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NOVEMBER 26, 1970 50c

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## THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

A YEAR AGO (db Sept. 18, 1969) we put together some statistics and conclusions about school music which drew blood and other responses from all kinds of music people. Here are the comparable 1970 figures and analyses. We still welcome comment, sanguine or otherwise.

Let's start out with figures released to us by the U.S. Dept. of Education.

Grade level	Est. School Enrollment Sept. 1970	Sept. 1969
K thru 8	36,800,000	36,900,000
9 thru 12	14,800,000	14,600,000
Higher Ed.	7,600,000	7,100,000
All Grades	59,200,000	58,600,000

Now let's apply a formula we have evolved for determining the number of students involved in instrumental music under school auspices. Don't forget that the percentages shown apply to national averages and include all schools, public, private, and parochial.

Grade Level	%	Est. Instrumental Musicians 1970	1969
K thru 8	5%	1,840,000	1,845,000
9 thru 12	5%	740,000	730,000
Higher Ed.	1%	76,000	71,000
All Grades	(4½%)	2,656,000	2,646,000

Remember again that we are referring here only to instrumental musicians, specifically excluding vocal and chorus, rhythm bands and "music appreciation" classes. But before we go into analysis here's one more set of figures also supplied to us from the U.S. Dept. of Education.

Music Degree	As of 6/30/69	As of 6/30/68
Bachelor	5,012	4,169
Masters	2,040	1,898
Doctorate	255	185
All Degrees	7,307	6,252

Observe that total school enrollment is still up but at a leveling pace. Elementary level is actually down. The biggest bulge is in college and beyond. Since the number of school musicians decreases from elementary school to high school, and again from high school to college; it is no surprise that the total number of school instrumentalists remains virtually static.

Note the 20% increase in the number of Bachelor of Music degrees. Most of these BMs (about 50-50 general vs. applied music) are prepared to enter the music teaching market. No head count is available but we estimate the present supply of instrumental music teachers to be about 40,000—for about 30,000 school teaching positions. But the surplus teachers do have another, larger market for their skills: private and contract teaching, such as the Yamaha Schools and other music studios. These "commercial" music schools serve a market five to six times as big as traditional school music classes. There are (according to a 1969 survey done by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago for the American Music Conference) 14 and a half million amateur instrumentalists between the ages of four and 21 in the U.S. We have pointed out above that there are less than three million in school, so you can use this equation: for every in-school instrumentalist, there are at least five outside-of-school players.

Obviously there is a lot more to say and a lot more to do. Future columns will deal with job and career opportunities, worthwhile materials and methodology, recommendations for "commercial" music curricula, and other specifics of help to learning musicians.

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# down beat

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## contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
  - 5 down beat/RECORD CLUB
  - 7 Chords and Discords
  - 8 News
  - 11 The Bystander, by Martin Williams
  - 11 Strictly Ad Lib
  - 12 For The Record: Charles Stepney: Edwin Black interviews Chess Records' inventive musical supervisor.
  - 13 Quincy's Got a Brand New (Old) Bag: Quincy Jones describes his new endeavor to Harvey Siders.
  - 14 Inside BS&T's Fred Lipsius: Dan Morgenstern interviews the group's exciting alto saxophonist.
  - 17 Wailin' At Vail: Jazz Party 1970: An in-depth report of one of jazzdom's unique events. By Dan Morgenstern.
  - 20 New Products Report: A guide to the latest developments in music and sound equipment.
  - 21 Record Reviews
  - 27 Caught In The Act: Jonah Jones • McCoy Tyner • The Grateful Dead
  - 30 Blindfold Test: Chick Corea
  - 32 Jazz On Campus
  - 33 Music Workshop: Herbie Hancock's "Firewater" Solo, transcribed by Brian Priestley.
  - 39 down beat/MUSIC WORKSHOP PUBLICATIONS
- Cover Photo courtesy A&M Records. Design by Robert Robertson.

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Save The Forests

Before Alan Wilson's untimely death, he was instrumental in beginning a project to help save the California redwood forests. Together with Canned Heat, we have now formed a non-profit California corporation called Music Mountain, whose primary purpose is to raise sufficient funds to purchase a massive grove of giant redwoods known as the Skunk Cabbage Creek area. The area is land already logged by the Arcata Redwood Company last summer.

This area is surrounded by the existing Redwood National Park but is much higher in altitude. If this area is clear-cut (as is



now occurring), damage through erosion, wind, and flooding to the other park areas is certain! This must not be allowed to happen.

Canned Heat and many other music groups in the world have already agreed to donate all proceeds from at least one major concert of theirs during the next few months of 1970. The heavy involvement and commitment of musicians has resulted in the name, Music Mountain. Our goal is to raise all necessary monies for this purchase through music and the people involved with music. . . . You are naturally included!

After purchase of this land, the federal government has agreed to include this area as a separate sector of the National Redwood Park. It is important to emphasize that nearly all contributions are matched by funds from the Nature Conservatory Fund, a federal agency which arranges the purchase of projected National Park additions. Also, the donor's dollar is often tripled by another matching sum from the Ford Foundation.

Of the \$7 to 8 million necessary for the addition of the Skunk Cabbage Creek area to the Redwood National Park, \$1.5 million has been raised already, and if the American public shows conviction and enthusiasm in this project, we might then be able to stimulate the government to expand the park to its ecologically sensible limits by even adding the so-called "Tall Trees" watershed area which lies directly south of the existing National Park.

Many have volunteered their help, and there are two absolute ways in which you can help: money and letters. We are asking everyone possible to contribute whatever he can afford, from \$2 and up. Along with the return for this help on your part, Music Mountain will be one step closer to the reality of the preservation of the redwoods. In acknowledgment of your contribution, you will receive a full-color

Music Mountain decal and your name will be added to the ever-growing list of concerned individuals which will eventually appear on a commemorative bronze plaque in the Music Mountain National Park.

On behalf of the redwoods and in memory of Alan Wilson, please send help soon. Thank you. Peace!

Skip Taylor  
President, Music Mountain  
and Canned Heat, Inc.

Suite 211  
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## Corrections and Kudos

Re Ross Russell's article about the University of California at San Diego's De-

partment of Music (db, July 23): I would like to correct two errors on his part. First, Iannis Xenakis is not an "African master drummer" but rather a very advanced Greek composer of avant garde music who was an assistant to the master architect Le Corbusier for 12 years prior to becoming a full-time composer. Second, the name of the lady directing the course on electronic circuitry in the new music is Pauline Oliveros, not Oliveras as it was twice misspelled in the text of the article.

Otherwise, the article was excellent, and I hope to see more of the same on the more progressive music faculties around the country. Keep up the good work.

Dave Fields

Long Beach, Cal.

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## A SWINGING BIRTHDAY FOR N.Y. JAZZ VESPERS

For more than 12 hours on a balmy October weekend, St. Peter's Lutheran Church on Lexington Ave. at 54th St. in midtown Manhattan was the scene of a swinging celebration of the fifth anniversary of the weekly Jazz Vespers held there under the auspices of Pastor John G. Gensel.

The action got under way in the late afternoon of Oct. 11 and continued unabated until about 7 the following morning, culminating in a breakfast of pork chops, grits, and other goodies.

Throughout, a steady stream of musicians and fans flowed through the church. For several hours, there was music both in the church proper and in the spacious downstairs meeting room. A CBS television crew filmed the early portions of the happenings.

Among the musical highlights were two major liturgical works, Eddie Bonnemere's *Missa Laetare*, performed by an orchestra and choir under the composer's direction, and *The Story of Pentecost*, featuring Joe Newman's quintet, singer Ruth Brisbane, and Pastor Gensel. A detailed report will appear in our next issue.

## KENTON QUILTS CAPITOL, EXPANDS OWN COMPANY

After 27 years and 47 albums, Stan Kenton and Capitol Records have called it quits. Stan attributed his personal protest to "the company's lack of interest in and ability to promote my style of music." As Kenton severed all contractual ties with Capitol, he issued the following statement:

"There are at least a million jazz buffs in this country but their tastes are bypassed by companies who cater to the rack jobbers who control the industry. They (the rack jobbers) tell the manufacturers what they want to sell and what records they want to handle. Capitol succumbed to their control, as did every other record company I can think of."

Therefore Kenton is declaring war on his nemesis, the rack jobber, by re-organizing his own production company, The Creative World of Stan Kenton, and forming a diskery adjunct, Creative World Records. He will produce and distribute his own product, with initial distribution handled solely by mail order.

Last year, when the concept of mail order began to appeal to him, Kenton said: "It's very discouraging to my fans to know that of all the albums I cut for Capitol, only three are available. The trouble is, once the sales go below a certain level, Capitol takes it out of the cata-

logue. Now I know there's a vast audience out there with good taste and I also know that I can reach them if I make my albums available to them."

What will become available goes back



to 1943—one year after Capitol became a corporate entity. It was almost 27 years to the day—November 19, 1943—that Kenton cut his first four sides: *Eager Beaver*, *Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me*, *Harlem Folkdance*, and his theme, *Artistry In Rhythm*.

Currently, Kenton and his 19-piece band are on tour (till December 15), and his road trips take on added significance as he adds to his growing mailing list.

## JAZZ PROTESTERS DO CAVETT SHOW, PUSH ON

Following up its task-force assaults on the Merv Griffin (CBS) and Johnny Carson (NBC) TV shows, the Jazz and Peoples Movement came down on ABC's Dick Cavett, interrupting the show's Oct. 13 taping session for one hour.

Discussions held with Cavett Show and network executives during the demonstration resulted in an invitation to representatives of the movement to appear on Cavett's Oct. 22 show, and promises of further negotiations concerning wider use of jazz and black music on ABC programs.

Mrs. Roland Kirk, Cecil Taylor, Freddie Hubbard, Billy Harper, and Andrew Cyrille appeared with Cavett. Mrs. Kirk read an endorsement of the JPM's cause by Operation Breadbasket.

The half-hour discussion ranged widely, but the central point made was that commercial TV ignores jazz unless it has entertainment value. The JPM is currently negotiating with the three major networks and the *Ed Sullivan Show*, a promise of more to come.

## FINAL BAR

Trombonist Munn Ware, 61, died Aug. 9 in Daytona Beach, Fla. of injuries suffered in a car accident July 29.

Born Winfred Nettleton Ware in Quincy, Mass., he was a familiar figure on the traditional jazz scene in New York and Chicago in the 1940s. He was a longtime member of the original house band at Chicago's Jazz Limited, and worked at Eddie Condon's and the Central Plaza in New York. He settled in Daytona Beach in 1952 and at the time of his death was vice president of the AFM local there.

Ware recorded with Muggsy Spanier, Sidney Bechet, Doc Evans, and Max Kaminsky.

Organist Harry (Doc) Bagby died Sept. 3 at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City after a short illness. A native of Philadelphia, he began his career as a pianist and leader of a territory band. He became musical director of Gotham Records in 1947 and did the arranging and a&r work for many hit records. In 1949, he formed a successful organ trio with Billy Butler on guitar and toured with many name artists. He recorded with, among others, Sonny Stitt and Lockjaw Davis, and under his own name.

## POTPOURRI

A symposium on the sociological aspects of jazz research, *Jazz and all that Sociology*, will be held Nov. 12 on the Newark Campus of Rutgers University under the auspices of the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies. Participants include Don Heckman, Neil Leonard, Walter Allen, Christopher White, Howard S. Becker, and Ernie Smith.

Jazz writer and *down beat* contributor Ralph Berton is teaching a course, *Jazz and Western Culture*, at Bloomfield College, Bloomfield, N.J. and is also lecturing on jazz at New York's Cooper Union. Berton, a pioneer in jazz broadcasting, points with some pride to the fact that he may be the only academician without any formal education beyond grammar school. A child prodigy in vaudeville, he is almost wholly self-educated.

Roy Eldridge took over the trumpet spot at Jimmy Ryan's on West 54th St. in Manhattan in October, and is turning the former Dixieland outpost into a swing oasis reminiscent of 52nd St. in the days of yore. Eldridge's sidekicks are Bobby Pratt, trombone; Joe Muranyi, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Claude Hopkins, piano, and Oliver Jackson, drums, and visiting firemen have included Johnny Carisi, trumpet; Marshall Brown, valve trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet, and Buzzy Drootin, drums. Roy obliges with the



Dixieland requests, but also does a lot of singing and swinging on such specialties as *School Days*, *Let Me Off Uptown*, *No Rolling Blues*, and *Saturday Night Fish Fry*.

**Jimmy Giuffre**, who has been concentrating on teaching and composing during the past few years, is back on the scene as a performer. He has been appearing regularly this fall at the Half Note in New York with **Don Friedman**, piano; **Victor Sproles** or **Tibor Tomka**, bass, and **Mousey Alexander**, drums, playing tenor saxophone and clarinet in a straight-ahead, modern-mainstream idiom that surprises listeners familiar only with his avant garde period. "It feels good to be out here again," says Giuffre, who has been drawing good crowds at the club.

**Don Osborne** has been named president of the Slingerland Drum Company (Niles, Ill.) upon the retirement of **Bud Slingerland**, and **Doc Severinsen** has been named a vice-president of the Getzen Company (Elkhorn, Wis.) by **Harold Knowlton**, president. Severinsen has been associated with Getzen for several years as a consultant, clinician, and designer of the "Doc Severinsen" trumpet and flugelhorn.

Good news for traditionalists in the New York area: **Your Father's Mustache** (used to be Nick's back when) has revamped its Sunday jazz sessions (5 to 9 p.m.), now presided over by **Red Balaban**, who plays tuba and banjo and calls his band **Balaban&Cats**. During October, his guests included trumpeter **Wild Bill Davison**; trombonists **Herb Gardner** and **Dick Rath**; clarinetists **Kenny Davern** and **Bobby Gordon**; pianists **Claude Hopkins** and **Dick Wellstood**, and drummer **Marcus Foster**.

**Sun Ra** and his **Intergalactic Research Arkestra**, a troupe of 21 musicians, singers, and dancers, left New York in early October on their first European tour, which opened in France Oct. 9. The tour, which culminated with a Nov. 9 concert at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall, was arranged by *Music Now*, a British non-profit organization dedicated to the newest developments in music, which "rejects the racial discrimination of other serious music organizations and considers black music an essential part of its activities."

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** The week of Oct. 12 found good sounds in town. The **Elvin Jones**

Quartet was at the Village Vanguard; Club Baron had **Jimmy Heath's** quintet with **Curtis Fuller**; **Chuck Wayne** was at the Guitar; at **Slug's Lee Morgan's** group held forth with **Billy Harper**, tenor; **Harold Mabern**, piano; **Jymie Merritt**, bass, and **Mickey Roker**, drums. One memorable night **Freddie Hubbard**, **Monty Waters**, pianist **Chris Anderson** and **Philly Joe Jones** sat in with the group. At the East Village "IN", **Freddie Hubbard's** group was the weekend attraction. The Half Note had the **Jimmy Giuffre Quartet**, and **Chris Connor** came by on Saturday and **Ray Nance** on Sunday to spice things up. **Cecil Payne** and his **Zodiacs** were at **Arthur's Roundtable** in the Bronx, and **Mose Allison** and **Jaki Byard** were at **Top of the Gate**. **Barry Harris** continued at **Digg's Den**, as did **Duke Pearson** and **Sam Jones** at the **Needle's Eye**, and **Willis Jackson** was at the **Blue Book**, 710 St. Nicholas Avenue . . . **Rashied Ali** played a concert at **Bard College** with **Chris Capers**, trumpet; **Carlos Ward**, alto; **Fred Simmons**, piano, and **Stafford James**, bass . . . **Port of Call** has had some interesting weekend groups. Oct. 9 and 10 had **Al Dailey**, piano; **Stafford James**, bass, and **Michael Shepherd**, snare and cymbals. The following two weekends had **Danny**

*/Continued on page 37*



## NOSTALGIA FOR SALE— PART III

**Bystander**

by **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

FOR THE PAST COUPLE of columns, I have been discussing a project of Time-Life Records called *The Swing Era*, a series of expensively produced, annotated albums in which groups of studio musicians re-create, note-for-note, solos included, the music of the 1930s, chiefly big band swing.

I have indicated that the project seemed unpromising to me, and that the results fulfilled that unpromise with competence, blandness, dullness, and occasional ugliness.

More important is the presentation. It is, to put it bluntly, racist. Now that is a loaded, misused, glibly employed word these days, and I use it with trepidation. But the presentation of this music is racist—in the sense that the Kerner Report used that word. And the disheartening fact is that its racism is largely unthinking, a matter of habit and unconscious, and my accusation that it is will probably only puzzle those who are responsible.

After all, does not the series, which is primarily intended as entertainment for the aging swing fan, go out of its way somewhat to include some worthy but hardly best-selling pieces from the repertoires of black bands like **Andy**

**Kirk's?** And does not **Fletcher Henderson** get his due credit? And is it not even revealed that **Tommy Dorsey** got one of his biggest hits, *Marie*, by bartering eight arrangements to **Doc Wheeler's Sunset Royals** for the score?

All true. And yet. Where, one might immediately ask, are all the black musicians in the largely lily-white studio bands that re-create this music? Why was **Sy Oliver**, let us say, only pumped for information to go into the notes, while the re-creations of his **Jimmie Lunceford** scores were assigned to the likes of the late **Glen Gray**, or **Billy May**? Why was **Fletcher Henderson**, who forged this music and directly or indirectly made everyone's style, assigned the back of the book (I almost wrote the back of the bus), with a comforting photo of a record date where he used a white trumpeter carefully on display? In any aesthetically, morally or historically justified treatment of the era, **Henderson** would have led all the rest.

The buyers of these albums don't need to be told that there were good white jazz musicians, that some of them were drawn to the music because it expressed their deepest feelings, and that some of them were able to play it even with excellence. (Although they might need to be told who some of those excellent musicians actually were.)

The buyers of these albums need to be told that the music they re-create doesn't represent yesterday's showbiz, and the music is not just nostalgia, but that it represents a meaningful cultural event of deep significance. The buyers of these albums need to be reminded that by far the greatest creativity in this music belongs to black men. And if the buyer already knows that, then maybe he needs

to be encouraged to think about it.

He needs to be reminded that those white jitterbugs on the cover of these albums are after all undertaking a dance originated by black Americans, and he might ask himself why he himself found such dancing so wonderful and so expressive of himself as a young man in the '30s. He needs to be reminded that almost all the dancing and the music in those Hollywood musicals that are the subject of an essay in Volume 2 is inspired by the dances and the music of black Americans and he needs to ask himself why so many millions find that dancing and music so meaningful. He does not so much need to be told that **Dorsey** got *Marie* from **Doc Wheeler** as to ask why a white man's version of a black man's irreverent interpretation of an **Irving Berlin** waltz could become an enormous hit, sell millions of records, and move and instruct millions of people. He needs to ask himself why he wanted to own a copy then, and why he now wants one in stereo in 1970.

And when he has asked himself those questions and pondered deeply on his answers, perhaps he never again will undertake to present the important events in the social or cultural history of the 1930s in the white-dominant terms of these booklets. Perhaps it would not even occur to him to relegate **Fletcher Henderson** to the back of the book, or to re-create **Chick Webb** with a white studio band under a white leader.

(In my first column on the subject [db, Oct. 29], I mistakenly stated that the LPs contained only three selections per side—actually there are five. The playing time, however, is still only 15 minutes or so.)

45

# For The Record: Charles Stepney by Edwin Black

ONE OF THOSE UNSEEN workhorses whose business is other people's success is Charles Stepney, music supervisor for Chess Records. Stepney, in four years with the label, assumed responsibility for styling Ramsey Lewis' post-Young-Holt sound, electrifying Muddy Waters into the r&b limelight, giving Phil Upchurch's guitar a salable image, and inventing, organizing and bringing into being the Rotary Connection.

Several years ago, when young Stepney was about to sell his vibes for \$65, he thought he would never make it on the music scene. The northside clubs in Chicago were mostly white and non-jazz in the mid-'50s, and the southside clubs didn't pay much bread. Coming from the same west side Chicago street school that produced Eddie Harris, Ramsey Lewis and Walter Perkins, among others, Stepney knew "it was play good or don't even bother gettin' up on that stage. 'Cause if you got up there and played bad," he remembers, "the other musicians and audience would just kick your butt. Matter of fact, Eddie Harris was getting his kicked regularly back then; he just could not play the sax—of course, that was back then.

"Anyway," Stepney continued, "I was broke and convinced I would never make it in this field . . . maybe I ought to try being a shoe salesman or bookkeeper or something . . . and I was going to sell my vibes, but my mother kept telling me to hang on a little longer. But the day I was going to deliver the vibes to some other cat, Phil Wright at Chess gave me a call and said he'd heard me playing with Eddie Harris . . . I think we were the Jazz Jets or some cornball name like that . . . and he asked me to come in and play a session in the studio. Okay, one day's bread. I didn't figure this would make my career, so I was still going to give up the vibes.

"But Wright talked me out of it and showed me how to get work—you know, hang around the studios and pick up sessions. Man, one thing I learned was that all that bullshit they teach you in school is just that—walk out of the toilet and it's worth nothing."

