

OCTOBER 30, 1969

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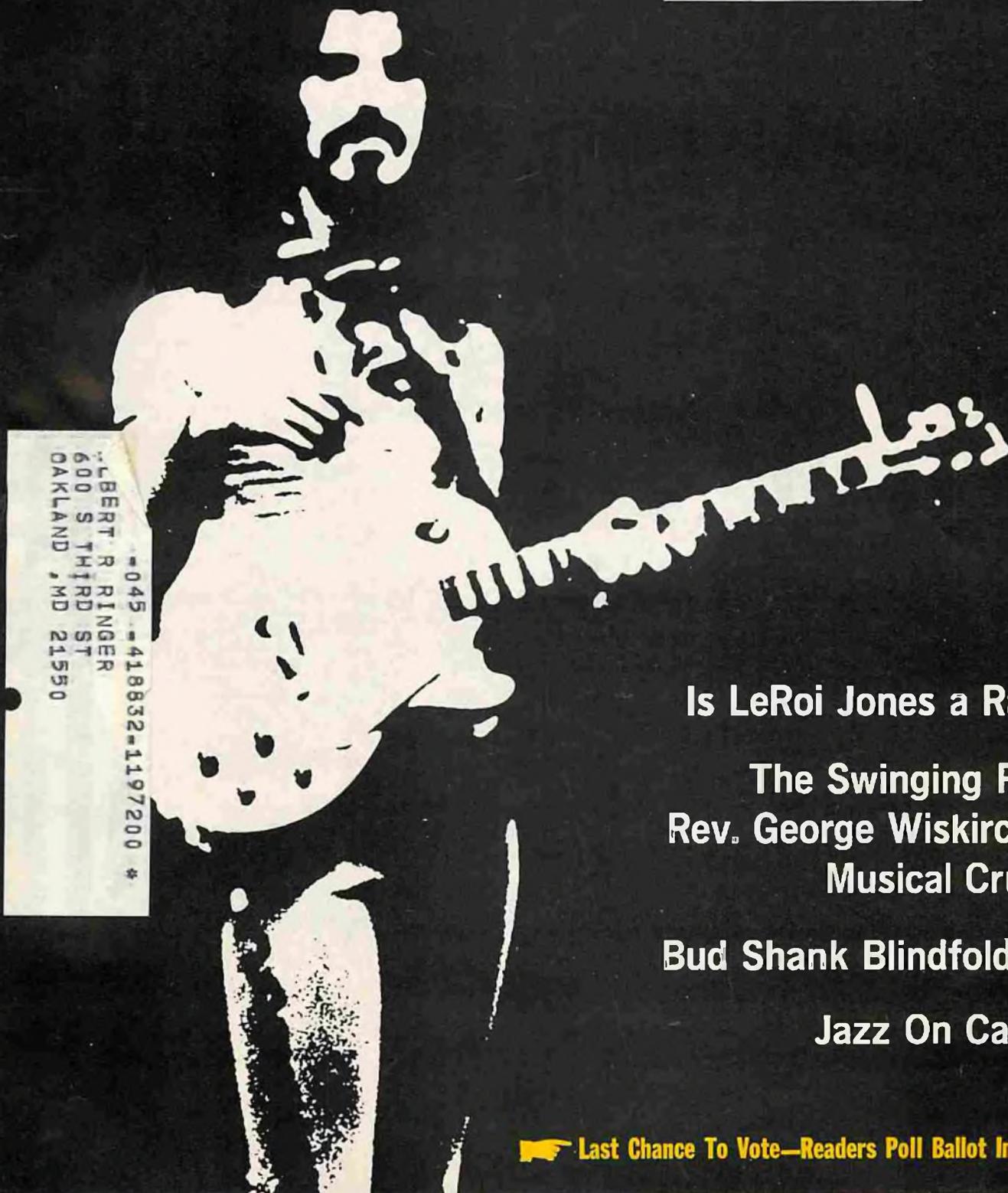
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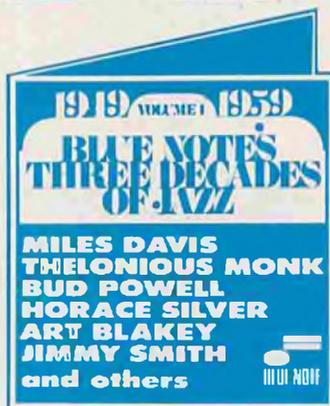
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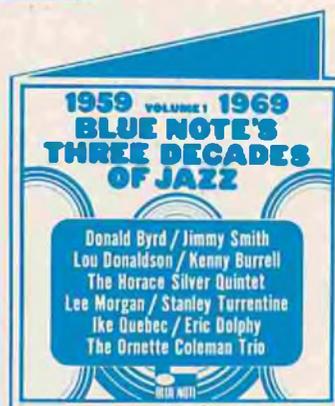
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

OUR COLUMNS on youth and school music in the September issues have produced some interesting reactions.

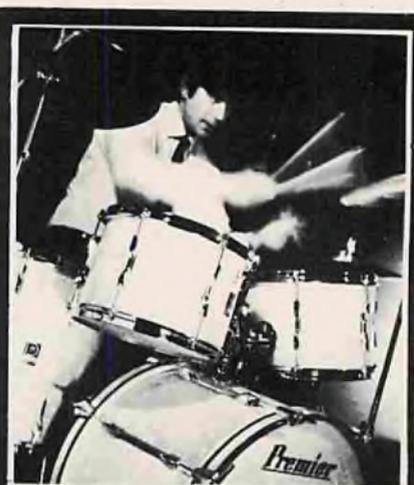
While most of the mail has been decidedly favorable on our comments and suggestions, there have been some shocked, angry letters. Most of the "anti" mail came from educators who said such things as "I want you to know we have a good jazz program here. Our stage band goes to festivals, etc. Why don't you go after —, they're doing nothing."

Please remember what we said: ". . . there are good and relevant things being done in schools by truly dedicated teachers . . . They know who they are and will go on knocking themselves out in spite of what anyone says." But if the shoe fits, then . . .

One angry educator who does have a better than average music program concluded his letter with a pertinent question: "What is relevant to music that school music as a whole is not doing today?" OK, let's talk specifics. Here is a list of questions that anyone involved in school music should ask when evaluating relevance. The questions are asked of high school educators, but teachers at other levels should pay heed. As for students and parents: you have every right to make similar queries. The questions are in no particular order and are directed—but not exclusively—to instrumental music instructors.

- How do you motivate your students to "stay with their instrument?"
- Do you program and teach all music, or just 19th century European?
- Do you offer instruction in theory, harmony, and arranging?
- Is the guitar family of instruments included in your school music program?
- Is your program designed strictly for music education? How much of it "belongs" to the athletic department?
- When was the general music (music appreciation) course up-dated and revised?
- Does anyone teach, coach, or lend trained counsel to the school combos?
- Do you teach improvisation? Do you think improvisation can be taught?
- How extensive—and available—is the school's record library?
- Do you have a stage band? Why isn't it called a "jazz ensemble"?
- Do you attend clinics, camps, seminars, etc. on jazz or Youth Music?
- Does your music program bear any relevance to the ethnic makeup of your student body? (Black schools are not exempted from this question.)
- Do you coordinate your program with local community activity?
- Do you use teacher aides—voluntary assistants—in Youth Music training?
- Do you attend new music reading clinics? For jazz music too?
- Does the vocal department offer any jazz? Are your musicians required to sing in the school choir for ear training?
- Is your music program "tied into" the school's humanities program? How involved is the principal in school music needs? Parents? Schoolboard?

Those are some of the questions you should be asking and answering. If your score is good, you know how to make it better. If your answers are mainly negative, do something about it. Sorry, we can't offer any gold stars, but the good teacher gets his just rewards from interested, active student musicians. And then we all gain. **RTS**



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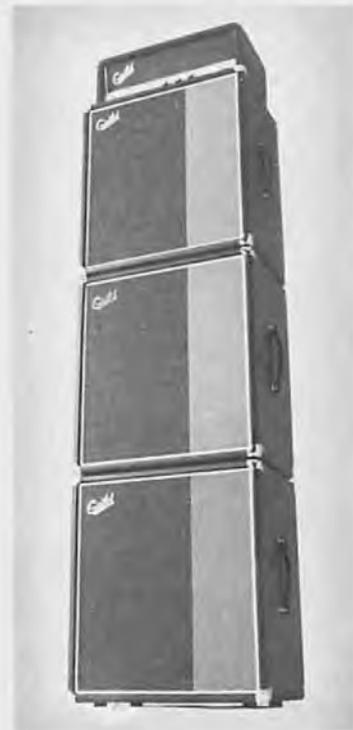
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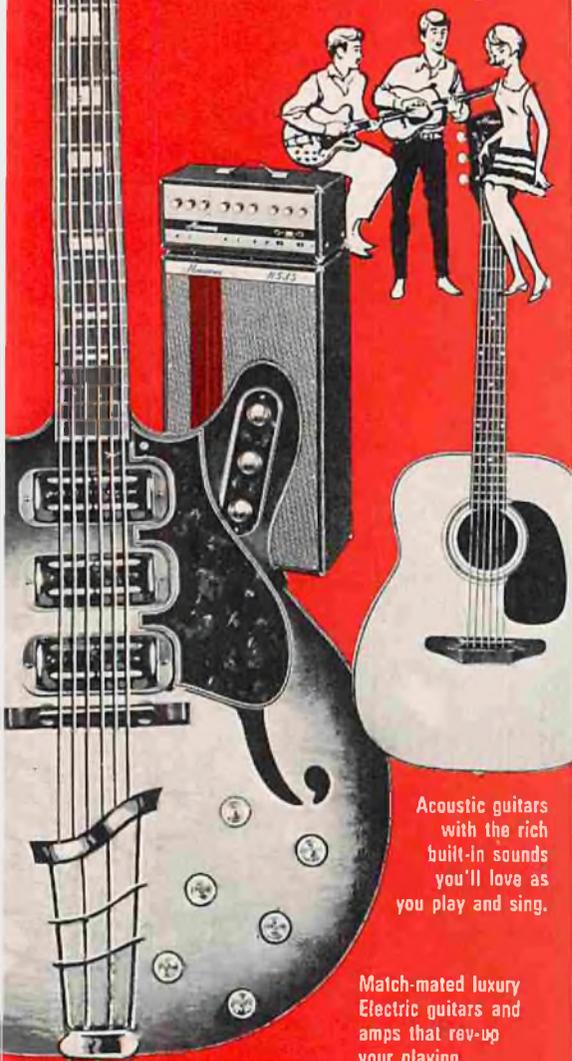
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October 30, 1969

Vol. 36, No. 22

down beat

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

"Karma" Uproar

John Litweiler's review of Pharoah Sanders' *Karma* (*DB*, Sept. 18) seems more concerned with insulting those who can appreciate un-"event"-ful music rather than noticing the honest evocation of spirit which is the essence of the album's beauty. Very much a la Trane's religious pieties, the ensemble begins upon a simple emotion/line and then expresses it as they are collectively moved. Live at Slug's such music was a powerful experience seldom available, and, though not as immediate, the recorded offering still maintains much of Pharoah's impact. Whether or not this spiritual content marks the album "Meaningful" or "Significant" is hardly a meaningful or significant criticism. The "event" of *Karma* is within, which defies critical pronouncements.

Mike Bourne
Music Editor
The Spectator

Bloomington, Ind.

I have been reading *Down Beat* for about three years now and, although I have been irked occasionally by the statements of your critics, I have generally regarded the magazine as a thoughtful, per-

ceptive and—most important—*fair* journal of information and opinion.

But an event as shameful and as downright despicable as John Litweiler's "review" of Pharoah Sanders' *Karma* (*DB*, Sept. 18) is enough to shake even the staunchest faith in the credibility of your magazine. I have never seen so much smugness, insensibility and genuine bad judgment crammed into three paragraphs of criticism in all my days. I just cannot fathom a reviewer with an ounce of feeling dismissing a record so committed to life and so full of unmitigated joy as *Karma* as "pretty ponderous" and poor (i.e., one star).

Could he even have been listening to Pharoah's tortured lyricism (*Creator* has so much *pretty* playing) or his fierce, up-tempo, on-the-beat cries? Was he asleep during the collective blowing (some of the most intense since *Ascension*)? Or was he too busy thinking of witty ways in which to condemn the beauty falling around his deaf ears (i.e., "cultivated hysteria"; "jazz's answer to *Also Sprach Zarathustra*"; etc., etc.)?

Not once do we hear of James Spaulding's thoughtful flute accents or Julius Watkins' terrific French horn work in *Colors*. This, along with the surging percussion is Litweiler's idea of "overloaded context", I guess.

Then, to really cork things off, we are informed that "Sanders was never an original tenorist". But cheer up because Pharoah *has* played some "imaginative solos". Is he kidding or what? Pharoah was the

star of the show on *Ascension* and *Meditations* and his solo on *Naima* from *Coltrane Live at the Village Vanguard Again* is a *classic*. If this man is not original, then Charlie Parker and John Coltrane were both fakes.

Although it's been a rough night for jazz, Litweiler doesn't quit there. Nope, he's got to throw in some parting shots, these directed toward—I shudder to say it—folk and rock.

This whole fiasco reminds me of the one star *Meditations* critique in your pages many issues back. It's the only review I can think of that even approaches this one in terms of completely missing the boat. The earlier piece was at least counter-balanced by a five-star report. Pharoah is not that lucky. All he's got is his sincerity and talent. Let's hope he also has the strength to overcome the bellowings of self-styled tastemakers such as John Litweiler.

Robert D. Plone

Lancaster, Pa.

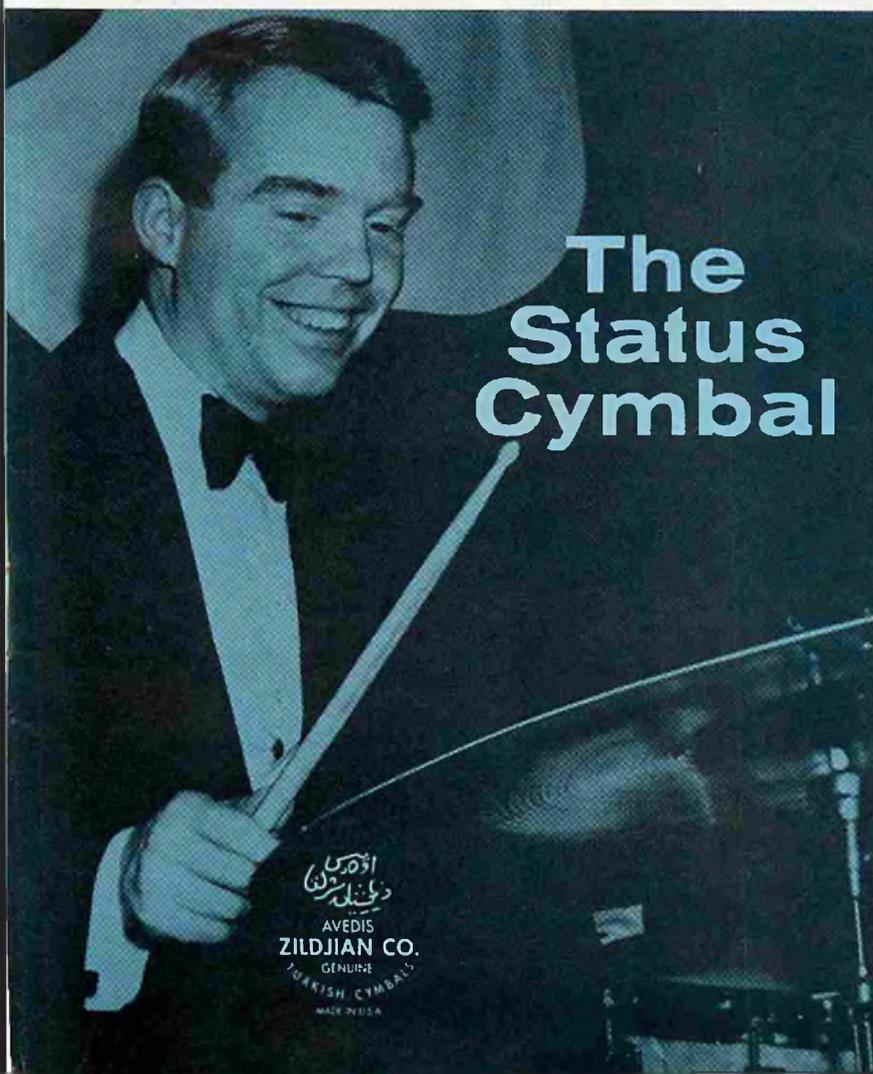
Bouquets for Yvonne

I've been reading beautiful *Down Beat* for 20 years, and now I've found a DJ who is really keeping jazz alive in the mid-west area: Miss Yvonne Daniels, WSDM-FM, Chicago, 7 p.m. to 11 p.m.

You should really do a feature story on the daughter of Billy Daniels, the singer. Listening to her is just like reading your magazine—just great!

Paul S. Whiteman

Chicago, Ill.



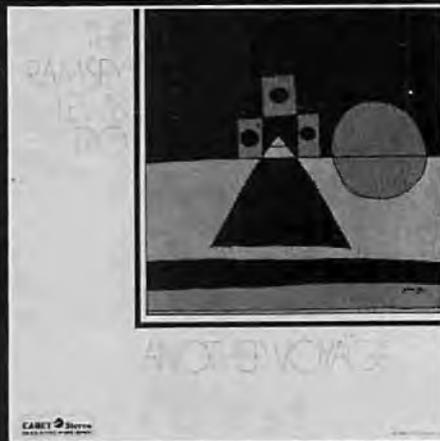
AVEDIS ZILDJIAN the only cymbals played by Roy Burns

... and Louis Bellson and Roy Haynes and Max Roach and Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich and Shelly Manne and Pete Mousie Alexander and Dave Bailey and Ray Bauduc and Larry Bunker and Ginger Baker and Frank Butler and Frankie Capp and Kenny Clarke and Cozy Cole and Rudy Collins and Jimmie Crawford and Harvey Lang Joe Cusatis and Alan Dawson and Barrett Deems and Jack De Johnette and Tony De Nicola and Bruce Philp Dunlop and Nick Fatool and Vernel Fournier and George Frank Gant and Sonny Greer and Sol Gubin and Hand Jo Chico Hamilton and Lionel Hampton and Jake Hanna and Billy Hart and Louis Hayes and Lex Humphries and Sonny Igoe and Gus Johnson and Jo Jones and John Rufus Jones and Connie Kay and Irv Kluger and George Nick Ceroli and Don Lamond and Jim Kappes and Stan and Pete LaRoca and Cliff Leeman and Stan Levey and Roy McCurdy and Sonny Payne and Ben Riley and Dannie Richmond and Ed Shaughnessy and John L. Zutty Singleton and Alvin Stoller and Jack Sperling and Grady Tate and Paul Ferrara and Jim Vincent and Steve Schaeffer and Tom Widdicombe and Jimmie Sam Woodyard and Ronnie Zito and Carmelo Garcia and

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FILLMORE EAST STARTS AUDITION & JAM NIGHTS

In San Francisco, the weekly Fillmore Audition & Jam night has become one of the important events at Fillmore West. New bands, ready to be heard but lacking a public forum, are presented with productions equivalent to those for the name groups that headline the weekend shows. These nights are designed to "encourage and give focus to the breeding, development and discovery of new talent".

Now New York's Fillmore East is going to have its own Audition & Jam nights, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 28 and on every Tuesday thereafter at 8 p.m. Each week, three new bands and one new light show will be paid to audition. In addition, established musicians who are in the area will be invited to come down and jam with each other and the newcomers. Between sets, short films by new film-makers will be shown. General admission will be \$1.50 at the door.

Kip Cohen, Managing Director of Fillmore East, says, "We are going to present the new and the unknown. A group doesn't even need a record out to appear, but I want to emphasize that we are not using these nights to pawn off groups that we wouldn't have on weekends. We want to develop groups for the weekend shows. San Francisco supports Jam Night. We want to find out if New York is willing to support a scene like this. If there is any profit, we will put the money back into community projects."

Interested groups and light shows can pick up application forms at the Fillmore box office Monday through Thursday from noon to 4:00 p.m. only. They can either be left there or mailed to Mark Spector, Fillmore Auditions, 105 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. Fillmore does not want demos or tapes unless asked for after the application form has been submitted. It is also requested that the regular business office or box office numbers not be called. For information call (212) 777-4929. Applicants, it is noted, should feel that their band "is ready for top-level professional exposure".

FAR WEST ROCK FESTS: MUSIC:100%; \$\$:50-50

Two pop festivals, each featuring more than 20 acts, were held in the Puget Sound area this summer.

