Chick Webb band has translated her talents into the language of today's youthshe puts many a current vocal idol to shame.

Recorded in England, with arrangements by Richard Perry, it is a delight from beginning to end. Even Randy Newman's Hoagy Carmichaelesque Yellow Man, with its oddly segregationist lyrics ("You've gotta have a yellow woman when you're a yellow man") fares well and the "with it" treament of Lennon-McCartney's Got to Get You Into My Life makes one wonder what Ella could have done with Hey Jude if the arranger had been Perry instead of Paich.

The two albums give us two very dif-ferent sides of Ella Fitzgerald—different but equally prepossessing. A whole new audience awaits her. -Albertson

Bert Jansch

BIRTHDAY BLUES—Reprise 6343: Come Sing Me A Happy Song To Prove We Can All Get Along The Lumpy, Bumpy, Long and Dusty Road; The Bright New Year; Tree Song; Poison; Miss Heather Rosemary Sewell; I've Got A Woman; A Woman Like You; I Am Lonely; Promised Land; Birthday Blues; Wishing Well; Blues

Personnel: Ray Warleigh, flute, alto saxo-phone; Duffy Power, harmonica; Jansch, acoustic guitar, vocals; Danny Thompson, bass; Terry guitar, vocal Cox, drums.

Rating: * * * ½

Bert Jansch/John Renbourn

STEPPING STONES—Vanguard 6506: East Wind: Piano Tune: Goodbye Pork Pie Hat; Sobo; Tic-Tocative; Orlando; My Lover; Stepping Stones; Red Favourites; It Don't Bother Me; No Evit; Along the Way; The Time Has Come; Atter the Dance. After the Dance.

Personnel: Jansch, acoustic guitar, vocals; Renbourn, acoustic guitar.

Rating: ★★★

Can one bisect a pentangle? It's sort of been done here: Pentangle is a unique and exciting combination of folk, rock, and jazz strains. In the Jansch album, though the leader is predominantly a folk artist, the rock and jazz strains control the ambience because of the instrumentation; in the Jansch-Renbourn collaboration, it's mostly folk, much of it influenced by very early English music.

Each session is exceedingly pleasing, though seldom electrifying, except in terms of sheer guitar virtuosity. Renbourn is perhaps the "better" player—more fa-cile, with a richer tone. He is, however, a good deal more predictable than Jansch (who pronounces his name to rhyme with "dance"). Jansch's time is somewhat ragged, but his playing has force and bite, and moves in some unexpected directions. And his voice has a most affecting edge to it; he frequently projects a virile melancholy in a highly individual manner. One is unlikely ever to mistake him for anyone else-although the vocal on Got A Woman is reminiscent of Dylan. He's also a fine writer. All the cuts on Birthday Blues are his originals, and he wrote, alone or with Renbourn, everything on Stones except tracks 2, 3 and 13.

Best things on Blues: Poison, a rock tune with some fine harp backing by Power; Woman Like You, with effective lyrics movingly delivered, and a delicately balanced, never repetitive sequence of builds and releases on guitar; Lonely, a lovely, haunting line; and the title cut, not technically a blues, but rather a delightful, child-like folk tune.

And especially Got A Woman. Hard blues harp behind the Dylanesque vocal, and a first-rate alto solo by Warleigh, employing exactly the right combination of funk and flow. At one point, coincidentally or not, Jansch sings something about "like a cannonball" and Warleigh plays a phrase right out of Julian Adderley's patented phrase book. Nice touch, and handled gently.

Some reservations: the guitar intro to Sewell is atypically sloppy, although the double-tracked guitar work that follows is fine. Promised Land has a section of guitar work that absolutely demands electric rather than acoustic voicing; it's one of the very few times Jansch's acoustic work seems insufficient.

But on balance, the Jansch album is preferable to the dual session. The two guitarists work together presciently, and at times it's absolutely impossible to tell who's taking which part. And both, as previously noted, are accomplished musicians.

Yet there's only so much two guitarists can do without sounding repetitive. The counterpoint work on Soho, Tocative and the title track is tight and spellbinding; elsewhere, the effect wears thin.

There are a few other noteworthy cuts. especially My Lover, a modal piece with both players doing some Indian thingsusually Renbourn running while Jansch is droning. The drone is generally on one chord, but it gets varied several times, in order to break and re-establish tension.

After the Dance is very nice, too, particularly the brilliant unison work in the first chorus.

For the listener addicted to the vanishing art of the acoustic guitar, both albums are recommended without hesitation. Most, however, will probably find that such music works better in a group setting, and for that reason, Birthday Blues is a better -Heineman

Konitz/Mangelsdorff/Zoller

ZO-KO-MA—MPS 15 170: Zores Mores; Feeling-In And Filling-In at Villingen; Ach!Tavia—Skertzo—Alicia's Lullaby; At Twigblite; Strawwelpeter; Alat's Mood; Freeline Fraulein: Danke for the Memory; Rumpelstilzcheu.

Personnel: Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone; Lee Konitz. alto saxophone; Attila Zoller, guitar; Barre Phillips, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: **

Few were keenly disappointed when the "cool" aesthetic faded from the jazz scene. Most of its adherents substituted manner for matter, retaining the mechanical elements of swing without the necessary emo-

jazz is a four album word!

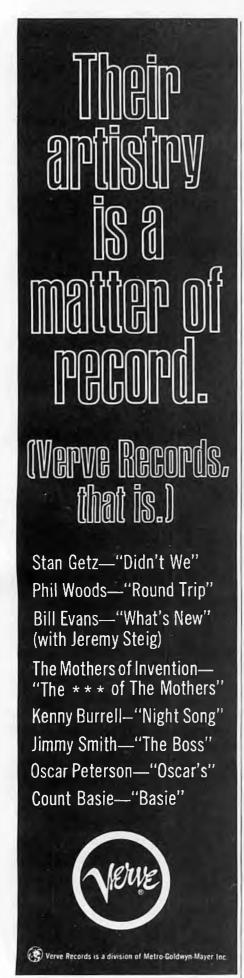












tional underpinning. Too, most "cool" players with something genuine to contribute assimilated other styles and forms and continued to be listened to.

Konitz, however, was one of the most lamentable casualties of Cool's passing. And it's a gas to have him recording again, particularly in such outstanding company. Phillips and Martin are propulsive and understated; Zoller-though he has been more original elsewhere-is sensitive and facile; and Mangelsdorff is a unique and accomplished trombonist.

Although some of the playing on this date is more "free" than "cool," Mores evokes memories of the '50s-the best memories. Mangelsdorff's solo is logical, restrained but affecting: a clean, light touch in the service of profound seriousness. Konitz makes a pretty statement, followed by a brilliant dual improvisation between trombone and alto. Mangelsdorff's second solo excursion is less interesting.

Villingen is entirely improvised, a trombone-alto-guitar trio piece in which all three solo simultaneously. (The tune's basis may be a 12-tone scale, but it doesn't seem fully covered if it is one.) Ascending and descending figures in counterpoint. Highly intelligent, although there's little sense of forward development-too much stasis. It gets off the ground best when Zoller lays down chords rather than adding a third line.

This cut gives way to a sequence of three tunes, unaccompanied performances by Konitz, Mangelsdorff and Zoller, respectively. Konitz, using the Multivider attachment, is dazzling: crazy, whimsical little figures, fragmented scales, codas that aren't codas. Although their musics are wildly different, Konitz reminds one of Rollins and Ornette in his gift for abstract logic. This stuff can't all fit together. But it does, unmistakably, inexorably. And where's the rhythm? Ah, yes, there it is. Subtle and insinuating, but always present.

Mangelsdorff's out-of-tempo ballad, woven around paraphrases of I Could Write a Book, is short and pleasant, if not memorable; Zoller's ballad, which follows, is considerably duller. His playing wants to be beautiful here, but isn't especially so.

The best thing about Twighlite is its construction: two 10-bar verses in 3/4, the first six with first-beat accents, the next three with three even accents, the last with a first-beat stress and a two-beat rest. And the bridge is 12 bars. Unfortunately, perhaps because of the tune's complexity, the solos aren't much.

Mangelsdorff does his best work on Alat's, weaving lovely, warm, flowing lines and ending with a perfect two-note phrase in the lowest register of the horn. Zoller's most striking contributions are on Fraulein, where he plays fascinating harmonics behind a striking Konitz statement, then becomes the lead voice with sometimes sinuous, sometimes jagged phrases. Konitz, meanwhile, does some magical, mysterious, ominous things with the Multivider in back. These two duet tracks, with Konitz's Tavia solo, are the best moments on the album.

Except maybe for the last cut, which is a 12-tone piece, alternating between rapid and leisurely tempos. Konitz has

an interesting solo over fast rhythm, then Zoller takes off with the trombonist wawaing effectively in the background, then Konitz again, this time brilliant, remarkably free, almost frenetic, but somehow exquisitely, almost painfully controlled.

When the musicians want to create beauty on this session, they virtually unfailingly do so, with the previously noted occasional exception of Zoller. When they want to create lively excitement, they are less successful, although surely not incompetent or boring. It is this reservation which precludes a five-star rating, but there is, undeniably, a bunch of five- (or 10-, or 50-) star music on the album.