Four years ago, Wright left the company. Stepney had already charted a few LPs and accepted an offer to become Chess' full-time music supervisor. "Now I was on the other side of the studio window," says Stepney. And in his role as composer-arranger-producer, Stepney had to come up with that right musical combination that made albums like *Maiden Voyage*, *Rotary Connection* and *Upchurch* so popular; the unmistakable style of *voce da lontano*, syncopation and electronic sounds. But sitting behind the console sometimes gets Stepney down. He isn't always pleased with the talent he has to record, and rightly so.

Many recording artists, including some on Chess, are accidental professionals, whose big break was some smart manager's feat. "These artists are musically stupid," insists Stepney. "I swear you've got to stand over some of them and yell out: one-two-three-four—now PLAY! They have no sense of counter-rhythms or polyrhythms, can't hold their part against other parts, don't know a note of music and have no concept of musical balance.

"Oh yeah, in a live performance they get by," asserts Stepney. "The listener has

sight, sound and smell. It's a visual as well as musical production. But the recorded performance originates mystically from this inanimate box—the phonograph. The listener uses only his ears. The appeal lies in the quality of the music—and here's where the artist can easily fail . . . from lack of talent, lack of skill, or sheer disinterest."

"I guess it's no mystery," says Stepney, "who the real talent behind a group like the Beatles always was—George Martin, their producer! Hate to shatter so many balloons, but no way could those four have pooled all the instrumental and electronic complexities involved in *Day in the Life* or *Eleanor Rigby* or *I am a Walrus*. Any trained ear can easily spot the songs the Beatles produced alone. They're repetitive and shallow—you know, same three chords and that unmodified beat.

"That brings to mind a particular gripe of mine," continues Stepney. "Critics. Music critics. These self-appointed protectors of the literature, who are determined to save the artist from the evils of the arranger. *Overproduction* they call it. Over-

groups average over 100 decibels, and this erodes the highest layers of your audio perception; since it's at the top, the person doesn't know he's going deaf. He just begins perceiving less sounds at the peak range."

Members of groups like the Vanilla Fudge, the Cream and the Stones have enthusiastically admitted they're going deaf, and consider it the necessary consequence of their "message". But Stepney qualifies, "If a group plays loud enough they can cause pain, but there's a difference between pain and honest emotion. Musical quality gets inside of you and makes you emotional. Part of that quality is the very loud sections. But to confuse emotion and a pain in the ear is clearly unmusical. We need more groups like Peter, Paul and Mary, Chicago (Transit Authority) and Blood, Sweat & Tears. Try to tell me *they* don't have a message, or *they* don't evoke feelings in the listener! But they can do it without endangering the hearing."

As an arranger-composer-producer, Stepney maintains a musical stockpile that



Stepney (at the piano) with members of the Dells.

production. Anytime you extend harmonically above the 7th and have more than five guys playing in the background and use more than monosyllabic lyrics—like James Brown's grunt; back to the cave, man!—critics call it overproducing. I've seen arrangers write for the critics. Man, I'll have nothing to do with it. See, I know, and the other people in the business know, these artists simply need to be directed. That's why we have producers—not the financial kind—because these Sinatras and the rest need to be played like instruments into the whole musical picture, even though that picture may exist around them."

Stepney has his own idea of overproduction. "I hate to criticize," half-apologizes Stepney, "but these groups that insist on playing louder than 85 decibels are not really keeping their image. I mean, they protest water and air pollution as a disease of our times, but go right ahead and commit ear pollution. That's as dangerous as cigarettes, as far as I'm concerned. It's a known fact that sounds above 85 decibels are dangerous to the ear. These rock-acid

ranges from r&b images for the Dells to the electronic images of *Mother Nature's Son*. Although Stepney operates widely within the electronic field his approach is unusual. At a time when the rage is the synthesizer, Stepney cranks out a great volume of material using alternative methods. "I had been anticipating working with the Moog for about 10 years before we did *Mother Nature's Son* on one," recalls Stepney. "Frankly, I wasn't turned on. That may have been because there's only one Moog in Chicago and the rent is so high every breath costs a fortune. But here I had been expecting all kinds of wonderful and beautiful sounds and found that the Moog produced no more than a new version of what we had before. Very limited.

"I really prefer," he says, "what some might call the old-fashioned means, but what I consider the more resourceful and inventive means of producing the sounds we accept as electronic. I can get excellent effects by altering and distorting legitimate sounds with tapes and stuff. If you keep

/Continued on page 32



# Quincy's Got A Brand New (Old) Bag

BETWEEN QUINCY JONES and his long-cherished dream of once again fronting a big band there stand just a few obstacles: the most time-consuming is the scoring of his sixth Sidney Poitier film, *Brother John*. (The other Poitier films on the Jones resume are *In The Heat Of The Night*, *The Lost Man*, *They Call Me MISTER Tibbs*, *The Slender Thread*, and *For the Love of Ivy*.)

Quincy has already disposed of his second big band commitment for A & M Records (the new one, *Gula Matari*, will have a tough time competing with *Walking In Space*, which copped a Grammy last year), but now he must score another cartoon for the Hubleys, called *Eggs* (the first cartoon he scored for John and Faith Hubley was nominated for an Academy Award this year); collaborate with another husband-and-wife team, Alan and Marilyn Bergman, to write, arrange, and conduct an original album for Frank Sinatra (the Reprise album will be done in New York, where Jones can use "some of my favorite cats"); and, above all, steer clear of Hollywood producers so that no more scoring assignments will delay him from putting a band together by fall.

That is why Jones has moved to a remote part of Benedict Canyon—on the Los Angeles-Beverly Hills line. "Man, you keep putting things off for some future day," he said, "and before you know it, the future is here. The clock just keeps moving—it's just a constant 12-frame click" (movie-scoring lingo for that inexorable metronome in the sky).

Jones scores more films in an average year than many people get to see. *Brother John* is his 26th film-scoring assignment since 1964. But when one considers that he did only one film in '64 and then sweated out two years until assignment No. 2 came along, Jones has been wedding sight and sound at the rate of five a year.

"Ideally, I'd like to do about two or three films a year," he said. "I've got to find the time for the things I want to do."

One of the things he has wanted to do since the early '60s has been to get back in front of a big band that he could call his own. Off and on between 1960 and 1964, he had flings as a bandleader, but in '64 Mercury records made him a vice president, and he's been suffering the frustrations of success ever since.

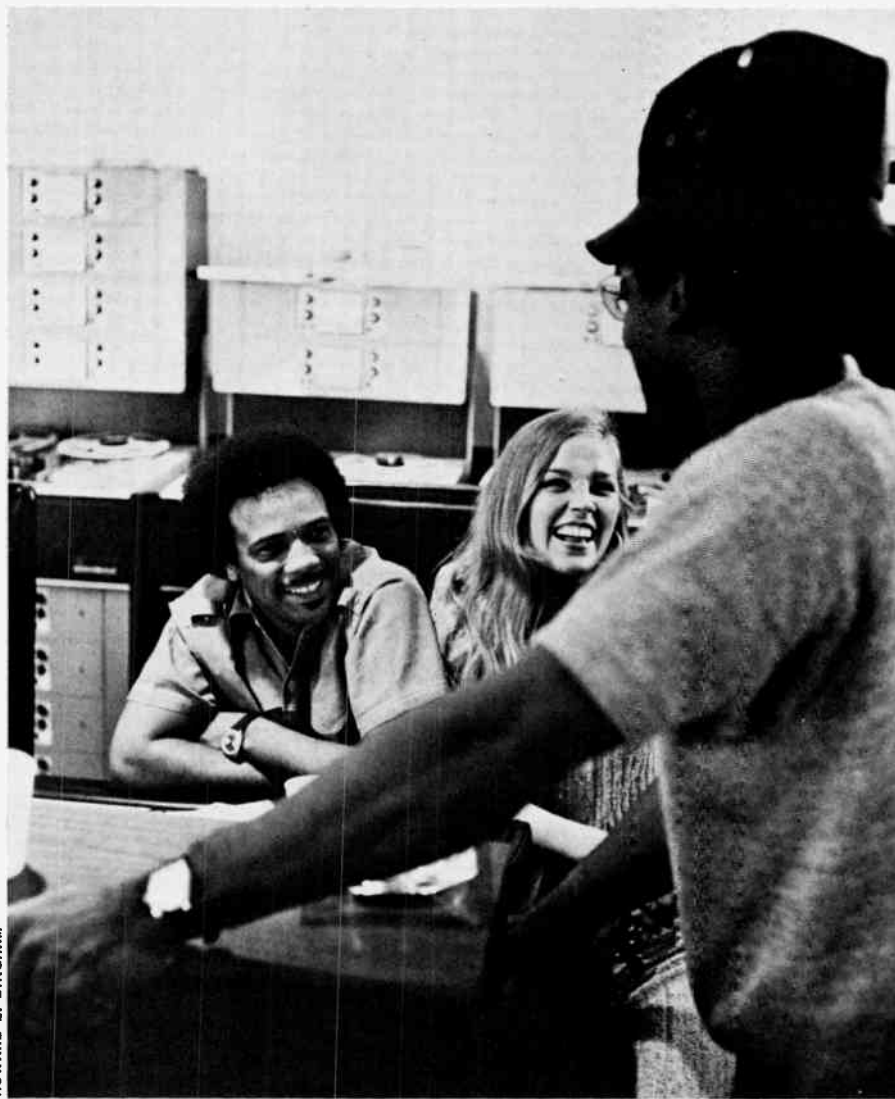
His own band, of course, won't be devoid of frustrations. At this embryonic stage of planning, Jones visualizes a maximum of 12 sidemen.

"Sure, I'd love a bigger sound—who wouldn't?" he asked. "But there are so many hassles with taking a band on the road that it's really impractical. Besides, I know the men I would hand-pick couldn't travel—like Ray Brown.

"So if I couldn't get studio men, I'd

I'll record with them. No sense traveling with one unit, then picking out studio men for the sessions. Besides, recording will be good for the youngsters. Let them join the union. They'll have to eventually."

By fronting his own band, Jones also



Quincy, Mrs. Jones, and Bill Cosby

use college kids. I've heard some outstanding college musicians, and they're coming from the ranks of some of the finest college bands in the country: University of Illinois, University of Indiana, the one at North Texas State. Man, those bands are real pros—and they seem to be inspired by the right kinds of leaders. That makes all the difference."

Jones hopes to start putting his band together momentarily. The instrumentation is not set yet. No arrangements have been written yet, but most will be by Jones.

"I'll let the band grow—you know, seek its own level, its own direction before I start asking others to write," he said. "If I do have to use college kids,

will get the chance to return to another old flame—playing trumpet. In case the constant reader has forgotten, Jones plays all the brass and percussion instruments. During his high school days he chose the trumpet as his mouthpiece, playing with the bands of Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie, among others.

Are his chops rusty?

"In general, yes," he conceded, "but don't forget my recent gig with the Nightmare Band," referring to a veteran group of Hollywood composers and arrangers who decided to huff the cobwebs from their embouchures and form an orchestra to provide comic relief at the Grammy Awards dinner in Hollywood last March. Bill Cosby provided

/Continued on page 31

# INSIDE BS&T'S FRED LIPSIOUS

by Dan Morgenstern

AMONG THE NINE MEN who make up Blood, Sweat&Tears, Fred Lipsius ranks high in interest to the group's jazz-oriented followers. More often than not, his alto saxophone solos—along with Lew Soloff's trumpet contributions—provide the main jazz kicks in BS&T's music. Lipsius, of course, is one of the band's two main arrangers—the other is Dick Halligan—whose charts range from its biggest hit, *Spinning Wheel*, to one of its most “experimental” efforts, *40,000 Headmen* (the latter a collaboration with drummer Bobby Colomby). Fred also doubles on occasional piano.

When he received a fateful phone call from Colomby, an old acquaintance, asking if he'd be interested in joining a band in the process of being formed, Lipsius was at a crossroad in his young career.

“Half a year before Blood, Sweat&Tears,” he said, “I had given up my horn. I was studying arranging in New York with Larry Wilcox, after having been on the road for two or three years with an entertainment group. I was bugged with the commercial music scene, and thought maybe I could make a living doing arranging.

“I was getting into the classics for the first time—Stravinsky, Bach, Wagner—when that call came from Bobby, and just at the right time. I was ready for the rock scene. I hadn't been into rock before.”

What Lipsius had been into was jazz and the life of a young working musician. Born in the Bronx, he started on clarinet in the 4th grade (“after a music test”), though he really wanted to play drums. “My mother wouldn't let me,” he explains, “perhaps because my brother already had some drums at home.”

A few years later, he took up alto, then switched to tenor in the 9th grade, influenced by a friend, Noah Brandmark, who later played with Woody Herman. “I played tenor for a couple of years and then went back to alto, which was more comfortable for me,” he says. The piano came in at the High School for Music and Arts, where it is mandatory. “I play very strange piano,” he says. “I use only two or three fingers on runs and it looks as if I had polio.”

It was in the 9th grade that young Fred “got into the jazz thing.” A teacher turned him on to Cannonball Adderley (“My first jazz record”), and then he “got into Bird, Sonny Stitt—many other guys I dug. I was always listening to saxophone players. I'd spend whole days listening to records, taking down solos, analyzing them, transposing them. I wrote down hundreds of solos. Eventually, I stopped and started to play some of my own shit.”

Lipsius spent a year at Berklee, and then, in 1962, worked for a while with Ron Metcalfe's big band in Canada. At this point, he says, he was still unsure about becoming a musician. “I was goofing up in school and not sure, but with so many good musicians around me, I went

home, practiced for nine months, got it together and decided I wanted to play.”

It was then he joined the Billy Fellows Quartet, a group that played “dance music and shows, that sort of thing.” The leader “was a singer, played trombone, and did pantomime—a good guy for that kind of thing, but he didn't make it.”

The group went to Europe, played Las Vegas and “a lot of stuffy places,” and once in a while Lipsius would get a chance to stretch out a little bit. After some three years, however, he got disgusted. “I felt that I'd reached a certain level and that nothing was happening.”

At times, there were people who heard him, despite the setting. “Once, at Grossinger's of all places, a guy came over to me after a set and said, ‘What are you doing in this group?’ He was from a record company and offered me my own date with my own band, but I wasn't together. After hearing Bird and Coltrane, I didn't feel I had my own thing yet. It took another two years before I felt I wasn't playing someone else's licks.

“There's lots of luck involved in life. Just the day before Bobby called, I had an offer from a guy to go up to the Jewish mountains (i.e., the Catskill resort area). I said I'd call back, thought about it, got paranoid and told him to forget it. Then Bobby called . . .”

Lipsius and Colomby had jammed together in New York, at a time when Fred had briefly returned to college, but then become involved in a rehearsal band that seemed promising enough for him to quit school. Their common bond had been jazz, not rock.

“I went through a stage when starting to learn arranging where I was trying to get into the rock thing,” he says, “listening to the radio and trying to pick up on hip things, which didn't go anywhere. What I didn't like about the rock scene before I joined BS&T was that it reminded me of a bunch of kids getting together, maybe playing for a couple of years, and not really with enough thought and experience behind it to back it up.

“Then, when I got into it, I got to dig it because it was loose. No jealousy, people are nice to each other. It's more relaxed, a different way of looking at life.”

It has, he says, “done a lot for my head. It's not as uptight as the jazz scene, more real . . . I have the chance to wear what I want, let my hair grow. It becomes more natural when you don't have to put on anything; it's very important for your sanity. Playing shouldn't be an act, it should all be the music. It can come across no matter what you look like; you don't have to be sharp up there on the stand, always smiling.”

The reason why BS&T works, Lipsius feels, is the diversity of its members. “The combination of different backgrounds made our band. Each contributes something. If we'd all been jazz players, it couldn't have

come off. We have a little something for everybody. Besides, when jazz players get into rock just for the bread, the music comes out very stiff. Only people who love rock can make it come out right.”

Of course, it hasn't been easy. “We are very close in a way,” Lipsius explains, “and we don't hassle anymore, but it isn't a brotherhood sort of thing, where we all love each other. We are very different people, but we make it work, have learned to live with each other. Some of the rock groups have a very close thing . . . like, I used to have fun playing sessions with friends of mine, even when the music wasn't that good. You can't walk around tense all the time, trying to prove something.”

Being somewhat tense, trying to prove something, being “too perfect” are some of the sins BS&T has been found guilty of by the rock press. This, Lipsius feels, is not fair.

“A lot of the rock writers are really not musicians or thinking like musicians. Maybe we *can* play a little cleaner than some players, but wanting to play your part as well as you can is not trying to be ‘perfect.’ If something is really out of tune, it bugs me—there's no reason for it.”

He suspects, however, that the band worked a little too hard on its last LP. “I think it's our best so far, but maybe it isn't really getting to the people. We got a bit carried away and worked on it too long; it was a little too subtle. But it's not helpful to get negative reviews that don't make sense musically. I like to have criticism that can help.”

In music as in life, Lipsius feels, you get nothing unless you put something in. “You have to go through a lot of shit to really get into something . . . like a rug I saw in Europe. It was made for a king, and a weaver and his son each spent a lifetime doing it. That doesn't happen any more. Today, people are not really learning before they come out and do something. This goes against my way of looking at things.

“Our album being put down so much was a drag because we spent so much time on it—people don't want to hear anything today but something real simple. The whole thing seems to be freedom; almost too much freedom. I'd like to see more people come out with things that some real thought has gone into first, instead of just try to make it. If you have something beautiful, some real talent, it will come out. You should always be striving to do something different—even in a little way. That's what I loved about the Beatles.”

And, in a sense, that's what Lipsius misses in jazz today. “I used to listen all the time, but lately there isn't anything great going on, it seems. I don't hear any playing like when I first got interested. There was so much happening . . .”

Yet, he can still speak of jazz with a real sense of involvement. “The guy I



really dig today is Sonny Rollins—more than anybody. He seems to have everything I'm looking for. Coltrane was incredible, but Sonny is into a freer thing; even more unexpected. You never know what he's going to do. The way he tongues something . . . he reminds me of a thing I heard of Bartok's, where every couple of seconds it seems to change."

He admits that since joining the band, he hasn't really listened very much, to jazz or rock. "I've been *into* the band, and it takes a lot out of you," he explains. "Business meetings, etc. We are nine guys who are supposedly equal—a democracy. We do things by majority vote. Officially, we have no manager. The band is basically run by the band; we make our own decisions. It's kind of a unique thing in the business."

"It was hard to make it work, but you learn a lot about yourself. Everybody has wanted to leave at one point—personality conflicts, musical reasons—but we've learned to work it out. You have to respect everyone's view. It gets very crazy at times, but we put up with each other and with ourselves."

"I feel good about the band, and I think we'll have a couple more years, at least, as long as we keep trying and correct our mistakes. If we'd come out five years ago, we wouldn't have been accepted at all. The Beatles helped in bringing out so many different kinds of music . . ."

In writing for the band, Lipsius says, "I take a lot of time. Dick (Halligan) is a lot faster—he's been into that more. I take it measure by measure. I may not have the whole thing planned up front, so I take my time. Working with a cassette is the best thing for my head. I play a lot of things on the piano; if I just started looking for something, I might not get it together for five years. But I may play on tape for an hour and come up with some good things. I put on the tape and listen, and there may be something there that got by you when you were doing it."

"That *Lonesome Suzie* trumpet line is an eight-measure phrase I played on the piano—an octave lower than the horns play it. It worked out fine. (I was into a Bill Evans thing," he adds with a laugh that dispels any implications of immodesty."

"I may work with some of the guys in the group if I get hung up about something," he continues. "Dick works differently, more by himself. David (Clayton-Thomas) and I have jams together and tape it—our heads are very close together in anticipating certain rhythmic things, even though we're in different musical bags. He's good to work with. We live near each other and are working together a lot on the next album."

"We worked together on *Lonesome Suzie*; instead of merely arranging and having him fall into it, I worked it around him. It has a natural feeling—something I wish for other arrangements to get. The new album should be all original material. We're getting tired of playing other people's songs, even though they're well played and worked on. We're getting back into a simpler thing."

In terms of repertoire, Lipsius thinks

that the band "may have lost a certain audience—people who dug us originally and got bugged with our playing the same things. But it takes us a while to get new material, for a million reasons."

Lipsius is not very impressed with what is now called jazz-rock—as done by other bands. "I haven't heard any band like that that really knocks me out," he says. "And I don't expect to, unless it's a mixture of authentic rock players and good jazz players. I've heard good things about Dreams,

lot of jazz players don't want to do rock; after listening to great jazz people, rock is a little bit strange . . ."

As he has indicated, Lipsius feels confident of a future for BS&T, and his place in it.

