

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

Arranger-Composers

The Peripatetic Quincy Jones □ William Russo's Cult of the Amateur □ Berkeley Pays Homage to Ellington □ Full House at Monterey □ John Handy Blindfold Test



Rock's Rhythmic Revolution by Don Ellis □ A Guide to Amplification for the Rock Group



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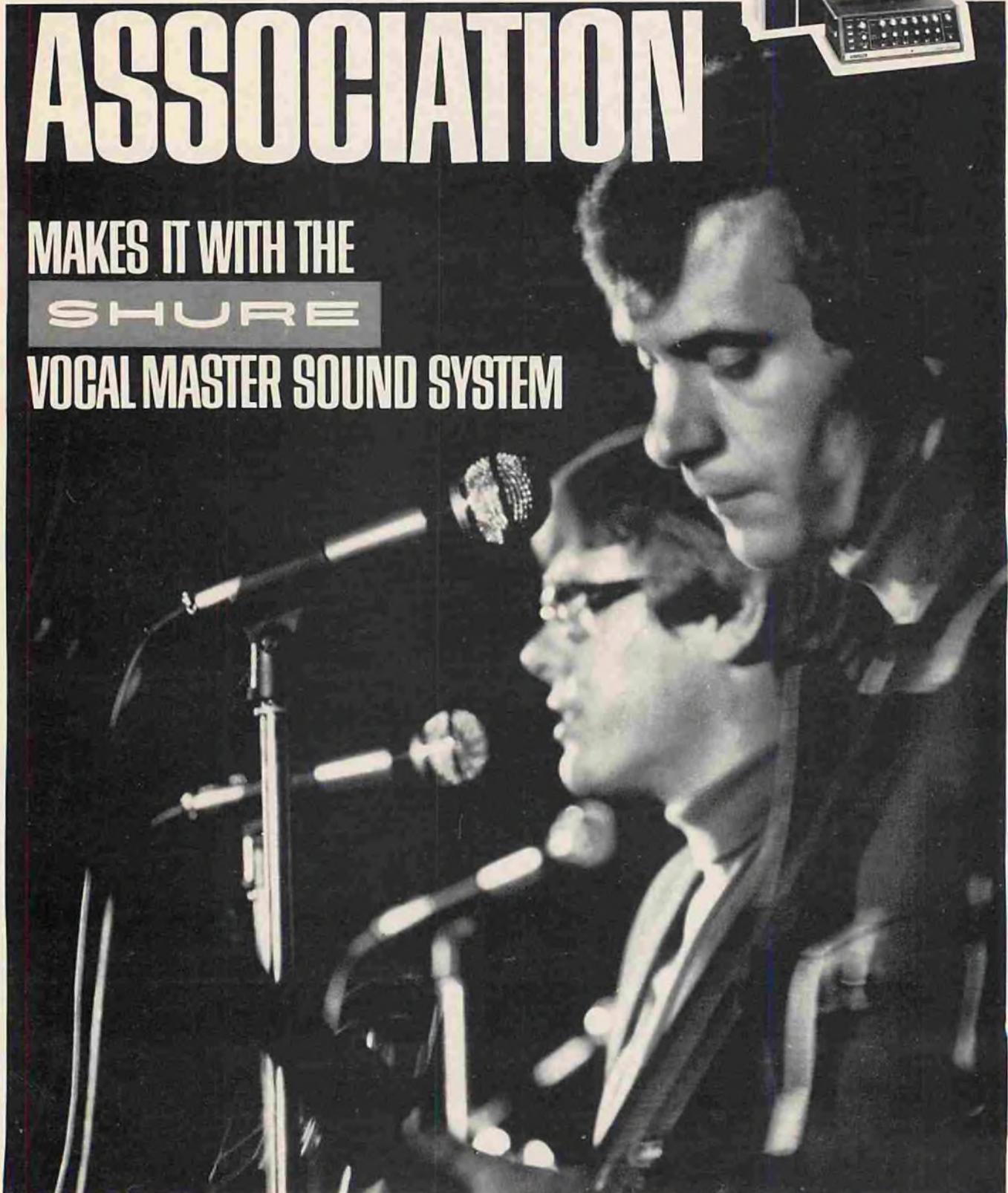
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November 27, 1969

Vol. 36, No. 24

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

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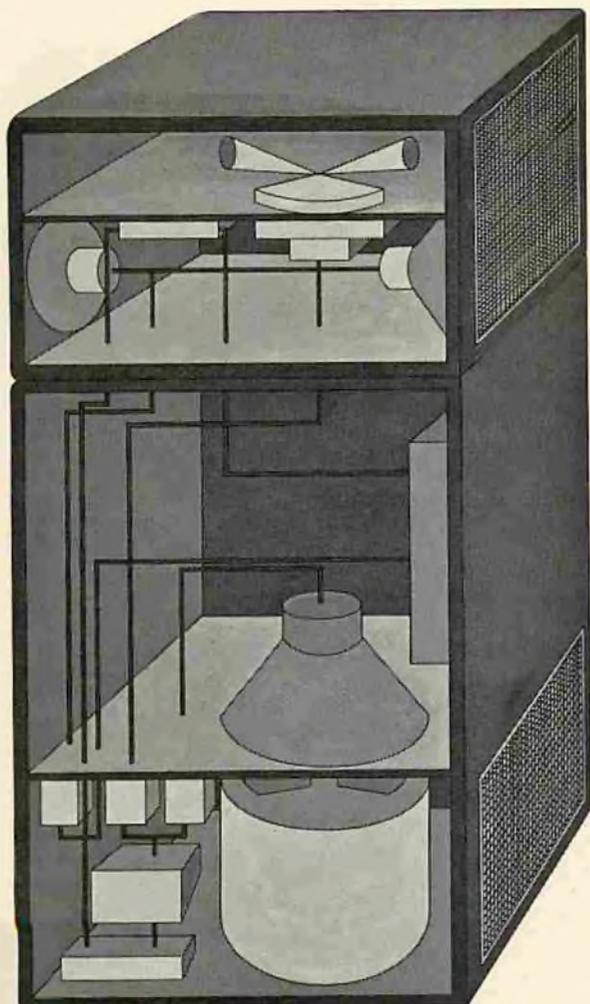
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Jazz Pride

I was delighted when I arrived home from school to find that my new album was one of the ones chosen for the *Blindfold Test* (DB, Oct. 16). Hampton Hawes is one of my favorite pianists and I was very happy he liked my piano playing.

I would like to set the record (pardon the pun) straight, though! *Lazy Days* is just one cut from an album containing many jazz tunes (such as . . . *Sonnymoon for Two* and my two jazz originals). Your magazine has been very kind to me and my trio, and I wanted you to know that I have been and am proud to be a jazz pianist.

Craig Hundley

Van Nuys, Calif.

The Boy Wonder

I've been a fan of the Buddy Rich big band ever since I heard its first LP and have anxiously awaited each new release. (Recently) I was privileged to hear the band in person for the first time at Shippensburg (Pa.) State College.

I was completely knocked out! Buddy and the band were fantabulous. The ensemble work was crisp and clean and the soloists were exciting. But what sets this

band apart from all others is the "Boy Wonder" himself. There is absolutely no drummer anywhere who can come close to Rich in any aspect of drumming, and especially in firing up a big band. At the end of *Channel 1 Suite*, the large crowd of students gave Buddy and his crew a 10-minute standing ovation.

It's beyond me how any critic could possibly rate the Buddy Rich Big Band any other but number one. It is THE BEST!

Frederick E. Snider

Chambersburg, Pa.

. . . And A Different Drummer

The Elvin Jones Trio came to the Jazz Workshop in Boston . . . and I had the pleasure of being at three of the eight performances. . . .

I could tell of each tune and each solo, but it would all say: Fantastic! And when it comes to the drums, there is only one Elvin Jones.

It went like this: (Bassist) Wilbur Little navigating, the 400 h.p. Jones powering the craft, and Joe Farrell left free to cruise homeward. Instead, he dropped it into high gear, they all took off, and the result was incredible.

Billy Z

Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass.

Taste By Committee?

Being a jazz enthusiast, a student of music and a subscriber to *Down Beat*, I am becoming skeptical of the authenticity

of your . . . reviews (of) topical jazz records, in spite of the fact that the section remains my favorite.

Many a times, records that are popular are graded very low and some of the artists degraded. An allusion to this fact is embodied in your issue of Sept. 18, in which *Always Something There*, one of the most cherished albums in my library, was poorly graded and Stanley Turrentine trifled.

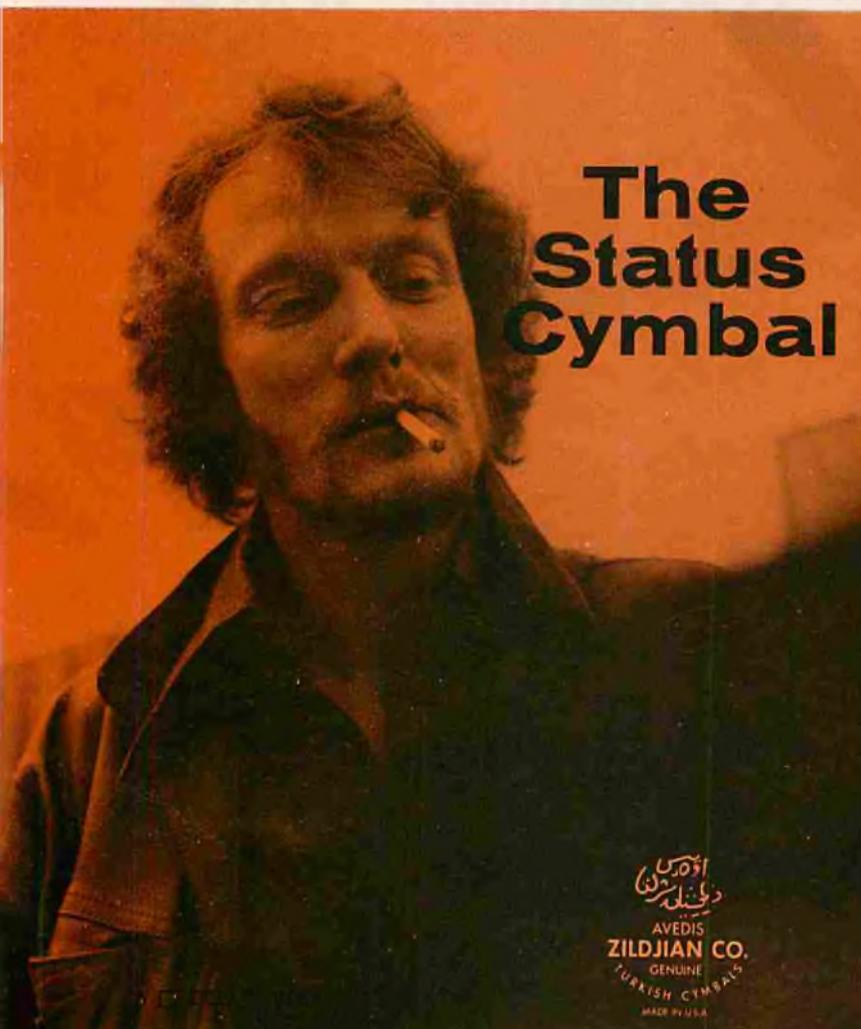
Since the various reviewers use their own volition and criteria in reviewing the records, should their conclusions be viewed as definitive in the sense of how good a record is? I am optimistic that should a review board supplant the present one-man examination of the various records, equity would prevail and partiality, if any, would be eliminated. Should this become feasible, all records that are reviewed would be merited by popular vote.