—Heineman

Ma Rainey

Ma Rainey

BLAME IT ON THE BLUES—Milestone MLP
2008: Chain Gang Blues; Wringing and Twisting
Blues; Dead Drunk Blnes; Ma Rainey's Black
Bottom; New Bowearil Blues; Moonsbine Blues;
Deep Moanin' Blnes; Daddy; Goodbye Blues;
Tangh Luck Blues; Blame It On the Blnes;
Sweet Rough Man; Black Eye Blues.

Personnel: Miss Rainey, vocals, accompanied
by her Georgia Jazz Band, the Tub Jug Wash
board Band, and others including Joe Smith,
cornec; Charlie Green, trombone; Buster Bailey,
clariner; Coleman Hawkins, bass saxophone,
clariner; Coleman Hawkins, bass saxophone,
Fletcher Henderson, piano; Tampa Red, banjo;
and Thomas A. Dorsey, piano.

Rating: ***

OH MY BABE BLUES—Biograph BLP 12011:
Jealonsy Blues; Sbare 'em Dry; Farewell Daddy
Blues; Oh My Babe Blues; Soon This Morning:
Dan't Fish In My Seat Countin' the Blues; Sissy
Blues; Log Camp Blues; Hustlin' Blues; Ma and
Pa Poorboure Blues; Big Feeling Blues.
Personnel: as above, plus Dave Nelson, trumpet; Al Wynn, trombone; Junie Cobb, reeds;
Papa Charlie Jackson, banjo, and others.

Rating: * * * *

Gertrude Pridgett and her recorded work would seem to be too well-known for description or discussion here at any length. She is known variously as the discoverer-teacher of and/or inspiration to Bessie Smith, She was affiliated with a record company (Paramount) whose product was vastly inferior to that of Bessie's (Columbia), and her powerful, majestic voice was obscured by poor recording techniques and noisy surfaces. Like Bessie, she had magnificent accompanists and horhible ones; and some, myself included, prefer her to Bessic. The question as to which was the better is best left to the subjectivity of the listener.

Each of these albums is the second volume in its series, and the two companies have thoughtfully planned together to avoid duplication. There is, however, some repetition of tracks from the old Riverside LPs, and the prospective buyer is hereby warned to double-check, especially the Milestone. The sound of both albums is better than the filtered, rolledoff and dulled one on the Riversides; the Biograph is more lively, but inconsistent, while the Milestone gives us a lower, uniform background noise from better original copies, with a tolerable touch of engineering. My major complaint is the use of the minimum 12 tracks, when 14 or even 16 could have been included at no sacrifice in sound.

Five stars for the singer, and for the Henderson Georgia Band on Oh My Babe, Countin', Chain Gang and Wringin'; Joe Smith and Hawkins' bass sax are a joy. No stars for the jug player on Log Camp, or for Sissy, which is a cheap steal from too many other songs and thereby spoiled

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despite its look at homosexuality. Five stars each for the liner notes of, respectively, Charles Edward Smith and Chris Albertson; no stars for the missing playing time. Countin' is take 3, if you're an alternates man.

If you've never heard Ma Rainey sing, it's your own loss. Start with the Milestone, and go from there. She may be the best we've ever had.

Bob Wilber

Rating: * * * *

Lovely material lovingly treated-that's really all that needs be said about this album. But that wouldn't be a review . . .

Bob Wilber has been around for a while. It's hard to believe that come April it will be 24 years since he made his first records, with an outfit called the Scarsdale Jazz Band, which soon after became Bob Wilber and his Wildcats. In retrospect, it was the best of the American revivalist bands, and all its members became solid pros, excepting drummer Denny Strong, killed in an accident while still in his teens.

Then came Bob Wilber's Jazz Band, in which he and pianist Dick Wellstood joined veterans Henry Goodwin, Jimmy Archey, Pops Foster and Tommy Benford to make fine music that didn't fit historical pigeonholes. Wilber was Bechet's boy then, the most gifted student and disciple of one of jazzdom's handful of true giants. His main horn, of course, was the soprano.

Through the '50s, Wilber concentrated on clarinet, tenor and arranging—some-thing he had to do to become his own man. His writing talent blossomed, and he made and participated in some fine recordings, mostly in musical surroundings best described as mainstream.

But a few years ago, Wilber found a curved soprano that suited his fancy, and while he was (and is) a fine player on his other horns, it is on that maverick instrument that he is most fully himself, and that's somebody to be.

Presently, Wilber is a member of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, and the personnel here draws from the ranks of this splendid organization sidekicks Lawson, McGarity, Freeman, Johnson, and Miss Sullivan. Some of the charts are in the WGJB's book; all of them demonstrate Wilber's superior talents as an arranger.

It is in the good hands of good jazz musicians that good tunes become best, and this album proves that point.

There is no space here for a detailed discourse on the contents of the record. A rundown of some highlights will suffice: Freeman and a lovely nostalgic ending grace Riverboat (vintage 1924 and still sparkling); Morrow, Privin and Wilber

(soprano and pen) pay tribute to Artic Shaw's definitive version of Stardust; Lawson's plunger speaks on Washboard (a delightful piece) and Rockin' Chair (nice breaks); Maxine Sullivan caresses Skylark, backed by fitting ensembles with bass clarinet prominent and a lovely Wilber soprano bridge, and invests Get Along with the maturity and emotional depth that only a seasoned singer can bring to this great tune and lyric, singing artlessly but oh so artfully; McGarity gets into New Orleans; Leighton shows his 'comping (Get Along!) and filling mettle throughout; Privin shows his Louis on Eventide; Duvivier and Johnson are a joy, and Wilber makes one perfect soprano chorus of Nearness do the whole job, while his clarinet (lower and upper register; slow and fast) makes Lazy River flow (and Bud makes it bubble) in a gem of an arrangement. And more, like Bud's liner notes for a bonus.

Footnote: Eventide, one of the fine things Carmichael wrote especially for Louis Armstrong, has Wilber getting as close to Bechet as he has since the old days, here meaning very close to Satch...

Unqualifiedly recommended to listeners who like warm and pretty sounds. No strain here, but those who think that you need sweat to be soulful and ugliness to be deep are as lost as those who think one must break with or change the tradition to become meaningful. If it is to survive, jazz needs Bob Wilber as much as it does Cecil Taylor-and survive it will.

-Morgenstern

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Recent Chicago Blues Recordings: Junior Wells, Live at the Golden Bear (Blue Rock 64003)

Rating: * * 1/2

Earl Hooker, The Genius of Earl Hooker (Cuca 3400)

Rating: * * 1/2

Earl Hooker, Two Bugs and Roach (Arhoolie 1044)

Rating: ★★★★½

Luther Johnson, Luther Georgia Boy Snake Johnson (Douglas 781)

Rating: * *

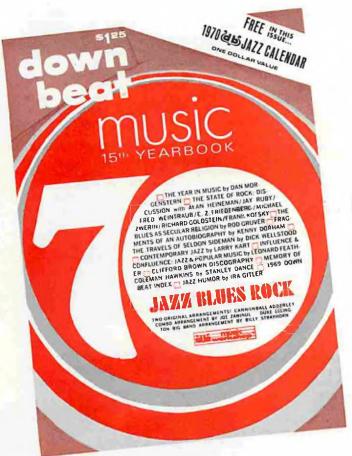
Luther Johnson, Come on Home (Douglas 789)

Rating: ★★½

James Cotton, Cotton in Your Ears (Verve 3060)

Rating: * * * 1/2

Junior Wells' second Blue Rock album is a "live" recording made at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach, Calif., and catches the singer-harmonica player in pretty good form, singing honestly and with little of the mannerisms that have marred much of his recent recorded work. However, the LP is disappointing, since the band is out of tune on all of the performances, and the several horns merely clutter up the proceedings with clumsy, unimaginative playing. In all fairness, it should be pointed out that it appears the horns were provided no real charts to play but were added in the hopes that arrange-





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- The Jazz Musician As a Writer. A section consisting of (a) Fragments of An Autobiography by Kenny Dorham; (b) The Travels of Seldon Sideman by Dick Wellstood.
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ments would develop spontaneously onstage. Unfortunately, this did not occur, and the whole set bogs down in confusion and indecisiveness. The album might have been saved if something of the singer's inperson excitement could have been captured on tape, but since this never was generated, all that's left is a record of an off-night at the Golden Bear. The sidemen are left in merciful anonymity in the liner notes. Maybe next time. . . .

The same perfunctoriness and lack of involvement are what mars the Cuca album by Earl Hooker, one of the finest, though underappreciated, guitarists in modern blues and long considered by his Chicago peers the man to beat.

The album comprises 12 Hooker instrumentals—with small-group support—in a variety of styles—blues, r&b, and even a country-and-western piece. But nothing of real substance develops, the guitarist apparently holding himself in, never really breaking into any kind of strong, sponaneous, emotional utterance, though he comes close at times. Too much control and not enough playing makes Hooker a dull boy, at least here.

His album for Arhoolie is a different matter entirely, for the emphasis is on strong, committed blues playing and singing, relaxed and spontaneously direct. With the support of a number of young Chicago sidemen (the personnel varies quite a bit from session to session), Hooker turns in some excellent performances, full of wit and vinegar. And he sings in a modest, unforced style on two pieces, Anna Lee, which boasts superlative slide guitar work in the manner of Robert Nighthawk, from whom Hooker learned both the song and the style and You Don't Want Me (with tasty wah-wah guitar accompaniment), and engages in a sly spoken dialog with vocalist Andrew Odom on Two Bugs and Roach, a humorous discourse on Hooker's recent victory over tuberculosis.

