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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

WITH THE START of a new school year, be aware of some new attitudes to school music, or rather, the status of music in high school curricula. The new attitudes relate to something as old as education itself—the "humanities."

In yesteryear, humanities programs were regarded primarily as college culture colations, an amalgam of the study of ancient classics and belles-lettres. "Music appreciation" classes—bowdlerized versions of *Peer Gynt*, *Salome*, and the *Ring Cycle*—were usually included in humanities classes as good background to good breeding. Applied music within the humanities might consist of plucking the virginal, a kind of pre-hippy auto-harping. All in all the humanities were a dusty repository of polite learning.

Today, high schools are more likely to regard the study of the humanities as something much more pragmatic, and exciting, than did, or do, most colleges. Many high schools in this new semester will offer new concepts in the humanities in which music plays an important part. A typical modern high school humanities program includes social studies (history, geography, sociology, etc.); English (literature, grammar, and composition); visual arts (painting, sculpture, photography, etc.) and music. In some showcase schools other performing arts are added, such as drama and dance.

Music, in this new concept, is made "part of the total learning process and related to an overall view of the activities of man"—which is a pretty accurate definition of modern humanities. And the high school musician learns that music is not an abstract form but closely related to the culture of many and different peoples. And consequently he learns how modern living relates to modern music. He learns why his own thing is important and from whence it came . . . and he gains some insight on what is likely to come.

It's no accident that many prime movers of high school humanities programs are music educators, usually the younger ones, and usually appreciative of jazz. This new style music educator takes his title seriously. He wants to be much more than a marching band director intent on variations on steam boat (with real smoke!) football field diagrams, or a harried variety show band director accompanying flat girl trios. This new, jazz-aware educator thinks of the complete musician as a complete person. He knows—and makes it known to his school administration—that school music can be a genuine course of study, not just a gaudily uninformed parade poster for the sports department.

When music is included in the school curriculum, and particularly in a humanities program, it is less subject to arbitrary elimination or diminution. But if music is an isolated appendage, suitable only for spectacle and fanfare, it becomes an easy target for "economy drives" or cries of "get rid of the frills."

So why make school music vulnerable to tin-eared school boards? Make music in your school and your community an important and living thing. Remember that you can create your own music in your own time and still participate in a long and honorable musical heritage. Study it seriously, take it seriously . . . and relish its pleasures. 

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BILLBOARD, renowned music-record weekly, front-paged a story on the newest, hottest item on the musical scene, the **Hollywood Tronicdrums**. The story reported: "A new set of electronic drums representing a major breakthrough, have been placed on the market by Carl Fischer Instrument Co." It was pointed out that the electrification is not so much for amplifying the drums as for achieving a **wide variety of tonal effects**. The new drums will allow drummers now to do live what they have been doing in recording sessions with studio equipment. It will also allow rock 'n' roll groups now to **produce a sound closer to their records during live performances**. The **Hollywood Tronicdrums**, manufactured for Fischer by **Meazzi of Italy**, feature electronic control of the bass drum, snare, tom toms and high hat. **Max Roach**, whom many consider without peer, has endorsed the new **Tronicdrums** and is planning to give special drum clinics throughout the country. **Billy Cobham**, featured drummer with the **Horace Silver Group**, at the Newport Jazz Festival said his **Tronicdrums** **widen the things you can do in the jazz field**, changing tones, getting into the full range of harmonics. If your local drum shop does not have its set yet, write Carl Fischer. At the moment distribution is limited and the demand is outdistancing the output.



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September 19, 1968

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down beat

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education in jazz

—by Robert Share

In the ten years that "Education in Jazz" has been appearing in these pages, many knowledgeable people have had many good things to say about Berklee.



Robert Share,
Administrator
Berklee School
of Music

We are deeply indebted to Quincy Jones, Stan Kenton, George Wein, Johnny Richards, Dave Brubeck and many others for their enthusiastic and encouraging comments.

While most of these columns have dealt with the consequences of a Berklee education, I'd like to use this one to explain some of the inner workings of the program of study here.

First, some attitudes that shape our thinking:

1. *Music education must relate to the existing world of music.* In addition to providing a stimulating environment and instilling a current and continuing awareness of the "joy of knowledge," a realistic education must equip the student with the tools and skills needed to meet the demands of the professional world.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Curdled Cream

I'll believe Alan Heineman knows a damn about rock when he stops treating it as a debased form of jazz. There are those of us for whom dynamic shading is about as relevant as iambic control, though that's a reference that Heineman, with his fondness for the most solemnly literary of Cream's lyrics, is unlikely to understand.

Down Beat is so unfailingly pompous about popular music because it knows jazz is "better." It's more complex, more subtle, and requires more skill and attention in performance and enjoyment, so it has to be. But it doesn't, unless one's esthetic assumptions adhere to a mold that seems to me academic, snobbish and moribund. The same non-swinging beat that bores Martin Williams possesses me; I'm bored by swing, which I think is chic and vapid.

Obviously, many of the musicians in rock disagree with me, including those in Cream. I think they are making a mistake. By abandoning the rigid structural framework that is a hallmark of rock, they enter a half-world that pleases only those (and there are many, some of them young) who want rock to turn into something more artistically respectable, namely jazz, and are willing to undergo all kinds of slop in the meantime. Cream's live performances are interminable and uneven, mediocre jazz and mediocre rock rather than a successful compound. The reason Heineman and other jazz writers dig them so much is that they now feel needed.

What Cream does in the studio is different, and can be enjoyed fully by a 12-year-old who doesn't know a chord from a mode. Funny thing is, jazz used to be the same way. No More. Tough— for you fellows.

Robert Christgau

New York City

• *Mr. Christgau writes the "Secular Music" column for Esquire. Alan Heineman's reply follows:*

I'm trying hard to locate Christgau's argument in order to reply to it, but the damn thing's as elusive (and vapid?) as Jo Jones' beat. Near as I can figure, what he's saying is: don't drag rock down into the dreadful abyss of Art Forms; leave it up in the blissful ionosphere of entertainment.

Well, fine. The cardinal rule (too often violated) of criticism is to treat the object of art (or non-art) on its own terms. Consequently, that part of rock which is meant as entertainment should be treated as such. (Elvis, early Beatles, Fifth Dimension, Supremes, et al.) But Christgau should know from talking to members of most of the important rock groups that many of them think of themselves as artists first and entertainers second. And it seems more than coincidental that when they reach that point, they frequently assimilate recognizably jazz-oriented tech-

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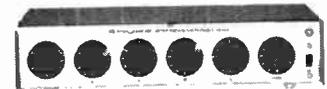
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niques into their music. The Beatles, of course, are a major exception, the Mothers another.

De gustibus, to be sure; if Mr. Christgau prefers *Somebody to Love* to *Spare Chaynge*, *Sunshine of Your Love* to *Spoonful*, or—this may be unfair—*I Wanna Hold Your Hand* to *A Day in the Life*, that's his business. One of the reasons *Down Beat* expanded its coverage to include rock, however, is, presumably, that it recognizes rock as an emergent art form, deserving of treatment as such. I would concur, and will continue to discuss art as art, whatever the concomitant accrual of solemnity.

Why do writers attacking a point of view so frequently feel compelled to attack the proponent of that point of view, by the way? Heineman is a doctoral candidate at Brandeis in English, and has heard somewhere or other about iambs and such. Also, his mother needs him; he writes about music only because of his deep-seated sense of socio-cultural obligation. And for the bread.

Alan Heineman

Cambridge, Mass.

Hodge-Podge Mystery

I am pleased to read that Epic's *Hodge Podge* LP by Johnny Hodges' Ellington units was selected Jazz Reissue of the Year. However, I suspect that only enough copies were pressed to cover the complimentary mailing list to the International Jazz Critics!

I have had this LP on special order at three different record shops in the Twin Cities since last February, and on repeated checks, I'm invariably told "this LP is not available."

If jazz doesn't sell like it used to, the customer is not entirely to blame. Poor promotion and distribution count too. For years, I spent \$30 to \$40 a month on records, but now the shops are lucky to get four or five bucks out of me. I'm sure hundreds of other *Down Beat* readers experience the same situation.

Oh well, maybe *Down Beat* will offer *Hodge Podge* as a subscription gift—if you are able to get it.

Don Swenson

Minneapolis, Minn.

Drum Gaffe

Michael Cuscuna's review of Andrew Hill at the Red Garter (*DB*, July 11) was excellent except for one error. Joe Chambers was the drummer, not Jack DeJohnette as listed. While, as Cuscuna states, the musicians interpreted Hill's music through their own individual styles instead of playing it, Richard Davis and Chambers came the closest to capturing Hill's musical personality. Since Chambers and Davis (unlike Shaw and Kenyatta) have both recorded with Hill, this was to be expected.

It amazes me that Cuscuna could have mistaken Chambers for DeJohnette—they resemble each other neither physically nor musically. Where was he (Cuscuna) when the group was introduced?

Scott Albin

Forest Hills, N.Y.

• *Out to lunch.*

BUDDY IS NOT RICH: DECLARES BANKRUPTCY

Drummer-band leader Buddy Rich, who was recently fined and ordered to pay \$40,000 in back taxes for failing to file an income tax return for 1961, declared himself bankrupt in federal court in Las Vegas, Nev. Aug. 1.

Rich listed his total debts at \$328,250 and his assets at \$11,100. The debt figure includes \$47,000 owed in income tax and more than \$11,000 for withholding



Buddy Rich
Woes Galore

taxes, which he said was due the Internal Revenue Service.

As if this were not enough, Rich was also recently sued for divorce by his wife of 16 years. These problems, however, are not expected to directly affect the future of Rich's band, which has been busy in recent months and is scheduled for a fall tour of England.

REWARD OFFERED FOR LOST GARNER SCORES

Some time ago, the complete scores for the special arrangements used by pianist Erroll Garner in his appearances with symphony orchestras mysteriously disappeared in air transit from Chicago to New York.

Garner's manager, Martha Glaser, is offering a reward of \$1,000—no questions asked—for the return of the scores. Miss Glaser, who can be reached at 118 West 57th Street, New York City, points out that the arrangements are useless to the present owner (should there be one) unless he plays the piano and can afford to hire a symphony orchestra to accompany him in the confines of his home.

RAELETS WALK OUT ON RAY CHARLES IN L.A.

The Raelets (Gwen Berry, Merry Crayton, Clydie King, Alexandra Brown) left Ray Charles en masse two nights before the end of Charles' recent engagement at the Cocomanut Grove in Los Angeles, which, incidentally, broke all attendance records at the club.

The girl singers, it was learned, had asked for an increase in their \$350 weekly salaries, but were turned down. Beyond this, members of the vocal group complained about rigid discipline.

The name Raelets remains with Ray Charles Enterprises. A trio of new girls now with the Charles show has already inherited the name. At the time of the girls' walkout, saxophonists Curtis Amy and Clifford Scott also left the Charles band.

DONALD BYRD CONDUCTS N.C. COLLEGE SEMINAR

"The Quest for Black Identity in the Fine Arts" was the dominant theme of North Carolina College's Fine Arts Festival, held July 18-25 at Durham, N.C. During the week-long program, a series of panel discussions and lectures by academicians, writers and musicians were interspersed with concerts by trumpeter-educator Donald Byrd and his quintet (tenorist Joe Henderson; pianist Stanley Cowell; bassist Rowland Wilson, and drummer Joe Chambers).

In addition to performing and participating in many of the seminars, Byrd was co-organizer of the entire festival with N.C.C. music department head Dr. Gene Strassler.

One of the world's leading ethnomusicologists, Dr. Fela Sowande of the University of Ibadan, Nigeria, led a discussion on African religion and lectured local elementary and secondary school teachers on African music. As an adjunct to the latter discussion, Sowande played recorded examples of Nigerian folk music. (The educator's annotated collection of African musical styles, possibly the world's most extensive, has recently been accepted for inclusion in the elementary school curriculum by the Board of Education of the State of New York.)

Discussing musical and sociological aspects of the current jazz scene were musicians-writers Don Heckman and Bill Quinn.

Other panelists included two members of the N.C.C. faculty, Dr. Earlie Thorpe, head of the history department, and Dr. Charles Ray, English department chairman. From Atlanta University came Dr. Richard Barksdale, dean of the graduate school; from Southern University came Dr. Blyden Jackson, chairman of the English department; and from Morehouse

College, Dr. Steven J. Henderson, head of the English department. Two local ministers, Father E. N. Porter and Rev. Lafayette McDonald, rounded out the speakers' corps at the various seminars.

A reading session for jazz arrangements was held one evening with the Byrd quintet and a big band of professional and student musicians from the Durham area. Among the instrumentalists were altoist Heckman and trumpeter Ray Codrington, a former JFK Quintet member now teaching in North Carolina. Composer-arranger Mitchell Farber's *Eldorado* was the principal score rehearsed.

On another evening, Byrd's quintet journeyed across town to Duke University, where the musicians and their music were given an enthusiastic reception.

Intended to provide stimulation for the N.C.C. student body in its quest for more socially relevant and historically accurate course material, the festival was deemed a successful challenge to present educational methodology by all participants. Visiting educators expressed a desire to host similar programs at their home institutions. Said Hubert Walters, a music instructor at nearby Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C.: "We're going to have this program duplicated as nearly as possible at Shaw, just as fast as we can. The festival has shown just how important music is to all areas of life."

Byrd, who is consultant to the New York State Board of Education, faculty advisor in African-American music at Howard and Rutgers Universities, and a doctoral candidate at Columbia University, hopes to take similar programs to as many black colleges as possible this fall.

"Black students all over this country are trying to see themselves in what they're studying," Byrd said. "In the final analysis, whether they're students of social science or art, it is these young people who will determine what aspects of black history and culture will be retained and amplified."

POTPOURRI

Chicago's Grant Park was the scene Aug. 31 of a "Back-to-School Drum-In" sponsored by Drums Unlimited, a local percussion shop, in cooperation with the Department of Special Events of the city of Chicago and the Chicago Park District. Scheduled to appear were drummers **Joe Morello**, **Alan Dawson**, **Joe Cunniff** and **Barrett Deems**; the **Eddie Higgins** Trio featuring **Marshall Thompson**; national rudimental drum champion **Mitch Markovitch**; a rock group; a jazz group, and a drum and bugle corps.

Duke Ellington dedicated a swimming pool in memory of **Billy Strayhorn** at Camp Saugus near Los Angeles, which provides recreational facilities for youngsters from deprived areas. The \$45,000

pool was donated by **Bob Udkoff**, president of Swan Pools and a lifelong friend of Ellington. A marble tablet beside the pool is inscribed with Ellington's eulogy to Strayhorn. Participating in the ceremony were **Johnny Hodges**, **Lena Horne**, and **Lennie Hayton**.

Pianist, lecturer, television personality and *Down Beat* columnist **Art Hodes** was named Citizen of Achievement of Park Forest, Ill., the Chicago suburb where he has resided with his family since 1950.

Guitarist **Larry Coryell** left **Gary Burton's** quartet in late July to join **Herbie Mann** and was replaced by pianist **Chick Corea**, who left **Stan Getz** to take the gig. **Burton's** entire group now consists of former **Getz** sidemen.

An unusual festival, *Jazz on an Island*, was held Aug. 15 on the island of Yvoir in Belgium. A sizeable contingent of expatriate Americans participated, among them trumpeter **Benny Bailey**, clarinetist **Mezz Mezzrow**, saxophonists **Don Byas**, **Hank Mobley**, and **Phil Woods**, trombonist **Slide Hampton**, blues singer-pianist **Memphis Slim**, organist **Rhoda Scott**, vibist **Dave Pike**, and drummers **Barry Altschul** and **Stu Martin**. Belgian guitarist **Rene Thomas** and Danish saxophonist **Bent Jaedig** were also on hand.

Drummer **Grady Tate** made his debut as a singer with an LP, *Windmills of My Mind*, released by Skye Records in August. Prior to turning to drums as a full-time career, Tate wanted to be an actor-singer and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: On Sept. 21 at 8:30 Town Hall will be the scene of *Contemporary Expressions*, a concert presented by Alstan Productions and featuring the groups of **Roland Kirk**, **Elvin Jones** and **Dave Liebman**. **Kirk** will premiere his new suite, *Expansion*, and unveil *The Inflated Tear*, a piece of sculpture he has worked on for five years . . . Blues chanter **Jimmy Witherspoon** heated up the Village Vanguard in early August, backed by **Coleman Hawkins'** rhythm section: **Barry Harris**, piano; **Herman Wright**, bass, and **Eddie Locke**, drums. The Hawk himself was there, too, looking and playing well. **Junior Mance** came out of the audience one night to sit in with 'Spoon, and was promptly pressed into service for the following night, subbing for **Harris**, who was committed to play for a private party aboard a ferryboat with **Roy Eldridge** and **Charles McPherson** . . . The **Freddie Hubbard Quintet** was a late replacement for the **Gabor Szabo Quintet** in the Museum of Modern Art's Thursday evening concert series. With the trumpeter were **James Spaulding**, alto saxophone, flute; **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Junie Booth**, bass, and **Louis Hayes**, drums . . . Chicago's **William Russo** had a busy weekend in New York at the beginning of August. He conducted the Goldman

Band in his own *Legend of Theseus* in both Prospect Park (Brooklyn) and Central Park (Manhattan), and presented two performances of his multi-media rock cantata, *Civil War*, at the Electric Circus . . . The **Duke Pearson Band** and the pantomime duo of **Frankie Dunlop & Maletta** did an outdoor Sunday concert at the Club Ruby in Jamaica . . . Pianist **Walter Davis Jr.** made appearances at Slugs', and at Studio "O" for Club "Jest Us" recently . . . The **Jazz Samaritans** were also featured in the *Jazz On A Saturday Afternoon* series at Slugs' . . . Tenor man **Paul Jeffrey** did a Jazz Interactions session at the Dom with **Howard McGhee**, trumpet; **Wynton Kelly**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass, and **Billy Hart**, drums. **McGhee** had **Jeffrey** with him when he took a group to La Boheme . . . Tubaist **Howard Johnson's Substructure** was the resident band at Slugs' on Sundays during July and August. Other tubas in the band were manned by **Morrie Edwards**, **David Bergeron**, **Jack Jeffers** and **Robert Stewart**. The pianist was **George Cables**, with **Herb Bushler**, bass, and **Warren Smith**, drums . . . **Hugh Masekela's** quintet and **Jimmy Smith's** trio were at the Village Gate for two weeks through Aug. 11 . . . Drummer **Chuck Spies' American Jazz Septet** played a return engagement at the Utica Arts Festival in Utica, N.Y. They performed *Spies' History of Jazz* program, written in large part by **Rod Levitt**. The group included **John Glasel**, trumpet; **William Motzing**, trombone; **George Zinsser**, reeds; **Jaki Byard**, piano, and **Major Holley**, bass. **Byard** played excerpts from his *European Episode* . . . The Hartford Jazz Society is sponsoring its 7th Annual Jazz Cruise down the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound on Sunday, Sept. 8. The boat, which leaves Middletown Municipal Dock at 12 noon, will have the **Junior Mance Trio** and the **Spider Martin Quintet** aboard. The HJS' last indoor concert of the 1967-68 season was highlighted by the quartet of tenor saxophonist-bassoonist **Illinois Jacquet**. Brother **Russell Jacquet** was on trumpet; **Milt Buckner** on organ, and **Alan Dawson** on drums.