The Seattle Pop Festival at Duvall, Washington, east of Seattle, attracted the biggest audience and presented a large array of name rock, jazz and folk artists. It was a financial success for promoter Boyd Grafmyre, who scheduled it for July 25-27. The consensus seemed to be that the Ike and Tina Turner Revue turned more people on than anything else on the grounds. The gate was estimated at about 50,000 or 60,000.

The Second Annual Sky River Rock

Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair was held at Tenino, Washington, south of Olympia, on the three-day Labor Day weekend. As a result of adverse publicity and a series of legal hassles that were resolved only the day before the opening, attendance was about 30,000 on grounds with double that capacity. The New American Community, the non-profit sponsor, lost an estimated \$15,000. Outstanding musical events were a fantastic set by Charles Lloyd's new quartet, and, as the year before, right-on blues by the James Cotton Band.

The complete list of Seattle Pop Festival artists was Chuck Berry, Blacksnake, Tim Buckley, Byrds, Chicago Transit Authority, Albert Collins, Crome Syrcus, Bo Diddley, Doors, Flying Burrito Brothers, Floating Bridge, The Flock, The Guess Who, It's a Beautiful Day, Charles Lloyd, Lonnie Mack, Lee Michaels, Murray Roman, Santana, Spirit, Ten Years After, Ike and Tina Turner Revue, Vanilla Fudge, Youngbloods, Led Zeppelin. Lights were by Retina Circus.

Sky River performers were Blacksnake, Bluebird, Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Collectors, Larry Coryell, James Cotton Blues Band, Country Weather, Crome Syrcus, Crow, Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, Terry Dolan, Dr. Humbead's New Tranquility String Band, Floating Bridge, Flying Burrito Brothers, Frumious Bandersnatch, Buddy Guy Blues Band, Juggernaut, Kaleidoscope, Major Vein, Steve Miller, Charles Lloyd, New Lost City Ramblers, Pacific Gas and Electric Company, Peter, Terry Reid, Billy Roberts, Sons of Champlin, Mark Spoelstra, Alice Stuart, Universal Medicine, Elyse Weinberg, Yellowstone. Los Flamencos danced, The Retina Circus flashed and the Congress of Wonders did their hip drama cartoons.

The musical quality at both festivals was incredibly high, and newspaper coverage incredibly low.

FINAL BAR

Pianist Cedric Haywood, 54, died Sept. 9 of a stroke in his native Houston, Tex. He had been working in the Houston area since 1958 and was leader of the big band at the Club Ebony from 1964.

Haywood attended high school with saxophonist Arnett Cobb, and the two joined Chester Boone's band in 1934. Later, both went with Milt Larkins' band, which also included Illinois Jacquet and Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson. The pianist was with Lionel Hampton in the early '40s and worked with Sidney Bechet in 1942.

He then settled in San Francisco, leaving in 1949 for three years on the road with Jacquet, and returning in 1951. In 1955, he joined Kid Ory's band at the Tin Angel and remained with the veteran trombonist for several years, making two trips to Europe with him. Haywood recorded with Jacquet and Ory.

POTPOURRI

Organist Wild Bill Davis has joined the Duke Ellington Band on a permanent basis and will also contribute arrangements



Wild Bill Davis

to the band's library. Bassist Vic Gaskin, formerly with Cannonball Adderley, is another new face in the Ducal ranks, and trumpeter Cat Anderson has resumed his place in the section after a brief absence.

The first annual Las Vegas Jazz Festival was a 10-day affair held in the Hotel Tropicana's Blue Room. Featured were Cannonball Adderley with Brother Nat and group; Anita O'Day, backed by the Ronnie DiPhillips Trio; trumpeter Jack Sheldon; Joe Williams, and the Jimmy Guinn local big band. Williams was backed by drummer Jimmy Campbell's group, with Ellis Larkins at the piano. Sheldon had Ron Feuer, organ; Don Overburg, guitar, and Karl Kiffe, drums. Guinn's band was a specially assembled 26-piecer with Red Rodney as guest soloist. Guinn's percussionists included Campbell, Kiffe, Irv Kluger, and Jimmy Manone (son of Wingy Manone). DJ Bob Joyee emceed the entire event, produced by Maynard Sloate.

Lionel Hampton taped for the Della Reese Show and Hollywood Palace just prior to his Sept. 19 opening as "special guest star" in a three-week stint with Bill Cosby at the new International Hotel in Las Vegas. After a European excursion, Hamp will open the new Royal Sonesta Hotel in New Orleans, and in January 1970 will take his Jazz Inner Circle on a State Department-sponsored tour of Asia.

Chico Hamilton, who always had a talent for histrionics, has been signed for representation for film acting roles by Peggy King of the Paul Wagner Agency. The versatile drummer-band leader-jingle producer has already auditioned for 20th Century Fox.

Three new courses announced by the Manhattan School of Music in New York City will be taught for college credit by men long prominent in the jazz field. Bassist Ron Carter will teach History of Improvisational and Stage Band Music in the

19th and 20th Centuries; Yusef Lateef handles a course titled Tools of Improvisation, and arranger-trumpeter Johnny Carisi will be in charge of the Stage Band course.

The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra**, fresh from a triumphant European tour, opens a week's stand at the Club Baron in uptown Manhattan Oct. 21. The band's regular Monday nights at the Village Vanguard continue.

Joe Venuti has joined the **Newport All Stars**, replacing **Tal Farlow**. Drummer **Don Lamond** has left the group to form a backup trio for his wife, singer **Terry Swope**. No permanent replacement was set at presstime.

Max Roach, his quintet (**Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Gary Bartz**, alto; **Stanley Cowell**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass) and **Abbey Lincoln** participated in the Shiraz-Persepolis Festival of the Arts in Iran in early September, performing in a natural amphitheater in Shiraz as well as in Teheran.

Residents of Hempstead, N.Y. were treated to five jazz concerts in the city's parks during August, led by ex-Tommy Dorsey clarinetist **Joe Dixon**, who also played alto sax and flute. Trumpeters **Rusty Dedrick** and **Jimmy Nottingham**; trombonist-pianist **Jack Keller**; flutist-

pianist **Reese Markwisch**; bassists **Al Lucas** and **Al Ferrari**, and drummers **Ray Alexander** and **Mel Dworkin** were among the participants.

Veteran record man **Juggy Gayles** has been appointed vice president in charge of merchandising and promotion for **Roulette Records**. The company plans an expansion of activities.

Trumpeter **Clifford Thornton** performed at the first Cultural Festival of the Organization of African Unity (OAU), held in Algiers July 21-Aug. 2. Thornton, on a research grant from Wesleyan University, also participated in various seminars. **Archie Shepp** and his group were also on hand.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Piano notes were as abundant as autumn leaves in mid-September, with **Ramsey Lewis** at the Village Gate, **Billy Taylor** at the Top of the Gate, and **Ahmad Jamal** at Plaza 9. Lewis had bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Maurice White**; Taylor worked with **Bob Cranshaw**, bass, and **Bobby Thomas**, drums, and Jamal had **Jamil Sulieman**, bass, and **Frank Gant**, drums. Pianist **Marty Napoleon's** trio was opposite Jamal. **Fran Thompson** was the solo pianist opposite Taylor. . . **Sonny Rollins** did not

open at the Village Vanguard as scheduled and was replaced by fellow tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson**, with **Al Dailey**, piano; **Eddie Gomez**, bass; and **Tootie Heath**, drums. . . The Half Note had a split week in September with **Al Cohn** doing two nights and **Clark Terry** the final four. Both were backed by **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Russell George**, bass, and **Mousey Alexander**, drums. **Vic Sproles** subbed for George one of Cohn's nights. . . Veteran clarinetist **Tony Parenti**, late of Jimmy Ryan's, opened at the Curtain Call on West 52nd St. for an indefinite six night a week stay. With him were **Jimmy McPartland**, cornet; **Graham Stewart**, trombone; **Dill Jones**, piano; **Freddie Moore**, drums. . . **David Izenzon's** quintet played a benefit on Hart Island for Phoenix House. While Izenzon was at La Boheme, **Dave Holland** sat in on bass with the group. . . Under the auspices of Hospital Audiences, Inc. the Jazzmobile payed two visits to mental hospitals in the New York area. **Howard Johnson's Sub-Structure** and drummer **Bill English's** sextet played for the patients at Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island. . . Organist **Jack McDuff** was at Clinton Hall in Rochester, N.Y. in early October. . . **Bobby Timmons** played a weekend at Chutes De Pierre, a French restaurant on 7th Ave. near 21st St. . . **Sam Ulano** did a drum clinic in Elizabeth, N.J. Oct. 12 and will conduct

/Continued on page 38



COLLECTING SCENE HAS CHANGED

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

IAJRC (and I wouldn't advise you to try to pronounce that) is the rather awkward set of initials of the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors. Like most U.S. organizations, it is given to holding conventions, and this August some 60 of its members (a small percentage of its current 300-plus) gathered at New York's Diplomat Hotel, an off-Times Square establishment that manages to keep its head up, its prices down, but not, alas, its carpeting clean, at least not all of it.

The first IAJRC convention goes back to 1964 when 18 members gathered in Toronto, Ontario. But in a sense, the group is almost as old as record collecting in this country. It was founded by William C. Love, who was sending out compilations of jazz records for sale or trade to fellow collectors he had somehow compiled in the late 1930s. They were fairly lively lists, too, with descriptive comments, snippy criticisms, and a few mildly dirty jokes thrown in between the blues and stomps.

Subsequently, Love published a directory of collectors, with their names and

areas of particular interest. (I vividly remember one doctrinaire entry: "I am interested in jazz. King Oliver played jazz.")

The current president of IAJRC is longtime collector Ken Crawford Jr., (and before this is over you may want his address, so it's 215 Stuben Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205). Besides its conventions, the club has a magazine and puts out limited edition reissues, so far five of them, that are sold at quite low prices to the membership. And it generally provides a kind of focal point for discographical information and collectors' chit-chat.

Record collecting isn't what it used to be, Bill Love said, observing, "Collectors are getting out of 78s and into LPs and tapes. Some of the early swing era things today don't bring as much as they did in the late '30s."

Collectors aren't the same either, and today you are as likely to have your bent about 1940s Boyd Raeburn transcriptions as about Junie C. Cobb and his Grains of Corn.

But tapes are very much the thing these days, with guys exchanging air shots, studio transcription material, V-Disc issues, and a few recordings of live sessions themselves (Charlie Christian at a breakfast dance in Minneapolis in 1939)—all of them copied onto tape and passed from one man to the next. Oh, there are still the old types, too, like the man who wants only the original issue on the original label.

As the above may indicate, the club membership is still fighting a milder version of the battle of the mid-'40s of the moldies vs. the moderns, with the swing

era cats caught in the middle. One British member crossed the Atlantic to attend a previous convention and was appalled at all the 1920s jazz he heard played. It seems he was a Stan Kenton collector who came over to find his American peers. (Well, he did find some of them.)

There is evidence of another conflict too in the admonishment of a Washington member who warned the others to get out and listen to some live jazz while they were in New York. "If you don't support live music, there soon won't be any jazz," he told them.

Otherwise, it was a two-day event in which the membership gathered and talked. There was a buffet table groaning under a heavy load of booze and beer bottles, the supply of which never seemed to give out. There were some limited-edition LPs sold. Besides the club's, there were those of blues singer Victoria Spivey, who brought in her own. Someone had copies of a 1936 Bunny Berigan broadcast on LP. Etc.

There was an impressive marathon showing of jazz films from Crawford's collection. And there was live music by friends and members Saturday late. Oh, yes, and a business meeting and election of officers ("But we have to have somebody who will do the work!")

But mostly there was talk. Members talking about their collections and bragging on their latest acquisition. Talking about personnels. About labels. About tapes. About what was being reissued in Europe.

Throughout it all, there were records, played loudly over a good system. One thing I didn't notice too much of was anybody doing any listening.



CHASIN' THE APPLE by Ira Gitler

GET READY to take a big bite of the Apple—not one of those little green ones but New York, the Big Apple.

It has been a busy summer, as usual, with trips out of town for festivals and other outdoor concerts, but much also has been happening in and around the main stem.

Back in May, when spring was still king, the Duke Ellington Society presented its eighth annual concert. Held at the New School and headed by Ray Nance, it was more of a jamming afternoon this year than a carefully charted delineation of Ellingtonia and Strayhorniana. This seemed to offend some of the stuffer critics, who, unlike the audience, tried to judge the performance by what they wanted it to be rather than what it was. The leader's cornet, violin, and vocals were complemented by Brew Moore, tenor saxophone; Tiny Grimes and Tommy Lucas, guitars; Walter Davis, piano; Carl Pruitt, bass; and Steve Little, drums. Ozzie Bailey, like Nance and Little a former member of the Ellington band, sang two numbers: *Lush Life*, a difficult one, with which he had intonation problems, and *Come Sunday*, negotiated more effectively and embellished by Nance violin obbligatos.

Nance's vocals included *He Huffed and Puffed*, with its *Flying Home* type of changes; *Jump for Joy*, during which his words were hard to hear but his Louis-like cornet wasn't; and *It Don't Mean a Thing*, which he shaped with words, scat and violin. His cornet limned a lovely *Azure*, aided by mute, and he and Moore swung out on *Ring Dem Bells*, *In a Mellowtone*, and the nostalgic strains of the concert-opener, *Drop Me Off in Harlem*. Moore's joyous, floating tenor also showed to advantage on his feature, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*. In Pruitt's special number, *Jack the Bear*, Brew and the bassist effectively traded fours.

Pianist Davis contributed a number of briskly moving, intelligently constructed solos throughout the afternoon and gave a particularly sensitive, airy reading to *New York City Blues*.

The guitarists' presence added interesting timbres to the performance, but Grimes was not featured much, and Lucas' work was uneven, inventive in some numbers and pedestrian in others.

The weakest link in the group was Little, who was stiff on *Guitar Amor*; dragged the tempo on *Mellowtone*; rushed it on *Bells*, although with spirit; and took an unimaginative solo on *It Don't Mean* that sounded like all his other solos.

Despite the shortcomings, it was worth coming out to hear Nance. His unique out-of-tempo fiddle rendition of *Take the A Train* was a highlight. When the last strains of the popular-demand encore *C-Jam Blues* were over, it was a happy audience that left the auditorium.

But one thing I couldn't figure out. The society awarded a Juilliard scholarship to an operatic singer, Omega Milbourne. One would think that a jazz organization might help its own first.

I saw Walter Davis again in July, this time at Judson Hall in the company of four other pianists—Walter Bishop, Barry Harris, Harold Mabern, and Cedar Wal-

ton—at a concert labeled as a "Bon Voyage Salute." I haven't seen Davis since and assume he is in India, where he said he planned to live for a while. Backed by alternating bassists Reggie Workman and Wilbur Ware and drummer Al Foster, each pianist played his own set. Later in the evening came a variety of duets, continuous round-robin style.

A lot of the music was hampered by bad mikes and/or bad miking. Perhaps it was a faulty speaker. Whatever it was, it made Workman's bass boomy and ruined Walton's version of Billy Taylor's *Easy Walker* and his otherwise lovely reading of *My Ship*.

The sound improved sufficiently for us to enjoy Bishop's interpretation of Horace Silver's *Song for My Father* and his varied tempos on *Autumn Leaves*. It always baffles me why Bishop has never really got the recognition he deserves while many lesser pianists have recorded several of their own albums.

Mabern, less directly oriented toward Bud Powell than the other pianists, then came on to play his "hit", *Rakin' and Scrapin'* with a powerful, rocking attack. Ware was on bass, but he laid out on *My Funny Valentine*, which Mabern treated in ballad tempo before he started striding.

Harris began with *The Best Thing for You*, utilizing a Monkish left hand in the melody statement. He received little help from Ware, who didn't seem to know the changes. Ware redeemed himself on *Don't Blame Me* but upstaged Harris with cries and yells on *All the Things You Are*. Harris is one of our most consistent musicians. He never turns in a bad performance, but he was sorely tried by Ware here.

Workman returned as Davis took over the keyboard for a beautiful *I'll Keep Loving You* and a swinging, minor-key original that had an effective vamp figure. Then Davis played an *I Got Rhythm*-based, up-tempo number that found him in a heavy Powell bag. Unfortunately the sound balance was bad again. Foster's drums were too loud and, in solo, went on too long.

In the program's second half the sound didn't improve too much, especially for the piano that had the bad mike, but the spirit that gathered momentum from the various, shifting combinations of pianists in tandem helped the listener transcend this aural block.

The two Walters began with a blues. By the time this particular duo came around again, the *I Got Rhythm* changes were on the boards. The finale was *Body and Soul*, capped by a Harris solo that was pure thinking man's soul. Ware was still mugging and clowning and would have done everyone a favor by having gone home earlier, although ever so often he would play something very affecting.

From July 28 through Aug. 30, Duke Ellington made what is becoming an annual appearance at the Rainbow Grill with a segment of his orchestra. This time the band was a dectet with trumpeter Willie Cook and trombonist Lawrence Brown adding their brass to the reeds of Johnny Hodges and Russell Procope, alto saxo-

phones; Paul Gonsalves and Harold Ashby, tenor saxophones; and Harry Carney, baritone saxophone. With Ellington in the rhythm section were bassist Paul Konziella and drummer Rufus Jones. Also on hand were Ellington's vocalist of an earlier time, Joya Sherrill, and his current band singer, Tony Watkins.

The second show on opening night was predictable Ellingtonia with soloists doing their specialties (Gonsalves—*Body and Soul*; Jones—*La Plus Belle Africaine*; Hodges—*Passion Flower* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*) and a medley of favorites, but the performance was no less enjoyable for this. Bonuses for old Ellington fans were Ashby's Ben Websterini (as Lester Young used to say) in a featured blues and the fine blowing of Cook on *A Train* (muted and open) and elsewhere.

Miss Sherrill was in sexily sinuous voice as she did *Everything But You*, *I Got It Bad*, *Just Squeeze Me*, *I'm Beginning to See The Light*. The man responsible for her excellent arrangements, organist Wild Bill Davis, was in the audience and took over from Ellington at the piano for her numbers.

As for Watkins, who sang *Makin' That Scene*, *Solitude*, *It Don't Mean a Thing*, and *Good and Groovy*, I find that his extremely mannered approach negates his obviously good vocal equipment. His dancing, while energetic and eye-catching, is essentially shallow and repetitive.

Ellington was in rare form, charming his listeners without spreading it on too thickly. The only thing one could wish for was for him to dip more freely into his capacious repertoire for some plums from the past and take advantage of the smaller, flexible unit. At the end of the set he did answer a request for *Rockin' in Rhythm*, which found son Mercer swelling the brass ranks to three with fluegelhorn, and followed with a rousing *Octo Clock Rock* as the closing encore. During this number Ellington drew several young ladies from the audience and participated in a dance-in with all of them. Not bad for a man of 35.



Pianists Cedar Walton, Walter Bishop, Walter Davis, Barry Harris and Harold Mabern (l to r) and bassist Wilbur Ware at Davis' farewell concert last July.

Frank Zappa: The Mother of Us All

A SAGE WHOM I invented once said: "The only event which might merit the term 'progress' would be an increase in the percentage of intelligent human beings." And he added: "Those who work toward this goal are known, variously, as fools, clowns, and prophets."

For purposes of economic gain and protective coloration, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention have promoted themselves as a group of truly weird people. Well, the Mothers may have their eccentricities, but no more than other musicians I have met, and Zappa himself is a man of striking sobriety. Sometimes, he even made me feel frivolous.

Zappa is standing onstage in front of 10,000 or so people, most of them under 21, at an open-air concert last summer. He says to the audience, "We've just had a request for *Caravan* with a drum solo" (the fruit of their routine on *America Drinks & Goes Home*). Laughter. Shouts of "yeah!" "Now we may play *Caravan* with a drum solo, or we might refuse to play *Caravan* with a drum solo. Which will it be? We think we'll let you decide." (All of this is delivered in a light, mocking tone of voice.) An applause-meter type test indicates that the crowd does not want *Caravan* with a drum solo. "All right, we'll play *Wipeout*" (the nadir of early-'60s schlock). Which they proceed to do, in three tempos at once. The mindless riff of *Wipeout* melts like plastic.

Consider this scenario. A bright young boy is attending a Southern California high school. It is 1955. We've just "won" the Korean War. The boy is prey to all the adolescent agonies—acne, young love, cars, dumb teachers, the rigid status system of the American high school, et. al. He doesn't particularly want to grow up and be a successful anything. There is a music called rock 'n' roll that expresses his condition. He likes the music, maybe loves it. Since he is musically talented he begins to play it.