"Eventually," he says, "I'll make my own record, but right now I'm very concerned about not taking anything away from the band. I'm very involved in one thing, and spend all my time doing that. I just want to play my instrument and




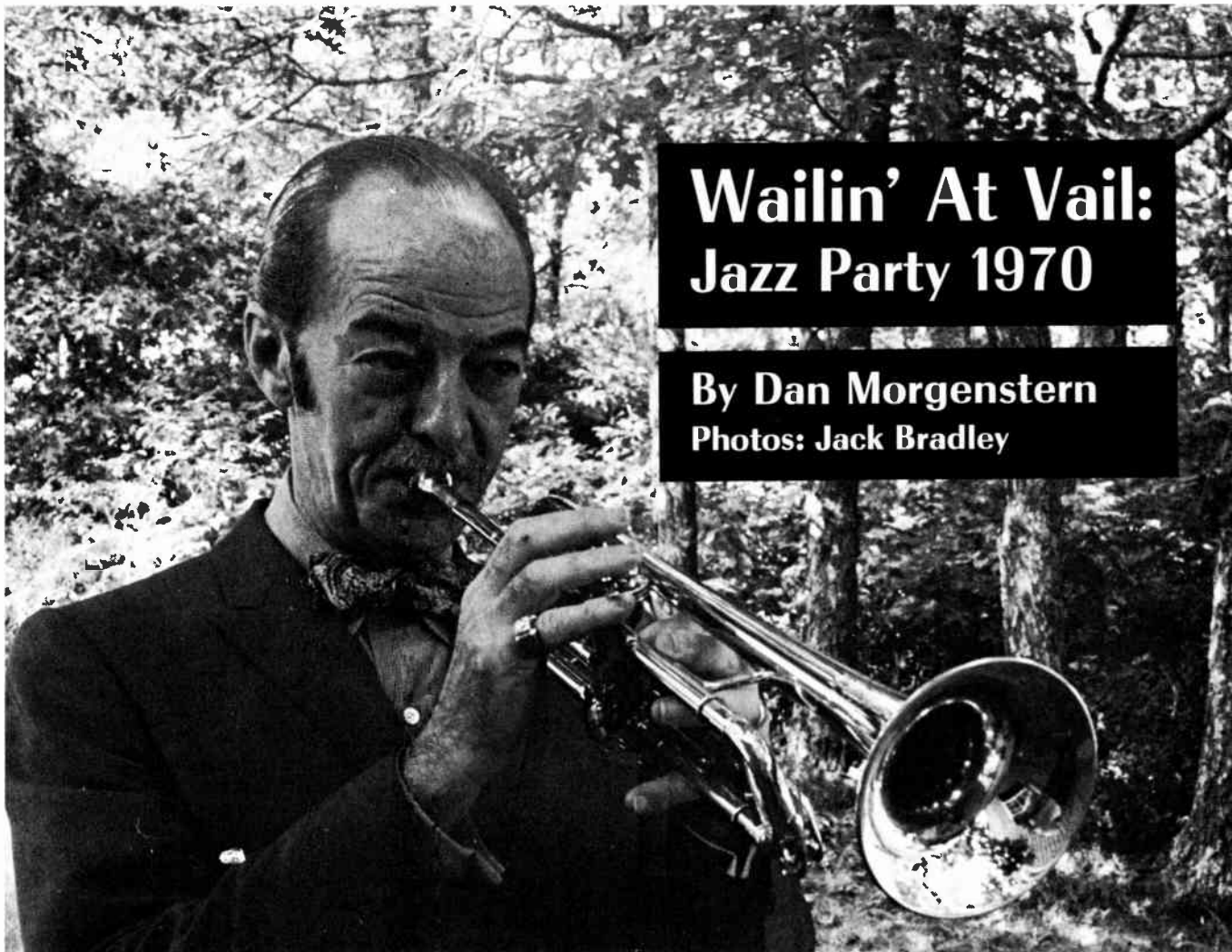
but haven't listened to them yet. But I know the Brecker Brothers (Randy, trumpet; Mike, tenor sax) play beautifully together and dig each other and can both play. If they have a good singer . . . You can't have a good rock band of any sort without a good lead singer."

"Bands like Ten-Wheel Drive, Chicago—we're always being compared, but we're not anything like that. But it would be groovy to get some good jazz-rock bands out there. Copying us is difficult, and it's hard to come up with something different. You have to seek out people, and most young musicians don't want to work hard, haven't got time to rehearse, etc. And a

write well, and try not to get swayed by other people's views. Usually, I find that what I want to do is right for me."

As a key member of a famous band, Fred Lipsius is no doubt considered a "super-star" by rock fans with that kind of mentality. But he doesn't think in such terms. "The only value," he says, "in being given something above other people is as a reward for hard work. I look up to people who work hard at something."

Strange talk from a representative of youth culture? Only to those who know too little about it. Having his head together does not make Fred Lipsius unique, though it does make him different. 



# Wailin' At Vail: Jazz Party 1970

By Dan Morgenstern  
Photos: Jack Bradley

IMAGINE A JAZZ UTOPIA—a temporary sanctuary from the madness of the world, a mountain shrine become a jazz temple, a harvest-time ritual dedicated to the fruits ripened by the muses.

That, in essence, was Dick and Maddie Gibson's eighth annual Jazz Party, held at Vail in the Colorado Mountains on a weekend last September.

In conception, execution, and ambiance this event is unique in the annals of jazz. In terms of simplified specifics, it is a private party, attended by invitation only and for a relatively modest fee (charged to defray some of the expenses) by some 300 persons, featuring some 40 musicians in more than 20 hours of music-making, and held in a ski resort during off-season.

To this life-long jazz lover, who has followed the music everywhere he could find it, in dives and palaces and concert halls, at house jam sessions and after-hours pads and giant outdoor festivals, in dance halls and in recording studios, the party provided just about the most ideal setting, spiritual and physical, in which he has yet encountered it.

I'd been hearing a lot of good things about the Jazz Parties for years, both from musicians and other participating friends, and had read a number of accounts, one excellent, of the events. Yet I was unprepared for all the pleasures in store, perhaps because so many of these

spring from the human dimension, the personal quality, of this uncommon happening.

The basic reason for the special character of the Jazz Party is simple yet profoundly important: it is, for the musicians, a playing situation in which they are able to enjoy themselves as much as their audience—a circumstance perhaps rarer in the case of jazz than in any other performing art.

At the Jazz Party, all the courtesies usually absent from the working jazz life are extended to the musicians. In the most direct and natural manner, no effort is spared to make them feel comfortable and at home. They are, so to speak, playing guests of a most hospitable household.

The party begins, literally, in a house: the large, comfortable mansion on a tree-shaded Denver street where Dick Gibson resides with his family.

(The adventure has begun even earlier: meeting and greeting friends at the airport, and then enjoying a very sociable flight. Musicians—there are more than a dozen on the plane—are experienced travelers and good company. Soon, they turn the stewards' professional smiles into genuine ones, and the three hours pass quickly and pleasantly.)

Here, the eastern troops meet the western contingent. An already alarmingly large pile of instruments in the spacious

foyer is growing constantly.

It is by now mid-afternoon of Thursday. The Party proper does not begin until the following afternoon, in Vail, but all musicians able to come a day early are welcome to do so, and most who can get away respond.

A goodly number is accommodated under Gibson's roof; the rest is deployed at neighboring houses. Everyone is invited to gather at the Gibsons' after getting settled.

On the porch of the Gibson house and on its front steps, groups of musicians, friends, and neighbors, some with libations in hand, exchange greetings and talk shop. Everyone enjoys the good, clean air of Denver—the day is bright and sunny, the temperature just right. Many have been here before (you can tell from the affectionate greetings extended by the Gibson children), and these of course include the members of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, a group created and managed by Gibson.

It is this band which provides the first musical episode of the weekend. It has been engaged to play at a cocktail party celebrating the opening of new quarters by a local advertising agency, and I'm invited to tag along.

The new offices are ultra-modern and quite spectacular; a pleasant and surprising feature is the abundance of green plants everywhere—real ones, not those detest-



able fakes. The WGJB plays outdoors, in a courtyard offering a view of the mountains.

I haven't seen the band since it acquired a new trombone section (Vic Dickenson and Ed Hubble), and it is a special pleasure to hear it now. That Maxine Sullivan is again on hand—after too long an absence—is an added treat.

At first, most of the many people present are too busy eating, drinking, and inspecting the premises to come out to hear the music. By the second set, however, there is a sizable audience, including some who recall members of the band from the swing era days ("Wasn't he with Artie Shaw?" . . . "I saw her on 52nd Street!") and younger people who have no notion of the illustrious pasts of the musicians, but thoroughly enjoy what they hear and seem a bit surprised at the vitality emerging from this well-past-30 bunch.

Back at Gibson's, there are some new arrivals, the pile of instruments has grown, and the pre-Party party is gathering steam. Next to the piano in the living room, which Jaki Byard is checking out, Gus Johnson is setting up his drums. The well-stocked bar is not neglected, and good smells are emerging from the kitchen. These eventually materialize in the form of huge platters of beef stew, loaves of crisp French bread, coffee, and delicious chilled fresh fruit.

On the chow line, we say hello to Flip Phillips, whom we haven't seen in maybe 15 years. He looks fit as a fiddle, and speaking of fiddles, it is good indeed to see Joe Venuti, who has been ill, in such good shape and fine spirits.

Some of the musicians have brought their wives, Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims, Ed Hubble and Barney Bigard among them; Maxine Sullivan took along her daughter, and Bob Wilber his wife and daughter—another element of that human dimension we spoke of.

At this party, nobody is asked to play, though it is understood that the host doesn't exactly mind a little music. It comes about almost spontaneously, in the manner of an informal jam session, and in the course of a long night, there's quite a lot of it.

Yeoman work is done throughout by Milt Hinton and Larry Ridley, manning the basses, and by drummers Gus Johnson and Ray McKinley, two swinging gentlemen from Texas.

The first climax, reached about 11 or so, comes when Barney Bigard is prevailed upon to initiate a little *C Jam Blues*—his own riff. And speaking of riffs—some great ones are set by the three trombones of Urbie Green, Carl Fontana, and Ed Hubble, who later get into some stirring intramural rivalry. It is evident that Barney and Bob Wilber are going to get along famously this weekend—and here is another human instance: love and respect among musicians. In this instance, of different generations; in others, of different background and/or style. There will be the warmth of new unions as well as the glow of reunions, all happy.

A little later, there's a *Broadway* with a mellow duet between Messrs. Hinton and McKinley, then propelled into Times

Square courtesy of Zoot Sims, in the first of many memorable outbursts.

Zoot is a Jazz Party legend. Here as elsewhere, he has often been the spark-plug, the one to make the leap from involvement to passion. He is among those happy few who seem to be the incarnations of the spirit of jazz. Some musicians are possessed by music, others seek to possess it, a very few seem united with it, inseparable from it. Hot Lips Page was like that. Roy Eldridge is like that. And Zoot Sims is like that. They don't come that way often . . .

On that plateau, too, is one of those impromptu meetings that make you wonder why they weren't conceived before: Bobby Hackett Encounters Clark Terry. A lovely idea, that; two cats who know the changes and can sing melodies. Complimentary contrast: jazz is not stylistic unity; it is stylistic harmony.

Backing them, Mr. Teddy Wilson, who knows changes like nobody else, and in his gentle, gentlemanly way will make you hear them; Milt Hinton, Esq. who is to a rhythm section what blood is to life, a flowing conveyor belt of time. And the Mayor of Texas (so dubbed by Gibson), Ray McKinley, who to those who only knew him as a genial, sometimes-singing band leader must have been a revelation in this true role of first-class drummer, but whose accomplishments come as no surprise to a friend of Louis Armstrong's *The Skeleton in the Closet*.

They did *Satin Doll* up brown, Zoot going all the way, after which he deservedly retires. Then, as if by agreement, there is just Clark and Bobby and the rhythm section, first doing *How High The Moon* turning *Ornithology*, with eights and fours, and then changing the mood with *The Man I Love*, together and in solo something special and rare.

At breakfast, civilly operating until 11 and thereafter, rumor has it that Teddy Wilson was heard still playing around 8 in the morning.

The ride to Vail, some 110 miles into the mountains, is a thing of beauty. Two

large chartered buses accommodate the troops in comfort on a three-hour drive, highlighted by the slow, stately climb up Loveland Pass, and the telling of a joke relay-style, from front to back, the variety of laughing styles more kicks than the punchline. To some, the scenery is not tempting enough to give up the chance to nap.

Arriving in Vail (founded 1962), we find the town almost entirely under the rule of jazz. We are quartered in hotels which have opened just for the occasion, and what there is of roving populace consists mainly of prospective party-goers. The air is incredible at this altitude; running up a flight of stairs is not recommended. But it is also energizing. Pure air: what luxury for refugees from civilized living.

A couple of hours to get straight, and then the first of the five sessions that comprise the Jazz Party per se. The setting is Casino Vail, a good-size room with seating on the floor level, and in a balcony section sloping from the rear and extending into narrow galleries along the other three walls. There is a good sound system, a stage containing two tuned grand pianos, and a large circular bar equipped with oxygen tanks. The latter are primarily intended for the revival of brass players after a set of hard breathing, but are also checked out by others—curiously refreshing, as the Schweppes man says.

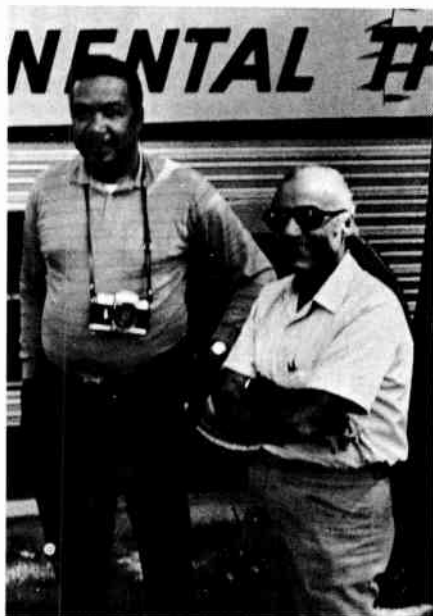
Everyone at the Party has a badge, but there are two kinds. Both have numbers, but some also have a large letter M; these are for musicians and a few special guests. With the M, drink and food anywhere in Vail is on your host and hostess. A small touch, perhaps, but infinitely more gracious than saying: "charge it to me." And a gesture otherwise unheard of in the land of jazz.

The room fills up, and Gibson takes the stand for some words of welcome. This first session, he explains, will be shorter than the rest, to allow for a reasonable dinner break before the second round. It is intended, in the course of five sets, to introduce all the musicians present thus far—a few have not arrived yet.

Gibson is a big, robust man in his early 40s. It is no surprise to learn that he played football in college, and after some acquaintance, it is no surprise to also learn that he had short stories published and was an admirer and confidant of William Faulkner, or that he gigged with jazz bands in his youth, singing and maybe playing a little trombone.

He makes his home in Denver, but he's from Alabama—Mobile. He's done a lot of things and no doubt has made a lot of money. Unlike most people who have, he knows how to spend it creatively. From the first jazz party, eight years ago, have grown such things as a Denver location for a band that eventually became the World's Greatest Jazz Band (managed by Gibson and now so well under way that Sol Hurok is booking it) and the great-while-it lasted (and hopefully to be resurrected) jazz policy at New York's Roosevelt Grill, things very much worth while.

Patron of the arts and entrepreneur, Gibson is also a true fan and lover of jazz,



Gus Johnson and Flip Phillips

and like all such, a man with a dream. What true fan, be he collector, critic, amateur musician, has not dreamt of putting together ideal bands, combinations of favorites blended to his own taste?

Some, of course, did turn such dreams into reality, but the dreams soon yielded to realistic (i.e., business) considerations. Only Norman Granz broke that sad rule and got away with it.

But even Granz had to sell, package and market his dream constellations as a business of names. Gibson's is another thing; his party isn't geared to selling tickets and filling the house and pleasing diverse public tastes. It's a party, and it's *his*—he can indulge his dream.

To "review" another man's dream by criteria applied to public performance would be pointless as well as rude. One can ask of the Newport Jazz Festival, for instance, that it to some degree represent the whole spectrum of jazz, as long as it claims to be more than a commercial enterprise. One can ask nothing of the sort from the Jazz Party. It has its own ground rules: personal taste.

I happen to dig Gibson's taste, mostly, but more than that I find it consistent and logical. He's a mainstream man, basically, who also takes in the tradition that nourished the mainstream and the tributaries it spawned, up to and including bop. Not all of either: no banjo and tuba revivalism, and no bomb-dropping free formism.

That includes a lot of territory, and what was heard at the party rarely lacked in variety or failed to sustain interest. It is obvious that Gibson takes great pleasure in putting together his dream groups, and the fact that the musicians, more often than not, are pleased as well (if sometimes surprised, too) speaks better for him than anything else could.

The very first set was a bellwether: Ray Nance, Carl Fontana, Al Cohn, Bob Wilber, Jaki Byard, Larry Ridley and Gus Johnson delivered an erudite seminar on swing with *I May Be Wrong*, *Stompin' at the Savoy* (at the right medium tempo) and *I Want To Be Happy*, Al and Ray in especially good form.

The next set, a bit more traditional in flavor, gave us our first in-person taste of Matty Matlock, a warm and inventive clarinetist who shone on *Tin Roof Blues*. This classic also brought the first of many fine solos by Yank Lawson—a plunger-muted stop-time gem—who was consistently excellent throughout the weekend.

The next round introduced two players who were also in splendid form throughout: Bobby Hackett and pianist Dave McKenna. It also reunited Hackett and Vic Dickenson, who go together like ham and eggs. Bobby's muted solo on *Mood Indigo*, with loving backing from the ensemble, had a master's touch.

Swing was the thing when Clark Terry, Urbie Green, Zoot Sims, Dick Hyman, Jack Lesberg and Sol Gubin—a most compatible unit—delivered *It's A Wonderful World*, *On the Trail*, and a rousing *Indiana*. Gubin was another discovery: mainly hidden in the studios, he is a tasty, invigorating drummer of the first rank.

The final set of round one introduced Flip Phillips, sounding as warm and sin-

cere as ever. His ballad feature, *Talk of the Town*, was strong, and he swung out on *In A Mellowtone* and *Just You, Just Me*. The presence of George Van Eps on guitar was notable; more of him later. Billy Butterfield and Flip, old friends, went well together.

The evening's curtain-raiser offered more good playing by Cohn and Hackett, and some caloric trombone by Lou McGarity, who looked and sounded 10 years younger after a well-earned rest since leaving the WGJB. Then came a Gibson special: two two-piano teams. First McKenna and Ross Tompkins in an unaccompanied *I Got It Bad* and another piece of Ellingtonia, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, with backing from Hinton and Cliff Leeman. Then, Jaki Byard and Dick Hyman, getting into their Tatum bags on *Body and Soul* and at times sounding like two Erroll Garners on *Cherry*. Completely impromptu and spontaneous, these relaxed conversations were a delightful change of pace.

Hyman stayed on to back, with Larry



Jaki Byard naps

Ridley and Ray McKinley, the warm and singing clarinet of Barney Bigard in two of his showcases, *Rose Room* and *Where or When*. Bob Wilber and his sparkling soprano joined in on *Perdido*, with nice work from Hyman, and then Toots Thielemans replaced the horns, playing amazing harmonica on *I Can't Get Started*, and doing his guitar-cum-whistling thing on his own *Bluesette*. Nobody can play jazz harmonica like Toots. There was also some amiable, relaxed McKinley vocalizing on *Cow Cow Boogie* and *Mack the Knife*.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band, the Party's only organized group, came on strong in the first of three fine sets, the new trombone team impressive on *Savoy Blues*. An interlude by Maxine Sullivan with Wilber and the rhythm section demonstrated the versatility of Gus Johnson, who stoked the band's fire with sticks, yet gently swung Maxine with brushes. That splendid little lady of song was at her best on *A Hundred Years From Today*. The band came back with, among others, Bud Freeman's *That D Minor Thing*, on which the composer and Wilber did some special

cooking.

After this rousing music, George Van Eps' solo guitar was the perfect follow-up. A master of chords and a truly unique musical thinker, he offered a gentle original and, joined by Lesberg, Tompkins, and Leeman, got into a swinging groove on *Cute*. Flip Phillips joined them for three numbers, of which *All of Me* was the best, especially in the tenor-guitar exchanges of eights.

Unquestionably, Joe Venuti was one of the stars of this event. His first appearance, with Hyman, Morey Feld, and the more than sympathetic Milt Hinton, opened with *Tea For Two*, ad lib verse and medium chorus. After an interlude featuring the solo unamplified guitar of Bucky Pizzarelli, the fantastic fiddler returned for a blues on which his pizzicato strumming blended with the guitar, Bucky evoking the spirit of Eddie Lang. Then Venuti doubled the tempo, bowing out in a blaze of glory.

A hard man to follow, but the closing set provided one of the peaks of the party. Two trumpets (or rather, cornet and flugelhorn): Ray Nance and Clark Terry. Three boss trombones: Carl Fontana, Urbie Green, and surprise arrival Kai Winding. Two tenors: old partners Al and Zoot. A fine rhythm team: McKenna, Jack (The Walker) Lesberg, Sol Gubin.

We were into overtime now (past 2 a.m.) but *Now's the Time* stopped the clock, a trombone roundelay its highlight. Appropriately, Al and Zoot almost stole *Lester Leaps In*, at a killing tempo. Winding, inspired by the company, took trombone honors with as strong a solo as we've ever heard from him, and the night ended on a high note.