Odom contributes a fair B.B. Kingstyle vocal on You Don't Love Me, and Carey Bell sings Love Ain't a Plaything in a manner that owes too much to the mannerisms of Junior Wells, though he turns in slashing harmonica work that is far more interesting and exciting than that of Louis Myers on Anna Lee. Three well-turned instrumentals round out a fine, unambitious set of modern, Chicago-style blues that comes close to being the definitive Hooker LP.

The two Douglas albums by Muddy Waters sideman Luther Johnson and the Verve set by James Cotton represents opposite approaches to the same basic recording problem: the presentation of a performer who is neither an original nor a distinctive stylist.

Interspersed over an evening's program by the Waters band, Johnson's energetic performances can be pleasant, but a whole LP, let alone two of them is another matter.

With little in terms of a distinctive style, Johnson needs a firm and imaginative producer who would select material tailored to the singer's strength, and provide musical settings to enhance them. None of this occurs on these albums, and Johnson is the loser.

Apparently there was little or no preparation, or any great control exercised over performances during the recording. No arrangements were provided or worked out during the sessions, and the performances are ineffectual—overbusy, unfocussed, confused, and sloppily played, and they don't help Johnson a bit.

The earlier work of the two sets offers the worse effects of this nondirection for the band was larger and, accordingly, the background busier and more confusing. Curiously enough, however, the five vocals by harmonica player George Bufford that comprise one side of this set are much more appealing and tightly organized than the five Johnson ones on the other side.

The musicians seem to understand Bufford's intentions and work nicely in realizing them, but, then, he's a conservative, tradition-oriented performer who restricts himself to straightforward singing and playing with no attempts at histrionics or excitement-building effects, as Johnson occasionally attempts. But Johnson hasn't the weight to bring them off, as the dismal Long-Distance Call painfully reveals.

The second album, Come on Home, is a bit more successful. For one thing, the band is smaller and tighter; there are fewer loose ends, and there is more concerted playing. Too, there seems to be a greater attempt at organization, at focussing the performances and keeping the energy flowing in at least the same general direction. Nevertheless, there is little of any distinction or excitement generated by Johnson and his fellows, though there are some interesting attempts at pure modal playing, as, for example, Evil and Snake, but these never really develop their potential.

However, it all devolves on Johnson himself, and, on the basis of these collections, he seems a lightweight as a singer and guitarist, too derivative and unimaginative.

Cotton, on the other hand, has the benefit of two producers, Mike Bloomfield and Elliott Mazer, who understand his limitations and who have worked hard and well to provide him the kind of support he needs. The album is a modest success, and a good bit of excitement is generated. primarily by the arrangements, which are witty and inventive. Cotton's harmonica work is generally fine, and his unambitious singing shows to best advantage on uptempo numbers-like Johnson, energy is his strong point—but interest tends to flag on slower tunes. Still, he rarely bites off more than he can chew, and the album capitalizes on his strengths and minimizes his weaknesses. Two vocal performances by guitarist Luther Tucker lend variety, too, though for my money the c&w styled With You on My Mind doesn't make it. Thanks to the obvious care in its preparation and execution, the album succeeds, capturing Cotton near the top of his game on about half of the tracks and offsetting his less exciting vocals with interesting instrumental and orchestral things. Now, if Verve were to combine the best stuff here with the best in his first set, The James Cotton Blues Band (Verve 3023), they'd have a monster of an album that would truly be the best of Jimmy. ďБ



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William Correa was playing on a record date with Mary Lou Williams when his name was changed to Willie Bobo at Miss Williams' suggestion.

Under one name or the other, Bobo has been a part of the scene for better than half of his 35 years. Born Feb. 28, 1934 in New York City's Spanish Harlem, he was introduced to music by his father, who played a 10-stringed, mandolin-like instru-

His Puerto Rican heritage and a gradually developed love for jazz stirred his ambition to bridge two musical cultures.

At 14, he became Machito's band boy. Later he shared a longlasting percussive partnership with Mongo Santamaria, working with him in several bands. They were with Tito Puente in the middle 1950s, and then (from 1958-61) toured with Cal Tjader.

Bobo was with Herbie Mann for a year, then spent much of his time free-lancing on innumerable New York record dates before forming his own group. He established a Latin-jazz milestone in 1965 with Spanish Grease, an original by Bobo and cornetist Mel Lastie, and his group appeared this year at the Newport and Concord festivals.

This was Bobo's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records. -Leonard Feather

1. GERALD WILSON. La Mentira (from The Golden Sword, World Pacific). Wilson, arranger, conductor.

That orchestra-I don't recognize the leader. I think it's more composed of studio musicians; however, the arranging is very good. The Latin influence is a little abrupt, rather than having a flow. In other words, they've put the music to the rhythm, instead of the rhythm to the mu-

The quality of the recording is very good. I'd have liked this more had it been a little smoother. I like the tune, which I've heard in both Latin and straight idioms. But it could have flowed a bit more—like laying on the two and playing it with that color, then adding the rhythm. I'd rate that three stars.

That tune, La Mentira which in English is Yellow Days, is one I had the pleasure of recording, with Don Sebesky writing for strings on it . . . and it just flowed.

2. MONGO SANTAMARIA, Up, Up And Away (from Soul Bag, Columbia). Hubert Laws, flute; Santamaria, conga; Jim Webb, composer; Marty Sheller, arranger.

That, of course, was the one and only Mongo Santamaria and, on flute, the fabulous Hubert Laws. I would rate that three stars. The arrangement is good; again, we're lacking that flow because of the bossa nova feel. The overall sound is good. Mongo was always more predominant than anything else . . . but, of course, he's the leader!

I recorded that tune also, and I think my version differed in that I played it in a more typical vein, rhythm-wise. Since I'm not an arranger I have to dictate, but I made it more catchy, so a little kid could whistle it. Where a song has its own momentum, if you get too intricate, you can take away from it, I think . . . rather like jumping out of a plane and forgetting your parachute.

3. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Introduction to a Samba (from Domination, Capitol). Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

That sounds to me like Gerald Wilson. He's a very, very good arranger, and what he does in his arranging and working with his big band is like going back some years, when music was really being played.

The tune is good; the rhythm section is more of a backdrop. It's like the reverse of what I said with Mongo; the flow is beautiful. The solo work is nice and the arranging very good, I'd rate that four stars. I really didn't recognize the soloists on that-they change so fast, and the bands aren't working that often for me to be able to go out and see who's who.

4. CAL TJADER. Lady Madonna (from Cal Tjader Plugs In, Skye). Tjader, vibes; Al Zulaica, electric piano; John Rae, drums; Lennon & McCartney, composers.

I know that song so well, but just can't think of the title right now. That was Cal Tjader and the rhythmical feeling there, to me, is good. The drummer is John Rae, he has some favorite little cymbal things he likes to use. The bass I don't know, but I think the little electric organ is played by Al Zulaica.

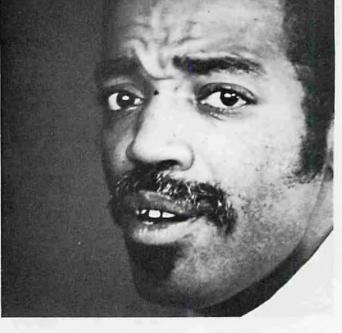
That tune . . . it's one that's been on the Top 10 in the rock field. I'd rate that three stars.

My personal feelings about Cal-and you know I worked with him from 1958 to '62—he leaves a lot to be desired, as far as the fire is concerned. It's rather like wearing a light coat back east in the winter . . . the hawk is gonna get ya! But he's a beautiful person, and the way he is is the way he plays. I always used to put him on, call him Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.

5. WES MONTGOMERY. California Dreaming (from California Dreaming, Verve). Montgomery, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piono; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tale, drums; Ray Barello, percussion; Don Sebesky, arranger.

That, of course, is the incomparable, the fabulous, the late Wes Montgomery. On drums, his favorite drummer Grady Tate, on bass Ron Carter; piano could be Herbie Hancock. The arranger I'm familiar with, but can't recall his name. Wes always had good arrangers. And as for all the rest of the band-the brass, fluteshe always had all the heavyweights.

I knew Wes well, and was on the first album where he used Latin percussion. The percussion on this could be Ray Baretto.



When I lived in San Francisco and Wes was with his brothers, Wes always had that rhythmic way of playing . . . that simplicity that could really get to you in the end. That's a definite five stars.

6. GEORGE SHEARING. My New Mambo (from San Francisco Scene, Capitol). Warren Chiasson, vibes; Wyatt Ruther, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums; Armando Peraza, conga, com-

Again, that's one of my ex-employers— Mr. Cal Tjader on vibes, Al Zulaica on electric piano, and this time adding Armando Peraza. Johnny Rae playing on timbales. The bass player I know, but can't remember his name.