Los Angeles: **Art Pepper** has joined **Buddy Rich's** band . . . **Red Mitchell** has left the U.S. for an indefinite period. The circumstances under which he left seem to reflect a combination of many pressures: dissatisfaction, disenchantment, even domestic complications. **Mitchell** gave up a lucrative studio career that has made him one of Hollywood's most sought-after bassists. But that in itself apparently contributed to his growing impatience with the musical scene. **Mitchell** is currently working with **Phil Woods** in Copenhagen . . . Reversing that process—at great expense—is blind composer-arranger-pianist **Julian Lee**. After emigrating from Australia four years ago, **Lee** settled in Burbank, did as much writing and playing as he could, working principally with **George Shearing**. Last spring, **Lee**, disillusioned, returned to Syd-

(Continued on page 39)



THE LARGESSE OF ART

Bystander

By **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

I'VE OFTEN CONSIDERED writing a column dedicated to the proposition that musicians are the only qualified critics.

It might begin this way: we all know how **Miles Davis** feels about **Gil Evans**; he has made it evident in actions if not words. And the same may be said of **Evans'** feelings about **Davis**.

Evans also thinks highly of a certain avant-garde composer-pianist. **Evans** has used his work on his own LPs and has said of him that he is so talented that he is just bound to make it some day.

Davis, on the other hand, apparently cannot stand that particular composer-pianist. At any rate, his first response on being played one of his recordings on a *Blindfold Test* was: "Take it off."

Now, I could multiply this sort of thing into a list of major disagreements among major musicians that would be as long as it would be pointless.

Let's try something else that might turn out not to be pointless. Pianist **Billy Taylor** tells a story of his younger days in Los Angeles when he was (lucky for him!) hanging out with **Art Tatum**.

Late every evening, after **Tatum** got off work, or after the two of them had finished making the rounds of the local clubs where jazz could be heard, **Tatum** would insist on dropping by a certain afterhours bar.

It seems there was a certain bluesman—we'll call him **Old Joe**—who played piano in the place during the late—or early—hours, and **Tatum** wanted to hear him. **Taylor** could not for the life of him understand why.

Old Joe, it seems, could barely stumble through a blues chorus without making a major mistake; he never seemed to know when 12 bars had passed as he chopped out chunks of perhaps 11½ or 13 or 14 measures. What in the world did a master pianist like **Art Tatum** want or need with **Old Joe**?

Then one afternoon **Tatum** was playing the blues when **Taylor** heard him use a deft and beautiful bass movement. **Taylor** indicated his delight, and the master remarked quietly, "You see, that's **Old Joe's** riff. That's the one he uses."

A good jazz critic certainly does need to be musical. And a great jazz critic will probably be a musician, just as most great critics of poetry have been poets.

But he will have to be critical, in the strict sense of the word, and all musicians aren't critical. But a truly great critic also will need—without being sentimental or indulgent about it—some of the understanding and largesse that **Art Tatum** had for **Old Joe**. 

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

IN THE THREE months that have elapsed since the last *TV Soundings*, there has been much to celebrate.

On UHF and VHF, on regular network programs and in educational series, jazz has been conspicuous, qualitatively as well as quantitatively.

Though they date back to May and June, it is not too late to salute the series of four programs extracted from films made at last year's Monterey Jazz Festival. Produced by Richard Moore and Ralph Gleason, the four one-hour shows were articulately narrated by Gleason, with additional comments from producer Jimmy Lyons.

There were problems, particularly in the first program, involving the necessity of cutting down numbers that originally ran to inordinate length. There were also difficulties with the sound, more often in big band passages than during combo sequences. Nevertheless, the musical and social atmosphere of Monterey was sensitively captured.

The bright colors of the spectators' costumes, the swirling light show in back of Don Ellis' orchestra, and the lush greenery of the areas around the fairground all contributed to this mood. Musically, there were too many great moments to list, but the vital presence of one J. B. Gillespie—playing, mugging, lighting up the stage with his peerless presence—stands out in retrospect, particularly the moment when he surprised Carmen McRae by walking on unexpectedly during her set. Miss McRae was lustrous and lovely as ever as she sang a richly lyrical *Don't Explain*.

The selection of music shown was as varied as the festival itself, from B.B.



Lurlean Hunter

King's full-fathom-deep blues to the violin avant gardism of Jean-Luc Ponty.

The disappointments were due to such solecisms as a brutal decimation of Bill Holman's *Concerto for Herd*, so little of which was presented that the overall value of the composition and the Woody Herman Band's performance of it could not honestly be assessed.

The educational stations stepped up their quota of jazz throughout the summer. In addition to the Monterey sequences, there were a number of unexpected specials. One evening, I tuned in accidentally on a half-hour of Lurlean Hunter, singing for a live audience in a Chicago studio, backed by the Vernel Fournier Trio. Unless one listens to the Arthur Godfrey show, it is hard nowadays to keep track of the gracious and musicianly Miss Hunter. Aside from her inclusion of *Guess Who I Saw Today*, which becomes pretty much of a bore when the "surprise" tag line is 10 years old, her program was a flawless pleasure.

Dial M For Music, a weekly series of half-hour color shows, began its third consecutive season May 19. This is New York's contribution to the CBS-owned stations' Community Affairs Program Exchange—a roundabout way of saying that it is seen only in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

For those fortunate enough to regularly breathe the pure fresh air of these megalopolises, there have been many Sabbath treats. The first show of the season was split between the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Nat Adderley Quartet (actually Cannonball's group without the leader).

The audio (by Larry Schneider) has been consistently excellent, the camera work adequate, and the selection of talent carefully aimed along a middle ground capable of retaining the interest of the non-jazz-oriented majority of viewers.

This means that easy-listening, hard-swinging veterans like Earl Hines, as well as modern-concept groups with a compensatingly gentle sound such as Gary Burton's have been included in the schedule. Natural entertainers like Gillespie have of course lent their presence. When entertainment brings with it a work of beauty such as *Con Alma*, a bristling piece like *Kush*, even a Gillespie vocal on *Something in Your Smile*, who can complain?

The programs include informal interviews between the featured performers and the host, Father Norman O'Connor. A little more preparation might be in order, for there are moments when a question such as "How does an idea like this come to you?" leaves the respondent at a loss. In general, however, the interviews provide an effectively casual break that helps to establish audience rapport. Jazz is fortunate to have as one of its champions a man like the good Father, without whom this series might never have been inaugurated.

The best show I have seen to date featured the MJQ and Bill Evans. Both John Lewis and Evans were heard not only with their own groups but also with Alfredo Antonini and the CBS Orchestra. Lewis' *Jazz Ostinato* was compelling performed by the orchestra and quartet.

Evans, Eddie Gomez and Jack DeJohnette teamed with Antonini's men in *Granadas*.

Produced by Ethel Burns and directed by Merrill Brockway, *Dial M for Music* deserves far wider exposure than it has been given to date.

The various network programs dealing with black-white relations have brought in jazz tangentially from time to time. *Body and Soul*, in CBS' *Of Black America* series, focused on the achievements of the Negro in sports and music.

Ray Charles served as narrator for the music half. Though he never sounded stilted, his material had been carefully prepared; he was most articulate and moving throughout.

Produced by Martin Carr, the segment came up with an astonishing series of old clips, with snatches of Ellington, Basie, Armstrong, and Lester Young, and two longer excerpts showing Jimmy Rushing in *I Left My Baby* and Billie Holiday, exquisitely beautiful in sight and sound as she sang *Fine and Mellow*. Both these were extracted from *The Sound of Jazz*, a CBS special produced in 1957 and long overdue for a full rerun.

A ballad by Nat Cole, Gospel with Mahalia Jackson, and a rare moment with



Ray Charles

Dinah Washington were among the other collectors' items seen.

Passages in color offered Charles himself in *Georgia* and *The Sun Died*, a superb song, and Aretha Franklin performing *Respect* in the *Soul Together* show presented in June at Madison Square Garden.

At this writing, an entire hour-long program entitled *Soul* is in preparation. It will probably offer some memorable moments, but I can hardly imagine where room could be found for improvement on the *Soul* that followed *Body*.

One might quibble that the term was not properly defined; that too much stress was laid on the soul aspects of black music, as opposed to the many forms of jazz that are of Negro origin but are not usually defined as soul sounds. Be that as it may, there has been little room for complaint about any shortage of jazz—soul or non-soul—on the TV screen during the summer season.

CB

THE STATE OF JAZZ EDUCATION

an interview with Oliver Nelson by Charles M. Weisenberg

OLIVER NELSON—composer-arranger and saxophonist—is one of the increasing number of top professionals who have involved themselves in the proliferating jazz education movement.

Nelson has been teaching, consulting and conducting on college campuses for some five years. He brings to these tasks both a thorough academic background and years of practical experience as a writer and a player. While he has found the work gratifying and stimulating, he is also seriously concerned about the future of jazz education in the U.S.

"The jazz education movement, it must be recognized, is still in its infant stages. As a movement it isn't really enough, not nearly enough," Nelson says. "Most of the activity occurs only from May to August. A lot more in the way of education is needed if this American music is to continue to grow."

Nelson views the stage band and jazz clinic movement as a valuable thing, but is far from satisfied with what is being done. If the movement does not begin to grow in several ways, he will probably wind up being disappointed and perhaps even disenchanted. Nelson's prime concerns include the need for a better understanding of the place jazz should have in the music world, the need for year-round jazz education programs, greater involvement of young black musicians in the movement, and a better understanding of jazz history.

A growing number of scoring assignments for television, combined with the opportunity for motion picture work, led Nelson to settle with his family in Los Angeles in 1967. His reputation as a conductor, arranger and composer is growing with increasing speed. And as Nelson's earning capacity climbs, it becomes less and less practical for him to take time out from his busy schedule to teach.

"I do it because I love to be involved with this movement," Nelson explains. On more than one occasion, he said, it has actually cost him money to do a clinic, but he doesn't regret it.

"I would love to be a composer or artist in residence at some university. I really couldn't afford to stop what I am doing and go away to teach for a year, but I might find a way to do it if I thought a university would be interested. Of course I'd have to have a lot of freedom to do what I want to do."

A few years ago, Nelson returned to his alma mater, Washington University in St. Louis, to teach a six-week jazz class. It was the first time the school had done anything like this, and there was quite a bit of apprehension. "The people were a little surprised that everything went so smoothly," Nelson commented.

On the subject of "stage bands", Nelson says he doesn't know where the name came from and doesn't really know what it means. In saying this, he is aiming an indirect barb at those who hesitate to use the term jazz. He sees this fear as an indication that many music educators and college administrators still think of jazz as "some kind of dirty linen."

"I suppose the stage band is really just a popular dance band. They eliminated the word jazz in order to find something suitable to call it," says Nelson. "Even when jazz is involved in a study program, the schools often downgrade it by offering fewer credits and by offering the classes at odd hours."

One of the most important things that a clinic or college band festival can do, according to Nelson, is to stimulate both students and teachers to push for jazz education on a year-round basis. He is quick to point out that a weekend, a week or even six weeks are hardly enough to prepare a young musician to become a creative jazz artist. It is only sufficient to open the door

so that the students can see the potentials, but only a few of the more talented ones will be able to go far enough on their own to achieve significant goals, he thinks.

Nelson's campus visits have convinced him that there are two major reasons for the lack of good educational opportunities in jazz throughout the year. The first is the attitude of the educators towards the music, and the second is the inadequacy of too many of the music teachers.

"We were at one eastern university for a week. We had all of their facilities, including rehearsal rooms, tape recorders for the kids to hear themselves, and record players for albums we wanted them to hear. We had everything, but I didn't see one member of the music department. As soon as it was turned over to jazz, everybody evacuated the place. They should have been there to find out what was going on so they could deal with their students after we left," Nelson says.

In West Virginia, one school sent a man who plays casual weekend jobs to the airport to pick up visiting instructor Nelson. "I guess they felt he could communicate with me better. None of the music instructors came. Perhaps they felt that if they'd sent the guy who teaches vocal music, for example, we wouldn't have been able to talk."

These provincial snobs would have blushed, no doubt, if they had been

JAN PERSSON



World Radio History

told that Nelson is also a respected "classical" composer. His works in this realm include a woodwind quintet, a song cycle for contralto and piano, *Dirge for Chamber Orchestra*, and *Soundpiece for String Quartet and Contralto*.

When Nelson speaks of music teachers, he points out that while his conservatory training gives him a background comparable to theirs, the teachers do not have a jazz background comparable to his. He is anxious to find ways to reach out to music teachers as well as the students. Too many of these teachers, Nelson says, do not see the difference between creative jazz and commercial music. Little wonder, then, that they are not able to provide the kind of education that is needed. His campus visits have led him to believe that the level of musicianship among teachers is not high enough.

"I know a woodwind instructor who cannot play in time, and yet he is teaching improvisation," Nelson recalled. "This is terrible, because I can see how he can lead so many kids in the wrong direction." Nelson says that while many students can learn to play their instruments in high school, they must get their polish in college. "As a result of all this, the training is adequate for hotel orchestras or small combos," Nelson says.

Nelson doesn't have a solution to offer for year-round jazz education, but he is hopeful that the summer clinics will stimulate enough people to recognize the value of creative jazz so that the basic problems will be attacked and solved. He sees hope in places like Indiana University, the University of Illinois, and North Texas State. Although these schools represent a move in the right direction, it is not enough to satisfy the 35-year-old composer-arranger.

One outgrowth of Nelson's repeated experience of having to work with students who could not improvise was the writing of a saxophone study book, *Patterns for Saxophone*, which Nelson prints and distributes himself.

"The book had to be written because there was no way in the world to teach these kids about what I had come to teach," he says. "Everybody is starting to write books these days, but I find that they lean very heavily on classical techniques. I guess that's all right, but it's up to somebody like me to break out of that."

Musicianship isn't the only educational lack Nelson has found on the college campuses. He also discovered a big gap in the knowledge of jazz history. Very little is known about such important people as James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, or Meade Lux Lewis. A lot of important

jazz is not popular today. Nelson has had to explain this to his own son as well as to his students. The problem is the absence of jazz history courses from the regular school curricula as well as from the jazz clinics. Jazz history, he feels, should be a part of all clinics, but time rarely permits that luxury.

Nelson would prefer to discuss jazz as a musical art or to talk about such things as a commercial music, film writing and television writing. He is reluctant to apply white or black labels to music. But as he delves into his own attitudes and opinions of stage bands and clinics, Nelson finds it impossible not to take up social and racial problems.

"One of the things that has disturbed me since I began going to these clinics and festivals is that very few Negroes participate, either with mixed groups or with all-Negro groups. You find almost no big Negro bands, and very few of the individual soloists that do show up are outstanding. I started to ask myself why this is and what is going on," Nelson says.

One of the answers he has come up with is that black educators still look upon jazz as something soiled. There is not much difference here between them and their white colleagues. Nelson suggests that because many of the Negro schools have a religious basis they concentrate on vocal and choral music. Not only is there no jazz, except what is played underground, but there is very little chamber music. Nelson pointed to Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Mo., as an example:

"The head of the music department, Dr. Fuller, had the kind of attitude I'm talking about. He is a Negro, educated at Iowa State University, has a Ph. D. His attitude about jazz was that it was not to be played in the Fine Arts Building. If he happened to be walking through the building and heard something that even remotely sounded like jazz, he would open the door and say, 'We'll have none of that.'

"I'm aware now that I can't say that the reason why there are so few Negro college groups is because of white prejudice, because that's not so. It's black prejudice. It's the fact that the black schools have no use for this music, and therefore would not dare to start a fund-raising campaign to send a jazz group to compete in one of the college festivals. The schools have got to say, 'We are going to send our band just like the football team, and we want them to win!'"

Most of the young music students Nelson has met in the past five years apparently come from white middle-class families that can afford good

instruments and good lessons. He finds that these students bring first-rate equipment with them, which is an important starting point. They also know how to phrase, can make a clean attack and can play with other musicians. But while many of the white students have a fair amount of technical ability, they do not seem to be able to improvise.

The problem among many white students, as Nelson sees it, is that they are emulating their white instructors. The young musicians are excited by the modern jazz to which they are listening, but their instructors are not teaching them the things they want to play.

"I find that too many of the white students have enough technical ability so that you can tell them what to do and they can do it, but they are not as able to let their emotions come out. Once in a while, a Negro student will show up who has no discipline, but turn him lose with five or six choruses on *Cherokee* and you'll hear something."

Aside from the Negroes who are attending black schools where jazz is not recognized, Nelson is aware of another group in the ghettos who can't even go to college and are completely out of the reach of most clinics and stage band festivals. Nelson is currently involved in one attempt to reach some of these underprivileged youngsters in a section of Los Angeles, but is worried that the effort will simply not be enough.

Nelson complained about inadequate financing of jazz clinics and stage band programs, which makes it difficult to consistently get the best jazzmen as instructors. Money is needed to improve the publicity surrounding these events, so that the entire community can become involved. Nelson sees the jazz performer as needing a good audience with which he can interact. Additional funds would also help to set up tougher standards, so that every kid who applies is not automatically admitted. Finally, more money could provide longer planning periods to assure better programs.

