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DECEMBER 10, 1970 50c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

MANNE TO MANN:
SHELLY IN EUROPE,
HERBIE IN MOTION

LEON THOMAS'
AFRICAN BAG

WILL TO LEAVE
ONBALL

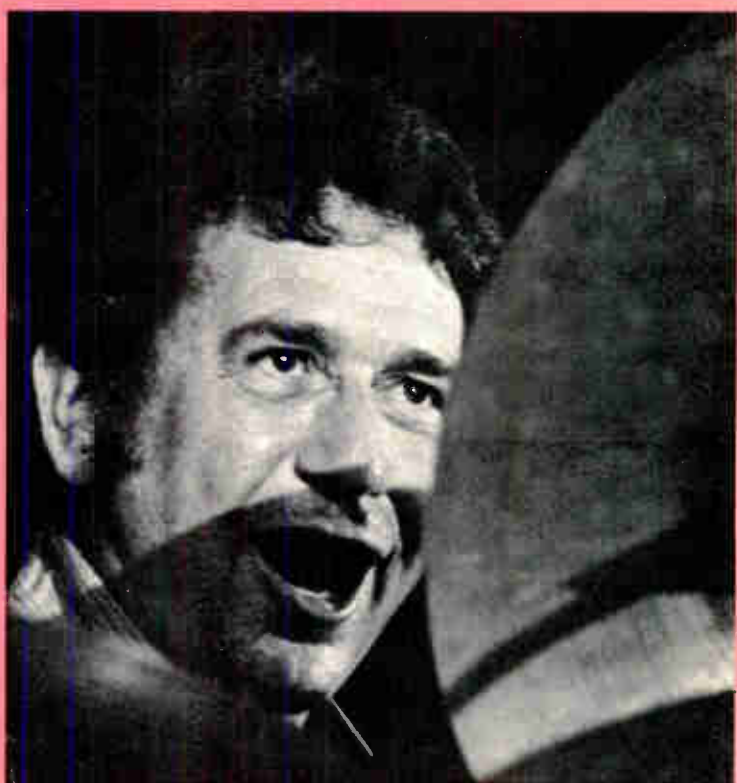
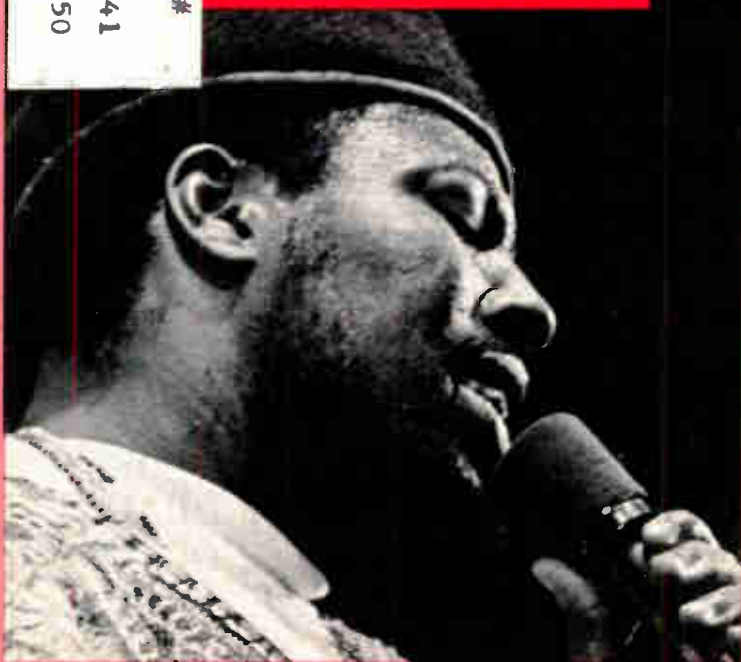
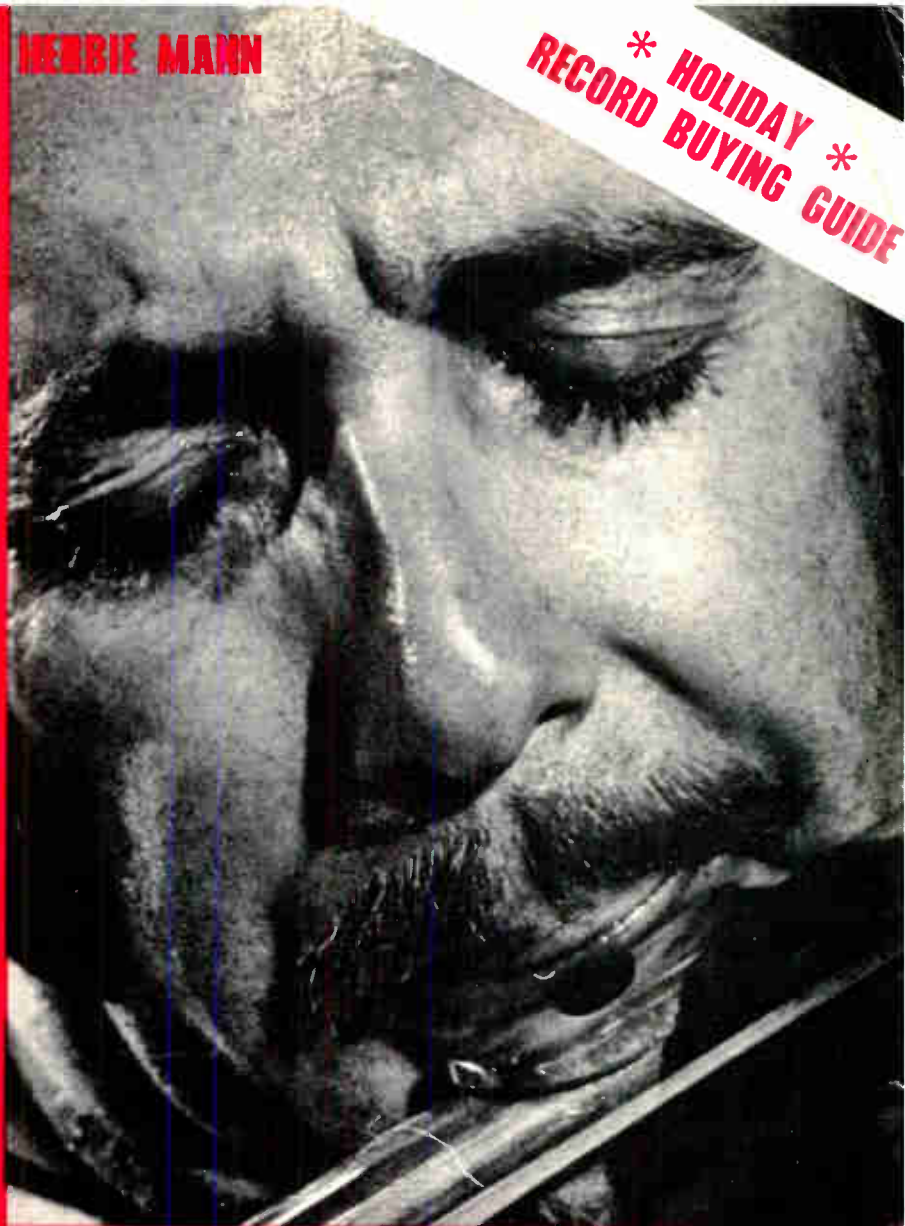
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December 10, 1970

Vol. 37, No. 25

down beat

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Cover Photos: Herbie Mann, Jan Persson; Shelly Manne, Leon Thomas, Veryl Oakland. Design by Robert Robertson.

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

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and MUSIC '70. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilm) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

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MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT, MUSIC '70:
MUSIC DIRECTORY, NAMM DAILY
World Radio History



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

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL 60606, (312) 346-7811. James Szantor, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

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

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

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By **CHARLES SUBER**

LAST ISSUE WE SET down some key statistics bearing on school music education. But obviously numbers and percentages—or their analysis—are meaningless without the desire on your part to do something. There are still too many teachers and administrators who either fail to recognize any problems or lack the motivation to act. A sad result of teachers' inaction is the unawareness of so many students who literally do not know what they are missing. It has never been good enough that the football band be the proudest musical accomplishment in the community and it is not good enough now: to play Beatles records in music appreciation classes; to play 1940 stocks in stage bands; to think that one Afro-American course will take care of "that problem."

Here is a list of questions designed to test your awareness of what may be missing in (your) music education. Grade yourself two ways: on what you know about the question as well as what the answers might be. If you would care to comment to us in any way, please do so.

- Do you think improvisation can be taught?
- At what age should ear training be introduced into music education?
- Is there any correlation between the ability to improvise in music and creative ability in other skills?
- Should school music be allied in any way with humanities programs.
- How extensive—and available for listening—is your school record library?
- Does your school (any level) include jazz in all areas of music instruction: vocal, instrumental, general?
- Are your teachers required to attend workshops and clinics to step up and keep up?
- What do you know about the origins of jazz and blues (and rock)? How do they relate to today's music?
- Does your school (any level) offer instruction in music electronics?
- Does your school district or college offer courses for "commercial" music: instrument repair and design; copyrights/royalties/contracts; film scoring; recording techniques; publishing, marketing, etc?
- Does your music library include modern books on methods, theory, arranging, voicing, etc? Does it have down beat?
- Why do so many kids drop out of music after elementary school? After high school?
- Just what is your vocal/chorus teacher up to (musically)?
- Is your music program "relevant" to the ethnic background of the students and their economic aspirations? (Black schools are not exempted from either part of this question.)
- Does your guidance counselor know where you can pursue music as a career? Which colleges have jazz programs and jazz majors?
- If you (want to) call yourself (and you should) an eclectic musician, how many of the following musicians can you musically identify? Are you familiar with the implications of their work? John Cage/John Coltrane/Miles Davis/Charles Ives/Lennon-McCartney/Thelma Houston/Charles Parker/Richard Rodgers/Erik Satie/Scriabin/Ravi Shankar/Bessie Smith/Kurt Weill/Frank Zappa.



CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Left Bank Brouhaha

I feel I must write to express my shock and disgust at James Dilts' review of the Stan Kenton Orchestra at the Left Bank Jazz Society concert in Baltimore (db, Oct. 15). I would like to set the record straight regarding what really went on that afternoon, not only to my ears, but to the ears and emotions of almost everyone else present (except, apparently, Dilts).

Stan did not attempt to relive past nostalgia as Dilts would have us believe. It was not until the final set that he played *Intermission Riff* (using an entirely new arrangement), *Interlude*, and *Peanut Vendor*—and only after many requests. Otherwise, Kenton played his current material plus several very new charts, most of them by Willie Maiden. Maiden is *not* an "old timer" in this band as the reviewer mistakenly noted. Dilts' reference to the band being repetitive on the final riff of *Hey Jude* only shows his lack of awareness of what that tune is all about. He was correct when he said that the crowd was not bothered by any of the "short-comings" of the band that only he seemed to notice. The audience was ecstatic!

It is a shame that Dilts didn't mention the many highlights of this concert, such as the loose and powerfully swinging feel of the rhythm section (I have never heard the band swing harder) or the genuinely

inspired playing of all the featured soloists. The Kenton band of 1970 is once more back in a jazz groove and with a combination of a busy cross-country tour and a new two-album set due out on his own label, you are going to hear a lot more about Stan Kenton.

The Kenton Orchestra received such an enthusiastic reception at the LBJS that the band returned to the Famous Ballroom on Sept. 27 and once again performed a sensational concert to a standing room crowd. So to Dilts, I say: look again at the smiles on the section men's faces, they weren't forced at all. The rapport with the always "hip" crowd at the LBJS was so strong that the band stood up, to a man, and applauded *us*!

George Hall

Laurel, Md.

... Let the reviewer go back to his roots and examine himself and reaffirm his values. The concert swung. Or is that too old-fashioned? I heard up-to-date tunes and arrangements, with modern rhythms, not recreations of the west coast sound of the 1950s, as the reviewer inferred. The review was an injustice to Kenton and an insult to the people who were there and thought it was meaningful.

Bob Weigman

Baltimore, Md.

... I find it amusing that Dilts would admit that the LBJS didn't seem to be "bothered" as he was by the presence of one of the biggest things big band jazz has going for it—Stan Kenton. We're talking about a band whose "now sound generating power" is right up there with Rich

and Herman; yet Dilts dismisses Kenton's efforts with such trite expressions as "yes-teryear," "the 1950s," and "recapitulation". Why, it's enough to make you sick!

Colonel Gaddy

Clemson, S.C.

Check List?

Does Harvey Pekar use a check list of terms to write his record reviews? If he ever again states that a player "employs rests well," I'm going to throw up.

Also, in his review of Ornette Coleman's *Friends and Neighbors*, he says that Coleman, on violin, produces "some unusual tone colors and textures," but doesn't say what kind or explain what he means. Also, speaking of Charlie Haden, he says that the bassist does "all sorts of interesting things behind the soloists," but doesn't say what kind of things. This is non-writing at its best; better suited to a newspaper than a magazine which is supposed to deal seriously with music.

One more point. Pekar writes that "the lyric quality of his (Coleman's) work seems to have gone relatively unnoticed." By whom? Certainly not the people who buy Coleman's records.

Tom Heaney

Rutherford, N.J.

Backwater Blues

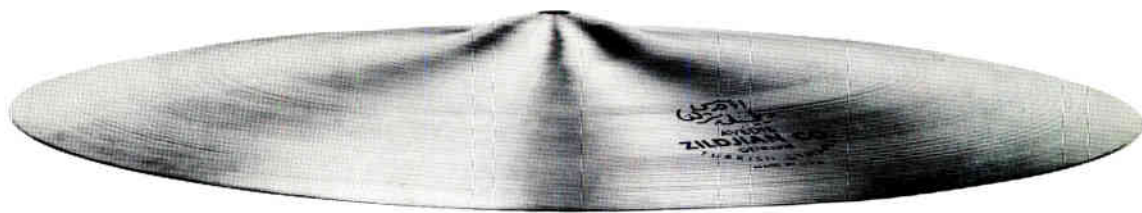
Your man Chris Albertson recently (db, Aug. 6) had a go at my book, *Somebody's Angel Child: The Story of Bessie Smith*,

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and a correction or two of his were embarrassing but finally welcome, since the ultimate assembly of this great genius' statistical biography is important, lies in the future, and will be a group effort when (and if) it comes. Mr. Albertson might make a good statistician someday, although one of your readers doesn't seem to think so, judging from his letter to *Chords and Discords* in that same blues edition of your magazine. My own view of future record keeping says that it will be computers that will supply writers with research notes, anyway, in the impending golden age of facts. It still will remain, however, for biographical writers to perform the ancient, ritual function in the world of communications—namely, to create some excitement around a few names and keep the

gods and heroes alive. It is in the latter area that such as Albertson will always be lost, useless, and inept, because they have and always will desecrate great lives by obsession with the dead parts of those lives—sitting on casket lids hoping to keep the spirit in. These are the art collectors (not the art lovers), the stamp and coin collectors (upside-down airplanes, wow!).

Let it breathe. Thank god for English blues scholar Paul Oliver's short 1959 Bessie Smith biography, written over two decades after her death but at least in time to include observations from her former manager Frank Walker, who was then alive (Albertson will, of course, misunderstand that statement). Obviously there should have been a biography written at least by 1940: where was everybody?

Eleven-months-old at the time of Bessie's death, I was unable to publish the second book on her until January of this year. That book was the opening shot in what is fast becoming a Bessie Smith revival. Before *Somebody's Angel Child* appeared, the word from Columbia Records was that a re-release of the total Bessie Smith recording set was being considered but was still thought impractical by many of the powers that be-ed up there.

When T. Y. Crowell asked me to write a young people's book about a great American woman, they didn't realize what a combination of joy and headache they were offering, because for my own internal needs it would have to be about Bessie Smith. It was 1967, I was furious that there existed in most of the "free" world so little enthusiasm for or knowledge of a supreme figure in modern art, despite the scholarly but poorly-publicized Oliver book, and I soon found that Bessie's blood relatives and virtually all intimates were long dead. I decided to bend every effort toward assembling the facts but also to make flesh and blood and the creating of some public stir around this mighty black genius the absolute mandate for the book. Writing just a conventional biography or reference book never interested me. This book is only approachable as a seance on paper. Up-tight readers need not apply. Leonard Feather, Bessie's husband Jack Gee, and Louis Armstrong (who of course recorded with her), among scores of laudatory reviewer-readers who dug what was going down, were lavish in their praise of a book which Albertson (enviously?) labelled "the most insensitive, inaccurate account of Bessie Smith's life yet published." The facts (and, as well, much of the stylized dialogue) in the book check with the few living people who were close to her. And when I need sensitivity training from a coin collector, I'll ask a good one.

And if anybody is interested, the research for the book was painstaking and went through everything written, from manuscript scores, period journals, and scraps of paper to the one book to which Albertson so libelously hitches me. This is not to mention the hours of listening to unreleased recordings (many black brothers and sisters still own original Bessie Smith records). The lyrics citations in my book are taken from the earlier Columbia releases only because I knew that *they* at least would be available to the reader.

More importantly, I have been able to discuss with all of Bessie's still-living intimates many of their deepest understandings and recollections (curiously enough, Paul Oliver never interviewed Jack Gee in his research). Perhaps these people trusted the mandate. Your book reviewer may know the record market, but he will damn sure never know Bessie Smith. Let him at least get back and let her live.

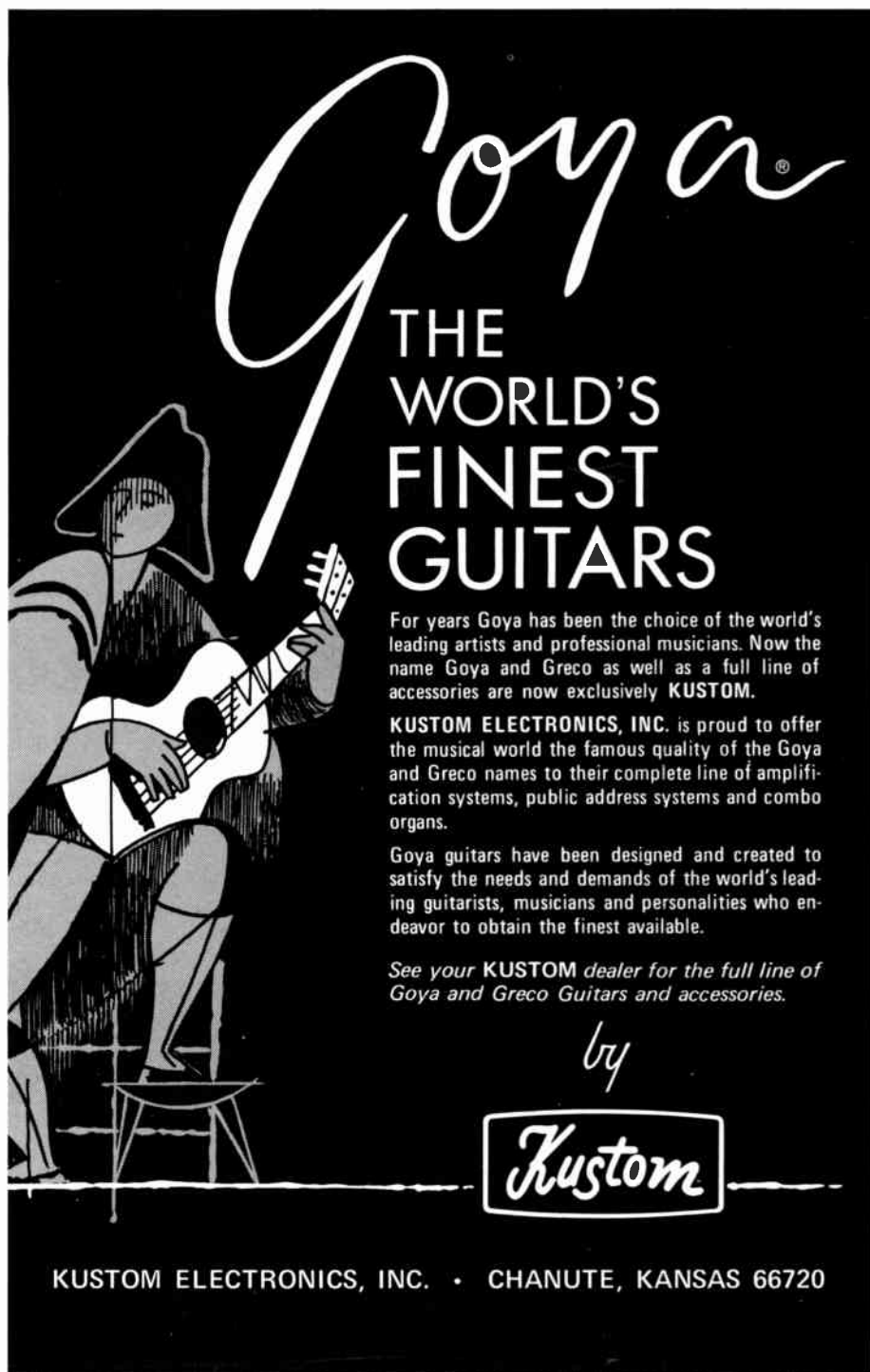
Carman Moore

New York City

Chris Albertson replies:

Carman Moore's letter is a study in self-serving.

If he had been as sensitive to his subject as he is to my opinion, the latter might have been positive.