I rate that two! The reason for that is that again there's just not that flow. As far as Armando is concerned, I consider him one of the greatest accomplished congadrummers that ever hit the States. I knew him when I was 14, when he was Mongo Santamaria's partner; that's when I met them both. He's equipped all 'round, as far as knowing the rhythms and how to project them.

As far as Mr. Rae playing his drums . . very good. And playing his timbales nicely. I'd rather hear him play vibes. Timbales is an instrument that is not just to chop down, like a carpenter . . . but to find some beauty in it . . . a drum is a woman, a drum is a pulse . . . and if it doesn't have that pulse it's merely living, existing.

As for the tune, it's just another tune played with Latin rhythm.

7. SONNY CRISS. Don't Rain On My Parade (from I'll Catch The Sun. Prestige). Criss, alto saxophone; Hampton Hawes, piana; Manty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

I don't know who that group was, but it was sure tasty . . . from the start to the end. Without even knowing the personnel -and maybe I do-I would rate that five. It had that pulse going all the way.

That alto saxophonist had something to say; he wasn't at all cluttered up. The drummer was awful tasty. The whole thing had an on-top feeling throughout. The structure of what they were playing, Don't Rain On My Parade, I thought was rather cute, interesting; they didn't take away from the tune. ďЫ

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Grant Green: Some Powerful Things To Say

Sonny Stitt/Grant Green/Lonnie Smith /Frank Heppinstall/Houston Person

Various clubs, Newark, N.J.

Newark is a soul town. Organ trios and quartets abound in its clubs, and among the patrons there is a decided preference for grits and gravy—straight ahead music with no frills.

The Sterrington House, actually in suburban Montclair, N.J., is a large, comfortable room with no admission or cover charge. The club has had a music policy for about 11 months, and the Stitt combo was the biggest name group to come in thus far. New York City club owners would be astounded at the fact that the club was packed, with a small waiting line outside, on a Wednesday night!

The enthusiastic turnout was justified from a musical point of view. Stitt was in fine form. He uses the Varitone attachment exclusively, and on both horns, but generally speaking, he does not try for effects. He is personally most interested in the unit's amplification device. He claims that the amplification will give his embouchure added years.

Amplified or not, Stitt is a master saxophonist. During the sets reviewed, he stuck primarily to standard material. A groovy Star Eyes on alto and a rousing John Brown's Body on tenor were highlights. The current edition of the Stitt trio has Gene Ludwig on organ and Randy Gillespie on drums. These men have been a prominent Eastern rhythm tandem for some time, having worked with Pat Martino and as a duo.

With Stitt, they seem to have found a good thing. The association on the evening heard was barely three weeks old, but the trio was already together and promises to become even tighter.

Downtown Newark activity is centered around opposite corners of Williams and Halsey streets, where one finds the Cadillac Club and the Key Club. Our first stop was the Cadillac, where Grant Green was doing his thing. The club has a circular bar and the bandstand is in the middle, which may not provide optimum comfort but certainly didn't seem to dampen the enthusiasm of the musicians.

Green's quartet had Claude Bartee on tenor saxophone and Buck Owens on drums. Regular organist Anita Green was not on hand for the set caught, as the formidable Lonnie Smith was sitting in. A rousing blues led into High Heel Sneakers, which set the crowd in motion. Bartee, a muscular stylist in the Coltrane mold, tended to play too long on each tune but the feeling and rapport were so good that this was easily overlooked, particularly since Green and Smith had some powerful things to say. Smith needs to get his bass lines together, but aside from that, he impresses as an organist who will last.

Green, for those who may be unaware of it, does certain things on guitar better than anyone. The role of guitar in an organ group is to fill and keep the rhythmic feeling alive and Green certainly does this. Beyond that, he has a unique tonal quality that is attractive without becoming boring, and his music is blues-rooted with-

out needless distortion. On What's New, he displayed lyricism and facility with an unforced ease that would send many highly-praised rock stars right back to the woodshed.

The Key Club, like the Cadillac, has no cover or admission and a similar circular bar. On hand was the organ trio of Frank Heppinstall, a veteran of the Bill Doggett band and once the leader of a group known as the Allegros. He plays alto and tenor in a rough and ready manner, utilizing an electronic attachment. His band sounded capable but when Houston Person sat in, the pots came on. Horace Parlan's Wadin' was given a long and thoroughly enjoyable ride with Person (no electronics) cutting through the proceedings to lift the room to enthusiastic response. Person really has this type of playing down, but on Opus De Funk he showed his modern roots. This tune was marred by an unfortunate visiting horn man trying to master both an electronic saxophone and competition from Person. He fought hard, but it was no match.

As can be imagined, there is much switching back and forth by the patrons of these adjoining clubs, which seem to act as an added attraction for each other. There didn't seem to be any difference in size of the audience at any time. Being in this atmosphere, one can imagine what 52nd Street must have been like. Newark and its jazz scene seem healthy. Definitely not for "arty" music, and not very delicate—but healthy.

—Gene Gray

Elvin Jones

Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club, London, England

Personnel: Joe Farrell, flute; tenor and soprano saxonhones; Wilbur Little, bass; Jones, drums.

The British jazz audience is really incredible. It doesn't matter what you give them, they never really seem to go beserk with enjoyment unless it's the sound of nostalgia revisited. They have no ear for the newer things; jazz clubs opened on a shoestring to promote the avant garde stay empty, yet when Elvin's magnificent three-some opened at Ronnie Scott's, quite a few voices were heard expressing surprise that the trio was not 'further out'.

It's at times like this that I despair. I ask myself: well, what do they want—blood? At times they achieved almost that, in fact, for the mighty man gives so much of himself whenever he plays that his very lifeblood seems to mingle with the sweat that flows freely from him second by second.

As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't matter whether you look back over your shoulder or forwards into the future, you will not find harder-hitting, more direct jazz anywhere today. Elvin and his two team-mates epitomize all that has been important about jazz since Buddy Bolden called his children home. And yet they are still the sound of Now, the cry of Today, for Elvin Jones was one of the first of the free thinkers. And no freer jazz is more open than his uncompromising music.

Farrell amazes with his highly vocalised yet essentially musical concept. One of the troubles of the modern way of play-

ing is the lack of musicality it allows, but Farrell has no problems either in the direction of musicianship or power. Even on a tune like Stella By Starlight, when the drummer almost hammered him into the ground while trading fours with his acrid tenor saxophone, Farrell kept coming back, totally undaunted and attacking, headstrong and strongheaded.

On this opening number, the bassist trod a straight-ahead path with Elvin busily dotting the i's and crossing the t's behind the flamboyant Farrell. The saxophonist ran through the changes for what seemed to be a hefty coda but yet went on and on. Elvin charged at his drums, battering away like a demon until I thought the set would take off. Rolling from tomtom to side drum, beating the heads into submission, he is truly deserving of every plaque and plaudit he has ever won. Yet even in the outer reaches of the maelstrom he creates, he keeps that extreme tastefulness that recalls the great Max Roach at his most commanding and undeniably masterful.

These impressions jelled after one number: it's that kind of a group. Next out of the stable was an easy For Heaven's Sake which gave Farrell a chance to slow down and air his stylish flute work. He blew a liquid, out-of-tempo introduction before Elvin's tasty brushwork and Little's purposeful, resilient walking carried the song along. Elvin, unlit cigarette clamped firmly between his teeth, grunted and grinned as he worked up his tasty brush patterns. At times like this he is not interested in hogging the spotlight or in blowing his two sidemen off the stand. He revels in showing that he knows how to slip into the role of 'just the drummer'-albeit a very handy one!

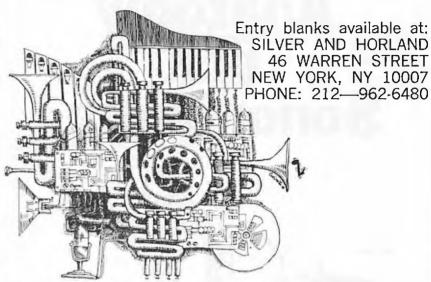
Another complaint levelled by the dissidents was that Jimmy Garrison had quit. Elvin himself has stated his preference for Wilbur Little, his replacement, claiming for him a maturity of approach and conception that fits in well with his own ideas about music. Little has the calm, easy manner of a man who knows his instrument and doesn't have to scream and flail about to get his point across. At times he plays very academic ideas, yet it's the mind of the academy but the sound of jazz. His creative abilities were given full rein on his own blues, Soul Mama. His solo was walked in part, grabbed and strummed in part. With a singing, ringing sound, he strummed heavy double and triple stops from his instrument while keeping both the essential suspended rhythm and the basic feel of the blues going.

Elvin came bounding back, setting up a pattern that skipped merrily from cymbal to snare, then let fly with a mighty roll that heralded a conventional solo from the usually ambitious Farrell. Bassist and drummer continued to repeat the theme until enough had been said all round, then took it out, grinning happily at the people.

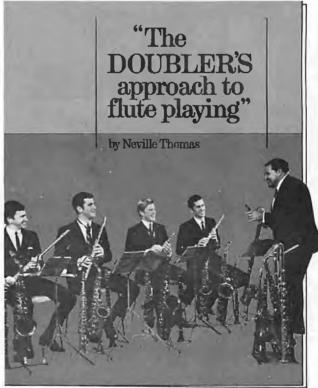
Jimmy Heath's cooker, Gingerbread Boy, was done uptempo with Farrell roaring through the changes in the devastating, totally exhaustive Rollins manner. Jones' punctuation to his travel route were again as melodic as Max's, and this number wound up the set.

