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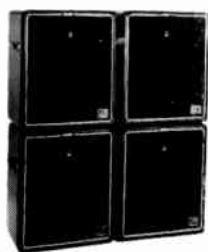
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4 ☐ DOWN BEAT

## THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Tastes in music change. Tastes in humor change. The amount of humor displayed in music and the amount of humor displayed by musicians in their playing also changes.

Right now I think we are between changes. Behind us we have had some very funny people who are now busy doing other things. Mort Sahl is still recovering from his Democratic sabbatical. Bob Newhart is buttoned down tight. Alan Arkin is chasing the muse. Mel Brooks has Anne Bancroft and the money from *The Producers*. Zero Mostel has his painting. Carl Reiner is letting his hair and money grow. Mike Nichols is successfully inscrutable. Elaine May is off in new directions. And Lenny Bruce is dead.

Today there is Bill Cosby and he uses and digs jazz, and makes live appearances. There is the Laugh-In Crowd. It can be pretty funny but it's still mod *Hellzapoppin'* with burlesque bits and James Thurber word jazz. The present crop of working musicians are still interesting, funny guys when talking over a taste—but things get awfully serious on the job. Besides, what kind of an ad lib can you get off at an outdoor festival with people backed up to the next county. The BIG showbiz comics are still around as alternatives to mechanical laugh machines. There is Bob Hope. And Phyllis Diller, who is Bob Hope in drag. There is Milton Berle who vies with Georgie Jessel as the king of vulgarity. For the mob money there is Don Rickles (Buddy Rich with schticks); Sammy, Dino and Frankie who continue to fracture each other; and 20 guys who do Lyndon Johnson bits. (Will the real Jonathan Winters stand up?)

As in other professions, the amateurs are outdoing the pros. What is more funny—or will bring a readier snort of derision—than variations on the Spiro theme? Can you write better satire than George Meany or Strom Thurmond? Herr and Frau Mitchell? Why, man, they'll kill you.

Most of the humor in and out of music today comes from films: hearing Andy Warhol described as a talent; the embarrassed titters that accompany flesh tones; Natalie Wood in anything; Rosalind Russell as Natalie Wood; Diahann Carroll as a soul sister.

Today humor comes at you from all sides—it's hard to find where the comics begin in the daily paper. The putters-on are being put on, and so on and on until you find the real big yocks in Kafka, Burroughs, Hesse and LeRoi Jones, Fanon, and Cleaver—the happiness boys.

We are going to see if we can get some fun into things. Oh, sure, it is a serious time. All the more reason for pricking the balloon, and putting the finger where it will do the most good.

This has very little to do with anything. But here are some lines from a 1960 George Crater *Out of My Head* column that rings a bell. "...I'll add a Thelonious Monk Wind-Up Doll to my line. This you'll wind up, put on the table and it'll disappear. I'm already thinking about a Stan Kenton doll that you put on the table and it raises its arms."

How about a Frank Zappa doll that you wind up, put on the table, and it breaks up?

Any nominations from the floor? [CIS]

(adv.)

## education in jazz

by Willis Conover

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

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



Willis Conover

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

lie sprouting in less obvious soils.

I know jazz is the only window into America for many young people all over the world; except through jazz, they can't jet-jump across oceans as easily as we do.

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*Willis Conover*

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# down beat

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Cover photo of Jefferson Airplane by Jan Persson. Design by Robert Robertson.

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

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

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

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



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

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL., 60606, (312) 346-7811. Dan Morgenstern, Lawrence Kart, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 250 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y., 10019, (212) 757-5111. Ira Gitler, Editorial. Jack Maher, Advertising Sales.

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

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Cheers For Suber

After reading *The First Chorus* (DB, Nov. 13, 1969), I found that I am fully able to fit my university music program in with the "schizophrenics." As I read on, I even felt that Charles Suber was here before he wrote the column. I am a "dance band musician" because I read "serious" music, too, and play jazz at some bar in neighboring Findlay, away from the music department.

However, our faculty/administration people try to make us believe they are "hip" as they throw around such phrases as "it's unreal" and "out of sight" when they are around us so that we won't go out and tell everyone what fakes they really are.

In our department head's policy statement, he says (on the "literature" for the senior recital, etc.): "The program should reflect good taste in literature. No popular or popular standard music will be permitted." The fact that two of my private trombone instructors helped me work on jazz is of no consequence. I suppose I couldn't play Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* because it has been popular with people outside music studies. A complete musician should be well versed in all styles and types of music, even though he has a specialty in a certain style. Thus I

feel that we are not getting a well-rounded music education with jazz, and even rock, left out in the cold as some sort of plague.

At any rate, three cheers for Charles Suber, and keep up the good work.

Tom Billing

Ada, Ohio

## Haden Salute

It's good to see that Charlie Haden is still on the scene. Anything that he attempts, pursues and executes will be of great musical importance, as I'm sure musicians, especially bassists, will know.

I've been a devoted Haden disciple for for numerous years and personally rate him equally beneficial to me musically as (Ron) Carter, (Jimmy) Garrison, and (Dave) Izenzon. . . .

Thanks for putting a great musician and highly mature bassist between the covers of a great magazine.

Curtiss Glen

Denver, Colo.

## Barton Bravo

During my last visit to Los Angeles, I had the privilege of hearing in person the new Dee Barton Orchestra. I am writing this letter because Mr. Barton and his orchestra have not received the proper recognition that something so different and exciting should have been given. They have been appearing at Donte's in North Hollywood for several months on and off. The size of the club does the band no justice, but given the right concert hall, there is probably nothing more interesting

and alive on the big band circuit today.

Many of the charts are written in odd time signatures, but when played, they do not have the strict and sometimes choppy sound that odd meters tend to have when not played or written properly. There is much freedom for soloists. Ensemble work could be tighter but overall the sound is usually in a rehearsed vein.

All the men, in their own style, add color and interest to Dee's charts. Congratulations to the entire group. I know that many listeners are waiting impatiently for their first recording.

Craig Cuscuna

Stamford, Conn.

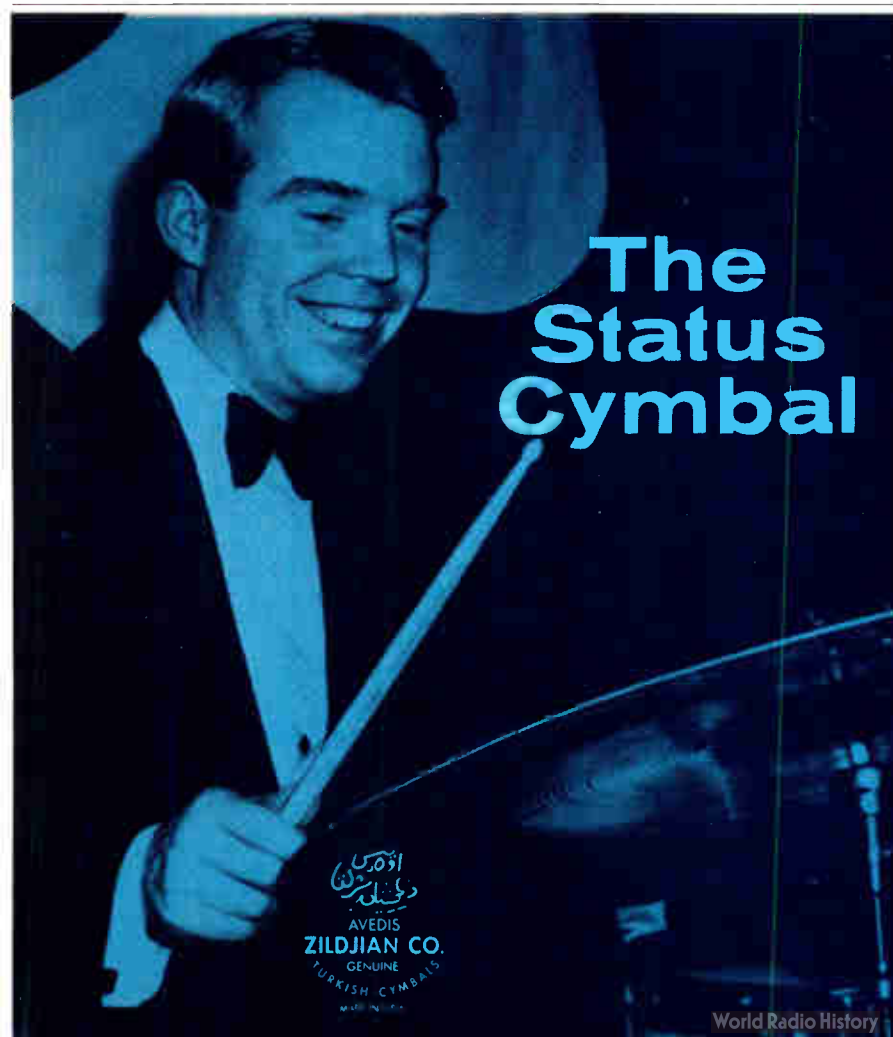
## Correction

With regard to your excellent article on William Russo (DB, Nov. 27), the reference to one of Bill's current shows, *City in a Swamp*, is incorrect. Actually that production was written, composed, and directed by me, Robert Perrey. I began working with Bill in June of '68 as a guitarist, one of the "demoralized" jazz musicians he refers to in the article.

You would have been correct had you said, as Bill would not say himself, that a lot of Russo is in my work. He is at times inspiring, and is never less than a great teacher and leader.

I hope you will print this correction, not so much for my pride, but rather to demonstrate that Bill's current work is spinning off on others.

Robert Perrey  
Chicago, Ill.



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## N.Y.'S VILLAGE GATE LICKS CLUB DOLDRUMS

The dark at the bottom of the Village Gate in New York City, rumored to be indefinite at the beginning of December, is no more—thanks to a new policy inaugurated at the Greenwich Village entertainment complex by Miles Davis.

On the weekends of Dec. 12-13 and 19-20, the trumpeter brought his quintet into the club under a novel agreement which guaranteed him the admission receipts (lowered to \$3.50 from the customary \$4.50), the club getting the proceeds from sale of food and drinks.

Both weekends, the second of which also featured Tony Williams' Lifetime, East-Indian sitarist Bali, and African guitarist-singer Kwame Nkrumah, were successful, with sizable attendance.

Defining the new policy as "a period of experimentation," Gate owner Art D' Lugo told down beat that he never intended keeping the club dark. "It was a hiatus," he said. "I just kept it dark because the old ways had to be cleared up. The economic situation was impossible. Places featuring live entertainment have to pay too big a premium for talent. Most clubs (and not just jazz clubs) have been feeling the pinch. The prices are too high in relation to what the performers can bring in."

In addition, D'Lugoff pointed out, New York clubs have been hurt by the many summer concerts, in Central Park and elsewhere, featuring name talent at prices as low as \$1. "Nor can we compete with a 3000-seat auditorium like the Fillmore East," he said, adding that "the younger element doesn't drink as much as they used to. We like to keep prices down, but the artists or their managers won't go along with it."

"A large component of our audience is black," he continued, "and they are the hardest hit by inflation." But D'Lugoff is hopeful about the new policy, though he insists that it is only a temporary answer. It continued with Herbie Mann and Brute Force from Dec. 26 through New Year's, followed by two additional weekends in January by Miles Davis. The first month of the year will be closed by Nina Simone and her show, which will also be on hand for two weekends in February.

Above the cavernous main gate, jazz continues in good health at the smaller Top of the Gate, less forced to rely on big names. Pianists have been standard fare here for some time, and the tradition continues through Feb. 8 with Billy Taylor's trio. On Feb. 10, the Dave Amram-George Barrow Quartet comes in for two weeks. These are twilight days for night clubs, but resourceful D'Lugoff, with the aid of intelligent artists, once again has held back the dark.

## FINAL BAR

Pianist Bobby Henderson, 57, died Dec. 9 in Albany, N.Y. of cancer. The New York City-born stride stylist, who was Billie Holiday's accompanist during the early phase of her career, worked in semi-obscure in upstate New York until John Hammond recorded him for Vanguard in 1956. He appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival the next year (recorded by Verve), but soon faded from the scene again. In 1968, he taped a solo album, to be released on the Fat Cat Jazz label soon. Henderson was a cousin of Fats Waller, whom he much admired.

Tenor saxophonist Al Abreau, 27, was killed in an automobile accident Dec. 23



CARL HOFMAN JR.

while visiting his native Puerto Rico. An alumnus of the Newport Youth Band, Abreau worked with numerous Latin and jazz groups in New York City before joining Hugh Masekela's quintet, with which he was featured. He recorded with the trumpeter and can also be well heard on Wayne Henderson's *People Get Ready* (Atlantic), playing in a characteristically energetic, Coltrane-influenced style.

Noted music teacher Walter Dyett, 68, died in Chicago Nov. 17. For 25 years the head of the music department at Chicago's Du Sable High School, he was held in high esteem by his students, who included many famous-to-be jazzmen, among them Nat Cole, Ray Nance, Benny Green, Ahmad Jamal, Johnny Griffin, and Richard Davis. A violinist and one-time pre-medical student, Dyett began his teaching career in 1931.

## POTPOURRI

Archie Shepp returned home in mid-December after almost two interesting months abroad. In addition to appearing at the Paris Actuel Festival (DB, Jan. 22) in Amougies, Belgium, he sat in with Duke Ellington's orchestra and Don Byas in Paris, made a record with violinist

Leroi Jenkins, pianist Dave Burrell, bassist Earl Freeman and drummer Sunny Murray; and did concerts at the American Center in the French capital with Cal Massey, flugelhorn; Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Byas and Hank Mobley, tenor saxes; Roscoe Mitchell, bass and alto saxes; George Arvanitas, piano; Malachi Favors, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums. Shepp also gave three concerts in Algeria, performing new music by Massey with Byas, Freeman, drummer Steve McCall, and local saxman Hamin. The musicians were also flown into the North African desert, where scenes were shot for a documentary film.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band swung in the new year at the Roosevelt Grill, its new permanent home base in Manhattan, then took off for Las Vegas (the Tropicana), the Senior Bowl at Mobile, Ala., and other gigs. While the WGJB is on the road, the Roosevelt keeps the pots on with an unusual lineup put together by impresario Dick Gibson: trumpeter Roy Eldridge, trombonists Jimmy Cleveland and Kai Winding; Al Cohn and Zoot Sims on tenors and Budd Johnson on soprano and baritone; pianist Ross Tompkins; guitarists Eddie Condon and Jim Hall; bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Eldridge, Winding and Condon are the alternating leaders, and the band will be on hand through Feb. 8, sharing the stand with a quartet of Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass, and Cliff Leeman, drums. The WGJB returns Feb. 10, with vibist Red Norvo and a special combo opposite.

Muddy Waters is making a good recovery from the broken pelvis suffered in an accident Oct. 26. Out of traction by the end of the year, he was expected to be able to resume work by mid-March.

After their strenuous European tour, Duke Ellington's band did some Sacred Concerts and worked Las Vegas' Caesar's Palace. In early January, they were off again to foreign shores, this time in a westerly direction. The itinerary includes Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Thailand, Formosa, Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan.

After a long stay in Europe, Marion Brown is back home in Atlanta, Ga. for the winter season. The alto saxophonist has been lecturing at several schools in the area, and is continuing his guitar studies with John Sutherland, a pupil of Andres Segovia.

Lionel Hampton will be featured at a jam session and autograph party at the Jazz Musicians Association's Record Box,



221 Avenue A near 14th St. in New York City on the afternoon of Jan. 31.

St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. in Manhattan, is conducting a festival of the arts through Feb. 10. In addition to Pastor John Gensel's regular Sunday Jazz Vesper services, there will be all kinds of entertainment, including live music, both rock, jazz and classical. Details may be obtained from the church.

Jazz photographer and impressario Jack Bradley is the new road manager for the Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson Quintet.

A freshly-formed group calling itself The New Art CarTEL recently performed in concert at MUSE, the Bedford-Lincoln Neighborhood Museum in Brooklyn. The personnel was listed as George Barron, Chairman; Ralph Crocker, President; Ed Kelly, Vice President, and Ronald Stubbs, bassist. Upon further investigation it was discovered that Barron plays soprano, alto, and tenor saxophones, while Crocker is a drummer and Kelly a pianist. The executive titles are intended to let people know that the musicians are interested in promoting and selling their music to the public.