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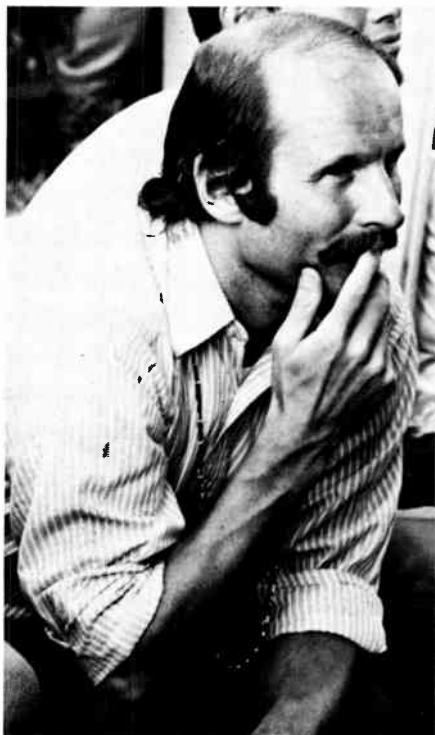
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ZAWINUL QUILTS CANNON TO CO-LEAD NEW GROUP

After nine years with Cannonball Adderley, pianist-composer Joe Zawinul is ready to go out on his own.

On Dec. 15, the Vienna-born master of funk will leave the Adderley group to become co-leader, with saxophonist-composer Wayne Shorter and bassist Miroslav Vitous, of an as yet nameless quintet. The drummer will be 21-year-old Alfons Mouzon, who has worked with Roy Ayers and recorded with Gil Evans, and the trumpeter will be New Orleanian David Lee, who has played with Willie Tee and the Souls.

The new group is set for a European



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

trip in January, with concerts, radio and TV work in Austria, concerts in Germany, and a probable stint at Ronnie Scott's Club in London.

"Needless to say," Zawinul pointed out, "the parting with Cannon is friendly. In fact, we're still in the publishing business together, and perhaps I'll play with him now and then. I'll love him forever. It's been a beautiful association."

ENDOWMENT GRANTS TO JAZZ TOTAL \$20,050

A total of \$20,050 in various grants was the net result of the National Endowment for the Arts' pilot program in the jazz field announced earlier this year.

The sum—a miniscule percentage of the Endowment's total disbursements—was dis-

tributed in the form of 30 grants within five categories. These were: individual non-matching grants to composers and arrangers for new works and the completion of works in progress; matching grants to colleges, universities and schools of music to establish short residencies for jazz composers, arrangers, instrumentalists, etc.; individual non-matching grants to musicians and students to tour and/or study with professional jazz artists; matching grants to public and private elementary and secondary schools or non-profit organizations to present in-school jazz concerts, and a miscellaneous category.

Because of the limited funds available, none of the grants exceeded \$1,000 in categories I, II, and IV or \$500 in category III. The jazz advisory panel, which reviewed 81 applications, some of them requesting far larger sums than the total available, felt that it would be preferable to distribute the available moneys as widely as feasible.

Recipients in category I include Kenny Dorham, Lee Konitz, Billy Harper, Bill Berry, Hank Levy, James R. Mitchell, Grachan Moncur III, Joseph Scianni, and the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association.

In category II, grants went to Bowling Green State Univ.; Langley High School of McLean, Va.; Louisburg College of Louisburg, N.C.; the MENC Student Chapter of Fredonia State College, N.Y.; New England Conservatory of Music; Richmond College of the City Univ. of New York; the Univ. of Cincinnati College Conservatory; Marathon County Campus of the Univ. of Wisconsin, and Wartburg College of Waverly, Ohio.

Granted stipends under category III were Richard S. Ambler, Edmund A. Bemis, Ron Dewar, Robert H. Garren, Allan B. Gumbs, John E. Luebke, and John R. Sox, while grants in category IV went to the New Orleans Public Schools and the New Thing Art and Architecture Center in Washington, D.C.

The miscellaneous grants went to the Jazz Institute of Chicago for an oral history project, and to aid Stephan A. Reid, a drummer, in giving free instruction to underprivileged children in the New York City area.

Grants to jazz for the fiscal year 1971 are expected to total \$50,000. Letters of inquiry should be sent to the Office of Music Programs, National Endowment for the Arts, 1800 F Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506. They should include a brief outline of the project; where, when and by whom it would be carried out, and the amount of support requested. Musicians and/or organizations filing applications should bear in mind that projects requiring reasonable funding are those most realistic within the present drastic limitations of the nation's first government-supported jazz program.

JAZZ MUSEUM PROJECT FUNDED BY N.Y. STATE

The New York Hot Jazz Society, a non-profit organization, has been awarded a \$17,000 funding grant for a jazz museum in New York City by the New York State Council on the Arts.

Clay Watson, founder and former director of the New Orleans Jazz Museum, will be in charge of the new project. The museum is envisioned as eventually housing collections of records and tapes, musical documents, jazz films, etc., all of which would be available to the public.

FINAL BAR

Tenorist Joe Alexander, 40, died Oct. 19 in Cleveland, Ohio after a long illness. He began his career in his native Birmingham, Ala., where he played with the Sonny Blunt Orchestra and Fess Whatley's combo. Later, he worked in Detroit with Charles Mingus and Lionel Hampton and led his own orchestra in Cleveland. He recorded with Tadd Dameron (Prestige LP 7037) circa 1956, impressing with up-tempo solos on *Delirium* and *Clean Is the Scene*. He joined the Woody Herman Orchestra in 1967 and toured Europe and appeared at Newport with the band in 1968.

Guitarist Emmitt Slay died in Detroit Sept. 13 of a heart attack. Born in Jackson, Miss., he started as a dancer, took up guitar in 1933, worked with many local bands including the Piney Woods Collegians, then went on the road with Hartley Tools and Duke Huddleston. He settled in Detroit in 1942 with Lanny Scott's Band, left to tour with Louis Armstrong, and returned in 1945, joining Milt Jackson in a group called the Four Sharps. When the vibist left, the group became the Emmitt Slay Trio. He continued to lead his own groups intermittently, recording for Savoy and Checker Records. In recent years he was active as a songwriter.

Trombonist George Stevenson, 64, died in New York City in mid-September. Born in Baltimore, Md., he played with local bands and led his own group before moving to New York in 1928. He subsequently worked with many big bands, including those of Charley Johnson, Fletcher Henderson, Claude Hopkins, Lucky Millinder, Cootie Williams, and Roy Eldridge. From the late 1940s on, he often gigged with traditional bands around New York. He toured Europe with pianist Sammy Price in 1955-56. Recently, he'd been subbing at Jimmy Ryan's. Stevenson can be heard on records with Rex Stewart (1935) and Price, among others.

POTPOURRI

Ella Fitzgerald's two-week engagement at Toronto's Royal York Hotel this fall

broke all attendance records in 21 years of entertainment at the hotel's Imperial Room. All 24 shows done by the singer were sold out. The room holds 450, and there was a \$6 cover charge per person (\$7 on weekends).

Erroll Garner's Oct. 28 opening at the Persian Room in New York's Hotel Plaza found the pianist in inspired form. Drummer Jimmie Smith was back, replacing Bill English, and also on hand were Jose Mangual, conga, and Ernest McCarty, bass. ABC-TV's evening news program that night featured Garner preparing for the engagement, the first in the swank nightclub's history to star an instrumentalist.

Harlem's famed Apollo Theater these days usually houses soul, r&b, and gospel sounds. But for seven days in December (2-8), a big jazz package featuring Cannonball Adderley, Roberta Flack, Les McCann, Joe Williams, Roy Ayers, and Letta Mbulu will be on the boards.

Jazz veterans Earl Fatha Hines and Maxine Sullivan were honored at the founding ceremonies of the Overseas Press Club Jazz Club, held in October at the OPC's headquarters in Manhattan. Both artists were presented with citations, and responded with relaxed, informal performances. Hines, who was in brilliant form, flew in for the occasion from Rochester, N.Y., where he was appearing prior to departing for a lengthy European tour. He had never before worked with Miss Sullivan, but to the uninitiated, they sounded like a seasoned team.

The Newport Jazz Festival's Salute to Louis Armstrong, conceded to have been the high point of the event, is the subject of four 45-minute color TV programs designed for the international market and a one-hour special for U.S. showing, the latter pending sponsorship. According to George Wein, who produced the shows in association with Sid Stiber's Festifilms Co., a two-record album may also be culled from the performances.

Record producer Bob Thiele has donated his personal record collection to launch the Robert Thiele Center for Popular American Music at the Lawrenceville School in Lawrenceville, N.J., his alma mater. Eventually, the Center will become a repository for sound recordings, scores, books, periodicals, memorabilia, films, photos, etc. and is expected to sponsor concerts, lectures, and research projects.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Dixieland sessions continue at the venerable Arthur's Tavern on Grove Street, with pianist-leader Bill Dunham's Stompers every Monday night . . . Drummer Andrew Cyrille and the Ensemble Plus, featuring Sam Rivers, saxophones, flute; Charles Sullivan, trumpet; Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; and Stafford James, bass, presented a free concert at the

/Continued on page 38

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

ALTHOUGH THE EVENT itself took place quite a while ago, it should be noted for the record that part of Chuck Mangione's *Friends and Love* concert, performed last May, was videotaped and broadcast in mid-September over 190 stations affiliated with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. I caught it on Los Angeles' educational Channel 28, KCET.

Mangione, first prominent in the early 1960s as a trumpeter and co-leader with his brother Gap of a jazz combo (featuring Sal Nistico and Jimmy Garrison), has developed impressively as a composer-arranger-conductor. For the *Friends and Love* concert he had at his disposal the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and several remarkable soloists.

The experience of many years has hardened me to acceptance of the fact that most concerts at which jazz musicians perform with symphony orchestras are designed chiefly for the purpose of attracting an audience on the basis of novelty value. The many experiments involving the Boston Pops and other orchestras and invited rock or jazz performers have been all too obviously set up with the box office in mind.

Mangione's undertaking was something else. He was not out to convert the symphony into a medium for cheap exploitation. Instead, he drew on a number of moods, forms and idioms to provide a complete concert experience.

The first work, *Hill Where the Lord Hides*, featuring Mangione on fluegelhorn

and Gerry Niewood on soprano saxophone, indicated the general thrust for the hour; its principal mood was tender and wistful rather than pretentious or extravagant. Moments of tranquility were again notable in *The Feel of a Vision*, for which the featured horn work was taken over by trumpeter Marv Stamm. His range and command of the instrument were rendered doubly impressive by the orchestral setting, in which lushness was again avoided.

Perhaps the most moving work of the entire televised segment was *Songs from the Valley of the Nightingale*, in which Stanley Watson coaxed gentle, flamenco-tinted sounds from his guitar. Watson had the receptive audience spellbound.

The two Mangiones, with Gap on electric piano, were spotlighted in a sensitively scored work called *And in the Beginning*.

Finally, there was the *Friends and Love* suite itself, a seven-part amalgam of folk, c&w, jazz, Dixieland, classical and what not, with two folk-singer-guitarists, Don Potter and Bat McGrath. Abstract color slides on rear projection screens helped accent the changing moods.

The abiding impressions left by this inspired series of works were that sincere emotions and constructive directions were involved, that nobody was trying for a Third Stream ego trip and that you are as likely to find first-class soloists (jazz, pop or folk) in Rochester, N.Y., as in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles.

This program originated at WXXI in Rochester. The entire concert was taped; a two-pocket album should be available soon, to bring back the passages we heard, and perhaps introduce us to others that had to be excluded for reasons of time limitations.

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Guitarist Kenny Burrell is all smiles as down beat editor Dan Morgenstern presents him with his latest plaque, representing his victory in this magazine's 1970 International Critics Poll. Fellow guitarist Bill Harris applauds, while bassist Larry Ridley looks on. The scene, appropriately, was the Guitar, an intimate night spot at 51st St. and 10th Ave. in Manhattan, where all three musicians were appearing. Burrell is a partner in the club.



IT DON'T MEAN A THING . . .

Afterthoughts

By DAN MORGENSTERN

ON OCT. 22, in the studios of ABC's *Dick Cavett Show*, the endeavors of the Jazz and Peoples Movement bore first tangible fruit. To an observer who has been in sympathy with the group's aims—and supplied it with some unsolicited advice—it had a curiously bitter taste.

The movement's beginnings and first actions, described in some detail in the Oct. 15 issue and subsequent news stories, were promising and seemed to gain their momentum from within the music itself—jazz musicians and their fans and devotees—with support from interested professional and media people. Talk (at public meetings) reflected a number of attitudes, from militant to cautious, but centered on sensible, pragmatic issues—including the possible legal consequences of demonstrations.

The aim, to put it simply, seemed to be to get more jazz on television, as well as more black music, and to have the music presented more intelligently and respectfully. Though the point came up, the meeting I attended seemed to agree that jazz itself was not tactically best defined as exclusively black, and that the platform of the organization should be cultural first and political second.

The presence of Roland Kirk, a man who inspires trust among all factions of the jazz community, was a significant factor—to this observer and supporter, at least—in making it possible to feel enthusiastic and even optimistic about the movement's potential.

Unfortunately, today's environment turns everything in the public sphere into politics. In all areas of contemporary life, slogans are substituted for ideas, sociological verbiage for plain speech, conviction for logic, oratory for dialog.

The tragi-comedy that unfolded on the TV screen while the representatives of the Jazz and Peoples Movement had the eyes and ears of millions was a direct result of the politicization of jazz that has been under way for some time.

Jazz, of course, is no stranger to social issues. Its very origin, after all, was evidence of the vast, revolutionary promise of America. It was a music born in the union of the souls of two continents in the fertile soil of a third. It was a music universal enough to gain the ear of the whole world, the first in man's history to do so. It was a music whose black creators inspired whites to create in their image, a music that took inspiration wherever it could find it, from whatever source, and used it to give birth to something new and self-renewing.

It was a music strong enough to create its own culture, often embattled, often

torn by strife, yet able to survive. It was, like the music itself, a democracy in which all men ideally were equal, if not equally gifted.

Best of all, it was a culture built on human bonds between people of vastly differing backgrounds, joined in the creation and enjoyment of something rare and precious: a great new form of music that communicated like no other contemporary song.

Despite occasional wars of succession, there could be said to be one world of jazz. There was at least tolerance of different forms and expressions, and for a time, it seemed almost as if the ability to understand, take in, and appreciate all the many varied voices within jazz was beginning to proliferate.

But we're still a long way from home. No wonder; these are changing times and, in more ways than one, *hard* times. There is much talk of love but little loving, and all is in flux.

Small wonder, then, that there should be black jazz musicians who feel frus-



GIUSEPPE PINO

Cavett Panelist Cecil Taylor

trated and beyond, and it would be frivolous to say that they are artists, and that such is often the fate of artists in our materialistic, profit-oriented society. Frivolous even if true, since it is a fact that there is still no real equality, even in jazz. For example, one can cite all the logical reasons in the world, but it is true that most of the lucrative (or at least, secure) jobs in studio or staff orchestras are held by whites, and though far from all (or even most) of these are jazz musicians, a sufficient visible number is, thus giving the issue substance. It is, of course, also true that for some years running, white musicians dedicated to jazz and not in possession of "big names" have found it perhaps even more difficult than blacks to find jazz gigs or make records, but since the reverse has been the case for so long, it doesn't count for much.

These and many other related matters, combined with the growing self-awareness called black pride, made possible what occurred on Oct. 22.

Five people, ostensibly speaking for jazz, appeared in a half-hour discussion more

like spokesmen for a political cause than artists seeking a larger audience. Their purpose, avowedly, was that the music must be heard, but all they uttered was words sounding so much like those heard daily on TV and radio that they seemed interchangeable with—and to the uninitiated, certainly as tedious as—the rhetoric of libbies, yippies, and assorted other factions clamoring for attention.

Not like hippies, however. Hippies, at least in their idealized form, are not uptight. They aspire to a manner and attitude more relaxed than the straight world. The jazz panel of the Cavett Show was not relaxed. Their heads were not together. How strange to see and hear a group of distinguished representatives of jazz, of all things, acting so stiffly and self-consciously, being so terribly serious and sincere and so little down; tense and tight and unswinging as the music never should want to be.

And what did they say? Well, many things, some of them true and important and well spoken, particularly Cecil Taylor's words about jazz being the only art not honored as an art, in terms of subsidies and grants and cultural prestige.

If Freddie Hubbard's introducing himself as "one of the greatest trumpet players in the world" must have taken aback those unfamiliar with his brash charm, it is truly unjust that he has never been heard on American television (even if it was brought out that he had once been invited on the Cavett Show itself, and had to cancel out because of a European tour).

It also, no doubt, is true that black artists are insufficiently exposed on commercial TV (and probably educational TV as well), as was pointed out. But it was patently misleading to say that all the black artists on the long list of guests cited by Cavett had been invited only because they are "entertainers," while the panelists made it clear that they considered themselves above any attempts to reach an audience by extra-musical means.

This attitude was so ingrained that it even extended to a defense of Cavett's cliché about modern musicians turning their backs to the audience. Such behavior is more than rare, as anyone remotely familiar with jazz mores knows. It was certainly a loaded question, and meant to elicit a denial, but surprisingly it resulted in a detailed explanation of why it is justified to turn one's back—from, of all people, Taylor, who as a pianist would have a lot of trouble doing so, and to the best of my knowledge has never attempted it. (Nor, for that matter, has Hubbard, or fellow panelists Billy Harper and Andy Cyrille.)

But in a political world you give political answers, even if they are both inaccurate and self-defeating. More astonishing, and painful as well, was the total lack of reaction to a Cavett statement made in the course of a standard white-liberal speech agreeing that black artists have been brutalized by U.S. society. It was a reference to Coleman Hawkins, (in the present tense, by the way) "certainly one of the greats of jazz," having been relegated to wrapping packages in Queens, or whatever the pre-

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HERBIE'S MANN-MADE WORLD

by Dan Morgenstern

Few musicians active during the past decade have been so consistently successful as Herbie Mann. Surprisingly, he has accomplished this without sticking to a safe formula. Frequently, he has changed not only the personnel but also the approach of his bands. He has led, in succession, Latin-flavored groups, mid-eastern tinged groups, Afro-percussive groups, and r&b-styled brass-and-reed groups, while his record ventures reflect even greater variety.

What his different groups have all had in common—besides, of course, the presence of the leader—is a great deal of freedom for the sidemen, which have included a goodly number of important players. Mann has never been chary with the spotlight; his sidemen have always been allowed to stretch out. And many have been thus launched on their own.

Recently, the flutist has also become active as a record and concert producer. In these areas, he has exhibited the same willingness to experiment and give exposure to new talent. And he has also brought to them the same Midas touch.

We talked with Mann on a late October morning and early afternoon in his New York apartment, overlooking the autumnal splendor of Central Park. He was, as usual, in a pleasant mood, and spoke freely. The following transcribed comments are excerpts from a long conversation, and do not necessarily appear in the exact sequence they were originally uttered in.

Morgenstern: So you've got a new band?
Mann: Yes. Completely . . . Before we came back from Japan, in fact before we went to Japan, I told them I was going to change the band, that I wanted to find some young musicians who did not separate music as much as they did. They had developed so much in two years because they had so much time to play that they had to get their own thing together . . . At first, it had been another fun thing for me to do. *Memphis Underground* was extremely successful, so I said, well, we'll get a band and we're going to play some of that, but let me get some ethnic freedom musicians. I always change, because I always want to have fun, and when it starts being a drag, I say O.K., let me find two Brazilians or let me find two Africans so we can go and jam.

So Miroslav (Vitous) and Sonny (Sharrock) joined the band, and it was a great brand-new thing again, like finding a new food, you know. But as they developed their self-assurance, they started dominating the band, and once again, like when I had the African drummers, I felt like a sideman in my own group. It was fun; it was very nice to be able to thumb my nose at all the people who said, well, all he can do is play *Comin' Home Baby* and *Memphis Underground*. That was fine, and I enjoyed the music, but I found that freedom by itself turns me off. Maybe one solo at the end, as part of a tune; that was fine—but then it became like two or three solos. Sonny and Steve (Marcus) and Miroslav would solo, and everybody forgot

about the beginning of the tune or the end, and the whole thing was just that way.

Miroslav, especially, would not play my music the way I know he could. I think he's the best bass player there is—I really do—when he wants to be. He can play anything, but he's 22 years old, and when you're 22 you don't want anybody getting in your way of doing your music. He's not a very compassionate person . . . I love him, but he has growing up to do.

And Sonny—unfortunately, nobody really knew the other Sonny Sharrock. The Sonny Sharrock everybody hears is the one at festivals, when he goes into his wild thing. But that's not his whole personality. He's got another side that's incredible, like an extremely sensitive, happy, romantic individual. I tried to bring that side of him out, but what would happen is that if I would play basically in a romantic-lyrical style, and Steve would be like halfway between, then all that was left for Sonny to do was that other thing, because one of Sonny's things is that he wants to be different. And I agree; that's why he was with the band, because he is unique, completely unique, and there aren't many unique people in the world. I saw through the loudness, which is what he considers jazz.

I think of jazz in a much broader sense—according to my environment and my surroundings, as he does according to his . . . So I told them I was going to look for some young people who would say, I want to play music, period. I've never felt that jazz was all there was about music, just as I've never felt that music was all there is about life. You can improvise on anything, and you can't really classify what jazz is, but everybody knows what it's *not*. How you improvise is your music, period, and that's how it should be. It's yours, it can't be compared to anything else. It either has a good feeling or it doesn't. I want some kids who can understand and love all kinds of music. It's difficult, because I've never been able to find players who like as many different kinds of music as I do, so I keep hoping. . . .

For some musicians, things have to always be perfect, but I find that the main reason why I've been successful is that the audience—the people—don't base their likes and dislikes on whether you're playing the chords perfectly or whether you're playing the tune right or wrong. It's strictly emotional, and everybody has their own set of standards. So it's a question of feeling good—it's as simple as that. And that's why I keep changing the band, because if I don't feel good doing the music, I can never expect the audience to.

This summer, I was here one night, and I heard music in the park, and I remembered that Bonnie and Delaney were playing—I had played with them in Palm Springs in January, at the Atlantic sales meeting. They really sounded good. So I got my flute, walked down the street, and went in. They were really cooking—they were two numbers from the end, and it's simple, basic rock and roll. Well, I put

my flute together and walked right on stage. The audience was just about ready to explode anyway, and I went on because it really felt incredible.

