

Recordings Reports

Jazz LPs

Data

Charlie Barnet: *Charlie Barnet*, Vol. II. Barnet, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, with bands of fifteen and sixteen pieces. RCA mono, LPV-567, \$4.98.

Count Basie: *Standing Ovation*. Basie, piano, with seventeen-piece band. Dot stereo, DLP-25938, \$4.98.

Albert Collins: *Trash Talkin'*. Collins, guitar and vocal, with organ, bass, and drums. Imperial stereo, 12438, \$4.98. **Earl Hooker:** *Two Bugs and a Roach*. Hooker, guitar and vocal, with quartet and quintet. Arhoolie stereo, F-1044, \$4.98. **Eddie Boyd:** *I'll Dust My Broom*. Boyd, piano and vocal, with quartet, quintet, and nonet. London stereo PS-554, \$4.98.

Ella Fitzgerald: *Sunshine of Your Love*. Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank de la Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; on the first side, a band is added. Prestige stereo, 7685, \$4.98. *Ella*. Ella Fitzgerald, vocal, with band; Richard Perry, arranger. Reprise stereo, 6354, \$4.98.

Eddie Harris: *High Voltage*. Harris, tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Billy Hart, drums. Atlantic stereo, SD-1529, \$5.98.

Illinois Jacquet: *The Soul Explosion*. Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Russell Jacquet, trumpets; Matthew Gee, trombone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Milt Buckner, piano and organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Al Lucas, bass; Al Foster, drums. Prestige stereo, 7629, \$4.98.

Piano Roll Hall of Fame: Jelly Roll Morton, Clarence Williams, Cow Cow Davenport, Fats Waller, Richard M. Jones, James P. Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Sam Williams, Teddy Weatherford, Clarence M. Jones, Steve Lewis, Jimmy Blythe, piano. Sounds stereo, 1202, \$5. (Postpaid Sound Records, 1349 Carmen Drive, Glendale, California 91207.) **The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra:** *Orchestra Folio*. Lars Edegran, piano, with sextet. Pearl compatible stereo, T-7, \$5. (Postpaid Pearl Records, P.O. Box 1411, Salisbury, North Carolina 28144.)

Gerald Wilson: *Eternal Equinox*. Wilson, arranger and conductor, with bands of fourteen and twenty pieces. World Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20160, \$5.98.

Report

Although Bobby Barnet's trumpet often impresses, as it did in Volume I, the major interest lies in the arrangements. "Wild Mab of the Fish Pond" by Bud Estes and "Spanish Kick" by Billy Moore have a verity of their own, but the Ellington imitations inevitably suffer in

Recorded live in Las Vegas, this is a happy recapitulation of instrumentals originally recorded by Basie between 1956 and 1958. The recording is excellent, the band plays with accuracy and enthusiasm, and the leader himself stretches out vigorously on the fast "Kid from Red Bank." Lockjaw Davis and Harry Edison, both in commanding form, are

Blues artists like these are understandably growing in favor with young people who find much of jazz too esoteric or too deliberately eccentric. Collins is an exhilarating guitarist whose playing appears to have been influenced by both T-Bone Walker and B.B. King. He swings with easy assurance, and his little group backs him well, but he is handicapped on the last four tracks by a sickening serenade to the cash register from predictable, unison horns. Born in 1930 like Collins, Hooker is another satisfying guitarist, although stylistically he does not

The trio side of the Prestige album is very good indeed. As an accompanist, Flanagan is all that Norman Granz says he is in the notes. The whole set was recorded live in San Francisco, and it reveals the singer's emotional, technical, and repertorial range as few others. She sings well on the Reprise, but her choice

These live recordings partially explain the mystery of Harris's great popularity. The first side contains two long performances at eminently danceable tempos by a rhythmically well-integrated group, whose use of "Echoplex" presumably makes it sound bigger than it is. The leader's electronically amplified sax-

Although the arrangements by Milt Buckner and Jimmy Mundy deserved additional rehearsal time in the studio, the performances have a hungry, raging spirit that is often more than a stirring substitute for polish. Most of this stems from the leader and Buckner, a couple of jazz indomitables—the one ever inciting his forces to arson, the other always