Kip Cohen, Managing Director of Fillmore East, left New York for India and a three-month retreat with the Maharishi

Mahesh Yogi, whose transcendental meditation he and his wife have been practicing. Cohen, who will resume his duties at the Fillmore in the summer, has been replaced by Keeva Kristal.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** Jazz Interactions suspended its series of Sunday afternoon sessions after the Dec. 14 date at Danny's. **Rural Free Delivery** (Joe Beck, guitar; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Hal Gaylor, bass; Don MacDonald, drums) were the last group presented. However, Alan Pepper and Stan Snadowsky, officers of JI, booked the Elvin Jones trio in Danny's for a Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon the following weekend, under the independent auspices of their own Alstan Productions. Jones' had been one of the few groups to draw well recently in the JI series . . . The Downbeat, where the Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson Quintet and Teddy Wilson's trio held forth through Jan. 8, has raised its prices to \$10.75 for dinner and \$7.75 for supper. Guitarist Tommy Lucas' quartet and pianist Lee Shaw's trio are slated to be in through Feb. 19 . . . Hackett filled in for Joe Venuti at a recent Uncle John's Straw Hat Sunday session with Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; John Ulrich, piano; Frank Skeete, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. Visit-

ing firemen included valve trombonist-banjoist Frank Orchard, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinetist Sam Margolies, and Dick Gibson, vocalist. Claude Hopkins played intermission piano . . . Tenor saxophonist Al Cohn and trombonist Urbie Green were added to Venuti's group at the Roosevelt Grill for one week . . . Charles Mingus' quintet played at Slugs' in mid-December. With Mingus were Bill Hardman, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Billy Robinson, tenor saxophone; and Danny Richmond, drums. Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra have again been doing the Monday nights at the lower eastside club . . . Singer Joe Williams, backed by a 10-piece band under the direction of bassist Bob Cranshaw, did two weeks at the Club Baron. Tenor saxophonist Harold Ousley's quartet was on the same bill . . . Trombonist Curtis Fuller was at Wells' with Larry Willis, piano, and Sonny Brown, drums . . . Pianist Monty Alexander did a weekend at Dax (95th & Amsterdam), backed on one night by bassist Sam Jones, and on the other by bassist Jamil Suliman . . . Tony Williams' Lifetime appeared as part of Fillmore's Tuesday night New Group Series, along with Quarry and Weight . . . The Roland Alexander Quintet played at the Harambee Festival of the Arts at I.S. 201 in early December. With the reedman were Kiane Zawadi,

/Continued on page 39



## WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

**Bystander**

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

A FEW YEARS AGO, the saxophonist with a small group got bugged at his trumpet-leader and decided to play a set just as badly as he could. He used a wide, relentless vibrato; played as loudly as he could; made no chord changes if he could avoid them, just hitting a tonic now and then; and used the worst ideas he could think of. The crowd loved it, and, using that same terrible style, the saxophonist went on to become one of the biggest and most influential successes in rhythm-and-blues . . .

Current fashion being what it is, guitarists who work the studios find themselves lugging around sitars—as if they didn't have enough trouble already what with banjos, mandolins, amplifiers, and like that. I'm thinking of inventing a smaller and handier version of the Indian instrument to help these poor guys out, called the baby sitar . . .

They tell me that the crowd at the last Newport Festival was really digging Miles Davis, particularly the young members of the crowd. When George Wein cut Davis off to bring on a rock group, one young man loudly suggested,

"Hey, George, why don't you give the jazz festival some time?" . . .

There's this fellow in France named Bert Bradfield (he's English actually). He runs a shop called Treasury of Jazz. It isn't so much that he stocks all the jazz and blues records he can find; it's that he is able to persuade the major companies to let him produce reissues. Imagine that right being awarded a U. S. shop by a major record company. (His address is 8, Rue Albert Laurent; Chatillon; Seine; France.) . . .

Let's talk business for a minute (and never mind who you like or didn't like). The World's Greatest Jazz Band is a gathering of veterans, many of whom have been (or might be) leaders. Brubeck and Mulligan now work together. Dizzy Gillespie featured James Moody for years until now. I expect that that sort of thing may be the only salvation for numbers of important jazzmen. Now, students, get out a piece of paper and a pen and write up at least two versions of The World's Greatest Bebop Band. And two versions of The All-Time Swing Octet. Now, wouldn't you like to hear them and see them working regularly? Of course, you should make it even more to the point by picking guys who might not work regularly if they didn't gather together . . .

Henry Pleasants seems to me to be carving a career out of the far-from-original discovery that an Afro-American idiom currently dominates popular music in many parts of the world. But personally, I don't particularly like to see Anton Webern beat over the head with Duke Ellington or the Beatles. And although I don't know (and don't care)

how the boys from Liverpool feel about it, I'd guess that Ellington doesn't like it either . . .

On stage, one of the big, great bands was performing. Backstage, one of the most successful producer-entrepreneurs approached an important young musician. "You want to know why I don't use you avant-garde guys? I'll show you." He turned toward the stage where the distinguished bandleader had just announced his next number, marched out, and whispered another title to him. The leader immediately announced the change of program to the audience. The producer walked off and said to the young musician, "That's why I don't use you guys—because you won't do that for me." Pretty story, eh? (Max, I'll do a lot for jazz, but I'm sorry, man. I just can't make that coffee.) . . .

There was this guy who used to win all the Reader's Polls on Odd Instrument (really) in this magazine a few years ago. (I'd be willing to bet that half the current readership never heard of him.) The then-editor decided he had to have his picture on the cover. Meanwhile, the guy's aggressive and misguided manager called up the down beat New York office and offered somebody a bribe for a cover story on him. Which meant the whole thing had to be postponed for about another year and a half, as I remember . . .

A jazz guitarist was leaning against a wall in a club that was suffering an invasion of folkniks and was heard to mutter, "I had an uncle that used to strum a guitar and sing those kinds of songs. He was known as the family bum."

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# Blossoming Blues: The Elvin Bishop Group

THE EMERGENCE of Elvin Bishop as one of the exciting new blues guitarist-singers of today is not entirely dependent on his work as the rhythm guitarist of the original Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Although a correlation exists between the caliber of blues guitarists who have emerged from Butterfield's band and, say, from John Mayall and his Blues Breakers, the difference is that Bishop, with a few others such as Butterfield himself, belongs to the generation of players who learned the blues by direct contact—from studying, learning, playing and hanging out with the cream of Chicago blues men.

It is this initial association with the stars and the lesser-known musicians, the people responsible for establishing, maintaining, and refining the Chicago blues, that has shaped Bishop's talent, and the maturing of it has helped bring about the Elvin Bishop Group.

The group features Bishop, lead guitar and vocals; Applejack (Jack Walroth), harmonica and vocals; Art Stavro, bass; Steve Miller, organ; and John Chambers, drums. Since its formation in early 1969, the group has performed at the Northern California Folk-Rock Festival and the Fillmore West and continues working in coffee houses in the San Francisco bay area. It has taped its first album for the newly formed Fillmore label (*The Elvin Bishop Group*, Fillmore 30001).

Born in Iowa, where he lived on a farm until he was 12, and then moving to Tulsa, Okla., Bishop's road to Chicago and the blues was a tough one.

"My family didn't have too much money, and all through high school I worked in a restaurant after school," Bishop said. It was there some black youngsters introduced him to the blues and the music they were listening to on WLAC from Nashville, Tenn. "I started digging the music," Bishop said, "and I used to go to record shops and started buying records. The next stop was getting a guitar and learning how to play."

"I was listening to people like John Lee Hooker and Lightnin' Hopkins," he said, "just one person, playing the guitar and singing, because anything else sounded too complicated to me then. I used to take my guitar to work, although I could just about make an E chord. Then I went to Chicago, and things blossomed out real quick, because that was where a whole lot of blues cats were."

In Tulsa, he attended Will Rogers High School, where "most of the people were interested in football and jive social activities, and there was another group that was interested in having their hair long and greasy, riding motorcycles, and beating people up . . . I sort of tended to go along with the second group more than the first, but I didn't really fit in with either one, and I was drugged because it seemed to me, at that time, that there was something wrong with me because I couldn't fit in. Then I got to Chicago and found out that wasn't so."

In 1960, he enrolled as an English major at the University of Chicago and met Butterfield the first day on campus.

"He was sitting on the steps, playing his harmonica, and I went over to listen to him. He taught me some of the first

guitar licks I learned. A few months later I was playing some Lightnin' Hopkins licks on guitar in a music shop, and Mike Bloomfield came in and dug my playing. From then on, I taught him a few things, like old blues licks, and I learned from him too. He was in a different bag then; he was playing real fast hot licks and rock 'n' roll, not blues. He got into blues real fast, once he put his mind to it.

"I used to go down to blues joints and listen to Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Junior Wells, Hounddog Taylor, Jimmy Reed. Then I got an electric guitar and started learning how to play it. I started digging B. B. King . . . sort of went up the ladder in my taste, and I would go over to peoples' houses, and they would teach me. Smokey Smothers, a real good guitar player, taught me a lot. I used to go over to his house and live for weeks, and he would teach me songs and show me various blues techniques on guitar. Then I started playing gigs, and I played with Junior Wells, Hounddog Taylor, and a number of Chicago blues bands before I joined Paul Butterfield's Blues Band."

A year ago, when he left the Butterfield band, Bishop went to San Francisco with the idea of forming a group. He took his time, jammed with a lot of people trying out different combinations, and ended up with his current group. He knew Applejack from Chicago where he had met him seven years ago and played with him in his groups in Chicago from 1963 to 1966.

Applejack heard Howling Wolf, Jimmy Reed, and Muddy Waters on the *Big Bill Hill Show* on radio, and then sought them out in person.

"I used to sit in with Junior Wells at Theresa's," he said. "I used to hear him every weekend, so you might hear some Junior Wells licks coming out of me. I sat in with him mostly for the first couple of years."

"On the harp, I do like everybody else tried to do . . . to make my harp sound like somebody singing. My favorite harp players are all those Chicago players—James Cotton, Junior Wells, Big Walter, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson . . . guess I must play city-style blues 'cause I was in Chicago so long, playing with all those cats. People play me tapes and records of country blues from the '20s and '30s, and there were some good harp players back then." He credits drummer Fred Below, bassist Sylvester Johnson, and Ray Perrish, "a real soulful cat," with teaching him fundamentals.

The nickname Applejack he got from Bill Shavers, a cabdriver at whose record shop Charlie Musselwhite worked. When Shavers heard his name was Jack, he started calling him Applejack, and it stuck.

Applejack, who led his own bands in Chicago, is a prolific songwriter and has contributed some songs to the Bishop group's book and album, tunes like *Going Away*. He composes on the harp and feels he still has a lot of work and experimenting to do on the instrument. "Back in the old days," he observed, "Sonny Terry used to speak while he was playing. Sometimes you can make notes with your voice and play a different note on the harp and make harmonies. The main thing on harp is the positions . . . first, second, and

third are the main ones; the fourth and fifth are the others—and the cross-key. I like a chromatic harp, too, and occasionally I'll start out with one harp and when it comes time for a solo, I'll switch to get that different effect, like switch to a higher harp to play some of that squealy stuff for a solo and down to the other one for the background. Sometimes I'd like my harp to sound like a trumpet, and it would be a groove if I could make it play like Lester Young on saxophone . . . I think the blues is a real natural kind of music. . . ."

For Bishop, the social function of his music is a real one, and he almost always has it in the back of his mind. "I'm trying to please myself," he says, but he also wants to please his audience. "I am not going to prostitute myself, but I'll bend over backwards to present what I'm doing so that it is acceptable to people and they can understand it, by getting my rap together, and getting them to relax so that they can get into the groove of the music and dig it," he said.

"If a musician can't bring himself to attempt to please the people, then he can't expect people to pay money to see him, and you might as well stay home in your kitchen and please yourself."

"There is a certain amount of people, I know, who are going to be grabbed by my music, because there are people like me, and my music is really going to go out there and reach out to them. And other people will be digging my music because it is the hip thing to do and it is the fashion this year, and a lot of other people will be digging it because some chick thinks my bass player is cute or thinks I'm cute or something."

How he and his music and the blues generally relate to the times is an issue on which he speaks strongly: "Now is the time that a lot of the values of the old American culture are really breaking down, like the materialism thing. And people are having leisure time now, and they can look and see that fur coats and cars ain't everything that's happening, and when they start thinking, they are going to start trying to get some more spiritual values together, and blues, naturally, appeals to this type of thing. It's really saying something, emotionally and personally, besides which, a lot more people are frustrated and confused these days. It's not just black people, these days. It's everybody, because this thing is so big . . . this country and industrialization and how the politics is getting away from the people and everything else. Nobody knows what's happening these days. It's very confusing unless you take a real simplistic view. . . ."

LIKE OTHER Chicago blues bands, the Elvin Bishop Group faces the problems of transplanting a music bred in the hard reality of Chicago bars and joints from its natural environment to dance halls, coffee houses, and the pace and style of living on the West Coast.

"Chicago blues, by now, has become a very stylized thing," Bishop said. "When I think of the West Coast, I think of big places like the Fillmore, the old Avalon, the Shrine in L.A., with mostly teenage audiences. You can't really communicate





Art Stavro, Steve Miller, John Chambers, Elvin Bishop, Applejack and Friends

to them too well with straight Chicago blues, because it's not sensational enough for them. They want something really, really mind-blowing . . . the sound . . . they don't really care too much what the lyrics are about. Good blues appeal to more mature people, I'd say. To identify with a blues song, you have to have had changes. You must have had some trouble in your life, have gone through a certain amount of stuff. Most of the 15-year-old people that come to the Fillmore haven't gone through too many changes."

Audience sizes also affect the music in some way, Bishop said, explaining, "The more people you have in a place the more feeling you have. You just can't help it. Seeing all those people out there really wants to make you do something. A lot of times, if you don't really have your music together, there is the temptation to do something really sensational. You may lose a little of your good taste and play a lot of notes, play real loud, jump around and all that stuff. I like playing in big places, but I dig playing in smaller places a little more."

The attitudes and feelings of the others in the group are similar, and though it is Bishop who brought them together, their competence as a group depends on the commitment each has to the blues.

Drummer John Chambers was born in San Francisco and played a lot of jazz in his teens with Don Garrett and Dewey Redman, who had played with Ornette Coleman in the days before Coleman left the West Coast. He played at Bop City and Soulville and also worked with the Wee Five, the Mystic Knights, Linda Tillery, and the Loading Zone.

"I wasn't hip to the blues until I got with Elvin," Chambers said, "I listened to it, but there was something about it I just couldn't get into. Then I started listening to B. B. King and all kinds of Chicago cats. Elvin turned me on to, and I am beginning to dig the blues a whole lot. I listened to all kinds of cats . . . all kinds of drummers—Buddy Rich, Billy Higgins, Tony Williams. I still listen to them, because I

still think they are great although a lot of people don't listen to much jazz. There are some cats who really play the music the way it should be played. There is a lot of blues in the way they play . . . the syncopation, especially. A lot of old records by Chicago blues cats have since influenced me in understanding the concept of the blues . . . the tightness of it."

Bassist Art Stavro said he feels that "the blues is deep, as distinct from the music that I've grown up with. It wasn't saying anything, no matter what . . . it was shallow. The blues says all kinds of things. It shows a lot of feelings coming from the musicians. People should start getting hip to the feeling in music because it's one way you can learn things. Like Lawrence Welk—that's no feeling; it's technically correct, but it sure has no feeling and no soul, and there's nothing happening."

Stavro indicated that it might be a good idea if a lot of people nowadays got the blues. "I've been having the blues," he said, "I guess that's why I'm beginning to dig the blues. The older you get the more things you find out, and having these things sort of jab at you inside gives you the feeling to play the blues. The more you can control these little things on the inside, the more you can play more mel-low blues."

Stavro was born in Seattle, Wash., and was brought to San Francisco when he was 2. He played trombone in elementary school. He attended the same high school as Chambers and also started playing bass in high school when Chambers' group needed a bassist. "I used a regular guitar with four strings, tuned down a little and with an amp. I used to listen to Elvis Presley and really dug him. He was a groove. And little soul rock 'n roll records like *Please Love Me Forever* and *Angel Baby*." He later played with Harvey Mandel for six months, did a few gigs with Albert Collins, a recording session with Jimmy Witherspoon, and played with Mike Bloomfield, Barry Goldberg, and others until going with Bishop.

"That's when I started getting really hip

to the blues and started playing them right," he said. "About two years ago I really started digging James Jamerson, the bass player with Junior Walker. The cat's really bad, and nobody can touch him as far as soul and r&b goes and even funky old blues and a little jazz . . . B. B. King's bass player I dig a lot, too. And Charlie Mingus I listen to a lot, but I can't really figure out what's happening. I dig what he is doing, but I could never get into playing like him. My chops ain't up that high, I guess."

Steve Miller, the organist, is from Iowa, has been playing for 10 years, and cites two men who have affected his music profoundly. One was Earl Hooker, the other Ray Charles. He recalled going into a club five years ago in Waterloo, Iowa, to hear and eventually sit in with Hooker. Charles' electric piano-sound had a marked influence on his own style and on his approach to the blues.

The group doesn't play soul music, and has for the time being dropped the idea of adding horns, because Bishop is "scared of getting into the rock 'n roll rumble sounds many bands get into. . . . It dissipates the effect and the energy of the central thing that is happening."

Bishop's taste in jazz runs from "funky jazz, like Cannonball Adderley, Roland Kirk, Stanley Turrentine, Jimmy Smith, to the more contemporary musicians like John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, and Pharoah Sanders," but he is for keeping his new group going in one musical direction for the time being.

"The way it's turning out," he said, "we play mostly blues, and I'm trying to get to do as much singing as I can. I sing country numbers too. I'd like to do some jazz tunes . . . we can play jazz, to the extent that most of the cats in rock groups can. I've written some jazz tunes, and we jam on them sometimes. Later, there will be time to play jazz and other things I have in mind, but right now, I don't see the point, when we can play blues much better. I enjoy getting over with an audience. That has a lot to do with it. Blues is all feeling. The intellectual side is virtually nonexistent. You don't think about what you are going to do or make theories in your mind; you just do it. In jazz, you have to know what you are doing in terms of theory and harmony."

The main incentive for the band at this phase, Bishop emphasizes, is "getting the music to where it grooves every night and there is no worry about it. I want to work on my singing, and get my playing to where I like it, and get out there and play the music the best we know how."

The group's album features original compositions and arrangements by Elvin (*Tulsa Shuffle*; *Sweet Potato*; *Honey Bee*) and Applejack (*Going Away*); old Blues tunes, "and some old, crazy 1940s bebop tunes, like Louis Jordan tunes."