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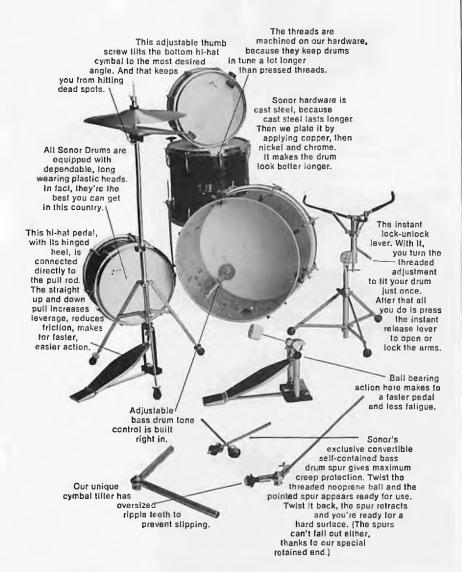


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After the interval, Farrell picked up the soprano which he plays with excellent control, and yet the eyes and the ears could not be distracted for long from the drummer. He thrust the saxophonist into a rollicking, happy, up 'n' down theme, then finished it off with a 15-minute long roarup on his own. 'Fantastic' is the only word the dictionary provides with which to describe such potency.

The trio as a unit is likewise fantastic. These three men leave no stone unturned in their thirst for exploration. In the realms of fire, there is no other jazz trio on earth to touch them. Long may King -Valerie Wilmer

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

Fillmore East, New York City

Personnel: David Crosby, guitar, vocals; Stephen Stills, bass, guitar, organ; Graham Nash, guitar, organ, vocals; Neil Young, organ, vocals; Greg Reeves, bass; Dallas Taylor, drums.

Enter Crosby, Stills and Nash-a trio of unbelievable subtlety and style. For admirers of their current hit album on Atlantic, the group did several songs from it, opening with Judy Blues Eyes and Helplessly Hoping, and using astounding vocal harmonies.

These, plus Crosby's poetic Guinevere and Crosby and Nash's version of the latter's Lady of the Island were almost too many goodies too soon. Another surprise in this early portion of the show was Stills' beautiful solo interpretation of the Beatles' Blackbird.

Now, enter Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Still a great group. Hard rock? Country? Blues? Want you jazz electrified? Prefer your guitars amplified? You'll come out winning if you say yes to everything, because this group is into everything . . . but you'll lose if you expect any single group style.

When Neil Young was introduced, it was already after Stills had changed the pace by singing a solo blues (Think I'll Go Back Home Now) and a countryfeeling song, Bruce Palmer. Doing several numbers in his own vein and eventually joining the original Crosby-Stills-Nash book by playing guitar with the trio in You Don't Have to Cry, Young blended into the music as something like a cross between a favorite stepchild and bastard

The second half of the show went into hard rock, with drummer Taylor and bassist Reeves added to the newly formed quartet, accompanied by the Famous Fillmore Sound System. And thus ended the intimacy and informality, the individual nuances and humor and wit of the earlier trio and quartet numbers.

Young was on organ for most of the remainder of the evening. While still a vastly superior group, it had a sort of "two steps forward, three steps back" quality about it. Why return to the good old Buffalo Springfield days when you've already established a trio with a formula of taste, originality, lyricism and built-in commercial recognition as a healthy survivor in the increasingly Moog-oriented music world? (Anyone for the human voice?)

This group is simply too young for -Jane Welch nostalgia.



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Miles Davis' PETITS MACHINS Solo Transcribed By David Baker

Transcribed from Filles De Kilimanjaro (Columbia CS 9750). Trumpet Key: G minor/Major—Concert Key: F minor/Major

The solo, which encompasses a wide range of two octaves and a minor third, is masterfully constructed. Aside from the aura of excitement that surrounds any Miles Davis performance, the following highlights are to be noted:

1. A single motive furnishes the material for the entire solo: (measure 2 with a B_b); (measure 4 with a B).

The simple device of alternating Bb and B gives the illusion that the solo vacillates between G Major and G minor (F Major/minor concert), alhough the rhythm section suggests F minor throughout. The contextual tension that results is breathtaking.

Different forms of the main motive are found in measures 2,4,8,9,10,11,13,19,23,27,28, 39,41,42,43,51-52, 57-58, 60,62,63-64, 73-74, 75-76, etc.

2. As usual with Miles, there is extremely effective use of dramatic devices—slurs, bent notes, drop-offs, etc. (Examples: measures 1,5,10,12, etc.)

3. Constant contrasting of short fragments, usually motivic, with long, graceful arching scalar lines.

4. Extremely skillful use of chromatic runs to build tension. (Examples: measures 24-26, 46-48, 71-73, 84-87, 91-97 and 104-109.)

5. The manner in which Miles begins to wrap the solo up by returning almost verbatim to the opening statement. (Notice the similarity between measures 1-3 and measures 101-103).

d = 126



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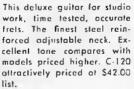
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THE EVOLUTION OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC

BY CHUCK LISHON

Part I of this article appeared in the Nov. 13 issue.

ORGAN IS actually a misleading name for an instrument with the versatility of the modern home organ as compared to the imitative traditional voice of a pipe organ. The contemporary electronic instrument features acoustical tremolo produced by rotating speakers, reverberators, and/or all types of percussion, suggesting both existing and hypothetical percussion instruments.

Mute or wa-wa effects, controlled by knee or pedal, are now available on most home organs, as are electronic chime ef-

iccts.

Manual and automatic rhythm sections with all the characteristics of instruments of the percussive section also are a prime selling feature on most home units.

In today's higher-priced organs, we may even find an electronic piano and harp-sichord built into one of the manuals. To top it off, the latest trend seems to be to install tape recorders as an integral part of the instrument, enabling students to follow a teacher's pre-recorded lesson, record his own playing, and even play along with famous bands.

Creative musicians today are not satisfied with the orthodox and traditional context of their heritage. With the organ, they are pioneering and discovering new forms and values of musical expression. The results of their research cannot yet be found in popular commercial instruments, but rather in sound laboratorics, where they have experimented with mixing, shaping, and blending individually generated tones without the limitations of conventional hardware. The Theremin, the Ondes Martinot, the Trautonium, and the Bode Melochord (this last instrument already using the modular approach for controlling different musical parameters) are early forerunners of the modern electronic music sound studio. They anticipated the needs of the modern composer. The development of the tape recorder after 1945 finally offered the vanguard musician the tool he had long awaited.

The musician now was able to store, manipulate, invert, shuffle, and mix acoustical and electronical sounds by splicing pre-recorded tape sections into pre-established patterns. The procedure was necessarily slow and tedious and initiated the era of classical electronic music composition. This taught us that once a tone has been described by its properties, it may be reproduced by electronic means.

In an effort to climinate the time-consuming programming of each tone in electronic music composition, Harry Olson in the '50s developed the RCA Music Synthesizer. The properties of each tone were "described" by keypunching a paper roll which, as it was being fed into the machine, preset the tone-generating means to all the desired parameters: pitch, timbre, duration, envelope, etc. This did away

with the individual presetting, recording, and splicing of each tone.

Next, digital computers programmed by cards were utilized, converting digital samples on tape to pulses of varying amplitude, building each musical wave with bits of information. When statistical analysis disclosed certain patterns of probability in composed music, and the fundamental rules of counterpoint were interpreted as mathematical functions, actual composing machines capable of creating music in the style of any composer they were programmed to were constructed. Hiller and Issacson used songs of Stephen Foster as a reference for this experiment.

Recently, the development of systems using voltage controlled modules commanding the different parameters that determine a tone brought the musician back in contact with his composition. The Moog and Buchla synthesizers are the most significant contribution to today's electronic music. They still are mainly composer's tools and will not be used extensively for



some time in live performance. However, they are valid in their own right and are not meant to compete with conventional musical instruments. They can blend rather nicely with them, as demonstrated in some recent record releases.

Examples of these are Switched on Bach, Moog Groove, Electric Love, Silver Apples of the Moon, Sound from Way Out, and The Moog Strikes Bach.

The Moog synthesizer's raw materials are the fundamental wave shapes available from each voltage controlled oscillator; sine, sawtooth, triangular, and pulse. The pitch sequence and time of the generated tones are controlled from a conventional keyboard that serves only as a reference since the scale on it can be contracted or expanded at will. A tempered scale is just one of the possibilities. It could also be used to control timbre amplitude or any other parameter if connected to a voltage-controlled module that filters, amplifies, or modifies the musical tone. The output of the oscillators can be also used as periodic control voltages to produce tremolo, vibrato, or timbre changes in the output of other oscillators.

Transient generators control non-recurring variations, or, if triggered from the keyboard, determine the attack or decay of each note. The composer at all times has immediate access to these controlling parameters that will ultimately stamp his personality and style onto his composition.