These two albums recreate the sound of a past that was often lost on early acoustic records. The selection from piano rolls on the first has been so intelligently chosen that the painfully mechanical characteristics of the player piano are largely avoided. Providing a real extension of our knowledge of both obscure and well-known pianists, it ends with "If I Could Be with You" played as a duet by James P. Johnson and Fats Waller, who are also each represented by a solo performance. The Pearl set derives from a visit to Tulane University in New Or-

The variety of soloists employed adds much to the attraction of this set, which is dominated by Wilson's customary sonorous ensembles. George Duke, a twenty-one-year-old pianist, comes through impressively on the fleet, exciting "Blues-nee" and fits agreeably into the warm mood of "You, Me, and Now." The brass

comparison with the originals. Another release in the Vintage Series by Leo Reisman (LPV-565) is, incidentally, of interest in that Ellington's first great trumpet player and collaborator, Bubber Miley, is to be heard on the opening track of each side.

the stars, but there are good solos from Sonny Cohn, Richard Boone, and Eric Dixon, the last acquitting himself with special distinction in Lester Young's spot on "Broadway." Harold Jones, the young drummer, sounds somewhat tentative on the older, less familiar (to him) numbers, but leaves no doubt of his ability on "Cherry Point" and "Corner Pocket."

resemble his famous cousin, John Lee (Hooker). The notes suggest more eclecticism than the album has room to demonstrate, but it remains an entertaining collection with three different singers on display. Born in 1914, Boyd is a veteran whose singing and barrel-house piano playing have an obvious relationship with those of his friend Memphis Slim. Although the set was made in London with young English musicians, its surprising authenticity is not entirely due to Boyd's manifest authority.

of material and mode of interpretation indicate a lowering of sights to accommodate contemporary juvenile tastes. It could be claimed that this is as defensible—or indefensible—as "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" was in 1938.

ophone, and the dialogues with himself it makes possible, are obviously an acquired taste, but his inherent musicianship is inescapable in "Is There a Place for Us?"—a knowledgeable and sensitive tribute to the tenor saxophonists of the Coleman Hawkins era.

ready to stoke such fires as they light. A long ballad interpretation on the second side offers a change of pace in a program that otherwise consists of the kind of tough, uncompromising jazz all too seldom recorded nowadays.

leans by a young Swedish pianist. When he came upon the ragtime orchestrations that once belonged to bandleader John Robichaux, he and some friends got together to play and record them, with illuminating results. The violin lead, with clarinet, cornet, and trombone in support, gives the ensembles a fragrant quality appropriate to the elegant compositions of Scott Joplin, James Scott, and others. Greater familiarity with the music would probably have led to more feeling, if not abandon, in these interpretations.

is used to splendid effect on John Coltrane's "Equinox," where Groove Holmes (organ) and Harold Land (tenor saxophone) make evocative solo statements. "Scorpio Rising" is an exciting vehicle for Jean-Luc Ponty's lightning violin, and Anthony Ortega (alto saxophone) shines on "Pisces."

—STANLEY DANCE.

set, especially Phil's alto sax ballad "Here's That Rainy Day" and the closing "Night in Tunisia," Phil's fingers finally surveying Charlie Parker trails, saxophone and trombone feeding on each other's agonizingly unresolved statements at the coda, the tension breaking in a conclusion as moving as any moment I can remember.

The tenor sax duo, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn: dirty-blond tone from Zoot, blue-black from Al, exactly matching the colors of their hair. Excepting Hackett and Dickenson and, for one set, the WGJB, Zoot and Al were the only wind instrumentalists Gibson put together who also play together elsewhere. No fair, but good.

Peanuts Hucko's dark expression and bright clarinet. Red Norvo's delighted amazement at his own discoveries in the vibes. The Bob Wilber-Matty Matlock duet, "In a Little Spanish Town"; Matlock hinting at Pee Wee Russell's ragged edge; Wilber defecting to Goodman's kingdom. On soprano sax Wilber honored Johnny Hodges except in trad standards like "Struttin' With Some Barbecue," wherein his early teacher Sidney Bechet echoed. The "Saints Go Marching In" finale by an augmented WGJB; Bud Freeman publishing his Doctor's thesis on hot tenor. Over the finale applause, Zoot Sims and Larry Ridley played a fast eight bars of "52nd Street Theme" for each other, a secret password between two members of a relatively younger jazz generation.