Nelson doesn't know where that money is going to come from, but he feels it would be available if enough people realized how important these programs really are. He warned against becoming too self-satisfied with the progress that has been made in this area, because so much still needs to be done.

Despite some of his critical views, when Nelson was asked to sum up his attitudes toward the jazz clinics and the stage band movement, the first word he came up with was "exciting."

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LADD McINTOSH: BRIGHT FUTURE

a profile
by

Nancy DeLong

LADD MCINTOSH HAS BEEN infusing college jazz festivals with excitement and originality since 1964. The 26-year-old composer-arranger-saxophonist has kindled the imaginations of jazz authorities and students alike, a fact witnessed by the acclaim he and the Ohio State University Jazz Orchestra have received from many sources.

A brief sampling of the raves McIntosh and his men have earned will make the point.

"Ladd McIntosh is a genius and definitely one of the most important men to emerge from the college jazz festivals." —Stan Kenton
"McIntosh is a gifted writer and orchestrator with his own ideas."

—Dan Morgenstern, *Down Beat*
"Ladd, I like the way you write. You're beautiful!"

—Gerald Wilson
"Beautifully written! Beautifully performed! Beautifully conducted."

—Gary McFarland
"This is powerful, exciting, richly creative music by a collection of gifted young men who care."

—Gene Lees, *High Fidelity*
"McIntosh's creative vitality . . . is startling."

—John S. Wilson, *New York Times*
After scoring several successes at the Villanova and Notre Dame festivals, the Ohio State Band competed with the top college jazz bands in the country at the first annual Intercollegiate Music Festival in Miami Beach in May, 1967. The band was the undisputed champion, winning the Duke Ellington Award. McIntosh's *Forever Lost in My Mind's Own Eye* received the Stan Kenton Trophy for best composition.

McIntosh's diversified stylings and rhythmic innovations—complex voicings, unusual instrumentation, and rich blend of sounds—leave his musicians without conventional hiding places. Every player is exposed in the demanding ensemble scoring.

A McIntosh arrangement is charged with variety. He can take a melodic line and create a full spectrum of orchestral colors around it.

He employs an instrumentation of five trumpets doubling fluegelhorns, four



trombones, five saxophones (all doubling clarinets and flutes), four French horns, a tuba, and six rhythm—drums, piano, bass, guitar, and two percussionists doubling vibraharp and timpani.

McIntosh features the band as a unit—a driving unit. He does not overlook soloist talent, however, but he makes it a part of his total approach.

Many musicians today understand the principles of orchestration and are able to compose, but they may not have fresh ideas. McIntosh not only has such ideas, but also has the ability to express them in a context that has musical vitality.

McIntosh has been composing for only six years. Born in Akron, Ohio, into a musically oriented family (his father plays nine instruments and his mother is an accomplished pianist), Ladd began to study the saxophone when he was 12.

When he entered Ohio State University, he knew he wanted to become a serious musician, but "I couldn't put Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms in order," he said. "I had no solid knowledge beyond what I felt inside."

McIntosh dropped out of college after his freshman year. He wanted more time to listen to and analyze the works of the great composers.

One of his most powerful influences became Bela Bartok, the great 20th century Hungarian composer noted for his unusual and complex rhythms and textures. Of the modern jazz composers, Ladd was most attracted to Gerald Wil-

son. He has dedicated several originals to Wilson, including *Machu Picchu* and *Someone Else's Blues*.

In 1961, McIntosh went to the National Stage Band Camp in Indiana to find out if he had a future as a jazz musician. He met peers and instructors who were concerned and found stimulation and encouragement. He wrote his first arrangement shortly thereafter and returned to college to learn theory and concentrate upon becoming a musician.

In 1963, he started his own band with 13 hand-picked men. He used the smaller instrumentation for precision and immediately achieved good sounds. But he knew that not enough good arrangements would be available for the smaller band, and that he would have to supply the band's book. During the next three years he produced no fewer than 75 arrangements.

About that time, the Ohio State University Jazz Workshop, under his direction, began to make its impact on collegiate jazz festivals.

"I've never experienced anything like the festivals," McIntosh said. "All your marbles are on the table. You play for the untouchables—the worshipped men of jazz—and you give them the best you have to offer."

McIntosh won instant acclaim as a composer but felt he had to do it consistently to prove his initial success was not a fluke.

Then came the 1966 Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, and with it the

decisive moment in his budding career. Kenton recognized his talent.

"I knew then that I was doing the right thing . . . was on the right track," McIntosh says. He enlarged the band to 21 pieces. He pressured his saxophonists to double on flutes and clarinets. He began to use more unusual percussion effects, to experiment with French horns and a tuba and the various voicings offered by this instrumentation. He wrote arrangements that were tough and challenging, but still made them fun for the men to play.

Drummer Lyle Preest has said, "Ladd writes with a great deal of consideration for his men. His charts are demanding, but he knows what we can handle. He directs our personalities. Ladd sees what we are—better than we see ourselves. What comes across is honesty. I consider him an original genius."

The original compositions McIntosh used in the 1967 national competition in Miami Beach employed everything he had learned.

And So We Swang is an exciting arrangement with a ridiculously fast tempo. None of the competition attempted anything close to it.

In *Forever Lost in My Mind's Own Eye* he tried to capture and make concrete an aspect of his imagination.

"The end result was nothing like what I originally heard in my mind," he said. "I toyed with rhythmic and harmonic changes and constantly worked some of them out; others I took at face value and left alone. It can be frustrating to try to bring out what your mind hears."

A depressing factor in the last five years for McIntosh and his men has been the lack of interest and support shown by the Ohio State University School of Music. The men practiced on their own time and earned the money to go to the festivals. When they won national recognition, the school suddenly discovered them and made the jazz lab a credited course. But McIntosh failed to get an assistantship to continue directing the orchestra.

McIntosh will not return to Ohio State in the fall. With his departure, the successful five-year jazz program has come to an end.

In early March, the Ohio State University Jazz Orchestra, now numbering 26, traveled to the Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame. The band walked onto the stage "like they owned the place" (in the words of bassist Ray Brown, one of the judges) and proceeded to bring the house down with three McIntosh originals—*Galadriel*, *Elfstone*, and *Grooveness*.

McIntosh won the award for outstanding composer-arranger.

McIntosh is a craftsman. He demands

perfection from himself as well as from his men. There is a great deal of emotion in his music, which is reflected in his personality. And he is straightforward, a quality that also shows in his work.

"I'm not trying to put anyone on with my music," he said. "I'm just telling them honestly what *is*. I will not compromise my music. If people like what I am, groovy. If not, well. . . ."

McIntosh writes most of his compositions at home. He lives with his wife, Roberta, and their two children, Danny, 4, and Erika, 9 months. During the last five years, he has spent more than half his waking hours composing. He is also at work on a book, *Creative Arranging for College Stage Band*.

"When I write a chart," McIntosh said, "I become so completely involved that I climb inside it and write all around myself—from the inside out. My mood, my inner self, comes out in the music. Then I leave a little hole to crawl out once the chart is finished.

"Once I leave the composition, it is impossible to get back inside because my objectives have changed. Sometimes while playing or conducting the chart—listening to audible thoughts—flashes of what happened while writing come back. But they are only flashes. The exact, over-all mood or experience of composing cannot be re-created.

"But the total involvement of writing, the creative bag, is not enough. The performance, the audience, hearing the final product make it all real. I'm exposing my religious self, what I believe in, and when it's accepted—it's beautiful!"

Last August, McIntosh and some of the men from the Jazz Orchestra formed a smaller, more commercial group billed as Ladd McIntosh and the Live New Breed. This group of 13 musicians and a girl vocalist has had more public exposure than the Jazz Orchestra. They have played numerous engagements ranging from high school proms to country-club dances and night-club engagements in the Columbus area.

The Breed was recorded live at one of its club engagements. The engineer was Reice Hamel, who has recorded many famous performers, including Tony Bennett, Frank Sinatra, and Judy Garland. Expecting to find "a big band with an amateur sound," Hamel was so impressed with the first-rate quality of the Breed that he donated a week of his time to building extra equipment in order to get the best possible sound under the difficult acoustic conditions in the club.

Hamel used individual microphones on each instrument and taped smaller microphones to the bells of the saxophones and trombones—his own inno-

vation. This enabled him to get excellent separation, individualized sounds during solos, and contrast control. The result was a high-quality live recording.

In performance, McIntosh said, "the guys blow their guts out and drive like hell. They love what they're doing, and they really perform. We lift the audience up—then there are lulls, up again, and then smash! Right between the eyes."

Percussionist Dan Ruddick said, "There is a oneness in performance which Ladd perpetuates. Even though he is not a schooled conductor, no one can conduct his music as well as he. Ladd puts so much of himself into it. His expressions and body movements say much more than a mere hand motion."

Picture, if you can, McIntosh in command, soprano saxophone dangling from his neck, playing the flute and reading the score, conducting with his head and body, and occasionally finding a free hand to straighten his glasses.

The collegiate jazz festivals made it possible for McIntosh to grow. He was able to distinguish himself amid top-notch competition and was given important exposure.

"The festivals, with the high degree of excellence expected and displayed, have been an incentive to me," he said. "Without the exposure they afforded me, I would probably still be cranking out two-beat charts for 15 bucks apiece—but more than that, I would be terribly unhappy."

McIntosh has no thought to be anything but a composer and musician, saying, "I'm writing contemporary American music. My music communicates with people. Maybe that's one way I'm different."

One of the first reviewers to notice McIntosh was Bill Mathieu in *Down Beat* who wrote in 1964, "If McIntosh chooses, he can expand to any size, and I hope he so chooses, because jazz will gain from such men."

A more recent prediction comes from Kenton: "In 10 years everyone will know the name Ladd McIntosh. He will succeed because he is a man with fresh ideas who knows how to use them."

On March 10 at Otterbein College, the Ohio State University Jazz Orchestra played its final concert under McIntosh's direction.

Through much hard work, he and his men had become a first-class jazz group, and that was the way he wanted to leave them.

"This time there will be no encore," Ladd told the audience. "We will close with an original chart. The title says what this orchestra, and all that we've accomplished together, have been for me. I coined the word. It means a state of being groovy—*Grooveness*." 

No Bells and Beads... by Kenny Dorham

The famous trumpeter, himself again a student, appraises the potential role of the academy in the future of jazz.

THE NEW YORK College of Music has become an incorporated division of New York University (Washington Square branch). The NYCM has its own jazz band, a 21-piece unit under the direction of Dr. Joseph Scianni, who is both a jazz pianist and a classical composer. Dr. Scianni also heads the music theory department at the school.

With the start of the academic year this month, NYCM will have some 3-400 music students. Many of these are from the High School of Music and Art and the High School of the Performing Arts in New York City, where music theory is taught on a higher and more sophisticated level than usual. These students generally do not have to take college preparatory theory.

On April 19 and 20 the NYCM Jazz Band played at the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Quinnipiac College in Hamden, Conn., where 16 colleges and universities were represented. The band took first place in the competition, and brought home the big gold cup. The band also came up with a first place winner in drummer Bill Mintz. (Kenny Dorham won first place in the trumpet

category, but declared himself out of competition in view of his status as a professional. —Ed.)

For better than two years now, the NYCM has had a jazz program in addition to its regular program. There haven't been any bugles or promotional fanfares, but something that is really happening, that has something to offer and is meaningful, does not necessarily need a fanfare—or does it? Bassist Ahmed Abdul Malik was in the teachers' degree program for approximately four years. Jackie McLean's son Renee is enrolled in the program. (I am also in the program, working toward a master's degree.)

The school offers in its degree program, among other things, an ensemble program which includes large group playing as well as small group playing, woodwind and brass. The Jazz Ensemble Program is an accredited course at the school. Scholarships are given to qualified jazz-oriented musicians. Training and experience are offered in "jazz swing" and improvisation. The writing and style comes from within the ensemble itself. This is a chance to learn jazz on a concert level with dignity and

integrity. (By this I mean no bells and beads.)

Performances by the band include appearances at schools in deprived areas of New York City to bring the message of jazz and to urge the students to stay in school. There have been appearances on television, at a Martin Luther King memorial and benefit, at Quinnipiac College, and at the intercollegiate competition at MIT in Boston, where the band took first place. As a result, the band appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival, where it opened the program. Unfortunately, many people came too late to hear us.

With all due respect to the grandiose musical geniuses of yesteryear, jazz' current linear, rhythmical and vertical construction is a modified sophistication of that past, and is being constantly built and extended. Jazz is emerging from the smoky barrooms where it has served for many years, often as background music for conversation, to the intellectual level of the university and the academy in general. Jazz has emerged from a multitude of sources to become the cosmic ambassador of outgoing music: from the 14th-century caccia to European-classical sophistication; from the jungle drum of Africa to the New Orleans brass band; from folk-country-western-sanctified, middle Eastern, rock and blues to the Copacabana Beach at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain in Rio De Janeiro, home of the last intravenous transfusion into the mainstream of jazz.

These are some of the things jazz is about. The college band is about jazz. I think jazz musicians are looking forward to the day when a musician with talent, ambition and other attributes can attend the academy with the belief, at least, that he is going to emerge with more potential than he would have if he were just a musician with an informal background; of the streets, so to speak.

Most of the schools that offer music courses in the south that I know about have music appreciation courses—playing records, learning the difference in major and minor scales, and really just merely passing the time of day. The northeast isn't doing much better, but is probably three or four years ahead. I'm looking forward to the future, when the academy in general will really stretch out.

EB



CHARLES STEWART

JAMEY AEBERSOLD: Jazz Teacher

By Tina Stettenbenz

WHY DOES JAMEY AEBERSOLD, the young alto saxophonist who devotes most of his time and energy to teaching jazz, prefer jazz to other types of music? His answer: "It is more of a challenge to be right on the edge of your creativeness. When you're playing jazz for an audience, the chips are down, and you always have to perform. The situation constantly keeps changing, depending on who you're playing with and for."

Whether he is performing or teaching, Aebersold is so completely involved in the music that it becomes a projection of himself—not just of a part of him but of all of him. It is easy to see why his pupils become devoted to jazz. Aebersold's enthusiasm is catching. He challenges his pupils without seeming to do so, and draws from them to the margin of their abilities.

The current plateau of his achievement is seen in the first volume of a book and accompanying record, *A New Approach to Jazz Improvisation*, that was two years in the making. Vol. 2 is almost completed at this writing.

Aebersold is a native of New Albany, Ind. He has a masters degree in music from Indiana University. His septet was voted best jazz combo at the 1964 Notre Dame Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, and Aebersold himself was judged best saxophonist at the previous year's festival. He also won a scholarship to the famed but short-lived Lenox School of Jazz.

He is now on the faculty of two summer jazz clinics each year: at Milikin University in Decatur, Ill., and at the University of Connecticut. He is a composer, performer, lecturer, author and clinician.

During years of studying music, Aebersold discovered there was no cogent method of teaching jazz improvisation. The student groped in the dark, usually by himself. It wasn't long after Aebersold began to teach that he realized the need for a method of instruction in this essential element of jazz.

For two years, Aebersold worked out his book, and along with it the record of a modern rhythm section playing appropriate accompaniments. The record includes a blues in F, a blues in B flat, a standard tune for jazz improvising (*All the Things You Are*), a cycle of dominants, and four tracks employing various minor, major, and dominant-seventh scales and chords.

His book-and-album package is being used in schools and by private students throughout the U.S. and Canada.

To the author, the most gratifying thing about the work is the results it has elicited from students.

It has, he said, opened well-springs of creativeness. One of the most remarkable examples of this is *Loosers*

Blues, a piece written by fifth-grader Roger Wiseman, one of Aebersold's students.

Would it have been possible for Roger to have written the piece if he had not had the chance to study with Aebersold? Certainly the basic talent was there, but to one who has observed Aebersold's methods at firsthand, it soon becomes clear that his students are advancing at a faster rate than ordinarily would be possible.

One of the reasons for this rapid advance is another of Aebersold's firsts, one he hopes will catch on with teachers of jazz improvisation everywhere. This is the workshop clinic he holds for the students each Saturday afternoon in his soundproof basement studio. He makes no extra charge for the workshop, a fact that comes as no surprise to those who know him.

One of Aebersold's favorite pastimes is selling others on jazz, and he is remarkably successful at it. His method is simple. He introduces people to jazz by giving them a chance to listen to it. If he has the opportunity, he also gives them the basic facts about the music along with a sprinkling of jazz history.

Aebersold, who is treasurer of the nonprofit Louisville Jazz Council, constantly listens to other jazz musicians, in person or on record. He also tapes his own concerts and plays them back on his car radio, listening and hoping to improve his own playing.

The walls of his studio are lined with shelves holding jazz records and books on jazz and music in general.

One afternoon Aebersold's students were playing at a clinic, having their last practice run before taping for a Louisville television show giving teenagers a chance to play before a large audience.

Aebersold first directed the boys and then joined in the playing himself. He

stopped when he heard a wrong note. The boys suggested the culprit, indicating everyone but themselves, but Aebersold had located the trouble and the rehearsal proceeded smoothly.

The piece was an original, and he asked for suggestions for an ending. One boy responded kiddingly with a cliché ending.

"You're docked half a solo for that," Aebersold kidded back. "We'll have to fix it so he gets stuck in the elevator going up."

Getting down to business again, they played *Maiden Voyage*. "You're dragging—take too long, and they'll run you off with a soap commercial," Aebersold joked again.

This time they do it right. The frustration has been removed.

Though he has humor, and uses it, Aebersold is firm, a taskmaster, the kind who makes the best teacher. He listened as one of the boys improvised and was pleased with the results.

"Do that," he encouraged. "It gives it that Oriental sound."

Aebersold uses humor, body English, hand movements and facial expressions while working with the students, and they respond well. He is a teacher who constantly challenges his students, bringing the best out of them without driving them.

"Several of my students are interested in making a career of music, or going to college for an education in music," Aebersold pointed out.