In our everyday contact with music, it is interesting to note how certain electronic additions and innovations to traditional instruments are first accepted with reluctance and later become standard—in some cases even surpassing in significance the original instrument. In research for new (and sometimes louder) sounds, products have been developed to modify and enrich the sound of specific instruments—one example being the electric guitar.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Nathan Davis, the well-known tenor and soprano saxophonist who recently returned to the U.S. after a six-year stay in Paris, has joined the University of Pittsburgh



music faculty as its first jazz member. He will conduct two jazz workshops and teach a course in jazz history. Next term

he will begin teaching jazz composition to graduate students.

Davis studied at the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, at the University of Kansas, and at the Sorbonne in Paris. While serving with the U.S. Army, he was an arranger and instructor in theory for an Army band in Europe, and decided to take his discharge there. He worked at first for Radio Free Berlin and other West German staff orchestras, then moved to Paris to join the Kenny Clarke Quintet at the Club St. Germain.

While residing in Paris, he served as part-time instructor of jazz studies at the American Academy of Music. He also worked with many visiting U.S. jazzmen, among them Donald Byrd, Art Blakey, and the late Eric Dolphy. He toured the continent as guest soloist with various radio and TV orchestras, also appearing in Poland and Yugoslavia, and participated in a jazz festival in Tunis. Two years ago, he became staff arranger for Belgian radio and TV, and also gave a series of clinics commissioned by the Belgian Ministry of Culture. He made three LPs as a leader, and a fourth yet to be released.

The 1970 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival has been set for March 19-21. Opening day will feature a symposium (topic to be announced) at 8 p.m., and concerts will be held on the two following dates at 1:30 and 8 p.m.

Interested groups should submit 10-minute tapes by Jan. 31, 1970 to Collegiate Jazz Festival, Box 115, Notre Dame, IN 46556. Application fees are \$20 for big

bands and \$15 for combos.

The only judge set at presstime was down beat editor Dan Morgenstern. Invitations have been extended to Richard Davis, Don Ellis, J. J. Johnson, Archie Shepp, and Ernie Wilkins.

Dallasite George Galbreath, brass instructor at Arkansas AM&N, has established a contemporary jazz program at the Pine Bluff university. Starting with one class and an ensemble, he has plans for additional courses and is instituting a workshop with appearances by leading jazz personalities.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

band; on radio in Stockholm, Copenhagen (with the Danish Radio Band) and Vienna (with Farmer); and on TV from the Chat Qui Peche in Paris, with pianist George Arvanitas' trio plus guest Slide Hampton on trombone. . . Lee Konitz did a couple of weeks at La Boheme, backed by pianist Dick Katz and drummer Jinmy Lovelace, sharing the stand with Anita O'Day . . . The Freddie Hubbard Quintet did an admission-free concert at the Loeb Student Center of New York University . . . Trombonist Benny Powell's sextet was featured at Judson Hall in The Story of Jazz, a demonstration in words and music . . . Blues-rock singer Emily Jane was pencilled in for several dates at Chutes de Pierre (7th Ave. at 22nd St.) beginning Thanksgiving Day, followed by Dec. 5-7,



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CANADA (Quebec Prov.) Premier Drums, DB, 130 Bates Road, Montreal 8, PQ. 12-14. New Year's Eve, Jan. 4 and Jan. 9-11. With her are Frank Clayton, bass; and Rushied Ali, conga . . . Fillmore East had Santana, Humble Pie and the Butterfield Blues Band in early Nov. . . . Bassist Earl May's trio is still holding forth in the Party Room of the Playboy Club . . . Organist Groove Holmes returns to Europe for a concert and club tour beginning Dec. 15 . . . An election eve rally for the successful Mayor Lindsay at Bradley's in Greenwich Village featured Zoot Sims, Bobby Timmons, Joe Beck and David Amram. French hornist Amram and reedman George Barrow did the Top of the Gate in November, opposite solo pianist Joel Shulman . . . The Silvermine College of Art in New Canaan, Conn. presented an outdoor concert among the fall colors with Nature's Consort (Mark Whitecage, reeds; James Duboise, brass; Robert Naughton, piano, electric piano; Mario Pavone, bass; Laurence Cook, percussion) . . . Record Notes: Pianist Ray Bryant has signed with Atlantic . . . Prestige inked organist Charlie Earland. Gene Ammons also formed a new extended pact with the company. Jug did two record dates on his trip to New York. On one he was backed by Junior Mance, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Candido, conga; and Frankie Jones, drums; on the other by Sonny Phillips, organ; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; and Bernard Purdie, drums . . Drummer Les DeMerle recorded for

Solid State with Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Joe Beck, guitar; and Norman Simmons, piano.

Los Angeles: If it's a pleasant, highpitched voice coming from the quintet, it's Shearing you're hearing. George, always attuned to the times, and never afraid to try something different, is now also singing. He unveiled his pipes at a recent Hong Kong Bar engagement-his third gig there this year. His personnel still is Charlie Shoemake, vibes; Dave Koonse, guitar; Andy Simpkins, bass; Stix Hooper, drums . . . The final concert of the Pilgrimage Theater Fall Jazz Festival was delayed one week by rain. Ordinarily, the elements don't dare to interfere with outdoor concerts in Southern California from March to November. Victim of the heavy dew: Dee Barton, who fronted a 22-piece orchestra for the Pilgrimage finale. The next to last concert was a doubleheader: Dave Mackay and the Concert Jazz Quintet, plus Bill Plummer and the Cosmic Brotherhood. Craig Hundley, currently studying with Mackay, made a brief speech paying tribute to the blind pianist. The Cosmic Brotherhood, striving for an original opening, succeeded by driving onstage in a station wagon. Harvey Siders emceed the concert. Hundley, incidentally, was scheduled to return to Las Vegas Dec. 7 for a twoweek stand at the Dunes . . . Following his UCLA concert, Ray Charles did a one-nighter at the Aces Club in the City of Industry. Some club: seating capacity is 700! Donte's could have used that kind of room for the four weekends headlined by Mort Sahl. It was strictly SRO. Mike Wofford's trio was the backstop for the comedian. Two other milestones at Donte's during November: competing club owner Shelly Manne brought in his Men for two Tuesdays, and the first appearance of the Joe Marsala All-Stars with harpist Adele Girard for the other two Tuesdays. It was a reunion of sorts, with bassist Artie Shapiro coming up from San Diego; Neal Hefti sitting in; Shelly Manne (who made his first records with Joe) on drums, and Gene DiNovi on piano (DiNovi followed George Wallington in Marsala's group years ago) . . . Walter Wanderley played Shelly's Manne-Hole for two weeks, using Steve Huffsteter, trumpet; Luiz Henrique, guitar; Jose Moreno, bass; and Claudio Sloane, drums. Mose Allison and Les McCann followed for two weeks each . . . Ernestine Anderson followed Sam Fletcher at Memory Lane and was backed up by the Leroy Vinnegar-Hampton Hawes Trio... Lorez Alexandria seems to have found a second home at the Pied Piper, much the same way O.C. Smith did before he hit it big. After Fletcher closed at Memory Lane, a huge party was thrown at the Pied Piper in his honor, with Della Reese on hand to pay tribute . . . The It Club is open once again, filling a cavity that existed for close to two years. The new owners are the Brown Brothers: Walter, a doctor; Jim, an attorney . . . Bill Marx' Trio is the house band for a new Beverly Hills nitery, Hogie's. It's at the site of the Keyboard Club . . . Les Brown and the band provided the music for a party following the premiere of Goodbye, Mr. Chips. The affair-set up in a tent adjacent to the Fox-Wilshire Theater-was for the benefit of the Motion Picture and TV Relief Fund. Brown also headlined a special 200th Anniversary Holiday Ball in San Diego's Community Concourse. It was the band's last appearance before accompanying Bob Hope on his annual Christmas tour of Viet Nam . . . The Surf Rider Inn, in Santa Monica, is trying a Sunday afternoon jazz policy. The information comes from Los Angeles' number one booster of new jazz outlets, Chuck Niles, who has been talking it up on his KBCA radio show. First three groups to play the Surf Rider were Vic Feldman, Sam Most, and Roger Kellaway-Tom Scott . . . Joyce Collins has left The Unusual We. She had been playing piano and conducting for them. After playing a number of times in the pit band of Hair, Joyce left for a 10-day campus tour with Paul Horn's Concert ensemble . . . The Junior Neophonic Orchestra of Southern California presented its fall concert at Cerritos College, in Norwalk. Guest soloists included Don Rader, trumpet; Don Menza, tenor sax; and Tommy Vig, vibes . . . Melba Moore sent us a card from Vietnam, where she's appearing with the Melba Joyce Show . . . Pianist Bob Corwin returned to the Playboy Club, where he again fronts the house trio after a four-month hiatus due to major back surgery . . . Tony Bennett packed them in as usual at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Lalo Schifrin has been signed to score MGM's Quest, a two-hour film for NBC-TV . . . Quincy Jones main title tune from Cactus Flower-The Time for Love Is Anytime-was recorded by Sarah Vaughan, Earl Grant, Percy Faith and Roger Williams before the film was even released.