I am sure most readers would share my view.

Robert G. Annan

New York City, N.Y.

As we have said but a thousand times before, a review is a statement of individual opinion and should *not* "be viewed as definitive." Taste is not an absolute. Reviews by committee, aside from not being practically feasible, would be meaningless. Even in a democracy, some things cannot be decided by popular vote. We would remind our readers that reviews merely furnish a premise from which to make up their own minds—about records, and about critics as well.—Ed.



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GENE AMMONS BACK; OPENING NIGHT A GAS

One of the giants of the tenor saxophone is finally back on the scene. After serving seven years of a harsh 15-year sentence on a narcotics charge, Gene Ammons was released from Statesville, Ill. penitentiary in mid-October.

During his long confinement, Ammons



ROBERT MACKAY/CHICAGO TRIBUNE

played his horn "practically every day," he said. Thus he was ready to open a two-week engagement at Chicago's well-known Plugged Nickel on Oct. 22, just 12 days after his release, at the helm of a group including trumpeter King Kolax (the leader of the first big band "Jug" went on the road with in 1943), pianist Wallace Burton, bassist Chester Williams, and drummer Bob Guthrie.

Greeted with a standing ovation, Jug preached some sermons that proved him still the king of soulful tenors. He unveiled some excellent new originals and ignited the packed house with old favorites. Relaxed and happy, he presided over a musical night to remember.

"There have been a lot of changes in this world since I went in," he said. "It's like day and night. These changes have struck music too. Dudes are trying new directions and I dig it. But the avant garde wouldn't fit my bag. I might try a free lick here and there, but I'll stick mostly to the Gene Ammons I know."

The tenorist's plans for the future include the formation of a seven-piece band. "I'll start with five and eventually build to seven. I'll have all young players. I want to be the oldest dude in the group."

Ammons was set to record for Prestige in New York Nov. 10, probably with just a rhythm section, but he has ideas for future albums with strings and a big band. He also hopes to record some of the 15 or 20 songs he wrote in prison.

"There's only one thing I can say for sure," Ammons emphasized. "Put me down as saying I'm here to stay." To which we can only add that it's good indeed to have Jug back with us.

"MIXED BAG" RETURNS TO BOSTON AIRWAVES

The untimely demise of *Mixed Bag*, the half-hour weekly television program of contemporary music emanating from Boston, was reported in these pages last spring (*A Tong Funeral for Mixed Bag*, *DB*, May 15). The show, seen on Boston's educational station, WGBH-TV, was a victim of fiscal strictures.

Boston readers will be pleased to note that *Mixed Bag* has been resurrected. It opened shop again in October, guided by Lee Tanner and David Atwood. Shown at 10:30 p.m. Thursdays, it again features the best jazz and rock groups traveling through or residing in the area. At presstime, shows taped included the Butterfield Blues Band, QUILL, Appaloosa, and Gene DiStasio's Brass Menagerie.

The show's revival is provisional, and depends for permanence upon outside funds. If fully financed, it could be channeled to other NET outlets. If not, it may expire again. Positive viewer response is important, and should be addressed to *Mixed Bag*, WGBH-TV, 125 Western Ave., Boston, MA 02134. Non-Boston area residents can write their local NET outlets, expressing interest in the program.

NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA TO INCLUDE ROCK, BLUES

In keeping with the ecumenical trend of the times, Leonard Feather's famous *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is branching out into allied fields. Transformed and enlarged, it is scheduled for spring publication by Horizon Press under the title of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz, Rock and Blues*.

The new work will contain more than 3,000 individual biographies of composers, instrumentalists, soloists and groups in all three fields. Special sections, written by Feather himself and contributors including Charles Suber, Pete Welding, and Hollie West, will cover such subjects as the history of rock; the blues revival; jazz in the '70s; jazz, rock and blues in modern education, and cross currents between rock and jazz. There will also be basic libraries of records, polls, and selected *Blindfold Tests*, plus many photographs.

Feather's jazz encyclopedias in their several editions have become invaluable reference works. There have been no similar guides in the blues and rock fields.

FINAL BAR

Blues singer-guitarist Skip James, 67, died Oct. 3 at University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

Born Nehemiah James in Yazoo County, Miss., he began playing guitar in 1912, and was active as a musician until 1932, recording 17 selections for Paramount in 1930. He resumed his career in 1938, traveling for a few years with a gospel group.

In 1964, he was discovered by young blues enthusiasts in Tunica, Miss. and appeared at the Newport Folk Festival that year. In 1967, he toured Europe with the American Folk Blues Festival. His song, *I'm So Glad*, was recorded by Cream.

James, who also played interesting piano, was a vital and dramatic performer in the Delta blues tradition.

Manuel (Fess) Manetta, 80, died in New Orleans Oct. 10. His early career closely paralleled the history of jazz. He studied cornet with Manuel Perez, worked with Buddy Bolden, played piano in Willie Piazza's Storyville house, joined King Oliver's band, and made a tour of the west coast in 1919 with Kid Ory.

He also worked with such local bands as Papa Celestin, Tom Albert, Frankie Duson's Eagle Band, Jack Carey's Crescent Band, and others. Well known as a teacher, he had among his students Kid Thomas, Red Allen, Emmett Hardy, and Jelly Roll Morton.

Leonard Chess, 52, co-founder of Chess Records and a Chicago broadcasting complex died Oct. 16 in Chicago of a heart attack while driving his car near his offices.

Chess and his brother Phil came to Chicago from their native Poland in 1928. The brothers were involved in various business enterprises. In 1946, Leonard Chess opened the Macomba Club on Chicago's south side, which soon became a favorite hangout for local and visiting jazz musicians. His brother later joined him in the club's management.

In 1948, the brothers formed Aristocrat Records, a jazz and blues label featuring such artists as Gene Ammons and Muddy Waters. It was not a notable success, but Chess, founded in 1950, became one of the leading independent record companies specializing in black music. Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Ramsey Lewis, Ahmad Jamal and Waters were among its biggest sellers. Chess' son, Marshall, became a successful producer for the label. Chess and its affiliated labels, Checker, Cadet (Argo), and Cadet Concept, was sold last year to General Tape Cartridge Co.

The Chess Brothers also founded radio station WVON (The Voice of the Negro), to which the jazz-oriented WSDM-FM was later added. Chess was a director of the Urban League and had long been active in community affairs.

POTPOURRI

Sonny Rollins, who is of West Indian extraction and who brought about an authentic wedding of calypso and jazz with such pieces as *St. Thomas* and *Brownskin Gal*, paid his first visit to the Caribbean in October. He described his trip to Jamaica as "a real homecoming."

As a result of Ray Charles' successful three-week stand at the Cocomanut Grove in Los Angeles, the Hotel Ambassador offered him a contract for annual appearances through 1972.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Art Blakey and Gloria Lynne were the double bill for a weekend at the Village Gate, followed by Eddie Harris and Morgana King . . . Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln made one of their infrequent New York appearances: a week at the Club Baron. With them were Woody Shaw, trumpet; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Reggie Workman, bass . . . Joe Henderson's group and pianist Andy Bey held forth at the Village Vanguard for a week. Henderson's men were Al Dailey, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Joe Chambers, drums . . . Shortly after his return from Europe, Lee Konitz, his alto saxophone, and his Multi-vider did two weeks at the Half Note with Don Friedman, piano; Vic Sproles, bass, and Mousey Alexander, drums . . . Les McCann checked into Plaza 9 for three weeks in October with Jimmy Rowser, bass, and Donald Dean, drums . . . Pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Freddie Waits did a Sunday session for Jazz Interactions at their new location, Danny's on 46th St. west of 8th Ave. . . . Tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin and trumpeter Ted Curson were featured in concert at the Lorelei on E. 86th St. Mike Eden was on organ and George Salano on drums. Before the concert, there was afternoon dancing to Curson, Eden, Harry Belmont, drums, and Pat Bass, vocals . . . *The Future of the Piano in Jazz* was the grandiose title of a free concert by Burton Greene's quartet (Sam Rivers,

reeds; Steve Tintweiss, bass; Shelly Rusten, drums) at NYU's Loeb Student Center . . . Fillmore East was the scene of a benefit on behalf of a drive sponsored by Women for Voter Registration. Richie Havens, the Butterfield Blues Band, Ruby Dee, Theodore Bikel, Peter and Paul (without Mary), the Children of God, Listen My Brother, DJ Roscoe, and the Billy Taylor Trio appeared. Taylor and his men also played a rally for Mayor John Lindsay at the Needle's Eye . . . Jimmy Witherspoon was slated to leave Nov. 17 on a three-week concert tour of the British Isles . . . The first concert of the Hartford Jazz Society's ninth season featured the JPJ Quartet . . . Manager Nat Badger presented his fall showcase revue at the Statler Hilton with King Curtis and the Kingpins, organist Billy Gardner's trio, guitarist Lester Young, the Mellotones, Ila Van, and singers George Smith and Mary Davis . . . Swiss pianist George Gruntz flew to New York to record a 10-minute score for an industrial film for Swissair with a large contingent from the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra . . . Mose Allison wrote the charts, played organ and sang for a unique Atlantic record date with Jimmy Nottingham, Richard Williams, trumpets; Jerome Richardson, Joe Henderson, Pepper Adams, saxes; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass, and Joe Cocuzzo, drums . . . Babs Gonzales recorded a session of "Ghetto Poetry and Funk" before an invited audience . . . British pop star Lulu taped a session for Atlantic with all-star jazz backing from such as Yank Lawson, Lou

McGarity, and Bob Wilber . . . Gary McFarland scored and conducted a Skye album for Ruth Brown, co-produced with Ben Tucker.