One drummer surprised me. I had known Sol Gubin as an occasional wisecracking and drinking partner at Jim and Andy's Manhattan musicians' hangout. I knew he did a lot of studio work; he was Tony Bennett's first choice for record dates; and he was the subject of one of Buddy Rich's plugs for another drummer, as rare as a Button Gwinnett autograph. But I'd never really heard Gubin play until Aspen. It was a wide-awakener. With any group of musicians, in music from any era, Sol Gubin played drums in a way that can only be called intelligent—without the emotional sterility the word might imply. He was never pedantic, always swinging. He was technically complete without resort to gimmicks. He was driving but never overpowering. He was at all times watchfully intent on the musical needs of the moment. At my next festival I want Gubin in the house band.

Another eye-opener: All the musicians dug every other musician. However different their experiences, nobody came up with, "Man, could I play in some other group instead?" There were no factions, no resentments, no sarcasms, no back-stabbings. This takes us back to the source: Gibson.

Dick Gibson was born in 1925 in Mobile, Alabama. His father had come to America from Scotland because he liked the song "On Mobile Bay," thus giving Dick a precedent for acting on impulses born in music. Dick played and coached football at the University of Alabama, where he won his Master's in psychology. He moved to New York. He was manager of the Financial Advertising Unit of the *Herald Tribune*, then vice president of an investments corporation. As he didn't want to stay in New York, and suburban living depended on the New Haven Railroad, he took his family to Denver, Colorado, in 1960.

"My front teeth were saved," Gibson says, "by a Denver dentist's invention. He was turning out six a day by hand, and I told him he should go into production. I raised money from investors to finance the company. In 1965 they made me vice president. The invention is known today as Water-Pik. My income from that supports my efforts to make the World's Greatest Jazz Band eventually self-supporting."

Beyond that, Gibson has another goal. He won't discuss it now.

"I want to get the band going first, something generating income to build on. Another year ought to do it. If you believe in something, and you go to work on it regardless of what other people say, and if you're right, it succeeds. This band is going to win. It's too good not to. Take one hundred people who like Duke Ellington and one hundred people who like Lawrence Welk. Even if each hundred didn't like the others' band, one hundred ninety of the total would like this band."

Although Gibson can't remember when he heard his first record, he didn't throw his first jazz party until 1963.

"I was sitting with Maddie in our living room in Denver. She asked, 'Do you ever miss New York?' I said, 'No, not one day.' But the next day at work I thought, I do miss a couple of things. That evening I said, 'You know, Maddie, I do miss the water and I do miss jazz.' A couple of days later I thought there's nothing I can do about the ocean, but I can do something about the jazz. There was no jazz to speak of in Denver, so I conceived the jazz party.

"The overwhelming criterion for the musicians is: Do they play well? Our mailing list for the guests excludes only bad drinkers. Anybody who likes jazz and has a hundred bucks a couple, it's first come first served. It's a private party for people who want to enjoy music.

"Jazz is a minority appeal music. But if you took two hundred fifty million people and exposed them to the

music at this party, you'd find, and *they* would find, that there are two hundred fifty million jazz fans. The problem in jazz is *proximity* and *staging*. The secret is saturation. *Saturate* them with jazz!—like this weekend. These people weren't jazz fans before. But they are now.

"The party tends to cost around \$25,000," Gibson says. "I can't handle more than about thirty-five musicians and about four hundred twenty paying guests. That means—guests, musicians, press, and friends—the party involves four hundred eighty people. This year we took in \$22,000. When all the bills are in the cost will be \$26,000 plus. Maddie and I make up the difference.

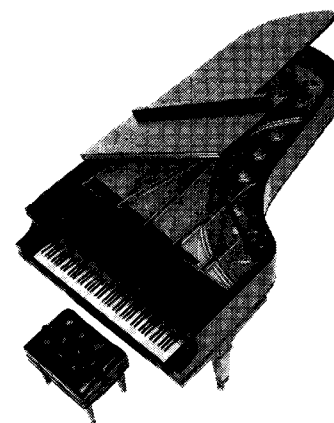
"Some people say, 'Why don't you at least try to break even?' The answer is, if we broke even it would mean everyone else gave us our party. That wouldn't be right. We don't want that."