"Maybe I just found it out that I am a teacher first of all," he said. "I wanted to play at first, to be a performer, but then I'd hear a kid who showed promise and I'd want to get with him and teach him all I could, help him to develop his inborn talent as a jazz musician. One comes along who has talent, and I'm hooked." */continued on page 38*



Aebersold and students Terry Sloan, Roger Wiseman, Tom Lynn

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Mical, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Mel Brown

THE WIZARD—Impulse 9169: *Ode to Billie Joe*; *Swamp Fever*; *Blues After Hours*; *African Sweets*; *Stop*; *Chunk A Funk*; *Miss Ann*; *W-2 Withholding*.

Personnel: Mack Johnson, trumpet; Clifford Solomon, tenor saxophone; Brown, lead guitar; Terry Evans, rhythm guitar; piano, organ, electric bass, drums, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

On this record Brown lays down a groove somewhere in between r&b and blues-oriented jazz, though closer to the former, particularly on the tracks with the two horn players. His playing also lies somewhere between startling and comfortable; no single lick he gets off ever knocks you out, but he never falls back on clichés, and his lines are always sensible and interesting. Technically, he's right there.

The rating is somewhat arbitrary. (All ratings are, of course.) For sheer good listening, this is a five-star session. It never stops swinging, due mainly to Brown and the inexcusably unidentified drummer, who is down with it from start to finish and has a fine solo chorus on the march-like *Fever*. The reduced rating results from a certain lack of scope and variety on the date, and the utter certainty that Brown is capable of greater things.

Solomon, the hardest of Brown's cohorts, contributes some mean blues choruses on *Chunk* and *W-2*, and Johnson stays lowdown and dirty with the plunger on *Blues*. And some of the tunes are very nice, indeed: *Billie Joe* can be horribly repetitive, but Brown varies his attack enough to keep it interesting, and knocks off an astonishing run in the coda; and *Sweets* is a joy, and serves to remind you of what Hugh Masekela is trying to sound like and can't.

But it's Brown's show, and he acquits himself nobly. He sticks mostly to single-note runs, using chords almost solely as punctuation. All his solos are at least good; he knows when to use repeated riffs and when to break away, as he demonstrates in the middle four bars of his last chorus on *Blues*, and he's very, very swift. His tone isn't well-enough defined—again, neither fish nor fowl, neither acrid enough for r&b nor mellow enough for jazz. But the distance between this album and his first is considerable. It shows how fast he's learning, and at no point has he been uninteresting.

It's a pretty good bet that Brown will be one of the guitarists in not too long a time, and *The Wizard*, with its unpretentious soul and unfeigned joy, is some fine stuff to listen to while we're waiting.

—Heineman

Don Ellis

SHOCK TREATMENT—Columbia CS9668: *A New Kind of Country*; *Mercy Maybe Mercy*; *Opus 5*; *Beat Me, Daddy, Seven to the Bar*; *Milo's Theme*; *Star Children*; *Homecoming*; *Seven Up*; *Zim*.

Personnel: Ellis, Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Hatmon, trumpets; Ron Myers, Dave Sanchez, Terry Woodson, trombones; Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano, Ira Shulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, woodwinds; Mike Lang, piano, clavinet, Fender piano; Ray Neapolitan, bass, sitar; Frank De La Rosa, Dave Pariato, basses; Steve Bohannon, drums; Chino Valdes, conga, bongos; Mark Stevens, timbales, vibes, miscellaneous percussion; Alan Ester, miscellaneous percussion.

Rating: see below

Ellis deserves a good deal of credit for his experimentation with unusual meters, metrical division, and electronic effects. He and some of the other composers who have contributed to his band's repertoire are certainly breaking new ground. On this album, for example, *Zim* is written in 13. Electronics help create some strange, ethereal effects on *Milo's Theme*.

Yet the band's work is far from completely satisfying—it can even be called gimmicky. Unique in some ways, it is unremarkable, even trite, in others. *A New Kind of Country* is in 7/4, but is still a corny, down-home composition. *Mercy Maybe Mercy* is a trite, funky piece, and *Beat Me Daddy Seven to the Bar*, the worst selection on the LP, is a raucous, banal drag.

The arrangements are generally disappointing. Too much of the writing is cluttered and musclebound, a la bad Kenton.

There are some good compositions here, though. An intricate piece by Magruder, *Zim*, has a buoyant, flowing quality. *Milo's Theme* contains some lovely colors and textures.

Ellis' playing is good, but he has done better elsewhere. (He has, at times, been an outstanding and highly original soloist.) Here he displays a big tone, swings forcefully and plays some melodically attractive phrases. However, he also plays too many clichés, apparently succumbing to the corn around him, and his improvising is not as daring or thoughtful as it has been at its best. Indeed, his playing sometimes reminds me of the technically proficient but stylistically anonymous work of certain studio trumpeters.

The playing of the other soloists lacks individuality.

In view of the harmonic and melodic freshness of the solo work on, say, his Prestige *New Ideas* album, it's difficult to understand how Ellis could have tolerated some of the glaring faults of this LP.

A rating has not been assigned to this record because it would not adequately summarize its value.

—Pekar

Booker Ervin

BOOKER 'N' BRASS—Pacific ST-20127: *East Dallas Special*; *I Left My Sugar in Salt Lake City*; *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans*; *L.A. After Dark*; *Kansas City*; *Baltimore Oriole*; *Harlem Nocturne*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *St. Louis Blues*.

Collective Personnel: Johnny Coles, Charles Tolliver, Freddie Hubbard, Richard Williams, trumpets; Ray Copeland, Martin Banks, trumpets, flugelhorn; Bennie Green, Garnett Brown, Britt Woodman, trombones; Benny Powell, bass trombone; Ervin, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Teddy Edwards, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

After a series of small group albums (most of them for Prestige) Ervin has now been placed in a more "commercial" setting. Backed by a brass ensemble and standard rhythm section, he was also given an album theme—songs about cities in the United States.

The least Pacific Jazz could have done after giving him this restrictive format would have been to carry it through in the packaging. If the original concept had been simply *Booker 'n' Brass*, arranger Edwards would have had quite a bit more leeway, to say the least. The company also intended to garner airplay by keeping the tracks short, but only one number, the three-minute *Kansas City*, is under 4:00. That extra minute is what keeps many a deejay—I'm not talking about strictly jazz jockeys—from playing a record. So Pacific Jazz didn't do Ervin any favors in that department either.

With all these harnesses on his shoulders, Ervin still manages to play his singular brand of emotional tenor—warm, passionate, and with a sound as big as the great outdoors. His own *East Dallas* is a kind of train blues with a heavy backbeat. Ervin's solo is solid, building and soaring, and there is good, bluesy Green trombone. *Kansas City* is in a similar backbeat groove, but seems superfluous after *Dallas*. Barron has a short solo.

I Lost My Sugar and *Do You Know What It Means* are not the greatest tunes ever written but, Ervin invests them with his own feeling. On the former he uses those broad, long, moaning tones to enhance the melody and his improvisations are power-packed. Green contributes another fine solo, extremely relaxed, with a fat sound. On the latter, Booker's readily identifiable sound makes for a lovely theme statement. Brown (not Green, as the notes state) has a short break on the first bridge. There is a nice trumpet spot, credited to Hubbard but more likely by Copeland. The trumpet section sounds a bit sloppy here.

St. Louis has good brass backing, straight-ahead Booker and a solo by Hubbard that is facile yet intense, with that

bite all really good trumpeters have. Dig the brass shouts behind him. *Harlem*, the piece a stripper most often uses as her second number, doesn't happen, even though Ervin does his best, double-timing and moaning. The brass is strained. In all fairness to Edwards, there is not much you can do with this warhorse.

The ballads, *Left My Heart* and *Oriole*, do make it—thanks to Ervin. He is mellow on the first, rambling around on the comfortable beat. The brass doesn't add much more than window dressing here, but on *Oriole* Edwards' chart really gets a mood, aiding Ervin in stating the theme. His solo has the depth of feeling one has come to associate with him.

For the most part, Edwards' arrangements are workmanlike and functional. I'm sure it was not the easiest assignment to be saddled with. If the charts are not spectacular, at least, as written by a fellow tenorman, they let Ervin breathe. Edwards' one original, *L.A.*, is a simple but effective minor-key mover with a wide-open sound. Booker is the cooker, cutting right through to the heart of the matter.

If Ervin and Edwards had been allowed to combine like this on more tracks, something might have happened. As it is, the album is a picture of a man often rising above his material. That says a lot about the size of Ervin's talent. —Gittler

Freddie Hubbard

HIGH BLUES PRESSURE—Atlantic SC 1501: *Can't Let Her Go*; *Latina*; *High Blues Pressure*; *A Bientot*; *True Colors*; *For B.P.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Kiane Zawadi, trombone, euphonium; Howard Johnson, tuba; James Spaulding, flute, alto saxophone; Benny Maupin, flute, tenor saxophone; Weldon Irvine or Kenny Barron, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Freddie Waits or Louis Hayes, drums; Roman Broadus, conga.

Rating: ★★★★★

This uneven but generally interesting LP highlights Hubbard as a composer (*Latina*, *High Blues Pressure*, *True Colors* and *For B.P.* are his) and arranger (he arranged all of the pieces here) as well as an instrumentalist. He scores well in each area.

Latina is a hard swinging, richly orchestrated Latin-tinged selection. *A Bientot*, by Billy Taylor, also has a Latin flavor. It is a gentle piece on which the melody is stated by Hubbard on fluegelhorn, accompanied by two flutes.

High Blues Pressure is a melodically spare composition with a strong, building arrangement. *True Colors* and *For B.P.* are intricate stop-and-go tunes (*For B.P.* is especially complex) which I hope will catch on with other groups. Hubbard and some of his contemporaries, such as Wayne Shorter, have written a number of fine pieces in recent years which seem to have been taken for granted by too many fans and musicians.

Can't Let Her Go, a funky tune by Irvine, is the only uninteresting composition on the LP.

Hubbard, one of the major trumpeters of the '60s, plays well here, although he can be heard to better advantage on certain other I.P.s. He is an extremely daring, inventive improviser and his solos have content. However, his trumpet playing is sometimes marred by a stiff, musclebound

quality, and while he is very powerful, he is not always tasteful. Interestingly, his fluegelhorn improvisation on *A Bientot* is soft-toned and restrained.

It's doubtful that Spaulding has performed more impressively on record than here. He plays quite forcefully on alto without sacrificing the fluidity that has marked his previous work. Particularly impressive are his solos on *True Colors* and *For B.P.*, on which his "mean" tone and slicing runs are reminiscent of Willie Smith. The way he slides into and down from the upper register on *True Colors* also reminds of Smith. (I'm merely calling attention to the similarity; I don't know whether Spaulding is an admirer of Smith's playing, or has even heard much of it.) He takes an economical, biting alto solo on *Can't Let Her Go*, while his warm, delicate flute solo on *Latina* displays the gentle side of his nature.

Though he may not yet be well known to the jazz public, Maupin is already a major leaguer. A strong, thoughtful performer, his tenor work is sometimes spare, sometimes many-noted, and marked by a variety of colors and textures. His playing is at once gutty and sophisticated. One of the highlights of the LP is his tenor spot on *True Colors*, which builds like an avalanche.

Barron's soloing (he appears on every track but *Can't Let Her Go*) is inventive and graceful. He has already established himself as a fine pianist in the Al Haig-Hank Jones-Tommy Flanagan tradition. It will be interesting to see whether he will remain content with that or will evolve a more unique, advanced style in the years to come. —Pekar

Charles McPherson

FROM THIS MOMENT ON—Prestige 7550: *Little Sugar Baby*; *Once in a Lifetime*; *The Good Life*; *I Like the Way You Shake That Thing*; *From This Moment On*; *Without You*; *You've Changed*.

Personnel: McPherson, alto saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Pat Martino, guitar; Peck Morrison, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

If, while in a contemporary art gallery, one were suddenly confronted with a superbly realistic portrait or landscape, there would be two possible reactions: yeah, but nobody's doing representational stuff anymore; or, yeah, *nice* picture. It is to be hoped that we are free enough of bias to accept and appreciate first-rate works in formats other than those we prefer.

Consequently: yeah, *nice* session. There is little on it that *couldn't* have been played 15 years ago or more; but these men are their own men, and there is very little on it that *has* been played before. All five musicians are flawless here, each contributing toward the whole, and the cohesion achieved is remarkable, particularly for a studio group, though some of them have played together before. The only thing that keeps it from being a five-star date is McPherson: he's a fine altoist and does well enough here, but he seems to be holding back a little, and has played better elsewhere.

Besides the good selection of tunes (including two lightly but firmly swinging, eminently hummable McPherson originals,

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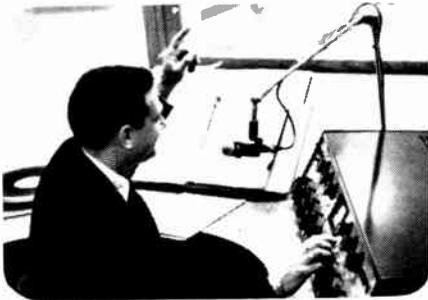
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Baby and Shake) and the high calibre of all the soloists, what makes this album very special indeed is the astonishing rapport between Walton and Martino. Each at all times is tuned in to the other as well as to McPherson when he solos; one will begin a riff or chord pattern and the other will instantly be there. During Martino's *Good Life* solo, for instance, Walton weaves his right hand lines so presciently around the guitarist's that the listener is hard put in a couple of places to tell which is the guitar and which the piano. Walton is one of the finest 'compers currently playing; he's not just biding his time waiting for his space, he's constantly broadening the base of the other solos, with never an intrusion or obfuscation. A nearly lost art.

And speaking of lost arts: if McPherson's solos are less than his best, pick up on his melody statements, especially *Good Life*, *Changed* and *Moment*. (Liner notes author Mark Gardner is clearly right when he speculates that McPherson's reading of *Moment* is very close to what Bird's might have been.) He has great respect for the tunes—his *Good Life* solo never gets far from the melody—but is highly imaginative in note-bending and in slightly altering time values of short phrases. *Changed*, in which McPherson evokes with his intonation the same shade of melancholy with which Lady Day indelibly stamped the song, is a fine example of the altoist's sense of logic: he stays with the melody in the opening statement, adding several figures around it; then, in his chorus, he retains the general time values of the song's phrases (most obviously on the bridge) but bases his improvisation on the upper intervals of the chords. The final eight bars of his chorus forcibly recall Bird, without being a pastiche or parody. He also gets off a lovely obbligato at the end of the track. (Some of his best playing occurs at the ends of songs. Dig the fleet series of figures over a suspended riff to close *Lifetime* and the inventive, bubbling, building filigree he paints over a similarly suspended Latin riff that ends *Without You*. His solo on the latter, fast and controlled, is his best of the session.)

Walton and Martino both have fine solo moments throughout. Walton is as two-handed a pianist as there is. He's mellow on *Lifetime*, funky on *Shake*—on which he ends his solo with a phrase so absolutely right he can't have thought of it, but did—invents a whole series of perky melodies during his excursion on *Changed*, and alternates single-note runs, right-hand harmonies, trills and big, rolling chords in *Good Life* to produce a solo of richly variegated texture.

Martino is rather banal on *Changed*, but makes some firm and impressive statements on *Good Life*—with a big assist from Walton—does great work with Walton behind McPherson on *Without You* and then steps out and lays it down, finishing his solo with some octave improvisation that manages to sound not at all like Wes Montgomery, no small feat.

Lest we forget: no complaints about the rhythm, either. Neither Morrison nor McBrowne has any solo space, except for the latter's perfect intro and sign-off in *Shake*, but their support is solid and unimpeach-

able; McBrowne's light, sure touch is an incalculable asset to the record.

This album, obviously, is sincerely recommended; had McPherson and maybe Martino (whom you will be hearing a lot from) been a shade more together in their solos, it'd be one of the albums of the year.

—Heineman



Don Patterson

BOPPIN' & BURNIN'—Prestige 7563: *Pisces Soul*; *Donna Lee*; *Island Fantasy*; *Epistrophy*; *Nou's the Time*.

Personnel: Howard McGhee, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Patterson might well wonder what a musician has to do to get the kind of praise he deserves. He is a fine player—one of the relatively few organists in jazz whose work deserves rapt attention—but despite his achievements, his work is seemingly ignored by a large segment of the jazz public.

Patterson's playing here bears out my high opinion of his work. He plays rich, complex lines and swings with grace and power. He constructs very well, building to climaxes lucidly. His work is generally tasteful, although the sustained "factory whistle" effect against which he plays funky phrases on *Pisces Soul* is a drag.

Patterson's rhythm section work is also praiseworthy; he's a thoughtful, unobtrusive accompanist. Here is a jazz organist who is a real musician. He merits a careful hearing.

McPherson has been described as a good Charlie Parker disciple and, while it's obvious that Parker has had a very strong influence on him, he has also listened to post-Bird altoists. Within the context of modern jazz, he is a traditionalist whose work is not anachronistic. He is a classicist and constructs his solos thoughtfully. Note, for example, how unpredictably and interestingly he fragments his spot on *Pisces Soul*.

McPherson's playing on this LP is quite lyrical. His choice of notes is very intelligent; his playing doesn't sound far out but is melodically fresh and pretty. He has a fine tone, pure and penetrating.

The altoist's best work here is on *Epistrophy*: rhythmically sophisticated and varied, as well as melodically imaginative. He uses certain subtleties on this track that are derived from Parker but which few Parker-influenced altoists seem aware of. He appears to know Bird as only a handful of jazzmen do.

McGhee, who has played on far too few recording dates in the past 15 years or so considering his stature, turns in a good but imperfect performance. He plays with the vigor of a teenager and his solos are full of ideas, but they are marred by sloppy execution. McGhee also contributed two compositions to the session. *Pisces Soul*, a medium-tempo blues, and *Island Fantasy*, a pretty, rather exotic tune with a Latin beat, are his.

A fine LP which should appeal particularly to bop fans.

—Pekar

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North Texas State Lab Band

LAB '68—Century 30178: *Codify*; *Childhood*; *Who Will Buy?*; *Sweet William*; *Norwegian Wood*; *Ol' Five Spot*; *Hello, Young Lovers*; *Flashes*.