Chicago: Earl Hines' new group at the London House had Heywood Henry on baritone saxophone, clarinet, and flutes (from piccolo to alto); Larry Richardson, bass; Khalil Madi, drums, and Marva Josie, vocals. The pianist was presented with his down bent Critics Poll plaque on opening night, and again displayed his mastery at gaining the attention of noisy diners . . . Gene Ammons and Woody Herman had a happy reunion at the Auditorium benefit concert for the Menomenee Club for Boys and Girls, joining forces on More Moon. The tenorist appeared at the Apartment after some mangerial hassels were straightened out. He has also performed with the Operation Breadbasket Band . . . Ed Shaughnessy gave a drum clinic at Frank's Drum Shop Nov. 17 which was acclaimed by his youthful audience as the best ever in a long series of similar events featuring top drummers . . Zoot Sims and Clark Terry were back-to-back weekend guest stars at Lurlean's in November . . . Arranger Fred Wayne returned from a trip to Europe with a basket of commissions, including charts for the staff orchestras of RIAS-Berlin, Radio Stuttgart (Erwin Lehn) and Cologne (Kurt Edellingen), and the Danish Radio Band. Wayne has also composed The Chicago Suite for the upcoming MENC Convention in March. where it will be premiered by the All-City High School Band . . . The Bobby Hackett Quartet plus Vic Dickenson did a week at Apollo XI on N. Wells St., a club primarily devoted to blues and soul, starting Nov. 21.

Washington, D.C.: Charlie Byrd made his first nightclub appearance here after the closing of his own club, Byrd's Nest, and his recent return from a State Department-sponsored tour of Africa. Appearing with the guitarist for the two-week Cellar Door engagement were Hal Posey, fluegethorn; Mario Dorpino, flute; Joe Byrd, bass; and Billy Reichenbach, drums. Other attractions to grace the Cellar Door stage have included the The-Ionious Monk Quartet (Charlie Rouse, tenor; Nate Hygeland, bass; Billy Kaye, drums), and Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. The newest edition of the Messengers featured trumpeter Randy Brecker, tenorist Carlos Garnett, pianist Sonny Donaldson, and bassist Skip Crumby. Then, for two nights, the venerable Count Basie Band crowded on stage. Mary Stallings is the new Basie vocalist, Lockjaw Davis' penchant for straw-drawn scotch and milk infected section mate Charlie Fowlkes, and the two did their act during pauses in playing . . . Roberta Flack continues to increase her devoted following at Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill. Her popularity has not been hurt by her new album release on Atlantic, First Take. Terry Plumeri is her bassist and Bernard Sweetney her drummer. Miss Flack recently took a month-long leave of absence from the club to promote her record . . . Dionne Warwick and Woody

Herman's orchestra were on hand for a recent concert at the University of Maryland . . . Pianist Don Scaletta, who spent some time on the west coast, has returned to his hometown of Cumberland, Md. . . . The Tuesday night concerts at the New Thing continue to be a success. In successive weeks, they have featured the groups of Charles Ables, Marshall Hawkins, and Andrew White, and the Buddy Guy Blues Band . Blues Alley has resumed its fall schedule of name acts. At the Georgetown club, successive engagements have featured Marian McPartland, Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson, Jimmy Rushing, Kathy Preston and Urbic Green, and Maxine Sullivan . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society is back in business again. The LBJS concerts are now being held in the auditorium of the Smithsonian Institute. The Society has inaugurated a new series of "Last Saturday Concerts". They hope to bring in name jazz entertainment on the last Saturday of each month. The first group headlined in the new series was Donald Byrd's Quintet, including Sonny Red, alto; Hal Galper, piano; and Joe Chambers, drums . . . Jimmy McPhail's Gold Room is currently featuring the John Malachi Trio.

Philadelphia: The Black Book show on Channel Six has undergone some changes. Drummer Harry (Skeets) Marsh has acted as musical director on a number of recent programs. Charlie Chisholme wrote a new theme for the program, and Danny Turner, alto sax; Jay Johnson and Elsworth Gooding, tenor sax; Johnnie



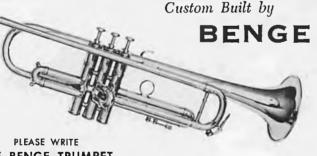
jazz improvisation A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Fore-

word by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 192 pp. (104 music plates). 8½x11, spiral bnd., \$12.50.

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Johnson, piano, and Harry Golden, bass, have been part of the popular TV show's band. De De Sharpe and Bunny Sigler guested recently, and Sterling Scott is the new producer of the program...Drummer Bobby Fant is out of the Army and played with the New Philadelphians at a recent jazz concert held by the Pennsylvania Military College in Chester, Pa. . . . Trombonist Fred Joyner is rehearsing a big band at Lee Cultural Center. Al Grey and Charlie Chisholme are assisting in the brass section and contributing charts from their own big band books. A few of the stars in this group include Johnny Lynch, trumpet; Danny Turner, Gregory Herbert, Odean Pope, saxes; Earl Curry, drums . . . Lex Humphries' Sextet headlined a concert at the Ethical Society Auditorium on Rittenhouse Square Nov. 9. Two shows were scheduled, with bassoonist Dan Jones; vibraharpist Bill Lewis; Kit Morris, oboc; Wally Redick, bass; Marvin Frank, drums; the Teddy Johnson Trio, and others promised . . . Tenor saxophonist Bootsie Barnes had an exciting combo at the Clef Club recently, Little Mania continues her constant flow of soul food and goodies with a new stove, purchased when the members of AFM Local 274 fixed up their headquarters after vandals wrecked the rooms . . . The Forerunners, led by Odean Pope, held a Sunday jazz concert at the church at 59th and Walnut Streets. Colemore Duncan was featured at the piano . . . Jazz seems to have gotten off to a slow start this season in area night clubs with The Aqua Lounge the one exception. This room continues to feature good jazz . . Guitarist Eddie McFadden is back with Jimmy Smith after many years. Mc-Fadden had been leading a group with tenor saxophonist Jimmy Oliver . . . Erma Franklin headlined the big show put on by Club 40 at Town Hall Nov. 9 . . . Pharoah Sanders was brought in for a concert at Temple University by the Philadelphia Jazz Society. Many more activities are planned by this group, which is made up of a number of jazz DJs, musicians and fans . . . Moms Mabley, a very hip lady, headed an all star cast of commercial jazz artists at the Quaker City Jazz Festival held at Convention Hall . . . Sunnybrook Ballroom in Pottstown, Pa. offered Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Boston: There is a new television show in town called Night Train, supported and shown, at different times, by virtually all the local stations. The program's host is jazz pianist Paul Neves. The first show kicked off with Neves' trio with bassist Paul Morrison and drummer J. R. Mitchell. The show's theme is played by the lone tenor saxophone of Ed Fiorenza . . Channel 7's daily Tempo: Boston with Dave Garroway features local as well as nationally known musicians and show business personalities. Guitarist Don Alessi is musical director . . . Fred Taylor presented an exciting two-part concert series at the Foxboro Raceway. The Oct. 12 performance featured singer Neil Diamond, John Mayall's English blues group, the Holy Modal Rounders and the Motherlode. Part two, on Oct. 19, featured country stars Jeannie C. Riley and



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Roy Clark . . . During Buddy Rich's recent sold-out stay at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, the leader flew in Don Piestrup who, along with Phil Wilson and Ted Pease, ran over some new charts. Lennie's has been having an excellent season so far with Herbie Mann, Les Mc-Cann, World's Greatest Jazz Band, B. B. King, Clark Terry, George Benson, and Johnny Smith . . . Nancy Wilson, accompanied by Don Trenner, was in for a week at Caesar's Monticello . . . Appearing recently at the Jazz Workshop: Elvin Jones, Muddy Waters, Mongo Santamaria, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Ahmad Jamal, and Mose Allison . . . Paul's Mall has featured George Shearing, the Everly Brothers, Morgana King, Jimmy Smith, the Four Freshmen, and Erroll Garner. Nat Pierce is traveling with Garner, preparing some new string orchestrations for the pianist . . . Alan Broadbent, longtime pianist at My Apartment, left to join the Woody Herman band, from which trombonist Tony Lada recently returned . . . There are several new rock groups in the area, among them The Spice, with lead guitarist-vocalist Dave Duquette; rhythm guitarist-vocalist Charlie Daniels; bass guitarist-trombonist-vocalist Chris Sheard; organist Steve Little; trumpeter Tom Stolar, and trombonist Crawford Butler . . . Appearing at the Boston Tea Party recently: The Who, Tony Williams, Taj Mahal, and J. Geils Blues Band.

Dallas: Pianist Jac Murphy and his trio recently returned from a State Department tour of Central and South America, were invited back for a two-week series of concert and television appearances in Colombia and Venezuela . . Jazz DJ Bob Stewart has joined the staff of KNOK, Dallas-Fort Worth, and can be heard Tuesday through Sunday evenings, midnight to 6 a.m. The shift includes the last two hours of Soulville, a 10-2 alljazz show, first half of which is handled by Roy Johnson . . . Ella Fitzgerald's Fairmont Hotel engagement has been postponed until June . . . Moe Billington, bandleader at Harper's Corner since the club's opening in April, 1967, has resigned to assume the added duties of entertainment director club manager of the newly completed Hilton Inn, Tulsa, Oklahoma . . . The increasing number of visiting musicians and entertainers from

other clubs has prompted an experimental afterhours policy at the Villager, where Juvey Gomez and Company continue nightly... Hank Crawford's trio (Raymond Green, organ; Tommy Doweys, drums) recently followed the Three Sounds (Gene Harris, piano; Richie Smith, drums; Henry Franklin, bass) into the Arena. All but confirmed for the holidays is Joe Thomas and his group.