So much happened Saturday afternoon: Ed Hubble the surprise of the first set with a mellow, Teagarden-flavored *A Hundred Years* and some keen ensemble work in partnership with Urbie Green and Clark Terry, the latter gorgeous on *Star Dust*. Teddy Wilson played an elegant trio set, sparked by Hinton's bass. Zoot Sims partnered Ray Nance in some mellow swinging, Larry Ridley, Ross Tompkins and Gubin working together well behind them. Ray's violin feature, *Yesterdays*, was an interesting contrast to Venuti the night before—bewitching and Gypsy-like. Unfortunately, he modestly declined a later invitation to duet with Joe; that would have been something!

Flip Phillips, and Bob Wilber, on soprano, made a nice team, but individual efforts on a ballad medley stood out: Flip's mellow *Nancy*, and Bobby's gorgeous *Here's That Rainy Day*. The spirits of Ben Webster and Johnny Hodges were in the house.

A front line of Lawson, McGarity, Matlock and Bud Freeman, backed by Ralph Sutton, Lesberg and McKinley, got into a Bob Crosby Bobcats groove. Sutton and Bud shone on *Mandy*, and big Mac and Yank preached on *Black and Blue*. Then Jaki Byard, with Ridley and Gubin, blended past and present in a unique treatment of *St. Louis Blues/All Blues/After Hours*, returning after a flamenco interlude by Pizzarelli for a relaxed, bantering *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Vic Dickenson and Barney Bigard made



mellow sounds together, the great trombonist's *Please Don't Talk About Me* a compendium of humor, slyness, and grace (Vic uniquely combines rambunctiousness and elegance). This easeful, conversational set was followed by a robust closer featuring Bobby Hackett and Billy Butterfield, Fontana and Winding, Wilson, Bob Haggart, and Gus Johnson.

Hackett topped himself on the evening's opening set, no doubt inspired by the presence of Dickenson. *Swing That Music* had fours and eights tossed all around, McGarity joining in the fun, but Vic and Bobby on *In A Mellowtone* struck the first real sparks of this formal night (black tie).

Another inspired Gibson touch was the clarinet trio of Bigard, Wilber and Matlock. The latter two's arranging skills were notable in the beautiful ensemble passages on *Mood Indigo*, featuring composer Bigard. Dick Hyman dug into his stride bag on *Royal Garden Blues*, on which breaks and fours gave each clarinetist a chance to do his thing.

Red Norvo's first appearance was worth waiting for. With Thielemans, McKenna, Lesberg and McKinley, he did his four-mallet stuff on *Girl From Ipanema*, swinging and gracefully inventive as always. Toots, on guitar, was on a quoting kick, getting in *Without A Song*, *Broadway*, *Girl Next Door* and *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* without losing sight of Brazil. He took up his harmonica on *Willow Weep For Me*, again getting an astonishing amount of music from the little instrument. Red did *Rainy Day*, and all hands joined forces for a mellow *Witchcraft*.

Terry, Fontana and Green, Al and Zoot, Byard, Ridley and Gubin did, among other things, an *A Train* that went all the way Uptown, Zoot fired by riffs set by Al, Clark doing his two-horn bit, and Jaki getting into some "outside" Tatum. Gubin wrapped it up in inspired rounds of fours with the horns.

A later attempt to equal the previous night's capper, with Tompkins and Hinton the sole changes in lineup, fell a bit short of the goal though Terry, Zoot, and Nance (with plunger) scored on a way-up *Cottontail*.

Van Eps again, with an impressionist *Snow Fall*, his mastery of chords and unique voicings hushing the lively audience. Joined by Pizzarelli on *Have You Met Miss Jones*, he displays his swinging side.

The piano playhouse now returned with a new twist, teaming first Tompkins and Hyman, then Sutton and McKenna, then all four together. Tompkins did some amazing things on *Lady Is A Tramp*, while the eight-handed *Boogie Woogie* was held together by Sutton's fine sense of tempo, place, and swing. An encore was demanded: *St. Louis Blues* with more boogie touches.

Gibson fielded a great team in Norvo, Venuti, Wilson, Hinton and Gubin. These compatible virtuosos rendered *After You've Gone*; a *Body and Soul* starring Wilson and Hinton (Milt in a Jimmy Blanton groove), and a way-up *Tea For Two* with near-miraculous interplay between Red and Joe—something to see as well as hear. Red brought out his slapsticks for *Ida*, and Flip



Pool shark Joe Venuti

and Zoot came on to join in the closing *Undecided*, Venuti and Zoot raising the cooking temperature to pressure level. It boiled over with rounds of fours by everyone, Gubin keeping time like a master chef.

The WGJB was more than together for its second set of the Party. Among the highlights: Wilber's soprano on *Tin Roof*; Dickenson's plunger on *Bourbon Street Parade*; the fine ensemble touches on the same piece, notably Lawson over interesting horn backing; Johnson's parade drums; Maxine's *Harlem Butterfly*, and Dick Gibson's vocal on *I Ain't Got Nobody*—barrelhouse tenor.

The night landed on a gentle note, Pizzarelli and Thielemans duetting on *Pick Yourself Up*, then Bucky alone, doing Billy Strayhorn's *Lushlife* justice on acoustic guitar.

The last round, starting at noon on Sunday, was a marathon that never stopped swinging. Once again, Al Cohn was in the starting lineup, joining Butterfield, Wilber, Tompkins, Ridley and McKinley. (A word for that fine bassist: the youngest musician in the bunch, he conducted himself throughout with the grace, versatility and playing spirit of a seasoned veteran.) Al got off on *Exactly Like You*, which also had nice Butterfield.

Red Norvo asked *How About You?* and nobody refused the invitation, least of all McKinley, who got into exchanges with the vibist starting with eights and ending with ones, never dropping a stitch. *Watch What Happens* had everyone doing just that for more interplay, this time with Ridley also to the fore.

Byard, Lesberg and Gubin wove a fine carpet for Nance, Hubble, and Zoot to walk on, Zoot and Jaki copping honors on

*I Remember April*. The same rhythm team stayed on to back another Gibson inspiration: Urbie Green and Carl Fontana. The former Woody Herman section mates matched chops, phenomenal techniques, and imaginations on *Moten Swing*, highlighted by the bridge from the vintage Herman chart, tossed off as if they'd played it only yesterday. *Imagination* had some startling duet passages, and *Ipanema*, a crazy Byard solo sandwiched between the boss boning, ended with spectacular collective improvisation. To me, Carl had the edge, but it was close indeed, and on a level as high as the mountains outside.

Toots, Bucky and Van Eps did a nice set, with the latter's dulcet wizardry outstanding, especially on a haunting 32-bar original with very pretty changes.

Excellent Matlock clarinet and Louis-inspired Lawson trumpet sparked the next set, climaxed by a rousing *I Want To Be Happy* on which Flip Phillips cut loose, changing the hitherto somewhat Dixieland rhythmic flavor to pure swing—a feeling sustained by the agile Ross Tompkins.

Wilson, with Hinton and guest drummer Bert Dahlander (a resident of nearby Aspen, he was with Teddy years ago and remembered well), did a fine *Moonglow*, but the pianist really found his form when Bobby Hackett joined him for *Body and Soul*, first muted, then, after Teddy's outstanding solo, open. The level was maintained with *Fine and Dandy* and *Memories Of You*.

The three clarinets returned, deservedly, and by this time Bigard had fully adjusted to the elevated atmosphere, shining in particular on a slow *Tin Roof Blues*. The ensemble on *Royal Garden* had Wilber phrasing like a trumpet, and *C Jam Blues* cooked. Matlock again displayed his burnished lower register.

The same rhythm section—McKenna, Haggart, Morey Feld—stayed to back Flip in a solo set. *Sweet and Lovely* had a mellow cadenza, and (what else?) *Perdido* brought back memories of JATP days.

Clark Terry, in his own set, was joined by Tompkins, Lesberg, and late arrival Alan Dawson. Better late than never—or as Sol Gubin put it: "Why did he have to come and spoil it for us?"

After Clark broke up the house with *Mumbles* (on which he also played his fluegelhorn upside down), and with some preaching plunger blues, the rhythm team remained to back Al and Zoot. This was the occasion for Al's best of the Party: a solo on *Love For Sale* that just didn't want to quit. This was followed by a breathtaking Dawson display, as musical as it was acrobatic.

The WGJB, in its third round, did a *Savoy Blues* that surpassed the previous version. Dickenson's smears gave *Muskrat Ramble* a new sheen, and the trombonist's feature, *In A Sentimental Mood*, was another Party landmark. The band gets looser and mellow with each hearing.

Now, Venuti, with McKenna, Hinton, and Dawson—a dream rhythm section—pulled all stops out on *I Want To Be Happy*, one of the Party's Top 40, it seems. The old master generated so much steam on this that his younger co-

/Continued on page 32

# NEW PRODUCTS REPORT...

AS A SERVICE to our readers (93 per cent of whom own and play an average of three instruments each), **down beat** has collated information on new music products that are, or soon will be, available from retail stores.

Space does not permit complete details of listed items or the inclusion of every new music product. For further information and a face-to-face look, we suggest a visit to your local music store. Also, you may request free literature on items that interest you by mailing the coupon at the end of the report.

## Synthesizers and Modulators

The **ARP Synthesizer** [reader service no. 145] is making quite a splash around the country. It has been adapted for use and study at the Berklee College of Music and at other schools and studios. Cleanly designed, it features a multi-voice keyboard, modular construction, and matrix switch interconnection for patching without patch cords. The oscillators are reputed to stay in tune. The variety of equipment, packaged or otherwise, is impressive and makes it difficult to specify prices for "standard" units. Thus, cabinet systems run from \$3,000 up to \$15,000, with more variations than a triple raga.

The **Music Modulator** [146] by **Oberheim Electronics** uses the ring modulator principle to alter and modify the pitch and timbre of electrified instruments or of sounds emanating from a mike. The compact unit weighs about four pounds. Its internal oscillator is adjustable, either by hand or foot pedal, to allow apparent change of pitch of an instrument tone while the instrument itself is producing a single-held pitch. The MM can modify the chords of polyphonic instruments (usually not possible with most modulators) and can also modify vocal sounds without loss of intelligibility. List price: \$300.

## Recording and Sound Equipment

While not available until January, 1971, **Electro-Voice** demonstrated its new fully compatible system for four-channel stereo at the October convention of the Audio Engineering Society. The **Electro-Voice-Stereo-4** system [147] requires only an "encoder" at the broadcast or recording source and an (inexpensive) "decoder" in the home or other point of sound reproduction. The decoder plugs into an existing stereo system as would a tape recorder and will carry a suggested list price of "well under \$100." If the decoder is not used with a recording or broadcast that carries the encoded four-channel signal, the sound will be heard as better-than-normal two-track stereo. No change is needed in existing stereo equipment and existing recordings will not be made obso-

lete. It is expected that FM stations will be quick to use the E-V encoder as it does not require any change in bandwidth and therefore does not need F.C.C. approval for its installation or use. Disk recordings, after signal encoding, will be cut and manufactured in the same way as regular two-channel disks. The decoder (Model EVX-4) connects into the stereo system between the preamp and amp or by using the amp's or receiver's tape monitor facilities. An extra set of tape input and output jacks is provided on the decoder.

Another four-channel disk and reproducing system was demonstrated at the Audio Engineering Society convention. **Victor Company of Japan (JVC)** [148] showed off a four-channel phonograph record (produced in Japan) played through a conventional stereo player by means of a signal decoder (JVC Model CD-4). The decoder will be available in the United States as soon as four-track stereo disks (or FM broadcasts) are suitably equipped with the proper four-channel signal. Negotiations to license record companies to produce disks using this system "are in progress." The JVC decoder will retail for about \$50. And for those whose cartridges are not capable of wide-range reproduction, there will be available a suitable JVC cartridge for about \$50.

**Kenwood Electronics** [149] has a new 260-watt FM/AM Stereo Receiver featuring its own dynamic mike which plugs into its front panel for mike-mixing in any mode. Now, you too can sing and play behind, or in front of, any sound source coming from phono, tape, or broadcast sources. The unit (Model KR-6160) is loaded with all the variables: output terminals for three sets of stereo speakers (plus center channel); a speaker selector switch to control each set separately; inputs for two phonographs and two pairs of auxiliary lines plus terminals for a tape deck; an FM/AM signal strength meter; an FM stereo-center tuning meter, and slide-lever Balance Control. All that plus pushbutton controls for loudness, tape monitor, FM muting, high and low filter, and step-type tone controls for treble, mid-range, and bass. List price is \$379.95, complete with mike.

**Hohner** [150] has added a new line of sound equipment to its catalog—the **Conterra PA** system. This moderately priced system (the basic unit lists at \$500) features: 75 watts of power, four inputs with individual controls, reverb foot switch input, master bass and treble control, eight 4 x 12 front-mounted Eminence speakers, built-in Hammond reverb unit, tube components, and two 20-foot cables. The system with reverb lists for \$550; mini bass amp is \$169.50; mini vibe amp, \$159.50 (with reverb \$199.50).

Now there is the **Herzog** [151] sound. No, it's not made by (Saul) Bellow but by the **Garnet Amplifier Company** in cooperation with The Guess Who. Who is not on first; it's on an LP, *American Woman*, that demonstrates the **Herzog** to be an overdriven sound produced by guitarists (who formerly had to rely on a fully-turned-up amp). A variety of controls allow the **Herzog** to make it at any volume level, plus, if vertigo allows, side

effects such as controlled feedback, deep fuzz, and long sustain. **Herzog** measures eight inches in height, six inches in width, and 12 inches in length and lists for \$129 (not available in paperback).

## Instruments and Accessories

**RMI** [152] has a new **Electra-Piano** and harpsichord (Model 400-A) with a self-contained amplification system using a 15-inch mid-to-low range speaker plus two mid-to-high range frequency drivers for good tonal quality and presence. High frequency response is aided by an additional tweeter. The completely solid state and transistorized system is well suited to amplify other musical instruments as well as tape/record players, separately or combined. Other features include: built-in expression and sustain pedals; input, output and headphone jacks; a self-storing seven-foot line cord; effect stops with **Lute**, **Organ Mode**, **Wah**, and **Reverb**. Suggested retail price: \$1,495.00.

**National** [153], a long established name brand guitar, now has a new 24K gold plated, solid body, two-pickup electric called the **Big Daddy**. Features include: adjustable neck, Rosewood fingerboard with 22+0 nickel silver frets, 4-way adjustable bridge, two volume and two tone controls, on/off toggle switch. Suggested list price: under \$150.00.

**Ovation** [154] has just released two new catalogs: *Good Vibrations* (on the Ovation line of amps, audio systems, and accessories); and *Acoustic Roundbacks* (on the Ovation line of guitars). Each illustrated catalog includes general specifications and application information on all equipment and instruments.

**Doc Severinsen** is now using (and recommending) the **Amado Water Key**, a standard and exclusive feature of all the **Getzen** [155] artist brass instruments. This new water key is said to eliminate the water recess—which often causes air-flow interference and resultant intonation problems—because of its flush fit with the tubing. It requires only a 1/8-inch movement to actuate and has a coil spring which eliminates breakage. An occasional drop of oil is the only maintenance required. The **Getzen Gazette** [155B], a regularly published newspaper with playing tips and other educational information, is now available free for the asking.

**Conn** has come out with **Formula 3** [156], a new professional trombone slide treatment. It comes in kit form complete with **Superslick** cream and a slide spray bottle, and claims to result in a faster and smoother slide-bearing surface. Suggested retail for the **Formula 3** kit is \$3.50.

## down beat/NEW PRODUCTS

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# record REVIEWS

## DON ELLIS

DON ELLIS AT FILLMORE—Columbia G30243: *Final Analysis*; *Excursion II*; *The Magic Bus Ate My Doughnut*; *The Blues*; *Salvatore Sam*; *Rock Odyssey*; *Hey Jude*; *Antea*; *Old Man's Tear*; *Great Divide*; *Pussy Wiggle Stomp*.

Personnel: Ellis, trumpet, drums; Glenn Stuart, Stu Blumberg, John Rosenberg, Jack Coan, trumpets; Ernie Carlson, Glenn Ferris, trombones; Don Switzer, bass trombone; Doug Bixby, contrabass, tuba; Fred Selden, Lonnie Shetter, Sam Falzone, John Klemmer, Jon Clarke, reeds; Jay Graydon, guitar; Tom Garvin, piano; Dennis Parker, bass; Ralph Humphrey, drums; Ron Dunn, drums, percussion; Lee Pastora, conga.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Don Ellis' brand of salted-in-the-shell big band excitement has amused some, confused others, and led to a most interesting mixture of critical observations.

This double album, recorded live at Fillmore West, offers 86:37 of music, effects, and avant garde showmanship—most of it good, some of it humorous, but none of it dull. The band occasionally indulges in pie-in-the-face musical burlesqueries, but most of what's here is valid, genuinely creative, and above all, well played.

Ellis, himself, is a phenomenal musician—another one of those who I suspect has yet to put his best work on record and perhaps never will. But credit must go to this intrepid innovator who has done more than his share to expand the potential of the big band. First, the time barrier went, then came electronic experimentation (heard here when Ellis utilizes the Conn Multivider and the Ring Modulator); all of this coming into play in various contexts—the blues, pop tunes, jazz standards, and academic-type material.

Sides one and two contain a melange of Ellisian moods and effects. The most startling is *Excursion*, a frenetic tour de force for tenorist Klemmer's technique and fertile imagination; the most unusual is Ellis' quasi-spoken, grunted, raspberried electric trumpet intro on *The Blues*. Hank Levy's *Rock Odyssey*, a most interesting work, employs multiple time signatures and features excellent work by Humphrey. *Final Analysis* ends with a hilarious, appropriately overdone spoof on symphonic climaxes; according to Ellis "a musical reductio ad absurdum stolen from some of the best-known classical composers (who should have known better)."

Anyone wishing to make a case for branding Ellis as a musical Andy Warhol had better listen to *Hey Jude*. An incredible electric trumpet intro, done live with no overdubbing, sets the stage, and what ensues runs the gamut from straight melody to what sounds like the cast of *Satyricon* masquerading as better-than-average Salvation Army bandmen trying to

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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play rock. A high camp crowdpleaser.

*Antea*, another fine Levy original, prece-des the album's highlight, *Old Man's Tear*, a melancholy ballad portraying "an old man's life—his joys and sorrows . . ." Though Klemmer's composition and arrangement are excellent, Ellis steals his thunder with stunning virtuosity. *Great Divide*, in 13/4, is a pulsating vehicle highlighted by Shetter's alto, more dazzling Ellis, and a brief but shimmering up-tempo reed soli. The infectious, riotous *Stomp* (a close cousin melodically and harmonically to Horace Silver's *The Preacher*) wraps it up.

What Ellis' standing will be in that distant day when all votes are in is still open to question, but I must respect him as a sincere, well-schooled musician—one who not only knows his instrument but perhaps more music than all but a few contemporary musicians. In a day when many jazz artists are opting for (make that being cowed into) jazz-rock amalgams not suited to their talents and/or ambitions, it's refreshing and pleasantly surprising to see a double album of original, straight-ahead, adventurous music. Though I've heard better sound reproduction from in-person recordings, this LP—at whatever the special low price is—is still a good investment.

—Szantor

## BUD FREEMAN

THE COMPLEAT BUD FREEMAN—Mon-mouth-Evergreen MES/7022: *Dinah*; *Another Sunday*; *Exactly Like You*; *You Took Advantage Of Me*; *What Is There to Say?*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Uncle Haggart's Blues*; *Out Of My Road*; *Mr. Toad*; *Isn't Misbehavin'*; *Song Of The Dove*; *That D Minor Thing*; *Just One Of Those Things*. Personnel: Freeman, tenor saxophone; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone (tracks 7-12 only); Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Bud Freeman's playing on this album is so fresh it seems hard to believe he has been a vital part of jazz since the mid-1920s. On the surface, his style has remained relatively unchanged since reaching maturity in the late '30s, but while he may sometimes appear to coast along on a set vocabulary (always unmistakably his own, however), he will surprise you when inspired.

Here, he is inspired—especially on the first side, the one devoted to quartet performances. He particularly shines at slower tempos, playing with that utter relaxation only the great veterans seem able to achieve.

Thus, the opening *Dinah*, in the ballad treatment that has made it a Freeman classic (though hitherto unrecorded), tells

a unique story in less than three minutes, while the equally unexpected slow tempo applied to *Exactly* yields equally warm, affecting results. On the third ballad, *What Is There To Say?*, Bud gives himself more room to stretch, and the result is a small masterpiece, reflective and more introspective than is his custom, and reminiscent in mood of later Lester Young—a rare groove to capture.

Originality of treatment is also evident on *Rhythm*, done in a deliberate, easy-swinging middle tempo, the theme played almost straight in the exposition—a novel and charming effect.

*Advantage*, long a Freeman favorite, brings forth some new ideas and is graced by a fine Sutton intro and solo in a Waller mold.

Side two, by the quintet, is notable for the excellent, sympathetic interplay between Freeman and Wilber, both unison and polyphonic; four fine Freeman originals, and Wilber's singing, sparkling soprano solos (he uses both his horns in the ensemble).

Particularly fetching among Freeman's pieces is *Dove*, a haunting, tender theme, and *D Minor*, a jauntily swinging romp in a rather contemporary mold, with Sutton's solo a standout.

*Misbehavin'* is also given superior treatment, and the two saxophonists work together in almost telepathic communion on *Things*.