Personnel: Gary Grant, Jay Saunders, Sal Marquez, Mark Hettie, Fletch Wiley, trumpets; Tom Malone, Bruce Fowler, Jeff Sturges, Chuck Compher, trombones; Jim Clark, bass trombone, tuba; Jack Karhu, Dean Corey, French horns; Mike Campell, Chuck Wilson, Lou Marini, Ray Loeckle, Tom Boras, reeds, flutes; Bobby Henschel, piano; Frank Kimlicko, guitar; John Monaghan, bass; Ed Soph, drums; Fred Stites, vibes, miscellaneous percussion; Leon Breeden, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The famous Lab Band's second LP is even better than its impressive first. In terms of musicianship and polish, the band has long been able to hold its own with professionals, but the material has been somewhat lacking in originality. Here, however, that problem has been overcome.

While the band is the thing, the album does have an individual star: young reedman-flutist-composer-arranger Lou Marini. He is responsible for three of the best charts in the set: *Codify*, *Sweet William*, and the exciting *Flashes* (all his own compositions as well), and also contributes sparkling solo work on soprano and tenor saxophones, various flutes, and recorder. He is definitely a young man to watch, and has recently joined Woody Herman's band, where it is hoped he will get something to do.

Colleagues Soph and Monaghan, an expert rhythm team, are also current Herdsmen. Soph's solo work in *Flashes* is outstanding, but perhaps more essentially, he handles his job in the driver's seat with verve and assurance. Monaghan's fine time and tone also make themselves felt.

The Lab Band (best of six full-time ensembles at the school) has until recently been cast in a post-Kenton, etc. mold—the mold that initially contributed much to collegiate jazz but eventually became somewhat of an albatross. But the fresh, often experimental and always unhackneyed student arrangements by Marini, Loeckle (*Who Will Buy?*) and Tom Boras (Charles Lloyd's *Ol' Five Spot*) mark a definitive and welcome break with that past, the only echo of which on this album is *Hello, Young Lovers*, a flag-waving showcase for the expert (but in this case musically empty) trombone pyrotechnics of Bruce Fowler.

In fact, the ingenious and tasteful employment of "free" and "outside" devices in such arrangements as *William*, *Five Spot*, and *Flashes* sounds quite unlike anything being done in big-band writing elsewhere, and might profitably be studied by some of our ranking pros. In my opinion, it musically outweighs the rather precious experimentations of Don Ellis and his staff, without swollen rhythm section and amplification gimmicks. (Marini does play an electric flute on *Norwegian Wood*, and it sounds pretty.)

The brass section work is precise and expert, and the reeds are no slouches, either (there is a splendid sax-section chorus on *Codify*). Trumpeter Sal Marquez has several good solo spots, notably on the moving *Childhood*, and other nice solo efforts spot altoist Mike Campbell (*Wood*) and big-toned tenorist Loeckle

(*Codify*). The solo work, too, is fresher and more inventive than in previous years.

If North Texas can come up with new blood to replace the now departed key members (and doubtless they will be able to), we can continue to expect surprises from this already laurel-laden talent incubator. This album, highly recommended to all big-band fanciers, is available for \$5 from The North Texas Lab Band, Box 5038, N.T. Station, Denton, TX 76023. It's non-profit and for a good cause.

—Morgenstern

Kai Winding-J. J. Johnson

ISRAEL—A&M 3008: *My Funny Valentine*; *Israel*; *Catherine's Theme*; *Am I Blue/Sonnyboy*; *Never My Love*; *Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night of the Week*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Django*; *Try to Remember*.

Collective Personnel: Bernie Glow, trumpet, flugelhorn; Johnson, Winding, trombones; Phil Bodner, Walter Kane, George Marge, Romeo Penque, Frank Schwartz, reeds; Herbie Hancock, Ross Tompkins, piano, electric piano, harpsichord; Eric Gale, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Lewis Riley, Leo Kruczek, Charles Libove, David Naden, Eugene Orloff, Tasha Samaroff, violins; Al Brown, viola; George Ricci, cello; Ron Carter, Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Eugene Bianco, harp.

Rating: ★

The star is for a nice, light, chords-between-beats solo by Hancock on *Israel* and for the occasionally intrepid attempts by Johnson to transcend the quagmire of schmaltzy, precious arrangements—to which he and Winding contributed, though the villain of the piece is Don Sebesky.

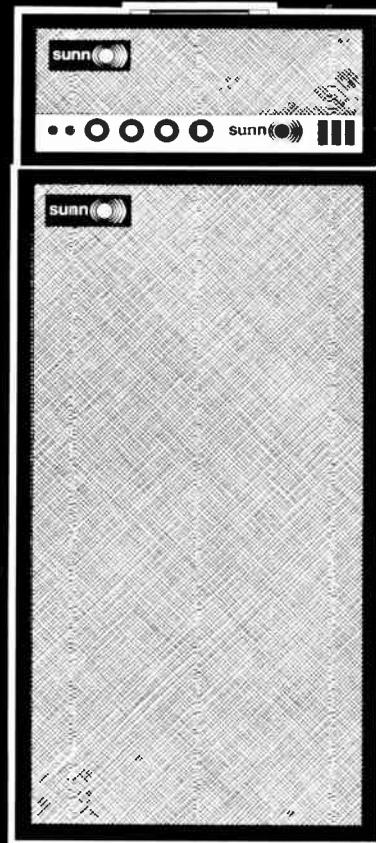
Sebesky is capable of producing first-rate string charts, as his work behind Wes Montgomery, among others, has demonstrated. Not here. It's no small accomplishment to have dragged *Django*, one of the most beautiful tunes ever written, into cloying sentimentality. But Sebesky's done it, and has also cutesie-wootsied *Valentine* and the *Am I Blue/Sonnyboy* superimposition to death. His pseudo-baroque arrangements of *Valentine* and *Django*—complete, in the former case, with quote from a Brandenburg concerto—are too clever to beat. And Johnson, who should have known better, has utterly eviscerated *Infirmary*, evening out the accents and laying it on the long white table of some heavily maudlin strings.

This isn't a jazz album. The only near-jazz on it is *Israel*, on which Johnson stretches out pretty nicely and Winding yawns a bit and Hancock contributes the aforementioned solo. For the rest, short breaks, occasional improvised counterpoint, and endless arrangement-showcasing and showboating. The only really first-class chart is Winding's for *Never*; there's also a fine moment in *Django* where Johnson accelerates bluesily, sounding as if he's about to take off, then suddenly ritards into a restatement of the slow first theme. He also has a nice break over some mucky, mucky, mushy strings on *Theme*.

A&M has a great gift for recording good musicians in frameworks which obscure their talents. This session is clearly aimed at getting airplay on those fence-sitting, daytime, background-music AM stations. It's a good match.

—Heineman

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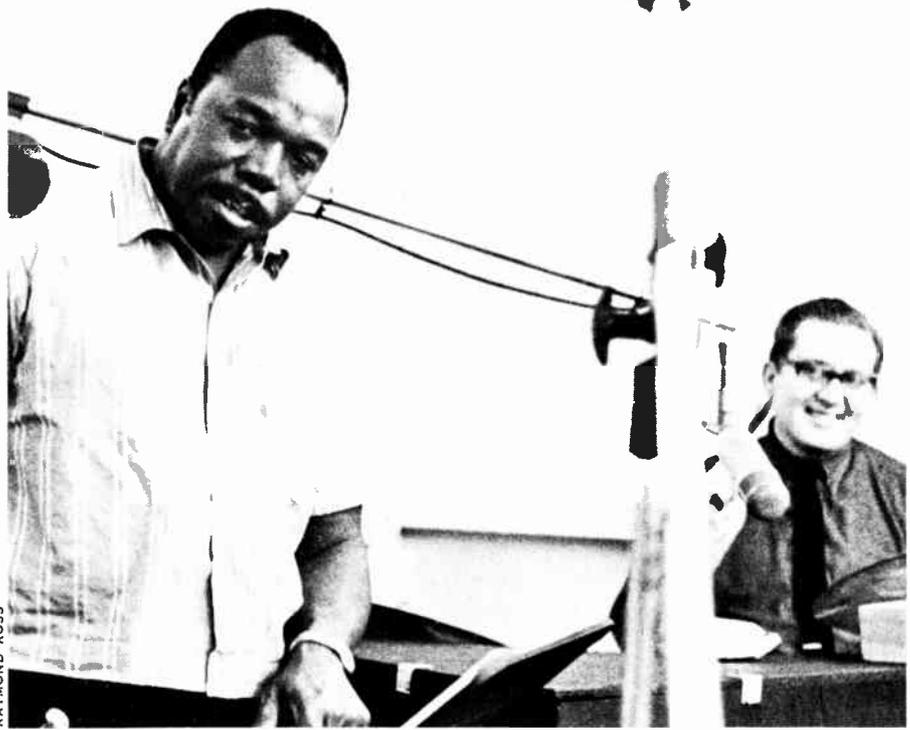
VOTE! VOTE!

Though many younger jazz students became fully aware of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis only when their big band was launched less than three years ago, both leaders have an impressive list of credits.

Thad, born in 1923, is in the center of three famous Jones brothers. (Hank was born in 1918, Elvin in 1927.) He worked with Sonny Stitt in the early '40s, spent 2½ years in the Army, then led his own group, worked for two years with Billy Mitchell and toured in a Larry Steele revue. He joined Count Basie in May 1954, remaining until Jan. 1963. Since leaving Basie he has been constantly busy in New York, doing free-lance work as an instrumentalist and composer-arranger.

Buffalo-born Mel Lewis, 39, made his professional debut at 15. He made the touring name band scene for many years: Lenny Lewis, Boyd Raeburn, Alvino Rey, Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke, and two years with Stan Kenton (1954-6). He co-led a combo with Bill Holman on the West Coast during the 1950s. In 1963, Lewis moved to New York from Los Angeles. He has played in recent years with Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, Terry Gibbs, Benny Goodman (in the Soviet Union), Friedrich Gulda, and on staff at ABC.

—Leonard Feather



1. OLIVER NELSON. *Flute Salad* (from *Sound Pieces*, Impulse). Conte Candoli, trumpet; Shelly Manne, drums; Nelson, composer.

TJ: The style is very reminiscent of Billy Byers, so I'll go out on a limb and say that was a Billy Byers arrangement, and what impressed me most was the use of flutes and French horn backgrounds. It was a very lush and beautiful sound and always moves. He manages to keep the harmonic structure very interesting. As a matter of fact, Billy is one of my favorite arrangers anyway. I'd rate that at least 4½.

ML: I don't think it's Byers, but I think it was definitely made out here on the West Coast, because of all the flutes—using all the flutes like that, bass flute, alto flute, and I have a feeling it's either Johnny Williams or Mancini.

The rhythm section, I don't know who they are—the drums do sound a little like Shelly to me, it was just plain straight rhythm. It was nice, a good chart, pleasant, simple, good melody. I know it's West Coast.

TJ: That's what makes it so complex; it's such a simple thing, but so well constructed.

ML: Yes, Thad knows more about that aspect of it, the voicings and construction; he can hear something more than I would that way. I would rate it a little differently, too. I'd rate it about three.

LF: What about that trumpet solo?

TJ: Well, from what I heard of it, it was very nice. He may have had a little problem with the background. You know, playing with a Harmon mute, that much background might create a few difficulties, and it sounded rather as though the background sort of buried him at times. But what I heard of him was excellent.

ML: It sounded like Conte Candoli.

2. DUKE PEARSON. *New Girl* (from *Introducing Duke Pearson's Big Band*, Blue Note). Burt Collins, trumpet; Lew Tabackin, tenor saxophone; Pearson, piano, composer; Mickey Roker, drums.

TJ: I know the piece—and he's our strong rival, lives right across the street. That was Duke Pearson's big band. Burt Collins on trumpet, and it sounded very much like Lew Tabackin. Great record.

ML: Yes, I liked the record. The recording sound didn't please me too much; there was a little too much room there. For those ensembles, there was some distortion for the drums, and it wasn't the drummer's fault. That was Mickey Roker, and it's the first time I got to hear him with that band—I never heard him with a big band.

TJ: Yes, that's true, because every time we saw him—he was with Joe Williams for a while, Art Farmer . . . all small combos.

ML: He really sounds marvelous with the band. I'll rate the band five, but whoever recorded it needs some drapes in his studio, so I'll take one star off for that.

Incidentally, we know this from Pepper Adams, Duke is really a romantic in his writing, and in his playing he's a pretty player. It's always pleasant listening—I like listening to his piano playing.

TJ: I'd like to rate that all the way, five stars.

3. BUDDY RICH. *Luv* (from *The Buddy Rich Big Band*, Pacific Jazz). Charles Findley, trumpet; Gerry Mulligan, composer; Bill Holman, arranger.

ML: It sounded to me like it might be Buddy Rich's band. I haven't heard this, it might be from their new album. I'm not really sure, though some of the little fills sounded like Buddy, or a guy playing a little like him. And the band had that clean, well rehearsed sound. The tune sounded like an English folk song. I don't know who wrote it, and I don't know who the soloists were or anything, but it was a very good, clean ensemble.

I'd rate it around three stars for a nice clean performance. It didn't really swing—actually, it sounded like it was being read, or something, so it wasn't really down, but it was good.

TJ: I thought the arrangement was a little busy. He didn't really take full advantage of some of those harmonic-type structured things. It was a little demanding, and that probably accounts for the fact that it sounded like the musicians got a little tired near the end. There were quite a few notes to be played.

I liked the melody, and I agree with Mel that it did sound like an English folk song. I liked the idea, the thought behind it, but I feel that possibly a little more could have been done with it.

ML: Yes, it seemed like it was all ensemble—excellent ensemble—although there was a very good trumpet solo, whoever it was. It was as though they were just going for a short track period, and they had to get it all in a short time. There were several places there it could have been stretched out and given the fellow a rest and maintained some kind of strength at the end, instead of petering out. I rated it earlier at three, and I'll stay with that.

TJ: I'll go along with that, three stars also.

Afterthoughts:

LF: Can you think of some other records that you would have given five stars?

ML: That's very difficult to answer. It's easy to say "anything by Duke," the way so many people do—that's the easy way out. Nothing else comes to mind at the moment, except that I'm very proud of our own band and I hope we'll continue along the lines we've been going.

TJ: I always look for shading, power, good intonation, and a sense of the guys' involvement—there should be examples of these qualities somewhere or other throughout the whole album. On that basis, I'd say that Duke's *Afro Bossa* is a complete five-star album. All the tunes were so great, and it was made while Sweet Pea was still with us—he played on that wonderful composition of his, *Ab-sinthe*. You won't find any greater album than that.



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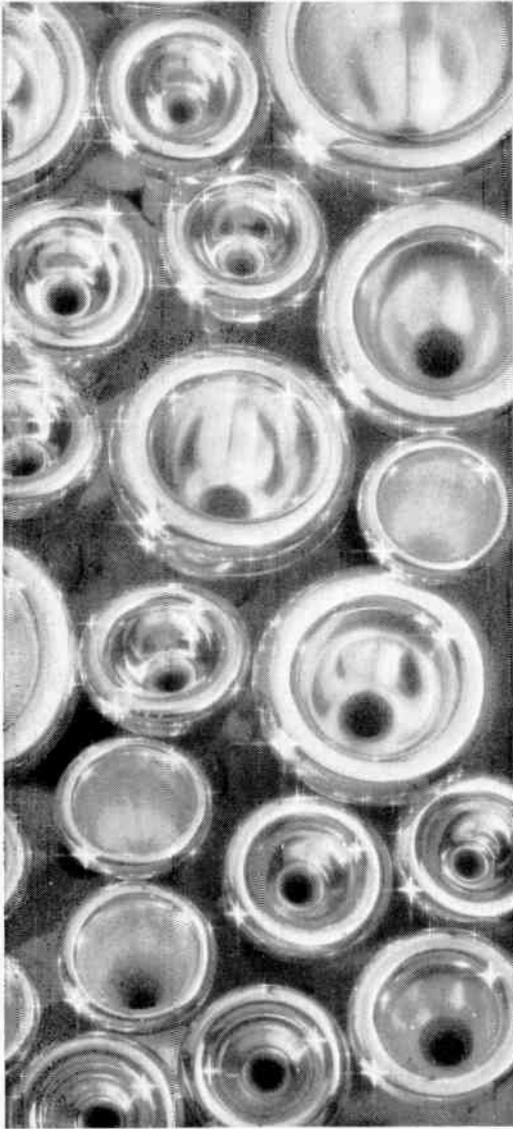
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Kaleidoscope: top (l to r): John Vidican, Fenrus Epp, Lloyd Darrow; bottom: David Lindley, Solomon Feldthouse.

Kaleidoscope/Youngbloods/Steve Miller Band

Carousel Ballroom, San Francisco, Calif.

In operation only about a year, the Carousel is one of the newer of the large psychedelic total-environment dancehalls the San Francisco scene has spawned. It also is one of the handsomer, boasting a number of comforts that the large, better-known rock halls do not possess: a decent, well-appointed restaurant adjoins the hall and offers moderately priced meals, a large snack bar dispenses the more usual fare, and there is a seating area where one may take a respite from the hectic dance floor activities. Too, there is the usual top-notch light show that one has almost come to take for granted, this one by the North American Ibis Alchemical Co.

And the hall books top groups, as this recent billing of three popular bands demonstrated. A mixed grill, this. The Miller band is a San Francisco-based quintet that dispenses a heavy, blues-based, very electric brand of rock. The Youngbloods, a trio hailing from the New York City area, pursue a type of rock that is genteel and somewhat cool. The Los Angeles quintet Kaleidoscope hews to an approach that might be described as electric eclectic.

The latter led off the evening's activities with a set that was strong, full of variety, and totally professional, fully eclipsing anything I've heard from them in a long time. During the last year or so, I've caught them a number of times, generally in the L.A. area, but I can honestly say that this was the best music I've ever heard from them. They've gotten so tight in the last few months.

It's a curious, stimulating, unique group. In their choice of material they range all over the place: old-timey hillbilly music, contemporary country-and-western, modern-styled blues from Chuck Berry to

Howling Wolf, latter-day Cajun-cum-country-and-western, good-time jazz hokum, flamenco, modern Arabic cabaret music, their own brand of psychedelia (the least interesting music they perform, unfortunately), and just about everything in between.