Well, it was the most fun I've had in years—in years. It was just dynamite. And that's when I said to myself: what do I need all these aggravations for, and all these problems in the band. I'm supposed to have a band and have as much fun as I had that night, so it's not a question of being a nice guy. It was kind of a bullshit thing to do—to try and get into the free thing by assimilation. Truthfully, I was trying to be Miles, because I really respect him, and I like his music.

But after two years with various kinds of success—our audience switched from being a solid black audience to a white college freak audience—the free thing really took over and I decided that doing just that was an incredible lie. If you don't do what you do best, you're lying to yourself, completely. I was doing it because I wanted to prove to the world that *Memphis Underground* was me and not the feeling, but it *was* the feeling. It doesn't matter where it was, but the feeling was right, and it was electric, and the record made it because it was a good record and it felt good.

Alan Heineman reviewed it, and he said he couldn't understand why I went to Memphis. Well, that explains Alan Heineman, because if he can't hear and understand the difference between a Memphis rhythm section that loves rhythm-and-blues—it's their jazz, and they play it that way—as opposed to a New York studio rhythm section, then that explains him. . . . Through the years, I've never really understood critics, because they're basically still individuals, and like people going out of their way to put down or help artists. So if one critic puts down somebody, somebody else will say, well, I have the nerve to say that I like him even though he's successful, and so they completely forget about the artist and start going into an ego thing between critics. . . . Well, it's kind of difficult to constantly like someone who's successful. It's easy to take potshots at him.

D.M.: Part of the problem with critics is that sometimes they may want to put down what a musician does because they honestly don't care for it, but that particular musician may not be doing so well, so what they say against him may hurt him. But when a musician is really successful, what Alan Heineman or I say about him can't do him any harm.

H.M.: The only time I really feel dragged with critics is when somebody is really trying to make it—and it's so damn difficult to make it—and they get put down. I know better than anybody, because I have a record company trying to get new people started. Nobody wants to have anything to do with new people . . . The only way these people can get work is if I book them and put them on my show, and I have to pay for that. So that's what

really bugs me, when someone who's really trying to make it gets put down. It doesn't really matter if I get put down or not; my records keep on selling. It's past that for me.

During a time out to brew some coffee, Mann talked about his dislike for "plastic living," his country home, and his pleasure in growing things in his own garden, sharing them with neighbors, etc.

H.M.: The new band—the concept of it is going to be more me. I'm going to have two guitars. Right now, I'm using Nathan Page, who used to be with Jimmy Smith, and I've been using Richie Resnicoff, and I'm auditioning guitarists. The kid who's coming up here later is Paul Simon—no, not *that* Paul Simon. Keeter Betts is my bass player, and Bruno Carr is playing drums. Yes, Bruno's back. And I'm going to have a string quartet. We may amplify the violins, maybe with multividers, so they'll sound bigger, and for the time being, I'll use people from Juilliard and Manhattan School of Music until I find

D.M.: You said earlier that your audience changed when you got into the freedom thing . . .

H.M.: Well, you see, in Europe and with the radical groups, because the music was opposite to what was accepted, free music and revolutionary ideas somehow became synonymous. In Europe, for example, Che Guevarra and Chou-En-Lai became the same thing as Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler, and also, Count Basie and Stan Kenton were the same thing as the Ford Motor Co. and big business—it's really incredible over there. But here, by and large, I think the majority of the black audience want to enjoy themselves when they go out. They feel good, and they want to swing. It's just a small minority, I think, who don't want to hear that. Now, this has probably been the biggest advantage I've had—that I've been just about the only white jazz musician who sells to the black market, because the music I want to play is simple, basic music.

The pop jazz business still depends upon



the guys I want.

D.M.: The group you had recently, with the brass—two trumpets, etc.?

H.M.: That was just for Shelly's Manne-Hole. Melvin Lastie got a band together—no trouble, just a happy, relaxed band. I wanted to be able to go in and groove, and we had a very simple book, and it swung. But simplicity by itself can get terribly boring, even if it grooves, so I found that wasn't the kind of band I wanted. I have to have a band that's broad. I have to be able to play my idea of head music, at the same time be able to play a Villa-Lobos if I want, then play a Crosby, Stills&Nash, and then play a funk tune, and I have to have people who can play and want to play all those things.

I've got a built-in audience which by this time has stopped classifying what I'm doing. I may lose a few people every time I change the music, but I always gather in more than I lose. They've come to know that they're going to enjoy themselves. They're going to be able to swing with it, and now they can also use their heads a little bit. So it's always fun. It has to be fun.

the black audience. The white pop audience is primarily a rock audience. Some of the college kids will listen, and we do well in the colleges, but still, the main audience is black, you know. . . . People have told me, narrow-minded people, that they hate Sonny Sharrock and that he doesn't play jazz, and if I ask them what is jazz, they mention various people who've been successful: Ramsey Lewis, Jimmy Smith, Cannonball . . .

D.M.: Something you can pat your foot to.

H.M.: Right. But then, when I say to them, what happens when Cannon plays one of his other things, they say, we don't like it as much. You see, there are very few groups who can get to everybody. Let's face it, it's impossible. But through the years, you find that you have to adjust to the audience, that you play for it. And in Sonny's case, he would do it without questioning. He would play the whole night without taking a solo, just play the other music. Because one, he loved it, and second, it was a job, and he understood that. But then, he's a very together individual . . .

One of the main problems with many jazz players is that when they started out they had to play dumb jobs, and then when they first began improvising they found out how much fun it was. So they want to play their own music, and that's why they don't know anything about accompanying and playing vamps. The rock musicians and the r&b musicians know the feeling of playing the same thing all the time and making it build for someone else. Latin musicians have done it. So when I want to make an r&b album, I go to Memphis or Muscle Shoals.

D.M.: Where they enjoy doing it?

H.M.: They love it, and they don't want to get in the way. When jazz musicians play rock, it's always as if they're interrupting; they've got to put their two cents in because they're so concerned about their own personalities coming out. That's why there's a million piano players but only about 10 accompanists. Herbie Hancock is, to me, the most incredible piano player. He can and will play for you and find out right away what it is and how to do it. That's the advantage jazz musicians have had, because all your life you change according to your circumstances, and you develop this mental facility for doing it. Whether you want to or not is something else.

Listen to Tommy Flanagan with Ella; he's incredible, he's fantastic—a beautiful player. Roland Hanna—we're talking about accompanists—Hank Jones, Herbie. Bill Evans would be a marvelous accompanist, because he has that same kind of facility, sensitivity and compassion. That was the main problem with the band, and it's amazing that outside of his solos, when he was himself, Sonny, when he played with the rest of the band, was like Hancock. He was and is the most compassionate person, and I think he's going to be very successful. Most people have only heard part of him. He's got some ideas about music that I don't agree with, about what is and what isn't jazz, but he's going to be heard from.

D.M.: Are you going to continue to produce his albums?

H.M.: No, that was only a one-shot album . . . Our generation started realizing that the managers and agents and record producers that we knew by and large were bastards taking advantage of the musicians. So then the musicians started developing a business sense and getting into all these fields. They have the understanding and the compassion. It's no accident that John Levy is just about the most successful manager there is—he was a musician, and he can speak to the musicians around him and be believable. That's what I'm trying to do with the record company, Embryo, which is actually an Atlantic company that I produce records for, and we share the profits. I've learned from Atlantic. Those people up there, Nesuhi and Ahmet (Ertegun) and Jerry (Wexler), they also have the facility to be compassionate and understand the artist, and they've developed it into an incredibly successful company.

So, Embryo is an opportunity for me, first of all, to get into producing—all I

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OF THE SEVERAL LIVES led by Sheldon Manne, that which is least publicized and most unrewarding to the soul is the one that brings in the most bread—his daily rounds as a studio musician.

The other Manne are the jazz drummer and combo leader; the breeder of champion show horses (he and his wife Flip have five, and a cabinet full of trophies to prove it if you're too lazy to walk back to the stables); the owner of a successful night club (the Manne-Hole will celebrate its tenth anniversary in November), and the composer of television and movie scores (his best known credit is the TV series *Daktari*, now in reruns).

Recently, feeling the need for a musical stimulus that seemed to be lacking on home ground, Manne arranged for a European trip to be set up. It was the first such visit since the early 1960s, when he hopped the Continent for Norman Granz. With him were Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor sax; Mike Wofford, piano, and Roland Haynes, bass.

Soon after his return, Shelly was in characteristically ebullient spirits. In the following conversation, he recalls some highlights of his journey.

a young band that I'm proud of, and at my age maybe it will be the last time I'll ever go out, and I'm going to go and have a ball.

The last time I toured Europe it was one of those things where you just sleep and work and get on a plane every day; we might just as well have been back in America. But this time I wanted to take my wife along and not work very hard, so that we could look around and get to know the people.

We took part in three festivals in Italy. There were quite a few other people involved in one concert or another: Clark Terry, Duke Ellington's orchestra, Teddy Wilson, and René Thomas, a beautiful guitarist from Belgium.

All the concerts were outdoors, and a lot of care was taken with the sound systems. The first was in Pescara, a beach resort down on the Adriatic. Buddy Tate's band was on the show with Nat Pierce and a lot of old Kansas City-style musicians. It was good to see and hear them again.

The second concert was in a small town called Lerici on the Italian Riviera. There was a funny incident involving the promoter's wife. She was

L.F.: How old were audiences generally? About the same age as in this country?

S.M.: There was a bigger range. It went from the early 20s to people who were up to 60, who remembered you from years back and didn't know what to expect. I think the group startled them a little because we didn't play—and in fact never have played—things from the *My Fair Lady* album that was such a big hit. But they appreciated it anyway. They seemed to understand that an artist, without forcibly changing, should evolve naturally. I think when they hear someone play the identical material they played 25 years ago, they get a little upset.

In Verona it was different. The crowd appeared to be a little older. When Teddy Wilson played old favorites like *Melancholy Baby*, *Honeysuckle Rose* or *Stompin' at the Savoy*, every time he started the tune, people would applaud. It was a little harder with my group, because we didn't play any standards, but still they listened and they were very aware.

L.F.: There must be a very striking difference between the impact of rock in Europe and the U.S. Apparently the

SHELLY: THE WHOLE MANNE

by Leonard Feather

L.F.: What was the one main impression you gained from the trip?

S.M.: Most of all I remember the jazz audiences themselves—especially in Italy. They are more aware of what our music really stands for than the fans are over here. When you talk jazz to them that's all they want to discuss. You get into another area like rock 'n' roll or rhythm and blues, and they know the difference esthetically; jazz means so much more to them as a culture than it does here.

It must have been at least seven years since I'd really been out of Los Angeles traveling. The experience proved to me that jazz musicians must go out. Sometimes this is hard to do, especially when you're getting fat and content just staying at home.

Perhaps the audiences were a little more appreciative because they hadn't seen us in a long time; whatever the reason, their enthusiasm had a rejuvenating effect.

I think the band played great, and I think I played as well as I have ever played on any concert tour. It was the most relaxed, pressureless feeling I have ever had. My attitude was, what the hell, I'm 50 years old and I've got

speaking to the rhythm section that was supposed to play for René Thomas and she came to me quite distraught. "The rhythm section just found out that they are supposed to play for free," she said, "and they don't want to. Would you mind playing for René instead?"

I said I'd look into the situation, and I found out that what the guys really meant was that they played *free* style, with the pianist reaching inside the piano and that whole bag. They felt they couldn't play for René Thomas because he wanted to do *Stella By Starlight* and things like that. It was a complete semantic mix-up—but in the end they played for him anyway!

The third concert was fantastic. It was held in Verona in the Teatro Romano, which is a 2000-year-old Roman room. The setting was unbelievable. You felt so insignificant. In back of the theatre was a medieval castle built in 800 A.D., and the walls and stage behind us went back to B.C. It was a splendid concert and the place was packed. Teddy Wilson was there, and Jean-Luc Ponty with a very good rhythm section, and us. The second night, Duke's band was on.

audiences overlap even less.

S.M.: Well, I know rock has a tremendous audience, but we didn't hear any, and I know there are many young musicians over there who want to get into jazz rather than rock. In fact, both in Italy and in England they had the same problem that exists here: there are thousands of dedicated jazz musicians, but they can't find any place to play. Nevertheless, they keep on doing their thing at a great financial sacrifice.

I think a lot of jazz musicians—people like Phil Woods and Red Mitchell—migrate to Europe because of the sensitivity of the Europeans to the music and how much it means to the audiences.

Their intensity is fantastic. I met people who seemed to have every record I ever made, which isn't easy, because the last three jazz albums I made were never released in Europe. The two big band albums I did for Capitol, which I felt were among my best and deserved exposure, never reached Europe. I think one of the major differences is that in Europe, the parents pass their interest on to the children; if they are devoted jazz fans they get the kids involved. In

other words, they don't just say to themselves, "That was a period in my life, but it's gone now," and forget it. They want to hear the new artists, want to see what's coming up. At the same time, they retain their respect for the older performers. And this broad-minded attitude is carried over to the next generation, so the younger people feel the same way. They listen to new things, and they try to understand. Of course, if they don't like it, sometimes they are quite vehement in their response.

Another difference I noticed over there is in the attention given to jazz through newspapers and magazines. One of the largest Italian papers ran a big picture and story about Duke's band and our group on the second page of the main news section. Not only that, but you can go to a newsstand and buy the most gorgeous booklets about jazz musicians, with biographies, discographies, marvelous full color photographic illustrations and art work, as well as a small LP that's included. One of the foremost Italian publishers, Fabbri, has put out a hundred of these books, dealing with American jazz personalities of every era. They sell for about \$1, including the record, and they are so beautifully produced that they would attract somebody who wasn't even interested in the music, who would just buy them for the full color photographs, the art work and so forth, as a truly artistic thing to own. This is just another example of how much more devotion and attention is given to the music there.

L.F.: Where did you go besides Italy?

S.M.: To London, for 11 straight days at Ronnie Scott's. That audience was great too, and business was good. It was fun to get back in a club again—more relaxing than concerts. George Wein came in to hear us one night and was enthusiastic about the reception, so maybe he can set us up for a longer tour next time.

Ronnie's, of course, is just about the only modern jazz club in London. But they love great things on television there. They were doing a show out of Ronnie's, *The Jazz Scene*, and I saw it one night—a marvelous program with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland band, on BBC. Everything was perfect: color, sound, pickup, and no commercials—just straight ahead. Even a few of the avant-garde musicians like Tony Oxley, the drummer, were preparing a special television show.

Tony is typical of the musicians I was talking about who didn't have any place to play. This situation is gradually improving, I believe. There was a committee formed to help jazz, and a 200-pound grant was made for the

establishment of rehearsal bands. The City Council has been sponsoring concerts around London, using big bands, somewhat along the lines of our county-sponsored concerts at the Pilgrimage Theatre in Hollywood.

L.F.: What do you think can be done, if anything, to create a situation that would be as inspiring to jazzmen over

ords; a lot of them, as I said, were second-generation jazz fans. They renewed my faith in a lot of things that I can't find here all the time.

Of course, there are some exceptions in this country. I remember a kid about 10 or 11 years old, who played drums. He lived in New York. His father was a jazz fan and he had introduced the



VERYL OAKLAND

here as your tour was to you over there?

S.M.: I just don't know. It's got to come basically from the enthusiasm of the fans as well as from the musicians. People over here have too much of a tendency to say "why don't they play something we know?" A jazz artist wants the audience to like him, but he can't be concerned with playing certain things he knows they are going to like, because subconsciously what he's doing is killing his own creative powers. He has to play what he feels at the moment, and hope they will like it. In Europe there seems to be a better chance for that.

Occasionally it happens over here, like Miles . . . all of a sudden they latched on to his new album, and he's in, just doing what he's doing. That's great. If he had to play down to his audience all the time, he wouldn't be true to himself.

Audiences over there don't question the artist's right to do this, because of their deep involvement in jazz over such a long period of time. Many of them started out as kids collecting rec-

son to all the good records of the father's time, so that he was really versed in Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker; he went back to Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins.

The father, who was going on vacation, asked this young kid where he would like to go, and he said, "I want to go to Hollywood to see Shelly's Manne-Hole." So the father brought him out here. It turned out the kid had started collecting my records when I made them at the Black Hawk years ago, and he knew everybody and everything. But, as I say, this is the exception over here. I don't want to give the impression that I think good music is dead in this country. There still are plenty of enthusiastic audiences. When I arrived back, Rudy Onderwyzer, the manager of the Manne-Hole, told me that while I was away, Roberta Flack, during her two weeks at the club, had broken the all-time record—she did even greater than Miles. So I guess as long as there are new artists of this caliber coming up, and fans around to support them, there's still hope for the future.



LEON THOMAS: AVANT-GARDE WITH ROOTS

by Joe H. Klee

THERE IS A COMFORTABLE COUCH with a low table in front in the office of Lillian, the Flying Dutchman lady. It was Columbus Day and the weather outdoors was, in a word, comfortable. Leon Thomas entered, said hello, turned off the air conditioner and opened the window, obviously preferring what is natural. Then we settled down to business.

Within minutes, it became obvious that the singer's whole existence is built around what's natural. From a performer who has attained the success and artistic level of Leon Thomas, one would not have expected the almost shy, unassuming manner. Even when a glimmer of ego showed through, it was cool and gentle, in a way that said "I know my capabilities" rather than "See what a big star I am."

Klee: As a member of the group of musicians they call avant-garde, you seem to have gone back to the roots, the very origins of jazz in Africa. Do you sense a relation between the old and the new?

Thomas: Definitely. Categories, so to speak, are made by those who are interested mostly in the commercial industry, and they cull these new ideas and categories to keep the market going, but actually I've always paid attention to the roots and in learning more about myself, I just began to dig a little deeper.

J.K.: You've played both to jazz audiences and for rock audiences. Is there a difference between the audiences, or do you think they sort of meld into one?

L.T.: If my group is feeling extra good, and I've had a little bit of rest, give me any kind of audience with ears and I'll do my thing. I just want to have an audience.

J.K.: And do you feel that you are received in the same way, in the same manner, or do you get different reactions?

L.T.: Right now, people are looking for . . . they got a thing about doing your own thing. If they figure that you are sold a certain way, they look for you to be that, but to be excellent in doing it, re-

gardless of how you are categorized.

J.K.: You recently recorded with Oliver Nelson. Did you know him in St. Louis?

L.T.: Yes.

J.K.: Had you worked with him there?

L.T.: Yes. In high school there. He and the guy who started drummers twirling sticks in the air, guy by the name of Ben Thigpen. I did things with him in junior high school, and then, as I went into high school and branched out across the river to St. Louis, so to speak, on the Missouri side. I was in East St. Louis, Ill.

J.K.: I've heard you spoken of as running the changes with your voice the way John Coltrane did with his horn. Do you feel there is a similarity there?

L.T.: There was a similarity in what we were doing due to the fact that he was trying to find more vocal expression within his instrument and I was trying to get away from the syllabic approach to what people would call riffing and scatting and, in doing so, somehow there was a common ground due to the fact that he had listened prior to the Pygmies and the Yturi Forest music and Eric Dolphy. In fact, I was misquoted as having been sitting and listening with him. Actually, it was with Eric. He and Eric would sit and do research in musicology. Eric, especially, was a man who was always searching for precedents and material; from Bartok, any source that would give him a new idea. There was no tune that he couldn't get, digest and absorb. This is what I'm trying to do, so I came across the Pygmies myself, at a much later time. And in trying to get away from the syllable sounds—like we're hung up in vowels (a, e, i, o and u sounds) and the syllabic approach to them we have in our alphabet—that's just trying to give more credence to the sound itself. . . .

J.K.: Trying to think like a horn more than a syllabic approach.

L.T.: Well, maybe not like a horn, but actually, the voice is capable of any sound,

depending on the language that the one who's using the voice is adapted to. I was trying to break through all language barriers and just come up with the most primordial sound, maybe like animals if necessary. Sometimes I growl, you know, like thinking of a lion, to evoke strength, or something like that.

J.K.: What was your major influence?

L.T.: We were mentioning before . . . you were talking about the beautiful time they had at Reverend Gensel's Jazz Vespers and you were speaking of Joe Carroll. Well, my brother brought a Joe Carroll record home. The thing that he did with Dizzy Gillespie, in *The Champ*. We listened and we listened, and I found out I could do that and then, always trying to go one step further, I tried to do it faster and in doing so the articulation at that time was a little shoddy and upon hearing it, (my brother) said, "Well, nobody's playing like that, man." Because we usually try to scat and phrase similar to a horn. He said, "Nobody's doing that. Why do you want to scat that fast? Nobody's scattin' that fast. Why don't you just do it like Joe or some of the other guys?" I said, "Well, man, that's *their* thing. What I would like to do is within the same idea or frame of reference, develop something else that might suit *me* better. And if I find I can articulate faster, it doesn't mean that I'm doing it wrong, it's just that I'm doing it different." But at that time, our major influence on the scene with all the so-called young jazz and hard bop lovers was Sonny Rollins. And when he disappointed us by not showing up at the engagement at St. Louis with Miles (Davis) and his replacement was John Coltrane, everybody was disappointed except Leon.

J.K.: Well, were you aware of Louis Armstrong and Leo Watson from before?

L.T.: That's because of Joe Carroll I was aware of them—I wasn't before coming to New York. But Louis Armstrong, of course, and Joe Carroll and King Pleasure, even, and Babs Gonzales—these guys that came through the Midwest and the local booker would go across the river and check the good acts and then bring them across to *our* side of the river on the off-nights, for a few extra bucks. And he himself happened to be quite a singer before he was stricken with a heart attack and . . .

J.K.: Who was that?

L.T.: Leo Goodman. Oliver Nelson arranged two or three albums. He had his own record company, he worked at McCormick Place in Chicago with Jimmy Smith. And this guy, fantastically enough, would have been a sensation, because he weighed nearly 400 pounds and, if you closed your eyes, he might sound like Billie Holiday. And he was an immaculate dresser . . . every time he sat down he had a new crease. This guy would change suits twice a day, with accessories and everything. He encouraged me a great deal . . .