"The greatest thing that happened to blues guitar playing was B. B. King," Bishop pointed out. "He created a one-man revolution, and it will be hard to find a blues guitar player today who doesn't have a few B. B. King licks on his record,

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# URGE TO MERGE:

**By Bill McLarney** THERE WERE a few eyebrows raised three years ago when tenorist Harold Land and vibist Bobby Hutcherson joined forces to co-lead a quintet. Land, a charter member of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet, had achieved a formidable reputation in the '50s as one of the better Parker-derived tenor players. Settled on the West Coast, he became one of those "underrated" artists whose names are invoked in conversation to prove how hip the speaker is. Although he recorded occasionally during the '60s, enabling anyone sufficiently interested to trace his musical evolution, most critics and fans were content to consign him to the bop bag.

Hutcherson, at 28 Land's junior by 12 years and a California native, came to prominence with a variety of New York groups in the early '60s. His youth and sometime association with such musical radicals as Archie Shepp, Eric Dolphy and Andrew Hill, caused him to be typed as an avant-garde player.

In reality, both men are interested in the uses of all forms of music—modal, chordal or free; traditional or avant-garde. Their partnership was not so much a meeting of minds as a crossing of paths. According to Hutcherson, the quintet was formed when he "had just returned to Los Angeles from back East. Harold was working at a local club. I went down to hear the guys play. I think Harold and (pianist) John Houston suggested to the owner that she should hire me—and that's how it started."

Both men express dismay at the suggestion that there is anything unusual in the merger. Land observes that "people seem to think there's so much difference between musicians of different ages or with different backgrounds, but there's really only differences between individuals. Bobby and I really think about the same about music."

Off the stand, between sets, the two certainly present different appearances. Hutcherson, sporting blue denim trousers and jacket and a luxuriant natural hair style, might be an organizer for CORE, were it not for the impish grin which appears whenever something amuses him. Land, close-cropped and attired in conservative good taste, is less overtly emotional, surveying the scene with the composed air of a man who knows that things are neither as good as they should be nor as bad as they could be.

Once the music starts, however, the two share a remarkable unity of purpose and method. Hutcherson employs all the devices of the '60s when they suit his needs, but he also knows the conventions of swing, bop and the blues. In this respect he is similar to one of his first employers in New York, saxophonist Jackie McLean; both have learned from old and new music and are not afraid to apply musical history in the service of contemporary communication.

Hutcherson is also reminiscent of McLean in possessing a completely personal sound; a characteristic timbre which two years ago reminded critic Marian McPartland of "sounding glass." Today there is also a hint of Hutcherson's delight in the metallic nature of his instrument. This is



particularly evident in the occasional passages when he leaves the damper pedal open, letting one or all of the notes ring, a device for which neither his co-leader nor this writer can recall any precedent. Certainly it violates the canons of vibraharp orthodoxy. One vibist, explaining his particular damping technique, said, "You can't just let the notes ring." You can if you're Bobby Hutcherson.

Two other important characteristics of the Hutcherson style are his swinging vitality and the linear character of his improvisations. He is very conscious of the latter aspect of music. When, as occasionally happens to all improvisers, he finds himself in mid-solo with no clear direction established, he will not just play "correct" licks to get the thing over with, but may lay out until a structurally sound idea has taken shape. There is no razzle-dazzle trickery in the Hutcherson solo style, although he certainly possesses the technical virtuosity to bedazzle the unwary. In part, this may be explained by his philosophy of practice. "You play what you practice," he declares. "If you haven't given it some thought beforehand, your music won't make a statement." Another factor in his melodic resourcefulness may be his visits to classical concerts: Ravel is a current favorite.

Like Hutcherson, Land is a linear player and a devotee of classical music. Ira Gitler once described the Land approach to tenor as a "lyrical, connective style that flows with grace and rhythmic heat." He can still run the changes of a standard tune as prettily as he did in the days of Brown and Roach, Inc., but he is equally capable of constructing a flowing melodic statement within the freer framework of a contemporary composition such as Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*.

Land developed a distinctive sound during his years as virtually the only "hard" tenor on the West Coast and he retains it today. The only modification is an occasional use of certain of the so-called noise elements which were so much a part

of John Coltrane's last period. Of late, some critics have taken to decrying such "fashionable distortions." One wonders what these critics would have said about the "distortions" of the original Duke Ellington brass section. Granted that such devices may be boring, but in the hands of such master improvisers as Joe Henderson or Harold Land they are no more offensive than a great writer's occasional use of an exclamation point. Land's policy is: "When you feel something, play it—if it makes sense. But you shouldn't just showcase an effect for its own sake."

While he may employ an occasional musical exclamation point, Land is not a member of the cult of saxophone hysteria. If anything, he is less of a fire eater than he was in the '50s. For all its inner drive, his playing on tenor—and on the flute, an instrument he adopted about the time of the Hutcherson-Land merger—conveys a serenity remarkable in a man who has never received the recognition due him.

Clearly, Hutcherson and Land have traversed a great deal of emotional and stylistic terrain in their careers. The experience would be valuable for any creative musician, but it would seem to be a prerequisite for artists who attempt as great a diversity of material as these two. Unlike some contemporary leaders, they do not scorn so-called standards. A variety of popular melodies, from *Star Eyes* to *The Night has a Thousand Eyes* add a touch of familiarity to an ever-growing repertoire. Jazz fans will also recognize *Maiden Voyage*, Sonny Rollins' *Oleo*, and others of the best jazz originals of the past two decades.

A particularly important contributor to the book is Hutcherson's perennial East Coast associate, drummer Joe Chambers. Chambers' brother Steve is a highly respected "serious" composer, so it is not surprising that an almost classic concern for form and structure should characterize Joe's compositions, many of which utilize unusual tempos. Some bands might shy away from Chambers' tunes, but not this

# The Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet



GIUSEPPE PINO

one. Hutcherson observes: "It's a bigger challenge to play a complete statement that's moving through something like 11/4 or 7/4 than something in 4/4. We're trying not just to make those time signatures, but to groove." The polyrhythmic head-nodding and foot-tapping that goes on when the group performs indicates that they often achieve this goal.

Significant as Chambers' compositions are to the group, the most important writing of all is that of Land and Hutcherson. Land explains: "I like playing both standards and originals, but primarily I think it's necessary for a group to play their own music." Land's career as a composer extends back almost as far as his playing career; *Land's End*, recorded by the Brown-Roach group, stands as one of the lyrical masterpieces of the post-bop period. Today many of Land's compositions, for instance the title tune of his album *The Peacemaker* (actually a Hutcherson-Land album, although Land gets sole credit as leader) reflect the same serenity apparent in his improvising.

Hutcherson feels, as a composer, that he is fortunate to have come up in the '60s. Today, there is supposedly more emphasis on composition in jazz than in the past. Hutcherson, however, disagrees. "I think there was just as much composition then, but people weren't aware that it was going on. Only a select few of the musicians who were writing were recorded. Nowadays, there are more records coming out by more people. That makes a lot of difference to a lot of people who are writing."

The difference might be greater exposure—or increased competition. Even if the latter holds true, the recorded evidence indicates that Hutcherson is moving toward the Hancocks, Chambers and Shorters; the upper echelon of young writers. Some of his recent compositions show a concern for rhythmic variation not unlike that of Chambers. *Herzog*, for example has several passages moving out of 4/4 into 3/4 and back.

It seems unlikely that the Hutcherson-Land Quintet will fall into the rut which afflicts several otherwise excellent groups who seem to do nothing but replay their own albums. Their repertoire would grow even faster if they could maintain a permanent rhythm section. Not that there's ever been a bad edition of the group: The musicianship of such sidemen as drummers Chambers, Donald Bailey and Billy Higgins; pianist Chick Corea, Stanley Cowell and Joe Sample, or bassists Reggie Johnson, Eddie Khan and the late Albert Stinson speaks for itself. But every change in personnel necessitates rehearsals devoted to learning the book. It is to Hutcherson's and Land's credit as writers, arrangers and leaders that they are able to kindle enthusiasm for this task.

The spirit of a Hutcherson-Land band was demonstrated by this dialogue at the start of a set one night when the drummer was late:

Eddie Khan: "We did it before, we can do it on the gig."

Joe Sample: "Come on, let's do it."

Harold Land: "You say you want to have some fun, huh?"

Of course, the veteran's taunt only increased Khan and Sample's enthusiasm and so the group launched a drummerless version of Chambers' intricate *Spiral*, which, after a polyrhythmic introduction, proceeds in the unlikely tempo of 3/2.

The next day Khan left, with regret, to join comedian Bill Cosby. As Hutcherson explains it, the reason for the group's instability is simple. "It's hard for us to get sidemen because we don't work all the time. Living in Los Angeles is a disadvantage, too, when we're trying to get a rhythm section. The best guys around here are always working." "But," Land adds, "with all those originals and our unusual instrumentation the sound of the band always comes through. I can't think of too many groups where there's vibes and tenor or vibes and flute."

Not all aspects of the Los Angeles scene are disadvantageous, however. For in-

stance, the movie industry presents unique employment opportunities. Land has in the past lent his tenor talents to such films as *Flower Drum Song*, *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Young Savages*. Both musicians are seen in the current film, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, portraying members of a 1933 band playing for a marathon dance contest. In addition to the monetary rewards, Land points out, "We got to meet people, and who knows, we might even have come up with some musical ideas." The latter possibility is not inconsistent with Hutcherson's musical philosophy. "Music is like a wheel. Everything comes up again and again, but you keep rolling down the road. Something new is always an extension of something that starts right back here. . . ."

The open-minded Hutcherson and Land could probably find something old or new of value on either coast or in Outer Mongolia, but it's obvious that their musical hearts are in New York. Hutcherson finds that "with eastern musicians you get the feeling of drive more; the feeling that there's competition there. Even if you're bringing in a group, there's competition, so you're cued up all the time." Land is quick to add that "we've been lucky enough to get back to New York several times." Between record dates and college concerts, the leaders hope to increase their eastern exposure.

The college circuit looms larger in the lives of Land and Hutcherson than it does for many jazz musicians, in good part due to the efforts of Detroit booking agent Lutz Bacher, who specializes in college jazz concerts. While acknowledging that the colleges are often more ill-prepared and disorganized than clubs when it comes to microphones, lighting and general presentation, both leaders are quick to praise college audiences. "They're so aware of everything you're trying to play," says Land.

Land, however, would still like to get more club bookings. "Clubs are a much more relaxed situation for playing." Hutcherson agrees, "In a concert you've got to try to hit it quick and hit it hard, but in the night clubs you can kind of stretch out." If the group's record sales begin to be reflected in their bookings, they should soon have plenty of club and concert work. Several Hutcherson LP's have landed on *Billboard's* "Best Selling Jazz LP's" chart, alongside records by such unabashedly commercial musicians as Ramsey Lewis and Boots Randolph.

Whatever bookings they may get, a distinguishing feature of both artists will continue to be respect for their audience. Land believes that while "not everybody in the audience will know what you're doing technically, they know whether you're playing well or not, whether you've got that groove. Sometimes they realize it before you do."

Hutcherson summed it up: "Our public is always looking for something new. Our group, like a lot of other groups in the situation that we're in—not being a top name group—is searching around to find that something new, that next extension, an extension of the evolution that we've had, of all the music that happened before. They'll know when we find it." **EB**



# ORGANIC GROOVE:

## The Natural Soul Of Richard Holmes

by Mike Hennessey

THE ECONOMICS of jazz being what they are, it frequently happens that when a noted musician works outside his normal territory, he is obliged to play with a local rhythm section. It also happens, pretty often, that the star guest doesn't see eye-to-eye with the local musicians and does little to conceal his dissatisfaction both on and off the stand.

This situation has arisen on a number of occasions at Ronnie Scott's Club in London, with the result that the music—and the paying customers—suffered.

Using a bandstand as a musical battleground seems to me to be completely inimical to the spirit of jazz and the guest artist who sets out to demonstrate his musical superiority over temporary sidemen seems to me far less worthy of admiration than the musician who makes the best of the situation and by encouragement and inspiration gets the best possible support from his colleagues on the stand.

The fact that Richard "Groove" Holmes showed himself to be in the latter category contributed considerably to the acclaim he received during a recent spell at Ronnie Scott's.

Certainly Holmes had no reason to be unhappy with his rhythm section as far as musicianship was concerned—both John Marshall on drums and award-winning Irish guitarist Louis Stewart are highly skilled and experienced musicians—but he had to face the customary problems of inadequate rehearsal time and mutual unfamiliarity, and in facing up to these difficulties, he never lost sight of his primary duty as a performer to entertain the audience.

Both Marshall and Stewart found it a pleasure to work with him and, in consequence, gave of their best. Result: a relaxed, happy trio, working well together and a contented audience.

Curiously enough, during Holmes' stint at the club, the stand did become a battlefield during one set when a comprehensively stoned baritone player lurched on stage to sit in—or, rather, sway in—for an up-tempo blues. When, after a few strangled notes, it became evident that the guest wasn't about to enhance the proceedings, Holmes took off on a safari through the keys which would have left the baritone player miles behind even if



Groove Holmes entertains at Chicago's Archie Moore Boy's Club

he had been sober.

It was an impressive exercise in musicianship which added weight to Holmes' claim to be considered as a highly-gifted and articulate musician—and not just a specialist in funky organ clichés.

Quite apart from anything else, Holmes—all 275 pounds of him—swings. He also has one of the most educated left feet in the organ business and, perhaps more than any other exponent of the instrument, lays down genuine string bass lines.

In his uninhibited, self-taught, happy approach to music, Holmes lines up with the Hamptons, Garners and McCanns of the jazz world—perhaps not a very fashionable breed, currently. He admits to feeling that he has been somewhat ignored in the U.S. as an artist.

"I'm in a congested area," he says. "There are too many organ players and it's difficult to break through. I consider myself No. 2 to Jimmy Smith—but there's a big gap between those two positions. I'm playing Buddy de Franco to Jimmy Smith's Benny Goodman!"

A former trailer driver from Camden, New Jersey, Holmes switched to music when he was 25 in the hope of earning additional money "to support my half-dozen or more kids." (He has seven). "I never took lessons and I taught myself to read. For a few months I played honky-tonk piano, then I bought an organ attachment for the piano."

Holmes switched to Hammond organ in 1953 when he replaced Jimmy Smith in the Don Gardner Trio and he gives Smith full credit for "inventing" jazz organ. "Jimmy was the first one to play walking bass on organ. Jackie Davis and Wild Bill were playing at that time, but they weren't using that bass. Jimmy also cleaned up the sound from what it used to be in the days of Milt Herth and Ethel Smith."

Holmes stayed with Gardner, working the soul circuit, until 1958 when he joined a group led by trumpeter Cat Anderson for a year, working alongside trombonist Lou Blackburn, tenorist Danny Turner and drummer Johnny Crossan.

In 1960 he decided to settle in California. He bought a second-hand Cadillac hearse to transport his organ and headed west, stopping to play one-night stands in clubs on the way in order to earn his keep.

"I still work regularly for some of those clubs," he said, "in Cleveland, Denver and Oklahoma."

In California, Les McCann got Holmes his first record date—a World Pacific session with McCann, Ben Webster, trombonist Tricky Lofton, guitarist George Freeman and drummer Ron Jefferson.

For the last eight years, Holmes has fronted his own trio and has played an important part in the evolution of the electronic organ as a jazz instrument.

"When I started on piano," he recalled, "I used to dig Ace Harris and I learned to play *After Hours* note for note. Right from the beginning I was playing the blues—you just can't get away from the blues. And I always liked to listen to the bass—people like Slam Stewart, Ray Brown and Paul Chambers. When I began playing organ, I had a style just like Jimmy Smith's, so I had to get away from it. As I'm left-handed, I naturally developed the bass. So many organ players just play the same bass line over and over again. But I can walk a bass like a bass violin player."

"I also try to get a whole variety of different sounds from the organ. Don Patterson and Jimmy Smith set up one sound most of the time; but I get all kinds of different textures, using a wa-wa effect, altering the pitch of notes and so

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# Ronnell Bright: The Compleat Accompanist



"WE ACCOMPANISTS are a very special breed. We must be complete musicians, capable of playing in every style. We have to maintain a very broad outlook toward music. We've got our own thing going, yet we're ignored. I've never even been mentioned in a poll. Why don't they have a separate category for us?"

The speaker was quiet-mannered but emphatic, a man with talent to match his convictions. Ronnell Lovelace Bright is indeed one of a special class of musicians, but the answer to his question lies in an admission he made a moment later:

"There's very few of us that can qualify—Jimmy Jones, Hank Jones, Don Abney, Lou Levy . . ."

The fact is, of course, that scarcely any jazz musicians regard the job of accompanying singers as an end in itself. For most of those who have undertaken it, even for many who stayed in it for a decade or more, it is a waystation of shorter or longer duration on the road to more memorable assignments, usually as soloists and/or composer-arranger-conductors in their own right.

Ronnell Bright, in fact, recently reached that stage himself. He began recording in mid-1969, for Paul Gayten's Hollywood-based Pzazz label, not only as a pianist and arranger but as a singer of his own lyrics and music. *Here It Is Again*, a Christmas song, got quite a bit of seasonal airplay.

Bright's name has been increasingly familiar to down beat readers for the past 15 years. Lurlean Hunter and Carmen McRae were the first singers he accompanied, as a member of Johnny Pate's house trio at the Blue Note in Chicago in 1954-5. Not long after, when he had his own trio, Jack Tracy assessed him in these pages as "a fleet and highly capable pianist from whom much more will be heard one day."