The truly surprising thing is not that they do so many different types of music during the course of a brisk set but that they are so comfortable in all of them. They're equally at home, for example, with Charlie Poole's version of *Hesitation Blues* as with Emin Gunduz' *Shish Kebab* (which they do as *Egyptian Gardens*), or with Rusty and Doug's *Louisiana Man*. And all things considered, they do them well, with the same kind of joyous expertise. Yet they have an indentifiable sound, despite the eclecticism of their approach and the fact that one can pretty much identify the sources of the individual pieces they perform. Much of that identity is probably accidental, the result of the vocal blend of Solomon Feldthouse and David Lindley, who handle the bulk of the vocal chores with the group. And naturally, of course, the very breadth of the material imparts its own kind of identity—there's simply no other band around nowadays that does as many different kinds of things so superlatively well.

What particularly struck me about the band this particular evening was its newfound strength, assurance, and cohesiveness. It seems to be more than the mere precision that results from playing the same tunes over and over again. No, it's far more than that mechanical kind of perfection. It's as though the band has gotten a new intensity of focus. The interaction was absolutely splendid, like a precision watch, delicate and tensile at the same time. Listening to the first set, I was delighted to hear this new strength of pur-

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pose, this rapport, this maturity to their music.

Lord knows the raw materials were there; there's never been any shortage of instrumental skills in this group, where everyone seems to play a dozen instruments. In the past, however, the energies seemed too diffuse, needlessly dissipated. Now that virtuosity, it seems, has been harnessed, directed by a common set of goals. Kaleidoscope has become a tight, disciplined band rather than a group of five uncommonly talented individuals.

Its first set demonstrated just how far it has come, for it moved expertly and spiritedly through a demanding, always interesting program, the highlight of which (for me at least) was an extended blues that revealed unsuspected depths of jazz

skills, culminating in an unexpected but totally effective—in context—use of Monk's *Straight, No Chaser* as a climactic riff over two choruses. Good improvising too, primarily by lead guitarist Lindley. Then there was a fairly well-done piece from the repertoire of Howling Wolf; a haunting electronic updating of the old Anglo-American ballad *Down By the Greenwood Sidee* (Child #20, *The Cruel Mother*); several attractive, nicely moving samples of contemporary country-and-western music, including a handsomely turned Buck Owens song, with its pleasant semisweet harmonies. All in all, a good set, done with power and taste, and with plenty of invention.

Next up were the Youngbloods, and while they offered a generally appealing,

fast-moving set, I can tell you very little about it. The trio's guitar-bass-drums music, you see, was thoroughly competent but just as thoroughly unmemorable. They put down a program of glossy, well-executed pieces that had been so skillfully eviscerated of any real emotional or intellectual substance that one was almost gulled into thinking that he was listening to something meaningful—the surfaces were that handsome. Pleasant enough while you heard it, their music was like Chinese food: tasty but unfilling. Ten minutes after they had left the stage one was left with absolutely no impression of their music.

In a way, it's too bad, because the group is composed of obviously gifted singers and instrumentalists, particularly the guitarist, who also doubles on keyboard, playing both with equal facility. Its approach is basically a kind of folk-rock, rooted in both country blues (its first single on RCA Victor, *Grizzly Bear*, was, significantly, a remake of Jim Jackson's 1928 recording of *This Morning She Was Gone*) and country-and-western, lead singer Jessie Colin Young's orientation being primarily of the latter. As I said, their songs and performances were capable enough but just too ephemeral, too bland to make any real impact beyond a mere immediate kind of enjoyment.

Now the Miller band. Good and strong, to be sure but, for me, a little too hectic, a bit too excessive. There's no denying the energy of the band: it puts out plenty of that hard, edgy, controlled hysteria; its amplifiers are perfectly calibrated for just the right shade of fashionable distortion; and its textures are of just the proper density of fudginess. But the music doesn't move, though there's certainly a great deal of activity through it. The trouble is that all that activity is just so much busyness rather than forward motion, noodling instead of directed improvisation.

It is Miller's lead guitar that sparks the group, and when he's on, he drives it to real peaks. He's still too erratic, however, and too often relies too heavily upon his abundant technique as a substitute for invention. At these times he quickly gears up to an excessive, forced-climax style of playing that's nothing so much as electronic schizophrenia: disconnected, agitated outbursts of notes and phrases, delivered at frantic speed and full of a kind of nervous excitement. Fission rather than fusion, with great quantities of misspent energy careening frenziedly across the surface of the music. And so much nervous agitation, so much amphetamine guitar, so much textural busyness, so much noise quite numbs you to the fact that beneath those writhing surfaces there's no heart, no emotional or intellectual content. It's the nervous system gone mad.

A few positive notes: the band is considerably tighter and is operating at a much more consistent level of performance now than in the past, possibly as a result of its having had to get itself and its material together for a recent Capitol LP. And its work does evidence a greater concern with restraint and disciplined control nowadays. Then, too, it has begun to temper the heaviness of an unrestrained blues-based approach with a few lyrical, more song-



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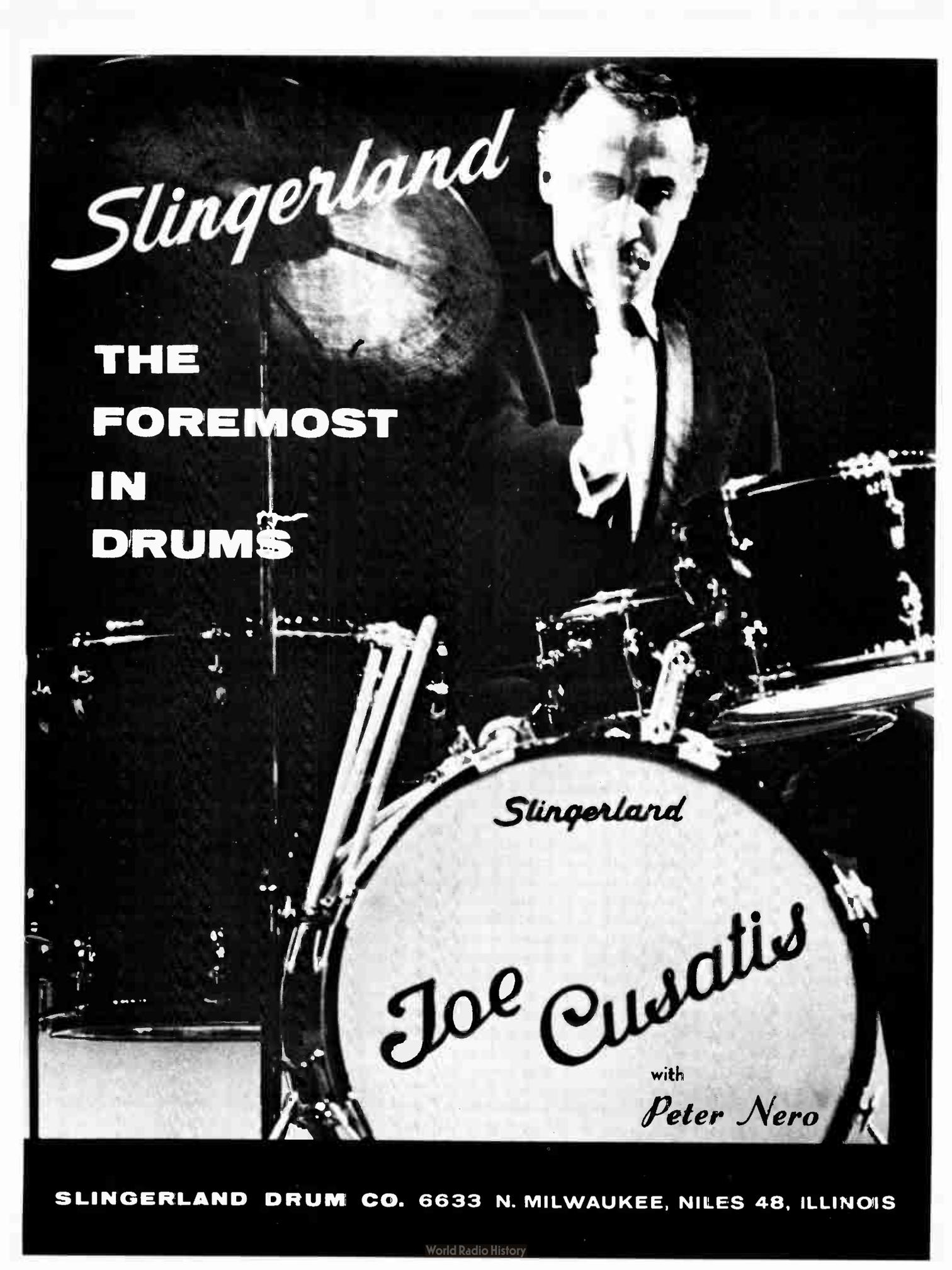
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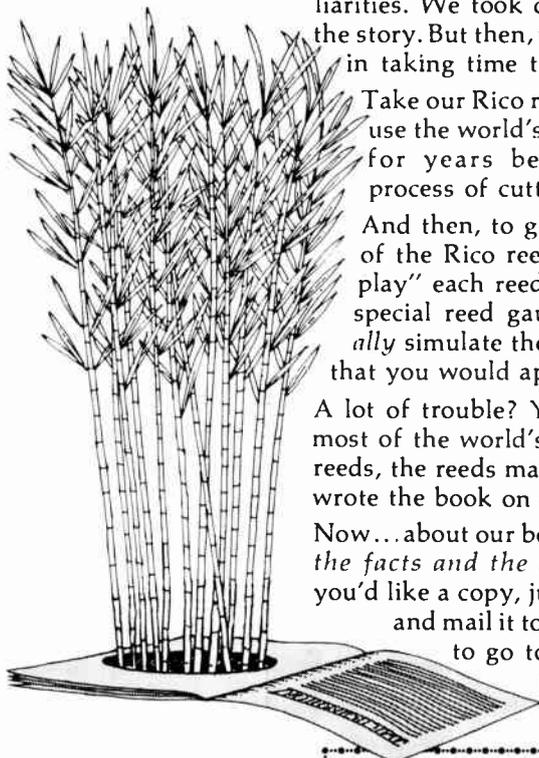
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like pieces. And Miller's singing has improved vastly. But the over-all impression is still one of an excessive busyness and a too great reliance on effects as ends in themselves rather than as means to a more effective musical expression.

When the Kaleidoscope returned for its second set, it sounded as though it had been infected with the same virus.

Low point of the set was a lengthy and, in the end, tedious exercise in feedback by guitarist Lindley. This occurred as the middle section of an extended performance of Howling Wolf's *Killing Floor*, which boasted a rather wooden vocal by Feldthouse over a generally idiomatic rendering of the instrumental parts of Wolf's original recording of the song. Then, for 10 minutes or so, Lindley fiddled with his dials, amplifier, and strings, creating a veritable blitz of electronic shrieks, burps, groans, bleats, and other assorted noises. One of the episodes in this barrage was a kind of rock version of the *Big Noise from Winnetka* ploy. Turning his amplifier controls full up, Lindley strolled across the stage and jammed the neck of his guitar into the top of the hi-hat cymbal rod. Every time drummer John Vidican struck the cymbals a shuddering percussive shock was emitted from the guitar speakers, Lindley all the while pinching and striking at the guitar strings. It had to be heard to be believed. When this pointless display was ended with a return to *Killing Floor*, one experienced a tremendous sense of relief (perhaps the very effect Lindley wished?). I then noticed that I had been grinding my teeth. Welding, you old reactionary you!

Two other features of the band's set were unusual enough to warrant a few remarks. Kaleidoscope has in its repertoire a number of samples of what might be called exotic musics, and on this night Feldthouse had decided to provide visual samples as well. Therefore, the band cleared the stage of microphones, etc., and made way for a pair of flamenco dancers who performed while Feldthouse provided suitable musical accompaniment on acoustic guitar, as well as furnishing a curdled vocal.

The dancing was not particularly good but adequate enough for the by-this-time-overstimulated audience, who lapped it up. Unfortunately, the guitarist's time was not what it should have been either.

This same trouble with time marked the second foray into the unusual. The full band returned for one of its Arabic features, *Taxim*, with Feldthouse on oud, Lindley on harp guitar, and Maxwell Buddha on violin—all amplified, and were joined by belly dancer Princess Taheyya (Glyn Deffry). The band's performance was spirited but the time erratic. It does not seem entirely comfortable with these unusual (for Western ears) time signatures, though it does make a manful attempt at re-creating them. Despite the rhythmic vagaries Taheyya danced beautifully, with an elegant restraint and graceful sinuosity that contrasted strikingly with the disjunct frenzy of the music. Her performance, in fact, was thoroughly professional in every respect, and her command of this difficult type of dancing was such that she made one overlook the time problems—no mean feat. She got a huge, well-deserved hand. —Welding



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PATTERNS FOR SAXOPHONE

by Oliver Nelson

Oliver Nelson's *Patterns for Saxophone* are designed as an aid to developing improvisational facility. It is assumed that the student has already mastered the major and minor scales, the construction of simple chords and their inversions, and an understanding of musical forms.

The examples are to be played with a melodic, legato jazz concept and *not* in a classical manner. They may be played as fast or as slowly as the student wishes.

Example 1

This is a Cycle of Fifths. Four note pattern, high and low octave, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th notes of the major scale.

The musical notation for Example 1 consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff shows a sequence of four four-note patterns: C4-E4-G4-B4, G3-B3-D4-F4, F3-A3-C4-E4, and E3-G3-B3-D4. The second staff continues with: D3-F3-A3-C4, C3-E3-G3-B3, B2-D3-F3-A3, and A2-C3-E3-G3. The third staff continues with: G2-B2-D3-F3, F2-A2-C3-E3, E2-G2-B2-D3, and D2-F2-A2-C3. The piece concludes with a final four-note pattern: C2-E2-G2-B2.

Example 2

Triads ascending. First triad in root position upwards; second triad half step up (reverse order beginning with 5th). Each major triad follows in sequence.

The musical notation for Example 2 consists of three staves of music in 6/8 time. The first staff shows major triads in root position: C4-E4-G4, D4-F4-A4, E4-G4-B4, F4-A4-C5, G4-B4-D5, and A4-C5-E5. The second staff shows triads in reverse order, starting half a step up: G4-B4-D5, F4-A4-C5, E4-G4-B4, D4-F4-A4, C4-E4-G4, and B3-D4-F4. The third staff continues the sequence: A3-C4-E4, G3-B3-D4, F3-A3-C4, E3-G3-B3, D3-F3-A3, and C3-E3-G3. The piece concludes with a final triad: B2-D3-F3.

Modal Scales

Two important terms in analyzing the melodic and harmonic content of a composition are "tonality" and "modality." Tonality refers to the actual notes used as the scale basis for a piece of music; modality refers to the intervallic arrangement of those notes.

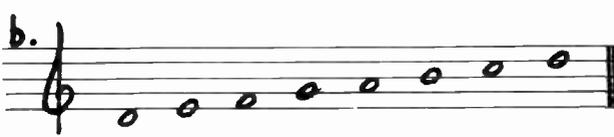
If the C Major Scale contains the notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B, then any other scale containing these same notes would be in the same "tonality" as the C Major Scale. If, however, the order in which the notes of the scale occurred were to be changed, the "modality" would be different.

Example 1. Same tonality, different modality.

a.

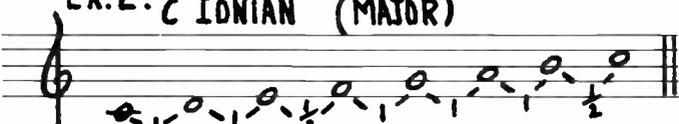


b.

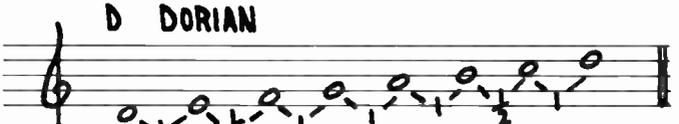


Using the Major Scale as a basis, there are seven different tonally similar and modally related scales that may be derived. Following is a listing of these scales with the names conventionally assigned to them as well as an intervallic indication of their structure.

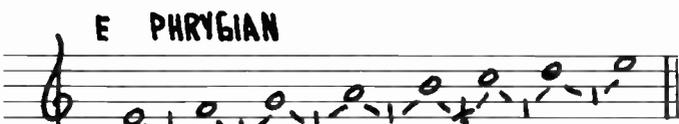
EX. 2. C IONIAN (MAJOR)



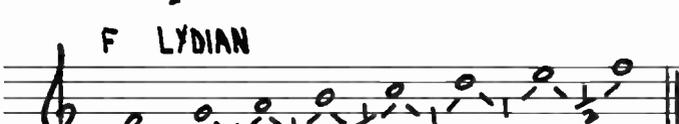
D DORIAN



E PHRYGIAN



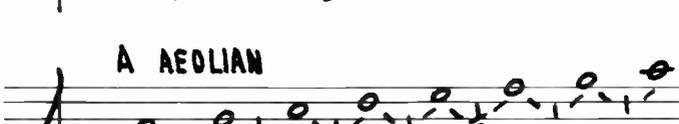
F LYDIAN



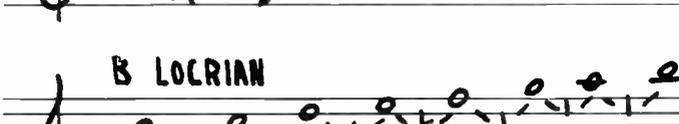
G MIXOLYDIAN



A AEOLIAN

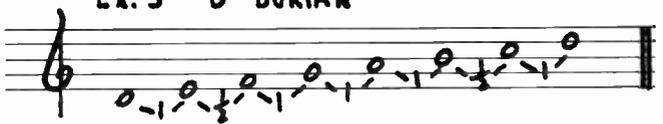


B LOCRIAN



As stated above, modality would be controlled by intervallic arrangement. A Dorian Scale, therefore, could be built on any starting note by simply using the same series of intervals. (For proper spelling, be sure to use seven adjacent letter names.)

EX. 3 D DORIAN

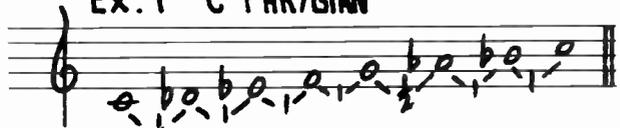


C DORIAN



To form a "C" Phrygian Scale, refer to and use the intervals of the Phrygian Scale structure as indicated in Example 2.