J.K.: You dress pretty fancy yourself. Do you do your own costume designing?

L.T.: Sometimes, and then sometimes I'm



lucky enough to get it right off the rack, so to speak. And now it goes from Dashiki to Edwardian. I like colors now.

J.K.: Just what is the Yoruba Lucumi Society?

L.T.: It's a collection . . . you see, you have now an emphasis on so-called blackness and drummers and dancers and everybody learns the different dances. This is a collection of the teachers. I mean, these guys were doing it for years even before it became a vogue or fad. One of the prime forces in this, Richie Pablo Landrum, along with Sonny Morgan, is from Cuban ancestry and had been raised in Cuba. He knew certain things. He was born a very good drummer; so was Sonny, from Philadelphia. They met here in New York, formed a team, and between the two of them and, of course, Babafemi and Chief Bey, who you know were working with Randy Weston and others, they traveled to Africa several times. These guys are the teachers of mostly all the drummers you hear across the country . . . and they're the better. So, in trying to bring it to light now, we've formed a coterie of what you might call the experts. We consider ourselves the best damn drummers, the best damn dancers and the best damn singers and we just all collect together out of mutual respect—nobody's really the leader: it's just that I use two of them as an integral part of my regular unit. The other guys always want to come down and help us make the music, and when it's economically feasible we sometimes include them.

J.K.: How does Roy Haynes fit into this?

L.T.: All the credit isn't given to Roy that should be given. A lot of people think when you mention drummers, it's Max Roach, Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, Philly Joe Jones, and then, of course, Jo Jones and finally Elvin Jones, in the development of style over the years. But Roy Haynes was in Thad Jones' group in Detroit with Tommy Flanagan, and Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell and all those guys, Pepper Adams, back in those days, and he was the drummer that Elvin Jones listened to, like before Elvin even thought of playing drums. Listening to these tapes and listening to the rehearsals of his brother, Thad, in Detroit, he realized here was something he could do, other than pick three guys up at once and throw them through a window. He's fantastically strong, you know. So he was able to use his force and energy and drive, which is what he always did anyway, in the percussion section. And Roy—there's no drummer can play the cymbals like Roy. The closest contemporary counterpart to Roy Haynes would be Billy Hart, who can fit in any context and play exactly what you want and still not submerge his own personality and not intimidate the other guys in the group. And Roy Haynes, to me, would be the premier drummer on the scene right now.

J.K.: You mentioned once the similarity between the conga drum player and the Karate expert. Is the training as rigorous for a drummer as for Karate?

L.T.: Yes. You see, the Japanese and the Chinese also believe in ancestral worship and there's an African philosophy that

believes in ancestral worship. And the training . . . you see, drumming is first of all a religion and it has a discipline involved due to the fact that nuances that you can get out of drums need strength and subtlety at the same time. You can be like a butterfly or a hummingbird or be like a crashing clap of thunder. The real good drummers can play anything, and their hands are superfast, it just so happens that Babafemi, Sonny Morgan, Gene Golden and Richard Pablo Landrum are all above the black belt in Karate due to the fact that they were both raised in New York. Sonny Morgan also was a Philadelphia city-wide champion in the saber and the foil, in fencing, which shows the ability he has. When a drummer is playing, if you notice his hands and the rolls that he makes, the development in his arms . . . I hope nobody grabs one of those guys and thinks that he can't do anything! They got fast hands. They can play these same rhythms on a guy that they can play on their drums, if need be.

J.K.: You were a drummer before you were a singer, weren't you?

L.T.: I don't know—it all happened simultaneously. I just picked up the bongos and I used to sing when I played the bongos. A lot of times, the guys wouldn't let you on the bandstand if you said you wanted to sing. I still feel this sometimes. Singers are looked at, like, who'd want to hear a singer on a jam session? The guys want to hear somebody blow, blow, blow. So I would want to be around the music and didn't want to be excluded, so if I could contribute to the music more than just standing in front of everybody, if I just submerged myself into the music sometimes by playing the drums and showing that I *can* play, you're into that camaraderie a little bit better.

J.K.: What is the origin of the flute-like pipes that you play?

L.T.: Those are indigenous to the areas where you find bamboo. Those particular ones are from Ecuador. They are likened to Pan Pipes; I call them freedom flutes because the notes are already arranged in a scale for you, and they usually come up with scales that guys sit down at the piano and can't figure out. But the ones I used on the record . . . I lost them. They were left on the subway and never returned. Whoever got it, got a treat. I had bells, cymbals, tambourine and two of those flutes. And I've been looking for them, but I never will find another because, you see, they're not really cut to specific dimensions. They just make 'em.

J.K.: It seems to me that you are one of the avant-garde performers, who even the people who don't like the way-out things like Pharoah Sanders and Ornette Coleman, and the things Trane was into just before he died still seem to manage to relate to.

L.T.: Merely because, once again, they weren't ready for what the horns were trying to do. The horns were trying to escape the so-called instrumental area and be more evocative and try to sound more voice-like with a human quality. And the raucous sounds and the shrieks and the caterwauls or whatever you want to call it they were making just offended others.



How can a guy really play the blues on the horn unless he can make it sound like he's crying? This is a literal transfiguration they were bringing about. Instead of just playing the blues, they wanted to let you know: "This is my experience. I'm sharing it." Even if it does sound like a freight train putting on brakes. It's screeching and it's tearing part of yourself out. They weren't ready for the horns, but when the voice did it, they could say "Oh, well, that's possible."

J.K.: It seems that you didn't record, at least not widely, until you had already developed your own style. Did you plan this or was it just a happy accident?

L.T.: No. Like everything else that has happened, the spirits are in control. I came here primarily for this purpose. I came here in 1958. To show you the irony of the situation, I recorded in RCA studios in 1958 with 18 pieces and eight of the Ray Charles Singers for the largest record company in the world. Exactly 11 years later, in the same place, about the same time of day, I recorded *Karma* with Pharoah. And the same a&r man was in the studio at the time, came in and peeked in our session and couldn't believe his eyes and walked out. And in the same month, mind you!

J.K.: You believe in astrology, I take it.

L.T.: I believe the Creator has a Master Plan.

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Buster Williams: About Time

by Elliot Meadow

IT SEEMS ODD THAT a musician who has worked with, among many others, Sarah Vaughan, Miles Davis, Nancy Wilson and Herbie Hancock during the course of the last ten years, should not have received a mention in this magazine's recent International Critics Poll.

Bassist Buster Williams is that musician. The above list of former employers (in Hancock's case, current employer) suggests that his peers, at least, are fully aware of his worth. There can be no doubt that jazz can boast of an overwhelming number of outstanding bass players today, but Williams has to be one of the best of that select group. An exceptionally gifted musician, he is also an articulate and aware human being.

"My musical career started with my father," he recalls. "He played bass and drums and taught me the fundamentals of the bass. This was in Camden, N.J. I really started working in Philadelphia with Jimmy Heath and Sam Read and after about six or seven months of that I went on the road with Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. This was in 1960, just after I had graduated high school."

Within the next few years, Williams established himself by working with an impressive array of artists. Among these were singers Dakota Staton, Betty Carter, Sarah Vaughan, and finally, Nancy Wilson, with whom he worked from 1964 until November, 1968.

"When I joined Nancy," he said, "I moved to California, and when she wasn't working, I played with the Jazz Crusaders, the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land group, and for a while, Miles' quintet."

Discussing his primary influences, Williams said, "Paul Chambers was a great influence when I first started playing. The inspiration to start came when my father played me a record of Oscar Pettiford doing *Stardust*. Hearing that, I wanted to play bass. My father had two fiddles, and he used to string them the way Slam Stewart did, with the C string on top. When I started to play, he strung one of them up in the regular manner; C D A E. Before the bass, I had been playing drums. I was also playing piano by ear, but after hearing Pettiford, I knew what I really wanted. Apart from my father, I was basically self-taught, though for about six months I studied with a teacher named Mr. Wiggins at the Combs College of Music in Philadelphia. He taught me a lot, very fast. I studied theory, harmony, and composition. This was the only formal training I had."

Like most jazz bassists, Williams doubles on electric bass today. "Things are constantly changing," he pointed out, "so it's just a matter of accepting them and making the best of it. . . . I remember a time when I would never have thought of playing a Fender bass. Now, I'm playing one and enjoying it. I have to play some rock-based things and prefer doing them on the Fender. For instance, I did a record date with Harold Mabern on which he did a tune made popular by the Jackson Five, *I Want You Back*, and that whole thing was a Fender bass line. I really dug doing that."

Currently, aside from working with Herbie Hancock's sextet, Williams is in the

pit band of the Broadway show *Company*. His reasons for doing this kind of work are typical of his persistent attempts to broaden his musical outlook.

"In the first place, I didn't take the gig because I had to," he explained. "I took it because I've always enjoyed doing something different, and this was another area, another phase of music. There was also the fact that I could stay in town and be with my wife and baby daughter."

"I don't mind going out every now and then, but to be running up and down the road is—well, for ten straight years I did that. I just felt like settling down here in New York and doing everything that can be done here and the play helps to sustain all that."

In an earlier conversation, Williams had mentioned that he wanted to expand his writing activities. He has composed some fine pieces thus far, notably *The Emperor*, *Native Dancer*, and *Ruby P'Gonia*, all recorded by the Jazz Crusaders; *Firewater* which Hancock recorded on his *Prisoner* album, and *Shadows*, a delicate, haunting ballad done by Roy Ayers on his *Daddy Bug* date. These songs are ample evidence of Williams' talent in this realm.

"I'd like to write the way I want to," he said, "If you know what I mean. I'd like to finish a composition and really dig it. Writing doesn't come easily to me. The fact that I am not schooled on the piano means that it takes me longer to work out chords and voicings. Sometimes it comes out slick, and sometimes I can't

use it. The tunes I have written, I like—to an extent. I don't think it's a matter of confidence, but I don't feel like I've knocked myself out; sometimes I feel like I'm shucking, to myself."

I asked Williams how he feels about the current state of the music, and where he thinks his future path might take him.

"You know," he answered, "jazz is only as alive or as dead as the promoters want it to be. When you get into it, what it really comes down to is that jazz is black music, and anything black will not be pushed."

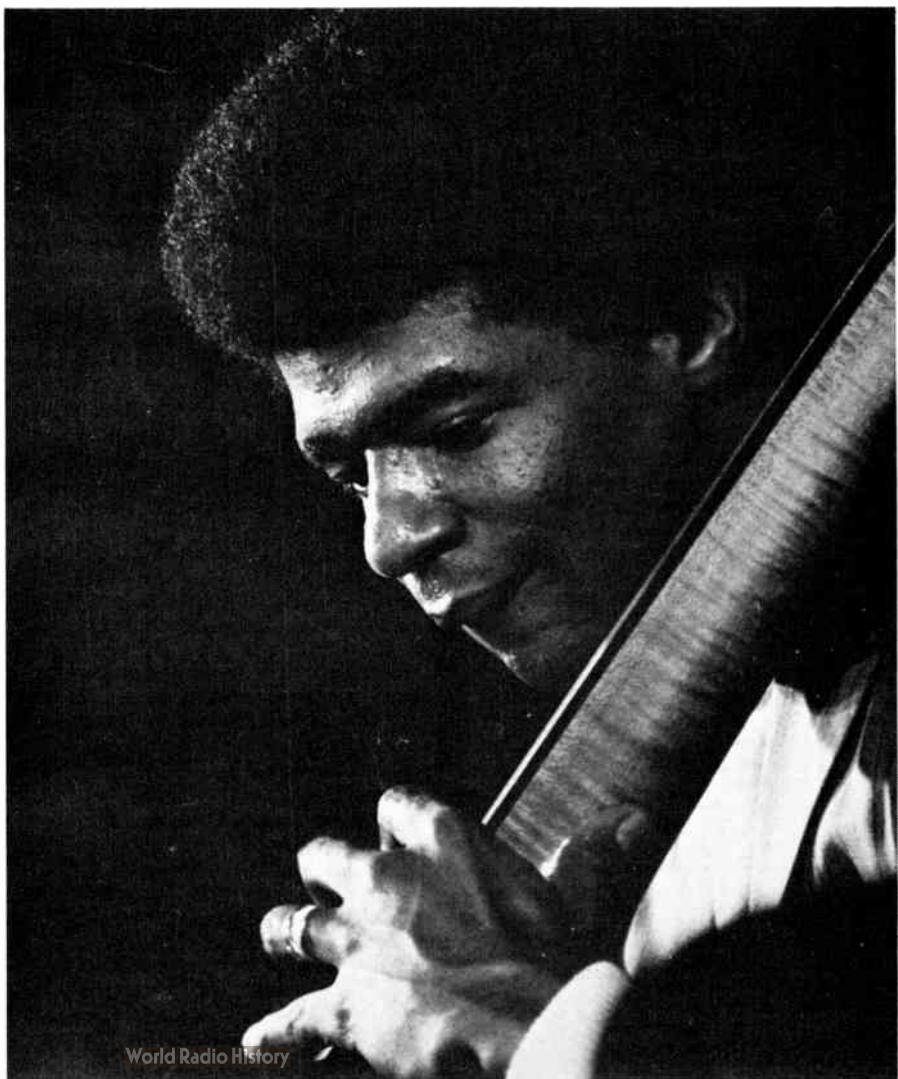
"It's very upsetting for cats who are so great and who have been around for a long time not to be getting any recognition. That's one of the reasons why a lot of guys are forming their own record labels. I particularly remember when Ronnell Bright and I were in L.A. with Sarah. Ronnell wanted to record so bad. We went around to all the different recording companies in Hollywood. We had made a good tape, but each company had a story, and the story was that the music was too good and would never sell."

"As to my own place, well, I'm not complacent. I'd like to continue playing black creative music, which is what jazz is to me. I love to play for black people, I love to play with black people, I love for black people to hear me."

"When I play, I'm saying everything black. It's black creativity that is happening, and that's where my true motivation

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SYRELL SAPOZNICK



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

All-Night Soul

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
New York City

In October of 1965 at New York Seminary, John Garcia Gensel, a young pastor in the Lutheran Church with the background of a trailer court ministry in Ohio, began a most unique series of Sunday afternoon services with Joe Newman's Quintet in a tribute called *O Sing To The Lord A New Song*.

Five years and three locations later, the Pastor gathered his congregation at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave., for an all-night celebration that included many of the musicians who have made a joyful noise unto the Lord under his auspices during the past semi-decade.

Getting it off on the right foot in front of the CBS camera crew shooting the earlier portions of the happenings was Clark Terry's Quintet with Ernie Wilkins on tenor sax, Don Friedman on piano, Mousie Alexander on drums, and last minute substitute bassist Buck Jones. They blew a straight ahead set consisting of Ellington's *Come Sunday*, Strayhorn's *A Train*, *On The Trail* and, of course, *Mumbles*.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the parish center there was a jam session going on involving trumpeters Howard McGhee and Gene Roland; trombonist Astley Fennell; Bobby Brown on tenor sax; Chris Towns on piano, bassist Al Hall, drummer Al Drears, and the man who I'd have to call the star of the evening bop-scat singer Joe Carroll.

When we got down to the parish center after Clary Terry's set, Joe and Howard's band already had things cooking, and they kept it up with only a few short breaks until about 9:30, when they moved upstairs to the sanctuary and waited there. They had some help from sitters-in like Babs Gonzales, who joined Carroll in a scat duet on *Ooo-pa-pa-da* that turned into more of a summit meeting than a cutting contest.

Upstairs, the Billy Taylor Trio played better jazz than I've heard from the pianist in some time, ending their set with his *We Need Peace and We Need Love*, which ought to follow his *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free* onto the charts. Taylor also included the latter composition in his set, but it remained for Joe Newman's Quintet and singer Ruth Brisbane to put the finishing touches on that song in their *The Story of Pentecost* service at Midnight.

One can't catch everything during a 12-hour program, and I was out for refreshments during most of that service. I returned to the sanctuary to find an old-fashioned pentecostal spirit holding sway, Ruth Brisbane feeding the multitudes with Billy Taylor's song and sentiments. The audience was on its feet—something I'd never seen before at Jazz Vespers—screaming, shouting, and jiving along with Ruth and the Joe Newman band. I was told that the entire service had been on that level. It was the first major highlight of the evening.

Seated on the floor of the church, in front of the first pew, taking this all in, enraptured like a little girl, was one of the grandest ladies of contemporary music, Alice Coltrane, whose husband's music had meant so much to all of us. Later, seated at the piano (the Steinway Billy Strayhorn had donated to St. Peter's shortly before his death) she carried on the tradition. Alice Coltrane, an artist in her own name.



Joe Newman: Swinging to the Lord

Others came and went. It would take too long to mention them all. So just to hit a few high spots: Vera Auer on vibes playing *Body and Soul*. Stella Marrs, not only including the poetry of the verse of *The Shadow Of Your Smile*, but singing it a cappella. Eddie Bonnemere leading an orchestra and choir in his own *Missa Leatare*. The exciting new trio of drummer Jual Curtis, bassist Herbert Brown and pianist Billy Green. I had known about Curtis and Brown from previous encounters but the piano of Billy Green came as a complete surprise . . . and what a pleasant one. Matthew Gee and his group brought it down to the finish line with some straight ahead no-nonsense modern-cum-mainstream jazz. Excellent solos by all, especially pianist Herman Foster, tenorist Bobby Brown, and the leader-trombonist.

As we wandered downstairs for a generous soul-food breakfast, we had time to reflect on the preceding 12 hours.

No Newport or Woodstock, to our knowledge, had offered better music; as good maybe . . . better no. The feeling of camaraderie had been excellent, and the sight of so many young people especially encouraging. The sound system had been abysmal. Some people didn't get on long enough. Some didn't get on at all. But it was the first Jazz Vespers festival. The first festival is where you make mistakes . . . at the second, you show how well you've learned your lessons.

Sitting in a nearly empty sanctuary, (last week, it had been filled to overflowing with standing room only at the back)

Pastor Gensel talked about *All Night Soul*, Jazz Vespers, and what had gone down:

"I had no idea we could consistently have a Jazz Vespers for five consecutive years without missing one week. We didn't know . . . In fact, on several occasions, I thought, 'Gee, it's sort of foolish to try to do it every week.' At the very beginning, I had to hustle a little bit to try to get musicians for each Sunday. And I

thought, 'Well, maybe the wise thing would be to do one a month.' And I'll never forget—I think it was during the summer, when attendance gets down a little bit—that I was thinking very seriously of having it like, maybe, the first Sunday of every month. Just as I was thinking about it, on that particular Sunday, a group of about 30 to 35 young people came from a church near Camden, New Jersey, and just took it for granted that there was going to be a jazz service.

And I thought, 'How am I going to be able to communicate with all the people who've heard about this, and let them know it's going to be just once a month, and then they'd get all mixed up about what Sunday,' so I thought we'd have it consistently and that way anyone could come when they wanted.

And that's what we've been doing, but I had no idea it would build up to what it is now, that it would develop into what did develop and reach the climax we had here, the little Woodstock, the celebration of the fifth anniversary of Jazz Vespers . . . Actually, you never know exactly how something is going to work out until you do it. For instance, I had no idea that there would really be such a consistent number of people here; at no time during the 12 hours did we have less than 200, and I suppose half the time we had a jammed church, as well as many people downstairs in the parish center. It could have been that there would have been only 25 or 50 people here at 2 in the morning . . . We plan for it, we do it, we

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down beat/RECORD CLUB

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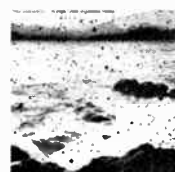
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record REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, 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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CLEARING THE AIR

RAY BRYANT

RAY BRYANT MCMLXX—Atlantic SD 1564: *Stick With It; Let It Be; Bridge Over Troubled Waters; Hey Jude; Shake-A-Lady; Unchained Melody; My Cherie Amour; Spinning Wheel*.

Personnel: Bryant, piano; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums, augmented on first three tracks by woodwinds and strings, on fourth track by trumpet, trombone, and saxes, arranged by Arif Mardin.

Rating: ★★

JUNIOR MANCE

WITH A LOTTA HELP FROM MY FRIENDS—Atlantic SD 1562: *Thank You Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Again; Never Say Naw; Don't Rush Us; Well I'll Be White Black; Home Groovin'; Spinning Wheel; Don't Cha Hear Me Callin' To Ya?*

Personnel: Mance, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Billy Cobham, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Is art divisible from life—should it be? But what is life in 1970? Indeed, what is art?

Don't wince. My tongue is in my cheek. Or is it? Everything is ambiguous these days. Take record reviewing, the record business, record reviewers, readers of record reviews, and jazz.

Most records made by jazz artists these days are pretty much like the two under scrutiny here, in one way or another. That is to say, they are not "pure" jazz albums, but attempts to present players usually identified with jazz in terms considered compatible with what is called "today's music."

Which means: tunes, rhythms, and areas of sound bought by today's record public. More specifically, hits of the day or blues/soul/rock-flavored melodies, played with a pronounced beat, usually in some variant of contemporary dance rhythm and tempo, often using an organ and/or electronically flavored instrumentation, with sometime additives including strings, brass riffs, or vocal backing, and generally within airplay length.

More and more such records are among the fewer and fewer albums made by jazz players these days, and it ain't likely to subside, this trend. For one thing, it sells records, at least sometimes. For another, it seeks and finds its audience not among dedicated jazz followers but among people who buy records for fun—listening at home with a groove going, dancing at parties—and there's more of the latter, friend—plenty more.

Remember when even people who didn't care about or particularly liked jazz had at least a few Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Chet Baker or Stan Getz records at home—and later maybe a Cannonball or Ram-

sey Lewis? No room here to go into why, but that fringe bought a lot of records. That fringe is gone.

The jazz fringe audience today maybe buys Miles—right now, anyway. It buys blues—phony and real, new and reissued. It probably buys a token Coltrane LP, perhaps a Billie Holiday. The rest is rock—and maybe some sides like these. Especially if the buyers are into black culture—not the kind you hear demands made for, but the kind that exists because there is demand for it.