Born in Chicago July 3, 1930, the son of a minister and a schoolteacher, Ronnell Bright had a brother and three sisters. One sister sang in the Rhythm Debs group with Fletcher Henderson's band. The other was Lois of the Miller Brothers and Lois dance team.

"It was through Lois that I got to know show business. At 6 I visited her at the Cotton Club in Los Angeles. While they were touring the country with Jimmie Lunceford's band, I made my first plane trip at the age of 8 with Lunceford, who flew his own plane."

Bright studied with Jeanne Fletcher Mallette for 12 years (1936-48). He won the National Guild of Piano Teachers' student tournament in 1939, joined the Chicago Youth Piano Symphony in 1944, gave concerts at Orchestra Hall, and during school vacations toured in solo recitals. The summer of 1946 saw him at Juilliard on a scholarship. Cab Calloway used him as a premature Andre Watts, playing Chopin's *Polonaise*.

Then came the Navy, for a year (1948-9). "Julius La Rosa was the only other musical talent on the carrier; we became good friends. Two months after I was discharged, he wrote me to say Arthur Godfrey had discovered him in a Navy show. It could have happened to me."

When the ship arrived at Norfolk, Va., the captain told the USO about Bright, who thereupon gave local concerts, playing Debussy, De Falla and Bach. "I also sang a few pop things like *Route 66*, but I wasn't really into jazz yet. I'd just begun to listen to Nat Cole, and started digging Bird in 1949."

After attending the University of Illinois, from which he graduated in 1952 with a Bachelor's degree in music, Ronnell was recalled into the service as a reservist and, at the University's recommendation, was sent to the Navy music school in Washington, D.C. "There were only five Negroes out of 350. The others were Duke Garrette, who played trumpet with Lionel Hampton; Eric Dolphy; and Nat and Cannonball Adderley.

"We spent about eight months together before being shipped to various musical stations. Cannon and Nat and I made some gigs together, but it was pathetic—we couldn't play, we were just listening to Bird and getting started.

"Then I spent two years with a Navy band in San Francisco. I got in because of my good classical background, and despite the Navy's anti-Negro prejudice. I was the only Negro in the band."

Discharged in 1954, he played his first professional gig with Johnny Griffin at Chicago's Blue Note in August 1954 before joining Johnny Pate, first at the London House and then at the Blue Note. "Besides playing for Carmen and Lurlean, I met everybody who was coming through town; Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver—he and I became very good friends—and Billy Taylor, who advised me to come to New York."

Ronnell bit into the Apple in August

1955, recorded for Regent, and led a trio at the Composer with Bill Clark and Joe Benjamin. "John Hammond became interested and recorded us, with Rolf Kuhn and in our own album too, for Vanguard. I played Birdland in the same show with Phineas Newborn and Count Basie's band! Then Willard Alexander booked us into the Cafe Bohemia. We stayed six months as the house trio, opposite Max and Miles and so forth, and I really got to know everybody."

By now the classical past was fading fast, but Ronnell's jazz future looked bright. He worked briefly with Dizzy Gillespie's big band, before it broke up in January of 1958. But his reputation as an accompanist was gaining strength; he had worked for Chris Connor, Jackie Paris and others. Early in 1958 he replaced Jimmy Jones in Sarah Vaughan's trio.

"Of all the innumerable singers I've played for," he recalls, "Sarah is unquestionably the greatest—the only one who can claim the very highest standards of musicianship. She could tell you to move from F# to an E in the middle of a ten-note chord and she'd always be right.

During a single five-month period, Bright worked in 15 countries with Sarah, including a visit to the Brussels Worlds Fair. They performed for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace at an outdoor party on the palace grounds in Monaco, meeting Hazel Scott, Annie Ross and others of the international set.

It was with Miss Vaughan, too, that Ronnell had his first taste of conducting. This was at the Waldorf Astoria in 1959. "I taught myself, and later took some lessons—not that it helped much."

Another advantage of the Vaughan years was that he became part of an inspiring rhythm section. During this period Sarah had Richard Davis on bass and Roy Haynes (later Percy Brice) on drums. Every night was an experience and an opportunity to learn.

"It was while I was on tour with Sarah that I began writing lyrics and music for original songs. She recorded two of them, *Missing You* and *I've Got To Talk To My Heart*, for her *Close to You* album on Mercury. Later she did *Missing You* again, on the *No Count Sarah* LP.

"Gloria Lynne, Bill Henderson and Blue Mitchell recorded my next tune, *Sweet Pumpkin*; Johnny Hartman recorded *Don't Call It Love*, and Horace Silver and Cal Tjader did *Cherry Blossom*."

These recordings spanned the late 1950s and early '60s, a rewarding period that brought Ronnell into professional contact with several more top singers and earned him an ASCAP membership in 1961.

He is frank to the point of bluntness in his evaluations of the vocalists for whom he has worked. Following are some of his reactions:

Al Hibbler—"After leaving Sarah the first time in September of 1960, I accompanied him for a couple of months. He's a fine stylist with a wonderful sense of humor, and was easy to work with."

Lena Horne—"I was with her for nine months in 1961. She is a superb performer, which makes up for her lack of musicality. Her husband, whose strength is not felt in her performances, could have done

more with her. She hangs too far behind the meter; she wants to swing, but her tempos are unsteady." (Miss Horne, of course, has always said that Lennie Hayton has done everything for her and virtually made a musician out of her.)

After leaving Miss Horne, with whom he worked in her *Nine O'Clock Revue*, Bright opened at the Left Bank, a New York club operated by Richard Kollmar and his columnist wife, the late Dorothy Kilgallen. "I tried out my voice there; later, at Chuck's Composite and the Most, I worked as a single and did quite a bit of singing."

His next singer-backing assignment was in 1963 with Gloria Lynne—"A fine stylist, with a gospel flair, capable of being a jazz singer, but not creative like Carmen or Sarah. What makes a jazz singer, essentially, is creativity."

He went back with Sarah for three months in 1963. Then John Levy approached him about working with Nancy Wilson. Ronnell joined her trio, which at that time had Bill Plummer on bass and Miss Wilson's then husband, Kenny Dennis, on drums. This was in January of 1964.

"I spent three and a half years with Nancy. My experience with Sarah as a conductor began to pay off, and I started getting into arranging seriously. During this time, early in 1965, I settled in Los Angeles."

Bright has reservations about Miss Wilson too. "She's a charming lady with a very appealing voice, as warm as Nat, but she's not a jazz singer or a creative singer. I watched her grow from a sweet, humble talent into an over-assured person. She thinks she's a musician, and tells conductors her opinions, but she hasn't the experience or musical training to do that. Her talent lies in finding her own way. It's foolish for singers to talk to men who have studied 12 or 15 years about matters that they, the singers, don't understand."

Miss Wilson, in her over-confidence, took it upon herself to record four Bright songs: *Tender Loving Care*, *And Satisfy*, *Funnier Than Funny*, and *Alone With My Thoughts of You*. *And Satisfy* was also recorded by Stanley Turrentine. Bright gained considerable national prominence during the years with Miss Wilson, appearing with her on major TV shows with Danny Kaye, Bob Hope and Jack Paar, and participating as pianist, arranger, conductor or all three, on several of her Capitol albums, most notably the two-pocket album called *The Nancy Wilson Show*, recorded live at the Cocoanut Grove. His arrangements in that set of *Don't Take Your Love and Music that Makes Me Dance* showed his keenly developed sense of how to provide a splendid setting for a vocalist, at once tasteful, appropriate and unobtrusive.

Since leaving Nancy in 1966, Ronnell has enjoyed a variety of experiences, not all of them backing singers. His vocal associations have continued, however. He made three albums as part of Doris Day's background, one with Johnny Mathis, and one with Ella Fitzgerald, of whom he says: "It was a fine experience. I wish I could say more of her, but that was the

only time I worked with her."

In 1968 he worked with Billy Daniels and spent some time in Miami as pianist and writer for Ray Anthony's television series. Anthony had a Las Vegas lounge act kind of show, recalled by Ronnell as "the dumbest job I ever had. He's still living in the past, playing those Glenn Miller style arrangements, and he has two mediocre girl singers."

Last spring he spent a couple of weeks back in Miami, this time with Peggy Lee. "A fine talent," he observes, "great at styling and pacing, and she knows how to play her audience; but you have to do everything the same night after night, and she falls in the same category as the other singers who think they are musicians. Even Carmen McRae doesn't have the scholarly mind of a musician, doesn't come up to the standards of any of the pianists who have accompanied her." (Miss Lee, hearing of Ronnell's comments, smiled and said: "I'm happy to be in the company of Carmen McRae and Lena Horne." Miss McRae, who was a professional pianist before she ever became a singer, was not available for comment.)

Ronnell has stepped up his writing activity during the past year. He supplied Pzazz with three Christmas songs, for sessions with Lorez Alexandria, Misty Moore and himself. He has continued to write alone, with three exceptions. Johnny Mercer supplied the lyrics for *Tender Loving Care* and *Comet In The Sky*. The latter was recorded by Miss Alexandria, whom Ronnell assesses as "greatly underrated—she belongs under 'Coming Attractions.' Her jazz credentials rate up there with Carmen's." He has also done one song, *Ages Ago*, with Paul Francis Webster.

Last spring he fulfilled a steady but monotonous job on the set of a film called *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* starring Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin. The setting is an Aragon-type ballroom during a marathon dance in 1932. Associate producer in charge of music was John Green, many of whose standards (*Body and Soul*, *Out of Nowhere*) will be heard in the film. Bright and the other musicians were "sidelining," i.e. appearing on camera and silently moving fingers, lips, valves etc. Others in this unheard band were Teddy Buckner and Hugh Bell, trumpets; Thurman Green and Les Robertson, trombones; Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, Hadley Caliman, saxophones; Ike Isaacs, bass; Joe Harris, drums; Bobby Hutcherson, conductor.

The men, their hair cut to suit the period, spent 12 weeks on the set at Warner Brothers studios. Much of the time was given over, in typical studio fashion, to sitting around unproductively, playing cards or reading while waiting for a call to the bandstand.

Bright was called back for the actual recording of the music, though the practice in Hollywood, for many years, has been to use any musicians on camera, but to rely on a small clique of white musicians to do the work heard on the sound track. The only others to be heard as well as seen are Teddy Edwards and Thurman Green.

Ronnell has completed an album of

original tunes for Pzazz, on which he served as arranger and vocalist. There were three sessions: one with just piano, one with a quartet, and one with strings.

He has not given up his career as an accompanist; not long ago he played the Caribe Hilton with Abbey Lincoln and Max Roach. "Abbey has a new thing, her own original approach as a jazz vocalist," he says. "A lot of her material is African, or closely related to folk-jazz. She has her own kind of stage presentation. Abbey demands respect; with her, you have a feeling that you are part of a fight for independence, for complete freedom. Her light will shine. I'd like to hear her more on records."

Summing up his feelings about his extensive experience as the man behind the voice, he says: "I've been lucky. Despite some derogatory things I may have said about some of them, all the singers I've mentioned have great voices, and I value the memory of the work I did with them."

"What the listener should always remember is that the singer, of course, doesn't produce all the sounds that bounce off of the bandstand. The accompanist must be sensitive to the singer's temperament and moods. You can tell when they're in love and when they're out of love. You have to know exactly what tempo to play. You have to be able to play everything from *The Lord's Prayer* to *Doodlin'*, as I did with Sarah."

Among the pianistic and orchestrational influences that have helped provide him with the qualifications to fulfill these functions, Ronnell names several important figures.

"Nat Cole, of course, was my first jazz idol; then Oscar Peterson. With my classical background I look for all-around musicianship as well as soul. Erroll Garner is an amazing exception—it's fantastic what he can do with a piano."

"I don't feel that my own style reflects any one particular influence. I have my own conception, a different thing going, and people don't tell me I sound like so-and-so. As for arranging, I have the greatest respect for Robert Farnon and Marion Evans."

"These are the two writers that men like Quincy Jones and Johnny Mandel admire the most. I've listened to their records for years, and in a sense I've studied simply by hearing their work."

Working the particular area of the profession in which Ronnell Bright has found himself for most of the past 15 years has not prevented him from gaining substantial respect as a jazz musician. He has been heard on record sessions with the late Coleman Hawkins (*The Hawk Relaxes*, Moodsville) and Buddy Tate (Prestige). Critics have been discerning enough to single out his work for praise no matter what the context, vocal or instrumental.

Besides, there is the knowledge that in working with some of the great singers of our time Ronnell has provided a valued and difficult service. Perhaps the nature of the task is best summed up in the inscription on an autographed protograph. It reads:

"To Ronnie. my backbone. Love, Sarah."

db



# Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Irvin Moskowitz, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### The Grateful Dead/Jefferson Airplane

LIVE/DEAD—Warner Bros. 1830; *Dark Star*; *St. Stephen*; *The Eleven*; *Lovelight*; *Death Don't Have No Mercy*; *Feedback*; *And We Bid You Goodnight*.

Personnel: Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, guitars, vocals; Tom Constanten, organ; Pigpen (Ron McKernan), organ (track 5), congas, vocals; Phil Lesh, bass, vocals; Mickey Hart, Bill Kreutzmann, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

VOLUNTEERS—RCA 4238: *We Can Be Together*; *Good Shepherd*; *The Farm*; *Hey Frederick*; *Turn My Life Down*; *Wooden Ships*; *Eskimo Blue Day*; *A Song for All Seasons*; *Meadowlands*; *Volunteers*.

Personnel: Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar, vocals; Paul Kantner, guitar, vocals; Grace Slick, piano, organ, vocals; Jack Casady, bass; Spencer Dryden, drums; Marty Balin, percussion, vocals; Jerry Garcia, steel guitar (track 2); Nicky Hopkins, piano (tracks 1, 4, 6, 8, 10); Steve Stills, organ (track 5); Joey Covington, percussion (tracks 5, 7); Ace of Cups (Mary Gannon, Marilyn Hunt, Diane Hursh, Denise Jewkes), background vocals (tracks 4, 5).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In a way, the Dead's double album is a valuable document: it's a typical set. A few moments of inspiration scattered amid more than 70 minutes of aimlessness. These are seven musicians who know their axes and know what all the others are likely to do, and can go with them. That's half the battle for an improvisation group; the other half is to improvise something of merit, and there's damn little of that here.

One has to like them—is obliged to. They were there at the beginning. Kesey, Trips Festival, Acid Test, the San Francisco Sound. (If there is one, theirs is it.) And the word on the Dead is always that they're erratic, but when they get it on, they're the best band in the world.

Damned if I've ever heard them get it on. Certainly not on record, where they've either been too hung up with electronic diddling to make music, or, as here, just not together.

From the opening seconds, it's clearly The Dead: rhythm setting up a static pattern while Garcia wanders with short, single-note, on-beat figures gradually expanding into longer lines emphasizing triplets, and creating a climax. If only those climaxes weren't so inevitable. And the first three sides of the album melt into each other, the separate tunes distinguished only by the tempo changes and the lyrics, which aren't notable. Until *Lovelight*, The Dead's standby, which is a gas—the only fully realized group performance on the records, everybody helping everybody else. Garcia playing his best guitar solo of the set, tough, hard drumming by Hart and Kreutzmann, insinuating bass lines by Lesh, funky vocal. Yes, yes, yes.

The last side is tighter than the first

three. Nothing mindblowing, but Rev. Gary Davis' *Death* is effective, and the electronic play on *Feedback* makes some sense in spots.

I don't know; maybe this is the best band in the world. But they sure can keep a secret.

The Airplane, on the other hand, is at the very least the best band in America, and so it's difficult to rate this set. By any other standards, it's four stars and maybe more, but it's less good than *Crown of Creation*, and of course nothing can touch *Baxter's*.

Some of the songs are sensational, but there are too many throwaways: *Shepherd, Farm, Turn My Life, Seasons*. And the two revolutionary pieces, *Together* and *Volunteers*, while musically beautiful, are too self-congratulatory and facile. (The latter was originally titled *Volunteers of America*; RCA had the Airplane delete the last words from the title and the printed lyrics, though the line is sung intact at the end of the song. The printed lyrics for *Together* have been bowdlerized. And although the Airplane has done wonders for itself, RCA's recording techniques are still terrible.)

But the good songs . . . oh my God. *Frederick*, in the same mood as *Rejoyce*, has gorgeously dense lyrics by Gracie, and she sings it brilliantly. The vocal is followed by an exciting Kaukonen guitar solo that builds to a long climax, then diminishes into a light, even 4/4 with a fine complementary piano line by Hopkins, and slides into a heavier 4/4 signaled by Casady. Crescendo and out and incredible.

*Turn My Life* is sad, and Kaukonen's vocal is effective, but it's not a great song. *Wooden Ships*, conversely, is. Written by Kantner with Stills and David Crosby, it's a mournful, uncertain leave-taking of the silent dehumanized majority by the loud, musical minority. Kantner, Miss Slick and Balin alternate the vocals, and each section slides inevitably, logically, breathtakingly into the next. At one point during some harmony, Gracie sustains the end of a verse, knitting into the next. Tear your guts out, Jim. The counterpoint at the end is typical Airplane, which is to say marvelous.

The last Slick song is perhaps the best, in terms of lyrics. *Eskimo* compares the vast natural forces to man's smallness; the middle verse suggests music as a possible bridge. The refrain, "But the human crowd/Doesn't mean shit to a tree" carries a double sense: the obvious colloquial meaning, naturally, but also, "shit" makes trees grow, and why don't we acknowledge

our links with nature instead of priding ourselves on our machines and soundproofing and euphemizing our bathrooms? Another clean, sharp Slick vocal.