Los Angeles: Kellie Greene unveiled a new and unusual group for her Pilgrimage Theatre concert. The front line consists of trombone (George Bohanon) and bass (trombone (Howard Cron); with Miss Greene on piano; Jim Crutcher, bass; Al Garibaldi, drums; and (CQ) Parks, percussion. She plans to use this kind of combo for future college dates, and with Sol Hurok booking her, she should have plenty . . . Another new group made its bow on the *Della Reese Show*: bassist J.J. Wiggins trio (J.J., 13-year-old son of pianist Gerald Wiggins, was with the Craig Hundley Trio) with Kenneth Lupper, 16, piano; Raymond Pounds, 17, drums. Vocalist is 14-year-old Keith Johnson . . . The Chicago Blues Allstars—a group put together by Muddy Waters—played the Ash Grove for 10 days . . . Harvey Siders emceed the Tommy Vig big band concert at the Pilgrimage. On the following Sunday, Pilgrimage featured two groups: Dave Mackay and the Concert Jazz Quintet and Bill Plummer and the Cosmic Brotherhood . . . Stan Seckler and his Pico Rivera Stage Band played at Dodger Stadium and at Disneyland, and shortly thereafter Seckler was presented with the Cultural Enlightenment Award by the mayor of Pico Rivera . . . The new Don Ellis Band made it on the Ed Sullivan Show, /Continued on page 39



NARAS AND THE SYSTEM

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE ANNUAL GRAMMY Awards Show, presented on NBC-TV some months ago, carried a heavy burden of a title: *The Best on Record*. At the risk of losing my standing with the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (I was recently elected Secretary of the Academy's Los Angeles branch), perhaps I can analyze what was amiss, now that plans are being formulated for the 1970 awards show next spring.

Co-produced by George Schlatter and Carolyn Raskin, the program followed a tired, outmoded formula of introduction-to-act-to-introduction-to-act ad infinitum. The non-performing introducers included the King Family, who presented Jose Feliciano; Lou Rawls and Bobbie Gentry, who brought Glen Campbell on; Ernie Ford for O.C. Smith, and would you believe Don Rickles and Tiny Tim introducing Simon&Garfunkel?

The S&G segment was the most imag-

inatively presented of the generally conventional hour. The record track of *Mrs. Robinson* was used voice-over as the two were shown cavorting wildly around an empty Yankee Stadium. There was also some fine photography and excellent color as the *Hair* cast offered *Aquarius* and *Let the Sunshine In*. Tommy Smothers did a very funny bit about censorship. (In view of all that has happened to him since, it seems less funny than pathetic.)

For a climax, Hank Mancini announced the only winning category that had not already been made known at the NARAS dinners some weeks earlier. Simon&Garfunkel had made it, we were informed, with *Mrs. Robinson* as record of the year.

The settings were attractive, though sometimes a little too plastic. Sound quality was adequate except for the segment that showed the Beatles singing *Hey Jude* surrounded by a mob of kids.

What was inexcusably wrong, of course, was that title. My own reaction corresponded with that of Bill Evans, who wrote to me shortly after the show:

"As you know, Duke Ellington and I won the only two jazz category Grammys this year. As the date of the TV show approached and I wasn't called to appear, I was well satisfied to assume that Duke would represent jazz on the show. But when I checked the listings, I was at first disappointed, then progressively angry, to realize that jazz as well as classical music was to be ignored

entirely in favor of the 'sure' commercial categories. I was under the impression that NARAS was trying to build a meaningful award, but apparently they gave way to the wishes of the network or sponsor. Anyway, I think these were shameful omissions."

Having attended many governors' meetings during the past year, I can attest to the futility of expecting the meaningful awards Evans hoped for. NARAS is still, after a decade of honest attempts to improve itself, little more than a popularity poll. For the TV program, the Academy was caught in a conflict of interest between presenting what was really the best on record and assuring a good rating for the sponsor (Timex) and a continuance of sponsorship next year. Clearly it opted for the latter alternative.

This is not essentially the fault of NARAS, but of a whole system affecting the entire American musical scene that imposes irreconcilable differences between music as art and music as a means of making money. Until voters can elect to the winning slots obscure, brilliant records that never made a commercial hit, until the Academy is in a position to say "The hell with sponsors and ratings, we want to give our audience the greatest music ever recorded," until that unlikely moment arrives, "the best on record" will still be represented by Jeannie C. Riley singing *Harper Valley PTA* and classical music by Mason Williams playing *Classical Gas*.

The Ultimate Ellington Tribute

By Dick Hadlock

IN ITSELF, the University of California at Berkeley's recent (Sept. 28-29) celebration of Duke Ellington's music was an event of consequence. The lectures, recordings, films and discussions, all focused on the amazing musical product of Ellington and his men, added up to an impressive attempt to make up for past failures of the Establishment in recognizing home-grown genius.

But what marked this as an occasion of lasting importance was the appearance of Ellington himself, with orchestra, in one of the finest concerts this observer has had the pleasure of hearing. It was, in many ways, THE concert many of us aging Ellington addicts had awaited for the past 25 years.

The first day of the celebration, a generally well-conceived symposium, passed pleasantly. Ortiz Walton, bassist and sociologist, offered some surface thoughts to about 150 listeners regarding Ellington's contributions to "Black Culture" and finished off with a striking unaccompanied bass solo called *A Night Letter to Duke*. He sounded rather like a young Mingus, displaying splendid 'cello-like arco technique.

Leroy Robinson, editor of *Soul Illustrated*, scheduled to discuss "Black Pride in the Music of Ellington," reported on the opinions of several young people and his mother, all of whom figure that Ellington doesn't possess quite enough "soul" to compete with currently popular performers.

"I wouldn't mind talking about Charlie Parker," Robinson concluded. A case of the right speaker at the wrong symposium?

Altoist John Handy tried to stick to the Ellington theme but moved, perhaps more appropriately, into a discussion of his own problems as a jazz artist in a non-jazz society. "If this country doesn't give more support to our music," Handy said, "I would lead a group to say 'We won't give you a damn thing until you give us some support.'"

The afternoon brought two ordered speakers, Stanley Dance and Gunther Schuller. Referring to the Ellington orchestra as a "republic of aristocrats," Dance presented a balanced survey of the individuals who have made up the Ellington sound, pointing out along the way some of the means by which Duke resolves potential conflicts of personal style and ongoing Ellington tradition (plunger mutes, for example). Dance was the first speaker to mention Billy Strayhorn, whose contributions were generally overlooked in the symposium.

One flaw: Dance neglected to name the instruments some of the sidemen play, which might have left a few of the fee-paying fledgling Ellington fans (enrollment as a University Extension student cost \$25) a mite confused.

Schuller's opening remarks included a



JIM TAYLOR

Ellington and the impeccable Harry Carney

reference to Ellington as "the greatest American composer," which pretty much reflected the reverent tone of the entire program. Borrowing examples from his book *Early Jazz*, Schuller demonstrated with piano and recordings exactly why he regards the musical language of Ellington so highly. It was a scholarly, informative, convincing, entertaining and loving exegesis, certainly the most instructive jazz lecture this student has ever attended. Some of the pieces Schuller used to illustrate Duke's unorthodox creativity were *Awful Sad*, *Misty Morning*, *Dusk*, *Moon Mist*, *Old Man Blues*, *Koko* and *Echoes Of the Jungle*.

John Lewis, lecturer, and Charles Mingus, musician, filled out the evening program. Lewis revealed much of himself in his personal observations on Ellington. All his recorded examples were of the 1940 band, clearly an inspiration to Lewis in his most impressionable years. He explained how Duke had also influenced him in non-musical ways, in "sartorial presence," for example, which in turn shows up in the manner and bearing of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

"Ellington is like a father figure to me," explained Lewis. "I have avoided knowing him too well, because I want to keep that great respect and feeling for his music just the way I have always enjoyed it.

"Why aren't Ellington compositions and standards taught in our music schools?" Lewis asked, and the question echoed over and over throughout the two-day celebration. Why not, indeed?

Mingus brought his band rather than lecture notes. With a terse comment about how Charlie Parker also liked Duke, the bassist jumped into some straightforward "bebop" material, with agitated solos by altoist Charles McPherson, trumpeter Bill Hardman, tenor saxophonist Bill Robinson and drummer Danny Richmond. Despite some organized ensemble playing, most of the Mingus mini-concert sounded like jam session night at the Bohemia a dozen or so

years ago. Not forgetting Ellington, the quintet dashed off *In a Sentimental Mood* (beautifully controlled McPherson) *Sophisticated Lady* (oddly out of tune bass solo) and *Mood Indigo* (as brief as possible). The formal salute ended with a nervous version of Strayhorn's *Take the 'A' Train*.

The band seemed to be just warmed up when it stopped playing.

On Monday afternoon old Ellington films were shown. (Earlier in the program the TV film *Love You Madly* had been run.) Ohio collector John Baker provided the University with such as *Black and Tan Fantasy* (1929), which includes the piece *Black Beauty*, and *Symphony in Black* (1935) with *Ducky Wucky*, *Merry Go Round* and Billie Holiday singing *Saddest Tale*. There were also clips of the 1943 band and a film of Duke's *Sacred Concert* in San Francisco.

On Monday evening, just a half-hour before his remarkable concert, Ellington made a kind of papal appearance before enrolled Extension students and the press. Every person in the theater stood up as the Master entered and again as he departed. In between, Ellington rambled engagingly through a dozen or so questions from the audience, reminiscing on early inspirations, from James P. Johnson and Fats Waller to Sidney Bechet and Coleman Hawkins. Fielding a question about his daring violations of musical "laws," Ellington cooed, "You have to know the rules in order to violate them. I never knew them."

On his own prolificacy, Duke reminded us that a large number of his own compositions are unrecorded. "Most record companies can't absorb that much," he said.

"Things demand to be heard," he explained, "so you just put it down on paper. I don't dare go to sleep without putting it down."

The concert on that Monday evening could have been an anticlimax, had not

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KEEPING UP WITH QUINCY JONES

BY HARVEY SIDERS

WHEN MUSICIANS get together, mention of the name Quincy Jones is invariably followed by such questions as: "How does he do it?" and "How long can he go on at that pace?" Such questions aren't really rhetorical: how long Jones can continue at his present pace can be computed from insurance charts—he is 36, and at the peak of his productive powers—and he does it through a combination of chutzpah, charisma and soul, and a background that prepared him well.

The Berklee School of Music is in that picture, and before that, it was a matter of listening, absorbing and asking questions. This training-by-osmosis took place in Seattle, Wash., but young Q. spent his first 10 years in Chicago.

"When I think back to Chicago, those early years are just a blur in my memory, but I do remember hearing things at rent parties that intrigued me. Yeah, rent parties—I go back that far. When we moved to Seattle, I began singing with a gospel group and started fooling around with a lot of instruments, but the one I preferred was trumpet." Clark Terry exerted tremendous influence on Quincy when he came though Seattle on tour. Terry showed him a great deal about the instrument. Another big influence came in the person of Ray Charles. Q. not only informally studied arranging with Charles; he worked with him. When the time came for the academic approach to music, Quincy had earned himself two scholarships: to Seattle University and to the Berklee School of Music. He chose the latter because, as he reasoned, "I wanted to be close to Bird."