The records we're talking about are bought by people whose libraries also include James Brown, Aretha, King Curtis, Ray Charles oldies, and, if they're hip, some contemporary blues, like B. B. King. There are a lot of people out there like that, and they buy a lot of records.

Now, people who review records for this magazine are, in varying degrees, serious about jazz. They may like some contemporary popular music, and even praise it, but they don't much like records like the ones we're talking about. Why? Because they are conditioned to think of jazz musicians as "artists" who, if they are not playing "pure" jazz of one sort or another, must be suspected of compromising their talents. Either they've sold out, or they're being pressured by the record companies, or maybe they were not "real" artists to begin with, the argument goes.

The reviewers also feel, and with good reason, that they are writing for people who want their jazz straight and are likely to share these prejudices against "commercialism."

There certainly are standpoints from which such attitudes are justified: personal esthetics, high artistic standards, notions of a grander design. But is art divisible from life? Are such concepts not perhaps too idealistic and insufficiently realistic when applied to jazz in the marketplace?

Not to say that commercialism is good enough for jazz because jazz isn't on that high a level anyway. Not in the least. But to say that the music in its highest forms could never have survived—not even have come into being—if not for the existence of an environment in which fine distinctions between art and entertainment were not commonly made, or even relevant.

The reviewers who put down today's commercial jazz are almost all in greater or lesser awe of the music's legacy, as handed down on records. Until the late 1930s, however, not one single jazz record was made to sell as art, or even as jazz. Some of the most beautiful jazz records ever cut were quite simply made for en-

tertainment—for dancing, for casual listening, as versions of hit tunes.

How many lovers of jazz now remember that working in even the best big bands of the swing era (Ellington and a very few others excluded) meant, for the dedicated jazz player, a compromise with his true ambitions, and that the romantic jazz fans of that day much admired those "fugitives" from the big bands who played "the real jazz" for peanuts in the few joints that would book it? (In retrospect, the ones who didn't flee were not necessarily less dedicated.)

And you don't even need history to make the point: how many of the "pure" jazz albums of the past decade were made by players who, for daily bread, played all kinds of "commercial" music?

The point is: jazz is a music, but is also a way of playing, and it has always been fascinating to see how adaptable to a variety of playing situations jazz musicians have been. Even Thelonious Monk used to play for dances and revival meetings. That he doesn't have to do that now is only as it should be. That not every jazzman, not even every great jazzman, can always write his own musical ticket is not as it should be—but if we lived in a perfect world, who'd need record reviews?

Compromise with the necessities of life does not always inhibit artists. Indeed, no artist was really free to create as he pleased until art became a luxury—and you only need to visit your nearest gallery of contemporary art to see how much that has improved matters.

It goes against the intellectual's grain, no doubt, but isn't it one of the great achievements of jazz that it has been an intrinsic part of popular music, first in this country and soon elsewhere as well, for five decades or more? Despite the fact that it is an art, or because it is? Ponder that, and ask yourself if it isn't a measure of a musician's strength and identity as an artist that he can make silk purses out of sow's ears, and if it isn't an axiom that if you have something of your own to say, it will come through no matter what? If you can play, there are many ways to play yourself. And who the hell says that "art" must always be pure and holy and profound? Me, I'd rather tap my foot to some soul jazz, organs, electric bass and all, then be hectored by some no-blowing poseur's naked egotrip. One may be a commercial copout, the other serious art—but don't bet on it. These are ambiguous times.

These two survival albums by jazz players, aimed at the non-purist market, don't

pretend to be what they are not, and contain nothing that the two fine pianists involved have to be ashamed of, or be put down for by people who don't offer them viable alternatives along with criticism.

Speaking as a long-time enjoyer of both these men's music, I admit I wouldn't trade my Bryant Prestiges or my Mance Ridesides (or his gas of a debut album on Verve) for these new entries, but I hope they both sell like hotcakes.

And if I were throwing a party and wanted people to dance and have a good time, I'd put these on—not the others. Later on, I might get into something heavier, but these—especially Junior's—would break the ice and make no non-jazz freak feel left out.

Mance's album has the advantage of an unalloyed quartet format; it's straight ahead and simple most of the way. It gets a groove and keeps it; maybe it isn't a jazz groove, but *Home Groovin'* is as good a blues piano performance as has been put on wax in some time—the way back blues dressed up for today.

Gale's wa-wa touches don't offend me, except on the over-done opening track, and he instantly redeems himself on Percy Mayfield's s-l-o-w, funky *Never Say Naw*, on which Junior has the message.

If there isn't much here of Junior Mance, the brilliant, swinging jazz pianist, there is a whole lot of Junior Mance, the hip and groovy blues/rock pianist—and that's not bad at all, chum.

Cobham, a fine young jazz drummer who has great versatility to his credit, and Rainey, who not for no reason seems to own the electric bass concession at Atlantic, work well with Mance—Cobham has been with him live, and they can cook up a swinging storm together.

The cooking here is not like that, but if you're not averse to varying your diet (a hamhock can cut a chateaubriand at times), go ahead and have some fun with Junior here. And remember, if he does well with this, they might let him loose some other time. As opposed to Ramsey Lewis et al., this is honest music—a jazz solution.

Ray Bryant is not as spontaneous a blues player as Junior—and then he's got those arrangements to contend with on side 1—strings and woodwinds on three tracks, brass and reeds on the fourth. Also, he is playing a repertoire mostly of pop tunes.

But it's good to hear his playing so well recorded, and to hear his musicianly touches, which often seem to point up the banality of the string scoring—not demonstratively, but just by being real. (You never get such conflict with schlock players.)

On the trio side, he makes *Spinning Wheel* groove even more than Junior's version, perhaps because the tempo is more down. His playing throughout is full-bodied and two-handed; the big sound he gets from a piano is a pleasure in itself.

Let It Be has a long rubato opening, supported by softly bowed bass (don't tell me that's an electric instrument) which is a highlight of the album. Into tempo, Bryant displays those plunging bass passages that are an earmark of his style,

with a touch that keeps the notes free of crashes or distortions. The other Beatles tune is not as successful; *Hey Jude* is a piece you really have to get into, and I don't think Ray did, except for a moment when the background lays out. But he makes a soul hymn out of *Bridge*.

I don't know if this Jimmy Johnson is the same fine drummer who was with Duke Ellington in 1959, but he was from Philly, like Ray is, so it might be. Whatever, he does well, and Rainey is never overly obtrusive—a credit to the engineer as well as to himself.

I hope this album sells, too. And that Atlantic will do right by Ray Bryant. Both he and Junior have paid plenty of jazz dues. They don't have to prove anything to me. Let it be. —Morgenstern

JULIAN DASH

A PORTRAIT OF JULIAN DASH—Master Jazz Recordings, Inc. MJR 8106: *Two Shades of Blue; Tuxedo Junction; Willow Weep for Me; Julian's Dash; Don't Blame Me; Take the "A" Train*.

Personnel: Dash, tenor; Jimmy Shirley, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Cliff Smalls, piano; George Foster, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Julian Dash's name will probably not be familiar to many listeners, but to pass over this record because the name doesn't ring a bell would be serious mistake for those who like their music crisp, clean, and swinging.

Most of Dash's professional career was spent in the ranks of the Erskine Hawkins band; he is also remembered for the tenor work he contributed to the famous series of Buck Clayton jam sessions for Columbia in the mid-1950s (CL 548, 567, 614). Following those gigs he went virtually unrecorded until he was summoned by MJR to a Jimmy Rushing session (MJR 8104) in October 1967 which produced six magnificent sides.

Now he comes back to MJR for another workout, this with only rhythm backing, and the results are a fine tribute to an excellent talent.

Dash has a light, airy (but not breathy) tone short of the translucent sound of the Lester Young style. He draws upon the Lesterian tradition for certain accents such as chewing on one note for several bars, but taken as a whole, his style seems to have been more influenced by Chu Berry. Not that he sounds like either one of these men; Dash is a stylist easily identifiable on his own merits.

Julian's Dash is an up-tempo original improvisation based on a 32-bar chorus form with release. Dash's attack presses on with unfailing swing, and his lines sparkle with coherent and arresting ideas. Guitarist Jimmy Shirley provides a strong boost to the rhythm section when playing rhythm figures and provides a rich background of chords to Dash's playing.

Blame is a fine ballad featuring only Dash and Milt Hinton's bass. Hinton takes a bowed solo first and then goes pizzicato. It's the least successful track on the LP, and comes off as somewhat colorless. A more workable duet concept pairs Dash and Shirley in *Blue*, with beautiful results, especially Shirley's full-bodied solo.

A Train and *Tuxedo* are medium tempo

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tracks containing excellent playing by all. *Willow* is the finest ballad performance on the album.
—McDonough

HAMPTON HAWES

IN EUROPE, 1967—Prestige 7695: *Villigen Blues*; *Rhythm*; *Black Forest Blues*; *Autumn Leaves*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Sonora*; *I'm All Smiles*; *My Foolish Heart*.
Personnel: Hawes, piano; Eberhard Weber, bass; Claus Weiss, drums (tracks 2, 4, 6, 7).

Rating: ★★☆☆

Originally issued on SABA (now MPS), this fine LP was reviewed by Larry Kart in our Dec. 6, 1968 issue as follows:

Hawes is one of the fine musicians who consolidated the achievements of Parker, Powell and others into a musical language, shifting the emphasis from innovation to execution. Excellent music can come from such an approach until the possibilities of a style are exhausted, and this album shows that, for Hawes, the possibilities are still alive.

Once you know Hawes' playing, it's not hard to anticipate the course of his solos, but the spirit and swing of his execution consistently make the familiar new again. In fact, the contrast between the immediacy of his touch and time and the inevitability of his melodic patterns is the essence of Hawes' style.

This album contains some of his best recorded work. The four tracks on which he is supported only by bassist Weber are excellent. Hawes credits Parker as his main influence, and I hear it in his expressive use of touch to attack notes in a horn-like manner. A musician with less taste could turn this device into a trick, but on *Love* and *Heart*, for example, the explosive emphasis of certain notes is essential to the solos' development.

The tracks on which Weiss is added are not quite as effective, due to the drummer's bouncy time and over-emphatic accents, but Hawes generally ignores the distractions. Incidentally, the pianist plays a fine instrument which is recorded with vivid presence.

(Note: *Villigen Blues* was originally issued as *Hamp's Blues*.)

AHMAD JAMAL

THE AWAKENING—Impulse AS-9194: *The Awakening*; *I Love Music*; *Patterns*; *Dolphin Dance*; *You're My Everything*; *Stolen Moments*; *Wave*.

Personnel: Jamal, piano; Jamil Nasser, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

RAMSEY LEWIS

THEM CHANGES—Cadet LPS-844: *Them Changes*; *Drown In My Own Tears*; *Oh Happy Day*; *Do Whatever Sets You Free*; *Something*; *See The End From The Beginning*; *Look Afar*; *The Unsilent Minority*.

Personnel: Lewis, acoustic, electric piano; Phil Upchurch, electric guitar; Cleveland Eaton, electric bass; Morris Jennings, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Pianist-led combos (those omnipresent musical units of widely varying quality and appeal), Forward March!

Jamal company, halt. Fall out.

Lewis company, halt. Report for extra detail.

Not much of a review, but an apt conclusion. Jamal's LP is by far the most

rewarding of the two. The widely-imitated pianist is in excellent form—faithful to the style he created but interesting nonetheless. Lewis' playing is pleasant but predictable. His use of electric piano serves him well in spots—the sound of that instrument somehow seems to add substance to lines that would otherwise evoke little interest.

The Jamal LP is also superior in the material chosen. Jamal has always had an ear for brilliant, neglected standards and originals (like Oliver Nelson's *Moments* here) and is also a first-rate composer (remember *Ahmad's Blues*?). Lewis, however, relies on pop material of varying quality, chosen mainly, I suspect, for currency rather than musical merit.

Jamal's charming, personal brand of space music (which, I've always suspected, left more than a superficial impression on Miles Davis in the late 1950s) has always appealed to me. His work is somewhat more aggressive than in the *But Not For Me-Tangerine* phase of his career circa 1957. His work is uniformly excellent here. He captures the essence of a tune and bases his bravado runs, embroideries, and driving riff-like figures around it—sometimes weaving in and out of the melody, sometimes leaving space for the opinions of his accompanists.

Music is rhapsodic, and for the most part, solo Jamal; Nasser and Gant appearing only for a brief swinging interlude midway. He authors some extraordinary runs, playing, an annotator Leonard Feather suggests, with "Tatum-like authority". *Patterns*, an excellent Jamal original, is notable for another Jamal trademark—the unpredictable flights and bursts in which he seems to be wringing the instrument's neck. *Moments* is commendable for his effective use of dynamics.

Jamal's trios have always been notable for group interplay and though the pianist perhaps doesn't leave as much space for his sidemen as before, Nasser and Gant rise to the occasion with complementary, tasty fills.

Whereas the Jamal LP demands full attention, the same cannot be said of Lewis'. It's a live date of the pop, crowdpleasing persuasion. Guitarist Upchurch adds interest, though he does not spark the group. Eaton is a solid bassist and Jennings is a most musical and imaginative drummer. The liveliest moments come on *Afar*, a Lewis-Eaton composition, with the leader and Upchurch delivering spirited solos.

I suspect that it's all to easy (but no less forgivable) for a pianist in Lewis' position to fall into a musical rut: having the cushion of commercial acceptance, doing essentially pop material, and playing virtually the same saloon and supper club circuit ("Waiter, there's a cliché in my soup"). It might behoove him artistically to leave the womb-like confines of his group occasionally and challenge himself in another context, i.e. a festival jam with hornmen like Dizzy, Mulligan, et al. on let's say, *All the Things You Are* at a supersonic tempo. Because I have the feeling he could or should be playing more adventurously than is his wont. But then he might have to sacrifice the pop charts. Things like that.
—Szantor

THE JAZZ CRUSADERS

THE BEST OF THE JAZZ CRUSADERS—World Pacific ST-20175; *Eleanor Rigby*; *The Thing*; *Ooga-Boo-Ga-Loo*; *Love and Peace*; *Uptight (Everything's Alright)*; *Promises, Promises*; *It's Your Thing*; *Tough Talk*; *Hey Jude*; *On Broadway*; *Freedom Sound*; *The Young Rabbits*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Buster Williams (tracks 1, 3, 4, 7, 9), Herbie Lewis (tracks 11, 12), Bobby Hanes (tracks 6, 8, 10), Vic Gaskin (track 2) or Leroy Vinnegar (track 5), bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: No Stars

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE—Liberty LST-11005: *Give Peace A Chance*; *I Think It Was a Dream*; *Black Bird*; *The Thrill Is Gone*; *Ani's New Dance*; *Space Settlement*; *All The Lonely Years*; *Another Blues*.

Personnel: Henderson, Felder, Sample, Williams, Hooper.

Rating: ★★

The one-paragraph liner note to the *Best* album reads: "The Jazz Crusaders are a powerful influence in contemporary music. This collection of their recorded performances is a must for every jazz fan." Incredible! These are 12 slickly arranged ditties which violate the essence of jazz, which is improvisation. This record does have an audience; the same that flocks to hear Ramsey Lewis. Reissues are sometimes like that.

The new album indicates that maturity in the context of potential can have very positive effects. Perhaps the best fruits of this maturity are represented in *Space Settlement*. The piece builds on a simple triad structure of a major fourth and a minor seventh. The melodic line weaves around this structure, allowing for the maximum amount of harmonic freedom vis-a-vis a mode structure. Actually, the distance between the tonic and a major fourth is the same distance as between a major fourth and a minor seventh, hence the structure.

Rhythmically, the piece is very free, roaming around two quarters and a half. (Ironically, the drummer seems to have the most trouble with this structure.) Felder and Williams have great fun with the structure. Henderson wants to swing in the traditional manner but Williams and Sample hold him in.

Williams, Felder and Sample are exceptional musicians. Felder plays as good a blues tenor as you're likely to hear. I think if I wanted to be critical about his solo on *Space Settlement* I would say that it's too heavily influenced by John Coltrane. But that solo is too good for me to be critical. Also listen to his solos in *Black Bird* and *The Thrill Is Gone*.

Williams is another one of those good young bassists that keep popping up again and again. The bottom line he develops is so rich and solid, and he does this on every piece. He is, without a doubt, the most consistent performer on this date. Sample is a hard-driving accompanist and contributes some excellent solos. Henderson is just another trombone player. Hooper makes me nervous. How he manages to hear a bossa nova beat on *All The Lonely Years* is beyond me. He doesn't play the drums, he slaps at them. I'll bet if he ever sat down and listened to Elvin Jones he would have a heart attack.

The arrangements are very well done. *The Thrill Is Gone* is really on the money. But if I have any criticism which is negative of this group, it is their need to sac-

rifice improvisation for arrangement. Felder's solo on *Black Bird* is fantastic, and as soon as he gets going the line reappears. Why does this happen? It's crazy!

According to the liner notes the group has split. That might be a good thing.

—Cole

HERBIE MANN

MUSCLE SHOALS NITTY GRITTY—Embryo SD 526: *Muscle Shoals Nitty Gritty*; *Claudia Pie*; *Can You Dig It*; *Blind Willy*; *Come Together*; *Panama Red's Panama Hat*.

Personnel: Mann, flute; Roy Ayers, vibes; Barry Beckett, piano; Eddie Hinton, guitar; David Hood, bass; Roger Hawkins, Jews harp, drums. On tracks 1-4, add Wayne Jackson, trumpet; Andrew Love, Ed Logan, tenor saxophone; James Mitchell, baritone saxophone; on tracks 3 and 6, add Jimmy Johnson, guitar; on track 5, add Miroslav Vitous, bass; on tracks 3, 5, 6, add Bruno Carr, drums.

Rating: ★★

In earlier pieces I have characterized Herbie Mann as the eminent schlockster and bourgeois darling, as the best maker of ultimately worthless music, as a notable producer yet a supremely boorish performer, and as other insulting equations too numerous to list. But *Muscle Shoals Nitty Gritty* is quite a turnabout, for it is not only tolerable, but even at moments good.

The title cut proves an amusing ditty with nice straight-ahead cookery, spotting mostly flitty flute and a bubbly Ayers solo. *Claudia Pie* follows, with the notorious languid Mann and okay brass accents. *Can You Dig It* then closes the first side in a fairly inoffensive rock-riffy tune, although the horns become painfully monotonous.

Blind Willy tries to churn but only approximates the energy composer Sonny Sharrock offered before leaving the band. *Come Together* is by far the best cut on the date, if not the best performance of that song I've witnessed, and features a slow sensual air, mainly urged by the ever-mellow Vitous. *Panama Red's*, finally, ends the record with a curious quasi-Latin twist.

Muscle Shoals Nitty Gritty presents the flute of Herbie Mann at its most appealing; the context is, for once, compatible and the atmosphere is certainly pleasant: a nice yet not particularly provocative LP that should well suit a brace or more of rum-and-cokes.

—Bourne

THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

WEASLES RIPPED MY FLESH—Bizarre/Reprise 2028: *Didja Get Any Onya*; *Directly from My Heart to You*; *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Sexually Aroused Gas Mask*; *Toads of the Short Forest*; *Get a Little*; *Eric Dolphy Memorial Barbecue*; *Dwarf Nebula Processional March & Dwarf Nebula*; *My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mama*; *Oh No*; *The Orange County Lumber Truck*; *Weasels Ripped My Flesh*.

Personnel: Buzz Gardner, trumpet, flugelhorn; Ian Underwood, alto; Bunk Gardner, tenor; Motorhead Sherwood, baritone, snorks; Don Preston, piano, organ, electronic effects; Don "Sugar Cane" Harris, electric violin, vocal; Zappa, lead guitar, vocals, composer-arranger; Lowell George, rhythm guitar, vocal; Roy Estrada, bass, vocal; Jimmy Carl Black, Art Tripp, drums; Ray Collins, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

Any album by Frank Zappa should seem a special moment—but he is too seldom offered that sort of reverence, no doubt because to so many his music

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sounds odd. But then the music of Frank Zappa is odd, and brilliant by that very abnormality. As a composer, as an arranger, even as a guitarist, he is seldom equalled in rock, if indeed his music may be so simply classified. As an editor especially, the skill with which Zappa fuses the sense of a whole from his diversely recorded live and studio pieces is amazing, virtually inexplicable: so much so that, in one instance, the live instrumental *The Orange County Lumber Truck* (recorded at Festival Hall) jumps in *on the bar* as if the natural improvisation of *Oh No* (recorded in a New York studio), and without being noticed until long switched. Yet praise such as this is constant for Zappa, if only the pop mass would care enough to listen.

Fantastic moments on this latest include: the gutsy violin and vocal of Sugar Cane Harris on Little Richard's *Directly from My Heart*; the Zappa vocal and guitar on the very funny hard-rock *My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mama*; the feedback explosion climax of the title cut; several group improvisations, all under assorted bizarre titles, and likely all hand-directed by Zappa; the usual comic interludes of a few lines of laughs here and there, some fabulous Sherwood snorking on *Prelude*; and my favorite piece, Ray Collins' vocal on *Oh No*, with perhaps the greatest Zappa lyrics yet recorded.

Weasels Ripped My Flesh is ultimately an album as magnificent as its cover is hilariously grotesque.

—Bourne

GRADY TATE

AFTER THE LONG RIDE HOME—Skye SK-17: *Prologue*; *After the Long Drive Home*; *Follow the Path*; *I Can Deliver*; *I Think It's Going to Rain Today*; *There's Nothing Between Us Now*; *In My Time*; *Interlude*; *Bridges*; *I'll Try Again*; *Suicide Is Painless*.

Personnel: Tate, vocal; unidentified orchestra and chorus; Harold Wheeler, arranger/conductor.