But soon several things disturb him. First, he is musically curious, so he begins to explore other kinds of music—jazz perhaps, certainly the 20th century classical avant garde. After this, the musical limitations of rock 'n' roll seem obvious. Second, he sees that popular music, and rock in particular, serves its consumers in ways they would never recognize. It diverts their anxious energy into rhythmic response and lulls their sorrows with romantic fantasy. It helps to render them harmless, or at least controllable. And behind all this there is a chain of promoters, D.J.'s, record company executives, and on up who are making a living on the music. This makes the boy angry. He resents being used and manipulated. And his intelligence tells him that this is an insidious form of propaganda (definition: propaganda is not designed to change opinions, but to move men to action, or inaction). Perhaps he eventually resolves to do something about it.

On every Mothers' album aside from *Ruben and the Jets* this statement is printed on the sleeve: "The present-day composer refuses to die! Edgar Varese, July 1921" (on *Ruben and the Jets* it reads: "The present-day Pachuco refuses to die! Ruben Sano, June 1955").

Varese was born in Paris in 1885 and settled in New York in 1916. His distinction as a composer lies in his acceptance of the harsh sonic environment of the modern city as his musical material. Out of this "noise", with a scientist's precision, he created a musical order. Although Varese's music can be violent, it is never programmatic or sentimental. He masters his environment on its own terms.

Zappa begins the second half of the concert by saying, "Ian Underwood will now play for you the Mozart Piano Sonata in B flat." Underwood begins to play the first movement of a Mozart piano sonata (K. 281, I think). He plays it very well.

I asked Zappa about his run-in at the London School of Economics, and he said, "I was invited to speak at the London School of Economics. So I went over there and asked, 'What do you want me to say?' So here's a bunch of youthful British leftists who take the same youthful leftist view that is popular the world over. It's like belonging to a car club. The whole leftist mentality—'We want to burn the . . . world down and start all over and go back to nature.' Basing their principles on Marxist doctrine this and Mao Tse Tung that and all these cliches that they've read in their classes. And they think that's the basis for conducting a revolution that's going to liberate the common man. Meanwhile, they don't even know any common men. With their mod clothes, either that or their Che Guevara khakis. It's a . . . game.

"I do not think they will acquire the power to do what they want to do, because I'm positive that most of them don't really believe what they're saying. I told them that what they were into was just the equivalent of this year's flower power. A couple of years before those same shmucks were wandering around with incense and bells in the park . . . because they heard that that was what was happening in San Francisco. The first thing they asked me was what was going on at Berkeley. I was thinking to myself, 'What, you guys want to copy that too?' . . . It's really depressing to sit in front of a large number of people and have them all be that stupid, all at once. And they're in college."

Zappa introduces the first piece on the concert as "a chamber piece for electric piano and drums". The title, I believe, was *Moderato*. A chamber piece is exactly what it is.

The drum part takes typical rock rhythms (wham-wham-awhamma-bam-bam) and stretches the space between beats. The result is a series of percussive timbres suspended over a void.

The music verges on the Hollywood-sinister (background for some awful, invisible monster) but the close interaction between the two players (at times each seems to be imitating the other's part) gives the piece an extravagant formal vigor.

Zappa, like most moralists, is pessimistic about people in the mass. Perhaps he even wants to punish them. The rest of the group seems considerably more optimistic, and occasionally there are good-natured clashes of will.

Zappa: All those mediocre groups reap a huge profit, because people really like what they do. The more mediocre your music is, the more accessible it is to a larger number of people in the United States. That's where the market is. You're not selling to a bunch of jazz aesthetes in Europe. You're selling to Americans, who really hate music and love entertainment, so the closer your product is to mindless entertainment material, escapist material, the better off you're going to be. People will dump a lot of money into a bunch of young pretty boys who are ready to make music of limited artistic merit so long as they can sell a lot of it.

Kart: What about your gestures of contempt towards your audience?

Zappa: I don't think the typical rock fan is smart enough to know he's been dumped on, so it doesn't make any difference. . . . Those kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit 'em on the ass. Especially in terms of a live concert where the main element is visual. Kids go to see their favorite acts, not to hear them. . . . We work on the premise that nobody really hears what we do anyway, so it doesn't make any difference if we play a place that's got ugly acoustics. The best responses we get from an audience are when we do our worst material.

Don Preston: Oh, how can you say that?

Zappa: It's true, man. *Louie, Louie* brings down the house every time.

Preston: People were booing the last time you played that. One guy wanted *Louie, Louie*, so you said, "OK, we'll play *Louie, Louie* . . . Booo!"

Zappa: Maybe they were booing because we didn't play *Midnight Hour* instead.

Kart: Isn't it difficult to function as musicians when you feel that no one is listening?

Preston: I don't feel that way.

Zappa: I think most of the members of the group are very optimistic that everybody hears and adores what they do on stage. I can't take that point of view. I get really bummed out about it. Because I've talked to them (the audiences) and I know how dumb they are. It's pathetic. Preston: But they do scream for more when we do a good show.

Zappa: They scream for more and more because they paid X amount of dollars to get in, and they want the maximum amount of entertainment for their money. It's got nothing whatever to do with what you play. Stick any group on there and let them play to the end of the show.



The Mothers of Invention: (seated, l. to r.) Roy Estrada, electric bass; Bunk Gardner, reeds; Ian Underwood, reeds, keyboard instruments; Frank Zappa, leader, guitar; (standing) Art Tripp, drums, mallet percussion; Buzz Gardner, trumpet, flugelhorn; Jimmy Carl Black, drums; Jim Sherwood, reeds; Don Preston, keyboard instruments.

Kart: Do you have a solution to this situation?

Zappa: Yeah. I'm not going to tour anymore.

Then I asked some questions which amounted to, "Will rock survive?"

Zappa: Rock won't die. It will go through some changes, but it ain't going to die. They predicted it too many times in the past. Remember—"the limbo is coming in, rock and roll is dead". There've even been some concerted efforts to kill it . . . but it will survive because there'll always be several very smart producers and record companies who are interested in giving people what they want instead of what they need.

* * *

During the concert the Mothers play several long numbers where everybody gets a chance to blow. Since several of the players have extensive jazz backgrounds (Preston, the Gardner brothers, and Underwood), their playing in this context clarifies the differences between jazz and rock improvisation.

An essential quality of the jazz solo is the sense it conveys of forward movement through time, which is the result, I think, of the jazz soloist's role in even the

simplest contexts—establishing and revealing his identity. In the typical rock solo this kind of forward movement rarely occurs. Instead there is an amount of space to be decorated, with the emotional curve (excitement to ecstasy) a foregone conclusion. That's why many jazz listeners find rock solos boring, no matter how well played. They're like someone brought up on Beethoven who listens to a raga and says, "I dig the rhythm, but we're going around in circles. Where's the development?"

In many rock solos, guitar solos especially, there is a theatrical relation between the player and what he's playing, and the most "exciting" parts occur when it sounds as if what he's playing has got the upper hand. The drama is that he's conjured up a screaming musical monster, supposedly, and now the beast threatens to overcome him. The "excitement" comes from watching him master the "beast", surrender to it, or get even altogether and smash or burn the instrument. When someone like Jimi Hendrix presents this sexual fantasy, it can be Wagnerian.

The Mothers undercut this setup quite neatly. The soloists go through the outward motions of getting hot, but their

precision of accent and the care they give to motivic development prevent any "loss of control" effect.

The reaction of the audience to this was curious. Zappa would stomp off a number that had "Watch Out! Explosion Ahead!" written all over it, and the people around me would murmur "yeah", and a blank look of anticipated ecstasy would settle on their faces. By the end of the piece no explosion had occurred, and they looked vaguely bewildered, although they applauded, of course.

* * *

The Mothers have made six albums, and *Absolutely Free*, *We're Only In It For The Money*, and *Uncle Meat* are worthy of anyone's attention. Their first album, *Freak Out!*, is interesting but unformed compared to the others; *Mothermania* is an anthology, and *Ruben and the Jets*, an extreme parody of '50s rock 'n' roll, doesn't mean much to me, since I never got to that music the first time around.

Listening to all the albums in one sitting reveals an interesting facet of Zappa's musical procedure—in the pieces with lyrics the often elaborate rhythmic and melodic patterns are tied directly to the words (one beat and one note to each syllable, with few large melodic intervals). This effect carries over into the instrumental pieces, where the tight rhythmic-melodic motifs expand and contract as if they had a life of their own. It's an airy, bracing music, and the play of intelligence in it is so prominent that one must respond in kind.

Zappa thinks that *Uncle Meat* is "the best album in terms of overall quality", but his favorite music is on *Lumpy Gravy*, the album where he directs a large orchestra. It's hard for me to tell why he thinks so, since what comes through is a collage of rock and classical parodies that are disconnected by any standards. Perhaps he has in mind the album *Lumpy Gravy* might have been, since both he and Bunk Gardner mentioned that the Los Angeles studio men on the date were unable to cope with some of the music and played without much spirit on what they did manage to record.

* * *

Frank Zappa might be described as a cultural guerrilla. He sees that the popular arts are propagandistic in the broad sense—even when they masquerade as rebellion they lull us into fantasy and homogenize our responses. So he infiltrates the machine and attempts to make the popular forms defeat their traditional ends—his music doesn't lull, it tries to make you think.

Obviously, he's balanced on a narrow edge. On the one hand, he's faced with an audience whose need for homogeneous response is so great that they can make his creations fit their desires. On the other, he must in some way reach a mass audience or his efforts are useless. And, of course, there's money, too. He's only human.

But, whatever the outcome, there is still the music, and if any of us are around in 20 years, I think we'll be listening to it.



FATHER SUPERIOR:

THE MUSICAL CRUSADE OF REV. GEORGE WISKIRCHEN

BY DON DEMICHEAL

SCHOOL STAGE BANDS coalesced into a movement about a decade ago, and as in other movements, the first order of business was proselytizing and recruiting. This first phase is a success: the idea of high school youngsters playing in big jazz bands has been generally accepted in academe, and the number of bands has multiplied across the land.

Sadly, however, most stage bands are still stumbling through the dark ages. For every one good enough to get a spot at a big jazz festival—and a rave from the jazz critics—there are hundreds trying to get the hang of the Glenn Miller stock arrangement of *In the Mood*—a trifling piece of music when it came out nearly 30 years ago.

This unfortunate state of affairs is the result of greater concern with quantity than quality, the hallmark of burgeoning movements.

It is time for stage bands to move to the second level of development: quality, of performance and material. The youngsters are ready for the next step—they have been for a long time—but the problem lies with the limitations of band directors who think *In the Mood* is pretty

hot stuff (especially since they grew up with it and its ilk).

Happily, not all stage-band directors are stuck in the 1930s. Listen to one who isn't:

"We have to get off dead center and go forward. The stage-band movement is on a plateau. Right now it's mostly stagnant musically. The only progress in the last five years is that there are more bands, not better bands."

That's the Rev. George Wiskirchen speaking his mind about the movement in which he's been such an important force. Father Wiskirchen is not one to mince words: he's as impatient with weak-kneed, out-of-tune, unswinging, leaden, soggy stage bands as is the most sophisticated jazz critic. Maybe more so, because he knows how much can be done with young musicians who want to play jazz, since he's been doing it for about 10 years now at the Notre Dame High School for Boys, in Niles, Ill., a Chicago suburb known as the "All-American City," a typical middle-income community.

The band, coyly named the Melodons, is easily one of the best high school jazz bands extant. The band could hold its

own against a lot of college and most professional club-date bands.

This excellence stems from Father Wiskirchen's unstinting concern with quality and his enormous capacity for work. To watch him rehearse his band is to see a man utterly committed to getting all the music possible out of nearly 20 teenagers—and they, in turn, respond to his prodings, shouts, grunts, scat singing, urgings and chastisements.

Father Wiskirchen describes his and the band's relationship as a "controlled democracy," even though the band members, he says, "know it's a dictatorship".

"But I usually go along with what they suggest," he added, smiling.

Obviously, a labor of love.

Father Wiskirchen saves his ire for his fellow stage-band directors. "Some of these guys are still hung up on Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey stuff," he said with some heat. "We have to get away from the museum-piece approach. We've got to get into more modern things, such as big-band rock or the time things Don Ellis is doing. The swing style is basic, but the music has to go on from there."

At one stage band contest last year,



Rev. Wiskirchen directs the Melodons

Father Wiskirchen's band played one of its more adventurous arrangements. The judges reportedly were nonplussed. Since the band members were accustomed to winning this particular contest, they were a bit taken aback when they didn't. Some felt it was because they'd gone too far out.

"Does this mean we have to go back to playing Basie charts?" one of them worriedly asked his director. The answer was no, but rehearsals were more intense for a while.

And it is here, in the agony of rehearsal, that boys turn into musicians.

"A lot of band directors say they don't have time for rehearsals in their schedules," Father Wiskirchen said. "I think it boils down to the fact that they don't want to make time. It's personal laziness. I don't rehearse the band during school hours; it's all extracurricular, and that means I've got to be there. I think a lot of band directors are reluctant to be there."

But this business of teaching jazz is more than just a matter of getting a band director to take on more work, and Father Wiskirchen acknowledges it.

"We have to teach kids to improvise. Directors must be shown that this is not hard to do. It's mostly a matter of getting the kids to play and learn from hearing other kids play. I prefer to do this in an improvisation workshop—kids playing 'til they know the melody and then play notes they pick from the chord. That way they hear the chord. Younger kids pick the knock up from older kids."

The Dorian mode is one of the first things the priest teaches his students, which eases their burden since they concentrate on a scale at the beginning instead of chords.

"This improvisation thing is such a mess—so many books out on it," he lamented. "The chord approach, modal approach, Lydian concept. . . . All I know is that what we're doing is getting the kids playing. Later you can refine it. The big step is getting the kids playing without notes."

Father Wiskirchen applies his method of teaching improvisation to upper-grade-school students. He said his main aim in working with these students is to teach them what he calls swing phrasing. He is able, however, to get across the idea of making up music as you go.

"I refuse to write out solos for them," he said. "I make them play without notes."

There has been some suspicion among older music educators during the first phase of the stage-band movement that the main aim of the jazz directors was to have some personal fun with a music they liked, not to educate. (Ah, educators! The bane of education!) On the other hand, non-educators embraced the movement. The jazz establishment saw it as bread cast upon the waters. Some commercial interests saw it as bread, period.

But other than its obvious benefits to the establishment and commerce, what is the goal of teaching jazz? What is the educative value?

"Mainly it's learning to improvise," Father Wiskirchen said. "The student gains much better control of his instrument—and freedom on his instrument. . . . imagi-

nation. It increases his appreciation of music in general because he starts to hear a lot of things he never heard before—such as a cadenza in a fiddle concerto being nothing but an improvisation based on a certain pattern of chord changes. Students don't get that if you feed them just concert band.

"Sometimes they harmonize by ear—and this can get buggy, because they'll do it in concert band, on the football field during the marching-band season. The kids in my band also do a lot of call-and-answer stuff. They're playing games with it and becoming real musicians.

"This to me is one of the great advantages of stage-band training."

Father Wiskirchen has made such a reputation as a stage-band director that a lot of music educators think he has only a jazz band at Notre Dame High. The fact of the matter is he has two—but he also directs two concert bands, a wind ensemble, a liturgical brass group, a large marching band, a pep band and a show band. (At least he did so until his recent appointment as assistant principal of the school.) But the honor group, the one in which membership carries the most prestige, is the No. 1 stage band.

Some of the young musicians play in all the groups and have no problem, according to Father Wiskirchen, in switching from a Don Ellis arrangement to a modern French chamber music piece. (Father Wiskirchen's students spend about twice as much time with classical music as with jazz.)

There is an old wives' tale that if a musician plays jazz, he shouldn't play concert music, and vice versa—not because one music is better than the other but because the phrasing and articulation are different, and if a musician switches back and forth, he's more likely to be jack than master.

Father Wiskirchen disagrees.

"The more I think about it," he said, "the less difference I see in the phrasing. I used to think there was concert-band phrasing and there was stage-band phrasing. But the more I fool around with this, the more I'm convinced that there's basically only one way. What I thought was concert-band phrasing is wrong—the symphony guys don't phrase that way. It's not exactly the same in stage band, but the two are very close—the tonguing, the articulation, that type of thing. I used to think that everything in the stage band had to be legato-tongued—which is true—and that in the concert band you don't want to do this. But I'm more and more convinced that you should use legato tonguing in both."

Despite Father Wiskirchen's and other knowledgeable music educators' feelings that swing's the thing and improvisation is where it's really at, the vast majority of stage-band music is written, and so it will be for years to come. Though the quality of published stage-band arrangements is generally good (if one discounts 30-year-old stocks), most publishers are, according to Father Wiskirchen, 10 years behind times.

The Notre Dame stage band is fortunate in having excellent material to perform.

Much of it has come from the director's friends in the professional and college music worlds. He has gotten arrangements from the books of such fine college bands as those at Indiana, Northwestern, and Millikin, as well as from Chicago rehearsal bands, such as Bill Russo's. Father Wiskirchen also has been known to walk up to somebody like Count Basie and ask for arrangements (he once borrowed Basie's library, took it to his quarters and copied it for his band).

Since his youngsters are well advanced for high school musicians, their tastes run to the latest in big-band jazz, especially the music purveyed by Don Ellis. But Father Wiskirchen came a cropper when he asked Ellis for one of the arrangements in the *Electric Bath* album. He wrote asking to borrow the score, but Ellis demurred, saying he didn't want to let copies out but would be glad to write something for the band. The youngsters, however, wanted that particular arrangement and were not to be denied; so some of them transcribed it from the record. The task took them a week, from start to finished parts, no mean accomplishment.

"They thought it was the best thing we played all year," Father Wiskirchen recalled fondly.

The priest also grows his own composer/arrangers. Several promising writers have first tried their hands at arranging while members of the Melodons. Some continue to contribute to the band's book after graduation. One of the contributing alumni is Jim McNeely, now a student at the University of Illinois. McNeely satisfied the free-form contingent of the band when he brought in the score for a composition he calls *The Decent, Law-Abiding F Concert*.

"Oh, it's hard," Father Wiskirchen said with a diabolic chuckle. "It's a wild thing, a fun chart. . . . modern compositional style, avant-garde. He did something I never heard before: he's got a modal section based on F major, not minor. It's refreshing to hear modal-type playing in major. He's also got 86 measures of whole notes—all F—behind a tenor solo. I thought it was a put-on when I first saw it, but it works."

The band members in this "controlled democracy" have much to say about what music should remain in the book and what should be rejected.

"If it's not challenging, the kids put it down," Father Wiskirchen said. "I never have a fight over the music as long as it's good. They're a good barometer of the quality of the chart. They often express opinions more vehemently than I would."

Getting music, taking the time to teach youngsters to improvise, conducting rehearsals at night, competing in contests. . . . what is his aim in expending all this energy?

"Just to give the kids some experience with jazz—that's all," Wiskirchen answered. But why?

"I think it's a legitimate music," he said. "It's part of our culture, our tradition. And if all we do is feed them modern European classical music, I don't think we're educating them musically. Besides all that, I like it. Very much." 

EDDIE HIGGINS: House Band Blues

By Edwin Black

HIS BEAT comes through, no matter what the field of music. It is heard in his jazz compositions and in his swinging trio. He heads his own production company and scores soundtracks for commercials and short films. And for 10 years, pianist Eddie Higgins led the house group at one of the few places where jazz reliably can be heard in Chicago, the London House. He had a great gig, with, among others, Richard Evans and Eddie De Haas, bass, and Marshall Thompson, drums.

Now he's through. He's quit the gig he loved, and that beat is gone from public view, at least temporarily.

He points a finger bitterly at the public, a public that "looked past me because I was diversified, because I didn't have a 'gimmick,' because I didn't want to confine myself to one sound, one thing, and then die when that sound's appeal died. I was an honest musician, experimental, wide-ranged, but it wasn't good enough."

Higgins broke into the jazz scene in the middle '50s, at a time when Ramsey Lewis was playing on nights off and Higgins had a five-night job. In 1957 he started playing the off-nights at the London House and the Cloister Inn. The group had Bob Cranshaw's bass and Walter Perkins' drums. Before Higgins got a full-time spot at the London House, he had seen action at such Chicago clubs as the Brass Rail, Playboy, Maxim's, and Jazz, Ltd. And he spent six months on the road with Jack Teagarden.

In the early '60s Thompson and Evans joined him for the full-time job at the London House. Of this experience, Higgins has said, "It's a strange sensation. You come out to play, maybe do something new. Every time you play you hope at least one person is listening. Two? That would be truly gratifying."

But the scene at the London is full of clinking glasses, sudden guffaws, the spectrum of sounds that accompany people out on the town.

"I never knew whether I should get mad or cynical with an audience," he said. "I guess it pretty much depended upon my mood at the time. If I was in a good mood, the people could talk and ignore my work, and I'd think something like, 'Well, they're paying for it. If all they want is some kind of background music, they could put a dime in a jukebox. But if they want to pay all this money for what they can get for 10 cents, that's their problem.'"