One of the points of reviewing these two sessions together, apart from the fact that these are the two longest-lived San Francisco bands, is that both started in more or less the same place. Kaukonen has freely admitted that his guitar style owes a great deal to Garcia's. But Miles Davis said the same thing about Ahmad Jamal, and while The Dead may have been, may even remain, a greater social presence than the Airplane, the latter has grown into a musical force that has long since outstripped its roots.

—Heineman

### Collins-Shepley Galaxy

TIME, SPACE, AND THE BLUES—MTA NWS2: *Time, Space, and the Blues*; *Apogee*; *Blue Interlude*; *Docking Maneuver*; *Module 3*; *Soft Landing*; *Susan Moon*; *Fourth Dimension*.

Personnel: Burt Collins, Joe Shepley, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bernie Glow, trumpet, piccolo trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Paul Faulise, bass trombone; Joe DeAngelis, French horn; Tony Price, tuba; Jerry Dodgion, flute, soprano saxophone; Mike Abene, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This very pleasant album makes one aware that the descendants of Miles Davis' *Birth of the Cool* sides include the Tijuana Brass and the background music for any number of well-crafted TV commercials. I'm not sure whether it's fair to hold Davis, Gil Evans, et al. accountable for the fact that their musical ideas are being used to sell chewing gum and life insurance, but the transition to *kitsch* has been easy enough to raise doubts about the value of the originals. Either form can be separated from content, or, more likely, *Jeru*, *Boplicity*, and *Moondreams* never had that much content in the first place.

Still, if tastefully applied craft is important in your scheme of things, I'm sure you'll find this an intriguing LP. Mike Abene is responsible for all the charts except John Carisi's *Module* (of which more later), and every track bustles with modest, graceful details of scoring. This is fortunate, since the melodies themselves are rather neutral and the principal soloists (Collins and Shepley), for all their technical skill, are not strongly individual players.

But the technical skill is admirable—I don't think I've ever heard a cleaner ensemble—and the session seems to have been pervaded by an aura of professional joy and devotion. You can hear it right down the line, in the excellent recording balance, in the lively and precise rhythm-section work of Cranshaw and Roker, in the way Abene uses Dodgion's soprano in



the final ensemble of *Blue Interlude*, and in the beautiful tone and phrasing of tuba-ist Price.

The most interesting track is Carisi's *Module 3*, a 24-bar blues divided into eight-bar segments. Carisi was the composer-arranger of *Israel*, probably the best of the *Birth of the Cool* sides, and *Module* is a worthy successor to that piece, lacking only the added depth that Miles Davis' solo gave to the original.

I realize that my reaction to this album is equivocal. When I first heard it, I was entranced by its skill and avoidance of cliché, but now that I am aware, to some degree, of how it works, I am left with little more than the pleasure of solving that problem. In any case, I would recommend that you seek it out and make your own decision. —Kart

#### Wilton Felder

**BULLITT**—World Pacific Jazz 20152: *Theme From "Bullitt"; All Along The Watch Tower; Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing; Hi Heel Sneakers; The Split; Doing My Thing; Up Here Down Below; Please Return Your Love To Me; With A Little Help From My Friends; It's Just A Game, Love.*

Personnel: Felder, tenor saxophone; unidentified orchestra; Wayne Henderson, Felder, arrangers.

Rating: ★★

Nothing pleases me more than the knowledge that well-deserving jazz musicians are making bread. Nothing distresses me more than reviewing the trash that they have to put in the oven in order to make the bread. Wilton Felder, half of the hard-edged front line (the other being trombonist Wayne Henderson) that pro-

vides the Jazz Crusaders with it granitic sound, is one of the best tenorists on the scene, besides being one of the busiest Fender bassists in Hollywood. But there is little of the inventive, biting Felder sound here.

What we have is a listless, uninspired and uninspiring collection from today's soul-rock bag. The charts are right off the assembly line: brassy chords to fill gaps; unsubtle, sledge-hammer rhythm with fuzz chops on two and four. To make matters worse, the metronome seemed to be locked at "moderate."

The studio men respond in like manner—their playing is as sloppy as a first run-through. The choice to omit their names from the jacket was merciful: the whole project underscores the difference between art and business.

Only Felder himself seems to be trying—with perhaps instinctive desire—to rise above the planned mediocrity and preserve his jazz image. I don't mean to sound like an armchair psychologist, but to an armchair reviewer, it's evident that his gutsy tenor sound is the only thing worth writing about. Best efforts: *All Along The Watch Tower; Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing; and Quincy Jones' tune, It's Just A Game, Love.* The track to avoid: the Lennon-McCartney opus, *With A Little Help From My Friends*. On that dirge-like waltz, Felder got precious little help. —Siders

#### Illinois Jacquet

**SOUL EXPLOSION**—Prestige 7629: *The Soul*

*Explosion; After Hours; St. Louis Blues; I'm a Fool to Want You; The Eighteenth Hole.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Russell Jacquet, trumpets; Matthew Gee, trombone; Jacquet, Frank Foster, tenor saxophones; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Milt Buckner, piano, organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Al Lucas, bass, Fender bass; Al Foster, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This LP has its moments. No denying that. Jacquet demonstrates a rich and completely satisfying ballad style on *I'm a Fool*, supported by Buckner's organ. His tenor will suggest the manner of Coleman Hawkins to many listeners. Then there's *Eighteenth Hole*, a smoothly swinging little riff number played by the three-man sax team. Jacquet is forceful but restrained, and contributes a fine piece of solo work.

The title tune is a rocking blues which again finds Jacquet surprisingly subdued. But alas, it's a nine-and-a-half minute track, and by the time it has reached the five-minute mark, the climaxes start rolling in like waves on a hurricane-prone beach. Joe Newman begins to get fiery, Jacquet riffs behind him, soon takes the solo spot, and carries the track to a raucous, gutty finale, each chorus aiming for greater intensity than the preceding one.

I don't mean to put Jacquet down for this; the music is exciting. One has a right to wonder, however, how much real inspiration lurks behind the layers of chewed notes, funky riffs, and frenetic climaxes. Not a great deal, I suspect. In substance, it seems closer to r&b than to the sophisticated jazz of which Jacquet is capable.

This LP may not contain many elements of brilliance, but with arrangements by Jimmy Mundy and Buckner, and a top-flight crew of supporting musicians—not to mention Jacquet himself—it merits the attention of those who dig their sounds simple and straight from the shoulder.

—McDonough

#### King Crimson

**IN THE COURT OF THE CRIMSON KING**—Atlantic SD-8245: *21st Century Schizoid Man* including *Mirrors; I Talk to the Wind; Epitaph* including *March for No Reason and Tomorrow and Tomorrow; Moonchild* including *The Dream and The Illusion; The Court of the Crimson King* including *The Return of the Fire Witch and The Dance of the Puppets.*

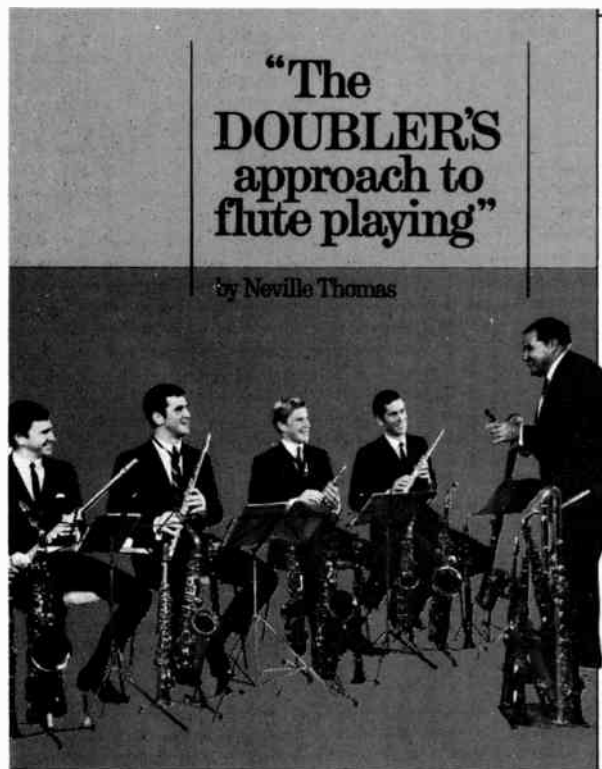
Personnel: Ian McDonald, reeds, woodwind, vibes, keyboards, mellotron and vocals; Robert Fripp, guitar; Greg Lake, bass guitar and lead vocals; Michael Giles, drums, percussion and vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Last November, I went to the Fillmore East to catch a program headed by Joe Cocker and including Fleetwood Mac. Last on that bill, and therefore first on stage, was a group I had not heard before, King Crimson. They were clearly the superior group and all that followed was anticlimactic.

Many groups of not-so-adept musicians have been rocketed to fame and fortune on the strength of their material. Such fame is of course not unjustified if, as is often the case, the group is also responsible for that material. In the case of King Crimson, who have not yet tasted fame and fortune, but are surely destined to do so, outstanding material is combined with some very impressive musicianship.

I am glad that I had the opportunity to see KC perform in person before I received their album for review because, unlike many other groups in the genre,



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what they do on stage is not a mere duplication of their work in the studio.

One of the things that impressed me about KC's set at the Fillmore East was reedman Ian McDonald's excursions into free-form jazz improvisation. The capsule biographies that came with my reviewer's kit state that he counts John Handy and Eric Dolphy among his musical influences—it shows in his playing.

In concert they stretched out, incorporating many improvised passages which are not found on the record, but which should have been included in place of the album's only tedious track, *Moonchild*. As it is, they sounded more like a rock-orientated jazz group on stage, whereas the record gives the opposite impression.

This does not mean that their recorded performance is in any way inferior. It is more thought out, but the result, with the exception noted, is decidedly neo-rock (for want of a better term) at its very best and such segments as *21st Century Schizoid Man* and *The Court of the Crimson King* are close to being masterpieces of the genre. The former contains some seething, at times almost symphonic instrumental passages in which the group, McDonald and guitarist Robert Fripp in particular, shows what powerful stuff it's made of.

McDonald can also play pretty, in the lyrical sense, and his flute work on *I Talk to the Wind* is a thing of delicate beauty.

*Epitaph*, a somber piece which includes a moving dirge (presumably *March for No Reason*), rates high too. But as noted the album also contains a weak segment, and *Moonchild* is very weak indeed. Unfortunately, it is the longest track, a little over 12 minutes of mostly rather meaningless doodling. Having witnessed what the group is capable of, I am sorry that they did not forego that track in favor of some improvised interplay.

The lyrics are all by Peter Sinfield, who is considered a member of the group although he does not perform musically (he is also their light man). They are rather cryptic and contain some nice poetry, but are easily overshadowed by the music.

Although *Moonchild* does not rate any stars in my book, the rest of the album merits more than the limit. King Crimson has majestically arrived, proving that neither Beatles nor Stones were the last word from England.

—Albertson

#### James Moody

THE BLUES AND OTHER COLORS—Milestone 9023: *Main Stem*; *Everyone Needs It*; *Savannah Calling*; *A Statement*; *Gone Are the Days*; *Feeling Low*; *You Got to Pay*; *Old Folks*.

Personnel: all tracks: Moody, soprano saxophone, flute. Tracks 1-4: Johnny Coles, trumpet, flugelhorn; Tom McIntosh, trombone; Joe Farrell, alto flute, oboe, alto saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Sam Brown, guitar (tracks 2, 3); Kenny Barron, piano; Ron Carter or Ben Tucker, bass, electric bass; Freddy Waits, drums. Tracks 5-7: Britt Woodman, trombone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Linda November, voice; Alfred Brown, viola; Charles McCracken, Kermit Moore, cellos; Dick Katz, piano; Carter, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Since the advent of the LP—especially the 12-inch LP—and the subsequent production of recordings geared to the extra space afforded by it, we have been plagued with albums that we enjoy in part but which don't satisfy as a whole. This set makes it, both as individual performances

and as a complete listening experience.

Praise for presenting Moody in this manner should go to producers Dick Katz and Orrin Keepnews and arranger-conductor Tom McIntosh.

This marks Moody's recording debut on soprano. He is as personal and proficient on the straight horn as he is on alto and tenor. On the soprano selections, he is backed by a small group of brass and reeds which McIntosh utilizes effectively, obtaining the colors of a seemingly larger ensemble. With the repaving of Ellington's *Main Stem* he had the help of Heiner Stadler, a talented young writer who understands well the concepts of George Russell. McIntosh has a rich, suede-toned solo here and another good one on *Statement*, a stately, somber, soprano-carried



melody that explodes into a swift-striking Barron solo, then develops with a burning Moody flute. There is also some warm and fleet Coles flugelhorn before the return to the down groove and soprano.

Moody, in addition to writing *Statement* and the lament, *Feeling Low*, also contributed the hauntingly beautiful waltz *Everyone*, and the especially soulful *Savannah*. His soprano is sweepingly grand on the waltz and bluey true on the musical remembrance of his birthplace. McIntosh's backgrounds are masterly; full yet economical. This is again demonstrated on *Folks*, a Moody flute feature that I'm very happy to hear finally committed to tape. It is a sensitive, virtuoso performance from start to finish.

As a contrast to the reeds and brass unit, McIntosh put together another ensemble that makes use of a trombone-French horn-voice combination and a string trio. Here Moody is heard exclusively on flute. *Pay*, a gospelly McIntosh tune first heard on *Milt Jackson and the Hip Strings*, finds vocalist Linda November sounding Swingle-ish and Katz throwing in some John Lewis figures in behind Moody. Katz has a thoughtful, fine-touched solo on *Low*, which also contains some expert Moody double-timing.

The most unusual treatment of the set is given to Stephen Foster's *Gone*, more familiarly known as *Old Black Joe*. Kay sets the pace on his special MJQ-model cymbal and McIntosh goes to work, transforming Foster's antebellum anthem into contemporary commentary. We hear

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snatches of *America the Beautiful* and *In the Good Old Summertime*; and *I Got Plenty of Nothin'* is juxtaposed with *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. When he comes to the three notes sounding "Old Black Joe", McIntosh leaves blank space, the way Redd Foxx omits the final word in *Bye, Bye Blackbird*. There is more good Moody flute amongst the bars.

Moody is a giant. McIntosh deserves praise. Milestone merits congratulations. More!

—Gitler

## Jeremy Steig

THIS IS JEREMY STEIG—Solid State 18059: *Flute Diddle*; *Hang on to a Dream*; *Teresa's Blues*; *Don't Make Promises*; *Rational Nonsense*; *Lenny's Tomb*; *Insanity*; *Mac D*.

Personnel: Steig, flute, alto flute, alto piccolo, Indian flute, electric flute; Warren Bernhardt, electric piano; Glen Moore, acoustic and electric upright bass; Donald MacDonald, drums.

Rating: ★★

Steig simply hasn't gotten it together on records. His best playing, although in what he says was a relatively uncongenial context, was on his first session, with Denny Zeitlin.

Since then, he's been through a number of changes—chiefly the assimilation of the rock idiom, which is mostly what's on this album. And the problem is that without a guitarist or a more percussive keyboard instrument, the rock stuff is terribly thin. Furthermore, in addition to being a rather ordinary bassist, Moore is almost inaudible. No way to play rock in this setting, and while MacDonald is brilliant as usual, he can't carry it alone.

There is, however, some good music here. *Diddle*, based on the familiar Bo Diddley riff, features Steig multi-tracked, sticking close to the basic riff on electric flute and overdubbing some appealing comments on higher-pitched flutes.

*Hang On* is lovely. (Steig plays a lot of Tim Hardin's tunes, and it's a great match.) The melody statement is fluid and sensitive, and on the out chorus, the leader connects two phrases with a perfectly timed, breathy swoop that's absolutely stunning. His solo on *Blues* has some nice moments but doesn't go anywhere. Bernhardt takes a solo, and has either been badly recorded or is playing an inferior instrument; the sound is distorted, and Steig virtually drowns him out when he enters, playing what are intended to be embellishments.

Another good melody statement on *Promises*, also Hardin's, but Steig's solo goes nowhere, despite some effective, softly insistent rhythmic backing.

The next three cuts are connected by segues. *Nonsense* begins with a funky rhythm (unconvincing), moves to a more loping pattern (better), then into *Lenny's*, Hardin's ballad for Lenny Bruce, and finally into a free section (*Insanity*) in which, again, nothing gets developed. The final track is a brief calypso showcase for MacDonald, with Steig whistling a commentary on Indian flute behind him. Very pleasant.

There are two major talents on this session: Steig and MacDonald. Bernhardt is a fine pianist, too. But Steig is still searching, and although it's clear that his is an original and essential voice, his records only hint at it.

—Heineman

## Tony Williams

EMERGENCY—Polydor 25-3001: *Emergency*; *Beyond Games*; *Where*; *Vashkar*; *Via the Spectrum Road*; *Spectrum*; *Sangria For Three*; *Something Spiritual*.

Personnel: Larry Young, organ; John McLaughlin, guitar; Williams, drums, vocal.

Rating: ★★

I've heard the Tony Williams Lifetime, as this group is called, on three separate occasions. The first time, at the Village Vanguard, it intrigued me and even bowled me over at times; at Ungano's, my left ear ached for a half hour, due perhaps to the high pitch of the guitar notes or the club's acoustics; and most recently, at the Village Gate, though impressed with Williams' energy, I was bored with overlong numbers whose textural densities went nowhere, for me, in a linear way.

Admittedly, this is music you have to give yourself to in a different way. You've got to get your head ready for it, and not necessarily with drugs. My reaction to this record—and I listened to it without any outside distractions—comes closer to the first time I heard the group live. There are no ear-numbing experiences, but the volume does seem to intensify as the album progresses through its four sides.