Rating: ★★

After two pleasant first albums, this latest by Grady Tate is somewhat disappointing. Mainly, the Harold Wheeler charts are a bit standard lush for the simplicity of Tate, especially the gratuitous Webb-like orchestral *Prologue* and *Interlude*. But also the repertoire is not as appealing as on the earlier dates, notably the quasi-talk title song (a kind of variation on the *Guess Who I Saw Today* style of ditty) and *Suicide Is Painless*, which is simply dumb out of the context of *M*A*S*H*.

Follow the Path and *I Can Deliver* are meaty, the first a light swinger, the latter straining soul, yet hardly Tate at his best, at least not as fine as Tate on quiet ballads. But the delicately-arranged *Going to Rain Today* is truly lovely, and with the other softer tunes (*There's Nothing Between Us Now* and *Bridges*) proves the Tate excellence, even obscuring his flat-sounding moments on *I'll Try Again* and *In My Time*.

If not definitive, this is nonetheless an LP of good gentle singing for those who detest the bombast of most saloon crooners or the boring artifice of groaners who lack the honest musical voice of Grady Tate.

—Bourne

THE ORIGINAL TUXEDO "JASS" BAND

THE ORIGINAL TUXEDO "JASS" BAND—Saba SB 15047: *The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise*; *New Orleans Funeral*; *Just A Closer Walk With Thee/Didn't He Ramble*; *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Eb La Bas*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *Panama*.

Personnel: Jack Willis, trumpet; Waldren Joseph, trombone; Joseph "Cornbread" Thomas, clarinet; Jeanette Kimball, piano; Albert French, banjo, guitar; Frank Fields, bass; Louis Barbarin, drums.

Rating: ★★

The name's almost the same, but all the faces are different from those in the Clairborne Williams Orchestra, formed in 1896 in New Orleans which became the Original Tuxedo Jazz Orchestra not many years later when young Oscar Celestin assumed its leadership. Jeanette Kimball played for Celestin for 36 years, and took part in the band's Columbia recordings during 1926-28; Thomas, French and Barbarin have each put in about two decades with the OTJB.

But don't expect another George Lewis Ragtime Band or a Preservation Hall outfit. There is neither the irresistible drive of the former or the roughneck charm of the latter, here; rather, the impression is that of another mainstream-goes-Dixie session. Willis and Joseph are as far removed from Kid Thomas and Jim Robinson as Freddie Kohlman is from the late Sammy Penn. Barbarin has neither the bounce of Penn nor the brute force of Joe Watkins, preferring to cymbalize conventionally when not inserting the mandatory two-bar fills, need 'em or not. Fields, from his style and sound, would seem to be a younger man. Miss Kimball and Thomas lend the most "authentic" touches.

It reminds me of those Swingville "Dixie" dates, some of them, from a few years ago: I suspect the OTJB is a more commercial proposition than not. Pleasant enough, however, though probably not for the hardcore New Orleans collectors, who will find it a bit too slick.

—Jones

ROCK BRIEFS

BY MIKE BOURNE

PROGRAM MUSIC is hardly unknown to jazz composers, if only in the realm of memorials: as witness Oliver Nelson, David Baker, Ellington, Brubeck, et al. But now in the wake of *Tommy* by The Who, and earlier David Axelrod's *Mass* by the Electric Prunes, many rock composers are writing similarly, although few of the most current seem to own enough talent. Mainly split between two basic formats—those with a story (quasi-oratorios like *Tommy*) or those with a literary unity of sorts (religious document or otherwise)—here is a survey of several recent attempts, most of which (as will be evident) somewhat terrible.

In Spooky Tooth/Pierre Henry's *Ceremony* (A&M SP 4225), the focus of the "electronic mass" is too often electronic, and Pierre Henry's obtrusive babbles and whizzles sadly eclipse the mainly mellow r&b taste of Spooky Tooth. Except for a sweeping moment of bells at the close of *Prayer* (the Lord's, that is), most of

Henry's contribution to this rock adaptation of several Mass pieces (Anglican or English Catholic) is not only inconsequential, but so dispassionate as to wholly de-energize what music does make it in intent, even co-composer Gary Wright's usually strong organ. However, the lyrics are rather clever.

On *The Seven Deadly Sins* (ABC/Probe CPLP-4513), by Plus, the strain of continuity is by far enough to condemn it as program music, not to overlook its impotence as music alone. Mostly ordinary heavy churning three-man band fare, if not for an ominous voice proclaiming what vices we are to hear (lust, sloth, other favorites), the song connections would never be evident, nor particularly religious.

Though a story line of a kind is implied (some angelic vision of the four Apostles and a journey to the Tower of Coombe) in Methuselah's *Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John* (Elektra EKS-74052), little sense is made, mainly in that the lyrics are often sung too unintelligibly and not printed elsewhere in the album package. It is rather sad, then, that the music here is a bit more exciting than most new program rock, especially the four title cuts, since the thought so completely escapes. But then the entire album is not wholly taken by the joined pieces, as the second side features two extra-thematic tunes and a mellow six-minute tongue-in-cheek *Frere Jacques*. Though they ultimately poop-out with their dramatic suite, Methuselah nonetheless proves a diverse and fairly creative group that should be better recorded in the future.

On *The Seventh Day* (Mercury SR 61248) opens with a quote—"It took God six days to create a perfect world . . . on the seventh day we took it over"—and writers Alan Bernstein and Victor Millrose and composer Leroy Glover proceed to offer a sound collage of related message songs against images of contemporary trauma (Hiroshima, racial tension, the war, Nixon, the assassinations, Chicago). But except for one line in the anti-violence *They Call Me Gun* ("The bulge I make in your pocket is bigger than the one in your pants") the album offers little else than more valuable, and ultimately a bit tiresome, pessimism toward the times. I suppose the "we" of their initial verse is Man taking over, but who cares? (which is perhaps the unfulfilled message).


Very much a la *Tommy*, Foxx details the rise and fall of a typical youth/spirit in *The Revolt of Emily Young* (Decca DL 75193). In this instance it is a girl who leaves her unresponsive home life to experience the world and eventually gets ruined (I think, although the cryptic liner doggerel and song lyrics never actually clarify the story). And once again an interesting intention fails, as the mainly bubblegum music of Buzz Cason and Pepper Martin cannot illuminate this "rock novella."

Flaming Youth's *Ark 2* (Uni 73075) successfully erects a cohesive literary structure (part social satire, part 2001), and composers Ken Howard and Allan Blaikly not only reflect the times with wit, but furthermore express that wit in a compelling musical context: a quasi-or-

torio implementing whatever necessary mode to evoke each particular moment. Often rather lush and orchestral, the quartet (Gordon Smith and Ronnie Caryl, guitar, bass, vocals; Brian Chatton, keyboards, vocals; Phil Collins, drums) can just as expertly cook, or even break into a Brechtian manner, which proves a remarkable diversity for a group which seems so superficially bubblegum. Yet perhaps that latter image might ironically endear Flaming Youth to a pop market that, I fear, will overlook this excellent album, and thereby miss this best program rock since *Tommy*; because the LP is worth hearing.

Obviously, except for *Ark 2*, I have little appreciation for the latest program rock, and yet such general dislike is fairly justified, because where Flaming Youth maintain a strong conception from inception through execution, the others all collapse somewhere along that sequence to the final detriment of the whole. In the instance of Foxx, if not for the confusing liner notes, no indication is given that any program is happening, and ditto Plus with their jive vocal introductions—which is perhaps the crux of the failure: that whereas many composers may have the imagination to initiate a dramatic intent, too many are too often unable to extend their literary invention into music. And so the impasse occurs once either the plot or the songs cannot effectively synthesize to the other; which is exactly why *Ark 2* and *Tommy* are such exceptional program works, as they not only synthesize well but do so with wit and passion.

Otherwise, the only related music still to be covered here is Jon Lord's *Concerto for Group and Orchestra* by the Royal Philharmonic and Deep Purple (Warner Brothers 1860), which is rather fun, especially since it fairly succeeds in colliding the usual antagonists of rock and straight music. And yet the fusion of the two is seldom complete in that moments of together energy never really happen: that the focus may alter swiftly and precisely (even bar by bar), but always maintaining the distinct characters of group and orchestra with each respective musical attitude. Thus both may physically play together while neither really assumes any quality of its partner; the Deep Purple never quite symphonic and the Royal Philharmonic never quite rocking (although I honestly doubt that such an intention is ever officially implied). Nevertheless, the album is enjoyable, which Jon Lord's liner notes express as his ultimate aim, particularly if one digs Stravinsky (whom Lord affects now and then, with a taste of Miklos Rosza Ben Hur style) plus good solid pop: a pleasantly surprising date, and at least a refuge from the hard-nosed rock horde.

But to conclude, I imagine program rock will continue to be written so long as ideas can be discovered, which are becoming more and more scarce now that all the contemporary fascinations (astrology, religion, space, dope, revolution) have been done. Still, as far as I know, no one has yet covered the atomic weight tables, and they surely deserve some elemental evocation. 

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BLINDFOLD TEST

TERRY GIBBS

by Leonard Feather

A major name in jazz for better than 20 years and one of the first musicians to translate the language of bop into vibraharp terms, Terry Gibbs in recent years has had a rollercoaster career.

After winning the *db* Critics' Poll as leader of the best new big band of 1962, he spent a couple of years in New York, then returned to California to lead the staff combo on the *Regis Philbin Show*.

His time since then has been divided between occasional gigs leading his own small combos, jobs as musical director for his good friend Steve Allen in Las Vegas, and further television assignments, including the *Operation Entertainment* series, for which he led a big band.

This season he is back on the TV front again, as leader of a swinging sextet on the new *Steve Allen Show*. Musically and verbally as extroverted as ever, he was given a mixed bag of records to review in his first Blindfold Test since 1965.

1. ANDREW HILL. *Two Lullabies* (from *Life Every Voice*, Blue Note). Woody Shaw, trumpet; Carlos Garnett, tenor saxophone; Hill, piano, arranger/composer.

I kind of like the tune and the arrangement; I think it really sounds pretty. My ethnic background will bring up the minor key . . . I always love minor keys anyhow. The arrangement is beautiful. It sounds, for some reason, like it's in today's market of jazz, out a little bit, but sounds like some seasoned players, guys who have maybe come from the bebop school; not guys who've just started from Coltrane. Could be Donald Byrd . . . he's always getting into things with singers.

I don't know the tenor player; he didn't get to me as much as the others, because he sounded like he almost wanted to play those notes because he's played them before.

I really couldn't tell who the piano player was at all, nor the trumpet player. I'll rate that four stars, because there's not really enough jazz to tell how anybody can play.

2. MIROSLAV VITOUS. *Infinite Search* (from *Infinite Search*, Embryo). Herbie Hancock, piano; Vitous, bass, composer; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

This is a kind of unfair record to judge in a way; I think I would enjoy it much more in a club. It isn't something I would just put on right now to listen to. But in the middle of a set I think I would enjoy it more right after coming out of a screaming tune.

They're three good players . . . hope there're only three players there! But as I said, it's hard to judge by just throwing it at you as a record itself. I'll give it three stars, but it should maybe deserve more, because the players know what they're doing. The electric piano guy was playing all right notes, made sense to me . . . all seemed to make sense of what they were doing.

A lot of the new players seem to start with John Coltrane . . . and to me a good player should be able to do anything; Coltrane would have been able to sit in with the Dukes of Dixieland and swing the hell out of it. I don't think a lot of the newer guys would be able to play a basic 12-bar blues without getting off into some wild tangent, whereas some of the older players from the John Coltrane era can play out, but also play in.

Now these three sound like they should be able to play straight ahead because

they sound like they know what they're doing. I wouldn't know who it is . . . that bass solo, I don't think it was Scott LaFaro, because music wasn't being played that way then.

3. WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND. *Jazz Me Blues* (from *Live At The Roosevelt Grill*, Atlantic). Vic Dickenson, trombone; Bob Wilber, clarinet.

Reminds me of the Duke Ellington phrase "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing" . . . I like this because it's got a happy feeling. Once again, I hate names put to music, but if you want to call it Dixieland, I suppose you can.

I think maybe it's the World's Greatest Jazz Band. I've heard some of their things. There's a lot of spirit in there, and the clarinet player sounded like he'd be a tenor player . . . maybe Bob Wilber. I'm not sure of the trombone player.

I like it; it's a happy feeling, fun thing. I think that's what's been missing a lot in jazz, guys having that much fun. And if that's the World's Greatest Jazz Band, these guys are no kids and they're up there because they like to play, and it shows. And when you can show that on a record, I think it deserves five stars just for that alone.

It's not necessarily my bag of playing, but it's something I like. I'd rather hear this band every night than have to be submitted to some of the so-called newer things, with a crash here and a bang there and a squeak here, that I don't get anything from. I like what they're doing because it's swing music . . . anything that swings.

4. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *Tango-Rine* (from *Cornucopia*, Solid State). Gillespie, trumpet, composer; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Once again, one of those tunes with one chord change, but I'd give it five stars for just how he plays the melody. I think it's Dizzy Gillespie. He has a way of playing trumpet that just knocks me out. He's been my idol forever. As much as the arrangement was probably good, I was listening to him. Anything he plays he can't miss.

What I did hear of the arrangement is good; it's the mood they're looking for . . . Latin-rock. It didn't get in Diz's way, but I'd have liked to hear Diz stretch out a little more and play against that background. He can do that better than anybody—he did it before anybody. He was doing 20 years ago sort of what they're

doing today, in a different way, of course.

5. GARY BURTON. *Las Vegas Tango* (from *Good Vibes*, Atlantic). Burton, vibes; Sam Brown, Jerry Hahn, Eric Gale, guitars; Gil Evans, composer.

I like that one; it's a very moody piece. It's a minor blues, and I'm glad the rhythm section was playing double time or I probably would have cried.

I really don't recognize the players. It sounds like something that Gary Burton would do, but I don't think it was Gary, because he has a way of bending notes, which is pretty wild. I kept hearing some other strange things in the background; I'm not sure what it was. I couldn't tell who the guitar was at all, because it was gimmicked up a little bit to where it could be 15 different people. Even with the vibes player, I couldn't recognize him because there are about ten young guys playing that same way right now.

I haven't heard any bad vibes players, but I'd like to see the guys become more individual like Milt Jackson did and Lionel Hampton. I think Gary did; he found something different for himself. I'd give this four stars too, because I can't say it's the greatest thing I've heard. It's a four-star record, but if you play one of my favorite people . . . Dizzy, Oscar Peterson, Charlie Parker, I'd have to say no matter what it was, a five-star record.

6. GENE AMMONS. *Son of a Preacher Man* (from *Brother Jugl*, Prestige). Ammons, tenor saxophone.

I like that one too. It's today's market again, because of the rhythms. The tenor player is very capable of doing a lot more. Of course they're playing on one chord change, so he's got to play with the time. It almost sounds like Gene Ammons; I haven't heard him in a long time, but this sound sounds like Jug. I'd like to hear this same tenor player play a tune with some changes. Sometimes I think it's great to play a modal tune where you can get all that rhythmic thing out of your system . . . but I also like tunes with changes, where you can go in and out.

It really sounded like Gene Ammons, and once again it's a four-star record. I also think that the tenor is not one of the newer breed because he had a lot of roots there, sounds like he came from the bebop school, and that modern rock rhythm gave it today's sound.



LEE TANNER

CAUGHT

(Continued from page 21)

have faith, and we go ahead with it and whatever happens happens."

All Night Soul was only a milestone. Jazz Vespers continue on every Sunday afternoon at 5 at St. Peter's, with John Gensel and Company praising the Lord with trumpet, drum and tenor sax.

—Joe H. Klee

Dizzy Gillespie/Dakota Station

Club Baron, New York City

Personnel: Gillespie Quintet: Gillespie, trumpet, tambourine, vocals; Mike Longo, piano; George Davis, guitar; Andy Gonzales, bass; Jerry Gonzales, congas. Dakota Station Trio: Miss Staton, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano, arranger; Lisle Atkinson, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Who says 53-year-old Doctors of Music can't swing?

Dr. John Birks Gillespie, recently awarded that long-overdue and well-deserved honorary degree by Rutgers University, is still at it, as demonstrated by his latest club appearance in Harlem.

As all the world knows, Dr. Gillespie, besides being one of the baddest trumpet players in all of jazz history, has during most of his career been pretty much of a Latin conga freak—for 23 years that I know of; anyway, ever since that memorable session on the Winter Solstice (Dec. 22, 1947) that produced those classics of the bop age, *Algo Bueno* (known in another incarnation as *Woody'n You*), *Cool Breeze*, *Cubana Be* and *Cubana Bop*. If memory serves, it was the inspired conga drumming of Chano Pozo that turned Diz on to the Afro-Cuban beat.

His current group once again has a conga drummer, and, to make the circle complete, his name is Gonzales too. As might be expected, a good deal of the material they're doing has the Latin beat—as an example, no less than four out of the six numbers comprising the first set this night: *Sunshine*, *Samba*, and *Alligator*, all written by Mike Longo, Birks' longtime (four years now) and brilliant pianist-composer-arranger, and Diz's own perennial, *Night in Tunisia*.

Sunshine is a sort of intense tribal ritual that builds to an orgasmic climax, which has Birks marching up and down the stand rattling his tambourine, an instrument he used nearly as much during this set as he did his horn, and George Davis winging his way madly up and down the neck of the guitar; *Samba* is a really pretty line, with Davis blending Latin and funk in about equal fractions; *Alligator*, a bluesy Afro-Cuban cry in the night, features frequent suspensions (we old-timey alligators used to called them "breaks"), frantically filled in by Birks' trumpet, dancing, and excited shouts. On *Tunisia*, Diz swung solidly with all his accustomed fervor and precision.

The two non-Latin items were a funky slow blues, with Diz hollering the lyrics in way-down, turpentine-shack style at the mike, and, in between, blowing the same way on his horn; and then, as an exit theme, just a few choruses of his old swinging blues *Birks' Works*—far too few to please me. Those all-too-few bars grooved me more than the rest of the songs all put together; but this often happens to me.

My problem is (is there a doctor in the house?) that I very soon get enough of that Afro-Cuban beat (unless played by Afro-Cuban orchestras), but never get too much of the blues as played by great jazzmen; and so it regularly comes to pass that a group I dig will be just starting to really groove me at the point where they're fixing to quit and amble over to the bar for a taste.

The group had been working together only three nights when I caught them, i.e., the Gonzales brothers, Andy and Jerry, were new recruits, but sounded rather smoothly integrated into the combo. Visually they made an interesting contrast—they came on like the hippy youth set, tie-dyed Hindu shirts, long locks and all—with the relatively conventional threads of their fellow players. As for the sound they put together as a group—what I could hear of it—I'll explain that sad qualifying clause in a moment—I have to confess that, whenever they got off the Latin beat and started swinging up NorteAmericano

way for long-established stars like Gillespie to keep up with these dizzily changing times, who am I to murmur?

After the Gillespie crew got off, a more orthodox-looking (and sounding) trio set up and started swinging: Norman Simmons, who's been comping for both Dakota and Carmen McRae for years and years, a scintillating pianist in his own right; Lisle Atkinson, whose deep, rich bass sound is one of the most delicious to be heard around town; and veteran drummer Al Harewood, one of those strong, reliable cats who can be counted on to swing any group he's with.

Dakota Station was looking and sounding much as I remembered her—I think the last time I caught her was at a Newport Jazz Festival—large and splendid in a red silk evening gown, and packing a set of pipes that unlike those of many weaker sisters wouldn't need a mike to make themselves heard over any band in the world. Dakota is still producing a highly professional and polished amalgam of spir-



Checkmates: Dizzy and Ralph Berton

style, I yearned for the relief of a singing, stinging sock cymbal up there—enough already of the congas' eternal throbbing! Jerry Gonzales does lay down a nice solid beat on them, and can solo, too; but personally I cannot get around the feeling that, by comparison with what a Max Roach, a Philly Joe Jones, a Mel Lewis or Buddy Rich can put out on their batteries of varied instruments, the conga sound is too monochromatic, and, these days, both overdone and overrated; often a welcome addition to a jazz combo, but not very welcome as an exclusive diet.

Judging by what I learned subsequently, the foregoing may only prove that I am getting senile; it seems that, all week long, young studs were coming up to congratulate Dizzy on the fantastic sound of the new group. Quote: "Mr. Gillespie, I want to shake your hand. I never liked what you did before (!) but this is out of sight!" What can I tell you? The Eskimos, I am told, used to put their obsolescent elders out on the ice to starve when they became too old to pull their weight in the hunting sleds. (Move over, Nanook!) If this is a

ited, Sarah Vaughan-ish post-bop oriented improvisation and traditional Harlem night spot punch. *Willow Weep For Me*, *Foggy Day*, *Misty*, and similar well-beloved standards made up most of the set I heard, and were warmly received by her audience—predominantly but not entirely comprised of black citizens. But again, for me the high point was a really nasty blues, done up brown by the lady—deep, brown. The trio gave her fine backing all the way.

As they say on *Laugh In*, that was the good news. Now for the bad news.

I hate to do this to one of my oldest acquaintances in the jazz world, a cat I've dug and respected for 35 years, more or less—first as a sharp, swinging tenorman, then as a sharp, astute bandleader who always had the very best surrounding him, then as the proprietor of the most famous afterhours spot on the jazz scene, where, as much as anywhere, bop was born and jazz history was made (Minton's Playhouse)—Teddy Hill, who now runs the Club Baron. But I cannot tell a lie. Before I'd heard, or tried to hear, 16 bars of the first set, I was wishing I was listen-

ing to them anywhere else, including inside an oil tank. I cannot recall ever hearing worse acoustics than those that plague the unfortunate performers at this location, and I must add that the piano was nothing to brag about either—an amazing thing to have to report, considering that the manager was himself one of the best bandleaders in the country.