Since Berklee, Jones has compressed an incredible amount of listening, playing and writing into his multi-faceted career. That career officially began in 1952 with an offer from Oscar Pettiford to write two arrangements for one of his recording dates—at \$17 per chart. Quincy eagerly grabbed the assignment and went to New York. The transportation cost more than the fee, but Quincy couldn't have cared less. He probably would have paid the bassist for the privilege. The following year, he was about to accept a job playing trumpet with Lionel Hampton's band but Hamp's wife Gladys aborted that plan when she saw how youthful he was.

Eventually, he did join Hamp and toured with him for three years, getting invaluable basic training as an arranger. One interesting sidelight of a European tour with the band was the fact that Monk Montgomery used the prototype of the Fender bass. As Quincy recalled it, "The Fender Company wanted to feature the new bass with the loudest band they could find. So they chose Hampton's band." While in Europe, Quincy did some extra-curricular work when Gigi Gryce organized some record dates. It was for one of these that Quincy wrote *Stockholm Sweetnin'*—the first jazz original that helped to spread the Jones reputation.

That reputation became more solidly entrenched in the middle '50s, after Q. left Hamp to free-lance as an arranger in New York. He turned out a lot of arrangements for Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee, Count Basie and Ray Anthony record dates and eventually became music director for the latter's TV show.

By now, the well-rounded, hyperactive image of Quincy Jones we know today had begun to blossom. He could write, he could play, he could organize, and he used all those capacities for his next big venture: putting together the Dizzy Gillespie band that the U.S. State Department sent on a global tour. Q. played trumpet, arranged, and assembled the personnel.

An artistic gap, which he was quite aware of, was writing for strings. That opportunity, plus a once-in-a-lifetime bonus, came along in the late '50s when Quincy spent a year-and-a-half with Barclay Records in Paris. He composed, arranged and conducted, concentrating on string technique. Simultaneously, he began studying with Nadia Boulanger, the *grande dame* of composition teachers.

When Jones returned to New York in '59, he produced a much-praised album of originals for Count Basie, and then, thanks to John Hammond, became musical director for the Harold Arlen blues opera, *Free And Easy*. That work might have been an ear-opener for some, but for Quincy it was an eye-opener. He put an all-star jazz orchestra together for the pit band, and went on the road, touring Europe during '59-'60. He claims he aged 20 years, but by the time the package returned to the States, as Q. recalled, "I had learned to respect the business side of music—something very few jazzmen ever learn."

That dollars-and-sense outlook served him well when Mercury Records signed him. He went in as a producer and came out as a vice-president. "During my stay with Mercury, the merger with Phillips took place, and that was great experience for me. I was able to see the total picture—from creativity to merchandising. The ones who are able to get that kind of view are the ones who've made it. You know who the two best business men I ever met are? Stravinsky and Picasso."

It was during this period in the early '60s that Quincy recorded some memorable sides as a leader, plus arranging dates for Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee and Billy Eckstine. He also fronted Count Basie's band for a number of gigs with Sinatra. Among the people who were impressed by his writing was film director Sidney Lumet—so impressed that he gave Q. his first American film-scoring assignment, *The Pawnbroker*. (Quincy's initial scoring assignment was for the Swedish *The Boy and The Tree*.) When Quincy looks back on *The Pawnbroker*, he can see now that even the nomination of Rod Steiger for an Academy Award didn't help his own writing career. "By all standards, *Pawnbroker* was a 'New York film.' Hollywood still wasn't convinced that I could write. And they remained unconvinced for two years. Peter Faith (Percy's son) battled for me, and Henry Mancini's recommendation also helped. So did the fact that I scored every segment of the TV series, *Hey Landlord*. Finally, I got an assignment from Universal to score *Mirage*. Then came *The Slender Thread* and *Walk, Don't Run*. After that, things became a great deal easier. I was 'in.' *Banning* and *Deadly Affairs* followed in quick order."

Backtracking to the Mancini reference, Quincy added this explanation: "Hank not

only helped me; he is the one who deserves credit for opening up the whole area of jazz-oriented film scores. Sure, Johnny Mandel and Elmer Bernstein were working in that direction. But Hank influenced the power structure. You know, the first four pictures I did, I had to be furtive. Producers would go out of their way to warn me: 'no jazz!' Now what the hell did they expect—a Basic out-chorus for the main title?"

Furtiveness no longer exists in Quincy's *modus operandi*. Things are moving too swiftly, and assignments come in with such regularity that Quincy can take care of business only by plunging straight ahead. He writes with amazing speed. He sees the film once and formulates his ideas immediately. For insurance, he brings a work print home and racks it up on his movieola. "Sometimes I'll get ideas in the middle of the night and I'll come down and run the particular scene I want without disturbing anyone."

He wouldn't even disturb the neighbors. His rambling home, backstopping a remote *cul-de-sac* in the Hollywood Hills, affords him an unobstructed view of Beverly Hills. It used to belong to singer John Raitt. I had been there once before to interview Raitt and noticed three outstanding changes: the movieola, a king-size pool table, and a blonde beauty from Sweden named Ulla, who answers to the name of Mrs. Yones (Quincy refers to her as his *skol* sister).

Asked to name his best scores, Quincy chose *In Cold Blood*, *Blood Kin*, *McKenna's Gold* and *In The Heat of The Night*. He noted that *Cold Blood* followed on the heels of *Heat of The Night* and that this is not the way he likes to write. "I prefer doing a different topic. For me, a change is as good as a rest—like changing gears. And *Cold Blood* was very heavily dramatic, coming right after a serious subject like *Heat of The Night*. The one I just did—*Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*—was a good contrast for me. Incidentally, you've got to see that film: it could be *The Graduate* of this year."

His latest assignment, *The Out of Towners*, is Quincy's 23rd film score. If the film writing isn't enough to fill one entire career, there's his recent pact with A&M Records. He'll be cutting albums with sidemen of his own choice, and Creed

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DONALL PIESTRUP: MAN OF MANY PARTS

BY SAMMY MITCHELL

DONALL PIESTRUP's wife, Susan, is a firm disciple of the dogma that advertising brings golden returns. Some days before his band was to do a Sunday evening concert at Donte's in Los Angeles, she cast bread upon the waters—clandestinely, as far as Piestrup was concerned—and had handbills printed and circulated, giving place and date, with the caption "Susan's Choice" underlining a photo of Piestrup wearing a husk of football armor.

The photo was from his clean-shaven, leaner era as first stringer on the University of California team. He's a bearded, bespectacled, weightier late 30s now, but with no lack of spring in his writing. A good deal of lithe muscle is being funnelled into some of the most invigorating big band charts currently being crafted.

The handbill is symbolic, in a sense, of his Berkeley period. Sports and music were twin passions that amounted to a predicament: the problem of which to choose in terms of a career. He was deeply involved in music, fronting a band for the Acts Revue and the Stanford game, and as a pianist with a small group ranging the San Joaquin Valley. "We pegged opportunity where we could, playing anything short of a witches' sabbath."

When music was finally hoisted to professional dominance, it was through the impact of Charlie Parker. "Diz and Bird were the beacons then, no matter in which direction you turned. That alto was like a revelation—Parker the Pied Piper who led many of us out of suburbia. And to me, as a pianist, Shearing. George of the trio days on the London label. He's been commercial for so long, we forget how he used

to stretch out," he says.

To Piestrup, the prescribed music courses at Berkeley were a dull spur to composing, barely scratching the surface. "I attended them with the utter devotion of a robot," he recalls. Inspiration and progress came through severe, self-taught apprenticeship well outside the academic frame. He would listen to records, write down the scores, then check with published manuscripts to find out if and where he had erred—a method applied to string writing and symphonic works as well as to jazz.

This is why Piestrup thinks the Henry Mancini method—as in his book *Sounds and Scores*—of including records to illustrate the written parts is simple, profound and invaluable to the student.

"I lived so much in libraries I began to assume a cloth-bound look, practically supported by book ends. The process was a little painful, but it had results. I'm always surprised I don't meet more musicians in libraries. That's where it's at."

Where he is at now is Hollywood. He moved south two years ago, when the Bay Area, where he was born and raised, began to look less fertile in terms of a future in music. In a nice conjunction of theory and practice, he lives and works within blowing distance of Donte's, which, besides its policy of featured jazz, is a favorite watering hole for Hollywood jazzmen and a habitat for the rehearsing and hatching of jazz composition, Piestrup's included. He had premiered most of his current work there.

At the blueprint stage, he will write for long hours in a strict cell of concentrated silence, the door closed on nicotine and liquor. Once he's fronting

the band, the pendulum takes a Falstaffian swing away from the monastic atmosphere, and Piestrup conducts enveloped in a cloud of tobacco. Quips and filled glasses come frequently.

He's unusual in that he has two big band irons in the fire, both of which glow eloquently. His Oakland band was formed four years ago, and held together more by its Monday night rehearsals than by irregular public bows. The series of concerts tentatively started at the Casuals in Oakland have crested in packed attendance and a storm of praise.

Five trumpets, five trombones, five reeds and three rhythm equals a beauty of a band with a nest of soloists in tenorist Frank Ferrara, altoists Jim Rothermal and Art Docherty, trombonists Jeff Sharp and Dick Leland, and lead trumpeter Pat Houston sparking broadsides from a section whose members are all responsive in solo spots.

With the molten rhythm of Henri Gaines' piano, Harley White's bass, and Vince Lateano's drums running underneath, this crew doesn't lose lustre even when compared to the galaxy of talent that Piestrup has assembled in his L.A. orchestra, many of them crack jazzmen ensconced in studio and recording work. On the night of the handbills, he had three roaring tenors in Pete Christlieb, Roger Neuman and Lee Callet; virile alto from Ernie Watts; Dick Hyde on trombone solos, and a trumpet section including non-soloing virtuosos like Conte Candoli, deliberately sitting back and letting young Bob Clark stretch out.

The instrumentation differed somewhat from Oakland: no fifth trombone, but Alf Clausen and Al Robinson on French horns, and John Morrell on guitar. Morrell, pianist Michel Mention, bassist Frank De La Rosa, and drummer Nick Cerolli were a rhythm section deserving of halos. Solo work in all cases was superb. If they made less of a definable ensemble impression than the Oakland band, that was only to be expected. Only recently formed, they hadn't yet hit their groove.

It is into such exciting cauldrons that Piestrup pours his originals and arrangements—cunning harmonics, piquant voicings, a strong sense of both the rhythmic and the lyrical. It is the latter that is most immediately attractive at first hearings of his work, an impression that never loses strength with repeated listenings.