Without the sterling support from Sutton, Haggart and Johnson (the latter a delight on brushes) this album would not be what it is. But then, it should come as no surprise that this bunch works together well: all hands are members of the World's Greatest Jazz Band. Mellow, tasteful, uncontrived but imaginative music from a label that seems to specialize in labors of love, and happily lets the musicians decide what and how to record. —Morgenstern

## DAVE FRISHBERG

OKLAHOMA TOAD—CTI 1004: *One Horse Town*; *Van Lingle Mungo*; *The Secret of Success*; *Oklahoma Toad*; *The Prophet Of Doom*; *Rocky Mountain Water*; *You Can't Go*; *Wallflower Lonely*; *Cornflower Blue*; *Nasty Nasty Habit*; *I Don't Believe You*.

Personnel: Bill Berry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Al Cohn, tenor saxophone; Sol Schlinger, baritone saxophone; Frishberg, piano, organ, electric piano, clavinet, vocals, arranger; Stuart Scharf, guitar; Russell George, electric bass; Herb Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Despite the promising personnel and Frishberg's notable talents as a jazz pianist, this is not a jazz album. It is a show-



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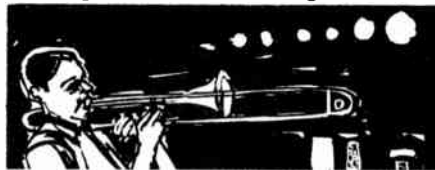
case for Frishberg's song-writing (music and lyrics), arranging and vocal gifts, which are considerable.

Frishberg is a true original. His forte is a whimsical, quite unique sense of humor. If he ever reminds of anyone, it may be of his sometime song-writing partner and fellow pianist-singer Bob Dorough, but this is mainly a matter of similarities in off-hand delivery and vocal timbre, and the rare combination of humor and first-rate musicianship.

The ten songs offered here, all originals, vary in mood and quality, but none is less than good. My favorite is *Van Lingle Mungo*, named after a baseball player who was with the Dodgers in the 1940s (the song has done well enough to earn Mungo and Frishberg a joint appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*). The lyric consists entirely of a recitation the names of legendary and not-so-legendary ballplayers, set to a romantic bossa-nova melody. It has to be heard to be appreciated; description can't do it justice.

Also excellent are *Nasty Nasty Habit* (one never learns just what the habit is, but the song contains the immortal lines "... I'm pinned up against the wall/like a beat-up ping-pong ball/stuck against the radiator"); the tender *Wallflower*, a c&w-type ballad tailor-made for Ray Charles; and *Success* and *Rocky Mountain*, in their different ways fine parodies of silly "folk" songs.

Though there are some good wa-wa



spots from Scharf, there are no solos by the hornmen (excepting some brief Berry flurries on *Mungo*). But almost every track has a sample of Frishberg's delightful keyboard work—perhaps the best are on *Toad* and *Nasty*. They are, of course, only teasers. His arrangements are first-rate, and everything on the album swings. His singing may be an acquired taste, like Greek olives, but I dig it, and he puts the lyrics across.

I hope this album, or at least some of its songs, makes it big. Then, perhaps, we'll get that long-overdue jazz LP featuring Frishberg as an instrumentalist (a role in which, so far, he's only been recorded on a Jimmy Rushing *BluesWay* LP). It will be a treat, for Frishberg is one of the best jazz pianists around today, not to slight his other talents. —Morgenstern

### BARRY HARRIS

MAGNIFICENT—Prestige 7733: *Bean and the Boys*; *You Sweet and Fancy Lady*; *Rouge*; *Ab-leu-cba*; *Just Open Your Heart*; *Sun Dance*; *These Foolish Things*; *Dexterity*. Personnel: Harris, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Leroy Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is perhaps Barry Harris' finest album to date, which is to say that it is an event, for Harris is as good as they come.

Though still a young man, Harris was a musical father-figure to most of the talented players who came out of Detroit in the '50s. Today, he stands as one of the

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standard-bearers of a musical tradition sometimes called bebop—I prefer the term Charlie Parker music. Even in a music to which honesty is so basic as jazz, artists who never yield to the temptation of betraying their gifts are rare, but Harris is such a man.

On this remarkable album, which maintains an uncommonly high level of inspiration, we find all the facets of a complete musician. There is no shucking or jiving, no cute concessions to hip fads; nothing but pure, honest music.

For openers, Harris salutes the memory of a close friend and frequent musical associate, Coleman Hawkins, with a broiling, one-take-perfect assault on *Bean and the Boys*. Harris' marvelous swing and unceasingly inventive horn-like single-line style are to the fore as he builds and sustains excitement for six-and-a-half minutes, with sterling rhythm support.

The well-paced program continues with two Harris originals, the minor-hued, almost Monkish *Lady* and the pretty, sweet (but never saccharine) *Rouge*, nostalgic in mood and spotting a little gas of a Tatum run in the final bridge—I'd like to hear this scored for the Ellington band.

Charlie Parker's *Ah-leu-cha*, opening with some deft contrapuntal work, is a lesson in melodic improvisation in the composer's mold; Harris' lines even seem to "breathe" like a horn's.

*Just Open Your Heart* is a gentle, happy melody stated by the composer in a relaxed, pulsing tempo. It evokes a mellow mood. Harris again creates superb variations, and there is a full solo chorus by Carter—melodic basking at its best. *Sun Dance*, another Harris original, is a Latin-flavored blues with a catchy theme, splendidly performed by the trio—a most cohesive unit.

On *Foolish Things*, Harris demonstrates how to play a standard with a master's touch. His second chorus is a marvel of lucid construction and development, and the elaborate, romantic cadenza is touched with gentle humor at the end.

*Dexterity* takes us back to Bird; a passionate, swinging conclusion to a generous 40-minutes plus of uplifting music. Harris begins his solo in the lower register and gradually builds higher; his intelligent utilization of the resources of his instrument, without frills or excesses, is a joy to hear. Harris is one of the very few pianists who never allow the fingers to fill in when the mind falters; there are no cliché runs in his book.

That Carter should be a perfect partner here comes as no surprise, but Leroy Williams is a name new to me, and a most welcome acquaintance. He is a listening drummer, agile of mind, hands and feet, and everything he does here seems just right. The engineering is first-rate, and the piano good and properly tuned. One of those rare dates where everything seems to have gone well, produced by the intrepid Don Schlitten—like Harris, a believer in honest music. Ironically, there'll be no follow-up. We hear that Prestige is cutting down on non-commercial jazz, and Schlitten will no longer be producing live dates for the label. This is 1970. Grab this while you can. . . . —*Morgenstern*



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## QUINCY JONES

\*GULA MATARI—A&M SP 3030; *Bridge Over Troubled Water*; *Gula Matari*; *Walkin'*; *Hummin'*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Danny Moore, Freddie Hubbard, Ernie Royal, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; flugelhorn; Wayne Andre, Al Grey, Benny Powell, Tony Studd, trombones; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; Hubert Laws, tenor saxophone, flute; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Danny Bank, baritone and bass saxophone; Herbie Hancock, Bob James, Bobby Scott, keyboards; Eric Gale, guitar; Toots Thielemans, guitar, harmonica, whistling; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Don Elliott, bass marimba (track 2 only); Ray Brown, bass; Ron Carter, Richard Davis, bass (track 2 only); Major Holley, bass and voice solos; Grady Tate, drums; Warren Smith, Jimmy Johnson, percussion; four cellos; Valerie Simpson, vocal solos; four female voices; Jones, arranger-conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★

Don't lick your chops over the brilliant jazz names listed above; aside from glimpses of Bags, Richardson, Grey, Hancock, Gale, and Thielemans and Holley's patented fun, you'll not hear any heavy solo outings.

This is an arranger's date, and most of the kicks come from Jones' skillful and



often imaginative deployment of his troops. The pseudo-African title track, especially, abounds in unusual combinations: growl flute a la Esy Morales over bass marimba, two double basses, and, later, voices and cellos, leading to Jackson's vibes and some potent Thielemans harmonica. At the end of this 13-minute excursion in exotica, Richardson's soprano swirls over a brassy turmoil, and Major Holley adds some well-placed arco bass-voice unison grunts before the theme returns and fades out. Very effective, very well done, but definitely smacking of Hollywood, where Quincy has been doing right well, thank you.

*Bridge* brings on the currently favored gospel-like black female voices, handled tastefully. Miss Simpson sings very well indeed, and should be a good bet for an album of her own. The track's jazz content is slight, but it's good commercial soul music a la 1970.

*Walkin'* carries the strongest echoes of Quincy Jones' big band days, including the trademarked flutes-muted brass voicings, but during almost eight minutes, it gets into a lot of other things, too. Solos by Jackson, Laws, Richardson, and Hancock (on electric piano) are all good, and Ray Brown is the title incarnate.

*Hummin'*, an attractive Nat Adderley r&b-cum-jazz line, brings the voices on again, features some expert brass playing, and is highlighted by Thielemans' guitar-and-whistling and Holley's bass-and-voice unison bits, plus a potent Al Grey plunger solo. Dig Toots' guitar work; whistling aside, he's a bitch.

Despite all the production values and talent involved here, the net result is curiously lacking in depth. In his excellent

liner note, Cannonball Adderley makes reference to an old Quincy Jones LP, *This Is How I Feel About Jazz*. I almost wish he hadn't—I'd never trade it in for this. It had a version of *Walkin'* on it, too, and I hauled it out—it cuts the new one to shreds. But then, that's just the opinion of an old jazz foguey. If you're into the now bag, this album is certainly above the average fare, and will more than likely please you a lot. The recording is superb and captures all the colors and nuances.

—Morgenstern

## DAVE MASON

ALONE TOGETHER—Blue Thumb BTS 19: *Only You Know and I Know*; *Can't Stop Worrying*; *Can't Stop Loving*; *Waitin' on You*; *Shouldn't Have Took More Than You Gave*; *World in Changes*; *Sad and Deep as You*; *Just a Song*; *Look at You Look at Me*.

Personnel: Dave Mason, Leon Russell, Jim Capaldi, John Simon, Jim Keltner, Jim Gordon, Chris Ethridge, Carl Radle, Larry Knechtel, Mike de Temple, John Barbata, Delaney & Bonnie Bramlett, Rita Coolidge, Claudia Lennear, Don Preston, Jack Solti, Lou Cooper, Mike Coolidge, Bob Norwood, unspecified instruments and vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Looks like a mud pizza—that is, by some special process, the record plastic has been swirl-colored a sort of odd beige with scattered shocks of black and grey and pink. But beyond such commercial contrivance luckily lies good music.

Mason here proves conclusively that his association with Traffic was hardly as a tagalong, especially in view of the relative excellence of this LP and the new and dreadful *John Barleycorn Must Die* by Traffic-sans-Mason. Of course, Mason here is not exactly all solo, but appears in company with that coterie of down-home rocksters who consistently guest on each other's albums, notably Delaney & Bonnie and the indefatigable Leon Russell. Hence, perhaps, the title. Mason did, however, compose all the songs, and they are certainly charming, by far the best of the current in this genre—country-blues-rock (or something like that).

Striking an even balance between ballads and cookers, Mason's voice rides tough but always comfortably above some ultimate bedrock rhythm, generally accented by responsive guitar and piano lines (likely by Russell and Knechtel), particularly the long, twisting guitar feature, *Look at You*. The appeal of the music is thus truly festive, the stuff of meadows in spring with good people—and this observation is by no means frivolous, for the sound throughout the album evokes for me every happy afternoon I've spent dancing and loving and breathing delicious air in open fields.

Really, I would be hard-pressed to offer song-by-song dissection, inasmuch as the pleasant atmosphere of the album is so constant—but favorites are surely the pithy *World in Changes* with a quick and swinging organ spot; Mason's single *Only You Know*, and the softest piece of the date, *Can't Stop Worrying*.

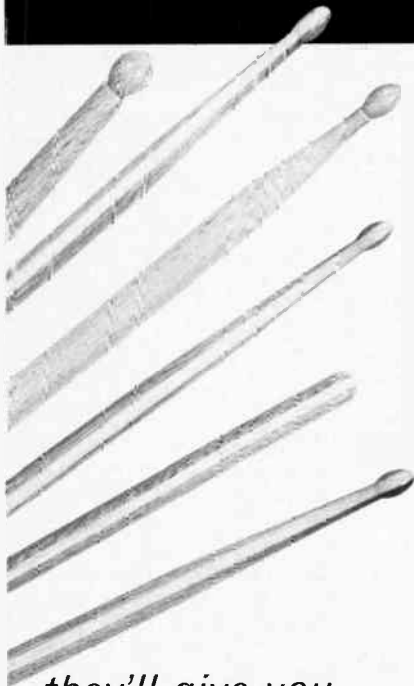
*Alone Together* once again affirms that amid the deluge of faddist offal and plain bad pop music there exists a minority of creative and evocative artists—even though, as in the unique instance of Mason's LP device, the starting grooves are hidden by the pizza mud.

—Bourne



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## DUKE PEARSON

DEDICATION!—Prestige 7729: *Minor Mishap*; *Miss Bertha D. Blues*; *The Nearness of You*; *Apotheqm*; *Lex*; *Blues for Alvina*; *Time after Time*.

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Willie Wilson, trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Pearson, piano; Thomas Howard, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This music was originally recorded in 1961 for the now defunct Jazzline record company. The nominal leader of the group was trombonist Wilson, a schoolmate of Pearson's in Atlanta and later a member of a 1950s Dizzy Gillespie big band, who died in 1963. Presumably the LP has now been issued under Pearson's name because he is much better known. In any event, the music is very good, and that's what counts.

There is a nice variety of selections. *Minor Mishap* is a buoyant Tommy Flanagan original. *Apotheqm*, by Adams, is a fresh, attractive melody with a rather unusual contour, but still singable. *Lex*, a fine up-tempo selection, was written by Donald Byrd and arranged by Pearson. Both Byrd's and Pearson's work is influenced, directly or indirectly, by Tadd Dameron. Call-and-response effects are employed on *Alvina*, taken at a medium-slow tempo. *Miss Bertha D. Blues* is a catchy, unusually constructed piece by Pearson.

Wilson gets most of the solo space, and his work indicates that he was one of the better modern jazz trombonists around in the early '60s. He had good technique, and his fat, rich tone, compared to most modern jazz trombonists, was rather rough. His playing was melodically attractive, and he constructed his solos nicely, resolving his ideas well and pacing himself intelligently. His playing was relaxed and full of good humor. Good examples of his warm, meaty solo work can be heard on *Nearness* and *Blues for Alvina*.

This album is also worth having because it contains some of Freddie Hubbard's best early work. I think Hubbard is a great trumpeter. He is the most influential (though not necessarily the best) trumpeter to come to the fore since Clifford Brown, but his work has often been marred by a stiff quality and has sometimes been tastelessly overfrantic. On this album, however, his improvising, while exciting, is controlled and not stiff. His playing is not as original and advanced as it was to become, but while the influences of Miles Davis, Brown, Gillespie and John Coltrane are still discernible in his work, it is already quite singular.

Hubbard's best solos here, I think, are on *Minor Mishap* and *Lex*. On these, his playing is very inventive and well thought out, and his high-note climaxes are set up beautifully. His solos on *Apotheqm* and *Blues for Alvina* are also fine; he does some great double-timing on both.

Over the years, I've written about Adams' playing a number of times and it has become apparent to me that he can be counted on for a good performance. Certainly he does a good job here. As usual, he plays forcefully, often pouring ideas from his horn. However, in general his solos sound too much like one another. The kind of ideas he uses, the quality of



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his tone and the volume of his playing simply don't vary enough.

Pearson turns in pleasant, tasteful solo work and does a nice job in the rhythm section.

—Pekar

## TED SHAFER'S JELLY ROLL JAZZ BAND

GOOD OLD JAZZ, Vol. 1—Merry Makers 101: *She's Crying For Me; Snake Rag; Southern Stomps; Working Man Blues; Oriental Strut; Riverboat Shuffle; I'm A Little Blackbird; Whistling Rufus; Sweet Baby Doll; Merry Makers Twine.*

Personnel: Jack Langlos, trumpet; Tom Barney, cornet; Dave Kennedy, trombone; Mike Baird, clarinet; Dick Shooshan, piano; Shafer, banjo; Pete Kier, tuba; Niel Kuhfuss, drums.

Rating: ★★½

GOOD OLD JAZZ, Vol. 2—Merry Makers 102: *Messin', Around; Camp Meeting Blues; Sic 'em Tiger; Someday, Sweetheart; National Blues; At the Christmas Ball; King of the Zulus; London Blues.*

Personnel: as for Vol. 1, except Tom Riley, drums, replaces Kuhfuss (tracks 4, 6); Ray Ronnei, vocal (tracks 4, 6).

Rating: ★★

GOOD OLD JAZZ, Vol. 3—Merry Makers 104: *Sweet Baby Doll; Mamie's Blues; Big Chief Battle Axe; Sweet Lovin' Man; Over in the Gloryland; Maple Leaf Rag; Wabash Blues.*

Personnel: Ronnei, cornet, vocal (track 2); Bob Mielke, trombone; Bob Helm, clarinet, soprano sax; Shafer, banjo; Jim Cumming, bass.

Rating: ★★

The first two albums are after the style of Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band, which was after the style of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. The attempt, agreeable as it may be to followers of this division of traditional jazz, fails in the area where Oliver and Watters (and Watters' heir

group, the Bay City Jazz Band) succeeded—the role of the twin lead horns.

Without the compatible improvisatory ability (genius, if you will) of Oliver and Louis Armstrong, or Watters and Bob Scobey, a band of this sort must have written music for the trumpets, as a guide to keep the two from straying, possibly, into each other's territory, and as a general safety precaution for the whole band. (Watters had charts, too, but he dispensed with each as quickly as the tune was mastered, and things loosened up considerably after that.) Here, the trumpets are written parallel (it's easier that way), as were those on Doc Evans' late-'50s attempts in this same field; and, because of this, both bands missed the point, for it is the improvising together, lead and second, that produces the excitement. The straight, open lead, with a quick, keen second, sometimes nearly parallel, then swinging apart like aerial artists, to join again—that's what it's all about.

Volumes 1 and 2 represent a two-year span, from mid-'64; the later tracks, on 2, show added confidence of the players with the material and each other. Playing time is skimpy—most tracks are 78 rpm length—and 2 is an outright gyp in this respect; still, *Sweetheart*, with its variegated arrangements, good, simple drumming and swing, and pleasant vocal is as good as almost anything from the later days of the west coast "Revival." Langlos is an ear-catching soloist, on 2, and the others (except Kuhfuss, who could well have been expended) are more than competent and knowledgeable within the idiom. Swing fre-

quently eludes the rhythm section, but a certain jauntiness prevails nonetheless.

Volume 3, recorded at the start of '67, displays a change in personnel, attitude, and style, to better results. Recorded "live," the quintet is tight and loose in the best sense of the paradox, with veterans Helm (of the YBJB) and Mielke working around Ronnei's unique (read corny, but not ridiculous as it is on the South Frisco JB *Valut* LP) lead and Cumming's strong bass (not closely miked/overbalanced, as a studio engineer might have done). The brisker numbers (*Leaf, Axe; Doll and Man* at good medium tempos) are best; *Gloryland* is too slow for comfort, though the idea was a good one; *Wabash* is tedious in almost anyone's hands; and Ronnei's simulation of Jelly Roll's narration on *Mamie's* is a bit uncomfortable.

Moreover, Volume 3 is more generous in playing time. All three have good monaural sound (none is available in stereo) and are well-pressed. A companion album to 3, incidentally, is forthcoming on GHB records.

—Jones

## EDGAR WINTER

ENTRANCE—Epic BN 26503: *Entrance; Where Have You Gone; Rise to Fall; Fire and Ice; Hung Up; Back in the Blues; Re-Entrance; Tobacco Road; Jump Right Out; Peace Pipe; A Different Game; Jimmy's Gospel.*

Personnel: Winter, alto saxophone, piano, organ, vocals; Randal Dolanon, guitar; Gene Kurtz, bass; Jimmy Gillen, drums; Johnny Winter, harmonica; Ray Alonge, Earl W. Chapin, Brooks Tillotson, French horns; Paul Gershman, Gene Cahn, Ralph Oxman, Russell Savkus, Emanuel Green, strings; on *Tobacco Road* only: Edgar Winter, Johnny Winter, guitar; Tommy Shannon, bass; John Turner, drums.

Rating: ★★

The pleasures of this album notably increase with repeated listening, especially the first side. There, with a precise and delicate thrust, the seven songs order into a quasi-suite, *Winter's Dream*, and reveal both the tasty arranging and instrumental charms Edgar Winter has never quite made manifest on brother Johnny's hard blues LPs.

Sensitive melodic variance and flexible rhythm changes characterize a sprightly, fluid pace that few rocksters can approximate, and Winter well co-ordinates such effects to dynamic fruition, even though his voice distracts at times (often sounding like unpleasant whining).

True, the horns and strings now and then prove a bit gratuitous, particularly when adding pseudo-classical riffs and the like, yet the tight ensemble nonetheless spunks on through. For one, *Fire and Ice* may be the classic jazz/rock "fusion" and, with the other suite pieces (except for a few brief cutesy instants), also a testament to the powers of careful charting, focused emotional tension, and a sense of the enchanting in rock music.