Kansas City: Duke Ellington appeared in the area recently, doing sets at the Frog Hop ballroom in St. Joseph and William Jewell College in Liberty Clarinetist Pete Fountain was one of the featured performers at the 1969 version of the Missouri State Fair in Sedalia . . . Al Hirt, along with The Dukes of Dixieland, enjoyed a successful four-day stint at the Municipal Auditorium in September . . . The campus of Rockhurst College was the site of a week-long festival entitled Black Renaissance. The affair got under way Oct. 12 with the Rev. Clarence Rivers of Cincinnati teaching a jazz mass to the attentive audience. The afternoon event, billed as a memorial to Charlie Parker, surprisingly attracted a larger gathering than the evening show, titled A History of Black American Music. Appearing in that session were Clark Terry, Eddie Baker's New Breed Orchestra, the Emmett Finney Trio, the Ben Kynard Sextet, the Mark IV Quartet, the Bettye Miller Trio, Baby Lovett, The Rayons, the Frank Smith Trio, Gary Sivils, Paul Smith, Joe Thomas, and The Quotations. Exhibitions of Black Art, theater, literature, and dance were presented later in the week . . . Kay Dennis and the Mike Ning trio, fixtures on the K.C. jazz scene, have released their initial album on Pearce Records . . . Vocalist Rita Graham, a former member of Ray Charles' Raelets, is performing to the backing of the Willie Rice band at Channel 3 . . . Bassist Milt Abel sat in with the big band of Eddie Baker at a recent gig in Oak Park. Abel's daughter, Bettye Jo Miller, was sensational on a smooth trombone solo . . . Inclement weather, weak publicity, and "just too late in the season" were all named as reasons for the meager attendance at the Kansas City International Pop Festival, which starred the Chicago Transit Authority, the Guess Who, Steve Miller Band, The Byrds, the Strawberry Alarm Clock,

the Fabulous Flippers, and Chesmann Square, along with many others . . . Also on the pop-rock scene, Johnny Winter, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Donovan, The Litter, The Buckinghams, and Led Zeppelin have all been in town for gigs, with Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young due in December.

Cincinnati: After a month's vacation, the Living Room supper club reopened, beginning its fall-season with the Woody Evans Trio (Evans, piano; Ed Connolly, bass; Dave Frerichs, drums). Following the trio was the Stan Kenton Orchestra, which played four nights in October . . . The Four Saints were the featured attraction at the Lookout House in September . . . Carmen DeLeone and the Studio Big Band did a jazz concert at the University of Cincinnati's Corbett Auditorium . . . Herbie's Lounge recently featured the Three Sounds for a two-week stand. The Ray Black Quartet is presently the house band at Herbie's. Shortly after the Three Sounds departed, the Roy Meriweather Trio took over for a week. With the pianist were bassist Luther Hughes and drummer Dave Shirlow . . . New Dilly's Pub is still holding forth with tenor saxophonist Jimmy McGary and the Sound Museum . . . Xavier University hosted folk singer Arlo Guthrie and Santana in October. The University of Cincinnati, not to be outdone, had Blood, Sweat&Tears as part of its homecoming festivities at the U.C. Fieldhouse . . . Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln were in town for a day to make an appearance on the Dennis Wholley Television Show. Another musical guest recently appearing on the show was Buddy Rich, with his orchestra . . . The Dee Felice Trio remains at its home base, Jerry's Place, between numerous network television appearances . . . Dave Brubeck presented his jazz cantata, Gates of Justice, at the dedication of Rockdale Temple. The work was performed with a rhythm section consisting of bassist Jack Six and drummer Alan Dawson; Brubeck, a chorus, a brass choir, miscellaneous percussionists, and two male vocal soloists. Erich Kunzel, Music Director of the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted.

Toronio: Two ovations were given Ella Fitzgerald on the opening night for her one-week engagement at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room. Miss Fitzgerald was backed by the Tommy Flanagan Trio (Frank De La Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums) and the Moxie Whitney orchestra . . . The annual Ladies' Night, held by the Toronto Musicians' Association, Local 149, starred The World's Greatest Jazz Band. Another special guest was Joe Venuti, in town for a return engagement at the Town and Country. Gene Lees, another recent visitor, discussed plans for a CBS-TV special next spring . . Henry Cuesta and his quartet are playing jazz for the dancing crowd at the Skyline Hotel . . . The Metro Stompers followed Rob McConnell's Boss Brass into the Savarin Lounge . . . After several weeks of rock and blues bands, the Colonial Tavern has reinstated jazz by booking Miles Davis for a week in early December.

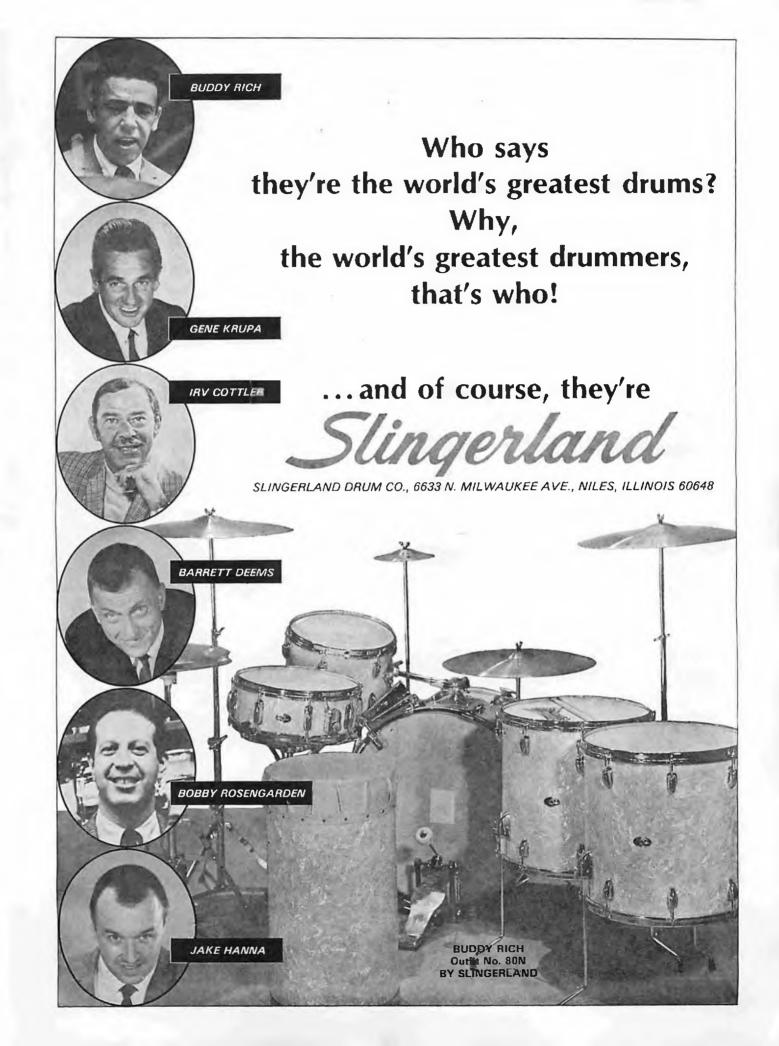


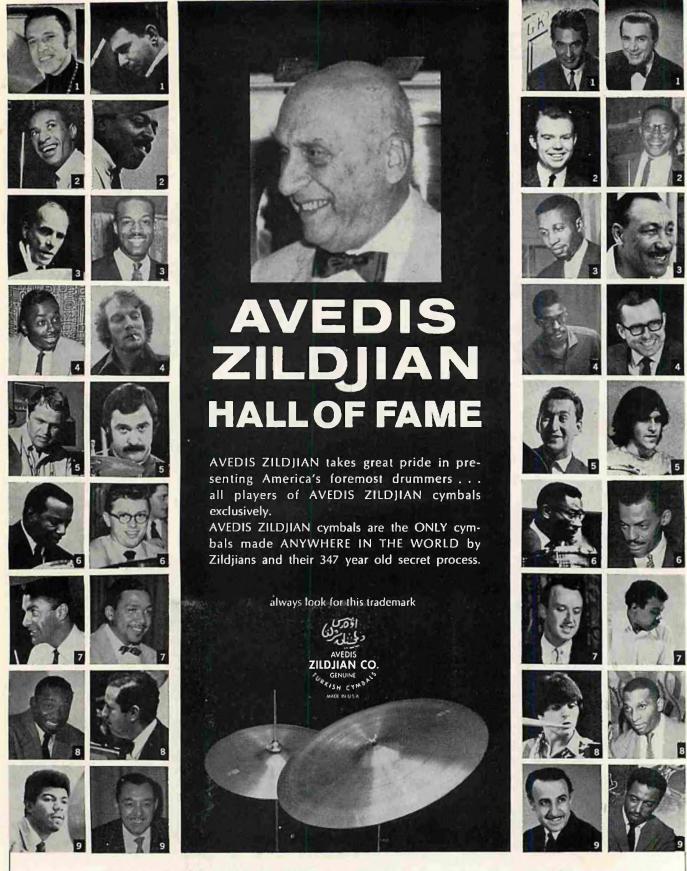
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