EX. 4 C PHRYGIAN



If you are familiar with all of the Major (Ionian) Scales, there is a simple way to figure out any of the Modal Scale signatures. The procedure is as follows:

To get Dorian from Major, add 2 flats.

To get Phrygian from Major, add 4 flats.

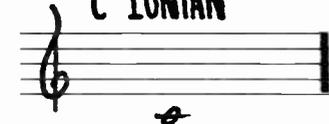
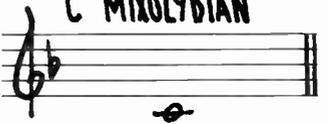
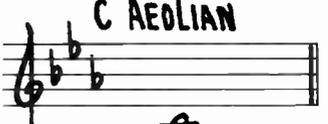
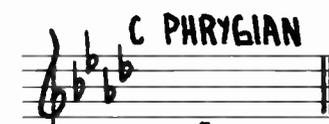
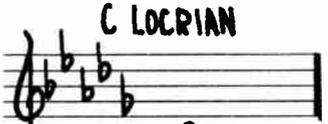
To get Lydian from Major, add 1 sharp.

To get Mixolydian from Major, add 1 flat.

To get Aeolian from Major, add 3 flats.

To get Locrian from Major, add 5 flats.

Example V

C IONIAN	C MIXOLYDIAN
	
C DORIAN	C AEOLIAN
	
C PHRYGIAN	C LOCRIAN
	
C LYDIAN	
	

Note: Sharps cancel out flats.

D Major (2 sharps) + 3 flats = D Aeolian (1 flat).

E Major (4 sharps) + 3 flats = E Aeolian (1 sharp).

If all of the preceding is clear, you should now be able to build any of the seven modes starting on any root tone. 

WITH MILES DAVIS' 1959 recording of *So What* (on *Kind of Blue* [Columbia CS 8163]), jazz education was given a tremendous boost. *So What* is a modal piece employing two scales, both minor (dorian minor), and therefore emphasizes melody and rhythm rather than harmony. Since the appearance of this famous recording, jazz musicians all over the world have tried their hand at writing modal songs and improvising on a modal structure. A modal piece employs one scale, usually minor, for four, eight or more measures. In the course of one song, you may play in several tonalities, staying in each key for four, eight or more measures before moving to the next key. Major or dominant 7th scales may be interspersed among the minors to add variety. The early '60s served as a proving ground, and the impact of modal music has made the teaching of jazz improvisation a reality.

This lesson is the first of three designed to provide a guide to improvisation through the use and manipulation of scales, modes and chords.

In order to improvise on any piece or prearranged set of chords or scales the musician must know and have memorized the notes of each scale which appear in the song. The majority of jazz pieces and standards, modal or otherwise, use combinations of major, minor (dorian minor), and dominant 7th scales. This lesson will confine itself to ways of familiarizing oneself with these three types of scales.

Since the modal approach to improvisation is an excellent way for beginners to learn, let us start by practicing three minor scales, F minor, E \flat minor and D minor, in eight-measure phrases and then transpose these exercises to other keys: major, dominant 7th and minor. Practice Example 1 over and over, gradually increasing the speed until you have the three scales memorized. Slur all examples.

After practicing these three scales at various tempos, play them in thirds as notated in Examples 2 and 3. Memorize these examples as quickly as possible. A soloist who does not have his scales and patterns memorized will find it difficult to create meaningful melodies because he will be struggling to play correct notes.

After playing Examples 1, 2 and 3, play these same patterns, but substitute other scales (major or dominant 7th). For instance, Example 3 played in C Major would sound like Example 4. (All of the examples in this lesson are to be used as a *guide* and should be transposed to all other keys: minor, major and dominant 7th.)

Next, practice Example 1 in quarter-notes, making each scale last eight measures. Example 5 demonstrates this. Be sure to slur.

Examples 2 and 3 combined and played in quarter-notes will sound like Example 6.

Play all examples with an even, steady pulse. Work for speed and do not avoid passages that require unfamiliar fingerings. Transpose all of the above examples to other keys.

The next lesson will introduce rhythm and actual improvisation.

IMPROVISATIONAL METHODS

By Jamie Aebersold

Example 1

Example 1 consists of three staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff is labeled 'F minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The second staff is labeled 'E \flat minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: E \flat 2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E \flat 3. The third staff is labeled 'D minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3. Each staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Example 2

Example 2 consists of three staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff is labeled 'F minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The second staff is labeled 'E \flat minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: E \flat 2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E \flat 3. The third staff is labeled 'D minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3. Each staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Example 3

Example 3 consists of three staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff is labeled 'F minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The second staff is labeled 'E \flat minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: E \flat 2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E \flat 3. The third staff is labeled 'D minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3. Each staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Example 4

Example 4 consists of a single staff of musical notation in 4/4 time, labeled 'C MAJOR'. It contains an eight-measure scale: C2, D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3. The staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Example 5

Example 5 consists of three staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff is labeled 'F minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The second staff is labeled 'E \flat minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: E \flat 2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E \flat 3. The third staff is labeled 'D minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3. Each staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Example 6

Example 6 consists of three staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff is labeled 'F minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The second staff is labeled 'E \flat minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: E \flat 2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E \flat 3. The third staff is labeled 'D minor' and contains an eight-measure scale: D2, E2, F2, G2, A2, B2, C3, D3. Each staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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AEBERSOLD

(Continued from page 21)

Aebersold recently played at the summer art festival sponsored by IU south-eastern campus in Jeffersonville, at the request of the school. His combo played a mixture of jazz and pop tunes and drew crowds of people.

The demand for Aebersold to come to schools across the country to teach jazz in private lessons and to play with the school bands and combos is growing. His enthusiasm for jazz and his own playing seem irresistible to some young musicians.

The people range from youngsters

and young men to those who are middle-aged. Included are men already well established in music who want to learn improvisation.

At the end of one of his clinics some of his students were talking.

"You talk about talent, but it's enthusiasm—that's what he does for you," said a drummer.

"He's something else," the drummer said, "and he doesn't get paid for this either. Just helps anybody that comes along. . . . Man that's something."

"Yeah, dedication—that's what you gotta have, and, man, he's got it," another student said.

Three of Aebersold's students were

among the top four winners in the auditions sponsored by the Louisville Jazz Council to send students to the 1968 summer jazz clinic for a week at Mili-kin. They are Danny Roseberry, piano; Jim Denny, tenor saxophone, flute; and Ken Slone, trumpet.

Aebersold has been asked to instruct at the Shell Lake stage band clinic in that Wisconsin community. And recently Aebersold taught at New Trier High School in Northfield, Ill. He held classes on improvisation daily for two days and rehearsed with the stage band and combo after school. Aebersold played in a concert with students in the New Trier stage band his last night there.

"I think it's just about the greatest thing going," Aebersold said, referring to the work Roger Mills, band director of the New Trier West High School, is doing.

"He has the ideal setup. He's got a great stage band and sextet, and he's also training an octet made up of freshmen. The enthusiasm of those kids is fantastic. With the training octet, you get better musicians in the stage bands. The kids like it more and try harder so you're getting the best musicians among them in the stage band. They think it's more fun than any other ensemble. They just seem to be intrigued by it."

The versatile Aebersold is rising in the jazz education field. And he is staying on the edge of his creativeness. **db**

NELSON

(Continued from page 17)

He finds it exciting to see the look of discovery on the face of a young musician as he begins to see more clearly into this thing called jazz. "When I see someone frowning and looking up at the ceiling I can almost see the doors opening. That's exciting," Nelson says.

"It is a great thrill to hear 16 or 17 kids that sounded plain rotten on the first day actually sound good at the end of the fifth day. Sometimes they are so enthused that they have even asked me if they should go out on the road."

Nelson expects to continue to find the time to participate in educational work for many reasons. He obviously likes to help young musicians to find their way into the jazz world. He feels a responsibility to the music as well as to the students. He is still young enough to remember his own problems in gaining experience and insight, and he also finds that interaction with the students helps him learn more about himself and his music.

It is fortunate for the students attending clinics and festivals that they are able to study under such gifted and dedicated professionals as Oliver Nelson. **db**

1969 Grants Total \$6,500.00

Down Beat's 12th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

In 1956 Down Beat established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Hall of Fame Scholarship program provides for fourteen (14) scholarship grants to be awarded to student musicians on the basis of their potential and current abilities.

Members of the Jazz Hall of Fame whom these scholarships honor are elected by Down Beat's annual Readers and International Jazz Critics Polls. The Berklee School of Music offers a four-year music and academic curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition, Music Education or Applied Music; and a four-year professional diploma curriculum with recognition in Arranging/Composition or Instrumental Performance.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? Anyone, male or female, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the following age requirements is eligible.

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1969.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1968. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1969 issue of Down Beat.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of Down Beat and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee School of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

All scholarship winners must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1969 or January, 1970, or else forfeit the scholarship award. Scholarships are not transferable.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

ney, which has lately become receptive to American jazz. But Shearing recently received a call from Lee announcing his impending return . . . A strange one-nighter at Hollywood Bowl found **Duke Ellington** headlining the concert minus his band, but accompanied by some of his sidemen: **Johnny Hodges**, bassist **Jeff Castleman**, and drummer **Rufus Jones**. Duke also led a symphony-sized orchestra in the west coast premiere of *The Golden Broom and the Green Apple*. Reception was definitely unenthusiastic. **Oscar Peterson** and his trio were featured on the same program, as was pop singer **Vikki Carr**. The band backing her boasted local jazzmen **Bill Hood**, **Ralph Pena**, **Jack Nimitz** and **John Rotella** . . . **Stan Getz** made some west coast appearances recently and had problems trying to line up local musicians. Getz called **Joe Pass** to join him at the Trident in Sausalito, but Pass could not give up his job with the **Roger Pearsall Quartet** on a morning show on local TV. Getz called **Ralph Pena** to join him at the Penthouse in Seattle, with **Mike Nock**, piano, and **Eddie Marshall**, drums. That gig lasted only one night. Pena has been traveling around the west participating in stage band clinics in Portland, Sacramento, and Salt Lake City with **Neal Hefti**, **Toshiko**, and **Stan Kenton** trumpeter **Jay Daversa** . . . **Hampton Hawes** is now a Sunday fixture at **Redd Foxx's**. He had **Albert**

Stinson, bass, and **Carl Lott**, drums for the kick-off matinee. What happened to Stinson recently could serve as a warning to other bassists who have not yet "given in" to today's sound: He lost a chance to record a movie score at Universal because he did not have an electric bass . . . A recent pairing at Shelly's Manne-Hole found conga drummer **Big Black** and singer **Letta Mbulu** there for two weeks. Miss Mbulu used her own pianist, **Clarence McDonald**, along with Black's group: **Owen Marshall**, trumpet; **Thurman Green**, trombone; **Chet Washington**, tenor sax; **Ron Johnson**, bass; **Benny Parks**, drums . . . The *Tonight* show, which has been making semi-annual visits to the west coast, will now emanate from Burbank's NBC-TV studios three times a year—and that's good news for **Local 47**, because the only musician to travel with **Johnny Carson** is his music director, **Doc Severinsen**. The remainder, contracted by **Al Lapin**, are local studio swingers: **John Audino**, **Conte Candoli**, **Maurice Harris**, **Jimmy Zito**, trumpets; **Gil Falco**, **Niek DiMaio**, **Ernie Tack**, trombones; **John Bambridge Jr.**, **Bill Perkins**, **Plas Johnson**, **Pete Christlieb**, **Jim Horn**, reeds; **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Joe Mondragon**, bass; **Louis Bellson**, drums. These musicians played the show for its two-week stay in July, and according to Lapin, the same sidemen will be in the band when Carson and entourage head west again in November . . . **George Wein's** (and **Schlitz's**) *Salute to Jazz* played an extremely successful one-night-

er in San Diego's International Sports Arena. Drawing well over 7,000 fans, the concert featured the combos of **Cannonball Adderley**, **Herbie Mann**, **Gary Burton**, **Jimmy Smith**, **Thelonious Monk**, and singer **Dionne Warwick**. The evening marked an interesting transfer as guitarist **Larry Coryell** defected from Burton's group to join Mann. Since both groups were on the same program, San Diegans had the rare opportunity to hear Coryell's last appearance with Burton and his first contribution to Mann's combo—which, incidentally, already has a guitarist: **Sonny Sharrock** . . . **Tony Bennett** enjoyed a celebrity-sprinkled, often SRO two-week engagement at the **Cocoanut Grove**, backed by **Frankie Ortega's** band. After Tony's opening, his fiancée, **Sandi Grant**, pulled off a surprise birthday party for Bennett by gathering **Peggy Lee**, **Duke Ellington**, **Quincy Jones**, **Louis Bellson**, **Neal Hefti**, **Johnny Mandel** and **Cy Coleman**. Bennett and **Morgana King**, who just appeared on TV's *Playboy After Dark*, will be together on the new syndicated *Corbett Monica Show*, for which **Mike Melvoin** was recently named music director. Miss King subbed for the pop group **The Lettermen** at the **Century Plaza's Westside Room** when a member of the vocal trio became sick. At the same time, in the **Century Plaza's Lounge**, the **Hong Kong Bar**, **Joe Williams** followed the **Jonah Jones-Joe Pass** package. Following his **Hong Kong** gig, Jones flew to **Detroit** for some "current-sound" recording for **Motown** . . . **Ella**

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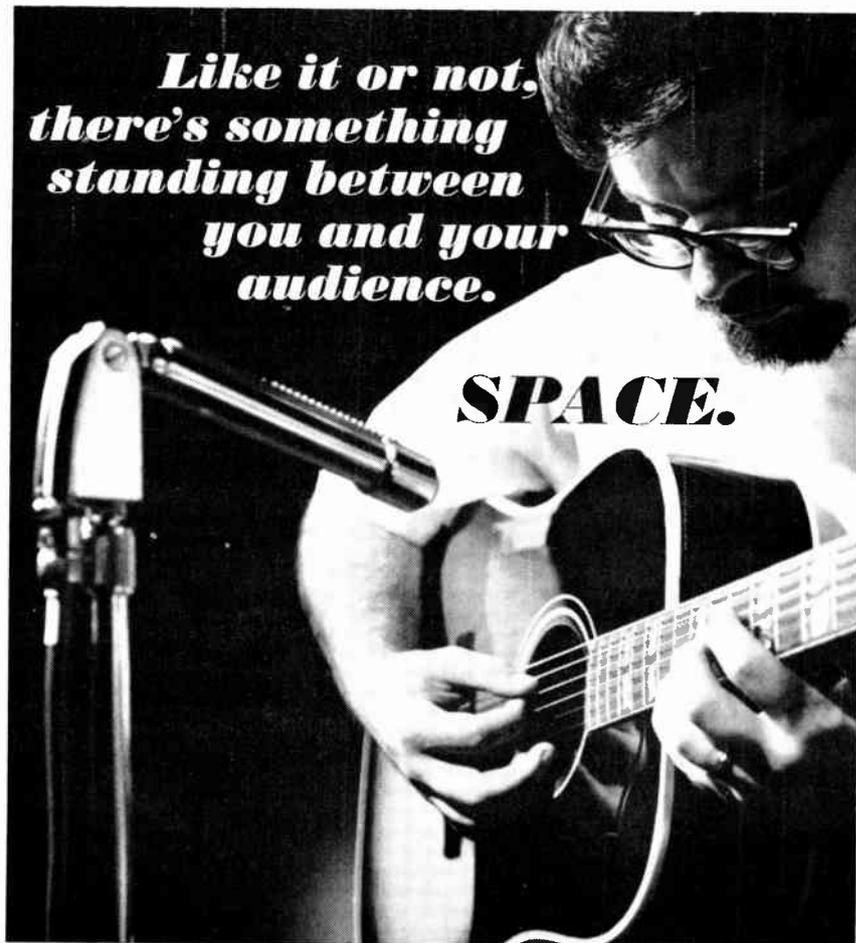
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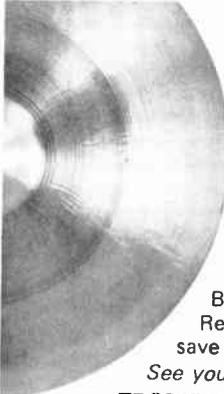


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Fitzgerald will appear with Carol Burnett on Miss Burnett's show this fall . . . When Diana Ross and The Supremes and Stevie Wonder played the Forum in Inglewood, gate receipts flirted with the \$100,000 mark for that one-nighter, thanks to the largest indoor crowd in California history: 18,537. There weren't nearly as many at the Shrine Exposition Hall in Los Angeles for a three-night jazz, blues and rock (and psychedelic light) show. Among those participating: Charles Lloyd, Ornette Coleman, Ike and Tina Turner, Big Mama Thornton and the Original Hound Dog Band, and the Butterfield Blues Band . . . The Sound of Feeling made its first local appearance since returning from the Newport Jazz Festival, playing a one-nighter at Donte's. The Craig Hundley Trio also returned to Donte's for the Sunday matinee portion of a day-night double header. The team playing at night was Clare Fischer's big band. Vocal night at Donte's began with Mary Ann McCall, backed by the Marty Harris Trio, and Trombones Unlimited, fronted by Frank Rosolino and Mike Barone, did three weekends . . . Bobby Troup, expanding his trio (John Collins, guitar; Whitey Hoggan, bass) to a quartet on weekends, has used Nick Ceroli, Norm Jeffries and Panama Francis (a recent emigre to the west coast) . . . When Clara Ward and her singers finish their fifth year at the Golden Horseshoe at Disneyland, they'll embark on a tour of Japan in September, and a tour of England in November . . . Dolo Coker and his trio are now in their third year at the Club Casbah. Coker, piano; Harper Cosby, bass; and Everett Brown Jr., drums, are backing vocalist Sam Fletcher. Recently they had the extra kick of backing Sarah Vaughan, who was in town for a brief visit . . . Vi Redd followed Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land into the Lighthouse. During her two-week stand, the altoist-singer was backed by Joe Sample, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; and Stix Hooper, drums.