He prefers to travel at middle and up tempo, and the thought occurs, listening to the singing quality of his melody lines, that his themes slowed down would make first-rate ballads.

Aside from the whirlpools of in-

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SAMMY MITCHELL

WILLIAM RUSSO: ICONOCLAST IN ORBIT

BY JAMES D. DILTS

SOME DISTINCTLY unacademic blues harmonica was wailing as William Russo entered the small auditorium. He beckoned to the group. The harmonica disappeared under a serape and 40 or so students and others (including this reporter) went down onto the stage.

"Three lines," said Russo. We made three lines.

"All right. Head right, head left, head front, clap." Heads began turning and there were sporadic handclaps.

"Arms up, arms forward, arms up, arms down." Arms started flailing the air.

"Left forward, together, left back, together." The lines staggered back and forth like a troupe of Hessian irregulars.

"Point out, open mouth, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap." We pointed, gaped and clapped.

Russo looked skeptical. "Would it help if you chanted?" he asked.

We chanted as we went through the exercises. Then we divided into two groups, then into three and did two three-part canons.

"It's okay," Russo said at last, "but it's still not swinging."

We returned to our seats and eight volunteers formed a line onstage. Russo led an eight-part canon. It went off without a hitch and as the last performer pointed, opened his mouth and clapped, there was a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience.

Thus began the fifth rehearsal of Russo's rock theater group at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory. It continued with rhythmic exercises (beating out three against two, etc.), "mirroring" (one person reflecting the motions of another as if in a mirror), story-telling (lapsing into gibberish) and other experimental methods that Russo has evolved and is using at Peabody as visiting professor this year.

"Goldman asked me to come," Russo said after the rehearsal. (Richard Franko Goldman is the new director of the Conservatory.) "He thought I'd be most interested in the jazz orchestra (which Russo is also conducting), but what I'm interested in is the rock theater."

Russo, now 41, has literally and figuratively travelled a long road from jazz to rock since his days as a composer-arranger-trombonist with the Stan Kenton band in the early '50s. ("Deja vu," Russo told a local reporter.) In 1953, he toured Europe with Kenton, went back in 1955 to teach in London, went to Rome in 1961 to finish his opera *John Hooton*, (he has since written three others) and returned to London in 1962. He stayed for three years, working for the BBC and recording for EMI with his London Jazz Orchestra. They made four albums; two have been issued so far. Between trips

abroad, he taught composition at the Manhattan School of Music in New York and led the Russo orchestra there (1959-1960). Then, in 1965, he returned home to Chicago.

"All my dear friends were playing society dances," he said. "So we started the Chicago Jazz Ensemble. We did a fantastic concert in 1967 with Gerry Mulligan." (With the addition of a handful of cellists and sometimes an extra drummer or two, the instrumentation of the ensemble, as well as Russo's London rehearsal orchestra, was similar to that of the old Kenton band: five each of trumpets, trombones, and saxes; piano, guitar, bass and drums.)

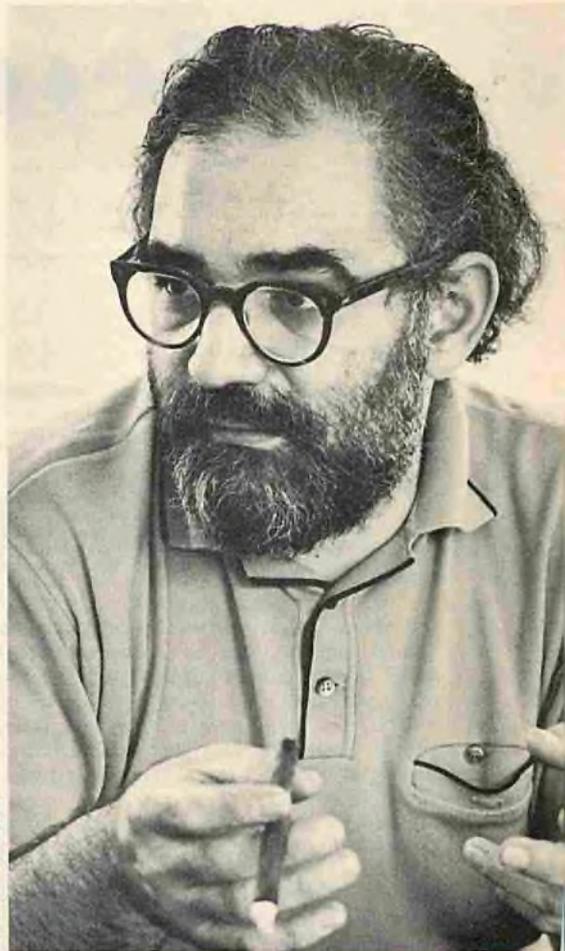
"But the tone of work in the jazz world doesn't exist," Russo continued. "The musicians are so demoralized by doing commercials and industrials and jingles that that can't work together. I came to realize that in rock theater I could find people that wanted to do something. I found that with my vocal company, people were coming for the same reasons they used to get together to play jazz."

Russo is quite critical of the ability and attitude of the contemporary musician, including the jazzman. He described him last May to an audience at the Baltimore Festival of the Arts: "He cannot sing, he cannot read a full orchestral score, he plays only one species of music, he is unsympathetic to other species (as well as often disliking his own); he cannot hear either intervals, melodic lines or chords . . . in essence, he is petit bourgeois . . . he is afraid of the blacks, the poor, the kids and the rest of the world. He is turned in, turned off, turned away, up tight and up the creek. With his eyes glued on the dollar, his ass is to the furnace . . ."

To counter such "destructive professionalism," Russo is in favor of "amateurism" in music. And so a few years ago, while he was working with the Chicago Jazz Ensemble, he formed a workshop company, composed of classical and pop singers, readers and non-readers, professionals and non-professionals. He wrote a piece called *Antigone* for the group. Explained Russo in his talk last summer: "It employs musical elements that are part of the basic approach to the workshop sessions. Among these are hand-clapping; performance on hand-held percussion instruments; extensive use of unusual meters . . . two-part and four-part canons; 'body canons,' (in which the melodic line as well as various hand, arm and torso movements are canonic); improvisation (in vocal and percussion instrument sections, as well as improvisation of movement) and psalter-type recitative."

Out of these techniques came a second Russo work, *The Civil War*, a rock cantata based on four poems by Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Paul Horgan. Written for a rock band, two singers and chorus, and incorporating a light show consisting of two film and two carousel projectors, it was designed to be performed after just one day's rehearsal, as it has been at HemisFair in San Antonio and at the Electric Circus in New York.

By June, 1968, Russo was ready to leave



Chicago to go back to London once again. Then the company began an engagement at the old Second City theater giving two performances a night of *The Civil War*, after the presentation of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* by the Paul Sills Company. The band was paid with a grant from the Music Industries Recording Trust Funds and the singers received small fees. Russo had planned on appearing just two weeks at the theater but decided to continue for a third even though the money had run out. After that, the group worked free, doing two shows a week for a total of 70 performances. Encouraged by the success of the rock cantata, even with little press notice ("It was strictly word of mouth—like Hershey's chocolate bars"), Russo decided to stay in this country rather than going abroad.

Sills was the founder of Second City and he and Russo reinforced each other. Russo picked up mirroring and some other techniques from Sills and in turn provided the music for Sill's new show, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, or *The Sex Life of the Gods*. Russo's group is currently giving performances at The Body Politic in Chicago of two of his works: *Liberation*, based on the capture and death of Che Guevera, and *Urbs in Hortis*, or, as Russo translates it, *City in a Swamp*.

Russo now divides his time between Baltimore, Chicago, and New York where his composition, *Three Pieces for Blues Band and Symphony Orchestra*, was recently presented at Lincoln Center by the Corky Siegel Blues Band—electric piano,

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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Dan 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.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland

FIRE, HEAT, SOUL & GUTS!—Prestige 7634: *New Box*; *Sax No End*; *Griff's Groove*; *Lockjaw Blues*; *The Turk*; *Milkshake*; *Peter's Waltz*; *Griff 'n' Jaw*.

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Idrees Sulieman, Jimmy Deuchar, trumpets; Shake Keane, trumpet, flugelhorn; Ake Persson, Nat Peck, Eric Von Liep, trombones; Derek Humble, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Carl Drevo, Johnny Griffin, Ronnie Scott, Sahib Shihab, saxes; Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Clarke, drums; Fats Sadi, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is a truism of art history that no formal sequence can be considered complete. It may remain dormant for decades, even centuries, only to be developed further by the right man at the right time. Francy Boland is the right man, orthodox big band writing is the sequence, and now is the time.

Perhaps the term "orthodox big band writing" requires some explanation. I think there have been two principal methods of writing for jazz band—Duke Ellington's (the poet's and dramatist's approach), and that of Don Redman, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, et al. (the craftsman's manner). The hallmark of the former is that one hears the performance as an expression of its creator, much as one hears a soloist, with the additional factor that Ellington can use a soloist's voice to tell his story, i.e. *Mainstem*, *Harlem Airshaft*, and *Blue Serge* are musical dramas with Rex Stewart or Ben Webster used to fill a specific role.

The Redman-Carter-etc. manner, in general, has a different effect on the listener. The band itself, not the arrangement's creator is the object of our attention, and, when 18 men imitate a single soloist at one moment, split into opposing choirs at another, and then catapult an actual soloist into space, the effect is magical. And I mean "magical" not just as a coloring adjective—there is something about a good big band performance of this kind that taps the power of communal ritual where men move in unison to the commands of an external power.

In recent years this type of big band writing has pretty much lain fallow, with most of the successes coming from the Basie band (Frank Foster's *Shiny Stockings*, Frank Wess' *Segue In C*, and Benny Carter's *Kansas City Suite*). But now, in the person of Belgian composer-arranger Francy Boland and the band he co-leads with Kenny Clarke, that tradition yields a new harvest.

The first thing one notices about Boland's charts (he is responsible for every piece here except Clarke's *Milkshake* and Shihab's *Waltz*, and he may have had a hand in arranging those) is that they are real compositions for jazz band, not just

orchestrations of tunes conceived for vocal or small band performance.

Take *Lockjaw Blues*, for example. It begins with one driving chorus by Boland and rhythm, a chorus for full band which consists of a simple motif that Boland has already hinted at, and then alternating choruses of *Lockjaw* alone with rhythm and accompanied by the band. Each of the accompanying figures arises logically from the opening theme, and the last of these (which is the simplest, "bluest", and most tension-inducing) leads to a bright final episode for full band that elaborates the opening and, in effect, blows the blues away. Though *Lockjaw Blues* lasts only 3:03, it is rich with musical meaning—one of the classic big band performances. *New Box*, *Sax No End*, and *The Turk* are on a similar level, and the remaining tracks would grace any big band album of recent vintage.