Side two is more improvisatory and pales beside *Winter's Dream*, but nonetheless continues the inventive spirit of the date, spotting good Dolanon wah-wah on *Jump Right Out* and Winter with a synched scat vocal and organ on *Peace Pipe* and on fervent alto on *A Different Game* and *Edgar's Gospel*. Hopefully, *Entrance* preceeds a fortune more of Edgar Winter before any exit.

—Bourne

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# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## Jonah Jones

The Rainbow Grill, New York City

Personnel: Jones, trumpet and vocal; Sonny White, piano; Jerome Darr, guitar; John Brown, bass; Cozy Cole, drums.

Following Duke Ellington at the Rainbow Grill is no sinecure, but Jonah Jones has his own loyal public, and it was he who did much to establish the room originally as a venue for name attractions. So if the atmosphere was different, it was still warm and genial, and there was a lot of dancing—the romantic, cheek-to-cheek kind.

The understanding between the leader and Cozy Cole was absolute, as befitted

of the wa-wa pedal. With him, it was seldom a corny device, but a matter of expressive emphasis. As compared with what is usually heard now, it was the difference between Cootie Williams and Clyde McCoy.

Many of those who remembered Jonah Jones as a powerhouse of the '30s and '40s were affronted by the commercial success of his *Muted Jazz* album in 1958. They would have preferred him to starve or take a day job. Fortunately, he preferred music, and they forgot that he was also one of the best lead horns in the business. So playing melody came easily to him, and what none of his competitors

## McCoy Tyner

Slug's, New York City

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Sam Rivers, flute, soprano and tenor saxophone; Tyner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums.

If someone told me that there had been a better band in New York last Oct. 9 between 10:20 and 11:40 p.m., I just wouldn't believe it.

Tyner's band is the best band I've seen in several years and ranks with the best I've ever seen. Collectively, this group is very active. When Rivers and Tolliver were not soloing they were playing an assortment of instruments including chimes, metal bells, rattles, a panpipe, and an end-blown, finger-holed flute (pitched like a piccolo) which Tyner also played often.

The rhythm section accompanied expertly. Lewis, who is probably not as dexterous as some of his contemporaries, was a rock. His time was steady and his intonation was almost perfect. On the third number he played an ostinato bass, one of the hardest things for a bassist to play because everyone else is doing all kinds of different things while the bassist is holding that one line. Lewis played it without faltering. He also has the power and bulk to endure the pace of Tyner's mind. Gravatt was outstanding. Like another great young drummer, Tony Williams, Gravatt has the savvy to listen to what the soloist is playing and to accompany him in a manner that will put fire and drive into the solo improvisation. He also develops what Clifford Thornton calls a "circle of sound," poly-rhythms and things going with each limb. Tyner's accompaniment is like blackeyed peas, full-bodied and robust. Interestingly, he laid out while Rivers solced, reminding of his days with Coltrane, when he would lay out while Coltrane and Elvin Jones got on with the business of breaking down musical barriers. Also, during the third number with Rivers on soprano, Tyner played the flute, creating stunning polyphony against Rivers' soprano.

Individually, words become redundant. Tolliver, who has on several other occasions disappointed me, was superb. He now seems to understand the concept of time and space and combines a more than adequate technique with a sense of space, making his solos much more compelling. Perhaps his most interesting solo was in the third number, while Lewis was playing the ostinato bass and the trumpeter began a scalar run which modulated to a minor second each time. By doing this, he forced Lewis out of his pattern and into a following modulation, keeping an isorhythm. After creating this tension, Tolliver then sprang into another pattern, while Lewis returned to his ostinato. His solos on the first two numbers were equally impressive.

This was my first time hearing Rivers and he was dynamite. He's almost a perfect blend of Coltrane and Rollins, able to produce a cascade of sounds, but also able to slow down and give an improvisation a linear quality with well-thought-out intervallic spacings. On the first two numbers he played tenor and on the third soprano, both with incredible skill.

Lewis only soloed once, bridging a gap between the first and second piece which,



old buddies from the days of Stuff Smith and Cab Calloway, but the group as a whole was also remarkable for its stylistic unity. All five musicians are veterans from the swing era, the tenets of which were usually in evidence.

Cole remains the compleat drummer, with impressive sound and impeccable time. He used mallets tastefully from time to time, and his solo features had the effortless grace of a good soft-shoe dancer. The group did his *Topsy*, Part 2 as well as a new one from the same suite and team (Edgar Battle, Eddie Durham and Cole) called *Underground Railroad*, which has the same sort of hit potential as *Topsy*.

Sonny White, who was Benny Carter's pianist for many years (a recommendation in itself) took long, rewarding solos on numbers as various as *Sophisticated Lady* and *That's a Plenty*. His major influence, as he readily admits, was Teddy Wilson, but there was a warmly personal element in his playing, too.

John Brown played violin with Sam Wooding, and bass in later years with Stuff Smith, Fletcher Henderson and Claude Hopkins (at the Zanzibar). He played for the group at all times, even when he switched to Fender for "contemporary" numbers.

Jerome Darr is not so young in years as he looks. He was recording with the Washboard Serenaders in London in 1935, and gained much early experience in such groups, and in the Tramp Band, before joining Buddy Johnson. His music was exciting and infectious, and nearly all guitarists could learn from his occasional use

or would-be imitators could do so well was to play melody and swing. It is this that keeps dancers on the floor, and this is his basic "secret."

"Of course, you know Cozy is not going to play brushes all night long," he said, "so that's why I've been playing open more."

It was good to hear his superb open tone again, but his use of mutes had a distinctiveness and a professionalism that are becoming rare. This was particularly noticeable on a long Ellington medley that included *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, *Mood Indigo*, *It Don't Mean a Thing, Sophisticated Lady*, *C Jam Blues* and *Caravan*. With a plunger and straight mute on the last title, he got a sound now seldom heard. He explained it by the fact that most musicians today use aluminum mutes, whereas he makes a point of searching out the old, brass Conn mutes in whatever city he may be playing.

The program primarily consisted of good standards and his record hits. Excerpts from his most recent albums sounded considerably better than on the records, where the Motown sound (strings, voices, organs, the works) comes on like two radio stations at once. There were plenty of jazz solos, and requests, readers please note, were cheerfully answered.

Jones fronted the group with quiet dignity, did a little stepping and hand jive while the others were soloing, and identified them by name warmly, clearly and distinctly at the end of each set. The whole presentation was neat, polished and in good taste.

—Stanley Dance

I think, was really a two-part or suite piece. He demonstrated mastery of the instrument with a big tone and ease in playing double and triple stops. Gravatt also played only one solo and it was fascinatingly organized. He built the solo like Frank Lloyd Wright would build a house, organically. It's very difficult for someone who doesn't play drums to understand how a drummer coordinates himself—how he's able to get his legs and arms each going in a different direction. The left hand spinning, one stick switching from snare to high-hat, the right hitting the other snare straight on. The left foot hitting the bass with still another time and the right smashing down on the cymbal with a mixed time. And when you're really good

like Gravatt, it's sheer magic.

Tyner attacks the piano; he challenges the power of the instrument. In the left hand he has perfected the art of block chord playing which I first heard from Red Garland. But it's what he does contrastingly with the right hand which makes him such a dynamic musician. In playing a line with his right hand he gives one a feeling of polyphony, but it is line against chord, not line against line. More often than not, the right hand plays a line decidedly outside of the chord structure. Also the chord and line are rarely heard simultaneously—neither dominates in terms of power. It's the intervallic relationship between the left and right hand which creates the tension. The facility Tyner has

with the piano is amazing. At the end of the second piece he literally roared like a lion out of the lower register. He is extremely confident in his musicianship.

The compositions were not introduced, but all were written by Tyner. The first piece had two parts. The form of the first part was a line built on a fifth, repeated, followed by a line built on a secondary seventh with a syncopation at the end to give it a different rhythmic feeling. Then there was a bridge leading back to the first line. The tempo was moderately fast. Lewis' solo moved the piece into the second part whose line sounded like an inversion of the secondary seventh. The tempo increased markedly. At the end of the piece there was a grand traditional riff, only played freely by all instruments. The second piece, an ostinato form (see example), saw the horns playing the inversion of the ostinato as the main line.



The one definitive thing one could say about this music is that it is music of the people. Statements about the black movement played by brothers who play directly and make honest opinions. If you're into the new black music, then this band is a must. —Bill Cole

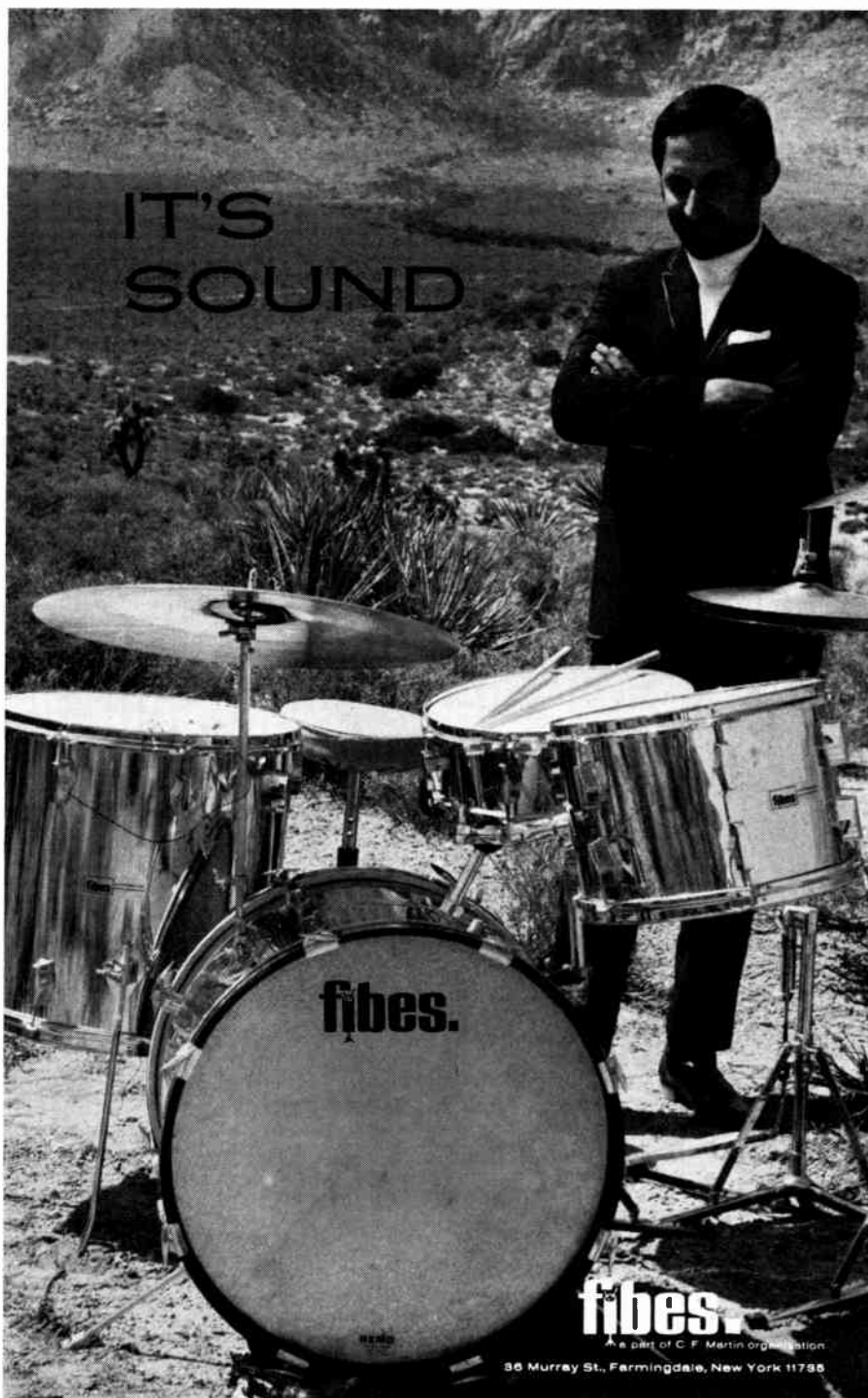
### The Grateful Dead

Fillmore East, New York City

This was the fifth engagement by the Grateful Dead at Fillmore East since the first of the year, yet every show was sold out. That's the way Grateful Dead fans are—they can't ever get enough. Even after five hours of music, they were still hollering for encores.

Recent performances by the Dead have been like a three-act play. First on the program is a rather quiet set of Marin County (where they live these days) acoustic/electric folk music. During this set, the Dead, minus one of their two drummers and plus such added friends as Dave Torbert, Marmaduke Dawson, and Dave Nelson, go through such standards as *Deep Elm Blues* and such contemporary material as *Juggin'*, a Dead biography-itinerary-diary, and *To Lay Me Down*, a journey into the black soul-gospel where so much of today's music originated.

Act two presents the New Riders Of The Purple Sage with Jerry Garcia switching from acoustic guitar to pedal steel guitar and Mickey Hart replacing Bill Kreutzman on drums. The rest of the New Riders are Marmaduke Dawson, vocal and rhythm guitar; Dave Torbert, bass; and David Nelson, lead guitar and mandolin. The sound is more or less Nashville and revolves around Nelson's mandolin playing and Garcia's steel guitar. Garcia is not a traditional steel guitar man. You can forget all the country slides that have been heard so often they've become musical clichés: Garcia has made the steel guitar a creative instrument. At one point in the finale, the Rolling Stones' *Honky Tonk Woman*, I was looking around for the





horn section only to discover that what I had heard was Jerry's steel guitar.

It should be just about time for the New Riders of The Purple Sage to do an album. They have some really fine material, especially *Somebody Robbed The Glendale Train* and *Henry* (who turns out



to be a pusher spreading joy and destruction). I still find Marmaduke not as communicative a lead singer as I'd like to hear but then I guess it's in the Nashville style to be detached from the music, and he is warmer than he was when I heard him here two months ago.

There is nothing uncommunicative about the Grateful Dead, by which I mean the original San Francisco band that closed this evening. Garcia has long been acknowledged and accepted as the founder of the San Francisco style of rock guitar playing. Sure, Jorma Kaukonen of the Airplane and some others may have taken it further, and it is also true that Jerry learned a lot from King Hendrix the First, but Hendrix is dead, long live Garcia—and if Jorma's done something good with it, at least he remembers where he got it.

Bob Weir is officially listed as rhythm guitar, but there's a lot more to Bob than that. Especially in the first act he does a lot of the singing and there are moments of double guitar lead when it is questionable whether Garcia is leading Weir or vice-versa.

There are a great many good bassists in the business. Phil Lesh has been around longer than most, and plays as well as just about any. A bass player forms a foundation for a band that should be both a bottom layer of sound and a rhythmic assist to the drums. Bass players can get their solo breaks too, but for most of the time they belong in the background driving the band . . . pushing up from underneath and forward from behind . . . like Jimmy Blanton, Charlie Haden and Phil Lesh.

Ron McKernan, the beloved and loveable "Pigpen", can usually be found at the piano or organ—though he's been known to assist on drums—and his harmonica work is an important fixture in today's Dead. Mainly Pigpen is a singer, a catalyst, a performer who can be counted on to get an audience in motion and emotion.

Bill Kreutzman and Mickey Hart are the drummers (individually in acts 1 & 2; in tandem for act 3.) Together or separately, they are always driving and always swinging. That's the Grateful Dead. They started as Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions and worked as The Warlocks before they got where they're at today . . . and where they're at today is very together.

From the opening *Morning Dew*, it was obvious that this was to be one of these nights when the magnificence of the performance was to be surpassed only by the excitement of the audience. The Dead freak in front of me was on her feet with the first sound from her favorite band. From then on, for anything I wanted to

see I would have to rise to the occasion as well.

For more than another hour, San Francisco's finest went through a whole history lesson of the music. From their folk (or neo-folk) repertoire came Bonnie Dobson's *Morning Dew*, *Me And My Brother* and *Cold Rain And Snow*. From the new *Workingman's Dead* album came *Easy Wind*. From their rock and roll repertoire came *Good Morning Little School-girl* and *Not Fade Away*. From *Live Dead*, which many consider their best album, came the whole first couple of sides: *Dark Star*, *St. Stephen*, *Turn On Your Lovelight* and a couple of snatches of *Feedback*.

It was on *Turn On Your Lovelight* that Pigpen really took charge. Before he fin-

ishes doing his thing the entire audience is caught up in it . . . clapping, dancing, singing along, screaming, shouting, involved—yes, involved. Involved with the apex of street bands that can get it together on stage at the Fillmore, at a street dance in Berkeley, at a be-in in Central Park or Golden Gate Park . . . just so long as the crowd is simpatico and the vibes and the drugs are right.

So after they had played for five hours (a few short breaks to attend to necessities) the crowd still screamed for more and booed when they were told they weren't getting more, only to be admonished by Pigpen: "Why don't you go home and \_\_\_\_\_?"

We finally did.

—Joe H Klee



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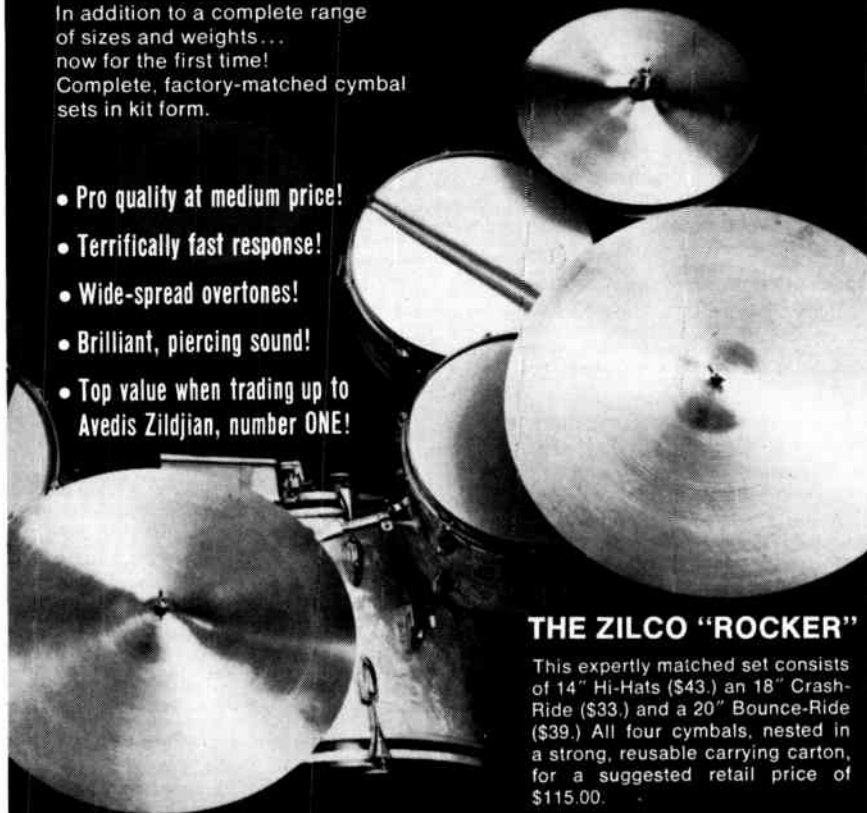
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JAN PERSSON

**1. GARY BARTZ.** *Amal* (from *Homel*, Milestone).

That was nice; I enjoyed it. I don't find too much to say about it . . . just because I enjoyed it. It's just interesting to me how groups of musicians get together and find in their own ways to get to the essence of it.

I haven't been listening to too much music lately, being out on the road. Now hearing recorded music, I now see what a nice feeling it is for groups of musicians to get together and play music together.

I didn't recognize anyone's playing. It all sounded beautiful. Every time I hear music being played when musicians are playing together in the many varied ways that they relate together, it makes me feel good, makes me see more clearly what the world is about, the objects I look at, the things I touch.

As far as the rating goes, I feel whatever anyone sees to do, he sees that way to do it, and does it that way. So just the fact that he's doing what he sees to do, makes it, for me, five stars.

**2. PAUL BLEY.** *Ramblin'* (from *Mr. Joy*, Lime-light). Bley, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Billy Elgart, drums; Ornette Coleman, composer.

That's an interesting way of relating to one another, the way that group does. It's different to the way the previous group did. Like there's a whole other thing, these three people playing together. That was Paul Bley and Paul Motian, and I couldn't hear the bass player enough to tell who it was. A hundred stars for all of them . . . simply because they took the time off to want to get together and do that. And to me that's a senior endeavor in life, under those circumstances to get together to play music.

I've heard that composition before but I don't know who wrote it. I just met Paul Bley recently, and enjoyed talking to him.

**3. ALICE COLTRANE.** *Turiya & Ramakrishna* (from *Ptah the El Daoud*, Impulse). Mrs. Coltrane, piano, composer; Ron Carter, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

That was Alice Coltrane doing it her way, seeing things the way she sees them. Like the trip I go through—it's really enjoyable having music played for me, and having someone else choose what to put on, because what happens is, at first I hear each one as a separate entity, and then as they go along, now this is the third one, the mind can't help but become comprehensive about it, and you start making cross references.