A guest interrupts.

"Dick, this was the happiest, the best-natured, and in many ways the best jazz festival I've ever attended."

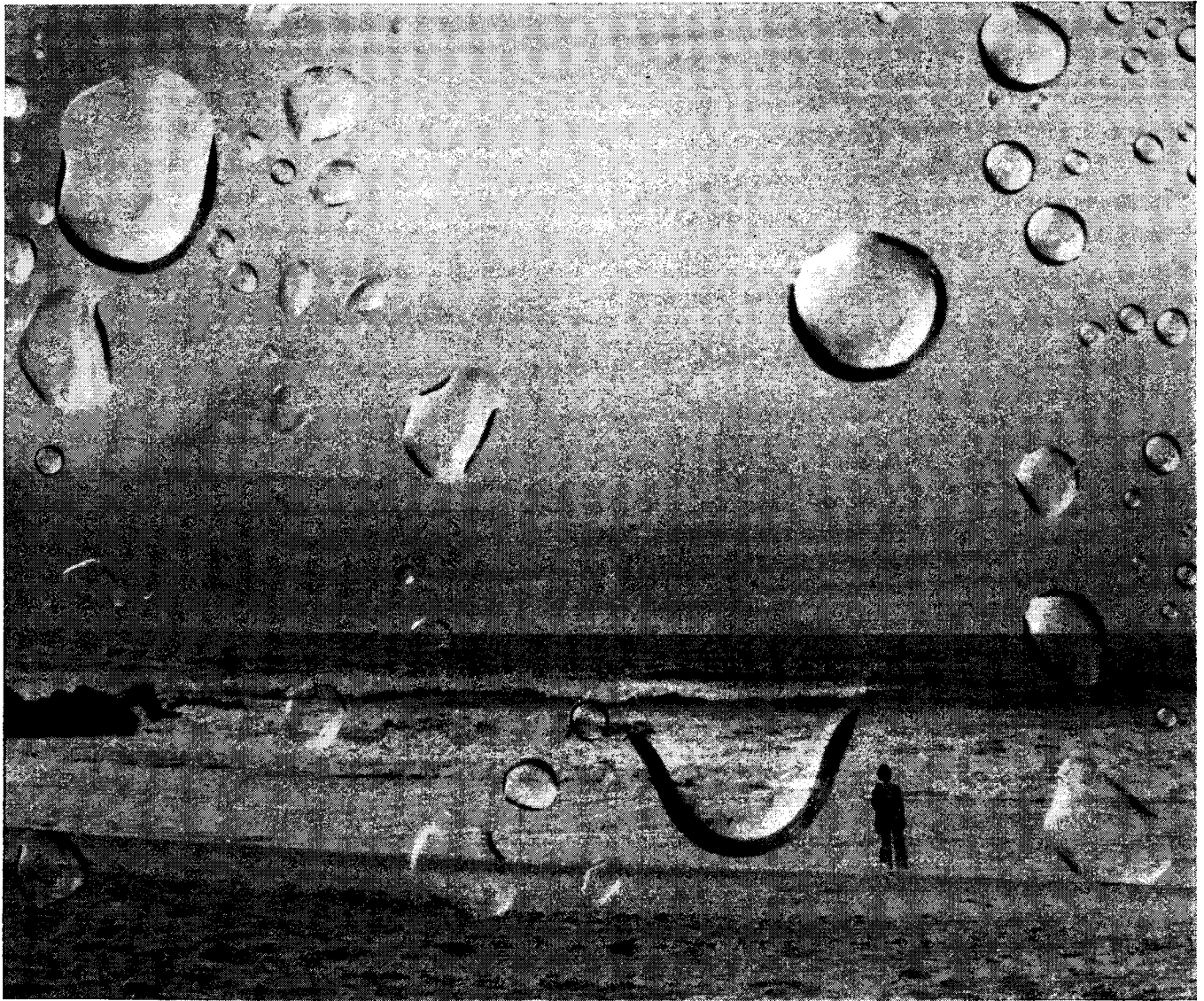
For a moment, Gibson's brown eyes seem a chilly blue.