The layout of *Lockjaw Blues* may suggest Thelonious Monk in its continuous evolution, and, whether or not Boland has been influenced by Monk, he stands as an honorable confederate of that musical giant. Of course, Boland is more rhythmically conservative, and the melodies he elaborates are rarely as intrinsically interesting as Monk's, but Boland's conservatism in both areas is justified by the greater need for equilibrium in a large ensemble.

As for the band's execution of Boland's music, well, first one must mention the co-leader's contribution—Kenny Clarke is a superb big band drummer, the best since Dave Tough. Like Tough, Clarke never forgets that his first responsibility is to swing. This may seem obvious, but, since the tendency arose among big band drummers to catch every accent and fill every hole, how many bands have you heard that swing as well as the best small groups? This band does, and Clarke is the main reason. He retains the sinuous flow of his small group work, stepping up the power several notches in order to move 16 men and accenting just enough to make his points without inhibiting forward movement.

Clarke has an excellent associate in Jimmy Woode, who agrees completely with the drummer on where One is (a rarer occurrence than one might think). Listen to the way Woode and Clarke establish the swing of *Sax No End* and *Lockjaw Blues* in the first bars and you'll hear what I mean.

As an ensemble, the rest of the band is very good, the sax section in particular, though the trumpets do seem to falter a little on a complex phrase during *Griff's Groove*. They more than make up for it, however, by their clan throughout, espe-

cially on the out chorus of *New Box*. The spirit of the band—an essential but relatively intangible quality in big band performance—is all one could ask. Executing a sax-section passage like the one Boland wrote on *Sax No End* must be an exhilarating experience.

The soloists are appropriate, interesting, and excellent at best, with the highpoints being *Lockjaw*'s choruses on *Sax No End* and his blues, Bailey's and Griffin's stints on *New Box*, Deuchar's coda on *The Turk*, and Sulieman's solo on *Waltz*.

If you have any interest in big bands, this record is essential, and I'm sure that many listeners who've sworn off the habit will find this album a fascinating achievement. More, please. —Kart

John Carter/Bobby Bradford

FLIGHT FOR FOUR—Flying Dutchman FDS-108: *Call To The Festival*; *The Second Set*; *Woman*; *Abstractions For Three Lovers*; *Domino*. Personnel: Bradford, trumpet; Carter, clarinet, alto saxophone, tenor saxophone; Tom Williamson, bass; Bruz Freeman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This group's first recording, issued on the Revelation label under the name of the New Art Jazz Ensemble, recently received a favorable review (*DB*, Sept. 18) which accurately described its virtues. I think this album is a shade better—the group sounds more relaxed and the recording is less dry. If a music that is similar to early Ornette Coleman, featuring an excellent soloist in Bradford, a variable but interesting improviser in Carter, and a very good rhythm section sounds interesting, you'll want to investigate both albums.

The music of Carter and Bradford, heard alongside early Coleman, suggests the importance of Coleman's provincial origins (all three musicians grew up in the Dallas-Fort Worth area and are of approximately the same generation).

I think bop was heard differently in Dallas than in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Detroit, since much of the music's essence had Southwestern origins in the first place.

Imagine Coleman or Bradford listening to Charlie Parker in 1949. As devoted boppers, they memorized and elaborated on what they heard, like thousands of other young musicians. But, surrounded by the Southwestern blues conception that gave birth to Parker and Lester Young, their elaborations were subject to feedback from the initial source. Thus, through a unique conjunction in time and place, a genius like Coleman could make relations between the free, expressionistic use of melody and rhythm in Southwestern blues and similar qualities in Parker's highly sophisticated music, ending up with seemingly radical innovations (they were radi-

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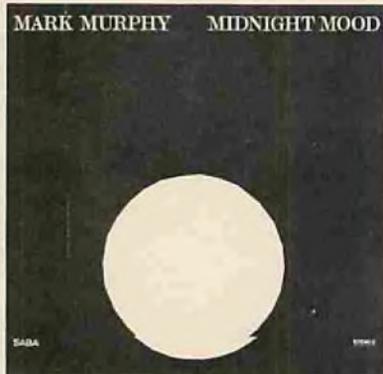


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cal in effect, but the method was pretty much one of intuitively combining already existing things).

In such an environment, talented musicians like Bradford and Carter could emulate their idols (Fats Navarro and James Moody, I would guess) and, as they matured, extend their initial inspirations into novel areas. And feedback enters once again when Carter and Bradford were influenced in the '60s by Coleman's fully developed music.

The result is that this group sounds quite fresh and new; not because they are using new musical materials, but because, like Coleman, they legitimately tap jazz roots and bring forth new relations between familiar things.

You can hear this in Bradford, especially. His melodies are nowhere near as radical in design as Dizzy Gillespie's or Roy Eldridge's, and, in fact, he has a taste for melodic symmetry that is reminiscent of Buck Clayton. But, given a relatively free harmonic foundation, he strings together his melodies in a continuous skein, without the need to return to home base.

One of Bradford's notable qualities, shared by Don Cherry, is the sense of forward movement his music conveys—at up tempo he gobbles up time like a hungry puppy. He is consistently inspired here, and his solos on *Call*, *Second Set*, and *Domino* (where he elaborates a fragment from *Raincheck* which is imbedded in Carter's theme) are delightfully straightforward, optimistic improvisations.

Carter is a less satisfying soloist—at up tempo his melodic flow frequently dries up and he worries a motif to no particular end. I think he might be more comfortable playing on changes. Still, his melodies are individual, and, like all members of this group, his is an honest music—free from the affected hysteria which sometimes plagues the avant garde.

Williamson is a refreshing bassist who plays a strong supportive role rather than running all over his instrument. He takes the primary rhythmic responsibility, booming out deep counterlines and pedal points. Freeman, staying mostly on cymbals, supplies color and the needed rhythmic edge.

The Carter-Bradford Quartet is a group of mature men making satisfying, non-faddist music. They deserve your attention. —Karl

King Curtis

INSTANT GROOVE—Atco 33-293: *Instant Groove*; *Hey Joe*; *Foot Pattin'*; *Wichita Lineman*; *Games People Play*; *Sing a Simple Song*; *The Weight*; *La Jeanne*; *Little Green Apples*; *Somewhere*; *Hold Me Tight*; *Hey Jude*.

Personnel: Curtis, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, guitar; Duane Allman, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

Some moments of very nice listening. Won't blow your head off, or make you want to dance, unless you're already in the mood, but it's fun to listen to.

Curtis is an uneven soloist. He does some interesting things with tenor on *Hey Joe* and with soprano on *La Jeanne*, except that on the latter, which demands at least a bow to the lush nature of the original, he refuses to hold a note without bending or slurring. The rest of the solos are for

the most part routine.

There are two really fine arrangements: *Games* and *Pattin'*, the latter a blues that changes keys about 407 times, which tends to keep your ears open, then settles in to provide Curtis with the kind of earthy background in which he is at his best.

Some of the other charts, however, display an abysmal lack of taste. *Somewhere* (which it takes guts to perform as a saxophone solo anyway, given Cannonball's definitive treatment of it) is set to an annoying ricky-tick rhythm which vitiates the tune's lyricism. *Hold Me Tight* is real cutesie. And where Arif Mardin came up with the brilliant idea of routing *Jude* as a Latin number is a real puzzle.

In general, the album is good clean fun. No real reason to criticize it; no real reason to buy it.

—Heineman

Paul Desmond

SUMMERTIME—A&M SP 3015: *Samba (Struttin')*; *With Some Barbecue*; *Olvidar*; *Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da*; *Emily*; *Someday My Prince Will Come*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Where Is Love?*; *Lady in Cement*; *North by Northeast*; *Summertime*.

Collective Personnel: Joe Shepley, Burt Collins, Marvin Stamm, Joe Eckert, trumpet, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, Wayne Andre, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Paul Falise, Bill Watrous, trombone; Ray Alonge, Jimmy Buffington, Tony Miranda, French horn; Desmond, alto saxophone; George Marge, Bob Tricario, woodwinds; Herbie Hancock, piano; Joe Beck, Jay Berliner, Eumir Deodato, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Ron Carter, Frank Bruno, bass; Joe Venuto, marimba; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Leo Morris, Airtio Moreira, drums; Jack Jennings, percussion; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

Desmond's first recorded outing since leaving Brubeck was worth waiting for. During his long tenure with the pianist, Desmond often recorded on his own, but rarely have his talents been more tellingly displayed.

The personnel listed above looks gigantic, but represents six different sessions; in fact, Don Sebesky's scoring is discrete, and for long stretches, Desmond is backed by rhythm only, often in a bossa nova groove.

Varied and often interesting material, a recording quality that beautifully captures and projects the altoist's sound, and the sympathetic backing he receives—from Hancock, Carter and Beck in particular—help carry the album, but it is Desmond's consistent excellence that holds it up.

Much of the critical praise Desmond has received was given in the manner of a backhanded compliment; the ploy was to praise Desmond at Brubeck's expense. This was unfair to both. Desmond wasn't just mainly responsible for the musical interest the famous quartet held for anti-Brubeckians. He was and is a very personal player of great sensitivity and musicality, with a rare sense of form and structure, and a real melodic gift.

Desmond is too honest a player to be tempted by the relatively "commercial" setting he receives here. Some might consider his lyricism soft, but it isn't; though he is a gentle musician, his work has the inner strength that marks the genuine jazzman. His distinctive sound has mellowed and ripened, as has his conception, and his playing here has a firmness and sureness that mark a new-found maturity.

My favorite tracks are *Love* and *Emily*

for ballad beauty; the Beatles' *Ob-la-di* for humor and swing (an apt quote from *Hey Jude* and a fleeting glimpse of Pete Brown are added attractions); *North* for blues feeling (it ends with *Audrey*, another Desmond original), and, best of all, *Barbecue*. The Armstrong classic is ideally suited for bossa nova treatment, and the lovely and still fresh melody gives Desmond something to play on.

"Louis Armstrong might have to listen twice to recognize (his tune), which he wrote way back in 1941," says the liner note. It was way, way back in 1927, chum, the tune is credited to Lil Armstrong, and Pops would know it after two measures. And like it for Desmond's graceful melodic flow. He might also enjoy the way Hancock picks up on Desmond's last solo phrase and builds his statement from it.

Barbecue is easy to like. In fact, so's the entire album. Good music often is.

—Morgenstern

Lou Donaldson

SAY IT LOUD!—Blue Note BST 84299: *Say It Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud*; *Summertime*; *Caravan*; *Snake Bone*; *Brother Soul*.

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Lou Donaldson, Varitone alto saxophone; Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Charles Earland, organ; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★★

While I subscribe heartily to the sentiments expressed by Donaldson and freres on the title tune, I cannot work up the same enthusiasm for the music.