"But I'll tell you, when I was in a bad mood, I'd get madder than hell, and I'd start thinking about just how inconsiderate people could be, how impervious to what a man seated right next to them is doing, and doing for them."

The first daylight work Higgins undertook was in 1963 with the Seeburg Corp., monkeying with background music. During the same year he began an apprenticeship as a recording engineer, first with Boulevard Studios and later with Universal.

"I just wanted to expand," he said. "I thought these were truly important things for a man of music to know. It's really an intriguing field."



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Thus the artistic directions of a man who had started with Dixieland when at Northwestern University began branching. Now Higgins was both in the performing and recording side of music, not really knowing which endeavor would prevail.

"That's just it," he said. "I was beginning to diversify too much. I got together with Bill Traut in about 1965, and we started our own master recording company, Dunwich Productions. I guess we wanted to produce good stuff."

It was through Dunwich that Higgins' first album, *Soulero*, a varietal of jazz, was sold to Atlantic. About a year later, under the auspices of George Badonsky, Higgins and Traut got into rock productions. A branch as an arranger was beginning to sprout, with Higgins shaping songs for such groups as the Shadows of Knight (*Gloria*), H. P. Lovecraft, the Mauds, the American Breed, and the New Colony Six.

Eddie was also recording as a sideman on piano for people like Al Grey (*Thinking Man's Trombone*) and trumpeter Lee Morgan (*Expoobidient*). A little later he got involved in freelance composing for commercials and short films.

"I've always wanted to be a musician," Higgins said. "I'm a pianist, but there isn't any one style I feel more comfortable in than another. But I'm in show biz—like it or not—and in show business you must have a single identifiable gimmick. As a jazz pianist you've got to have—if you want to be a commercial success with the public—a great emphasis on some individual trait."

"What can I say? My soul cries for adaptability and versatility, and the public craves singularity—that's the key to the whole problem."

Yet Higgins tries to reach his audience in his own way. His philosophy: if you can please people, and do what you consider your best job, that's the greatest artistic pleasure—"and I am an artist," he asserts. His colleagues know it.

Working at the London House for so long, Higgins has played opposite many major names in the business and counts among the friendships arising from that work names like Oscar Peterson, George Shearing, Cannonball Adderley, and other jazz stars.

He remembers appreciation, like the night Henry Mancini came to the London House alone for dinner. Higgins was playing a medley of Mancini pieces, mostly from *The Pink Panther* film and the *Gunn* television soundtracks, but concentrating on the secondary songs, the ones that aren't usually heard. Higgins didn't know the composer was in the audience, but he did observe a smile broadening on the face of a man seated near the stage. When the set was finished, the smiling listener identified himself as Mancini and expressed great pleasure and appreciation.

But he also remembers a decade of audiences and ignorance.

"There was the night I was working opposite Peter Nero, a great pianist," he said. "I had been playing house man at London for quite some time, and not being listened to very much, just because I was the house man, was beginning to get to me."

In came this one party, he said, "and apparently they must have thought I was Peter Nero. They got a table right near the stage and watched, and listened, and applauded loudly, and came up with complimentary remarks—the whole bit."

"When my first set was over, a few of the group approached me, all grins, and coughed up some unsolicited praise for Nero. I told them that I wasn't Peter Nero but that I appreciated their enthusiasm anyway."

"Well, they acted as if they had been somehow cheated. And when I began my second set, after Nero, the same group was still there. I guess my talent was the same from one hour to the next. I played the same. But the group was noisy as

(Continued on page 42)

BOOK REVIEWS:

LeRoi Jones' *Black Music/ Rock and Roll Will Stand*

Black Music by LeRoi Jones. William R. Morrow, \$5 (hardcover), \$1.95 (paperback).

Given the distressingly small size of the audience for avant-garde jazz, it is rather surprising when a major publishing house brings out a volume like *Black Music*, for most of the essays, sketches, reviews, and liner notes collected in it deal with the new jazz.

But Jones, of course, is no ordinary jazz critic. He is a gifted poet, the author of two original if rather obscure works of fiction (a novel and a collection of short stories), a social essayist, and a brilliant playwright. In addition, he is one of a small group of spokesmen who, by providing guidance and inspiration for young black radicals, are beginning to fill the vacuum in leadership left by the death of Malcolm X.

Though *Black Music* is avowedly a miscellany, I find it a more fascinating—if often a more disturbing—work than Jones' earlier full-length jazz study, *Blues People*.

The resources Jones brings to jazz criticism are impressive, perhaps even unique. First of all, he is black. (Some readers may argue that race is irrelevant. The question is a touchy one and will arise again later. For the moment, the inclusion of race in a list of Jones' credentials might be justified simply by pointing out how incredibly few black people have ever written jazz criticism. If nothing else, Jones helps correct an imbalance.) Secondly, Jones is a man of demonstrated intellectual gifts—he is even, if you care about such things, very well educated, in the narrow as well as the broad senses of the term. Third, he knows the music: he has lived in the midst of it, no doubt, most of his life.

In addition, Jones cares about the music deeply. Most jazz critics do, of course. But Jones' commitment is unusual. One gets the impression from *Black Music* that few things are more important to him: that certain listening experiences—hearing John Coltrane for several nights running at Birdland, for example, and receiving onslaught after onslaught of his 40-minute solos—have been crucial to Jones' development as an artist, as a Negro, as a man.

Finally, Jones is a poet. America contains many people who write poetry, but only a few poets, and Jones is one of them. This gift, I believe, is his single greatest resource as a jazz critic.

Whatever jazz criticism is, or should be, few who have ever tried to write it will deny that the critic spends a great deal

of his time struggling to articulate the nature of an experience, which is personal and complex and, in some respects, non-articulate.

The writer attempts to tell us not only what a particular music sounds like but also what it feels like and what it means, to him. This is a difficult task, because he must communicate in logical, linear, and verbal terms about an experience that is nonlogical, nonlinear, and nonverbal (or, in the case of vocals, only partially verbal). This difficulty is true of all music criticism, but it is especially true of jazz, where mere technical analysis is never sufficient.

The critic's effort to verbalize a non-verbal experience and to elucidate a meaning in a noncognitive form of expression necessarily involves the frequent use of metaphor. Whether they are aware of it or not, jazz critics write almost continually in metaphors (see Jones' wonderfully apt description of Elvin Jones "thrashing and cursing" behind Coltrane in a quotation to follow). The critic, then, if he is to perform his function well, must be more than a good writer. He must be an artist.

Jones brings to jazz criticism the same linguistic genius that characterizes his best poetry. No one, for example, has ever described better the phenomenon created when Elvin Jones played behind Coltrane:

It is a song given by making what feels to me like an almost unintelligible lyricism suddenly and marvelously intelligible . . . [Coltrane is] driven, almost harassed, . . . by the mad ritual drama that Elvin Jones taunts him with . . . Elvin thrashing and cursing beneath Trane's line is unbelievable. Beautiful has nothing to do with it, but it is. You feel when this is finished, amidst the crashing cymbals, bombarded tom-toms, and above it all Coltrane's soprano singing like any song you can remember, that it really did not have to end at all, that this music could have gone on and on like the wild pulse of all living.

The temptation to quote generously from the book is hard to resist, for there are many more passages of such sincerely felt and beautifully precise writing.

The book contains short pieces (most of them originally published in *Down Beat* or *Kulchur*) on a number of musicians associated with the avant-garde: Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Don Cherry, Wayne Shorter, Dennis Charles, and Sunny Murray. There are three pieces dealing specifically with Coltrane, and he is discussed in several of the essays on other musicians; if there is a dominant figure in the book it is surely Trane.

Some of the best pieces are the longer and more ambitious essays, *Jazz and the White Critic*, *The Jazz Avant-Garde*, and *Three Ways to Play the Saxophone*. The book also contains a few essays that focus on somewhat older musicians. There is an intelligent survey of *Recent Monk*. And there is a haunting vignette about Billie Holiday, as delicately sustained and economical as a fine poem: "Nothing was more perfect than she was . . . More than I have felt to say, she says always . . . A voice that grew from a singer's instrument to a woman's. And from that . . .

to a black landscape of need, and perhaps, suffocated desire. Sometimes you are afraid to listen to this lady."

Earlier I used the word "disturbing" in connection with this book. There are several pieces in *Black Music* that I have not yet mentioned; mostly they are the more recent essays. I cannot delay discussing them any longer, though I would like to.

To put it simply, LeRoi Jones changed. Around 1965, his jazz writing began to reveal subtle changes in thought and tone—even in literary style. The differences are first perceptible in the six pieces he wrote for a *Down Beat* column titled *Apple Cores*. Jones' earlier writing on the new music was exuberant in its enthusiasm, but it seemed like a healthy exuberance.



CHUCK STEWART

LeRoi Jones

and his analyses were usually balanced and carefully thought out. But in *Apple Cores*, Jones had suddenly become the self-appointed polemicist and propagandist for the avant-garde.

There is a belligerent, snarling tone in most of these pieces. His stance often seems to be something like "you poor jive bastards are too dumb to know it yet, but Albert Ayler (or whoever) is blowing circles around your favorite super-cool tenor." One occasionally suspects that Ayler, et. al., with a friend like Jones, certainly didn't need any enemies. His judgments had become dogmatic, distorted—he prematurely assigned greatness to very young musicians who are still learning and experimenting. Venomously, he castigated critics, clubowners, record producers, jive musicians, *Down Beat*—all of whom, he seemed to think, were engaged in a conscious and sinister conspiracy to keep jazz from moving forward.

But an even more dismaying change in outlook is apparent in these recent pieces. I do not know what adjective to apply to the new attitude except "racist." Certainly

/Continued on page 28

Record Reviews

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

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Bobby Bryant

THE JAZZ EXCURSION INTO HAIR—World Pacific Jazz ST-20159: *Be-In (Hare Krishna)*; *I Got Life*; *Let the Sunshine In*; *Hair*; *Good Morning Starshine*; *Aquarius*; *Where Do I Go? Colored Spade*.

Personnel: Bryant, trumpet, flugelhorn; Buddy Childers, Paul Hubinon, Reunald Jones, Freddy Hill, Bill Peterson, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Charles Loper, trombones; Mike Wimberly, bass trombone; Bud Shank, flute, Ernie Watts, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Freddie Robinson, guitar, Wilton Felder, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The musical *Hair* contains some good compositions, but the treatment of them here is unimpressive. Shorty Rogers, who wrote the arrangements for the album, did some fine writing for the Woody Herman and Stan Kenton big bands and for his own groups (among his sidemen were such praiseworthy performers as Art Pepper and Hampton Hawes) back in the '50s. The creatively stultifying environment of the Los Angeles area, where he has been based for so long, eventually affected him, however, and he started turning out trivial music.

His arranging here is technically competent but lacks the individuality of his earlier work. In fact, it has an anonymous quality. Influenced by modern r&b, he seems interested mainly in having the band play forcefully; e.g., there is a lot of loud brass playing.

Bryant is the featured soloist. He has good technique, fine range, plays with considerable power, and therefore is probably a valuable man to have in a studio band. However, his solo work is very derivative. He seems content to play solos loaded with stock ideas which listeners not too familiar with good modern jazz may think are very hip. His playing is also raucously tasteless at times.

There are solos by other members of the band too, but none of them particularly impressive.

Some pop and pop-jazz fans might like this album but I would not recommend it to jazz fans who value imaginativeness in music. —Pekar

Gary Burton

THROB—Atlantic SD 1531: *Henniger Flats*; *Turn of the Century*; *Chickens*; *Arise*; *Her Eyes*; *Prime Time*; *Throb*; *Doin the Pig*; *Triple Portrait*; *Some Echoes*.

Personnel: Richard Greene, violin; Burton, vibraphone, electric piano; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Steve Swallow, electric bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

A pianist friend who is a skilled performer of both jazz and ragtime has an interesting theory about the two musics. Many jazz historians seem to regard ragtime as merely a tributary to the jazz mainstream which dried up soon after its contribution had been made, but he feels that ragtime was a largely separate entity

which has continued to influence popular music to this day.

I think anyone who listens to Burton's performances of Mike Gibbs' *Turn of the Century* and *Throb* or Steve Swallow's *Chickens*, *Arise*, *Her Eyes*, and *Doin the Pig* alongside, for example, Willie The Lion Smith's *Passionette*, *Rippling Waters*, and *Fading Star* (all on a Mainstream LP) will hear the kinship. The qualities of ragtime—melodious charm, formal elegance, decorative improvisation, and frequently programmatic or impressionistic aims—are quite prominent throughout the Burton set.

Turn is a charming genre piece that conveys the gentle complacency of a 1900 small-town musicale, disturbs it momentarily with a more assertive bridge (the troubles to come?), and returns to the original mood. *Throb* is a similarly effective piece of impressionism, as is Swallow's *Arise*. The other Swallow pieces have a country hoedown flavor, and *Chickens* contains a delightful solo by the composer (sort of a *Foggy Mountain Breakdown* for electric bass).

Guitarist Hahn, who has since left the group, and violinist Greene, who began his career with Bill Monroe and His Bluegrass Boys, are quite effective in context, and I think Burton might well add Greene or a similar violinist as a permanent member.

About the group as a whole I have two reservations. First, there are Burton's solos. As implied above, this music requires little more than spirited, appropriate decoration from the soloists—a task which Hahn, Greene, and Swallow fulfill. But Burton, technically skilled as he is, seems to me a cool, indifferent improviser. The only emotion I get from his playing here is geniality, and too often even this is gone, leaving only "mallet wizardry".

My other reservation is about the group's conception. I suppose Burton doesn't claim comparison with jazz' heavyweights, but his popularity invites it, and by those standards his music is light entertainment.

Burton's fans can be assured that this album is as good or better than most of his previous sets, and curmudgeons like myself can admire its pleasant skill or press on to more urgent musical matters. —Kart

Jaki Byard

THE JAKI BYARD EXPERIENCE—Prestige PR 7615: *Parisian Thorougfare*; *Hazy Eve*; *Shine On Me*; *Evidence*; *Memories of You*; *Teach Me Tonight*.

Personnel: Roland Kirk, clarinet, tenor saxophone; manzello, whistle, kirkbam; Byard, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Track 5: Kirk and Byard only; track 3: Byard and Davis only.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The Byard-Kirk combination, a natural, has been heard before, on Roland's *Rip*,

Rig and Panic (one of his best) and *Here Comes The Whistlerman*. Both men are highly caloric musical personalities, both are eclectics in the best sense, at home with all the accents of the jazz language, and both have humor.

The result is mutual inspiration, and when the backfield is as potent and compatible a team as Davis and Dawson, sparks are bound to fly.

And they do. *Parisian* is a 10-minute tone-poem which for sheer energy and excitement leaves most psychedelics at the starting gate. Kirk's tenor solo is one of the best he's put on wax, and Byard's spot is no anticlimax. The finale should blow even the most blasé mind, as Kirk unleashes his entire arsenal. The rhythm section sustains the hair-raising tempo from start to finish.

Evidence is another lusty, surging ride, with Byard at his most extroverted while Kirk (on tenor all the way) digs into Monk's entrails. Don't miss Dawson in the last chorus—he's like a third melodic voice, but the beat stays there.

Eubie Blake's beautiful *Memories* is presented in an unusual tenor-piano duet. Kirk tips his cap to Don Byas, and his internal swing more than makes up for the missing rhythm section. Byard's solo opens in his best Tatum manner, becomes all Jaki, and evokes Tatum once again—and that's somebody to evoke. On *Teach Me*, which makes reference to the then ongoing New York City teachers' strike, Byard affectionately salutes another giant, Erroll Garner, who made this tune his own.

In contrast, *Hazy Eve*, a piano-bass track, is gently romantic and reflective. Byard's full-bodied sound is complemented by Davis' rich, dark tone. *Shine on Me* features Kirk on clarinet as well as tenor, and gets a Gospel groove. The clarinet is redolent of New Orleans, and Byard also goes way back home.

A first-rate session, recommended to all who like their music warm and from the inside. —Morgenstern

Miles Davis

IN A SILENT WAY—Columbia CS 9875: *Sbb/Peaceful*; *In a Silent Way/It's About That Time*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, soprano saxophone; John McLaughlin, guitar; Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, electric piano; Joe Zawinul, electric piano, organ; Dave Holland, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

With the exception of *Miles Smiles* and *Miles in the Sky*, recent years have seen Miles Davis playing one kind of music on record and another kind in person. The majority of his recordings have been concerned with musical color and en-

forced spontaneity (as on *Kind of Blue*), and the results have been impressionistic and rather tentative. In person the group is something else altogether—an explosive band that tears into the music rather than feeling their way through it.

I prefer the in-person Miles, and I think there is objective reason for that preference. Putting it simply, the frequency of significant musical events on this album and its stylistic predecessors (*Sorcerer*, *Nefertiti*, and *Filles de Kilimanjaro*) is rather low. When something does happen it is almost always something good, but more good things happen during most in-person tunes by the quintet than on this whole album.

The new musical color this time is an intriguing rhythm section combination of electric piano and organ, but it seems as if half the album is taken up while this color is established and adjusted.

Shh/Peaceful, which appears to have been spliced together from several takes, is the less successful performance. Miles' solo is a lukewarm elaboration of one of his favorite phrases, and there is a lengthy guitar solo which never quite emerges from the rhythm section's noodling.

Wayne Shorter's turn is brief but beautiful (the personnel listing has him on tenor, but he plays soprano saxophone throughout). He has a remarkable technical command of the instrument (this recording was reportedly the first time he ever played the soprano), and he reveals a touching, blue lyricism that rarely appears in his tenor playing.

The second side begins with Zawinul's *In a Silent Way* (all the other lines are by Miles), and its hymn-like quality fits the electric piano-organ-guitar-bowed bass ensemble quite well. This segues into *It's About That Time*, which finds Davis and Shorter in very good form over a striding rock rhythm.

If the performers of this music were merely good musicians the results would probably put anyone to sleep, but the skill and subtlety of the accompanists and the genius of Davis and Shorter make this album worth hearing. —Karl

The Dells

THE DELLS' GREATEST HITS—Cadet LPS-824: *Stay in My Corner; Always Together; There Is; Love Is So Simple; Please Don't Change Me Now; Wear It On Our Face; Make Sure; O-O, I Love You; Does Anybody Know I'm Here; Hallways of My Mind; The Change We Go Thru; I Can't Do Enough.*

Personnel: Charles Barksdale, Verne Allison, Michael McGill, Johnny Carter, Marvin Junior, vocals; orchestra conducted by Charles Stepney.

Rating: ★★½

The ever-popular Dells are among today's truly venerable r&b vocal groups. Some of their early work, for example *Oh What A Night*, (currently in a new hit version) can be heard on "golden oldies" type reissue albums. Despite their present and past popularity, however, their vocal work, compositions and arrangements, though competent and sometimes good, are not particularly distinctive or original.

Unlike Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, the Four Tops, and the Impressions, the Dells do not have a really outstanding lead vocalist, and the lead work is shared by several men. The variety of vocal styles

heard on this LP, ranging from raw and powerful (usually pretty good but sometimes exaggeratedly husky) to falsetto is, in fact, one of its virtues.

The Dells are now a modern r&b group, but their work here indicates the roots they have in the past. Their *Love Is So Simple* is reminiscent of 1950s r&b and *O-O I Love You*, which includes some deep-voiced talking parts, is a performance influenced by the Ink Spots.

The best selection is *The Change We Go Thru*, a good piece performed in a really impassioned manner. There are some other interesting compositions, but on none of them do the Dells convey similar emotional intensity. Generally, their work is not uninspired but not especially moving either. At times, as on *Love Is So Simple* and *Please Don't Change Me Now*, it is sloppily, even ludicrously sentimental.

The instrumental backgrounds are too often schmaltzy.

This is a somewhat better and more interesting than average r&b album. —Peckar

Earl Hines

FATHA BLOWS BEST—Decca DL 75048: *The One I Love; I Love My Baby; Nobody Knows; Saturday; You're Mine, You; Thinking of You; For Me and My Gal; Shine On Harvest Moon; Back in Your Own Back Yard; Everything Depends on You; Rhythm Sundaes.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Budd Johnson, soprano and tenor saxophone; Hines, piano, vocal (track 9); Bill Pemberton, bass, electric bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Tracks 4 and 10 by Hines and rhythm only.

Rating: ★★★★★

This relaxed, nostalgic, conversational music is of a sort too seldom heard (and almost never recorded) today. The tempos are moderate (but never slack), the approach melodic, the mood mellow. Yet this is vital and vibrant music.

It could have been made only by seasoned musicians, at ease with each other and themselves, their horns, and their music. A brand of jazz sometimes called mainstream, it will always be current.

The material is interesting, consisting in the main of quite ancient (but unhackneyed) tunes Hines remembered from the '20s and before, plus a '30s standard (*You're Mine, You*) and a pair of Hines pieces from that same decade (last two tracks).