What's beginning to be interesting to me now, it makes me very much aware of how vast what I like to call the third universe . . . like there are three universes; one universe is one's own universe, which is how you see things; the second is the physical universe, which is just that; and the third universe is really interesting, it's other people's universes.

One's own universe is vast to begin with, and you can create anything you want just by conceiving it in your mind, and that's one universe; and then there's all these other universes out there, people conceiving things themselves; and there's a third one conceiving another universe. That's a fantastic trip, it makes me feel good. Like the point that is really important to me is where I begin to see agreements on very high levels; conceptual agreements, like everyone will put out their viewpoint musically, and then you find there's one put out and another and another. Now if everybody put out totally different viewpoints on totally different wavelengths, there'd be complete chaos. But what happens is that little areas in each one's viewpoint will contain similarities on the conceptual level. For instance, the conception of the goal of 'we want to be free' as spirit is in all this music, but expressed the way Bartz expressed it, the way Bley expressed it, and now the way Alice expressed it. That's a fantastic trip . . . the third universe in my life is the most interesting one. Play me some more.

By the way, what dawned on me before I knew it was Alice was the fact that it was a woman playing. I couldn't tell so much by the way she struck a single note or a phrase, but how she embroidered the piano; her lacework reminded me of a woman crocheting some very hip clothing.

**4. JAZZ CRUSADERS.** *Funny Shuffle* (from *Old Socks*, New Shoes, Chisa).

At this point in the trip, the adding of this viewpoint about music makes me think about how through music so many varied purposes can be expressed. Now, again, here's a group of musicians and this is the way they see to do it. Now the interesting thing is like purpose . . . like you can express things in music, and it's all five stars, because that's the way everyone sees to do it. But there comes a point where you begin to look at purposes. Because there's so much music and so much to look at, that if one were to follow all

Chick Corea's reaction to the experience of the Blindfold Test was as unpredictable and provocative, to me at least, as one of his creative explorations at the piano.

Instead of simply analyzing the compositions, performance, soloist, etc. in the manner of the usual blindfolded, he expressed himself in more abstract terms, relating his thoughts to those of the musicians on each record and to the general ambience created by the concept of listening to music previously unheard.

Born in 1941 in Chelsea, Mass., Corea at first had a Latin jazz image (Mingo Santamaria, 1962; Willie Bobo '63) before bridging the gap, playing with Herbie Mann and Blue Mitchell, and ultimately placing himself in the vanguard of contemporary music. He left Miles Davis recently, along with bassist Dave Holland, to form his own combo, which also includes drummer Barry Altschul. He is a gifted composer with several of his own albums to his credit.

This was his first test. He was given no information about the records played.

the routes that everyone takes, it would take too many lifetimes to get through any of it. So finally you have to get to a point where you see that there are certain purposes that are more aligned to yourself than other purposes. Now the purpose of making music that way is like, comes from another thing, completely, than the first three you played. It expresses not only the musicians' ideals, but what the a&r man's ideals are, and the record company's ideals.

In the first three records I didn't think at all about the addition of an extra member, like an a&r man. Now, all of a sudden, hovering around the music is this other personality, or other groups of personalities, that kind of try to instill their purpose in what the music is to be.

Once again, five stars, because that's the way they see to do it, and it adds to the interest of putting the jigsaw puzzle together; it's another little piece. But what we have now . . . we have three pieces kind of hovering around together in one corner, and another piece that's way down here yet, and there's a whole lot between that hasn't been connected yet.

**5. MCCOY TYNER.** *Inception* (from *Inception*, Impulse). Tyner, piano, composer; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That makes me feel best of all, and the reason for that is that there's such a strong belief in that kind of music. The strength of that kind of belief is what's carrying the world along at this moment. The stronger we can believe in our own universes—that first universe I spoke about—the clearer the other two universes become. And when that universe is very strong, no matter what it is—now that happens to be one particular viewpoint, but the fact that the belief is so strong and the purpose so clear and so high, that it just takes all the other things and makes them fit together and provides a point out there that everyone can safely relate to.

That strength is the thing that keeps us all going, and it's saying we all have that strength, and all we have to do is make it more real. The more we have to rely on other people's viewpoints, the shakier and more vague our own become. Therefore our degree of self-determinism is lowered, but through seeing the beauty of the strength of a viewpoint, it makes us believe more in our own viewpoints.

McCoy and Elvin; that was one of McCoy's earlier efforts.





## JONES

(Continued from page 13)

the real comic relief and said, "The cripples had their fingers vulcanized for the occasion."

Jones focused on one detail: "There were three of us cripples in the trumpet section—Sid Feller, Pat Williams, and myself. Sid wrote the charts, and in his part—third trumpet—he gave himself a two-bar solo. Pat grabbed the second trumpet part, and I was stuck with lead. Let me tell you, when I saw all those high A's and high C's, I realized I would never want to front a band that sounded as bad as we were. Anyhow, Pat and I rolled on the floor laughing at Sid's two-bar solo. That Sid has more chutzpah than Dick Tracy."

Talk shifted to other bands, and Jones made it clear that the best today is the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis outfit.

"You know a band has to have energy fed to it," he said. "Its style has to be consistent with the ability of its sidemen. The spirit must remain stationary even if there are frequent changes. Now Thad has gone through all sorts of internal hassles, and he's had many replacements, but the spirit has remained and so has the energy—and above all, the arranging. It's the best band around. I also like Don Ellis' band—and of course, Gerald Wilson.

For the life of me, I can't figure out why Gerald hasn't made it big. He does everything right. He's fiery—good writer. Got good men. His records do well. But I just can't figure it. There's no question in my mind—he's most deserving. Aside from those bands, I really dig the college outfits."

Jones played a tape of the title theme from one of his latest films, *MISTER Tibbs*, apologizing that "it wasn't the final mix." Even if it were mixed in a blender, the trademarks of Quincy Jones were present—an irresistible drive, consisting of biting phrases that swing of their own volition but with an ever-present underpinning that incorporates jazz, sensuous soul, and the most compatible merger of rock and r&b.

If this is a sequel to *In the Heat of the Night*, why isn't the music a sequel—why no Roland Kirk? Why no southern cooking?

"*Tibbs* is a sequel as far as the story is concerned," Jones said. "But not the music. *Heat* was set in a southern locale; *Tibbs* is a San Francisco detective; virile, gentlemanly, but ballsy. You know, they might make a TV series out of it."

Instead of Kirk crying on flute, Billy Preston can be heard squeezing out his soulful message on organ and electric piano.

"You know—r&b still wipes me out," Jones said. "I can't help it—it's part of

my heritage. That Memphis thing feels so good. And it really hasn't changed. All they've done is plug electricity into it."

While the tape was playing, Jones was riding the gain—lowering the volume every time he had a pronouncement to make. The volume suddenly dimmed, and he said, "Poitier has very strong ideas about the music for his films. He'll tell me where he wants music scored and where he wants source music. He's great to work with." (Source music is music that comes from a radio, or phonograph, or some source pertinent to the action in the scene.)

This led to a stream of consciousness comment about some of the rock scores, like that for *Easy Rider*. . . "Now how can you compare that to John Barry's *Midnight Cowboy*? *Easy Rider* was just a laundry list—you know, shoe-horning in a bunch of hit records. Some producers are trying to make flicks look hip *after* they're shot. That will never hurt the writers in the business. . . "

The consciousness ended in mid-stream, as if Jones knew he shouldn't be so wrapped up in film scoring. He said, "Well, that takes care of that—my last film for a while. There's so many other things I've got to do, and I've got to do them where there's no phone available."

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## STEPNEY

(Continued from page 12)

up on the latest developments in acoustics and electronics—you know, subscribe to various international engineering magazines, you can pick up all sorts of techniques.”

Stepney's effects for Ramsey Lewis are mainly derived from a rare, out-of-print volume, *New Musical Resources* by Henry Cowell. Page after page of the book defines revolutionary (at least in Cowell's day) piano concepts, including techniques for elbow and forearm, cluster overtones, and resonant muting. Says Stepney, “There are other sounds worthy of musical organization besides the conventional, sonorous ones. So we can take a cluster and know which overtones to expect, score that for divided strings and winds, and the difference sounds electronic. Sort of like Lygati's *Requiem*. Or *Atmosphere* is another one, where a whole new quality of sounds is scored for natural voice and instruments. We do the same for Ramsey and instill that electronic texture. Like I say, we did use the Moog on *Mother Nature's Son*, but we're not likely to use it again.”

When Stepney arranges for Phil Upchurch, a favorite device of his is overloading the amps to cause a distorted rasp. “We produced a low, distorted, really raw sound for *Voodoo Chile* that we couldn't ever get on a Moog—at least not of the same texture.”

The charts for Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters normally don't go beyond electronic

guitars and brass, “because these stars just don't feel comfortable in a musical atmosphere that exceeds a simple ensemble of guitar and brass,” Stepney says.

But what seems Stepney's greatest continuing project has been the Rotary Connection, an idea for a group he conceived and executed. “It was 1966,” recalls Stepney. “Marshall Chess wanted to get into some psychedelic or acid-rock material. Chess owned a small European label, Pye, and he thought we could fill the time between bands with something.

“I arranged related percussion and some new-stream vocal into those spaces,” remembers Stepney. “Chess was so impressed with the thing, we took the studio kids that did the work and gave them a name—I think it was Chess' idea—Rotary Connection. We did a whole album of the stuff, a little Moog, a little electronic alteration, and the style caught on instantly.

A consequence of the Rotary Connection was the emergence of a singular talent, Minnie Ripperton. “This chick,” exults Stepney, “has a soprano range of about four octaves, a whole lot of soul, she's good-looking and she's got the experience of Rotary behind her.”

Stepney is producing an album, *Come to my Garden*, featuring Minnie's solo voice on 10 Stepney compositions and one other arrangement. Minnie will stay with the Rotary and also work solo for a while, then either soar or die, like the rest. If she soars, she'll be another luminary in the Stepney-made sky.

## JAZZ ON CAMPUS

**Campus Ad Lib:** Chisa Productions of Los Angeles, Cal., of which Hugh Masekela is a co-owner, has awarded a scholarship grant to Gwigwi Mrwebi, a self-taught native of Johannesburg, South Africa, to study at the Berklee College of Music. Mrwebi's 14-piece band, the Harlem Swingers, recently became the first non-white band to tour South Africa . . . The State University of New York presented an Oct. 23 concert featuring the Miles Davis Quintet and Nick Brignola's Non Profit Society (Brignola, reeds, Don York, electric piano; Eddie Ananias, electric bass; Larry Jackson, drums), according to campus correspondent Robert Rosenblum . . . Arranger Ladd McIntosh is now ensconced at the University of Utah, teach-



ing improvisation, jazz ensemble scoring, advanced theory, and conducting a 20-piece band which is occasionally augmented by French horns, strings, and vocalists. Robert Lombardo, Roosevelt University's (Chicago) composer-in-residence, recently received a commission by the Fromm Music Foundation and a grant from ASCAP . . . Memphis State University's first annual Jazz Week Festival, held Nov. 3-6, featured performances by the MSU Jazz Band, the U.S. Air Force Airmen of Note (with guest soloist, trombonist Phil Wilson), and trumpeter Marvin Stamm, who appeared with the MSU Jazz Symphonic Orchestra in a program of compositions by Manny Albam and Chuck Mangione. The three MSU bands appearing were led by Steve Morrow, Arthur Theil, and Thomas Ferguson . . . Stan Kenton spent three days at the State University College in Fredonia, N.Y. conducting the first jazz-orchestra-in-residence program ever held on a college campus. Kenton and sidemen from his big band also led open rehearsals and presided over classes on composing, arranging, and improvisation. The event was planned solely by music students at the school who, in so doing, won a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to help finance the Kenton visit . . . Cornetist DeeDee Pierce and the New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band led a student parade opening a new pedestrian overpass at Southern Illinois University's Carbondale campus and played a concert there Oct. 8 . . . Ron Modell, head of jazz studies at Northern Illinois University (DeKalb), presided over the first jazz concert of the season Nov. 6. The concert featured the NIU big band plus Modell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Frank Hill, alto sax, and J. B. Floyd, organ, piano.

## VAIL

(Continued from page 19)

horts had quite a time keeping up, but it was nothing compared to what followed: Carl Fontana joined for *After You've Gone*. If *Happy* was up, this was upper and outest. A sequence of breaks led into a two-chorus unaccompanied ride by the two horns; a break-neck, kaleidoscopic flurry of counterpoint, unison, and what-have-you, swinging like the devil.

There was nothing to do after this monster of a set but to take a break while setting up for the finale. For this, on stage the WGJB, Clark, Fontana, Hinton, and Gubin and Dawson assisting Gus Johnson, and on the balcony above, Nance, Matlock, McGarity, and Al and Zoot. What else but *The Saints*—for once the right one to call. Pandemonium.

After the finale, a bit of horseplay: A 12-foot long alphorn, blown first by Terry, then by Butterfield—Billy treating it like a bugle and blowing the “pay day” call. An initiation rite in a local society.

The ride back, then to Gibson's once more. No party, just an open house for those not already off for home. Upstairs in the cozy poolroom a memorable game going on for hours and involving Gubin, Gus Johnson, Flip, Jack Bradley, Ira Gitler, Butterfield, occasional others, and last but by no means least, Joe Venuti, who has as many tricks with the cue as he does on the fiddle. He walked away with the game.

Prior to this, in the comfortable kitchen, Venuti held forth for hours on end, telling

stories as only he can: Whiteman stories, Bix stories, Venuti stories, and a hilarious sound effects-and-pantomime rendition of a typical Miles Davis set as witnessed on a tour of Japan.

Along the way, Zoot fashions a concoction of fresh peaches and rum mixed in a blender and guaranteed to make a dead man wiggle his toes. It's a little time out for Zoot, who has been playing almost continuously with Ross Tompkins—the kind of playing you'll never hear on a record or in a club; utterly relaxed, unpredictable, and naked—almost making the listener feel like an eavesdropper.

Zoot and Ross are still playing at 5:30 a.m., and the poolroom is still active. During a break, Venuti comes downstairs, sits down at the piano, and after some rhapsodic warmups, settles into *One Fine Day*. It has been some fine days and nights for jazz.

The next noon, at the airport, we learn from Maddie Gibson (no less charming; helpful and vivacious now than last Thursday) that Zoot and Ross are still playing in the Gibson living room. Zoot got as far as into a cab in front of the house, it seems, but decided to go back for one more round. “And Gibson,” she says, “claims he planned it that way.”

The weekend has been a tonic. It has lifted many a sagging spirit, and given the many fine musicians involved a new lease on the jazz life. The Jazz Party may be a private affair—it couldn't work any other way—but it performs a rare public service to the art it celebrates. Long may it swing.



# db music workshop

## Herbie Hancock's "Firewater" Solo Transcribed and Annotated by Brian Priestley

THIS IMPROVISATION BY HERBIE HANCOCK comes from his album, *The Prisoner* (Blue Note BST84321), and is his contribution to the tune composed by bassist Buster Williams. As well as being superior to his work on the rest of the album, it shows concisely how he has assimilated his many influences and has become the leading pianist of the young generation, with scores of imitators.

The solo consists of three 16-bar choruses and follows two-chorus solos by tenor, fluegelhorn and trombone (measure A1, which has been left open here, actually completes the comping for Garnett Brown). The chord-sequence is quite clearly in E-flat minor, although the number of accidentals involved makes it more legible with no written key signature. (The sign x, by the way, is used to indicate notes which are not hit cleanly and, considering the rapidity of certain passages, the number of fluffs is very insignificant.) It is fascinating to see how, in the first chorus, the right hand begins by merely decorating the changes, until the melodic line takes off (measures A9-13) and assumes a life of its own, to the extent that the changes are very freely interpreted in the second chorus (B11-12, and particularly the wrong-looking but right-sounding B4, which could perhaps be explained as an A-7th chord bridging the gap between the E-minor bass line and the E-flat-17th implication of the right hand, anticipating the next measure). Even when the melodic line is closely directed by the changes, Hancock's use of the upper intervals to lessen the domination of the root is noteworthy, as is the frequently unexpected way he moves from one chord to the next (A8-9, B8-9 or the delightful repetition of the B-flat in C12-13).

The other important feature of the solo is its rhythmic resilience. As far as the transcription is concerned, a decision had to be made whether to use dotted 8th-notes where necessary or to notate the whole solo in 12/8 time, but the time is, in fact, sufficiently varied to make the latter more confusing than helpful. Therefore all the dotted 8ths and single 16ths below are to be understood as "12th-notes" with the familiar triplet feeling. Although I find it a simplification to refer, as Hancock does in the liner note, to the "triple meter of jazz" (how come it's so easy to use "even" 16th-notes?), nevertheless this solid medium tempo of 36 bars to the minute is one at which the triplet feel tends to predominate—observe how the run of 16ths at B2-3-4 stretches out into 12th-notes. Observe also how, when Hancock emphasizes the triple meter with some Wynton Kelly-type phrases, he not only leans on the last note of the triplet but lays back fractionally on some of the expected on-beats (A10, A12, B14, C12, also the third beat of measures A15, B7 and C11). This culminates in the inspired syncopation of C1 through C8, which develops very naturally out of the "rhythmic turnaround" in the final two measures of chorus B.

A peculiarity is the appearance of those left-hand notes shown in brackets, which are not "ghosted" in the normal sense of the word. Instead of being clearly intended but hardly sounded, these are notes which *are* sounded—but apparently unintentionally.

The musical notation is presented in three staves. The first staff is labeled 'A' and 'J = 144'. It shows a complex melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Chords indicated include Eb mi7 and Emi7. The second staff continues the melodic development with more complex rhythms and includes a bracketed note in the left hand. The third staff is labeled 'A9' and shows further melodic and harmonic progression, including chords A7 and F.

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C Ebm7 87

C9 8 A7 F

Abm7 E7 Ebm7

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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

Mixon at the piano, with James and Shepherd . . . McCoy Tyner at Slug's had Sam Rivers, tenor and soprano flute; Charles Tolliver, trumpet, Herbie Lewis, bass, and Eric Gravatt, drums . . . The East, 10 Klaver Place, Brooklyn had Carlos Garnett and his Universal Black Force the weekend of Oct. 16, and the following weekend, the Rashied Ali Quintet was on . . . Marty Reverby's group appeared at the Museum Oct. 10 . . . A concert-dance at the Marc Ballroom featured vibist Roy Ayer's Ubiquity, with Harry Whitaker, electric piano; Clint Houston, electric and acoustic bass, and Al Mouzon, drums, and Horace Silver's new group, featuring trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater and tenorist Buddy Terry, scheduled for Slug's in late Oct. . . . The New York Bass Violin Choir (Milt Hinton, Ron Carter, Michael Fleming, Richard Davis, Lisle Atkinson, Sam Jones) conducted by Bill Lee and with Sonny Brown, percussion, played at the Experience Art Gallery in Brooklyn . . . John Mayall (without Sugar Cane Harris, who was reported ailing) tore up Fillmore East . . . Recent departures for Europe include Dave Burrell and Clifford Thornton (not together) . . . Tubaist Ray Draper visited New York after leaving Dr. John & the Night Trippers and before returning to Europe . . . Sam (The Man) Taylor, who's been touring Japan annually for years, did it again recently, with bassist Al Lucas and drummer Panama Francis among his cohorts. Also in Japan were Thelonious Monk (with Larry Ridley, bass; Lennie McBrowne, drums) and Carmen McRae (with Nat Pierce at the piano) . . . In Jersey, in Chester, to be exact, the Hillside Lounge has Friday and Saturday sounds by Jack Fine, cornet; and Bobby Gordon, clarinet, plus varying cohorts, while the Chester Inn, on the same nights, has traditional sounds by a band led by drummer Chuck Slate . . . Trumpeter Johnny Windhurst has been working at the Last Chance Saloon in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. . . . Trumpeter Dud Bascombe resumed his place in the pit band for Broadway's Purlie after returning from a European tour with Buddy Tate . . . Eubie Blake was the recipient of the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies' first annual James P. Johnson Memorial Award . . . Veteran guitarist Lawrence Lucie is still active, doing club dates, studio work, and arranging . . . Max Cole did a three-week series on WRVR-FM on European Jazz . . . down beat contributor and Bessie Smith reissue producer Chris Albertson addressed a Black Awareness group at Barber-Scotia College in Concord, N.H. on Bessie . . . B. B. King is the latest celebrity to enter the Spiro Agnew-type watch race. He was on the Ed Sullivan show Oct. 18 . . . Chico Hamilton did a week at the Bitter End Oct. 21 . . . David Lucas has opened a spanking new studio called The Warehouse, equipped with the latest innovations . . . The Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club presented Bruce McNichols and Deacon Jim Lawyer with

the Smith Street Society Jazz Band Oct. 23 at the Holiday Inn in Bridgeport.