Well played? Sure. Who would expect less of Donaldson, Mitchell and Co.? It's just that it lacks that extra—or, really, innate—bounce, move, zip, inspired play, whatever, that marks the superior performance.

For example: *Say It Loud*. It's a medium-slow lope through the blues. The opening choruses are ensemble, vocally and instrumentally. The group kicks off by shouting James Brown's exhortation, then settles into a togetherness blowing groove. The effect is indeed groovy, with horns and guitar given just the right substance and nuance by Earland.

But it continues for too damned long. Monotony sets in. Solos by Donaldson, Mitchell and Ponder offer some relief; but the rigid, repetitive underscore by Earland and Morris drags the ear away. These solos are well-crafted interludes by musicians who know where they're at. If excerpted from this particular setting, they would sound better than they do.

Yet, the point is that they really *can't* be excerpted because they are not isolates created in a vacuum but are part of, integral to and, indeed, suggested by a whole; and if they were part of any other whole, they would be conceived differently. So you've got to take it like it is. Or leave it.

So, that's how the album stacks to me: Poor? No. Really ear-grabbing? Not to me. But good, solid fair? Yeah. Two stars.

—Nelsen

Bill Evans

WHAT'S NEW?—Verve 6-8777: *Straight, No Chaser*; *Lover Man*; *What's New?*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Time Out for Chris*; *Spartacus Love Theme*; *So What?*

Personnel: Jeremy Steig, flute; Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

Rating: ★★½

There is a fetchingly unpretentious air

about these performances, but given the sometimes muddled results, one wonders if a soloist, even of Steig's great talent, can be meaningfully grafted onto such a gem-like entity as the Evans trio. True, everyone solos well within the context of the instrumentation and literature, but the accompaniment for Steig sometimes gets out of hand and reaches up and over the flutist to such a point that it is difficult to tell just who is soloing. This unfortunate phenomenon is especially disconcerting on the title tune and *Spartacus*: Evans seems unable to resist accompanying Steig with single lines played in the same octave in which Steig is playing. This also seems to affect the flutist, who plays with more cohesion and fire when Evans lays out or confines himself to chord punctuations, as on *So What?*

When the musicians aren't fighting each other, however, they play some fine music.

Evans is in excellent form, soloing vigorously with that clear sense of development that makes his music such a joy to behold. Of exceptional quality are his improvisations on *Straight* (including an unaccompanied two choruses of single-note construction that leap like grasshoppers at the listener) *Leaves*, *So What?*, and his marvelously musical introduction to *What's New?* Steig is best on *Straight*, *Lover Man* (in which he overcomes Evans' accompaniment), and *So What?* When he's right, his work displays an irresistible passion and lyricism. He could cut down on the sound effects, though.

Gomez, of course, is the most compatible bassist Evans has had since Scott LaFaro, as his solos and section work amply prove once again on this record. Morell fits in the group better than some drummers Evans has used in recent years; his playing behind Steig on *So What?* is quite strong and good and quite different from what one has come to expect from Evans' percussionists.

—DeMicheal

Lionel Hampton

STAPPIN' OUT, VOL. 1 (1942-1945)—Decca DL 79244: *Royal Family*; *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*; *Blues in the News*; *Exactly Like You*; *In the Bag*; *Loose Wig*; *Chop-Chop*; *Flying Home No. 2*; *Million Dollar Smile*; *The Lamplighter*; *Overtime*; *Tempo's Bougie*; *Doublin' with Dublin*; *Ribs and Hot Sauce*.

Collective Personnel: Karl George, Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Lamar Wright, Cat Anderson, Roy McCoy, Joe Morris, Snooky Young, Dave Page, Wendell Cullie, trumpets; Fred Beckett, Sonny Craven, Harry Sloan, Al Hayes, Mitchell Wood, Vernon Porter, Andrew Penn, Allen Durham, trombones; Marshall Royal, Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Jack McVea, Earl Bostic, Gus Evans, Al Sears, Arnett Cobb, Herbie Fields, Charlie Fowlkes, George Dorsey, Fred Simon, reeds; Ray Pettit, alto saxophone, violin; Milt Buckner, John Mehegan, piano; Irving Ashby, Eric Miller, Billy Mackel, guitar; Vernon Alley, Wendell Marshall, Vernon King, Charlie Harris, Ted Sinclair, bass; George Jenkins, Fred Radcliff, George Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This long overdue collection should remind a lot of listeners who have fallen into the almost reflex reaction of putting down any orchestra led by Hampton that he has often led bands to be reckoned with. Eight of the 14 tracks presented here soundly establish that point (some better than others, of course), while the remaining six find Hampton recalling the small-group setting in which he made his first marks with Benny Goodman and in which he worked so brilliantly on the Victor series of the late '30s.



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Loose Wig and *Lamplighter* are the standout big band sides. The former features a rich-toned sax section chopping away at a riff, answered by the unison purr of the trombones. Cat Anderson takes a few whacks in the first bridge, showing that he was a high note specialist of the first order before joining Ellington. *Lamplighter* has a small group feel and draws much of its strength from a light, supple rhythm section and some superb trombone and sax voicings near the end.

Overtime and *Bag* are more uptempo but far from the unrestrained bedlam which seems to have earned Hampton the indifference of some critics. *Bag* has Karl George in a straight-from-the-shoulder 16 bars of trumpet. Illinois Jacquet also has 16 bars; his only solo appearance in the LP. Arnett Cobb takes a fine chorus in *Overtime*, a relaxed but driving solo contrasting favorably to the big-toned, dirty, low-down growls he dishes up on *Flying Home*.

The previously unissued septet sides strongly suggest the Benny Goodman Sextet days, especially *Royal Family*, a 32-bar riff figure in the best Goodman tradition. Marshall Royal's clarinet has a roughhewn, rugged sound, suggesting Edmond Hall more than Goodman, but it works well. Irving Ashby's electric guitar is strongly reminiscent of many of Charlie Christian's tricks, such as descending runs in eighths or harmonic extensions on chords. He proves himself a fine musician, although a bit clumsy when compared to Christian. (Coincidentally, the date of this first septet session, March 2, 1942, was the day Christian died.)

The format of the two 1945 septet sides is about the same. *Doublin'* is nudged gently along by a shuffle rhythm and features some very graceful and swinging guitar by Billy Mackel. *Ribs* is in the same mold. Both exhibit Hamp in his best, most relaxed form. The sound is refreshing. As virtually the entire LP, it's all music and no fireworks. As for Hampton, his vibes architecture was and still is peerless.

—McDonough

Ramsey Lewis

ANOTHER VOYAGE—Cadet LPS 827: *If You've Got It, Flaunt It; Wanderin' Rose; How Beautiful Is Spring; Do You Wanna; My Cherie Amour; Black and Bold; Opus No. 5; Uburn; Cecile; If You've Got It, Flaunt It.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano, electric piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Phil Upchurch, guitar (tracks 2, 5, 6); Maurice White, drums, Kalimba.

Rating: ★★½

Here is another Ramsey Lewis LP in the pop-soul groove. Although his playing in recent years has held diminishing interest for the jazz listener, he has developed a considerable mass following, with which this session should go down well.

The tempos vary from the surging thump of *If You've Got It* to the moody ramblings of *Rose* or *Cecile*. All selections are pleasant enough with several (*Opus, Bold, and Rose*) offering a varied spectrum of rhythm and tone colors within the respective performances.

Do What You Wanna is played by Lewis on the electric piano, which here sounds remarkably like a guitar, in a

good hard-driving manner. The beat is rock-style, and the performance has a certain vitality, especially in Lewis' breaks.

The record opens and closes with *If You've Got It*, although the second version appears to be some sort of fragmented take. It has neither beginning nor end; just a fade-in, fade-out 2:18 of heavy, driving chords.

Enjoyable listening in the pop bag rather than jazz.

—McDonough

Mike Mainieri

JOURNEY THRU AN ELECTRIC TUBE—Solid State 18049: *It's All Becoming Clear Now; The Wind; Connecticut Air; We'll Speak Above the Roar; The Bush; I'll Sing You Softly of My Life; Yes, I'm the One; Allow Your Mind to Wander.*

Personnel: Jeremy Steig, flute; Mainieri, vibraharp; Warren Bernhardt, piano, organ; Joe Beck, Sam Brown, guitars; Hal Gaylor, bass; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Donald MacDonald, drums; Sally Waring, vocals.

Rating: ★★½

Mainieri has evidently put a lot of thought into this album: his arrangements are clever, tastefully conceived, and fuse jazz and rock subtly; his songs (he had a hand in writing all except *Wind*) are harmonically and melodically attractive; his solos and accompaniments reflect an abundant musical skill, always applied with deft touch and admirable restraint.

When his various talents and those of the other musicians (especially that of Steig, who's a wonderful player) come together and approach their full potentials, as in *Roar*, the result is superb; but when all are under wraps, as on most of the other performances, the effect is pleasant but unmemorable. On the other hand, when little restraint is shown, as on the seemingly endless *Allow Your Mind*, the music is so internally disconnected that it is meaningless.

Somewhere there is a middle path for Mainieri.

—DeMicheal

Jean-Luc Ponty

MORE THAN MEETS THE EAR—World Pacific Jazz 20134: *With a Little Help from My Friends; 3 + 2=1; California; Gimme Little Sign; Pata Pata; Pebble Beach Walk; Pacific Drive; Fort Ord Canon.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Ponty, violin; George Gruntz, piano, arranger; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

ELECTRIC CONNECTION—World Pacific Jazz 20156: *Summit Soul; Hypomode del Sol; Scarborough Fair/Canticle; The Name of the Game; The Loner; Waltz for Clara; Forget; Eighty-One.*

Personnel: Paul Hubinon, Tony Rusch, Larry McGuire, William Peterson, trumpet; Thurman Green, Frank Strong, Mike Wimberly, trombone; Bud Shank, Tony Ortega, Richard Aplan, reeds; George Duke, piano; Wilbert Longmire, guitar; Bob West, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Gerald Wilson, arranger.

Rating: ★★½

These are the first U.S. releases by the immensely gifted young French violinist.

The first album was recorded in Europe, the second in California, but the first has more musical sunshine. Perhaps this is because Ponty was stimulated by the presence of soloists of the caliber of American expatriates Jones and Wright and put at ease by his friends in the rhythm section; perhaps it is because the program is more varied and the small-band framework more relaxed—whatever the cause, I find *Ear* charming and *Electric* a bit monotonous, while hastening to add that it cannot be

faulted in terms of musicianship and integrity.

Ponty is brilliant on both albums. He is an instrumentalist of the first rank, equipped with virtuoso technique and gifted with a musical brain to match and control it. His ear is fabulous, and he appears to be a natural jazz player—he discovered and embraced the music when he was already an established classicist, and from all indications, it was a love match.