Chicago: Pianist Eddie Higgins' house trio (Eddie DeHaas, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums) headlines at the London House through Sept. 8, with Higgins doing his "salute to the London House greats," pastiches of the styles of Erroll Garner, Oscar Peterson, George Shearing, and Ramsey Lewis. Mongo Santamaria's Latin jazz group follows through Sept. 29, and Earl Hines and his quartet take over Oct. 1 . . . Kenny Burrell received first-rate backing from sidekicks Richard Wyands, piano; Martin Rivera, bass, Bill English, drums, during his Plugged Nickel engagement, with Wyands particularly outstanding. Cal Tjader's group followed . . . Singer Joe Williams, backed by pianist Larry Novack's trio, taped a special for WTTW-TV . . . The new Tejar Club booked Young-Holt Unlimited, with pianist Ken Chaney, as their second attraction . . . Count Basie headlined a blues show at the Regal featuring B. B. King, Bobby (Blue) Bland, Little Milton, Albert King, and Junior Parker. Miriam Makeba and Jack McDuff also performed at the theater in

August . . . The Who and the Mothers of Invention played the Electric Theater, where Big Brother and the Holding Co. also held forth . . . Aretha Franklin packed them in at the Auditorium Aug. 2 . . . Carmen McRae headlines at Mr. Kelly's through Sept. 15, followed by Mara Lynn Brown (Sept. 16-29) and Frank D'Rone (Sept. 30-Oct. 10) . . . Trumpeter Norm Murphy's houseband at the Pigalle celebrates its ninth month in residence there during September . . . Woody Herman cut his first album for Cadet, with charts by Richard Evans.

Detroit: Trombonist Jimmy Wilkins' big band was set to back singer Carmen McRae at Ford Auditorium Aug. 9 . . . The Detroit Creative Musicians Association, which had been operating from the Universal Kingdom Afro-Culture Center, pulled out following disputes with the management. The move caused temporary cancellation of their afterhours sessions as well as a July concert. Progress is being made toward finding a new home for the organization, according to president James Brown . . . Farr and Farr's August Jazz Festival at the Art Institute featured bassist Ernie Farrow's quintet (John Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor; Teddy Harris, piano; Bert Myrick, drums); organist Charles Harris' trio (Marvin Cabell, reeds; James Brown, drums), and pianist Kirk Lightsey's trio, with a recent arrival from Cleveland Charles Dungey, bass, and Doug Hammon, drums. Lightsey's trio also did one weekend at the Robbin's Nest . . . Farrow and pianist Ben Jones continue in drummer J.C. Heard's trio at the Playboy Club . . . The Farr and Farr concert was a farewell appearance with Harris for Brown and Cabell, as Brown's new group The New Art Jazz Quartet opened at the Fireside Lounge of the 20 Grand, replacing reed man Mike Olsheski's group. Rounding out the quartet are reed man Charles Miles and organist John (Yogi) Collins, a holdover from the Olsheski group. Harris remains at the Argye Lanes. His new group features altoist Larry Smith, recently returned from a long stay in Pittsburgh, and another newcomer, Byron Lyles, drums . . . Following Sonny Stitt's successful engagement, pianist Kenny Cox brought his Jazz Masters (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Ron Brooks, bass, and Danny Spencer, drums) back to the Drome. Spencer has been nursing a badly injured foot, but has managed to make every set. He did relinquish his spot with the Detroit Contemporary Five to Doug Hammon or Bud Spangler several nights. The group had been appearing afterhours at the Society of Experimental Arts, which is at least temporarily closed due to what is variously described as "licensing problems" or "harassment" . . . Jazz can once again be heard weeknights at the Hobby Bar. Responsible for the sounds are organist Clarence McCloud, guitarist James Ullmer, and drummer Isaac Daney . . . Tenorist Flip Jackson's group at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor has become a

quintet with the addition of trumpeter **Jesse Virdon**.

New Orleans: The Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society continues to import modern jazz stars to play with top local rhythm sections. **Milt Jackson**, **Sonny Stitt**, and **James Moody** were recent attractions, and **Cal Tjader**, **Jerome Richardson**, and **Roland Kirk** are set for October appearances . . . **Pete Fountain** has moved into his big new club in the 200 block of Bourbon Street after almost a decade on the fringe of the show-and-jazz area in the French Quarter . . . Traditionalists **Billie and Dede Pierce** and their **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** played for a Jazz Boat Ride on the steamer *President* in early August . . . Organist **Willie Tee** was in California last month, completing his album which was cut in part here under the supervision of **Cannonball Adderley** . . . Pianist **Buddy Prima** filled in for **Ronnie Kole** on a recent Sunday session at the latter's West Bank club, **Cozy Kole's**. Kole and his trio were among the acts featured on the *Biggest Show in Town*, a police fund benefit at City Park Stadium last month . . . Bassist **Bill Huntington** returned to New Orleans for a brief visit while on leave from an Atlanta, Ga. engagement . . . The Tulane Jazz Archive moved into larger quarters when the new Tulane University Library opened this summer . . . Trumpeter **Dutch Andrus'** combo subbed

for a month for the **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** on the *President* while trombonist **Paul Crawford** toured Europe with a Louisiana goodwill delegation . . . British clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas**, formerly at the Dungeon annex here, has booked a tour of South Africa and Rhodesia next year.

Washington, D.C.: Charlie Byrd returned recently from a very successful tour of the Far East for the State Department. While he was away, **George Shearing** and **Erroll Garner** visited the Byrd's Nest in suburban Washington, and later, Brazilian singer **Joao Gilberto** and the **Ray Bryant Trio** shared the bandstand . . . Jimmy McPhail's Gold Room has instituted a name jazz policy with **Al Hibbler**, **Junior Mance**, **Young-Holt Unlimited**, **Wynton Kelly's** trio, and singer **Irene Reid** appearing in successive weeks . . . The Bohemian Caverns has featured **Les McCann's** trio and a quartet led by vocalist-artist-musician **Lloyd McNeil** (**Lawrence Wheatley**, piano; **Marshall Smith**, bass; **Eric Gravatt**, drums). More local groups will be featured in coming weeks . . . The Carter Barron Amphitheater had a couple of weeks devoted to jazz. The first week's entertainment was provided by **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Herbie Mann's** quintet, and Charlie Byrd's group, followed several weeks later by **Sergio Mendes' Brasil '66** . . . **Roberta Flack** and her trio took a vacation

from Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill. Subbing ably in their absence was singer **Marge Dodson**. Miss Flack has reportedly signed a recording contract with Atlantic . . . For the last seven months, **Hysear Don Walker**, formerly of Young-Holt Unlimited, has been playing at the piano bar of the Carroll Arms Restaurant in relative obscurity from which many local jazz fans hope he will soon emerge . . . **Frank Hinton's** trio returned to the Talleyrand . . . The ubiquitous **John Eaton** is now house pianist at the Corsican, and **John Malachi** and his trio have been playing an extended engagement at the Shoreham Hotel.

Philadelphia: Betty Green is sounding and looking quite beautiful since her return to singing after a long convalescence. Miss Green brought in guitarist **Bert Payne**, a former member of the **Louis Jordan Tympani Five**, for an appearance at the Sahara Hotel's Desert Room on S. 15th St., joining organist **Eddie Christopher** and his group. Vocalist **Billy Paul**, back in town for a few days, sat in with Miss Green. Paul has added guitarist **Eddie McFadden** and bassist **Tyrone Brown** to his group . . . St. John Terrell's Lambertville, N.J. Music Circus had **Lou Rawls** and **Stan Getz** Aug. 4 and 5 . . . **Jackie (Mr. Hot Piano) Lee** has been playing at Elmers in Wildwood, N.J. . . . **Damita Jo** was in for a one-nighter Aug. 4 at Atlantic City's



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Hotel Traymore . . . In Trenton, N.J., the Wolverines have added trumpeter **Eddie Paulsen** to their Saturday night Dixieland sessions at the Gaslight. Dixieland fans in the Reading, Pa. area were treated recently to an evening with **Craig Fisher's Dixielanders** with **Dan Deturck** on banjo at the Ponderosa Inn in Wernersville, Pa. . . . The Showboat Jazz Theatr's local talent summer policy recently found vocalist **Ernie Banks** backed by tenor saxophonist **Bootsie Barnes**, pianist **Johnny Ellis** and **Kolman Duncan**, bassist **Spanky DeBrest**, and drummer **Eddie Campbell**. Alto saxophonist **Danny Turner** joined the group for a set . . . Trumpeter **Charlie Chisholm** has formed a new group known as the **New Philadelphians**, with **Elsworth Gooding**, tenor saxophone; **Herbie Nix**, organ, and **Sonny Gillette**, drums. The group has been acting as houseband at **Laurettas Hi Hat Club** with vocalist **Enla Lawrence** added. The group has a single coming out on the **Quaker City** label, and an LP of **Chisholm's "Boss-tet"**, recorded live at the **Cadillac Club**, was set for August release . . . **AFM Local 274** recently had trumpeter **Kit Carson**, pianist **Sam Dockery**, and bassist **Skip Johnson** on hand backing vocalist **Vivian Hutchenson** for a room full of listening musicians and their guests. Trumpeter **Johnny Coles** was among those near the bandstand . . . **Max Roach** recently dropped in at the **Music City** store operated by drummers **Ellis Tollin** and **Bill Welch** during the week of his engagement at **West Philly's Aqua Musical Lounge**. It was interesting to hear him explain the difference between Cuban and Afro styles of drumming and watch as he and a young friend tried various conga and bongo drums. Drummer **Chuck Lampkin** (formerly with **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Ahmad Jamal**) has been teaching at **Music City** for a spell . . . Saxophonist **Muhamad Habbalah** was slated for a week at **Sonny Driver's First Nighter Supper Club** . . . The big **Frank Sinatra** fund-raising show for **Hubert Humphrey** held at the **Spectrum** was booked for the same hours that found a big rock 'n' roll show at the **JFK Stadium** (the last of the **Schmidt Beer \$1** concerts).

Las Vegas: The **Harry James Band** played its first date at the **Frontier Hotel** in July, and with drummer **Sonny Payne** and singers **Joanie O'Brien** and **Ernie Andrews** featured along with the James trumpet and the sounds of the big band, the package proved to be a strong attraction during the peak summer season. Personnel was **Tommy Porrello**, **Tony Scodwell**, **Bob Faust**, **Al Yeager**, trumpets; **Jim Huntsinger**, **Ray Sims**, **Marty Harell**, trombones; **Joe Riggs**, **Corky Corcoran**, **Don Mohr**, **Rod Adam**, **Jack O'Keefe**, reeds; **Jack Perreival**, piano; **Don Baldwin**, bass; **Payne**, drums . . . A belated birthday celebration was given **Louis Armstrong** during his recent engagement at the **Tropicana's Blue Room**, and was highlighted by a musical tribute to **Louis** played by **New Orleans** trumpeter **Wingy Manone** and his group . . .

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Mongo Santamaria returned to Caesars Palace for another successful mid-summer date and presented exciting sets for both the listener and the looker in the lounge. Also at Caesars Palace, and alternating with Santamaria, were the dynamic **Checkmates Ltd.** (Bobby Stevens, Sonny Charles, Marvin "Sweet Louis" Smith, Harvey Trees, and Bill Van Buskirk), with strong backing by the Steve Perlow Band, with **Dick Hammergren**, **Al Longo**, **Verne Guertin**, trumpets; **Vince Abbatiello**, **Al Leonard**, **Hoot Peterson**, trombones; **Tony Osiecki**, **Perlow**, reeds . . . The **Ramsey Lewis Trio** played a highly successful two-weeker at the Blue Room following **Armstrong**, and a return booking is anticipated in the near future . . . **Bassist Rex Thompson** joined the **Carl Fontana Sextet** at the Silver Slipper . . . **Guitarist Don Overberg**, while playing the **Connie Stevens** show at the Flamingo Hotel, commuted back and forth to Los Angeles to tape the **Jerry Lewis TV show** . . . Former **Kenton-Herman** tenorist **Bill Trujillo** recently joined the relief band of **Lewis Elias** after some years in the houseband at the Stardust Hotel . . . The swinging little band backing the **Vive Les Girls** show at the Dunes Hotel is led by trumpeter **Bill Chase** and features **Phil Scellato** and **Byron Lingenfelter**, trumpets; **Jim Wallace**, trombone; **Jimmy Cook**, **Harry Gard**, reeds; **Eddie Weid**, piano; **Roy Shain**, bass, and **Tony Marillo**, drums.

Japan: **Miriam Makeba** gave concerts in Tokyo in July . . . **Dakota Staton** was booked at military clubs throughout Japan in late July and early August . . . The **Ronnie Fray Trio**, with guitarist-bassist **Alan Clark**, arrived back in the Far East in late July to begin a two-month tour of military clubs on Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand, and Japan, winding up here some time in early September . . . **Mac's Hall**, an afterhours membership-type club, was a favorite rendezvous for sidemen of the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band** during its recent stay in Tokyo. Musicians taking part in all-night sessions with the **Yuji Ohno-Nakajima** house trios included **Jerome Richardson**, **Danny Moore**, **Pepper Adams**, **Jimmy Knepper**, **Richard Williams**, and **Seldon Powell** . . . Although the **Ventures** and **Gary and Scott Walker** had been booked for July and August tours of Nippon, interest in rock appears to have passed its peak here. In recent weeks **The Tigers** and **The Spiders**, as well as **Jackie Yoshikawa** and the **Blue Comets** have all but disappeared from the TV screens. Individual members of these groups have taken on new careers as movie personalities. Rumors are that within a few short weeks some of the top rock groups will reappear as pseudo-soulists as a result of the fantastic success of **The House Rockers**, an American soul group, in luring huge crowds to **The Mugen**, a recently-opened "psychedelic" club in **Akasaka**, Tokyo, in Sunday night appearances in July. Among the listeners were members of every leading rock group in Tokyo, including the **Big Three** mentioned above.

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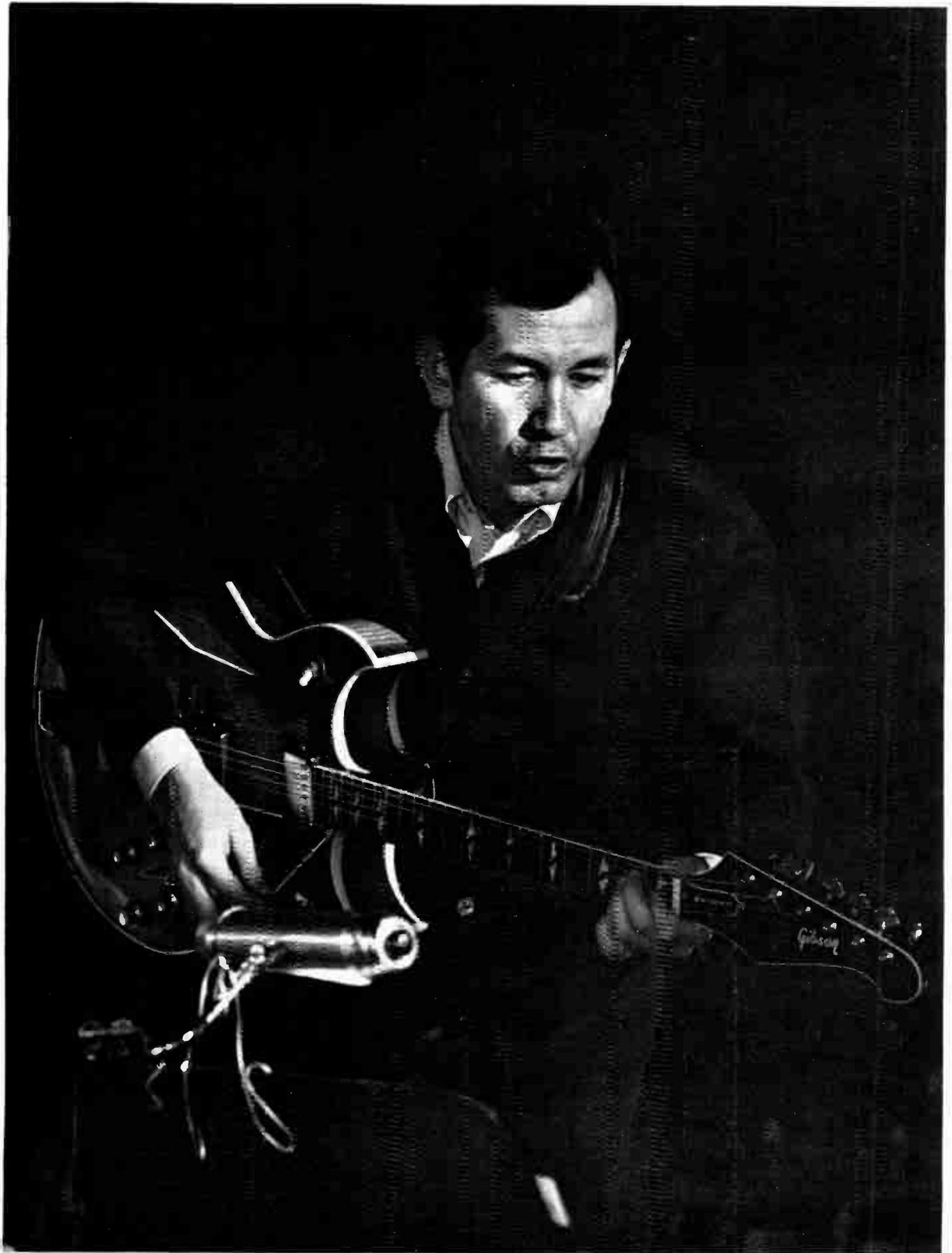
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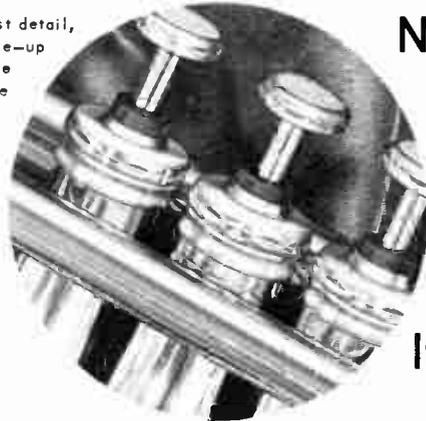


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