**Los Angeles:** Diplomatic relations with Los Angeles' Italian community might have been set back some 500 years (478 years to be exact) when the publicity for Columbus Day went out as "Dago Night." Might have been set back except for the fact that the most Italianate septet this side of the Appian Way converted Donte's into a swinging pizza parlor and cacciatore club for the occasion. Frank Rosolino, trombone and baritone horn, led the following *cumpares*: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Don Menza and Sal Nistico, saxophones; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Gene Cherico, bass; and Joe Porcaro, drums. The decor was easy to convert: Italian flags and streamers turned the club into a Sons of Italy meeting hall. The menu took more ingenuity. Donte's specialty is Persian cuisine! As for the rest of Donte's bookings, the usual ecumenism prevailed throughout October: Willie Bobo's Octet; Craig Hundley's Trio; George Van Eps' Quintet; Bud Shank's Quintet; Vic Feldman's Quartet; Irene Kral's Quintet; and the big bands of Bob Jung, Dee Barton, Dick Grove, and Ron Myers. One of the newcomers to Donte's was the Gil Melle Electronic Blues Quartet, with Melle on electronic soprano sax; Pete Robinson on Fender piano; Dave Parlato, bass and Brian Moffatt, drums . . . On the other side of town, the Lighthouse reported a noticeable drop in business as the Chick Corea Quartet, known as Cirele, followed Joe Henderson. The diet seemed to be too avant-garde for the Hermosa Beach crowd. Personnel included: Anthony Braxton, reeds; Corea, electric piano; Dave Holland, bass; Barry Altschul, drums. The group had just come from a jazz workshop at the University of California at Irvine, California, before opening at the Lighthouse. Jimmy Smith followed Corea . . . The Jazz Crusaders played one week at Shelly's Manne-Hole following Herbie Mann. Then a mainstream reunion between two of the Four Brothers took place: tenorists Al Cohn and Zoot Sims fronted a quintet for two weeks that included: Mike Lang, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Larry Bunker, drums. Incidentally, the Manne-Hole gig was Cohn's first in Los Angeles since his apprenticeship with the Herman Herd over 20 years ago. Mondays at Shelly's emporium is currently being handled by Hampton Hawes' Trio (Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Donald Bailey, drums) . . . The Hong Kong Bar featured a double-header for the month of October: Billy Eckstine for the regular show, plus the Tom Vaughn Trio during the cocktail hour on weekdays. Mr. B. was backed by Bobby Tucker (who has played piano for Eckstine for the past 21 years); Al McKibon, bass; and Charlie Persip, drums. Eckstine also contributed his trumpet chops at least once per show. Tom Vaughn had Gary Walters, bass; and Dick Berk, drums . . . Recent concerts at the Pilgrimage Theater in the Hollywood Hills heard from Emil Richard's Sextet; the Tommy Gumina Quartet; and

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the **Tony Ortega Quartet**. Richards had the outdoor stage all to himself and he filled it with **Tom Scott**, tenor sax and flute; **Dave Mackay**, piano, and occasionally tambourine; **Ray Neapolitan**, electric bass; **Joe Porcaro**, and **Mark Stevens**, percussion; as well as Richards' own vibes, pitched metal drums and a ring modulator. Gumina and Ortega shared the stage the following week. Gumina fronted his quartet with an accordion, and was backed by **Joe Pass**, guitar; **John Heard**, bass; **Dave Berry**, drums. The second half heard Tony Ortega, reeds and flutes; his wife **Mona Orbeck**, vibes and piano; **Dave Parlato**, bass; **Bart Hall**, drums . . . **Miles Davis** plus **The Fourth Way** shared a one-nighter at

the University of California at Berkeley, then **The Fourth Way** headed south two days later to join a three-way deal at the Ash Grove. Together with a folk duo called **Lamb**, and a rock-flavored ballader called **Victoria** the whole package is called **Equinox**. What's in a name? . . . **The Swingle Singers** made two local campus appearances: singing Berio's *Sinfonia* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic at UCLA; and going through their da-ba-da-ba paces from Bach to Gershwin one week later at El Camino College . . . Speaking of colleges, **Nancy Wilson** catapulted to Honolulu to do a scholarship benefit for the University of Hawaii . . . **Maurice Davis** is currently at the Club Libra, backed by **Carl Lott's Trio** . . . **Mark Levine** fronted

a sextet for a concert at Synanon, then at the nearby Surf Rider in Santa Monica. Personnel: **Jerry Rusch**, trumpet; **Don Garcia**, alto; **Ernie Watts**, tenor; **Levine**, piano; **Roland Haynes**, bass; **Brame Sparazza**, drums . . . **The Quartet Tres Bien** were special guests at a party held at the Pied Piper . . . **Ernie Watts** is fronting a quartet weekends at the Citadel d'Haiti, in Hollywood, and has to compete with the steady diet of rock there. With Ernie on reeds, are **Pete Robinson**, piano; **Bruce Cale**, bass; **Bob Morin**, drums . . . **Charles Lloyd** continues to surround himself with strictly rock groups. His latest local appearance took place at the cavernous Forum in Inglewood, along with **Jethro Tull** and a new group called **It's A Beautiful Day**.

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**Chicago:** The Apartment was the scene of some inspired jazz Oct. 9-10. Heading up an all-star group was **Clark Terry**, who brought in **Ernie Wilkins**, tenor sax; **Wynton Kelly**, piano; **Milt Hinton**, bass, and **Billy James**, drums. James was also a part of organist **Don Patterson's Trio**, featuring trombonist **Al Grey** . . . **Stan Kenton's Orchestra** was the debut attraction for a new downtown club, **Ruggles**, located in the Brittainy Building at 233 E. Erie St. Featured with Kenton were trumpeters **Mike Vax** (lead) and **Warren Gale**, trombonist **Dick Shearer**, saxophonists **Quinn Davis** (lead alto), **Rick Torres**, and **Willie Maiden**, and drummer **John Von Ohlen** . . . Trumpeter **Bill Chase**, longtime **Woody Herman** lead man and a former **Maynard Ferguson** and **Stan Kenton** sideman, brought his new nine-piece jazz-rock group, **Chase**, into the **Rush-Up** club for a two week stint. The group, which features original material mostly written by the leader, includes **Jerry Van Blair**, **Alan Ware**, **Ted Piercefield**, trumpets, vocals; **Angel South**, guitar; **Phil Porter**, organ; **Dennis Johnson**, electric bass; **Jay Burrid**, drums, and **Terry Richards**, vocals. Chase, along with **Grand Funk Railroad**, **Humble Pie**, and **Brethren**, inaugurated **Richard Gassen's** new rock palace, the **Syndrome** (in the Chicago Coliseum) Oct. 16 . . . **Elvin Jones' Quartet** presented concerts Oct. 10-11 at the North Park Hotel. With Jones were **Frank Foster** and **George Coleman**, tenor sax, and **Wilbur Little**, bass . . . Singer **Irene Reid** appeared at **Lurlean's**, 319 E. 75th St., Oct. 14-25 . . . **Gene Ammons**, **Sonny Stitt** and organist **Charles Erland** were featured in a recent Sunday concert at the Auditorium. Other recent attractions at the Auditorium: **Laura Nyro** and **The Guess Who** . . . **Symphonic Metamorphosis**, a "fusion rock" group made up of members of the **Detroit Symphony**, played a concert in the Center Lounge of Harper College in nearby Palatine . . . **Integral** (**Lester Lashley**, trombone, strings; **Henry Thredgill**, **Wallace McMillan**, reeds), presented a concert at the **Osun Gallery**, 2541 E. 75th St. . . . **Houston Person's Trio** did a recent weekend at the Apartment . . . Avant garde tenorist **Maurice McIntyre** played concerts at **OBAC**, 77 E. 35th St., and the **AFAM Art Gallery** . . . Pianist-





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trumpeter Gene Esposito's Trio began an indefinite engagement at the Pillow Talk, 5244 N. Sheridan Rd. . . . Blues man Otis Rush worked a weekend at the Texas Lady Club . . . Gerry Mulligan lived up to his reputation as a man for all sessions during a recent Chicago stay by sitting in with guitarist John Bishop's Trio (Newell Burton, organ; Robert Hamilton, drums) at the London House and with the house band at Jazz Ltd. Mulligan was in town with his wife, actress Sandy Dennis, who was appearing at a local theatre-in-the-round.

**San Francisco:** Woody Herman's Band (Forrest Buchtel, Buddy Powers, Tony Klatka, Tom Harrell, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Ira Napus, Curt Berg, Don Switzer, trombones; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Mike Morris, Ed Xiques, saxes; Alan Broadbent, piano; Tom Azarello, bass; Ed Soph, drums) played Basin Street West for three days before leaving on their 20-day tour of the Far East, including gigs in Tokyo, Taiwan, Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, Manila and Okinawa. Lead trumpeter Buchtel was added to the Duke Ellington brass section when the Duke's men recorded *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* Sept. 23 . . . Bill Evans' Trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morrell, drums) played a one-nighter at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and also worked two nights at Mandrake's in Berkeley. Evans was followed at Mandrake's by the Joe Henderson Quintet. The Ornette Coleman Quartet (Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums) was such a hit at Mandrake's that they rebooked . . . Kenny Burrell, with pianist Richard Wyands, bassist Bill Burrell, and drummer Lenny McBrowne, did two weeks at the El Matador. Gabor Szabo's Quintet followed . . . Richard Groove Holmes worked Jack's of Sutter Street in October. The house trio consists of Bob Drew, electric alto saxophone; Jimmy Edd, organ, and Ed Smith, drums . . . The Cal Tjader Quintet (Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; Dick Berk, drums; Mike Smith, conga) played a concert at the College of Marin in Kentfield . . . Mose Allison, with bassist Clyde Flower and drummer Lee Charleston, played the Lion's Share in San Anselmo . . . Veteran blues singer Victoria Spivey guested at Earthquake McGoon's on Sept. 24, helping to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Turk Murphy's club . . . The Fourth Way (Mike White, violin; Mike Nock, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Ed Marshall, drums) played a one-nighter at the Showcase in Oakland and worked opposite Miles Davis at the Univ. of California's Zellerbach Auditorium Oct. 14 . . . Chick Corea's group (Dave Holland, bass; Barry Altschul, drums) is now residing in San Francisco. Reedman Anthony Braxton has been appearing with the group . . . Drummer Oliver Johnson has left the area for a year in Paris to study film making. Johnson's most recent gig was with the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet . . . Don Piestrup's big band, quiescent for a time, resumed its Sunday

afternoon concerts at the Casuals in Oakland. New faces include Al Plank on piano replacing Henry Grimes, and trumpeter Ron Smith.

**Dallas:** Sonny Stitt returned to Club Lark for his second engagement of the year Sept. 9-14 and was followed by James Moody (Sept. 23-28). Both artists were backed by the Marshall Ivery-Roosevelt Wardell Quartet, featuring the co-leaders on tenor and piano respectively; Roger Boykin, guitar; W. A. Richardson, and Mack McKinney, bass . . . Jazz returned, albeit on a weekend basis, at the Villager, with drummer Bobby Natanson fronting a trio of Tom DeSalvo, piano, and Alex Camp, bass . . . A benefit show sponsored by Texans For Enforceable Liquor Laws, a group seeking liquor-by-the-drink sales for the state in the forthcoming November elections, was held Sept. 20. Scheduled to appear were the local groups of Don Jacoby, Ray Herrerra, Dave Williams, Johnny Scat Davis and B. J. Wright, along with visiting performers O. C. Smith, Gloria Loring and Glenn Ash . . . Drummer Juvey Gomez disbanded his own group to join Jesse Lopez for an early fall booking at Mr. Lucky's. The Lopez group (with Vic Stewart, guitar; John Bays, piano, and Jim Evans, bass) was scheduled for engagements in Oklahoma City and Denver before returning to Dallas' Club Village Dec. 29. The Village, incidentally, altered its format in early fall to a pop-rock policy with self-contained show groups such as Lopez and Jerry Fisher on the autumn agenda . . . The Moog Synthesizer and Light Show of Merrill Ellis has been booked for Baylor University's *Distinguished Artists Series* Nov. 20 . . . With a number of clubs experiencing economic setbacks, one notable exception appears to be the Wintergarden Ballroom, where owner John Wilson reports continued and enthusiastic response to his big band policy, which features music in the idiom of Russ Morgan, the October headliner, and Don Glasser, featured in September . . . A recent rock concert in Fort Worth featured Santana, Elvin Bishop and Cold Blood . . . Husband-wife duo John and Barbara Kauffman moved into the Touche Lounge of the Hyatt House for a fall stint.

**Cincinnati:** Guitarist Wilbert Longmire performed with the Cincinnati Symphony in a pair of concerts . . . The Dee Garrett Trio (Garrett, guitar; Luther Hughes, bass; Randy Bass, drums) is ensconced at the Hauf Brau House following a successful stint at Herbie's Lounge . . . The Miami Boat Club brought in the Pete Jolly Trio from Los Angeles for a private party. With the pianist were bassist Chuck Berghofer and drummer Nick Martinis . . . Dee Felice and The Mixed Feelings hold forth at the Buccaneer Inn . . . Western College For Women at Oxford, Ohio has begun a program of Sunday worship services featuring a jazz quartet led by Professor Richard Monaco, piano, and including Ray Brandhoff, alto saxophone; Lou Lausche, bass, and Terry



Moore, drums . . . Drummer Jim Seward is now working with Jerry Conrad's Rhythm & Brass at the Cabana . . . The Black Rose Room is presently featuring Piscees and Taurus, a vocal group backed by the Ed Moss Trio (Moss, piano; Burgoyne Denny, bass; Terry Moore, drums) . . . The two-night Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, held at Crosley Field, broke all previous attendance records for the event . . . Stan Kenton's Orchestra played a one-nighter at the Music Hall. Mongo Santamaria was also on the bill.

**Pittsburgh:** Pianist-leader Walt Harper is producing two jazz workshops this fall at the Hilton Hotel. They will feature his quintet plus Carmen McRae on Nov. 8, with Ramsey Lewis the Nov. 22 attraction . . . Helping the Pittsburgh Pirates into the Eastern Division championship was organist Vince Lascheid, who was hired by the management of the club's new Three Rivers Stadium to play for the Bucs, the Steelers, and other attractions. The new job was a long overdue break for the former Tex Beneke bandsman who has long been recognized in Pittsburgh jazz circles as a musician's musician . . . Another veteran pianist, Chuck Maurice, is the incumbent attraction at the Turnway Inn near Monroeville. He's joined on weekends by drummer Babe Vecchiola . . . The songs of local composer Elizabeth Davis are beginning to attract the attention of jazz fans. Ramsey Lewis has recorded her *I'll Wait For Love Until Spring* and former Dizzy Gillespie vocalist Tiny Irvin has several Davis originals in her repertoire at the Cosmopolitan Club near Butler, Pa. . . . Stanley Turrentine was followed by Art Blakey in getting the Crawford Grill's fall season off to a great start . . . The Kenny Fisher Quintet, featuring vocalist Sherrie Lee, is a big hit at the New Diplomat Lounge . . . In the suburbs, trombonist Harold Betters is still a favorite at the Encore and a great new talent, flutist Tom Lee, leads a swinging group at the Tender Trap . . . Pianist Reid Jaynes continues at the Crow's Nest.

**Baltimore:** Ethel Ennis, making her first Baltimore appearance after several months of touring and a trip to Europe, gave a free outdoor concert in Charles Center as part of Baltimore's City Fair,

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held Sept. 25th-27. She was backed by the U.S. Army Studio Band . . . The inimitable Johnny Hartman was at the Royal Roost the week-end of Sept. 19. He was followed the next weekend by Etta Jones. Kenny Burrell is set for Dec. 10th . . . One of the fathers of modern rock, Chuck Berry, appeared for three nights at the Gentleman II, a downtown singles club, in mid-September . . . Sir Walter Jackson, with the Fuzzy Kane trio, played several week-ends at the James Brown Motor Inn, Franklin and Paca streets . . . Horace Silver, with trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, tenor saxophonist Buddy Terry, Fender bassist Stan Clark, and drummer Eddie Crawford, was at the Left Bank Jazz Society Sept. 20. Stan Kenton and his band returned to the Left Bank the following weekend. Roy Brooks and Jimmy Heath were scheduled for the first two Sundays in November.

**London:** Dexter Gordon's scheduled appearance at Ronnie Scott's Club had to be cancelled when the British Ministry of Labor refused him a work permit for the second time. The Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland big band opened at Scott's Oct. 12 for two weeks, sharing the stand with ex-Count Basie trombonist-singer Richard Boone. Ben Webster and vocalist Esther Marrow did the two preceeding weeks at the club, and Miss Marrow also appeared in concert at Royal Albert Hall with the Voices of East Harlem . . . Jazz Expo '70 kicked off Oct. 24 at Royal Festival Hall with Ray Charles, his band and revue, and continued through the next week at the Odeon Hammersmith. Among those scheduled to appear were Elvin Jones, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Earl Hines, Oscar Peterson, Anita O'Day, Buddy Rich, Albert Mangelsdorff, Nucleus, and Dave Brubeck with Gerry Mulligan. One night was devoted to blues and gospel . . . The Jazz Centre Society, known for its presentations of young local musicians at London's 100 Club and other venues, came in for criticism by a group of break-away musicians who gave a press conference at Ronnie Scott's. Drummers Tony Oxley and John Stevens, pianist Howard Riley, and saxophonists Trevor Watts and Evan Parker are spearheading a movement complaining that available work is given only to the more commercial

groups, not to them. The JCS is preparing a reply and meanwhile presented trumpeter Ian Carr's Nucleus at the first of their "Winter Ceres" of concerts at Notre Dame Hall. Guesting with the group were trumpeter Kenny Wheeler (recent TDWR winner in the down beat Critics Poll) and bassist Jack Bruce of Tony Williams' Lifetime . . . Chris McGregor's vital big band, the Brotherhood of Breath, really has gotten off the ground with a concert under JCS auspices Oct. 2, BBC broadcasts, and regular biweekly appearances at Stuart Lyons' Country Club in Hampstead. Lyons, who subsidizes his Sunday jazz sessions with weekday rock groups, recently presented members of the Soft Machine in a jazz context. John Stevens and Trevor Watts (Spontaneous Music Ensemble) appear every Sunday.

**Paris:** The Newport Jazz Festival in Europe package visited Paris Oct. 23-29. The Buddy Rich Big Band, Charles Mingus' Sextet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Dave Brubeck Trio with Gerry Mulligan, Earl Hines' Quartet with vocalist Marva Josie, Anita O'Day, and the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band with guest soloist Dizzy Gillespie were the featured attractions. A special piano workshop presented Brubeck, Hines, Martial Solal and John Lewis, and several added attractions were featured in concert: Phil Woods' European Rhythm Machine, the Ivan Jullien and Jean-Claude Naude big bands, and the trios of Solal and Michel Roques . . . Trombonist-vocalist Richard Boone played the Le Chat Qui Pêche near the end of September. At the same time, vocalist-pianist Alice Darr was at the Living Room, backed by bassist Gilbert Rovere and drummer Jean-Louis Viale . . . Clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow made one of his rare appearances at the Ecusson Club . . . Pianist Freddie Redd was featured at Gill's Club in mid-October. Due to follow were the Joachim Kuhn-Eje Thelin Quartet, the Burton Greene Trio and the Steve Lacy group . . . The Apollo Club, which failed to reopen, is for sale . . . Drummer Daniel Humair returned from a tour of Japan with Herbie Mann to reclaim his spot in Phil Wood's group . . . Ray Charles played six SRO concerts at the Salle Pleyel in Paris.

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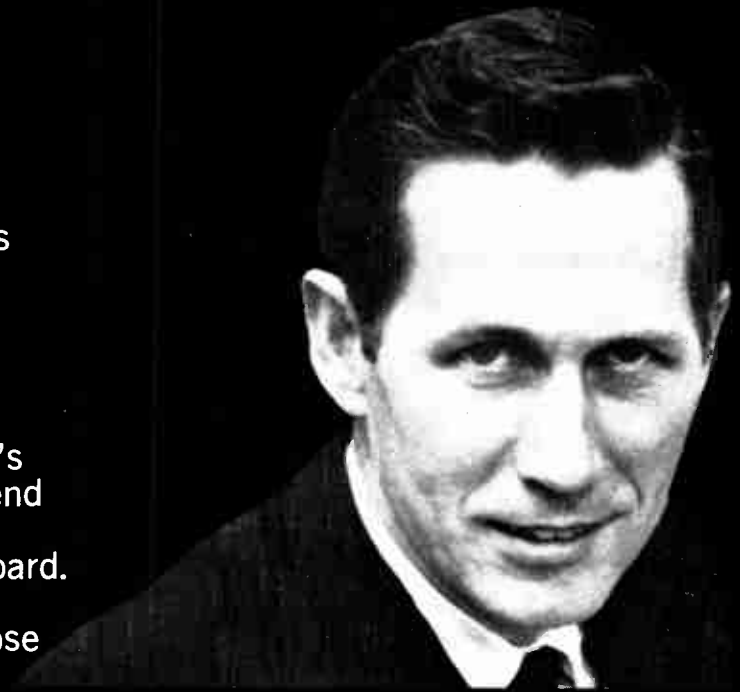
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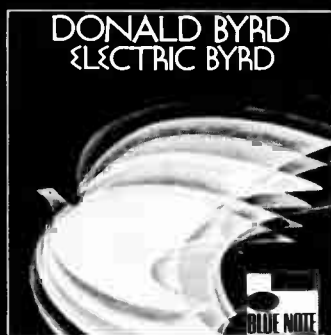
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