So atrocious were the acoustics that, much of the time, I had trouble separating the sound of any instrument from its multiple echoes and I assure you I'm not exaggerating. I seldom could understand more than isolated fragments of the lyrics being sung, so jumbled were the noises they made while bouncing down at my suffering ear from the Baron's hard, polished

ceilings; it really was like sitting in a steel barrel. Various companions assured me I was sitting in the worst spot of all, right behind the bandstand; and this turned out to be so. But, moving about among the tables and at various levels as I would (I'm sure some of the customers mistook me for a waiter), I never did find any spot where I could actually enjoy the music, as *music*. (Teddy: Couldn't you hang up some drapes?)

In fact, after sticking it out for one set by each group, I could take it no longer, and split, though the night was young.

Is it possible I was the only listener there who minded? Not quite. Several fellow victims nodded at my complaints,

but remained to suffer. But in that department, let me just observe what I have observed all my life—that most patrons of any established establishment will tend to accept, meekly enough, what is dished out to them—and illustrate the point with a relevant anecdote. A friend of mine was once dining at the old Faisan d'Or, a rather good bistro on Sixth Avenue (long ago, before it became the alleged Avenue of the Americas). She ordered the chicken paprikash, one of their featured items; took one bite, and gulped water to extinguish the fire in her mouth. An expert cook herself, she realized at once that the chef must have goofed this night, inadvertently substituting cayenne pepper for the paprika. She called the manager, and bade him taste; he too choked and sputtered, "Wow—you're right—it *is* cayenne!" After offering her her choice of other dishes, and profuse apologies, he paused for a puzzled afterthought: "Madam," he said, glancing guardedly around him and lowering his voice, "do you know how many orders of this we've served tonight? And not one complaint!!" —*Ralph Berton*

Lee Morgan/Freddie Hubbard

Slug's/East Village In, New York City

Personnel: Morgan, trumpet, flugelhorn; Billy Harper, tenor saxophone, flute; Harold Mabern, piano; Jymie Merritt, electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn; Junior Cook, soprano and tenor saxophones; Joe Barney, piano; Mickey Bass, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Morgan and Hubbard were both born in 1938, Hubbard being a few months older. Morgan was born on the east coast, Hubbard in the midwest. Both did short stints with Art Blakey's Messengers, Morgan between '58 and '61 and again between '64 and '65; Hubbard after Morgan in 1961. Morgan's reputation preceded him, Hubbard's was made while with the Messengers. Both are uniquely skilled musicians who have taken their natural talents and harnessed them into distinctive styles, Morgan favoring the style of Clifford Brown and Hubbard evolving out of Miles Davis and Booker Little.

There were non-musical issues which transcended the musical issues during their performances. Issues which began when Morgan and Hubbard were still infants . . . when Charlie Parker demanded an audience for his revolutionary music. And what developed was an albatross, the night club culture. The smoke-filled rooms, so filled that it hurt one's eyes. The "juice" flowing like the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. The dime-store hookers with their slick-dressed gentlemen. The drugs and cockroaches everywhere. The hours, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m., six nights a week. Conditions conducive to something, but not to music. Not even in a sophisticated city like New York, where your chance of getting a good listening audience is greater.

Let's look at the facts: Jimmy Blanton dead at 21; Charlie Parker dead at 35; Charlie Christian dead at 23; Paul Chambers dead at 34; Booker Ervin dead at 39; Booker Little dead at 23; Eric Dolphy dead at 36; John Coltrane dead at 41; Clifford Brown dead at 26; Bud Powell dead at 42; Scott LaFaro dead at 25; Wes Montgomery dead at 44; Art Tatum dead



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at 46; Sonny Clark dead at 31; etc., etc., etc. All young men, all talented men, all dead.

Section 2 of a recent Sunday New York Times: page 17, article entitled "Who Makes Music." Of the 92 listings, only three are recitals by jazz musicians. (One



RYUICHIRO MAEDA

Lee Morgan

happens to be a concert by my fellow graduate student at Wesleyan University, Janice Jarret.) On page 18, entitled "This Week's Radio Concerts," there are 84 listings of FM programs, six concentrating on jazz, five of these by the same commentator. On pages 19 and 20, "Television This Week" has 1018 listings, but not one single jazz performer. (A fact Lee Morgan, one of the leaders of the Jazz and Peoples Movement, is aware of.)

So Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard are relegated to the East Village Inn and Slug's. On the night I saw Freddie, there were approximately 25 people there. A man of Hubbard's talents should be seen and heard by at least 500 times that number per set. The only way a person can be exposed to that number of people is through the mass media. Slug's has a capacity of 150 people—after that the police take over. And although the place was full, it still didn't do Morgan justice. His skills are just too great for such a small assembly.

What is most incredible is that, even in the most deplorable conditions, these two musicians literally played their asses off. Hubbard, who seemed embarrassed about playing there and about the temporary absence of two regular members of his rhythm section, played with his usual vigorous determination to make exciting music. He has always played interesting scalar lines with unique turns. He also was working on overtones which were heard like chords, always growing. At one time during one of his solos a man just started yelling out at him. Not that spontaneous response has not always been a good thing in jazz and even part of it, but this wasn't that. It was just disrespect for Hubbard. The guy just felt he had a license to do

that kind of thing. (I recalled that a week before, when I saw McCoy Tyner, there was a fellow who was so excited about the music that he reacted by making gestures, but they didn't distract from the music, they were part of it.) Morgan was Lee Morgan. He seems to have gotten away from the double-timing that had marked his earlier style but still plays with that sometime vibrato and with a great sense of time and linear spacing. Both Hubbard and Morgan are total musicians. They are great trumpeters, excellent composers, and good bandleaders.

The most satisfying thing for me was the playing of Louis Hayes and Mickey Bass behind Hubbard. Hayes, since I first heard him with Horace Silver, has always

been a tasteful drummer. He has great ears and accompanies with fire, always setting up the soloist. His time never weakens, he attacks the drums, the sticks jump off the drum heads with crispness and precision. He is a steady professional. Bass, who is a Pittsburgher like myself, was really a great surprise. Not only because he's someone that I knew slightly, but because he's a good bassist, getting better, and I knew him when he was younger. At the end of the third piece he played an extended solo which was just excellent.

America will never understand why so many black musicians would rather live in Europe than here. It will never understand.

—Bill Cole

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Herbie Mann's "Memphis Underground" Solo Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

THE SOLO IS TRANSCRIBED from *The Best of Herbie Mann* (Atlantic SD 1544). The selection was originally recorded on Aug. 21, 1968 and appeared on Mann's *Memphis Underground* LP (Atlantic 1522). The solo is in the key of C Major (concert) and range is one octave and a minor 7th. Points of interest:

1. The entire solo is based on a C7 chord.
2. The blues scale is used to color the entire solo.
3. The whole-step motive (C and B \flat) that introduces the solo begins as grace notes, then becomes a trill.
4. Wide variety of articulation, slurs, etc.
5. Excellent use of contrast in dynamics, double time and prevailing time, tessitura, and scalar and chordal playing.

$\text{♩} = 120$ Memphis Underground Herbie Mann (ASCAP)

Music © 1970 Herbie Mann. Used by permission.
World Radio History

WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 20)

comes from. But the music, it's true music. It belongs to us; this is our sign of unity. That is why I disagree with black artists who are gearing their music somewhere else, because you are not going to get more acceptance if you leave your people—when I say that, I mean changing your music for that purpose. It's like imitating the imitators, and no one is going to go for that. I believe in trying to reach everybody, but not by forsaking where you come from and what you are. I don't feel that you can leave all that."

As a member of one of the most consistent and refreshing groups in jazz today, Williams had some things to say about his association with Herbie Hancock.

"Working with Herbie has been a very rewarding experience in that Herbie's spectrum is so broad. It's really an understatement when I say that the band offers all the chances of expression, all the possibilities of exploring freedom. You know, the way Herbie plays, it's like no notes are wrong. I watch him sometimes when we are playing, and it seems like something swells up inside him and he will play something incredible.

"I find myself constantly trying to find the best notes to enhance what he's doing. The whole band is very tight. It gasses me where the rhythm section can take the horns sometimes. At any given moment, anybody in the group can be an aggressor. Someone will decide to take it over *here*—and the way we all go, the way it automatically and smoothly happens—I don't know, it just can't be described! Whatever happens, everyone is in accord and we never stop long enough in one groove for it to get dull."

"You know, when I first started playing," Williams summed up "and everybody who started at the same time, cats I grew up with, we used to sit around and talk about how it would be when we made it. You grow older and more experienced and you start wondering; what *is* making it—how do you know when you've reached that plateau? I think that even when I'm 70, I'll still feel the way I do now. With each passing year, I try to be better.

"As far as achievement up to now—well, I've played with many people that I wanted to play with. I would like to achieve more than I have, but I don't know exactly what 'more' is, yet. All I do know is when something comes up and looks good, I do it! I don't really map out plans. I strive to do everything that can be done musically and to learn and grow more aware, know myself better. The only direction I can go is forward. I have always wondered what I would be doing if I wasn't playing music. I couldn't conceive of doing anything else. It seems like I would just be dead."

Dedication, strength, conviction: all these words apply to Buster Williams, man and musician. As long as jazz has people of his caliber out there, the future of the music looks clear. Hopefully, it won't be too long before the jazz public becomes more aware of what he is saying. It shouldn't be missed.



AFTERTHOUGHTS

(Continued from page 13)

cise wording.

Eagerly, I awaited an outraged denial of this fairytale. Coleman Hawkins—from the start of his career at 15 to his death last year at 64—never, *never* worked outside music. He never had to—until the end, he thankfully had sufficient means to maintain a materially more than comfortable existence. But not a word from our panel. Perhaps they were too busy with themselves to react to this insult (if well-meant) to one of the immortals of jazz. Or perhaps it was politics again: the remark was useful to the cause, though jazz certainly has enough true tragedies not to be in need of false ones to support a point.

At the beginning of the discussion, Mrs. Roland Kirk, representing her husband, read a statement from Operation Breadbasket in support of the movement's goals. Not a word had yet been said about jazz, nor did anyone bother to explain what Operation Breadbasket is. In and of itself, the support of this estimable organization is laudable, welcome—and perhaps even tactically useful. But in a presentation of the case for real jazz on TV, was it of such overwhelming urgency as to precede anything else? To be sure, Mrs. Kirk read the statement to explain the absence of Rev. Jesse Jackson, Breadbasket's leader, who had been announced for the panel. But the statement was so phrased that it immediately made the context political, the language crypto-sociological, and the atmosphere uptight.

Other things were said that were disheartening. Cecil Taylor's elaborate answer to Cavett's question as to whether whites could play jazz (made almost inevitable by the panel's rhetoric) was essentially yes; Taylor is not a musical chauvinist. He also brought out the basic point that jazz is a universal art, and therefore approachable by all. But the yes was not very emphatic—almost an afterthought—and echoes of the question lingered until Edith Kirk, who is a fine lady but no jazz expert, introduced the name of Buddy Rich as an example of a white jazzman overrated at the expense of blacks.

Now, one could find some very fitting examples to support this point—if indeed it needed to be made under the circumstances—but Rich is perhaps the least fitting. Nobody, needless to say, came to his defense, though Taylor somewhat rescued the situation, sidetracking the point with the accurate observation that Chick Webb had been the inspiration for both Rich and Gene Krupa, that Ella Fitzgerald had come out of Webb's band, and yet few know of this great man today.

In any case, it was Taylor who made the best points. Billy Harper made a sincere and sympathetic impression, but had little to offer beyond making it clear that he is a dedicated young musician who wants to be heard. Hubbard was generally more mature than in his opening comment, but aside from bringing up the valid point that jazz is more appreciated in Europe than at home, he hadn't much of substance to say.

Andy Cyrille was sincere, too, and not

as quick to speak as the others. He had a few thoughtful things to say, but they were obscured, once again, by the defensive, socio-political tone of the conversation.

At one point, a commercial interrupted with a message that pierced through the verbiage employed by the panel—like a sudden interjection of a statement in a familiar language during a long discourse in Sanskrit. "There are people out there who don't understand us," a soft-drink vendor said. That a commercial should suddenly sound so human was indicative of the discussion's strained tone.

Shortly after, Cyrille, I think it was, did make a very human statement: "Let us do *our* thing!" Perhaps unfortunately, it came after a reply to Cavett's asking who some of the great musicians (present company included) who were never seen on TV might be. Among the names cited were Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, and Sunny Murray. Estimable musicians all, but also all representative of a certain jazz sphere. Was this, then, not the Jazz and Peoples Movement, but the Movement for the Furtherance of Avant-Garde Jazz on Television? Inclusion of a few names among the many non-new thing players—I could think of hundreds offhand—also underexposed on TV would have been reassuring.

On the evidence of the discussion, which, I repeat, must have been witnessed by a few million people (those who got bored and switched to Johnny Carson got Woody Herman's band), jazz is a music almost exclusively made by musicians who are black, are never seen on TV, play to please themselves rather than their audience, reject all entertainment values, are deprived of recognition, and speak in the language of contemporary political radicalism. In addition, the impression was created (even if perhaps not intended) that the only truly valid jazz today is made by the musicians on the panel and those who think and play like them.

This impression, furthermore, was conveyed with heat but no warmth, no convincing powers of communication, no humor, no flexibility, or any effective use of the television medium. At no time was there the slightest indication that the music in question might be pleasurable to listen to. This places the effectiveness of the episode to the cause of jazz in at least some doubt.

That a large audience already exists in this country for jazz, that it is a music of uncommon communicative powers, that it can be visually as well as aurally exciting, that many excellent jazz TV shows have been produced in this country (though never shown on prime network commercial time), that one of the most fascinating aspects of jazz is its variety, combined with the fact that all its great styles can still boast living representation, and that it indeed should be seen more on television because it is *worth seeing*, for reasons beyond those pertaining to social justice, the welfare of struggling artists, and ego gratification—those points were never brought out.

Not long ago, I saw an educational TV program featuring Eubie Blake, the octogenarian pianist-composer. It told me more

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5
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about the great music we call jazz than did the panel supposedly promoting it. It told me that jazz gets its strength as an art from the inner strength of its creators, and that in Blake I saw revealed a black musician, the son of slaves, who had become a fully realized and marvelously appealing human being, a man with great love and pride for his music who still finds joy and fulfillment in performing it, a man who can speak without rancor but with profound dignity and even humor of some of the injustices he and his people have been made to suffer, and who made all this clear in human, not abstract political terms.

The program was not made less instructive by the presence of a white fellow-pianist as interviewer. His open reverence and love for the master spoke volumes about the power of the music they were celebrating together.

I wish the Jazz and Peoples Movement much success, but I hope it will find it possible to define the music more generously, more humanly, and more convincingly, define it in keeping with its history, spirit, and true message.

I hope the panelists listened to, and dug, the musical messages from Cavett's studio band (which includes jazz players): Cues of *It Don't Mean A Thing . . .*, *Take the A Train* and *What Am I Here For?*

In a final touch of irony, the program was immediately followed by a promo for the *Lawrence Welk Show*. That, dear friends, is where TV is at, and tilting at windmills won't do the job you've set yourselves. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

Countee Cullen Library Nov. 4 . . . Violinist LeRoy Jenkins' group, *The Revolutionary Quintet*, was heard in a concert at the Laser Theatre, 131 Prince St. Oct. 23 and 24. Jenkins wrote all the music and introduced some new musicians. In the group were Riccardo Gautreau, guitar; Steven Burns, vibes; Norris Jones, bass, and Allen Blairsmen, drums . . . Jimmy Owens severed the index finger and severely cut two others on his left hand while using a power saw at home. An emergency operation performed by a Swedish surgeon fortunately went so well that the trumpeter was able to play at a benefit supporting the brief strike at radio station WLIB held Oct. 26 at I.S. 201 in Harlem. Also playing at the benefit, which raised over \$500 for people on the picket line were McCoy Tyner, Lee Morgan, Clifford Jordan, Kiane Zawadi, Roland Alexander, Hakim Jami and a reportedly excellent 14-year old drummer from the Jazzmobile School, Howard King. Ed Williams was emcee . . . Guitarist Harvey Mandel, recently with Canned Heat and John Mayall, has formed his own group . . . Pianist-composer Walter Davis Jr. has returned to New York after more than a year in India and Europe . . . Roy Eldridge continues to pack 'em in at Jimmy Ryans. On Oct. 25, he joined forces with Illinois Jacquet at a Village Vanguard Sunday session presented by the

New York Hot Jazz Society. They were aided and abetted by Horace Parlan, piano; Michael Fleming, bass, and Buddy Maek, drums. Trombonist Matthew Gee sat in . . . Altoist Hank Crawford headed a group at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn in mid-October . . . Norwegian singer Karin Krog was in town on the first leg of a study trip in the U.S. on a stipend granted by Norway's cultural ministry . . . John Mayall is set for a Japanese tour in December with a new group. He did big business at the Fillmore East the weekend of Oct. 9, and the following week B. B. King broke it up. Elvin Bishop sat in with King's group for the last show on Oct. 17. Also on the bill was the new Butterfield Blues Band with a bigger brass sound. King's band included Sonny Freeman, drums and leader; John Brown-ing, trumpet; John Burton, trombone; Earl Turbinton, alto sax; Louis Hubert, tenor sax; Ron Levy, piano; Wilbur Freeman, bass. On Oct. 23, Derek and the Dominos reigned very supreme with Eric Clapton on guitar, Bobby Whitlock, Carl Radle, and Jim Gordon. Good reports on Humble Pie, also on the bill . . . Brother Thad Jones worked with Elvin Jones' group when at the Village Vanguard in mid-October. Freddie Hubbard's group followed, and John Blair did the week of Oct. 26, with Herbie Hancock's group added on the weekend. Hubbard also worked at Slug's . . . Pianist Andy Bey was at Hilly's in Oct. . . . Lee Konitz worked the Half Note the second half of Oct., with Ross Tompkins, piano; Vic Sproles, bass, and Mousey Alexander, drums. Maxine Sullivan was added on weekends, and Joe Lee Wilson sat in for a set or two. Miss Sullivan and Zoot Sims roared in after Konitz . . . Joe Henderson's group worked the East Village "In" Oct. 28-Nov. 1. The week prior, they had pianist Danny Mixon's group (Carlos Garnett, tenor; Stafford James or Hakim Jamil, bass; Al Hicks, drums) . . . The East had the Rashied Ali Quartet for the weekend of Oct. 23, with Carlos Ward, alto; Fred Simmons, piano; and Stafford James, bass. The following weekend, it was Archie Shepp's group . . . Barry Harris continues at Diggs Den . . . Kenny Burrell, Larry Ridley and Bill Harris were at the Guitar during October . . . The Charlie Byrd Quintet did a Queens College concert Oct. 30 . . . James Moody was at Club Baron the week of Oct. 26 and Leon Thomas held forth the week before . . . Lonnice Smith was at the Blue Book in October . . . Harold Ousley was at Sandy's uptown the end of October . . . Sam Jones and Wynton Kelly teamed up at Mikell's . . . Top of the Gate followed Mose Allison with Roland Hanna, who had Major Holley, bass, and Eddie Locke, drums . . . Duke Pearson worked the Lost and Found, 39th & Lexington in October . . . Charlie Haden's score for *San Francisco Mix* was heard on channel 13 last month. The bassist performed it with San Francisco drummer Jerry Granelli . . . Percussionist Selwyn Lissack gave a concert Oct. 19 at Joseph Wade Jr. High School in the Bronx, with Perry Robinson, clarinet; Mike Moss, tenor, soprano, flute; and Richard Young-


stein, bass . . . Rashied Ali's quartet was at Esther Gritz in Brooklyn on weekends starting Oct. 30 . . . Pee Wee's featured Rita da Costa the weekend of Oct. 23, with Walter Davis on piano and Clifford Barbero on drums . . . Janice Jarrett & the Rhythm Associates were at Muse.

Los Angeles: It isn't often that discographers are honored but it happened in Los Angeles recently when Larry Dougherty's 18-piece band staged a jazz concert and dedicated the Sunday afternoon outdoor affair to the memory of Ernie Edwards, who died last March. The concert was under the auspices of the city's Department of Municipal Arts and Bureau of Music . . . Don Ellis is keeping his band and his writing chops equally busy these days: following their appearance at the Northwest Jazz Spectacular in Seattle, Don and his band played (and recorded live) at Fillmore West in San Francisco, then took off for a two-week midwest concert tour. Don, never a believer in miniaturization, has just completed a musical called *Future: Tense!* It will be premiered at the school that commissioned it, Long Beach City College, next February. Among the forces employed: a large concert band, large chorus, the school orchestra, dancers and a 100-piece marching band! Don recently returned from Germany where he was discussing another commission: an opera for the Hamburg State Opera . . . Stan Kenton has been invited to serve as a judge at the International Festival of University Bands, scheduled for Croydon, England, during late August and early September, 1971. As of now, more than 80 bands will participate . . . Dave Grusin was among the panel of judges representing the United States for the recent Brazilian Song Festival, held in Rio de Janeiro. Grusin has signed to score a segment of ABC-TV's *Dan August* . . . Local composer-arranger Edgar Redmond conducted a number of clinic sessions at the 12th Annual National School Orchestra Association conference at Elon College, in North Carolina. Also participating in the clinics were trumpeter Mannie Klein and drummer Ed Shaughnessy . . . Kim Richmond and his 10-piece rock band, *The Hereafter*, are featured at the People Tree Inn, in Calabasas . . . Marty Harris and his Trio still provide the house sounds at Hogie's in Beverly Hills . . . Gus Bivona and his Quartet are at My Brother's in Canoga Park, on weekends . . . Lennie Bluett is at the Red Log, near the UCLA campus . . . Eddie Cano is back at the 940 Club with his quartet. Dixieland is featured there on Sundays . . . Selah made its first non-campus appearance as part of a double bill at the Pilgrimage Theater (the other combo was Dave Mackay's Concert Jazz Quintet, with Joe Pass). Selah is the Tim Barr Quartet, the Los Angeles Valley College combo that has earned a number of awards at college jazz festivals. Personnel include Jon Clark, flute, piccolo and reeds; Steve Correll, piano; Thom Magee, drums, and Barr, bass. Barr, who knows how to gain attention, began the first number by bow-

ing on his upright while it was laying on the stage . . . Jimmy Smith and Trio closed at the Lighthouse and were followed by Kenny Burrell . . . George Van Eps added something new to his recent four nights at Donte's: instead of just vibist Frank Flynn, the guitarist also had brother Bobby Van Eps on piano; Ray Leatherwood on bass, and Jerry Williams on drums . . . Also at Donte's, Walter Bishop substituted for the Dee Barton band. Lightnin' Hopkins played one week at the Ash Grove . . . John Klemmer put in a week at Shelly's Manne-Hole and was followed by Thelonious Monk . . . Also in for a week: Kenny Hagood, better known as Pancho, at Los Angeles' newest room, Schraft's . . . The

World's Greatest Jazz Band will close at the Hong Kong Bar Dec. 20, then Joe Williams will take up residence through Jan. 17.