"It's *not* a festival. It's a *party*, damn it!"



**Jose Iturbi's
Accompanist**

The New Baldwin




This picture is "impossible". Can you tell why?

Raindrops on a window, inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But, how to do it without special equipment?

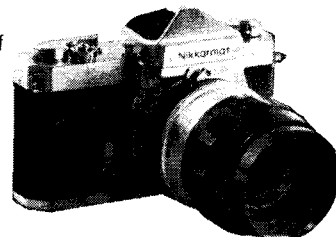
In theory, you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after rewinding the film one frame, you'd focus on the rain spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible with most cameras because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikkormat FTn it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses as the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor f3.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon — even "impossible" — pictures the Nikkormat FTn brings within your reach. Yet, for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly, for unusual pictures like this. And it's yours for under \$270, including 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. See your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer. Or write for details.

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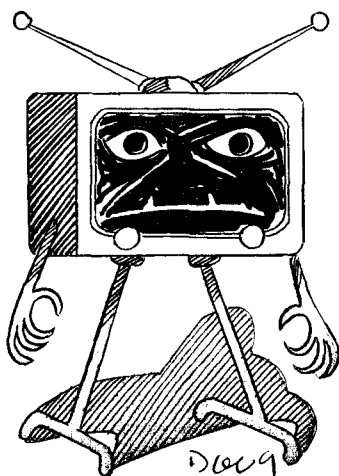
Communications Editor:

RICHARD L. TOBIN

When Violence Begets Violence

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That violence on television begets real violence, particularly among the poor and disorganized, should come as no surprise to anyone with a smattering of psychology, sociology, or for that matter, common-sense logic. Nor should it astonish any reader of these pages where, for the past decade, we have pounded away almost every month at the obvious link between TV violence and violent behavior patterns with some but by no means enough success in a crusade to reduce the proportion and timing of violence on the home screen. At any rate, the case is now official: findings of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence conclusively connect TV with violent behavior, especially in children. And it may be wise for the titans of broadcasting to stop throwing their hands in the air and declaring that they can do nothing at all about the dangerous drivel they show by the hour because that is what the American people want and the three chains would go out of business overnight if the mayhem, killings, tortures, and outright brutality were reduced by, say, 30 per cent.

In the event you missed Jack Rosen-
thal's exclusive story in *The New York Times*, we repeat here the recommendations the violence commission has called for.

- An overall reduction in programs that require or contain violence.
- Elimination of violence from children's cartoon programs—probably excepting the fanciful, exaggerated violence of such films as "Popeye" and "Tom and Jerry."
- Adoption of the British practice of scheduling crime, Western, and adventure stories containing significant violence only after children's bedtime.
- Permanent federal financing for the Public Broadcast Corporation, to enable it to offer high-quality alternatives to violent programs for children.

• Intensified research by the networks into the impact of television violence.

These proposals might be called "sweeping" if they were new or radical, but any reader of editorials or any patron of television for even a few hours must have wondered long ago why these modest recommendations were not already adopted voluntarily by CBS, NBC, ABC, and every local outlet in America.

Most children follow patterns established in their family and institutional relationships. Where worthy social and moral home-school values exist, the young are not apt to believe or emulate the violence they are exposed to in their four-hours-a-day average viewing of television. But, says the commission, among many disorganized, poor family units in the absence of family, peer, and school relationships, television becomes the most compatible substitute for real-life experience. And the TV world that engulfs these marginal young is by and large an unwholesome one, bound in the long run so to harden their sensibilities against cruelty that, like the Romans before us, they would allow greater and greater waves of violence to engulf our daily routine until nothing would shock us and bestiality would become the norm.

The national panel's formal statement also offers the following recommendations to the viewing public, especially to parents: First, parents should make every effort to supervise their children's television viewing and to assert basic responsibility for their children's moral development; and second, the viewing public should constantly express to local TV stations and networks not only their disapproval of programs they find objectionable but their support of good programs they like, particularly non-violent shows for children. The commission's statement on violence in TV entertainment ends with the following quotation: "We believe that most fami-