This was probably the last record date by Hines' excellent regular group, which broke up recently, with Clayton as a welcome guest. That this sterling trumpeter is so seldom recorded these days is not less shameful because he shares this fate with such contemporaries as Roy Eldridge. He and Johnson—one of the unsung giants of the tenor, who during this decade has also become a master of the soprano—go together hand in glove.

Hines, who can be an eccentric accompanist, backs the horns masterfully and is in sparkling solo form. He radiates confident authority, even when in a reflective mood, and his touch and tone are a joy.

The three soloists are so consistent that a track-by-track resume would be redundant. Of particular merit, however, are Johnson's soprano on *Baby* and *Harvest Moon* (the latter the longest and best track) and his Pres-inspired tenor on *Thinking*, which has superb trumpet as well: the lyrical Clayton on *Nobody* and

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his perfect obligato to Hines' jaunty vocal on *Back Yard*, and the piano work on *Harvest* and *Love*. Jackson and Pemberton give ideal support throughout, and briefly step front and center on *Thinking*. The drummer's brush work is outstanding, and Pemberton gets an unusually pleasing sound from his Ampeg bass—not at all dry.

This tasty album is a sleeper and Decca has kept it a well-guarded secret. But it can—and should—be had. —*Morgenstern*

Moondog

MOONDOG—Columbia MS 7335: Theme: *Stamping Ground*; *Symphonique #3* (Ode to Venus); *Symphonique #6* (Good for Goodie); *minisym #1*; *Lament 1* (Bird's Lament); *Witch of Endor*; *Symphonique #1*.

Personnel: Joe Wilder, Teddy Weiss, Mel Broiles, Alan Dean, Danny Repole, trumpets; Paul Faulise, Tony Studd, Charles Small, Buddy Morrow, trombones; James Buffington, Richard Berg, Ray Alonge, Brooks Tillotson, French horns; Don Butterfield, Bill Stanley, Bill Elton, John Swallow, Phil Giardina, tubas; Harold Bennett, Andrew Lohy, Harold Jones, Hubert Laws, flutes; Henry Shuman, Irving Horowitz, English horns; George Silfies, Phil Bodner, Ernie Bright, Jack Knitzer, Don Macourt, Ryohhei Nakagawa, George Berg, Wally Kane, Joyce Kelly, reeds; George Duvivier, Ron Carter, Alfred Brown, Louis Hardin (Moondog), bass; Jack Jennings, Dave Carey, Elayne Jones, Bob Rosengarden, percussion; Paul Gershman, Aaron Rosand, Emanuel Vardi, David Schwartz, Eugene Becker, Raoul Poliakin, George Ricci, Joe Tekula, Charles McCracken, strings.

Rating: ★★★★★

This music is essentially classical in conception and purpose, but it is clear that the composer-conductor has absorbed a strong feeling for the contemporary. Although he maintains his heart is not in jazz, it has seeped into his consciousness and enhances much of this LP. With each hearing it becomes a richer pleasure.

Moondog is the pseudonym of Louis Hardin, 53, who is blind, writes all his music in braille, and enjoyed some popularity in jazz circles during the early '50s.

Initially, *Symphonique #6* makes the strongest impression. In a sense, it is nothing more than a simple 8-bar figure raised to the 17th power, on what is called a ground. The theme is introduced by the bass, then is picked up by the clarinet (it was conceived in 1955 as a dedication to Benny Goodman), then a duo of violas, then the bassoon and so on until it builds to a 17-part counterpoint. The effect is stunning and must be heard.

Lament 1, which honors Charlie Parker, is not an attempt to orchestrate the swirls and whiplashes of Bird's style. It's a simple four-bar figure which becomes a tapestry for a free melodic line played by alto and baritone saxophones. Hardin and Bird knew each other, and even talked once about doing an album together. It's too bad it never materialized. His salute to Parker haunts the mind.

The opening track, *Theme*, is another ground, this time using a basic 16-bar theme in 5/4 time. It has a sweeping, almost pastoral quality to it, although unfortunately it fails to develop to a logical conclusion.

Minisym is a short work in three parts, alternating between the snappy and the lyrical in 4/4 time. The rhythms are infectious, with an especially appropriate interlude using a trio of bassoons.

Moondog adheres to the disciplines of traditional tonality throughout, but yet

achieves an adventurous musical experience that is very much of today—perhaps because his tools are the basic ones, producing a sound for all seasons. There is much here that jazz lovers, especially those bending toward the mainstream, should find stimulating, even though this is not a jazz or "swing" package. Recommended.

—*McDonough*

Big Joe Williams

HAND ME DOWN MY OLD WALKING STICK—World Pacific 21897: *Oh Baby*; *Hand Me Down My Old Walking Stick*; *Shady Grove*; *Mama Don't Like Me Runnin' Round*; *Sittin' N' Thinkin'*; *Scardie Mama*; *Blues Round the World*; *Everybody's Gonna Miss Me When I'm Gone*; *Pearly Mae*; *Baby Keeps On Breakin' 'Em Down*; *Church Bells Ring*; *Take It All*.

Personnel: Williams, nine string guitar, vocals; unidentified drums, (tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12); probably unidentified electric bass, track 7.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is Big Joe's first new LP in several long years, offering new and unfamiliar older material even more eclectic in inspiration than usual from this resourceful



performer (*Oh Baby* is a melange of familiar lines, and for all you or I know, this version is the source of them all). If it is not Big Joe's best music, it is nonetheless good to hear, and after all it is a new LP and the others are largely unavailable.

Big Joe cut it in three hours, but it must have taken at least a week of full-time work to dub in that totally useless drummer who muddies up the works in seven of the songs. Whoever he is, he attempts to be unobtrusive, probably because he realized that the hare-brained producer's scheme of presenting Big Joe as a "modernist" is a shoddy way to acquire a few pounds. There is some cute jive with a double-time bit in *World* and with the sock cymbal in *Scardie*, but otherwise he stays as modest as possible—even so, the purists who constitute most of the record's potential audience are likely to be put off. The bass line in *World* is so dead and motionless that it is surely an interloper's work, too. This is Big Joe's record, though, and the music is extremely valuable.

This is a music of constant rhythmic change, color and detail variation, fairly extreme yet controlled drama, erratic shifts of tone and character—in short, almost a surrealist-expressionist music, saved only by Big Joe's humanism and the primacy of the blues impulse. True, there is *Church*, a strong kind of story-song, which opens with single note lines, spreads into 3rd, 6th, etc. chords in the second chorus—Big Joe's favorite harmonic medium, a climactic method of his thinking—then into suddenly broken phrases which final-

ize the sense of tragedy and loss so that when the first chorus is repeated it gains profound power. This kind of structural flow is uncharacteristic. By contrast, *Sittin'*, the best song here, offers all of Big Joe's techniques, especially the dramatic contrasts of a cappella vocal or bass string lines against full orchestral-sounding lines, broken passages of rhythmically free yet highly emotional materials placed in a most original construction.

Spontaneity is the motivating element in Big Joe's music. Even more than most of today's allegedly free jazzmen, Big Joe's music has no safeguards: the traditional two or four-measure blues units are ignored except when he deliberately rushes tempo, and although each chorus does manage to at least refer to the blues changes, there is no supporting continuity underlying the foreground vocal-guitar motion of each song.

This is an immensely sophisticated art beside which the music of the leading contemporary blues performers seems crude and vulgar. Big Joe's emotional contemporaries are not modern blues or r&b men, but Jackie McLean, Ornette Coleman, Roscoe Mitchell: free and open musicians who express powerful thoughts through methods equally unbound by other than wholly emotional or artistic considerations.

Few artists in blues or jazz have ever been such dramatic performers. As a singer and guitarist, Big Joe is a complete orchestra, as flexible in his own forceful, idiomatic way as Ellington's, at least when he chooses to be so. Despite the reservations noted above, no track among these 12 is less than excellent. This LP is highly recommended as a sample of a powerful individualist's art, slightly lighter in tone than his earlier best works, and ever faithful to his most musical self. —*Litweiler*

The World's Greatest Jazzband

THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZBAND OF YANK LAWSON AND BOB HAGGART—Project 3 PR/5033SD: *Sunny*; *Panama*; *Baby*; *Won't You Please Come Home*; *Up, Up and Away*; *Ode to Billy Joe*; *Honky Tonk Train*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Limehouse Blues*; *Big Noise from Winnetka*; *This Is All I Ask*; *Mrs. Robinson*; *Bagle Call Rag*.

Personnel: Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Lou McGarity, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano, Haggart, bass; Morey Feld, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

EXTRA!—Project 3 PR/5039SD: *What the World Needs Now*; *Windmills of Your Mind*; *South Rampart Street Parade*; *Do You Know the Way to San Jose?*; *Wichita Lineman*; *Wolverine Blues*; *I'm Prayin' Humble*; *59th Street Bridge Song*; *It Must Be Him*; *Alfie*; *Savoy Blues*; *Love Is Blue*.

Personnel as above, but Butterfield doubles fluegelhorn and Gus Johnson replaces Feld.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Forget the hyperbolic name—the musicians didn't choose it. But it's a good promotional stunt, and effective and intelligent promotion of jazz is such a rarity these days that we can't complain.

Though the second album is better than the first, neither does justice to the band's in-person capabilities. Perhaps it should record live, or maybe additions to the repertoire were recorded a bit too soon.

But even at less than its absolute best, the WJG is well worth attention. This is an unusual group in many ways: size, instrumentation, repertoire, personnel. Is it a small big band or a big small band?

Neither, actually, for it combines some of the best features of both in a most original way. Bob Haggart, responsible for the bulk of the arrangements, must be credited with the conception, and this unique ensemble adds up to more than the sum of its all-star parts.

One of the most welcome aspects of the WGJ is its contemporary slant on repertoire. A glance at the 24 tunes listed above will make detailed analysis redundant; suffice it to point out that choice current pops, seasoned with traditional fare from the Dixieland and Swing menus, adds up to a most palatable musical buffet.

It might well be that one of the reasons for jazz's current impasse is that too many musicians have forgotten that the music, in its best years, thrived on popular material of the day as well as original compositions. Most traditional jazz bands are singularly limited in musical outlook, relying almost entirely on warhorses, while too many contemporary groups are equally exclusive in their adherence to originals (most of which they don't even bother to identify to the audience.)

So the WGJ is on to something. It's not just what you do, of course, but also how you do it, and fortunately its treatment of current themes is tasteful and always musical. Haggart's long experience with the Bob Crosby Band, which played a lot of things besides "Dixieland", stands him in good stead.

The musicians are stimulated by not having to play stale things over and over, and it's a kick to hear Freeman bite into *Mrs. Robinson* with gusto, or to find how well Wilber's beautiful soprano sound fits the contours of *Sunny*. If, on the other hand, *Savoy Blues* is the band's best recorded work so far, it could be because it is such a fine piece to begin with, and because the blues has always been where it's at.

On *Savoy*, by the way, Haggart deploys his powerful front line in two units—trumpet and reeds; flugelhorn and trombones—and with the added lustre of stereo separation, the results are most attractive.

Prayin' Humble, from the old Crosby book, is of special interest because it was one of the first Gospel-inspired pieces for big band. It sounds very contemporary, and Lawson's featured horn is in there. Not nearly as welcome is another piece of Crosbyanna, *South Rampart Street Parade*. It has been done to death, and even the WGJ can't revive it. Crosby item No. 3, *Big Noise*, is an amusing novelty but a throwaway in terms of LP programming.

Each album is graced by a Butterfield ballad feature, *This Is All I Ask* and *Alfie*, respectively; the former on trumpet the latter on flugel. Both are lovely.

Lawson-Butterfield duets are another nice specialty of the band. The two go well together—sometimes it is difficult to tell them apart, but then each man's distinctive style comes to the fore. Lawson's plunger work sparkles, and the twosome also makes a fine section team.

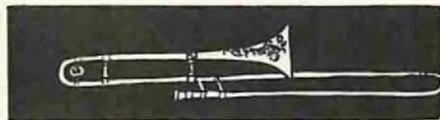
No less gifted is the trombone duo. McGarity is now the chief carrier of the great Teagarden tradition, with his own barrelhouse flavor added, and he combines

a lusty, direct solo style with sophisticated section craftsmanship. The younger Fontana may seem a somewhat anomalous presence, considering the musical orientation of the rest of the band, yet he not only fits perfectly, but adds an important accent. Always a fine soloist, he has never been better, though he isn't featured enough on the albums for my taste. His facility is astonishing, and his conception matches it.

The reed team is a delight. Not much new can be said in praise of Bud Freeman, who is never less than good and often much more than that. He is as involved in and committed to playing today as he was 40 years ago, and he is always himself. One would like, however, to hear more of his splendid ballad playing. Wilber, the band's other "youngster," is also a gas. His fluent clarinet is always distinguished, but it is his soprano that excites with its joyous, singing tone and lovely phrasing. It is one of my favorite sounds in today's music.

The rhythm section on the second album is superior, due to the buoyant beat of Gus Johnson. No disrespect to Morey Feld, a fine drummer, but Gus gives the band a special lift. Haggart's bass is discreet but essential, his choice of notes a pleasure to hear. Sutton's piano is also indispensable to the team, but he is not given enough solo space (on the whole, the tracks are too short, another reason why the band is better in person.) His feature, *Honky Tonk*, is expertly played in the Bob Zurke tradition, but I'd rather have heard his soulful interpretation of Bix Beiderbecke's *In The Dark*, or his delightful straight-ahead improvisations on a good standard.

Also missing from these LPs is the gentle presence of Maxine Sullivan, whose impeccably phrased singing is a highlight of the band's public appearances. Maybe next time; in any case, the WGJ has a five-star album in it, which I'm sure will materialize. Meanwhile, these records are a substantial contribution to the band's mission, which has our unqualified blessings. —Morgenstern



ROCK BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

Despite what you might think, writing this column isn't much fun. It's kind of like shooting fish in a barrel. But the thing is—and the only reason I continue doing it—that there's so much schlock ground out in the name of rock these days it's very difficult to keep up with it. Album covers, personnel listings, tune selections and, above all, advertising furnish no help at all. The new LP by an unheralded group can be a gem or a dog. And that's where this column seeks to help—usually by pointing out the dogs but occasionally calling attention to a worthwhile disc that might otherwise be ignored. So be it.

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The thing that drags me most is superior production and recording of an obviously inferior group. The most recent example of this to come my way is by a group called **Fear Itself** (Dot 25942), a quartet built around singer Ellen McIlwaine which attempts to mask its inability to bring off the strength, skill and relaxation required to perform blues (obviously the group's major stimulus and overriding preoccupation) by indulging in a tasteless use of studio-generated rock playing practices. The result is neither fish nor fowl but only a transparent display of weakness—gutless blues singing combined with pointless rock-styled backing, an approach that takes as gospel the most ephemeral, superficial aspects of the work of Cream and other "heavy" British blues groups. Miss McIlwaine's singing is among the most mannered, tortured attempts at idiomatic blues singing I've yet suffered through, and makes the most grotesque posturings of Junior Wells seem decorous in comparison. *Crawling Kingsnake* and *Born Under A Bad Sign* are unbelievably embarrassing; I defy anyone with a love for the blues to sit through them. A dog, unmistakably, and a mongrel at that. Producer Tom Wilson knows better.

Lest the Victor Moscoso cover mislead you, **Atmosphere** by the Colours (Dot 25935) is a totally mindless exercise in pop rock by a very polished group. Their second LP, this is very much like their earlier set—easy and relaxed, generally understated, with a fine studio production job. But their music, for all—or perhaps because of—its pleasant character and smooth surfaces, is eminently forgettable, bland as a marshmallow. At their most daring they offer a tepid imitation of the most commercial aspects of middle-period Beach Boys.

Under the title **Hamilton Streetcar** (Dot 25939)—get it? Cute, eh?—Dot has issued a disc that, while they never spell it out, purports to be a rock operetta. The title is the cleverest thing about it, so let's leave it at that.

Having gone through a period of simple-minded pretension during which they attempted rock treatments of the Catholic mass (*Mass in F Minor*) and the Jewish Kol Nidre (*Release of an Oath*), the Electric Prunes are seeking to purge themselves with a return to basics in **Just Good Old Rock and Roll** (Reprise 6342). An adjunct of this move to roots was the decision to strive in the studio for an approximation of live playing and, as a result, there is a minimum of studio effects. The Prunes have managed to come up with a set of performances that make very skillful use of its quartet instrumentation. The colors and textures of the music are many and varied, and there are any number of interesting effects scattered through the 11 tracks—witness *Love Grows, So Many People to Tell* and *Giant Sunhorse*, among others. But the music and the arrangements are only half of the story and where the album founders is on the songs and the singing. The song materials, contrary to the album title, are not just good old rock and roll but are, instead, a mismatching of r&r musical conception with lyrics of dismal pretension and pseudosignificance. The end result is, ulti-

mately, self-gelding. The posturing, heavy-handed lead singing doesn't help too much either, though the vocal blend in harmonized passages is pretty nice. Instrumental skills and clever orchestrations aside, this set just doesn't hold up. Moreover, there's a curiously dated air to most of the performances; we've heard all this kind of thing before—but better. The Prunes sorely need material commensurate with their musical abilities.

The young Galveston-based singer-guitarist-songwriter Tony Joe White scored a great success with his *Polk Salad Annie*, a gritty bit of fieldhand-inflected local color that came off quite well. This and five other White compositions, as well as his renditions of five current pop pieces, comprise his first LP, **Black and White** (Monument 18114). Reminding of a male Bobbie Gentry in his use of southern idiom, dialect, and situations for his songs, White is a satisfying performer—when taken in small doses. The first side of the LP consists of six of his compositions—unpretentious slices of life ala *Ode to Billie Joe*, all delivered with low-keyed diffidence. The similarity of mood, matter and manner leads, however, to a stultifying sameness—the songs tend to merge into one monochromatic mass. Some of the individual songs are rather nice, and White's offhanded delivery is perfectly appropriate to them (incidentally, it sounds as though he's listening to a lot of Mose Allison and Lightnin' Hopkins), but listeners are advised to take them in small doses. His renditions of most of the other more or less standard pieces are somewhat bland, though he turns in a nice job on *Scratch My Back*. In fact, now that I think about it, White's musical impetus would appear to derive from those mid-1950s southern blues recordings issued by Sun and Excello. He's got a fine command of this idiom, which he has annealed in his own songs to more recent developments in country-and-western music. Fine wah-wah guitar scattered through the LP; in fact some of the tastiest and best controlled I've yet heard.

A strange and, in the main, tasty (given its commercial orientation) little album from Uni (73053) is **The Aquarians**. Under the direction of pianist-arranger Vladimir Vassiliev, the group sports an impressive roster of jazz talent, including guitarist Joe Pass, flutist-alto saxophonist Joe Roccisano, drummer Carl Lott, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson, and bassist Stan Gilbert—who are replaced by Lynn Blessing and Al McKibbin, respectively, on three tracks—and Latin percussionist Francisco Aguabella. The approach is basically that of a more heavily Latinized bossa nova, with a strong overlay of wordless (or at least insipid) vocalizing, which occasionally all but obliterates the instrumental work. An interesting set, simply because there is such a prominent jazz cast to the proceedings (as on *Excuses, Excuses* or *Batakum* for example) despite the album's overt commercial slant. There's not enough strong jazz playing for the jazz listener to recommend this album unreservedly, but it is a good job of work, all things considered, and would make a welcome addition to any library of tasty mood jazz, if that's your bag. Very little rock here. 

BUD SHANK/BLINDFOLD TEST

"Jazz music as we have known it is really not a highly marketable product right now," says Bud Shank, "either in night clubs or on records. There's some doubt as to whether it ever has been, but it seems to me like there have been better periods. And that brings us to the question of what is jazz? It can mean so many things to so many people. For example, some regard Blood, Sweat & Tears as jazz, but I don't. I regard it rather as a very helpful application of some characteristics of jazz.

"We're still in an era highly influenced by John Coltrane; most younger saxophone players are in one way or another extensions of Coltrane—some good, but very few. Most of the younger guys have lost the point of what Coltrane stood for. It's like what happened in the Bird era where many missed the importance of what Bird had to offer, and just a few discovered it.

"There'll probably be another big influence coming along in a few years to change everything, but this is where we are now. I just wish some of the younger saxophonists who take Coltrane as their point of departure would listen more carefully, listen to the sound he got out of his horn and hear what he was trying to do with it, instead of, as they tend to do, a straight-ahead freak-out. There was a great deal of thought to what Coltrane was doing."
—Leonard Feather

1. JEAN-LUC PONTY. *Summit Soul* (from *Electric Connection*, World Pacific) Ponty, violin, composer; Gerald Wilson, conductor, arranger.