Carla Bley's *Vashkar*, the shortest track in the set at 4:58, is the most accessible to me. It has an exotic, intriguing theme and really moves, Williams' strong beat emerging from the textures created by organ and guitar at various points along the way. McLaughlin solos well, Young setting up a confluence of sounds between the two instruments at the end of the guitarist's segment.

Williams' spoken words on *Games* convey a message about honesty that makes sense and provokes thought. The intensity builds as Williams employs a boogaloo-type rhythm before the words are reprinted. Williams is a miraculous drummer: listen to his furious attack behind McLaughlin on *Sangria*, a track in which textures and meters are varied for shaping and pacing, but which nevertheless seems to go on too long. (I say "seems" because maybe it won't the next time I listen.)

The fuzzy-buzzy sounds on the title track made me think my amplifier had begun to fail. I dig distortion in other ways.

There is jazz and there is rock in this group but it doesn't quite come out as rock-jazz or jazz-rock, although *Spectrum Road*, with its group vocal, is more into a rock bag via some country blues guitar and a general rhythmic bent.

Williams sings on *Where*. His voice is small and strained, but he makes his point. McLaughlin is sitar-like. There is a *Night in Tunisia* sort of thematic swatch introduced in the middle, and then Young, a dexterous soloist, takes off as Williams cooks him right along. Williams asks, "Where are you going?" later, "Where are they going?" and finally, "Where Am I going?"

To the last question, he answers: "I know where I'm going." He does. If you want to follow, be prepared for an adventurous trip. I can't say I like all of Lifetime, but what I do like strikes me as among the freshest and most original sounds being made today.

—Gitler

# ROCK BRIEFS

BY MICHAEL CUSCUNA

THROUGH THE RIVER of manufactured trash, a creative stream of rock manages to survive, even though a great many deserving artists go almost unnoticed.

Lonnie Mack is a talented blues guitarist and country singer whose first effort, *Glad I'm in the Band* (Elektra 74040), has gone unrecognized for almost a year. Hopefully, his new *Whatever's Right* (Elektra 74050) will gain some public attention. Mack is successful in whatever idiom he explores. His first album, however, is superior to the second in its wider range of material and its more empathetic instrumental back-up.

Townes Van Zandt is a superb country folk singer, a very personal performer and composer. His first album, *Onr Mother the Mountain* (Poppy 40004), is an impressive collection of originals, recorded with some of Nashville's top studio men. *St. John the Gambler and Tecumseh Valley* are masterful. Van Zandt's second effort, released six months later (Poppy 40007), seems to be an improvement, if that's possible. *For the Sake of the Song* highlights the new disc.

Boz Scaggs (Atlantic SD 8239) spotlights the guitarist-singer-composer once with the Steve Miller Band, currently with Mother Earth. His first solo outing features stunning performances of his *Now You're Gone* and Jimmie Rodgers' *Waiting for a Train*. The rest of the album fails, despite Scaggs' writing abilities. Much of the Muscle Shoals back-up is uninspired, and Scaggs' singing is less than it could be.

Laura Nyro's *New York Tendaberry* (Columbia KCS 9737) falls below the standards set by her first Columbia recording. It is overarranged in many places, and Miss Nyro's compositions are not as strong as her past hits. Yet *Tom Cat Goodbye*, *Save the Country* (in a version inferior to her first single release of the song), and several other good tunes make the disc worthwhile.

An offshot of one of John Mayall's earlier groups is the Ansley Dunbar Retaliation. Their *Doctor Dunbar's Prescription* (Blue Thumb BTS-6) features some of the most sincere, tasteful and musical blues-rock to date. The group's playing and singing are tight, and the tunes are distinctive originals.

The Band (Capitol STAO 132) is another musical masterpiece by one of the most definitive, eclectic and authentic musical groups in popular American music. Nothing more need be said.

Tadpoles (Imperial LP 12445) is a brilliant new chapter in the musical and social commentary by the Bonzo Dog Band. They are masters of British humor and abandoned insanity. Each track offers something different, perceptive and amusing.

Through the Morning, Through the Night (A&M SP 4203) is the long awaited follow-up to Dillard and Clark's first album. It is a masterful presentation of genuine country rock. The material is

varied and of consistently high quality, ranging from the Everly Brothers' *So Sad* to the Beatles' *Don't Let Me Down*, the traditional hymn *I Bowed My Head* and *Cried Holy*, and some excellent new Gene Clark songs. As the acceptance of country-rock grows, so hopefully will the recognition of this superb group.

**Prefflyte** (Together 1001) contains previously unreleased material by the original Byrds, which included Roger McGuinn, David Crosby, and Gene Clark. That group was so important in the history of folk rock that any material by them is of musical importance. Aside from that, this is a very good album in its own right.

The two leaders of Pentangle have produced excellent solo excursions. Bert Jansch's *Birthday Blues* (Reprise RS 6343) was reviewed by Alan Heineman in the Dec. 25 issue. Guitarist John Renbourn's *Sir John Alot* (Reprise RS 6344) is an instrumental album with appearances by reedman Ray Warleigh and drummer Terry Cox both of Pentangle. Steve Cropper's *Sweet Potatoe*, Charles Lloyd's *Transfusion*, and the traditional *Earle of Salisbury* complement Renbourn's originals, of which *Seven-Up* is a real tour-de-force. *Sir John Alot* is a lesson in musical taste and subtlety.

**The Moonstone** (Verve FTS 3075) is an extremely pleasant folk album by singer-songwriter Tommy Flanders with an instrumental ensemble led by Dick Rosmini and Bruce Langhorne. Flanders won't shake the world, but his work is quite nice.

**Kaleidoscope** (Epic BN 26467) is the third album by the group of that name. Like its two predecessors, this is an excellent recording by an original band. Each of the disc's seven tunes explores a different musical idiom, including jazz, bluegrass, Turkish music, cajun, and hard rock. *Kaleidoscope* is pitifully underrated, and this album is an excellent introduction to their work.

**Stand Up** (Reprise RS 6360) is the second album from Jethro Tull and shows amazing improvement. Ian Anderson, the group's singer, flutist and composer, has given the band a definite identity. The delivery is spirited and professional: their songs range from good to excellent. Even the out-of-style novelty tunes on this album are successful. Jethro Tull will be an important voice in rock.

Mick Abrahams, former guitarist for Jethro Tull, has formed *Blodwyn Pig*, whose first album, *A Head Rings Out* (A&M SP 4210), reveals the new band's talents in the realm of jazz, hard rock and folk music. The group's musicality and imagination stand out. Jack Lancaster offers several intense and expert solos on tenor and soprano saxophones. Each track has its own personality and offers various rewards for the listener. An impressive debut.

**Area Code 615** (Polydor 24-4002) consists of some frighteningly deft Nashville studio men performing originals and pop tunes. The tracks vary in quality, but the album is successful on the whole. The rock-country hoedown-bluegrass mixture is unusual and delightful, and the relationship between bluegrass and jazz is most poignantly revealed.



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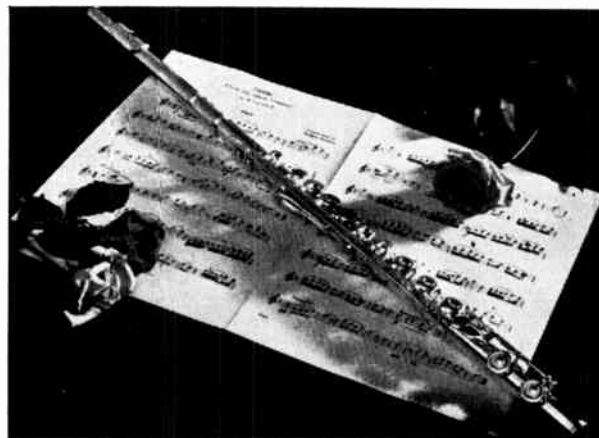
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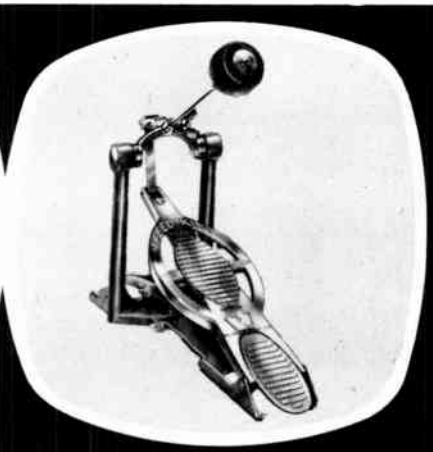
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# DIZZY GILLESPIE

## BLINDFOLD TEST

### PART 1

Dizzy Gillespie has been this department's guest for the Blindfold Test on at least four previous occasions. The most recent of these visits came about in an accidental manner, when Diz dropped over for a chat, no formal interview having been planned. Since Louis Bellson happened to be with him, it turned out to be a two-man blindfold. (DB, 3/23/67.)

The interview that starts below (and will be concluded in the next issue) took place under even less conventional circumstances. Diz had just closed an engagement at the Lighthouse. Some friends had arranged to throw a party for him at their Los Angeles home. As there was no other time available to him, I used the hour before the party to play him some records.

Musicians wandered in and out while we sat in the stereo attic, but this time I decided to eliminate all other comments. The records were all selected from the three volumes released a few months ago under the generic title *Blue Note's Three Decades of Jazz*. This enabled me to expose Diz to a broad selection of performances spanning virtually the entire period during which he himself has been a commanding figure.

—Leonard Feather

**1. MILES DAVIS.** *It Never Entered My Mind* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1949-'59*, Blue Note). Davis, trumpet; Horace Silver, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums. (Recorded 3/6/54).

That was Miles. You know, I've made a sort of analysis . . . not being too much concerned with what people say Miles is, but with his own personality.

He is shy, for one thing. You'd never think it, but I've been watching him for so many years. There must always be reasons for actions. So I think that the reasons for some of his actions are a natural result of his being shy.

As for his music, Miles' has a deep, deep, deep spiritual value to it. It's far deeper than mine, which is a part of me I expect to be developed due to the Bahai faith, and I think my music is going to be affected by this too.

This goes for those other spiritual players—Coltrane, Yusef—it's very apparent in their music. But this album is very different to how Miles is playing today and personally I prefer it, because I can understand better what he's doing. Miles and I played several times together at the Village Gate and a place in Harlem, and the last time he came up to me afterwards and said, "How'd you like it?" So I said, "What is it? Explain it to me." Well, it seems they have a basic melody and they work around that. I guess you have to know the basic tune . . .

FEATHER: *It's not so much a tune as a mode, isn't it?*

I don't know; whatever it is. But I'd really like to spend some time having him explain it to me, because I'd like to know what it is he's doing.

It reminded me so much of Ornette Coleman—I never listened to him too

much to this point. But when Bernard Stollman gave me one of his Town Hall concerts, I was alone when I put on the record, and I could follow the chords he was playing. It was difficult stuff, very complex and highly enjoyable. And that's when I really started listening closely to what he was doing.

I thought it would have been great if he'd had a rhythm section that could follow all those things, and I guess I'm old fashioned in my outlook as far as that's concerned.

Going back to the record just played, I couldn't hear too much of that rhythm section, with Miles playing out there. But I'd rate it five stars.

**2. SIDNEY DE PARIS.** *The Call Of The Blues* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1949-'59*, Blue Note). De Paris, trumpet, composer; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone. (Recorded 6/21/44).

The trumpet player was the leader. Was that Sol Yaged? Sounded like a lot of Benny Goodman's riffs. I know that trumpet player and the trombone player. It's been a long time since I heard either one of them, and that's an old record, too. That must have been recorded in the '40s—hmm, somebody older than me!

Let's see now . . . that trombone player . . . boy, I know that style. But, the way the trumpet player plays is timeless; that'll sound good forever.

I really enjoyed it and I think I'll give it four stars.

**3. THELONIOUS MONK.** *Criss Cross* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1949-'59*, Blue Note). Monk, piano, composer; Milt Jackson, vibes; Sahib Shihab, alto saxophone. (Recorded 7/23/51).

There's no mistake about that. That was

jazzdom's most unique! One note, and you know it's Monk. I'm gonna give that five stars.

I don't know that tune, but I like it. I'll tell you one thing, if you're playing with Monk, you'd better know your changes. He expects you to know them; he only complements what you do, tries to embellish it, so if you don't know 'em, baby, you're in trouble.

Who's out there on vibes, Bobby Hutcherson? It wasn't Milt Jackson. It wasn't his style. Was that a tenor? Was it Rouse? Charlie's one of my favorites.

Oh, Monk, he's something else, I'm telling you. Monk's is a piano sound—not a player, he makes sounds. And when you learn one of Monk's tunes, you better learn how he plays it too.

FEATHER: *That wasn't Charlie Rouse on tenor, it was Sahib Shihab on alto.*

That sure sounded like a tenor to me.

**4. CLIFFORD BROWN.** *Cherokee* (from *Three Decades of Jazz—1949-'59*, Blue Note). Brown, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto flute; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums. (Recorded 8/28/53).

That was Clifford Brown. He had the most complete sense of chord changes; he had to develop it to its fullest. Like when he played a chord, he played all the variations and all the scales. That had to be him because there's no other trumpet player . . . especially the bridge . . . playing in minor seventh and diminished seventh and all that, and blowing in and out, in and out. He just had a great command of his instrument. That sure was a tragedy. Just think what he'd be now.

That drummer I didn't recognize, nor anyone else for that matter. But that's a five star record.



JAN PERSSON

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Lee Konitz: A calm, masterful strength

## Lee Konitz

North Park Hotel/Hungry Eye/  
Atheneum Theatre, Chicago

**Personnel:** Konitz, alto saxophone; Stu Katz, electric piano; Jim Atlas or Cleveland Eaton, bass; Wilbur Campbell, Marshall Thompson or Bucky Taylor, drums.

In the liner note of his *Motion* LP, Lee Konitz wrote: "After 20 years of playing, I find that music is like a great woman: the better you treat her, the happier she is." During this week of Chicago engagements which marked Konitz' first hometown appearance in five years, the great woman must have been very happy indeed.

Konitz' music has, I think, been misunderstood by many critics. For some, his early asceticism put him forever beyond the pale, but even such acute commentators as Max Harrison and Terry Martin have described his playing as "withdrawn," devoid of "emotional impact," and caged "in a hyper-sensitive but limited art." I can see how some of his early recordings, viewed in an unsympathetic light, might lead to such conclusions, but this willingness to write off Konitz as an interesting though minor musician rests on the assumption that he was incapable of further growth. In fact, the last decade has seen a steady development by Konitz in every musical area—rhythmic assurance and expressive power in particular—and today he stands as one of the premier soloists in

jazz. Interesting he certainly still is, but now his playing communicates a calm, masterful strength that is all the more moving for one's awareness of his struggle to attain it.

Konitz' artistic biography would surely be a fascinating story. The way I read it, the coolness of his early playing was not so much a sign of "a negative attitude to the question of communication" (Max Harrison), as it was the result of his insistence on a separate identity. I imagine that he felt, consciously or not, that the vocalized inflections of Lester Young and Charlie Parker belonged to them, and any adoption of those methods would have been dishonest. (It seems unlikely that a man whose present playing demonstrates a deep admiration and understanding of Young, Parker, and Louis Armstrong could ever have been a willfully uncommunicative musician.) Similarly, Konitz' gradual inclusion in his music of more overt expressive qualities is not a yielding to fashion, but rather a discovery that such emotion lay within his own, now secure, artistic identity.

In a way, it all comes down to rhythm, since even Konitz' most sincere admirers have felt that his playing occasionally failed in this area—a brilliantly flowing phrase that parsed time as subtly as Young or Parker ever did might be followed by

an awkward pause or a rhythmically square construction. This happened, I think, because of the relative absence of vocalization in his playing and because of his reluctance to resort to the familiar when intuition failed—it was "make it new," or make nothing at all. Now those patches of rhythmic awkwardness are gone—partly because he has found his own way to vocalize on his horn, partly because intuition flows more freely, and partly because of his frequent use of amplification equipment with the Conn-Multivider attachment. On principle, I tend to be dubious of such electronic aids, but Lee's characteristic honesty in applying it removes all my doubts. The octave device is particularly effective, since it gives a solidity and flow to phrases that otherwise might have hung in space. It works emotionally because one can hear that Lee has conceived each note with the octave added. It is not, as with some others, mere sonic decoration.

The most successful of the Chicago dates was unquestionably the first—a well-attended concert sponsored by the Jazz Institute of Chicago. The accompanists were bassist Jim Atlas and the nonpareil drummer Wilbur Campbell, and the latter's contribution, in particular, made this an exceptional musical experience. Konitz' preferred method of playing today is similar to Sonny Rollins—he just begins cold with a favorite tune (*I Remember You*, for example), stays with it until he has drawn all he wants or can get from it, often shifting through several tempos and moods, and then segues into something else that strikes his fancy. Campbell, though he is little known outside of Chicago except among musicians, is one of the great drummers, and he was able to pick up on and even anticipate every one of Lee's moves—driving, cajoling, and blending with the saxophonist until the cliché about a group of musicians becoming one was a simple fact.

Among the highlights of two long sets were *The Song Is You* (where Lee, almost in passing, sounded more like Bird than anyone I've ever heard), *Eleanor Rigby* and *Yesterdays* (on which he squeezed the sentimentality out of those tunes by a subtle compression of their rhythmic structure), a passionate version of *How Insensitive* ("My torch song," as Lee later explained), and a kaleidoscopic journey through *Like Someone In Love* which paused for a lightning fast *Cherokee* only to return to *Like Someone* as a ballad. As for communication, the audience listened with unusual attentiveness, and at the end of the second set responded with a prolonged ovation.