Chicago: Herbie Hancock followed the Monty Alexander Trio (Alexander, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Frank Gant, drums) into the London House Nov. 4 with some new faces on hand. His sidemen were: Eddie Henderson, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Bennie Maupin, tenor sax; Buster Williams, bass, and Billy Hart, drums. The Ramsey Lewis Trio follows Hancock Dec. 1, giving way Christmas week to the house band, the Audrey Morris Trio, then returning for an additional week through and including



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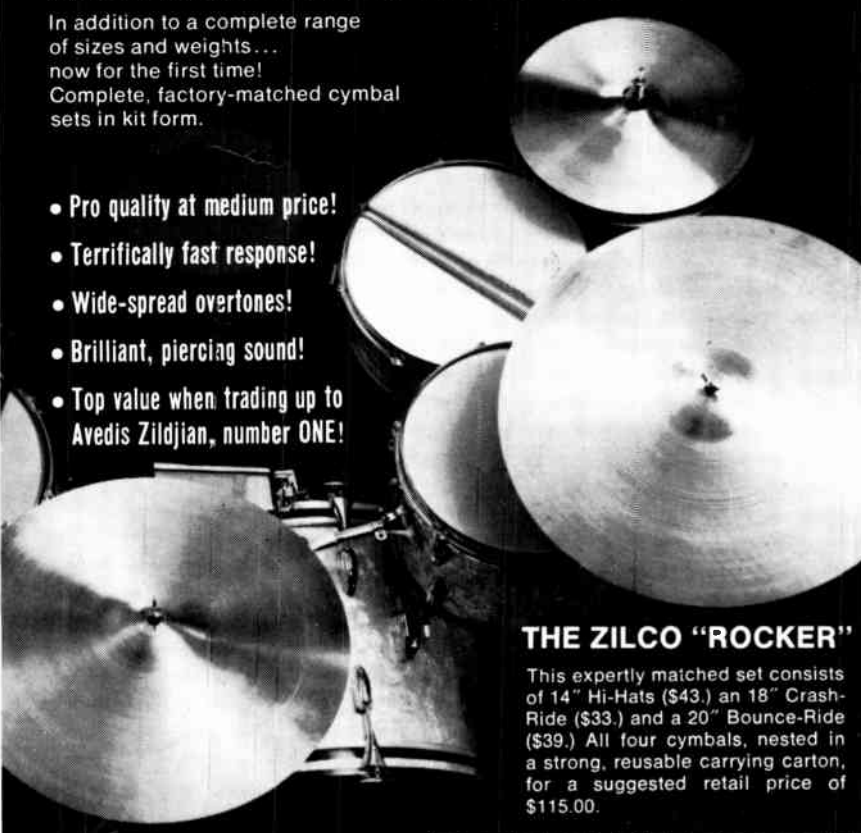
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New Year's Eve . . . **Illinois Jacquet** and **Gene Ammons** did a Nov. 1 concert at the North Park Hotel honoring the memory of **Lester Young**. **Jacquet** also shared the stage at the Apartment with **Odell Brown** and the **Organizers** recently . . . The **Gallery Ensemble**, who can be heard regularly at the Afam Studio and Gallery on E. 75th St., were featured in concert at Barat College in nearby Lake Forest. On Dec. 11, the Ensemble (**Jose Williams**, soprano sax; **Joe McClendon**, alto sax; **Billy Mitchell**, bass; **Bobby Miller**, drums) will appear at St. Xavier College in Chicago . . . The **Willie Jones Quintet** (**Jay Peters**, tenor sax; **Reggie Boyd**, guitar; **Jones**, piano; **Betty Dupree**, bass; **Kansas Fields**, drums) did a one-nighter at the Essex Ballroom . . . **Count Basie's** Orchestra worked **Ruggles** Nov. 2. The first name attraction to work the club, **Stan Kenton**, returned to town for three nights at the Quiet Knight, 953 W. Belmont Ave. . . . **Jimmy Heath** and **Curtis Fuller** visited the North Park Hotel in late October. Sidemen for the Saturday and Sunday concerts included bassist **Rufus Reid** and drummer **Wilbur Campbell** . . . The first in a series of jazz concerts at the Bernard Horwich Jewish Community Center featured the **Corky Siegel-Schwall Blues Band** (Nov. 18) with **Art Hodes** (Dec. 16) and **Warren Kime** set to follow . . . **Joe Williams** did a one-nighter at the High Chapperal . . . Blues men **Junior Wells** and **Buddy Guy**, recently returned from a European tour with the **Rolling Stones**, worked a weekend at **Theresa's** . . . Recent attractions at **Alice's Revisited**: **Hound Dog Taylor** and **Honeyboy Edwards** . . . The Living Room of the Playboy Club features the trios of **Harold Harris**, **Joe Iaco**, **Alan Barcus**, and **John Gittens** . . . **Georg Brunis** and his **Dixieland** band enlivened a recent Sunday night at the Edge Lounge. With the trombonist **Smokey Stover**, trumpet; **Russ Whitman**, clarinet; **Tut Soper**, piano, and **Tony Bellson**, drums . . . The **Salty Dogs** played a concert at the Three Fools Hall in nearby LaGrange.

San Francisco: **Miles Davis**, with **Gary Bartz**, reeds; **Keith Jarrett**, piano; **Mike Henderson**, bass; **Jack DeJohnette**, drums, and **Jumma Santos**, **Airto Moreira**, percussion, worked at Basin Street West Oct. 2-3, 6-9, (**Sarah Vaughan** was booked from Oct. 17-24) played **Zellerbach Auditorium** on Oct. 14 with the **Fourth Way** (**Mike White**, violin; **Mike Nock**, piano; **John Wilmouth**, bass; **Ed Marshall**, drums, and new fifth, tenorist **Hadley Caliman**), then moved to Fillmore West Oct. 15-18 with **Leon Russell** and **Hammer** . . . A new jazz-rock group, **Stark Reality**, promoted by **Ahmad Jamal**, with **Monty Stark**, vibes, vocals; **John Abercrombie**, guitar; **Phil Morrison**, bass; **Vinnie Johnson**, drums, played the Jazz Workshop. **Thelonious Monk's** Quartet followed . . . The **Berkeley Jazz Symposium**, held Nov. 6-7, had the **Sonny Simmons** Quartet, the **Bert Wilson** unit, **Neo-Hoodoo Jazz Three**, **Martha Young's** Trio, among others . . . **Charles Lloyd** appeared with **Jethro Tull** at a Bill Gra-

ham-sponsored concert at Berkeley Community Theatre. **Graham's** set on presenting a rock tour of Vietnam, but is being blocked by army brass insistence that he cut down on excess baggage . . . The Garden Room of Hotel Claremont, which has an occasional indulgence of big bands, had **Count Basie** Oct. 24 . . . The **Moth-ers of Invention** (**Ian Underwood**, tenor sax, electric harpsichord; **Frank Zappa**, guitar; **Jeff Simmons**, bass; **Ansley Dunbar**, drums; **Howard Kaylan**, **Mark Vollman**, vocals), had **George Duke** on piano and trombone for a concert at Pepperland at San Rafael . . . **Gabor Szabo** was at the El Matador . . . The **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet worked the Both/And . . . **Richard Groove Holmes** appeared at Jack's of Sutter Street . . . **Don Piestrup's** band rolled again with their customary monthly concert at the Casuals and a concert at Mission Dolores Park. Lead trumpeter **Pat Houston** has finally succumbed to the fat lure of Hollywood studios and will leave soon.

Boston: The cancellation of WGBH-TV's weekly jazz show, *Mixed Bag*, brought support for its co-producers, **Lee Tanner** and **Dave Atwood**, from jazz fans across New England. The show featured established local jazzmen as well as younger talents. Those wishing to join the protest should write WGBH, Public Relations, 125 Western Ave., Boston, Mass. 02134 . . . Berklee College of Music faculty member **Charlie Mariano** did a week at the Jazz Workshop with his *Osmosis*. He also recently joined fellow Berklee instructor **Ray Santisi** in backing **Astrud Gilberto** at Paul's Mall, where other featured artists have included **Chuck Berry**, **Arthur Prysock**, and **Woody Herman** . . . Heavy sounds have emanated from the Jazz Workshop, where **Roland Kirk**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Hugh Masekela**, **Les McCann**, **Ornette Coleman**, **Herbie Hancock**, and **Horace Silver** have worked recently . . . **Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike** continued to feature top attractions, with **Roberta Flack**, **Pharoah Sanders**, **Mose Allison**, **James Moody**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Leon Thomas** working the room in recent months. The local **Jimmy Moshers-Paul Fontaine** Big Band is featured on Mondays . . . The **Ultra-Modern Jazz Quintet**, a young Boston group headed by trumpeter **Milt Ward**, has been active locally. Members include **Art Baron**, trombone; **Steve Slagle**, alto sax; **Todd Anderson**, tenor sax; **George McPetridge**, piano; and **Steve Ambush**, drums . . . Another young local group, the **New Music Ensemble** (**Jeff Stout**, trumpet; **Ed Byrns**, trombone; **Don Garcia**, alto, soprano sax; **Steve Winfield**, tenor sax, flute; **Lanee Gunderson**, guitar; **Richard Shaer**, electric piano; **Kent Carter**, cello; **Jim Bebo**, bass; **Craig Herndon**, **Joe Bebo**, drums) have done concerts at Old West Church, the Harlem Inter Faith Ministerial Association, and at several local high schools . . . Berklee's **Joe Georgiani** recently returned to the lead trumpet chair with **Buddy Rich's** Big Band, where he joined fellow Berklee trumpeter **Danny Hayes** . . . Berklee students **Sal Spicola** and

Larry Pyatt toured the U.S. and Europe last summer with **Lionel Hampton** and trombonist **Erling Kroner** left Berklee to return to his native Denmark . . . Recent concerts featured **Oscar Peterson**, **Herbie Mann**, **Laura Nyro** and **Ella Fitzgerald** at the Music Hall, **Led Zeppelin**, **Creedence Clearwater Revival**, **Sly** and the **Family Stone** at Boston Garden, and **John Sebastian** and the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** at Symphony Hall . . . **Muddy Waters** and his **Chicago Blues Band** appeared during the music segment of Boston's *Celebration of Black Arts*, held at historic Arlington Street Church. Also on the program were **The Blue Guerilla**, **The Victorious** with **Al Phillips** and the **Gospelodians**.

Baltimore: **Olatunji** and his troupe of five drummers and four male and three female dancers, put on a brilliant performance at Towson State College Oct. 9 at the conclusion of a week-long black arts festival sponsored by the Black Student Union. A group led by local reedman **Jackie Blake**, with trumpeter **George Johnson**, soprano saxophonist **Michael Turk**, tenor saxophonist **Arthur Lamb**, pianist **Doug Hawkins**, bassist **Hiram Bullock** and drummer **Lily Wood**, was also on the bill . . . **Chicago** played Baltimore's last rock concert of the season Oct. 18 at the Civic Center. The Mayor and the Civic Center Commission imposed a ban on further rock shows after groups of youths leaving a teen-age dance last month vandalized several stores, causing some \$10,000 worth of damage. By contrast, the capacity audience of 12,000 at the Chicago concert was well behaved, in fact, almost subdued; there were no arrests during or after the show . . . **Dizzy Gillespie**, with the **Gonzales** brothers, **Andy** and **Jerry**, on bass and conga respectively, pianist **Mike Longo**, and guitarist **George Davis**, played a Left Bank Jazz Society concert October 18. The following weekend, the perennially young **Woody Herman**, with **Steve Marcus** back in his old tenor chair, played an LBJS benefit for *Project Survival*, an East Baltimore group which is trying to raise money to build a neighborhood center. The highlight of the afternoon was a sparkling arrangement, by pianist **Alan Broadbent**, of the old **Herman** chestnut *Blues in the Night*, featuring a baroque horn chorus and a **Herman** vocal. Said **Woody**: "I think this is the way it should have been arranged in the first place but I had to wait until he (Broadbent was born in 1941) came along." . . . **Gentlemen II**, a singles club which has been running a "rock and roll revival" brought in **Bill Haley** and the **Comets** and **The Platters** during successive weeks in October.

Dallas: **Doc Severinsen** returned to the southwest this fall with concert appearances in Oklahoma City, Dallas, El Paso and San Antonio. A group of Dallas-based musicians accompanied him on the entire tour . . . The North Texas State Lab Band participated in a Texas Music Festival honoring and featuring **Burt Bacharach**

during the State Fair in October. The composer is scheduled to return to the city for a concert in late November . . . Don Jacoby took time out from duties as Keynote Club playing-host to amass a 28-piece band for an October Petula Clark concert at nearby University of Texas-Arlington. The Keynote continues with the Dave Williams Quartet (Bob Wimberly, bass and trumpet; Dick Crockett, guitar; Bill Minor, drums, and the leader, organ, piano and trumpet) . . . Drummer Dwayne Durrett and guitarist Jim Shannon, formerly with bassist John-

ny Case and vocalist Sonny Green at Fort Worth's Coconut Club, have joined the Salt & Pepper Review on tour. Other local musicians backing the team are Daryle McCowan, trumpet; Tony Trahan, tenor, and Sammy Sams, bass . . . Gloria Loring, following her engagement at the Dallas Hyatt House, took the Moe Billington house band with her for an appearance at Galveston, Texas, College. Billington, organ; Jack Petersen, guitar; Billy Michaels, bass, and Dale Cook, drums, played for the concert, a portion of which was devoted to the jazz mass

composed by pianist-conductor Jack Reilly. . . . Singer-pianist Frankie Randall's appearance at the Hyatt House overlapped that of Lou Rawls at the Fairmont. Randall was to have opened at Atlanta's Hyatt property Oct. 18, traveling then to Tulsa's Hilton Inn Nov. 9, and Phoenix' Colonial House Nov. 23 before returning to the Riviera in Las Vegas after the first . . . Singers Vicki Carr and Kay Stevens joined Trini Lopez for two benefit concerts Oct. 31-Nov. 1, the entertainer's first public appearance in his home town since working obscurely in Dallas

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clubs during the late 1950s . . . Newest area spot featuring jazz is Harry's 2200 Club in Fort Worth, with Saturday and Sunday sessions.

Denmark: A September jazz festival in Aarhus, sponsored by the Jazz Tagskaegget, featured the Freddie Hubbard Quintet, Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, Albert Nicholas, Brew Moore, Lars Gullin, Dexter Gordon, and many of Denmark's leading jazzmen . . . The Danish Radio Big Band has concentrated on brass players for its guest soloists this fall: trumpeter-arranger Bengt Arne Wallin, Freddie Hubbard, and Clark Terry have appeared with the band. Hubbard's group (Junior Cook, tenor sax; Kenny Barron, piano; Jinnie Booth, bass; Louis Hayes, drums) also appeared at the Montmartre . . . Don Cherry, using a multitude of instruments, gave concerts in early October at the Bristol Music Center in Copenhagen in early October . . . A new Danish TV program, produced by Per Moller and Edmond Jensen, featured the Bill Coleman Quintet (Ben Webster, tenor sax; Teddy Wilson, piano; Hugo Rasmussen, bass; Ole Streenberg, drums); a blues show with Johnny and Edgar Winter, and Erroll Garner in its first three half-hour programs . . . The Univ. of Aarhus was the scene of a jazz and rock festival Oct. 10. Featured were Sweden's Bernt Rosengren and his group, Norwegian tenorist Jan Garbarek's Quartet, and Finnish saxophonist Eero Koivistoinen's Quartet. Rock participants from Denmark included Burnin' Red Ivanhoe, the Rainbow Band, and No Name.

Germany: The European Down Beat Poll Winners, with trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, reedman John Surman, organist Eddy Louiss, pianist Francy Boland, bassist Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, drummer Daniel Humair, and vocalist Karin Krog, recently returned from a busy trip to Japan. Accompanied by Joachim E. Berendt, they played numerous TV, radio, club and concert gigs . . . Klaus Doldinger has formed a rock group, Klaus Doldinger's Motherhood . . . The Harry James Orchestra played a number of concerts in Germany in September . . . The Dave Pike Set recently began a six-week tour of Germany and Switzerland. The group will play approximately 25 concerts, appear at the International Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw, and do a couple of TV performances . . . Paul Bley's Synthesizer Show toured Germany in October and November. The group played a total of nine concerts in Berlin and Cologne . . . A jazz festival held in Cologne Oct. 27-30 featured Dizzy Gillespie with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band, Buddy Rich, the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Saints and Sinners, the Dave Pike Set, Albert Mangelsdorff's Quartet, Paul Bley, and others. The festival was organized by Gigi Campi . . . The Hagaw Dixieland Band from Warsaw made their sixth tour of Germany in three years during September and October.

MANN

(Continued from page 15)

had to invest was time, they invested the money. Now, over the first eight months, producing brand-new people—well, as far as the general public is concerned, Miroslav Vitous and Attila Zoller and Arnie Lawrence and Bill Fischer and Sandy Nasan are brand-new people—we produced 10 albums, two of mine and eight others, and the company is in the black—even if you take away my records. The only problem is that it's a full-time thing. There are not enough hours. I can't be a full-time producer and a full-time musician too. So I've cut back on the production end; I'm limiting myself to people I really believe in. I found a group from Ann Arbor, Michigan, called Floating Opera. It's a rock band, if you can say rock. It's a rock-folk-country-jazz band. Labels are ridiculous, anyway, and they're the best band I've heard since Crosby, Stills&Nash, who are my favorite contemporary group. So I'm going to spend a lot of time on them. I'll have a Jim Pepper album out, an American Indian album. His father sings on the album, they wrote original tunes, and Larry Coryell is on it. I found a girl singer—I mean, I didn't find her—all you have to do is start letting people know you're looking for new talent. . . .

In the spring, my idea is to get a package with the Floating Opera, Sandy Nasan, and my group, and do a concert tour, with some kind of multi-media thing; really put together a package, using my name to give exposure to the whole thing, 'cause I think we're ready for some kind of—I hate to use the word—conservative music concept. I think the colleges are really ready. You'll see the MJQ being brought in; B. B. King will get a lot of work. I don't think they're going to book the hard rock things any more. The summer rock festivals are over—completely over—the amplifier thing is over also; more and more bands are going acoustic.

They've gotten past that loud thing, and now they're getting into music. I mean, just listen to the way pop music has changed since the Beatles and Burt Bacharach. There's musicality there—it's not just two chords and a loud guitarist. There's hope . . .

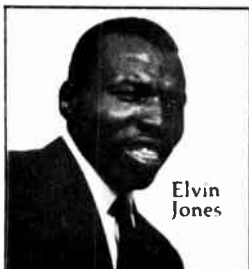
D.H.: Well, you still have groups like Sly . . .

H.M.: What you do with them is book them not to show . . . There's reasons for it. The big groups get caught up in the success trap. Agents, managers, and all the people—and how can you turn down \$25,000 a night? So you end up chartering a plane and do double concerts, and then you're late and you do the job and you're completely under this pressure to constantly give of yourself to the success. So you do it every night, and the pressures build, and instead of just smoking, you end up becoming a junkie or get into just doing it, to perform—you're an automaton, a robot. Just look at this past year and all the deaths. Most jazz musicians never get into that thing. I think once they become successful, they're a little bit more secure.

D.M.: It usually takes a little longer, too. . . .

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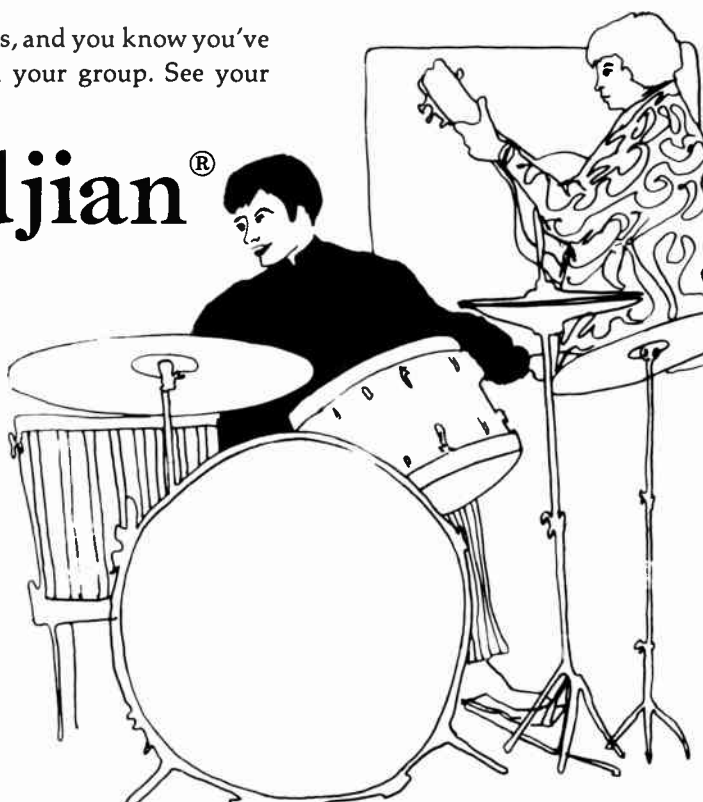
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