That must be Jean-Luc Ponty, because he's the only one I know with a violin that's in that kind of a groove. The most important part about that record to me would be the thing that Blood, Sweat & Tears has opened up, with the brass section and the rhythmic Fender bass and the things the rhythm sections are doing. They've really opened up a great big door for jazz musicians. It's helped a lot of jazz musicians to get back in the public eye.

I have no idea who wrote the arrangement, but there is that basic formula, rhythm section, brass section plus a soloist. Jean-Luc Ponty is the first person who has ever come along that has made any sense to me on that instrument. He obviously has a very legitimate background and knows his instrument very well. But at the same time he's been listening to Coltrane and all the others who've been on the jazz scene for quite a few years.

His harmonic lines and structures are something else. That instrument has irritated me ever since I heard it—as far as jazz music is concerned. I've never really been able to put up with it until I heard him play—and if this is not Jean-Luc, there's somebody else on the scene who's doing it too.

I'd rate that five stars.

2. DUKE PEARSON. *Here's That Rainy Day* (from *Now Hear This*, Liberty) Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone; Pearson, piano, arranger.

Rainy Day, one of my favorite tunes. I have no idea who this is. It was done by a very capable arranger and a very capable saxophone player, but I think that if the arranger had taken another day to write his arrangement and the saxophone player came in another day to make the record, it would have been better. It's a little uninspired from both departments. They both sound like they're capable of better things. Two stars.

3. ELLA FITZGERALD. *Get Ready* (from *Ella*, Reprise), Richard Perry, arranger.

That's Ella in a pop-rock groove. When you first played this I thought this was

from—and it might well be—a new album she just made that I heard on the radio the other day, that disturbed me. It was Ella with a super-contemporary rhythm section, which means 'hard rock', I guess. And it really bothered me; I said, "No, no, not you too, Ella!"

This particular record is very good and I like it. For this I shall give five stars. But it brings us to the point that so many artists are joining the bandwagon of doing the super-contemporary tunes—the kids' tunes—with that style of rhythm section. Is it necessary? Ella is so strong just being Ella that I don't really think she needs it—for me. Maybe she needs it for the market, of course.

I've been listening to Ella Fitzgerald records ever since I can remember, and I prefer her just being Ella, without the addition of all the salt and pepper and sugar and spices. As far as the song is concerned, though, for this type of vehicle, it's good.

4. STAN GETZ. *I Remember Clifford* (from *Didn't We*, Verve). Getz, tenor saxophone; Johnny Pate, arranger.

Stan Getz, the master saxophone player. He can do anything to a saxophone that he ever dreams or thinks of. He's got to be the best technician. . . . the best saxophone player, for me. I have heard this particular record before, but it's beautiful as all his records are.

I know that tune and it's very pretty and the arrangement is lovely, simple. It was a vehicle for Stan. He has been my number one favorite saxophone player since I was a kid. There have been others that have impressed me and influenced me, but he always comes through for me, no matter in what vein—ballad or more swinging jazz thing or the samba-bossa nova—he's an all around musician.

He has the technique that comes from many years of practicing, playing and thinking. He's a master musician, and that's a five star record.

5. LOUIS JORDAN. *Early In The Morning* (from *The Birth Of Soul*, Decca) Jordan, vocal, alto saxophone; recorded 1947.

Well, that are the blues! . . . with a few



other things mixed in. I don't know who it is. I don't recognize who. The blues part of this is beautiful. The blues are a very important form of music for every musician, especially when it's done well. But in this particular case, the addition of—I don't know what you'd call it—Latin-calypso, conglomerate-type rhythm section seemed out of place to me. All of a sudden, we didn't know whether we were in New Orleans or Trinidad or where.

The alto saxophone player did his job well and again I don't know who it was—I'm probably going to be embarrassed, because I know I've heard him before. Because of the tune itself and the vocalist and the alto player I would give it five stars, but because I didn't like the combination of what they were doing with the rhythm section, I'm going to have to lower it back to about two stars.

(Later: Louis Jordan? I'm ashamed of myself for not recognizing him.)

6. TONY WILLIAMS. *Something Spiritual* (from *Emergency!*, Polydor) Williams, drums; John McLaughlin, guitar; Larry Young, organ.

Well, what was that all about? That would have been excellent underscoring for a chase scene or a fight scene in a film. As a piece of music it adds up to about zero. There was no continuity, nothing but a bunch of sounds. These types of sounds, however, I'm very much in favor of, the electronic sounds produced from electric guitars and organs and the fender bass, which have become such a prominent part of our lives recently. But, to me, there must be some thought as to how it's all to be put together and used.

If this was underscoring for a film, all right. But if this was supposed to represent a piece of music or somebody's feeling or impression of something, it adds up to nothing. It was like a three-minute introduction to something; it never happened and the whole tune was the last chord.

I really can see no reason for its existence in this form on this particular record. I like these types of sounds, I play with them and I write with them and I'm exposed to it all the time. . . . but where's the music? So in this instance, we're going to have to go for zero stars.



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

New York Jazz Festival

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The 1969 New York Jazz Festival ran for four nights on two consecutive weekends. The following report covers the final two concerts, Aug. 23 and 24, and is intended more as a review of the festival itself than of the "acts".

Saturday night's proceedings were scheduled to begin at 7 p.m. By 7:30, no announcements had been made and only an occasional glimpse of pianist Les McCann wandering around the bandstand indicated that there might be some music in the offing. That hint grew somewhat stronger at 7:40, when the piano was delivered. Ten minutes later, an emcee calling himself Sad Sam waddled on stage and proceeded with strained joviality to hurl inanities at the remarkably patient audience.

It was 8 o'clock before McCann (with Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Donald Dean, drums; Buck Clarke, conga) was able to start. No sooner had the quartet begun the second chorus of *Sunny* than pandemonium broke loose. In a mad scramble, the \$4.50 to \$8 ticket holders descended on the \$10 "VIP" section, stepping on the toes of those legitimately there and, in many cases, securing better seats.

As soon as calm had been restored, McCann and Co. tackled *Sunny* again, but it was no use. This time the competition came in the form of microphone feedback. There followed a ten-minute audio maintenance delay and a second invasion of the VIP section. This time the invaders, folding chairs in hand, filled up the aisles and all other open space in the higher-priced section. All this took place without any form of intervention from the festival's officials or security guards.

Finally, at 8:20, McCann was able to bring *Sunny* to a natural conclusion. The sanctified beat continued with *Burnin' That Coal* and led to *With These Hands*, a ballad on which the pianist also sang. The set ended with McCann the Soul singer doing a social commentary song entitled *Compared to What*.

A young singer "all the way from Long Island" was next. Todd Finkel no more belongs in a jazz festival than does Liberace, but then, this was a jazz festival in name only. Even at this early stage, the unintended comic relief provided by Finkel was actually welcome.

I daresay that Finkel might do well at the resorts or on the Ed Sullivan Show, but the stadium crowd was not ready for his gyration-accompanied *Light My Fire*. The nervous laughter which this brought on had not yet subsided when, in the desperate voice of one who knows he's bombing out, he bravely announced "a tribute to that great lady whom we all loved so much, Billie Holiday".

Considering the soul-forsaken rendition of *God Bless the Child* that followed, and the mood of the predominantly black crowd, it is quite possible that a passing airship spared Finkel from even greater embarrassment than what he did suffer.

The airship, hovering majestically above the stadium, slightly behind the bandstand, was one of those flying billboards. As soon as the crowd, unattentive to the per-

formance on stage, spotted the ever-changing, flashing, multi-colored messages which moved from the airship's bow to its stern, they became a modern-day Greek chorus, their voices rising in perfect unison. E-N-J-O-Y Y-O-U-R V-A-C-A-T-I-O-N . . . each letter was held until the next one appeared . . . D-R-I-V-E S-A-F-E-L-Y—the messages kept coming while Finkel's voice occasionally emerged from the poorly lit stage. "Mama may have, papa may have . . ." A paper cup flew toward the singer as the crowd continued its incongruous chant. It missed, and the bewildered performer continued until, as if by design, his voice mike went dead.

The circus continued with Hugh Masekela. Clad in a Texas-cum-mod outfit, he received a tumultuous welcome from his dashiki-sporting fans. I won't go into the music any more than I would review an art exhibit in the dark. As a matter of fact, the metaphor can be taken literally, since, sound system aside, Masekela and his men almost did perform in the dark. One of the two spotlights that constituted the stage lighting seemed to be out. However, it was discovered that both spotlights were indeed on—one of the operators simply had a poor aim and was missing the stage!

Throughout both nights, a soloist would often find himself in total darkness while a stagehand was bathed in light. Add to that the thoroughly inadequate sound system, and you can imagine what a nightmare it all must have been for the performers.

Comedian Redd Foxx entertained while the stage was being set for the Basic band. His opening promise, "I swear to God and three other white men—you're gonna have some fun now" was fulfilled and his was the only act of the evening that came off without technical mishap.

As far as I could determine, Basie's band played well and drummer Harold Jones propelled it along nicely. There were some excellent solos by tenor-saxophonist Lockjaw Davis (especially on *Cherokee*) and Eric Dixon, and trombonist Frank Hoods, and all 12 microphones seemed to be working, albeit somewhat off balance.

More insipid smalltalk from increasingly sad Sam and, like the three witches in *Macbeth*, the Delfonics (the King Sisters of Soul) romped on stage, spouting a deluge of wildly animated r&b hits while a large segment of the audience showed where it was really at.

Woody Herman's band, which followed, was sadly disappointing, but then, nothing could possibly have sounded good under the prevailing circumstances. Furthermore, it was now past midnight and the audience, which had not been granted the scheduled intermission, had spent at least five hours in sedentary discomfort while their ears had withstood a solid four hours of abuse.

It is clear that the main attraction of the evening was singer Dionne Warwick, for had it been otherwise, the stadium would have emptied out long before she came on close to 12:30 a.m.

Preceded by a male vocal trio, the Constellations, Miss Warwick made a rather stagey entrance. Using most of the Her-

man band and the vocal trio to start things off, she began her opening number, *Aquarius*, from backstage. No sooner had she appeared than the Constellations' mike went dead and we were again listening to half a performance. After three of Miss Warwick's rather uninspired past hits, I'd had more than enough. Just before exiting, I looked back at the crowd, now awake and attentively accepting the acoustically garbled sounds of an idol, their ears and ears surely sore.

Sunday night's event began 75 minutes late with a very good set by the Lou Donaldson Quintet. Trumpeter Gary Chandler provided one of the highlights of the evening with his obbligato work behind a Donaldson blues vocal. The sound system worked reasonably well (all the instruments could be heard) and the set was marred only by Donaldson's use of the Varitone, particularly his application of strong reverb in the second chorus of the above-mentioned blues.

Sad Sam was back, but he hadn't improved (where do producers dig up these emcees? Surely in New York . . .). He repeated some of his bad jokes of the previous night in introducing the next act, a vocal quartet called the Friends of Distinction.

The Friends were a cross between the Hi Lo's and the Fifth Dimension, but I don't believe they are any match for either group. I may be wrong, for a bad sound system can be as deceiving as a funhouse mirror, and unless the female half of the group turned to mime in mid-

song, those mikes were dying again. During this set, a repeat of Saturday night's invasion of the VIP section took place.

Chico Hamilton, sporting a small pig-tail, did much to save the evening. His sextet (two trombones, two saxes, bass and drums) gave the most musically exciting performance of the evening and much credit must go to bass trombonist Jimmy Cheatham, whose arrangements cleverly and most pleasantly combine the humor of jazz past with the seriousness of jazz present. I was also impressed with altoist Steve Potts.

After a hilarious set of her routines, Jackie (Moms) Mabley announced that she was going to "step out of character" to sing her latest hit, *Abraham, Martin and John*. The audience loved it, but I found it rather maudlin and Miss Mabley's many plugs for the record ("It's number two now . . . buy it, Moms needs the money," etc.) made her tears quite incongruous.

Again, the scheduled intermission was skipped (without a word of explanation) and the program continued with a long but far from dull set by the Unifics. This singing group (four young men) whips around the stage, eight hands gloved in white creating movements that would make a Siamese temple dancer envious. It's a Soul group that relates to its audience in much the same way that Bessie Smith and her colleagues must have back in those tent show days. Their choreography was imaginative and their voices good. During a falsetto solo in the group's

second number, a girl in front of me fainted from excitement, and the stadium filled with orgasmic shrieks each time the group struck a suggestive pose.

Hordes of teenagers could be seen exiting the stadium as Lou Rawls stepped in front of a big band and tried to revive a dead mike. It was too far gone; he had to borrow a live one from the sax section.

After a good set by Rawls came Sarah Vaughan. "I brought the Mafia with me", she said laughingly after introducing the members of her trio, all bearing Italian names, "and I'm the moll". What she was was a reminder of how truly cool a seasoned jazz pro can be.

With regal majesty she held the stage and gave a performance that commanded attention from even the rowdiest drinkers in the audience. With a smile she sang a comment on the piano—"The worst I've ever worked with." Some of the keys didn't function and it was out of tune, but she proceeded to ignore that handicap.

It is hard to say who suffered most from the badly planned, incompetently produced New York Jazz Festival. Surely the performers did, as well as the serious jazz listeners in attendance. Perhaps the sponsors, Schaefer Beer, suffered a different kind of pain at the sight of a competitive brew being sold at the official stands and by wandering vendors, but ultimately it is jazz itself that must pay the long-term dues for this kind of circus.

Producer Teddy Powell should go back to his record hops until he is ready for the big leagues. —Chris Albertson



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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 19)

any white American ought to be extremely cautious in accusing a black man of racism, but I believe that in this case, unfortunately, the term applies. The change can perhaps be best illustrated by comparing the book's opening essay, *Jazz and the White Critic*, first published in 1963, with the lengthy closing essay, *The Changing Same: Rhythm and Blues and New Black Music*, published in 1967.

The thesis of the first essay is one some might find objectionable but that to me is fundamentally sound. Jones argues that "Negro music is essentially the expression of an attitude, or a collection of attitudes, about the world, and only secondarily an attitude about the way music is made." The earliest jazz criticism—written almost exclusively by whites—was often irrelevant because the white critics were ignorant about the *sources* of Negro music: the unique history of the black experience in white, racist America. Though more recent jazz writing has risen above the gee-whiz attitude of the first critics, it has failed to produce a valid, intelligent tradition and body of commentary on jazz of the kind that exists for, say, the American drama.

Jones points out that whites encounter great difficulties when they attempt to write meaningfully about jazz (and also, of course, when they attempt to play it) because they come from a culture with a world-view and value system quite different from those of the black culture. But Jones never says that the task is impossible for whites, only that it is difficult, and in fact the piece ends on a note of guarded optimism.

The Changing Same starts from the same basic assumption as *Jazz and the White Critic*: "The song and the people is the same." But here Jones carries the assumption a crucial step further: "The significant difference is . . . 'kind' of consciousness. And that's what it's about: consciousness. What are you with? . . ."

The notion that all Negro music proceeds from a particular consciousness that is foreign to whites leads Jones to the conclusion that whites cannot create valid jazz. And a new assumption creeps into this later essay: not only is the white consciousness different in "kind" from the black, but it is also finally inferior, because it grows out of a sick, degenerate, depraved culture. Therefore, whenever black music is subject to European influences, it is made less pure. (It does not seem to bother Jones that the implication of this line of reasoning is that the only valid black music is African.) Further, whenever whites play black music—be they Paul Whiteman or Paul Butterfield—they are motivated by cynical avarice.

I have not called Jones a "racist" without acknowledging the *general* validity of many of his claims. Certainly there have been relatively few great white jazz musicians. Certainly much in the society that American whites have created is sick—perhaps even sick unto death. Certainly one could cite many examples of whites who have gotten rich by offering for sale

a slick, watered-down version of the music of a black innovator who has remained in obscurity. But to conclude, therefore, as Jones does, that any white musician who draws on black sources for his music is (a) an inferior artist and (b) a mercenary usurper is to close one's eyes to the whole truth.

Jones is especially put off by whites who embrace the avant-garde jazz idiom. In the liner notes for the album *The New Wave in Jazz*, in the course of some effusive praise of Albert Ayler's performance, Jones cannot resist parenthetically putting down Ayler's white cellist, Joel Freedman: "No matter the alien 'harmonies' Ayler's cellist represents . . . a kind of intrepid 'Classicism' that wants to present Europe as 'hip.'"

In two *Apple Cores*, Jones attacks two other white "free" players, Burton Greene and Frank Smith. Greene is portrayed as talent-less, unbearably pretentious, and near-psychotic, pounding the wood of his piano and pulling maniacally at its strings. The sarcastic assault on Smith shows the absurdities into which Jones is led by his tunnel-vision: "Smith is a kind of petty thief . . . He hunches over when he plays like garbage falling. He blows what he heard Albert blow. But . . . Mr. Smith will get rich, just as soon as Albert's sound becomes understood."

To contend that Smith plays the "new thing" for all the money that it makes (or will make) for him is ludicrous. If Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler are having their economic problems, imagine how little money Smith must make. I am not familiar with the music of Greene or Smith. But even if they are as atrocious as Jones claims, his malice is excessive. That malice is occasioned, I believe, not by their alleged incompetence as improvisers, but by the fact that they are white and they are playing music that Jones insists can be seen only as the anthem of the black revolution.

In the book's earlier essays, Jones is objective and unbiased in his judgments of individual musicians and inevitably he has good things to say about a number of white players. Among them are Charlie Haden, Roswell Rudd, Steve Lacy, Scott LaFaro, and Buell Neidlinger. He even has high praise for Jim Hall, a guitarist whom I would not have expected Jones to admire.

In the later essays, however, one does not encounter complimentary remarks about white musicians. One can't help suspecting that Jones is simply no longer listening to them.

I have perhaps spent a disproportionate amount of time on what seem to me to be the book's faults. The pieces I find objectionable are easily outnumbered by others that range from informative to inspired. But the later pieces are made the more disturbing by the fact that they represent Jones' most recent thinking on the subject.

It will be a great loss for jazz if Jones' criticism remains in its current groove of self-imposed narrowness and dogmatism, for in some ways, I believe, he has been our finest jazz critic. He is uniquely qualified to explore such subjects as the rela-

tionship between the new jazz and the contemporary search for a black identity. It would be a pity if, in order to carry out such explorations, he found it necessary to close his ears to, say, David Izenzon, or Joe Farrell. Because they're making some great sounds. And that's what it's really about. —Thomas Conrad

Rock and Roll Will Stand, edited by Greil Marcus. Beacon Press, 182 pp., \$7.50.

Someday, somebody will write a really good book on rock and roll—one, I mean, that will treat the music knowledgeably and fully. Don't hold your breath, however.

This collection contains the work of seven contributors, many of them writers for *Rolling Stone* and/or the *San Francisco Express-Times*. Some of the prose is quite good, but a large number of the essays are ephemeral material, wispy impressions, glances in passing, and the prose is hardly transcendent enough to stand by itself. The best of these is Sandy Darlington's three-page paean to *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, a sensitive reading of the Rolling Stones' *Weltanschauung*.

We are left, then, with only five relatively meaty pieces—not much for an already slim and wildly overpriced volume. Darlington's study of the evolution of Country Joe and the Fish is interesting groupie material, but inasmuch as I've never thought their music was anything to write home about, the personal portraits don't mean much to me.

The first long article, by Marcus, called "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp De-Bomp De-Bomp?" (wasn't it "bomp ba-bomp"?), is a mini-history of rock. It posits rock as the cultural basis of the generation that grew up with it, and makes some valid observations.

But Marcus fails, as do a great many rock writers, to distinguish between something that is important to one and something that is, finally, important. (He probably would not even recognize that distinction; many don't.) The sad fact is that early rock simply wasn't very good music.

The Flamingoes, the Coasters, Buddy Holly, etc., were all we had. They meant a lot, then. But we had best grow up in our evaluation of them.

Marcus' uncritical acceptance of the best of late '50s pop music pushes him into some rather ludicrous corners. He justly ridicules David Susskind for having asked Phil Spector what "Da do ron ron" meant, but he then bumbles ecstatically about "the wealth of undefined and undefinable meaning possessed by that phrase." At this point, Susskind's question would appear rather sensible, if it were addressed to Marcus.

What such phrases—sha-na-na-na and bomp-de-bomp and ool-ya-koo and obladee—mean when they occur is that the music has taken absolute precedence over the lyrics, that the voice becomes an instrument, that the ideational content of a song has ceased to matter. And that, with rare exceptions, is all that nonsense syllables ever mean.

Well, anyway, Marcus' piece is a read-

able, if often self-congratulatory and naive, exaltation of rock. His other long essay is significantly better. "A Singer and a Rock and Roll Band" discusses what it felt like to be in Chicago during what he justly terms the "incredible black mass"—the 1968 Democratic convention. Mailer and others have done it better, of course, but there are some very shrewd insights into the connection between rock and politics, which is more important than a number of people understand it to be.