The other gigs were not as consistently astonishing as the Jazz Institute concert, but they all had their moments of inspiration. Bassist Cleveland Eaton's rock-solid time was notable throughout, and Stu Katz distinguished himself during a contrapuntal exchange with Konitz on *Just Friends* at the second of the two Atheneum Theatre concerts sponsored by a group called the University in Exile.

In all, hearing Konitz in person was a remarkable event, and if I could tell you how much it meant to me we might all be embarrassed.

—Larry Kart

GIUSEPPE PINO



## Jose Feliciano

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Feliciano, vocals, guitar; Bob Kindle, bass; Paulino Magalhaes, drums.

There are, as every successful politician and entertainer knows, many ways to manipulate an audience. Lowering the room temperature affects the nervous system, raising tension slightly and thus generating excitement and anticipation. If the house lights are brought up for a grandiose finale, you are all but guaranteed a standing ovation. Then there are the gold lame suits, audience participation, strobe lights.

The best gimmick is sympathy. Many are the performers who have exploited this response in the audience. Most are victims of age—stiff fingers that no longer respond to the demands of a tremelo, lungs unable to sustain a phrase, calcifying vocal chords. But it is truly distasteful to see a young man in possession of a rather large talent wallow in applause based much in pity.

Just why Feliciano resorts to this is hard to fathom—he is certainly gifted enough to forgo it. But that he does do it is unarguable. From the first moment of the concert, when he is lead onstage by his seeing-eye dog, to the final encore when both Feliciano and the dog bow, one is never allowed to forget he is blind.

"Wow," said an elegantly attired woman to my right, "can you believe he can play guitar like that?" "Fan-tas-tik!" Yet...

Through the ages there have been poets, singers, composers, performers with handicaps—some as bad as blindness. Among the sightless are Ray Charles, Art Tatum,

Al Hibbler, George Shearing. The difference is that others ignore handicaps. Some, in fact, go out of their way to conceal their blindness. Feliciano exploits his.

If this concert presentation was gimmicky, the music was more so. Remember the teapot tempest over Feliciano's version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* at a baseball game? Guess what the Philharmonic concert opened with. Right. Two standing ovations and assorted shouts of "Bravo!" in five minutes. Not bad.

The tender and fragile score Luiz Bonfá and Antonio Carlos Jobim wrote for *Black Orpheus* was destroyed by cuteness; the drummer used the queca as if it were a freak gadget instead of a basic Brazilian rhythm instrument.

Two other instrumental numbers were performed: *A Time for Us* and that old turkey *Malaguena*, which, aside from the fact that it long ago yielded every bit of excitement and freshness, Feliciano was unable to play. Admirers of his style will say it was soulful—an adjective that has been used to conceal a lot of technical deficiencies. This seems a good time to question one of the more popular myths built around Feliciano—that he is a guitar virtuoso. Feliciano is a capable guitarist, and he has speed. But he is assuredly not a virtuoso, nor is he a great technician. No color, no shading, and very little dynamic variety come from his guitar. While Julian Bream or Lennie Breau can, at will, make their instruments sound like a harp or harpsichord, among other things, Feliciano gets one virile tone out of his instrument. It's good but in the end monotonous.

We had the usual "powerful" and "relevant" sociopolitical commentary in the form of *Point of View* and *Guantanamo*. Heady stuff. In addition were the expected collection of his hits, *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying*, *Light My Fire*, *California Dreamin'*. The arrangements hadn't changed, and it was all there except for the brass, strings—and Ray Brown's powerful bass lines. And Feliciano has an annoying habit of using a long, strummed chord to end each song, an obvious substitution for a fade-out.

Feliciano indeed is talented. This concert didn't change my mind. But he, like all too many persons, is misusing his talent. One cannot help wondering: did the inspiration for this bad taste come from Feliciano? Or from the packagers and promoters—who seem increasingly determined to take good talent and wrap it in plastic? We deserve better from him. So, for that matter, does he. —Fred Binkley

## Roswell Rudd

St. Peter's Church, New York City, N.Y.

Personnel: Enrico Rava, trumpet; Rudd, trombone, piano, vocal; Richard Youngstein, bass; Gene Gam-mage, drums.

In a candlelit, sepulchral atmosphere in the basement of the Parish house of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Rudd's Primordial Group and the 360 Degree Music Experience appeared in concert together on consecutive Friday and Saturday nights under the auspices of Pastor John Gensel, who also served as emcee.

On Friday, proceedings started way off schedule, late beyond the usual tardiness

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we have become accustomed to allow for jazz performances. The Primordial Group finally opened with a quixotic, loping piece that mixed prettiness with dissonances. Rudd's piano contained both Monk and Mose but was not helped by Youngstein's boomy sound and weak articulation. Gammage first used brushes, then took a mallet solo that seemed to suffer from loose snare heads. Rudd, now on trombone, and Rava intoned a somber, dirge-like line. Rudd's solo showed he still has an allegiance to Bill Harris, at least in his sound.

Number two was an Afro-Latin swinger that found Rava a la Miles, but getting hung up in a small area, never developing his one idea beyond the first box of confinement. When the shaft holding Gammage's top cymbal to his bass drum fell off, the drummer switched to cowbell to convey the rhythm. A spectator tried to hold the shaft in place, but it was no go. Perhaps because he was trying to compensate for his equipment loss, Gammage ended up sounding like a heavy-handed clod. Rudd's solo had guts and raw power but lacked form.

Rudd then sang and played *People* unaccompanied. While he is by no means a great singer, his performance was warm and affecting. The Monkish blues that closed the set was the group's best offering. Rava played some good, oblique blues, but then reverted to too many Miles-like squeals and his own brand of shrieks. Rudd was dirty and funky, blue and humorous in a fine piece of improvisation, and Gammage, finally resigned to his lack of top



Roswell Rudd: Blue and humorous

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cymbal, played as well as he had played badly on the Afro number. His brushes and Youngstein's bass combined effectively behind Rudd.

The lateness of the hour prevented me from covering the 360 Degree Experience, but Don Heckman heard them the following night. For his impressions, see below.

—Ira Gitler

### 360 Degree Music Experience

St. Peter's Church, New York City, N.Y.

**Personnel:** Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Roland Alexander, tenor saxophone; Dave Burrell, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Beaver Harris, drums.

One of the draggy aspects of covering a scene as diverse and colorful as the New York music world is that there's just too bloody much to hear. If you have the bad luck to catch a group on an off night, months can pass before you get another opportunity to hear them.

That's how I felt when I heard the 360 Degree Music Experience for the first time. I had tried to see the group earlier while they were playing at a theatre on Manhattan's West Side, but one or another pressing commitment kept getting in the way. Since the group includes some of the



Grachan Moncur III

best players on anybody's all-star list, I was pleased when I finally caught up with them.

Unfortunately, it was a disappointment. The room was too acoustically "dry"—too lacking in warm feelings—the audience was one of those coolly detached groups who always seem to turn up at jazz programs these days, and the group, perhaps in response to the evening's unappealing ambience, never got untracked.

Individually, however, everyone came up with provocative moments: Carter was rock-steady as always; Moncur brought a blustery vitality to everything he played; Alexander, a little tight at the beginning, kept coming up with brief, exhortative phrases that implied more than revealed how good he can really be; and Dave Burrell and Beaver Harris—superb players under almost any other circumstances—got hung in mechanical sequences and repetitions that were miles away from their usual excellent playing.

As I said, a disappointment—one that was shared, I suspect, by the players, themselves. It was just a bad night. And, as the



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Mets found out when they got socked with a no-hitter in the middle of their pennant drive, nobody's perfect.

—Don Heckman

### Red Onion Jazz Band/Natalie Lamb

Park 100 Restaurant, New York City

**Personnel:** John Bucher, cornet; Richard Dreiwitz, trombone; Denis Brady, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Henry Ross, piano; Eric Hassell, banjo; Arnold Hyman, bass; Bob Thompson, drums; Miss Lamb, vocals.

The event was labeled *A Good Time Evening of Old Time Jazz* and Natalie Lamb, staunch perpetuator of the classic blues singing style, abetted by the spirited, soon 18-year-old Red Onion Jazz Band, delivered the goods as promised.

In a sense, the evening was an experiment. Miss Lamb had taken over the Park 100 Restaurant, a huge, pleasantly furnished supper club, slightly off the beaten path (Park Ave. and 40th St.), for what she hopes will be the start of regular moldy fig social gatherings. Considering the fact that there was no advertising and that a single mailing to the band's list of devotees produced a sizable crowd, this may indeed have been the start of something new.

Miss Lamb's affair offered a very faithful reproduction of traditional jazz in an atmosphere of true intimacy with love of the music apparent both on and off the bandstand.

The teenyboppers of two, three and four decades ago made up the bulk of the audience. It took them a while to loosen up. At 10:30, an hour and a half into the program, a voice from the bandstand an-



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nounced that this was *not* a concert and encouraged dancing. It worked. A fine version of *Irish Black Bottom*, from the Armstrong Hot Five repertoire, filled the dance floor with as many forms of eurythmics as one is likely to find in any one place, including a few generally associated with the Motown sound.

Miss Lamb's voice was in excellent shape and the band played with true devotion to its musical ancestors. Even trombonist Dreiwitz, whom I had some reservations about in a previous review, came across nicely.

I was particularly impressed with Bucher's Bixian cornet solo on *Panama Rag*, Brady's soprano work on *Tishomingo Blues* and Miss Lamb's powerful delivery of such items as *The World's Jazz Crazy and, Lawdy, So Am I* and Ma Rainey's *Yonder Come the Blues*.

Great as it is to hear those old favorites of the past, I do wish that these excellent performers would expand their repertoire to include some new material and traditional-style versions of a few current things. After all, their predecessors frequently converted the pop tunes of their day into memorable jazz items.

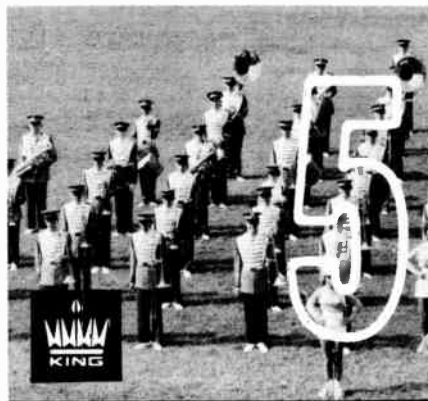
There is a definite return to the past in current fashions and graphic design but, so far, it is all visual. If Natalie Lamb and the Red Onion Jazz Band keep up their efforts, who knows, perhaps we might yet see *Mean Old Bed Bug Blues* on the *Billboard* charts. The current popularity of B.B. King, Muddy Waters, Janis Joplin, et al. has certainly laid the groundwork for some kind of revival. —Chris Albertson



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## BISHOP

(Continued from page 13)

B. B. King is my favorite guitar player and performer . . . he is very hip, mature, and knows how to build a set; how to pace himself. He can play 20 choruses in a row, and keep it going up . . . steadily up, no ups and downs. Earl Hooker has the sweetest tone in the world, and his phrasing is fantastic. Albert King is very good. I like Larry Coryell for jazz guitar playing, and Wes Montgomery had a lot of drive, and I dig him. There are so many good blues guitarists . . . Smokey Smothers, Luther Tucker with the James Cotton Blues Band, Otis Rush, Magic Sam, Buddy Guy, Hubert Smith with Howling Wolf, Sammy Langhorn with Muddy Waters, Mike Bloomfield, and Eric Clapton. Bloomfield has a lot of stuff covered, and has fantastic technique. I would not call Jimi Hendrix a blues guitarist, strictly; he just does himself, and he is not limited . . . he's got a real instinctive approach to the guitar. Hendrix and Earl Hooker are the only cats I've heard whom, to my way of thinking, use the wah wah pedal effectively. Hooker has an album, *Two Bugs and Roach*, on which he does a tune. *Wah Wah Blues*, that would knock anyone who is interested in blues guitar, completely out." (The album is Arhoolie 1004.)

Bishop admitted that he thinks "it's a lot harder for a white person to play the blues than a black person because black people grow up with it, and they hear it

from the time they are little. The case with me and with Bloomfield is, like, sometime in your teens you hear it, and you are really knocked out by it, and you really start trying to get into it. You may end up trying real hard, and you can compensate in some way, depending on how much talent you've got in the first place, and how much you want to play it . . . and how much what people have been singing about in the blues for a long time really applies to you."

The musicians feel there is a marked difference between the way they play and feel the blues and the approach of English blues bands.


"Speaking for myself, I lived with Chicago blues cats for six years in Chicago," Bishop said, "and that sort of gives you a better idea what it's all about . . . when you see how the music connects up with the peoples' lives, rather than just hearing it on record."

To Chambers, the blues played in the Bishop group "is a lot more syncopated in that loose form than English blues . . . English blues is usually straight ahead . . . hard, hard blues and straight time, all the time . . . you could write it out. The syncopations is just letting your feelings out, and makes the blues a lot different from the way they play it; very tight." Elvin adds that he "heard these Norwegian cats in L.A. one time and they couldn't even speak English . . . these cats were doing a Chuck Berry tune . . . they learned how to make the sounds from a record, and didn't even know what the words

meant . . . they were singing, and it really sounded stiff and funny."

Stavro feels that "English cats can play the notes, but like John says, the feeling ain't there . . . I've never, never heard an English musician get downright funky . . . they just float on top . . . no gutty feeling."

To Bishop, "the really hard thing in music, for getting yourself together these days when you are exposed to so many different kinds of music, is just taking parts of the different stuff that you hear and only keeping the part that applies to you personally. A lot of white cats get infatuated with the blues, and they want to do the whole thing, and they try to sing just like Robert Johnson and play just like him. They use a Negro accent when they are singing, and they don't when they talk. That's just a matter of not being infatuated with something that already exists and trying to adopt it completely. It's like going into a store and seeing a suit you really dig the color of, and going ahead and buying it and wearing it, even though it's five sizes too big for you.

"The really hard thing is to take the parts of the thing that really suit you and throw the rest of it away . . . that's pretty painful, and it's usually a long process. When I sing, a lot of times it comes out sounding more country than bluesish, because I don't try to sound like a Negro. It's just not me. Accepting yourself as you are, and getting it to sound good, too, is another big trip . . . and people can see that you are not shucking." 



# db music workshop

## UP TIGHT By Jack Petersen

UP TIGHT was composed and arranged by Jack Petersen, a professional guitarist-arranger formerly on the faculty of the Berklee School of Music and now active in Dallas, Tex.

Scored for standard big-band instrumentation (5 trumpets, 4 trombones, 5 saxes, piano, guitar, electric bass and drums, the piece, described by the composer as "jazz-rock," was written for the Southern Methodist University Jazz Band, directed by Paul Guerrero, and was first performed at SMU in Dallas last fall.

(Med. Rock/Jazz tempo)

1st Sax.

2nd Sax. COL

3rd Sax.

4th Sax. COL

5th Sax. COL 1st Alto

1st Tpt.

2nd Tpt.

3rd Tpt.

4th Tpt.

5th Tpt.

1st Trom.

2nd Trom.

3rd Trom.

4th Trom.

Guitar C7(#9) F7

(ELECTRIC) Bass JAZZ ROCK

Drums

Piano C7(#9) F7

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A9

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano

B

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano



[B9]

Handwritten musical score for measures B9 through B12. The score includes staves for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The notation is dense with many notes and rests. Chord symbols are present: C7(#9), F7, Bb7(9), Ab7(9), and C7(9). Measure numbers B9, B10, B11, and B12 are marked at the beginning of their respective measures.

[C] (Guitar Solo/Hard Rock)

[C9] (Guitar Cont.)

Handwritten musical score for measures C through C9. The score includes staves for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The notation is sparse, with many rests. Chord symbols are present: C7(#9), F7, and C7. Measure numbers C, C1, C2, C3, C4, C5, C6, C7, C8, and C9 are marked at the beginning of their respective measures. The text "GUITAR SOLO" and "GUITAR CONT." is written in the Drums staff for measures C and C9 respectively.

**D** (Guitar Cont.)

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano

**D9** (Guitar Cont.)

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano



**E** (trpt. Solo)  
Rock/Jazz

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano

**E9** (trpt. Cont.)

**F** (tenor Solo)  
Rock/Jazz

1st Sax.  
2nd Sax.  
3rd Sax.  
4th Sax.  
5th Sax.  
1st Tpt.  
2nd Tpt.  
3rd Tpt.  
4th Tpt.  
5th Tpt.  
1st Trom.  
2nd Trom.  
3rd Trom.  
4th Trom.  
Guitar  
Bass  
Drums  
Piano

F9 (Tenor Conv't)

Handwritten musical score for the first system. The score includes parts for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'F9' (Tenor Conv't). The score is written in 4/4 time. The piano part features a complex harmonic structure with many accidentals and dynamic markings. The guitar and bass parts are also complex, with many accidentals and dynamic markings. The drums part is marked with 'X' and '2'.

(End Solo) G

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The score includes parts for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked 'G'. The score is written in 4/4 time. The piano part features a complex harmonic structure with many accidentals and dynamic markings. The guitar and bass parts are also complex, with many accidentals and dynamic markings. The drums part is marked with 'X' and '2'.



Handwritten musical score for a band. The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes staves for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The second system continues the same instruments. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and chords. A section marked "H" is present. The Guitar part includes chords like C7(#9), Db7(#9), and Gb7. The Drums part includes a "TIME" section and a "(Sax's)" section. The Piano part includes chords like C7(#9), Db7(#9), and Gb7.

(Drum Solo - Hard Rock - Until End)

Handwritten musical score for a band, continuing from the previous page. The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes staves for 1st Sax., 2nd Sax., 3rd Sax., 4th Sax., 5th Sax., 1st Tpt., 2nd Tpt., 3rd Tpt., 4th Tpt., 5th Tpt., 1st Trom., 2nd Trom., 3rd Trom., 4th Trom., Guitar, Bass, Drums, and Piano. The second system continues the same instruments. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and chords. A section marked "H" is present. The Guitar part includes chords like B7(b9), A7(b9), and Gb7. The Drums part includes a "FILL" section. The Piano part includes chords like B7(b9), A7(b9), and Gb7.

## HOLMES

(Continued from page 14)

on. I was the first organist to develop the percussive piano-type sound, using no draw bars and no vibrato, on my first album in 1961.

"Then came the *Misty* sound on the *Soul Message* album for Prestige—that's on the way to becoming a million-dollar album and the single sold 300,000. Every-one plays *Misty* that way now—except Jimmy Smith.

"I've always tried to change the sounds around and every year all the organ players wonder what I'm going to do next. I always try to be different, and if I find myself playing a phrase that Jimmy plays, I can't use it any more."

The frequent references to Smith underline how much Holmes resents the monolithic hierarchy situation in the realm of jazz organ playing. And it is a fact that while the public acknowledges a whole string of virtuosi on other instruments, when it comes to organ, the atmosphere suddenly becomes infinitely competitive and only one omnipotent hero seems to be permitted.

As Holmes says: "Wes Montgomery was lucky enough to get into an empty slot; but if he'd played organ he probably wouldn't have got through.

"I have worked hard at music in order to support a large family. I got very good at it so that I could make it on my own—and things are certainly easier now than they were. But I still don't think I get the recognition that is due to me.

"I can play in any key—in fact I can do anything I want on the instrument. I'd like to hear some of those fast organ players work in difficult keys. Very few of them can play in all keys, but I taught myself to do it so that I could stop horn players from taking 12 choruses. I'd just switch keys. I guess I built up a hate for horn players taking those long, long solos!"

In London, Holmes practiced what he preached by keeping numbers relatively short, though he gave generous solo space to Stewart and Marshall. He would often segue from one number to another, changing the mood and the organ sound appropriately; above all he played with restraint and taste, leaving gaps for the rhythm to come through and, unlike some organists, keeping the volume well below the threshold of pain.

His delicate, sensitive and beautifully-paced *My Funny Valentine*, on which he used the piano effect, was a masterpiece which held the audience silently entranced. Then, characteristically, he broke the tension by charging straight into a roaring, driving blues.

The electronic organ's roll in jazz has been somewhat lacking in subtlety, perhaps owing much of its success to the fact that it enables club owners to dispense with hiring a bass player. But few have done more to legitimize it as a jazz instrument than Groove Holmes—a natural musician whose impressive credentials have not yet been fully acknowledged.

## AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

trombone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Dave Williams, bass and Scooby Stroman, drums. Nadi Quamar's group with drummer Milford Graves and the Ishangi African Dance Company were also on the program . . . Alexander and Zawadi were also on a recent record date led by bassist Wilbur Ware for New Frontier records with Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone and flute; Norman Simmons, piano, and Al Foster, drums . . . Bennington College in Vermont was the scene of two concerts involving the music of Bill Dixon (who teaches there) and the modern interpretative dancing of Judith Dunn. With trum-

peter-fluegelhornist Dixon were Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone, flute; Arthur Doyle, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Scotty Holt, bass, and Andy Cyrille, drums . . . Reverend B, led by electric organist Martin Reverby, gave a concert at the Assembly Theatre on Jane St. in Greenwich Village. The group included Ahmed Abdull, Roger Spitz, trumpets; Bryan Ross, tenor saxophone; Billy Mintz, drums.

**Los Angeles:** The groovy Ash Grove presented an end-of-the-year "blues bash" that had Canned Heat, Taj Mahal and Lightnin' Hopkins in succession from the beginning of December through the first week in January . . . John Klemmer is fronting a quintet at the Apartment in

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Los Angeles on Monday nights. With the tenor saxist are Pete Robinson, piano; Art Johnson, guitar; Wolfgang Melz, electric bass; Bob Morin, drums . . . Marlena Shaw returned to the Playboy in Hollywood for a two-week gig, backed by Bob Corwin and his house trio . . . Frankie Ortega is fronting a combo at Casa Escobar, in Sherman Oaks . . . Ron Pittman, recently returned from Paris, where he had a group called Le Jazz Elan, liked the name so much he formed a new group here and retained the name. It is now one of the few avant-garde combos working steadily in Southern California: a six night per week gig at the Tiffany Theater as backup for the improvisational comedy troupe, The Committee. The group has a chance to stretch out on its own before the regular show begins. With drummer Pittman are John McAllister, piano, and Del Morgan, bass . . . December saw a lot of holdovers at Donte's: Mort Sahl, continued each Friday and Saturday backed by the Mike Wofford Trio. Joe Marsala and his All-Stars, with wife Adele Girard on harp, played four of the five Tuesdays. Louis Bellson and his band were brought back for three nights; Tim Weisberg and the Jazz Trinity also for three. Guitar Night saw Joe Pass and his Quartet; Luis Henrique, with Walter Wanderley; and the Walt Namuth Quartet. The Sunday Night big bands started with Larry Cansler's Sorta Big Band, and continued with the legitimately large organizations of Paul Hubinon and Dee Barton. Sunday afternoon remained the same with Don Menza's quintet. Rounding out the December calendar was the Tom Vaughan Trio . . . Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson and his 15-piece band were featured at a special fund-raising concert at Thomas Jefferson High School in Los Angeles. Proceeds went for new uniforms for the Jefferson High band . . . Singer Connie Brooks, who's been working hard to launch her singing career on the West Coast, has scheduled a debut concert at the Wilshire-Ebel Theater Feb. 27. Miss Brooks has been operating like a one-woman public relations office in her efforts to get into orbit . . . The Swing Era Showcase Society, which features the music implied by its name (Goodman, Dorsey, Miller, et. al.), has scheduled monthly "dance-concerts" by Don Scott and his Band at the Knollwood Country Club, in Granada Hills. The first concert featured trombonist Bob Havens (a regular on the

Lawrence Welk Show) in a special Dixieland set . . . The South Market Street Jazz Band changed its name to the Southern Jazz Market shortly after its recent tour of Viet Nam. Personnel includes leader Jerry Fenwick, trumpet; Dale Saare, trombone; Larry Okmin, clarinet; Jim Hession, piano; Ken Donica, tuba and Fender bass; Steve Karo, drums . . . Teddy Buckner's combo is now gigging at Gigi's in West Covina . . . Roy Brewer's Tail Gate Ramblers are at Tennyson's in Sepulveda on Mondays.

**San Francisco:** Laura Nyro was tentatively set to appear in Berkeley or San Francisco on the weekend of Jan. 24 . . . The Both/And's Sunday sessions (5 to 9 p.m.) now have as their nucleus the Dick Conte Trio (Conte, piano; club co-owner Delano Dean, bass; Oliver Johnson, drums). On Dec. 22, the club presented a Christmas ball-jam session for the area's musicians. Opening a two-week stand New Year's Eve was vibist Bobby Hutcherson, and pianist Herbie Hancock's group was set to finish out the month . . . Bad luck haunts the Family Dog on the Great Highway. On Dec. 15, the spot's p.a. system was stolen. But owner Chet Helm forged ahead with bookings including Lonnie Mack, Osceola, and A. B. Skhy. The management is rightfully dismayed by the community's lack of support for a concern which tries to put artistic and human values first . . . Singer John Hammond closed out the year at the Matrix. The January bill included guitarist Sandy Bull, pianist Vince Guaraldi, Boz Scags, and Big Joe Williams . . . Bill Graham's bookings for January at Fillmore West included the Byrds, Fleetwood Mac, John Hammond, Chicago, Seals and Croft, B. B. King, the Allman Brothers, Savoy Brown, Zephyr, and Ten Wheel Drive. Graham is planning a February concert with The Band at the Berkeley Community Theater . . . The James Brown Revue did a group of concerts at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium during the first week of 1970 . . . During December, Berkeley's Mandrake's featured a week by Lightnin' Hopkins . . . Les McCann did a stint at Oakland's Showcase . . . Berkeley's New Orleans House presented the rockabilly Commander Cody's Lost Planet Airmen and continues to spotlight the Fourth Way on Sundays . . . Along with the choir and orchestra of Oakland's Merritt

College, the trio of pianist Art Fletcher presented a concert, *Jazz Messiah*, at the Oakland Auditorium.

**Chicago:** New Year's Eve activities included Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine at Keyman's Club, following a weekend at Jazzville, and swinging sounds at the Apartment provided by Clark Terry, pianist Don Friedman, bassist Victor Sproles, drummer Mousey Alexander, guest star Gene Ammons, and singer Gloria Lynne. Ammons also played the Toast of the Town with his sextet . . . Lee Konitz (see Caught in the Act section) shared the stage at the Athenum Theater with tenorists Sandy Mosse (Dec. 26) and Jay Peters (Dec. 27). Pianist Stu Katz, bassist Cleveland Eaton (on a busman's holiday from Ramsey Lewis) and drummer Marshall Thompson were on hand both nights . . . Vibist Joe Boyce, who is a Chicago Tribune reporter, led the band at the paper's annual editorial staff dinner at the Palmer House, with Wallace Burton, piano; John Whitfield, Fender bass, and Bill Quinn, drums . . . Dizzy Gillespie's three-week stand at the London House was the trumpeter's first after James Moody left his group. Guitarist Phil Upchurch sat in on bass; pianist Mike Longo was the sole holdover, and the other new faces were George Davis, guitar, and David Lee, drums . . . Art Hodes' band began regular Wednesday and Friday night stands at Sloppy Joe's in January. The Salty Dogs remain on Saturday nights . . . Blood, Sweat & Tears were presented with their down beat readers poll plaque at an Auditorium concert in December.

**Philadelphia:** Howard McGhee brought his trumpet to Camden, N.J. recently, playing with the new combo of bassman Nelson Boyd, who recently opened at a new room, the Apollo, at 9th and Jackson Streets. With Boyd are Chris Woods, alto sax; Paul Curry, piano; and Johnny Royall, drums . . . Jackie McLean was slated to headline a concert at Town Hall for the Philadelphia Jazz Society, a group backed by the staff of WRTI-FM of Temple University. Betty Carter, Sun Ra, and the Visitors were also promised. Membership in the Philadelphia Jazz Society may be obtained through Perry Johnson, Philadelphia Jazz Society, P.O. Box 4467, Philadelphia, Pa. at \$5.50 for one year. Members are offered six listening concerts for members only plus a 25% discount on all major concerts held by the group . . . The Philadelphia Musical Academy has returned to its program of evening rehearsals for its two excellent student workshop bands. Evan Solot continues as instructor/conductor and the school may expand its jazz instruction . . . Bandleader Billy Duke may soon be involved in a night club operation offering big band music in the nearby South Jersey area . . . Tenorman Robert (Bootsie) Barnes is enjoying a long stay at trumpeter Al Williams' new club, Al's Pal's and Gal's, for regular Friday and Saturday night appearances . . . Evelyn Simms has been working a new room, The Sea-

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fare, near Bread and Olney, with the Gerald Price Trio and the Jazz East Trio taking turns behind her . . . Vocalist **Helen Page** and pianist **Sam Dockery** were set for a long engagement at the Fireside Hearth in Springfield, Pa. . . . Clarinetist **Billy Kretchmer** is comfortably retired on Long Beach Island on the New Jersey shore of the Atlantic Ocean. He still owns the building which housed his Jam Session Cafe for 27 years, now the site of a successful go-go room . . . A note from drummer **Ed Ashley** of Schwenksville, Pa. brings the news that trumpeter **Tommy Simms** (an old friend from Kretchmer's club) and Philadelphia clarinetist **Ham Carson** are playing with a Dixieland Band at the Red Fox Inn. The group has been playing the first Friday of every month for some six months, now and has been getting publicity on the Jazz Show on WIFM-FM . . . Saxophonist **Mike Goldberg** may soon be joining his hometown friends **Billy Root**, **Leo Fogel** and **Red Rodney** in Las Vegas. An excellent lead alto, Goldberg once played with the bands of **Benny Goodman**, **Elliot Lawrence**, the **Musie City Big Band** and in many theater pit bands. . . . **Charlie Ventura** has joined the staff of a local Disc Jockey School, according to a local newspaper column. The popular South Philadelphia bandleader-saxophonist once had a very nice jazz program on a Camden, N.J. radio station and would be a most welcome addition to some aware local station seeking an authentic Jazz D.J. (hint, hint).

**New Orleans:** Live jazz is being made available for growing numbers of students in public schools here through the efforts of **Shirley Trusty**, recently appointed Supervisor of Cultural Resources. Pianist **Armand Hug** will play for small student groups at several elementary schools. Hug's drummer on the series will probably be **Dave Oxley**. High school vocal and instrumental music students will visit the Jazz Museum, where **James Nassikas**, president of the New Orleans Jazz Club, and museum chairman **Durel Black** will conduct a guided tour, ending with an appearance by the **Dukes of Dixieland**. In the planning stage is an illustrated history of jazz that is being put together for a tour of high schools by Tulane Jazz Archive director **Dick Allen** and down beat correspondent **Charles Suhor** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** has annexed two of New Orleans' top modernists, drummer **David Lee** and guitarist **George Davis**, to his combo . . . The first parade in the history of the Sugar Bowl football classic was held on Dec. 30. Three of the floats carried jazz groups led by **Pete Fountain**, **Al Hirt**, and pianist **Ronnie Kole** . . . The Royal Sonesta's New Year's Eve line-up included **Lionel Hampton's** band, the **Dukes of Dixieland**, and **Rene Louapre's All Stars**. The **Dukes' leader, Frank Asunto**, is recuperating from a broken foot but still active nightly at Economy Hall. **Louapre**, the city's busiest society band leader, has been branching out in recent months, adding a rock group for younger audiences . . . Singer **Tony Page** left for Las Vegas after a lengthy engagement at

the Bistro. Page's musical director, also a Bistro alumnus, is trumpeter **Warren Luening**.

**Denver:** Clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko** left the Navarre Dec. 20 after a highly successful 2½ year stint. "I need some time to rest," he said, "then I want to start recording again and do some concerts across the country. The club business is terribly confining." On Dec. 7 Hucko joined guitarist **Johnny Smith**, the **Neil Bridge Trio** and the **Denver University Jazz Band** for a cancer benefit at Phipps Auditorium . . . Pianist **Cedar Walton** played two weeks at the Mini Scene, backed by the **Bob Gray Quintet**, the house group . . . Pianist **Gene Harris** led the **Three Sounds** into The 23rd Street East for two weeks in mid-December. With Harris was **Richard Smith** on drums and **Henry Franklin** on bass. The **Billy West Trio** followed . . . Organist **Don Lewis** opened at The Passport for an indefinite stay.

**Denmark:** The annual **George Wein** touring package received a very mixed reaction here, but there seemed to be agreement that the groups led by **Miles Davis** and **Cecil Taylor** were the highlights of the Copenhagen Jazz Festival '69, as the three concerts in November were called . . . On Dec. 6, another U.S. tour played the Danish capital. Featured were the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** and the **Jimmy McGriff** group with **Kenny Burrell** . . . **Pepper Adams** stayed over after touring with the **Jones-Lewis** band, working in Europe as a soloist. He appeared at the Montmartre in Copenhagen during the final weeks of 1969 with **Kenny Drew's** house trio and also visited **Tagskaegget** in Aarhus, as did violinist **Jean-Luc Ponty**, who'd played the Montmartre just prior to Adams . . . Danish jazz groups participated in the big European jazz festivals this fall. The **Carsten Meinert Quartet** with pianist **Ole Mathiasen** was in Prague for its second visit to Czechoslovakia of the year, and the **Trio '69** (**Arne Forchhammer**, piano; **Erik Moseholm**, bass; **Jorn Elniff**, drums) participated in the Polish Jazz Festival in Warsaw, where they also accompanied singer **Mark Murphy** . . . The third edition of **Jazzens Hvem-Hvad-Hvor** (the Danish counterpart of **Leonard Feather's Encyclopedia**) was published in November after intensive work by members of the Danish Jazz Academy . . . The memorial concert for **Baron Timme Rosenkrantz** was shown in excerpts on TV. A highlight was **Ben Webster's** set with **Teddy Wilson**, **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen**, and **Bjarne Rostvold** . . . **Leo Mathisen**, the most popular Danish jazz band leader in the years just before and during World War II, died in mid-December after more than 16 years in a rest home near Copenhagen. His **Fats Waller-inspired** piano playing and singing and his original compositions are inseparable from what has been called "the Golden Age" of Danish jazz . . . Singer **Inez Cavanaugh** and **Teddy Wilson** can be heard on the album *A Night At Timme's Club*, issued on Metronome.

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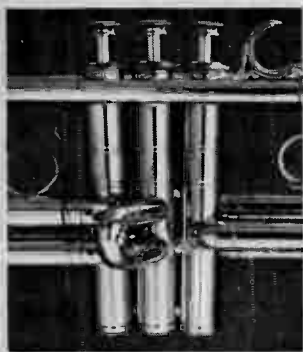
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