One of the more revealing sections explains why "protest" songs are unsatisfactory now:

There isn't any way one can talk about "digging" a protest song—first off, you had to agree with it. That style made "content" obnoxious, and it still does. . . . It's the smugness that destroys the art. Believing in, say, racial harmony . . . needn't be smug, but when Seeger sings out in its defense, and the audience cheers, they cheer not only, not even principally for the affirmation of a "good," but for themselves, because they recognize that the black and white politics of *Hold On* divide the world into two sides, right and wrong, and they're right.

Unfortunately, he digs himself another booby trap, and obligingly steps into it. It does not follow from the above that ". . . if the artist has any respect for his audience, and any respect for his art, he'll not make it too clear what he means, because he probably isn't too sure himself."

He cites Dylan's songs in support, and well he might. We in the lit crit business call Marcus' position the imitative fallacy. There is a profound difference between describing a world of ambiguities and ambivalences precisely, which is what good art does, and describing it ambiguously, which is what inferior art does. And when art functions in the latter way, the artist cops out: "It means what you want it to." In which case we don't need the artist at all. If an artist isn't sure of the answers, he probably has an accurate world view; if he isn't sure of what he means, he probably stinks.

There follow, however, some reflections on the politics of the Stones and of *Street Fighting Man* that are subtle, insightful, and on the button. (Between the buttons?)

The monster essay is Steve Strauss' "A Romance on Either Side of Dada." Strauss is well read, as he beats his brains out trying to demonstrate. His point is that there are affinities between the European post-Romantic decadents, or dandies, and the hippies. (Nu?) To make that point, he gives us in 30 pages a social and cultural and political history of the past two centuries—a dash of Goethe, a pinch of Schopenhauer, a *soupeon* of Baudelaire.

His essay begins as glib cultural history and ends as glib psychology, but there are relevant nuggets to be gleaned.

By far the best piece in the book, and one that ought to be read by anyone interested in the development of rock is Langdon Winner's "The Strange Death of Rock and Roll." Winner is a musician, and so, praise God, he talks about music in musical terms, an anomaly in this collection. There are fine discussions of the function of the riff in rock, and its

belabored misuses in the dismal early '60s, notably in surfer music; of increasing rhythmic sophistication (though he overestimates Ginger Baker, whom he calls "every bit as talented as Louis Bellson"); and of the resources that have been taken advantage of in the past few years to expand the scope of the music.

He also concisely but convincingly undercuts apologists who would justify rock by making it something else—social criticism, jazz, poetry.

I would take issue with his statement that ". . . those who honestly think that any of the rock attempts at improvised solos can match those of Ornette Coleman. Milt Jackson or Cecil Taylor, would do well to compare the two kinds of music

more thoroughly." The contexts and ground rules are different, but not so different as to lessen the improvisational achievements of, say, Jorma Kaukonen on *Spare Chaynge* or Dick Heckstall-Smith on the new Colosseum album.

In general, however, Winner's analysis of the death of rock-and-roll and its astonishing resurrection as something greater than it was (Winner realizes this, as Marcus does not) is to the point, articulate and valuable.

Apart from Winner's contribution, though, the book is sometimes pleasant casual reading, sometimes not, with an occasional informative glimmer from Strauss and Marcus. At \$7.50 a throw it scarcely seems worth it.

—Alan Heineman

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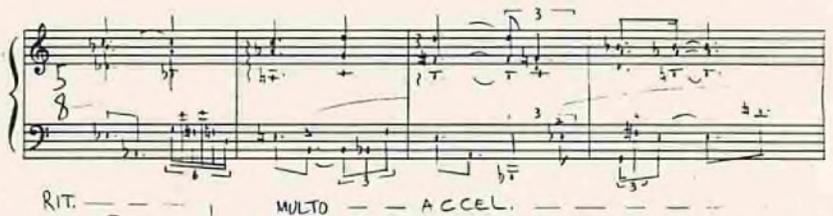


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Handwritten musical notation for cymbals, consisting of ten systems of staves. The notation includes notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, and *sfz*. There are also performance instructions like "SLOWER" and "PICO ACCEL." written above the staves. The notation is written in a style that suggests it is a working draft or a composer's sketch.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Reflecting the semantic advance begun by the National Association of Jazz Educators, many festivals and clinics hitherto using the "stage band" euphemism are substituting "jazz" for "stage". Many schools are already referring to their "jazz ensemble" or "big band".

The trend will accelerate as more and more schools appreciate the advantages of having a total jazz program that includes a big band, combos, arranging, improvisation study, and experimental ensembles. A "stage band program" is just not calling it what it should be. And the tendency then is not to advance beyond certain stylistic treatments of Johnny Warrington charts. (Please note Rev. George Wiskirchen's comments elsewhere in this issue.)

The "new" look for school jazz programs has its roots in the curriculum development pioneered by the National Stage Band Camps since their founding in 1958 by Ken Morris. (It is no coincidence that these camps have been known as the Summer Jazz Clinics for the past four years.) The educators initially responsible for this evolving curriculum include Dr. Gene Hall (when he was still at North Texas State Univ. in Denton); Matt Betton of Manhattan, Kan.; and John LaPorta, then teaching privately in New York, with continuing aid and advice from *down beat* on personnel, recruitment, and general educational policy.

In 1958, the curriculum of the first National Stage Band Camp—held for one week in the dormitory lounges at Indiana University, Bloomington—included as a daily routine four hours of stage band rehearsal, two hours of section rehearsal, and two hours of general clinics. Upon evaluating the faculty and student suggestion sheets as the conclusion of the week, it was decided to add theory and arranging for the following year. Each year thereafter students asked for more theory . . . and improvisation.

This past year at the five Summer Jazz Clinics, a daily schedule included four or five one-and-a-half hour classes: theory or

arranging, big band rehearsal, sectionals, improvisation, and general clinics (such as Clark Terry on brass playing and jazz performance). Evening sessions ran up to two hours with various faculty and student demonstration groups. A typical evening session might showcase Phil Wilson and a trombone choir; John LaPorta on improvisational techniques; Herb Pomeroy and Pepper Adams fronting a faculty rhythm section of Alan Dawson, Ray Santisi, and Attila Zoller, and Marian McPartland demonstrating the jazz styles. All in all, a busy and full day.

It is important to bear in mind that the average age of the students enrolled in these clinics is about 16½, primarily a high school age enrollment. The curriculum has developed into an excellent training base for high school stage band musicians (and their educators). The amount of jazz training received by the students has been limited only by potential of the student and the short time (five full days) of each clinic. Musicians of college age and educators attend the clinics for other reasons than the high school students. The older musicians are mainly there for the arranging classes and for the techniques they can learn from the top jazz faculty.

With more high schools making theory available to their big band players, the Clinics have had to split the arranging classes into beginner and advanced sections. The beginners work on the practical application of harmony to arrangements (usually simple blues); the advanced arranger works on voicings, styles, and full orchestrations. The students and educators who have taken these advanced classes have been exposed to many of the best arrangers, such as Russ Garcia, Dave Baker, Wes Hensel, Ralph Mutchler, Neal Hefti, Marty Paich, Oliver Nelson, Ladd McIntosh and others.

Have the Summer Jazz Clinics kept up with the times? What about rock? The answer is a qualified yes.

The teaching methods and playing techniques for jazz instruction have been constantly refined and do represent the best available instruction. The methods of teaching improvisation undergo regular revision as the various instructors learn more about



Dan Hearle, Marty Paich and Louis Bellson at the Famous Arrangers Clinic at U. of Nevada

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 34th annual *down beat* Readers Poll is under way. For the next two weeks—until midnight, Oct. 30—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. No stamp is necessary. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Oct. 30.
2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1969.
4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Wes Montgomery, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden.
5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).
6. **Jazz Album of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.
7. Make only one selection in each category.

**LAST CHANCE
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the needs of the students. John La Porta's techniques have been synthesized into his published series, *Guide To Improvisation* (text plus three 7" LP's); Jamey Aebersold has developed his *New Approach to Improvisation* (text plus one 12" LP) and David Baker's new text, *Jazz Improvisation*, has just been published. These books, plus Jerry Coker's *Improvising Jazz*, pretty well sum up the methodology used at the clinics. It, too, represents the most advanced work in the field.

In theory, harmony, and arranging the Clinics have not only kept pace with the times but their *Theory: Text & Workbook* by Phil Rizzo is being used by many schools throughout the country.

In repertory and training materials, the Clinics have also been out in front. The faculty directors and arrangers usually bring their own recent unpublished charts for the student ensembles. (The student bands were playing Phil Wilson's arrangement of *Mercy, Mercy*, *Mercy* about the same time that Buddy Rich was recording it.) The better publishers also send their new releases to the Clinics for study and performance. During the first years, the Clinic students worked through the Don Jacoby series like *Jacob Jones*; then on the Marshall Brown's *Cinnamon Kisses*; Johnny Richards' *Two Cultures*; and, of course, Neal Hefti's *L'il Darlin'* and *Cute*. About three years ago Ralph Mutchler began to bring in some of his big band rock-sounding things, like *Cookin'* and *Diggin'*. Oliver Nelson brought in his *Emancipation Blues* and *Hoe-Down* plus a number of unpublished charts for small ensemble.

So most everything has kept up well with the times. An area that does need up-dating is small ensemble work. And true to its self-imposed standards, the Clinic faculty will present another new look for 1970. Clinic directors Leon Breeden, LaPorta, Mutchler, Dr. Herb Patnoe, and others, are working with president Ken Morris on a flexible curriculum that will allow more electives for the young musician. There will be more combos and more time made available for individual development of improvisation. The Blood, Sweat & Tears type of ensemble will be demonstrated and the musical use of new sound equipment will be explored.

The present faculty will carry out these changes, as they have done in the past. They are all thorough jazz musicians and all that implies for flexibility and growth. It is likely that some past graduates of the Clinics will be asked to come back on the faculty, such as Luis Gasca, Tom Scott, Keith Jarrett, and Gary Burton. They represent the living bridge that has kept the Clinics so relevant through the past 11 years.

As intimated above, arranging (and improvisation) are two things that particularly intrigue young musicians. They realize that the charts make the band. While there are over 2,000 published "stage band arrangements" on the market, too many of them are worked over stocks from New York's Brill Building concept ("Ask Warrington to augment the dance orchestration to 4-4-5-3"). The good modern charts—mainly from Kendor, Berklee, KSM, Barnhouse, and a few others—are not usu-

jazz improvisation

A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Foreword by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 192 pp. (104 music plates). 8½x11, spiral bnd., \$12.50.

September is the publication date for JAZZ IMPROVISATION, the first in a series of down beat/Music Workshop publications, original materials for the study and performance of jazz.

The methodology and music of JAZZ IMPROVISATION have been developed by David Baker from his experience as a professional musician, composer, arranger, and teacher. The programmed concept of JAZZ IMPROVISATION has been thoroughly "field-tested" by Mr. Baker in his jazz study classes and demonstrations at universities, clinics, and seminars throughout the U.S.A. Manuscript copies of JAZZ IMPROVISATION were used as primary texts for Mr. Baker's 1969 summer school improvisation classes at Tanglewood. JAZZ IMPROVISATION addresses itself to the needs of:

- all players at all levels of proficiency who want to learn the essence of jazz in its many styles. Professional players will similarly profit from its disciplined studies.
- music teachers who want to be relevant to America's music, and who want to equip their students with the basics of musical creativity.
- libraries—music or general; school or public.

Table of Contents: I Nomenclature, Chord Charts. II Foundation Exercises for the Jazz Player. III Use of Dramatic Devices. IV An Approach To Improvising On Tunes, Three Original Compositions: I.V. Swing Machine/Le Roi Roly Poly. V The II V₇ Progression and Other Frequently Used Formulae. VI Construction of Scales and the Technique of Relating Them to Chords, Scale Chart. VII Cycles. VIII Turnbacks. IX Developing a Feel for Swing, List of Bebop Tunes. X Developing The Ear. XI The Blues, List of Blues Tunes, Blues Chart. XII Constructing a Melody. XIII Techniques to be Used in Developing a Melody. XIV Constructing a Jazz Chorus, Three Solos Analyzed: Kentucky Oysters/121 Bank Street/Moment's Notice. XV Chord Substitution, Substitution Chart. XVI The Rhythm Section (Piano), Piano Chart. XVII Bass. XVIII Drums. XIX Psychological Approach to Communicating Through an Improvised Solo. XX Some Advanced Concepts in Jazz Playing; List of Standards, List of Jazz Tunes.

JAZZ IMPROVISATION will be a standard text for the various jazz courses offered during 1969-70 at Indiana University (Bloomington). Other colleges also plan to adopt JAZZ IMPROVISATION as a text or "required study." Many high school music educators and private music teachers have placed advance-of-publication orders.

Educator's "examination" copies available on 10-day approval basis if request is made on official school stationery. Book store and music dealer bulk discounts on request. Order Now!

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ally stocked by music dealers and therefore are not generally known to the school director. So the relatively few good charts are used for training and sometimes for festival performance.

However, with over 60 regional festivals in which to participate the school bands are looking for new things that fit. And what better way to get your own sound than to have internal arrangers? It also helps to have someone on hand to be able to re-voice or re-arrange a good chart in the library for next year's band that needs more emphasis, for example, on reeds and less on brass since the best lead trumpet player graduated.

Largely because of the strong demand for arranging instruction—which so few music schools offer—the first Famous Arrangers Clinic was organized last summer by the management of the Summer Jazz Clinics. It was held on the campus of University of Nevada Southern in Las Vegas for two weeks with a permanent staff of Keith Moon, administrator; and arrangers Wes Hensel, Billy Byers and Marty Paich. Guest arrangers who came in for one or two days included Neal Hefti, Dee Barton, Louis Bellson and Dan Haerle.

The students were mainly educators, college-age musicians and some performing professionals. They dug it. They had four

hours of formal classes a day plus almost unlimited private consultation time. (Billy Byers and his wife kept the coffeepot going in their apartment up to and past midnight.) Wes Hensel put together a demonstration band from the Las Vegas pool and they all got into it.

The date for the 1970 Famous Arrangers Clinic is June 21, for two weeks at Las Vegas with the same staff plus some additional guest instructors who couldn't make it last year, such as Henry Mancini, Oliver Nelson, Don Ellis, and Quincy Jones.

—Suber

Campus Ad Lib: Phil Wilson will be chief guest clinician at the Jazz Weekend at the Univ. of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, Jan. 9-10, hosted by Jim Coffin. Charles Suber will also attend as a judge and materials clinician . . . Dr. William Johnson of the Illinois Music Extension Services hosts a special Youth Music Seminar for 200 educators at Springfield, Ill. Oct. 16 and 17 . . . Summer Jazz Clinics are tentatively set for 1970 at Univ. of Oklahoma, Norman, June 7-12; Univ. of Denver, Colo., June 14-19; Milliken Univ., Decatur, Ill., Aug. 9-14; Univ. of Utah, Salt Lake City, Aug. 16-21; Univ. of Washington, Seattle, Aug. 23-28.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

another at Temple Hall, Waterbury, Conn. Oct. 19 at 2:30 PM . . . Music for Metro-media's (Channel 5) *Inside Bedford Stuyvesant* was performed by the Stephen Chambers Quintet, Milford Graves & Company, singer Leon Thomas, and Lonnie L. Smith Jr. . . . On Sept. 8, Ed Beach's *Just Jazz* on WRVR-FM (106.7) moved its nightly slot from 6 to 6:30 PM. The program is still two hours in length . . . ESP-Disk has moved to 300 West 55th St. and has announced 17 new LPs for fall release, including albums by Lowell Davidson, Patty Waters, Montego Joe's Haryou Group, Burton Greene, Neddy Elstak, Karel Velebny, Alan Sondheim, Randy Burns, Cromagnon, Alan Silva, Free Music Quartet, Todd Kelley, Erica, Levitt Family, Ed Askev, MIJ and Octopus . . . Illinois Jacquet recorded on tenor saxophone and bassoon for Prestige with Tiny Grimes, guitar; Wynton Kelly, piano; Buster Williams, bass; and Oliver Jackson, drums . . . Pianist Dave Burrell, recently returned from Paris where he recorded eight albums with various groups, including his own for the Byg label, is back with the 360° Musical Experience.

If you want to cover your campus jazz scene for down beat, send us your school's music news. We'll provide you with a special down beat Student Correspondent Press Card, if you'll include your full name and address and name of school. Write c/o this column.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: Sept. 23, 1969. 2. Title of publication: Down Beat Magazine; 3. Frequency of issue: Bi-Weekly; 4. Location of known office of publication: 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Cook, Illinois, 60606.

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7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual must be given).

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10. Extent and Nature of Circulation

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run)	106,886	112,800
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	15,486	16,851
2. Mail Subscriptions	60,480	87,005
C. Total paid circulation	75,866	88,856
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	2,056	2,135
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	77,922	85,401
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	28,914	27,309
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	106,886	112,800

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature publisher)
 Charles Suber

Los Angeles: Billy Eckstine has decided to move to Benton Harbor, Mich., where he'll have plenty of smog-free outdoors and golf links. When he moved to Encino in the San Fernando Valley in 1947, there was a minimum of civilization (and smog) and a maximum of outdoors. His was probably the first black family to move to that affluent community. Good-bye also to another Angelino, Hildegarde Bostic, Earl's widow, who for years managed his club, The Flying Fox. Mrs. Bostic has moved to New York . . . Quincy Jones, recently named to the board of trustees of Boston's Berklee School of Music, and Elmer Bernstein co-led a big band of Hollywood studio men at the Century Plaza for a special tribute to Tom Bradley (unsuccessful Mayoral candidate in Los Angeles). Also on the program were Sarah Vaughan and The Fifth Dimension. Jones, Ray Brown, and author Harold Robbins have entered into a corporate venture involving a new recording company . . . Sunday afternoon jazz concerts have resumed at the outdoor Pilgrimage Theatre. Stan Kenton and his orchestra inaugurated the fall season; Shelly Manne and his group followed; Gerald Wilson and his band were featured at the third concert, and a double-header had the D'Vaughn Pershing Quartet plus Kellie Greene and her group . . . Contracts must be harder to negotiate these days: Howard Rumsey had to leave two weeks open between Horace Silver and Dizzy Gillespie at the Lighthouse; and Rudy Underwyzer found himself with a one-week hiatus at Shelly's Manne-Hole, which he finally filled with Willie Bobo . . . Local 47 continued its free concerts in minority areas: a *Jazz At The Park* bash in south Los Angeles featured Gerald Wilson's band plus a combo lead by Harold Land; and a "Block Party" was held

in Watts, featuring the **Big Jay McNeely Band** . . . **Sonny Rollins** made his first Los Angeles appearance in four years, bringing a quartet to Shelly's Manne-Hole for two SRO weeks. With **Herbie Hancock** on a brief vacation, Rollins was able to recruit the pianist's rhythm section: **Buster Williams**, bass; and **Tootie Heath**, drums. **George Cables** was on piano. Sharing the Manne-Hole with Rollins' group on week-ends was owner Manne, with **Junie Booth** subbing for bassist **John Heard** . . . Tenor saxophonist **John Klemmer** closed at the Hang-Up, a Santa Monica club that tried to convert from rock to jazz. With Klemmer for the month-long gig were **Richie Thompson**, piano, electric piano; **Wolfgang Melz**, electric bass; **Bobby Morin**, drums . . . **Baby Grand West**, Los Angeles newest bistro, is flexing its booking muscles. Organist **Jimmy McGriff** brought his quintet into the club, which seems to follow New York's Apollo Theatre in its show format. **Gerald Wilson** followed with his band, and present plans call for **Buddy Rich** to follow. With McGriff were **Art Theus**, tenor sax; **Larry Frazier**, guitar; **Jesse Kilpatrick**, drums; and **Curtis Carpenter**, percussion (a fancy word for tambourine). On the same bill was a blues-flavored singer, **Odia Coates** . . . **Emil Richards** has embarked on an ambitious four-month self-financed tour of the Mid-East, Far East and South Pacific. Armed with a tape recorder and a Bartokian zeal for unearthing the indigenous sounds of authentic folk music, he will visit Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India, Tibet, Thailand, Java, Bali, New Guinea, New Zealand, Australia, Tahiti and Hawaii before returning to Los Angeles next January. He also hopes to bring back as many rare instruments as he can find to add to his ethnic collection, and while in Bombay, may do as many as four film scores in conjunction with tabla player **Ala Raka**, who has often worked with **Ravi Shankar** . . . Turning to less exotic sounds, the most recent meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California featured **The Young Men From New Orleans**, fronted by pianist **Alton Purnell**. Famed for its "cruises" aboard the Disneyland riverboat **Mark Twain**, the band consists of **Mike Delay**, trumpet; **Al Rieman**, trombone; **Sammy Lee**, clarinet; **Ed (Montudic) Garland**, bass; and **Alton Redd**, drums and vocals. Also in the traditional vein, a history of Dixieland music was presented at the Orcutt Ranch Park Cultural Center, in Canoga Park.

Chicago: **Charlie Mingus** made his first Chicago appearance in 13 years with a two-week engagement at the Plugged Nickel. His powerful, well-rehearsed band included **Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; **Billy Robinson**, tenor saxophone, and drummer **Danny Richmond**. Mingus was followed at the Nickel by **Sonny Stitt** with altoist **Sonny Cox** and the **Three Souls** for one week, and the **Cal Tjader Quintet** for two. **Woody Herman's** band played a Monday one-nighter at the club . . . **Les McCann** played two weeks at the London House, followed by **Dorothy Donegan** for three. **Cannonball Adderley** comes in after Miss

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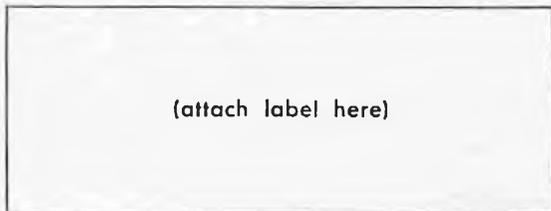
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Donegan . . . Mr. Kelly's featured **Erroll Garner** for two weeks, backed by bassist **Larry Gales**, congaist **Jose Mangual**, and drummer **Jimmie Smith** . . . Tenorman **Prince James** has been at **Soul Junction** on weekends. The club now serves breakfast for musicians and other nocturnal people from 3:30 a.m. until 7:00 a.m. when the bar opens again . . . **Yusef Lateef** did a weekend at **Jazzville**, a one-nighter at the **Apartment**, and a well-attended concert in **Joe Segal's Modern Jazz Showcase** series before returning to **New York's Manhattan School of Music** to continue work on his masters degree . . . **Dizzy Gillespie**, with **James Moody** in rare form, played six nights at **Kim Martell's Supper Club** . . . Organist **Wild Bill Davis** was with **Duke Ellington** when the orchestra played a dinner dance for the **Cosmopolitan Chamber of Commerce**. Ellington was presented with a bronze medallion naming him an honorary citizen of **Chicago**. Ellington also played a concert at **Rosary College** in **River Forest** Sept. 21 . . . The **Jazz Institute of Chicago** held its first membership meeting Sept. 28. Jazz films were shown, courtesy of **Bob Koster**, owner of **Delmark Records** and the **Jazz Record Mart**, and **Dr. John Steiner** played some rare tapes from his outstanding collection. The **JIC** also announced their Oct. 12 concert, slated to feature the **Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson Quintet**, a group led by cornetist **George Finola** with **Art Hodes**, and drummer **Wilbur Campbell's** quartet with tenorman **Sandy Mosse** . . . **Georg Brunis**, fully recovered from recent surgery, is blowing again. He played a jam session at the **Edge Lounge** with trumpeter **Smokey Stover**, clarinetist **Jimmy Granato**, pianist **Hal Benson**, and drummer **Tony Bellson** . . . **Jeanne Carroll** sang with **Art Hodes** at the **Golden Horseshoe** before taking off for **Vietnam** with **Franz Jackson**. **Hodes' band** included **Finola**, trombonist **Jim Beebe**, bassist **Rail Wilson**, and drummer **Hillard Brown** . . . **Detroit singer Kerry Price** will appear with the **Salty Dogs** one weekend a month at **Sloppy Joe's**.

Las Vegas: Trumpeter **Dennis Grillo** gave a jazz concert in the **Gold Room** of the **Convention Center** featuring his own arrangements and including his compositions. Band included **Bobby Shew**, trumpet; **Ralph Pollak**, French horn; **David Wheeler**, tuba; **Earl Morris**, **Gene Burton**, **Eddie Freeman**, **Jerry Zuern**, **Gus Jean**, woodwinds; **Tommy Russell**, piano; **Elek Bacsik**, guitar; **Jorge Valdez**, bass; **Irv Kluger**, **Don Picard**, percussion, and **Lois Denny**, guest vocalist . . . **Joe Williams** made a surprise appearance at **Si Zentner's** concert in the **Tropicana's Blue Room** . . . **Lena Horne** and **Harry Belafonte** did three weeks at the **Circus Maximus**, main showroom of **Caesar's Palace**. **Gabor Szabo** backed **Miss Horne** . . . **Julie London's** successful stay at the **Tropicana's Blue Room** was followed by **Helen Forrest**, accompanied by the **Mart Heims Trio** . . . **Mongo Santamaria** was at **Caesar's** . . . **Las Vegas** was saddened by the death of **Russ Morgan**, whose son, **Jack Morgan**, took over for him at the **Dunes** . . . **Xavier Cugat** was reported recuperat-

ing at home after a stroke . . . A new group, the **Inner Dialogue**, was introduced at the **Landmark Hotel**. Led by pianist **Gene DiNovi**, it includes **Barry Zweig**, guitar; **Jerry Sheff**, **Fender bass**; **Bob Lanning**, drums, and two girl singers, **Lynn Dolin** and **B. J. Ward**. All music and lyrics are by **DiNovi** and **Tony Velona** . . . **Sarah Vaughan** was backed at the **Bonanza** by **Benny Carter's** orchestra . . . **Peggy Lee** was a hit at the **International Hotel** . . . **Buddy Greco**, **Jack Jones**, and **Dionne Warwick** have been recent incumbents at the **Sands**.

Boston: There is a new club in the area, **Red Cooper's Gideon Lounge** on the **Lynnway**. Featured every Sunday night is the revitalized **Jimmy Mosher-Paul Fontaine Band** . . . **J. R. Mitchell** has been extremely active recently, recording and playing college concerts with his quintet and appearing with his trio all summer at the **Royal Coachman** in **Provincetown** . . . The city of **Boston** ran its annual **Summer Thing** series, using such groups as **Charlie Mariano's Osmosis**, tenor saxophonist **Andy McGhee's** combo, the **Mosher-Fontaine Band**, and bassist **Tony Eira's** groups. **Duke Ellington** gave two free concerts in this series at the **Elma Lewis Playhouse** in **Franklin Park** . . . **Lennie's-On-The-Turnpike**, where the biggest news is **Joe Baptista's** loss of 125 lbs., presented **Jaki Byard** in a superb concert with **Ray Nance** and **Alan Dawson** for the **Wayland Cultural Society**. Prior to this event, **Byard** appeared in concert at the **University of Mass.**, backed by **Buell Neidlinger**, bass, and drummer **Art Gore**. **Neidlinger**, formerly with **Cecil Taylor** and now a member of the **Boston Symphony**, has been quite active. His latest venture was a concert at **Jordan Hall** by his **Free Music Orchestra**, with **Peter Farmer**, trumpet; **Jerry Bergonzi**, **Dick Martin**, saxophones; **Paul Levart**, guitar; **Dono Pate**, bass; **Bob Ceely**, synthesizer; and **Art Gore** and **Vic McGill**, drums . . . **Gore's** trio played the first of three **Jazz at Harvard** concerts with trumpeter **Woody Shaw** and organist **Cedric Lawson**. **Pate's** quartet, featuring **Junior Cook** on tenor, was next, followed by a trio of pianist **Yaum Hammer**, bassist **George Mraz**, and **Gore**. The **Chicago Transit Authority** also gave a concert at **Harvard** . . . The **Mothers of Invention** played two nights at the **Carousel Theatre** in **Framingham**. In succeeding weeks, the **Theatre** had concerts by **Blood, Sweat&Tears**, **Hugh Maskela** and **B.B. King**; **Johnny Mathis** for two nights, and **Led Zeppelin** and **Orpheus** . . . **Dave Baker** and **Jerry Coker** taught at a six-week seminar at **Tanglewood**, where promoter **Bill Graham** presented a concert including **Jefferson Airplane**, **The Who**, **B.B. King**, and **Chris Tree's Spontaneous Sound** . . . The **Al Vega Trio** stills holds forth at the **Maridor** in **Framingham**, as does the **Don Alessi** trio at the **Eliot Lounge** in **Boston** . . . **Buddy DeFranco** and the **Glenn Miller Band** celebrated **Kingston, New Hampshire's 275th anniversary** Aug. 9, followed by a night at the **Boston City Club**. Former **Berklee** student **Larry Fisher** is the band's new bass trombonist . . . Keep an eye on **Lowell's Commodore Ballroom**.

Every once in a while, owner **Carl Brant** comes up with a surprise, as did the **Hampton Beach Casino** with **Blood, Sweat&Tears** for a one-nighter . . . **Lennie's** has been packing them in all summer with **Buddy Rich**, **Stan Getz**, the **Buddy Guy Blues Band**, **Count Basie** with **Jimmy Rushing**, **The Superb Ham Sandwich**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Albert King**, **The Village Stompers**, **Peter Nero**, **Les McCann**, and **Herbie Mann** . . . The **Jazz Workshop** featured **Roy Haynes**, **Big Mama Thornton**, the **Keith Jarrett Trio**, **Tony Williams' Lifetime**, **George Benson**, **John Lee Hooker**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Mose Allison** with **Alan Dawson**, and **Ahmad Jamal** during the summer season . . . Back in shape after the leader's operation, **Gene DiStasio's Brass Menagerie** opened at **Paul's Mall** Aug. 11. **Ramsey Lewis**, **The Acapulco Gold**, **Tammy Grimes**, **Adam Wade**, **Anita O'Day** and the **Everly Brothers** also appeared at **Paul's Mall** . . . **Teddy Wilson** appeared in concert with **Maxine Sullivan** Aug. 5 at the **Newburyport High School**, **Newburyport, Mass.**

Detroit: Two well-known **Detroit** alumni briefly joined forces at **Baker's Keyboard** when drummer **Roy Brooks** sat in with pianist **Barry Harris' trio**. **Harris' regular** supporting cast at **Baker's** consisted of **Detroiters Will Austin**, bass, and **Bert Myrick**, drums. **Brooks**, while on temporary leave from **Yusef Lateef's** quartet while he recovers from a pinched nerve suffered in an auto accident in **California**, also did a set with trombonist **John Hair's** quintet (**Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Bu Bu Turner**, piano; **Dedrick Glover**, bass; **James Youngblood**, drums) at **Clarence's Bluebird**. The quintet has added Sunday matinees to its regular three night a week schedule . . . At **Jack Brokensha's**, the owner-vibist, doing his best to hold on as business in general diminishes in the **New Center** area, has cut operations down from six to three nights. A new rhythm section, with **Mario Cappazoli** on bass and **Tom Cimino** on drums, has joined regular pianist **Bess Bonnier** and vocalist **Ursula Walker** . . . Drummer **Bill Hyde** surfaced to do a pre-Labor Day one nighter at the **Hobby Bar**. **Hyde's** trio included pianist **Clarence Beasley** and bassist **Jesse Starks** . . . The **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** (**Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) did a recent weekend at 285 East . . . Pianist **Howard Lucas** has given up his solo spot at **Cafe Gourmet**.

Cincinnati: Bassist **Luther Hughes**, recently returned from the army, has joined pianist **Roy Merriwether's** trio. Drummer is **Dave Shirlow** . . . The **Ohio Valley Jazz Festival**, held at **Crosley Field** in **August**, drew a capacity crowd. Among those appearing were **Miles Davis**, **Herbie Mann**, **Nina Simone**, **Mongo Santamaria**, and **B.B. King** . . . The **Ron Enyeart Quartet** recently finished two weeks at **My Room**. With drummer **Enyeart** were **Ray Black**, tenor; **Teddy Saunders**, piano; and **Pete Bettiker**, bass . . . The **Lee Stolar Trio** is presently working at the

Black Rose Room in the Imperial House Motel . . . The Living Room Supper Club recently hosted the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Woody Herman Band, and Ramsey Lewis . . . Herbie's Lounge is featuring Ray Black and Company (Black, tenor; Sam Jackson, piano; Pete Betticker, bass; Eagle Eye, drums). Black's group was preceded by the Gooch Organ Trio . . . The Sound Museum, having recently concluded a job at the Buckeneer Lounge, moved in to New Dilly's Pub . . . Count Basie's orchestra played a one-night stand at the Miami Boat Club in September. . . The Dee Felice Trio, now working at Jerry's Place, has recently made several network TV appearances . . . Trumpeter Frankie Brown's Orchestra is the studio band for the new ABC network Dennis Wholey Show, originating in Cincinnati.

Dallas: Frank D'Rone concluded a successful two-week engagement at Club Village in early September. Returning to his old bandstand to back the versatile singer-guitarist was Don Jacoby, back on the club circuit after a string of summer one-nighters. The personnel of the trumpeter's group, tentatively scheduled to reopen the Thieves' Den later in the month, was Rich Matteson, piano and bass trumpet; Wayne Harrison, piano and trombone; Randy Lee, tenor; Billy Michaels, bass; Banks Dimon, drums; and Galen Jeter, whose trumpet was added for the powerful D'Rone charts, many of which were penned by Dallas' Phil Kelley. Former Harry James drummer Mickey Scrima is approaching his third year as Club Village manager . . . Brookhaven, rapidly earning a local reputation with its swinging entertainment policy, had the Count Basie band booked for Sept. 26 . . . Organist Andre Lewis and the Lunar Convoy, featuring singer-guitarist Billy Clemments and the Sisters Love, is the current house group at Curtis Cokes' Arena Club. Plans are to rotate the group with such incoming names as Johnny Lytle, The Three Sounds, Joe Thomas and Sam Fletcher . . . Meanwhile, another nearby jazz spot, the Club Lark, which experienced solid summer business with Roland Kirk, has Marvin Peterson and the Soul Masters. Owner Chuck Banks plans a mid-November booking for Freddie Hubbard, who will bring with him Louis Hayes, Junior Cook, Reggie Workman and Cedar Walton . . . Bassist Gene Cherico and drummer Bobby Rosengarden accompanied Peter Nero on a recent SMU one-nighter . . . Contractual conflicts postponed Marilyn Maye's fall booking into Harper's Corner until Dec. 1 . . . Tenorman Eddie Harris flew in from San Francisco's Jazz Workshop for a September appearance at Guthrie's Club . . . The lineup of Neiman-Marcus' annual *Spotlight Series* includes such names as Johnny Carson with Doc Severinsen, Sept. 28; Liza Minnelli, Nov. 8; The Fifth Dimension, Nov. 24, and Dionne Warwick, Feb. 1 . . . The Jerry Fisher Timepiece, one of the Loser's Club's most frequent pop attractions, was back through September . . . In statewide news, a crowd of 50,000 jammed Houston's Astrodome for the Aug. 16 extravaganza honoring the Apollo 11 crew. Emcee, of course, was Frank Sinatra, and also on

the bill were Nancy Ames, Flip Wilson, Bill Dana, Marguerite Piazzia and Dionne Warwick. In the pit was the local band of Buddy Brock, with E.C. Holland, Buddy Siscoe, Joe Mendez, Jerry Perkins, Neil Ford, trumpets; Cotton Davidson, Reggie Goebel, Walter Boenig, Vern Weldon, trombones; Howard Hendrix, Barry Vanek, B.J. Hunt, Tim Taylor, Charles White, reeds; Bob Morgan, piano; Lee Manno, bass; Terry Tichy, guitar, and Jeff Smith, drums. The affair ended with the three Apollo Astronauts singing *God Bless America*, led by Sinatra.

Toronto: Pianist John Arpin was guest of honor at a cocktail party in Stop 33 at Sutton Place, where he has played for the past year. Sharing the stage with him were clarinetist Henry Cuesta, bassist Bill Turner, and drummer Willie Cantu. Singers Olive Brown, Carol Ann Griffith and Kitty Meredith made guest appearances . . . Guitarist Sonny Greenwich, now living in Montreal, played a two-week date at George's Spaghetti House with Don Thompson, piano; Gary Binsted, bass; Jerry Fuller, drums . . . Bandleader Moxie Whitney celebrates his 20th season in the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room with a big-name policy. Coming attractions will include Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, and Rosemary Clooney. Wally Wickens has taken his band into the hotel's Black Knight room . . . The Norm Amadio Trio continues at The Town, with singer Tommy Ambrose and classical pianist Clem Hambourg also on hand . . . Eugene Amaro, flute and electric saxophone, heads his own quartet at the Sherway Inn.

Germany: Wilson Pickett and Carla Thomas performed a number of concerts here in September . . . The Society for the Preservation of New Orleans Jazz in Frankfurt will hold its 5th European Hot Jazz Festival Oct. 3 to 5. Among the performers will be Sammy Rimmington, the Jazz-O-Maniacs from Paris, the Barrelhouse Jazzband with Agny Domdey, and 15 other oldtime bands from all over Europe . . . The 12th German Jazz Festival is set for the last week of March, 1970. It will again be held in Frankfurt, and will consist of four concerts . . . George Duke and the Third Wave have been contracted by MPS Records. In November, they fly to Germany to cut their first albums. During their stay in Europe there will be several auditions to promote a concert tour by this outstanding group in Europe next spring. They are signed for Europe exclusively with the Claus Schreiner Agency . . . Klaus Doldinger and the Motherhood performed at the Teenage-Fair in Dusseldorf. Doldinger toured Germany in September-October, giving 10 concerts . . . Hungarian pianist Janey Korosey cut an LP for MPS in September . . . Joachim Kuhn has signed for three years with the French Byg Records. Earlier, he recorded for Pathe-Marconi with Michel Portal, J.F. Jenny-Clarke, Aldo Romano, and Jacques Thollot . . . West-deutscher Rundfunk has started a new broadcast series entitled *Jazz aus Schuppen X*, which will feature live remotes from German jazz clubs.

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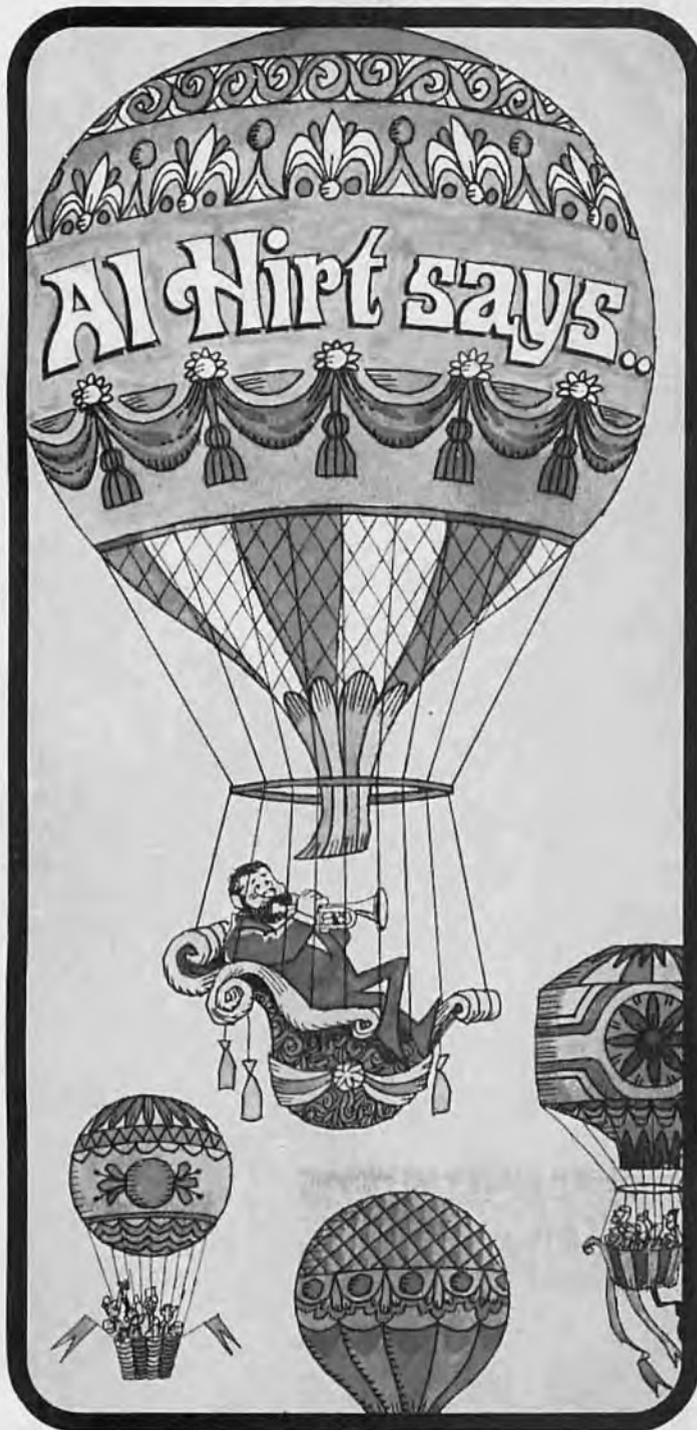
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