He plays his instrument amplified. His tone is somewhat dry and nasal, but pleasantly so, and fits his ideas and expression perfectly. (This unity of sound and content is the hallmark of all great jazzmen.) His stops—and the way he puts them to work—are masterly, and he gets a great variety of tonal effects from the violin. There are moments when his sound and phrasing evoke a saxophone, and his bowing is astonishingly clean and agile. To top it off, he has natural swing, and his phrasing is never stilted.

If you have not yet made Ponty's acquaintance (he can also be heard on *Violin Summit*, originally on MPS and now issued here on Prestige 7631, which received a ★★★★★ review from this writer and finds Ponty in the company of three formidable colleagues: the late Stuff Smith, Stephane Grappelli, and Svend Asmussen) you are in for a treat.

The *Electric* LP will appeal to fanciers of modality. The entire first side is in this contemporary mold, and there isn't much variety in tempo, either—excepting the accelerando segment of *Hypomode*, the most interesting of Ponty's three originals.

The second side has more variety, and a highlight is the beautifully scored and played elegiac ballad, *Forget*. Ron Carter's *Eighty-One* is a fine showcase for the variety of textures Ponty is able to obtain, and has a strong piano solo by Duke. The young pianist has a powerful, percussive touch and plays with such conviction that he can make rather commonplace ideas sound interesting. He also comps for Ponty with remarkable rhythmic and harmonic empathy.

There are other good things on the LP: Wilson's pretty voicings, of violin with flute especially; Longmire's fleet solo on *Soul* (previously recorded on the *Summit* LP mentioned above), and Ponty's moving solo on his own *Waltz*. Name has an alto solo with Varitone octave divider effects, probably by Shank, and a flute (Ortega) is heard on *Waltz*.

Ear is another story. The music has a gaiety and liveliness that seems lacking in the U.S. efforts. The presence of Jones and Wright inspires Ponty, and Gruntz' deft, clever charts provide good settings for the soloists.

It is good to encounter Carmell, who has been too seldom heard on records since his move to Europe some years ago. He does not solo on every track, but is well featured on *Help*, *California*, and *Canon*. On *Help*, especially, he is in brilliant form.

Wright, in Europe even longer than Jones, is also a pleasant reacquaintance. *Gimme* is his track, and his vibrant, full-toned alto is as forthright and swinging as ever. His flute playing on *California* is very pretty.

Ponty is brilliant on *Pacific*, an interesting contrapuntal piece also featuring Gruntz. The pianist is at his best on *Canon*, where his solo is very intelligently constructed. He is somewhat lacking in swing, however.

The contemporary pop material is well handled. In fact, this group's approach should be a model for the idiom-mixing so fashionable these days. Here, the freedom of jazz is retained within the rhythmic framework of rock/soul, and the little touches of humor are neither arch nor heavy-handed.

Humair's superb drumming should not be overlooked, and it is interesting to note that Ponty's attack on *Help* is not unlike that of Stuff Smith.

One hopes that Ponty will firmly establish himself on the U.S. jazz scene. He has much to offer. —Morgenstern

Buddy Rich

BUDDY AND SOUL—World Pacific Jazz ST 20158: *Soul Lady*; *Love and Peace*; *Hello I Love You*; *Greensleeves*; *Soul Kitchen*; *Comin' Home Baby*; *The Meaning of the Blues*; *Ruth*; *St. Petersburg Race*; *Wonderbag*.

Personnel: Mike Price, Kenneth Faulk, Oliver E. Mitchell, Robert Yance, Salvador Marquez, trumpets; Vince Diaz, Rick Stepron, Donald Switzer, trombones; Joe Romano, Richie Cole, Pat LaBarbera, Donald Englert, Joseph Calo, reeds; David Dana, guitar; Robert Magnusson, bass; David Lahm, piano; Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★★

The fifth LP by the Buddy Rich band was recorded before a crowd at the Whiskey A Go-Go and has a lot of brass, lots of beat, but unfortunately less overall excitement than the first four.

You can't write off the record as a failure, of course, not when it contains the number of first-class soloists that it does and the excellent drum work by Rich; but this time out, the leader elected to record for the most part a group of big band rock arrangements. The result has been to substitute a stilted, squarish (rhythmically speaking, not culturally) rock beat complete with the deep twang of the electric bass pumping out the same monotonous figure chorus after chorus for the swift, swinging propulsive drive that made his earlier LPs count among the very best big band experiences of the decade.

Charts such as *Readymix*, *Critic's Choice*, *Sister Sadie* (ST 20113); *Group Shot*, *Rotten Kid*, *Machine* (ST 20126); *Love for Sale*, and *Big Swing Face* (ST 20117) captured huge audiences for the band and showcased Rich at his ultimate. But that hard-driving, swinging sound is not to be heard here. What we do hear is probably the most sophisticated and musically literate refinement of rock to come along so far, but still rock.

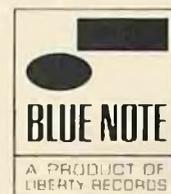
Altoist Richie Cole is the dominant soloist, heard on half the tracks. One is struck by the primitive rhythmic character of his solos and how they resemble the hard, jerky slap tongue style of Coleman Hawkins on some early Fletcher Henderson sides like *Diety Blues* or *Teapot Dome*. His sound is hard and cold and his harmonics are free-wheeling.

Although this ranks as probably Rich's most commercial reach for the young rock audience, one can't deny that the band plays with incisiveness and a rousing spirit. It's still an exciting group, but hopefully its book won't get bogged down in this groove. —McDonough



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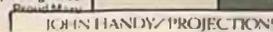
There was Miles there was
Monk...it was something to behold.
On this night no cat would feel
the winter's cold.

The solos kept coming...the
sounds they were a groove
as Handy and Byrd continued
to make everybody move.

Now Brubeck! Now Mongo!
Now Ellis! Now Green! Man...
it was really a beautiful scene!

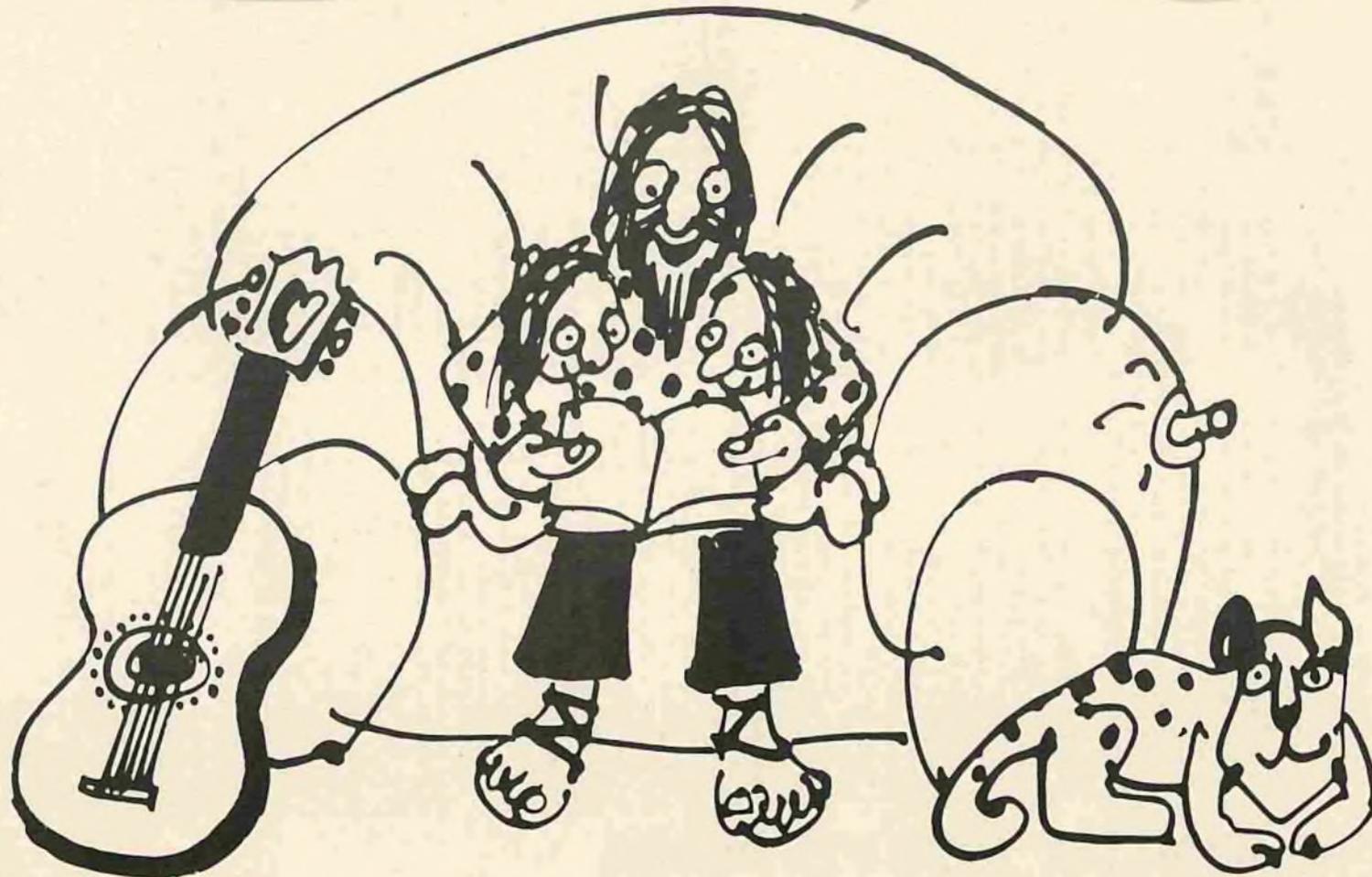
All these good sounds had
been given as gifts. But who
could wait 'til the morning
to dig these riffs.

On Blake! On Moondog!, they
proceeded to shout. Who could
believe a gig like this could
ever come about?



And before anybody knew it...
the night passed away. The
morning had come...it was
Christmas day.

“Peace” some cat said as everybody split.



Because he has not had an organized group and has been absent from the night clubs, little has been written about John Handy's whereabouts and activities during the past year or so.

He has been far from idle, as I learned when he filled me in during a recent visit to Los Angeles from his San Francisco home:

"I've become quite involved in teaching, and I've found it to be a great discipline for me. Right now I'm doing a jazz history course at Cal. State at Berkeley. I also taught at San Francisco State, and I'm planning to give a course on Black music at the Free University in San Francisco.

"I put together an 11-piece ensemble to do the music for an industrial film for a big department store chain, the Dayton Corp. of Minneapolis.

"My singing plans are very important to me. I've been studying with Muriel Brown, who has an operatic background, did some musical comedy work and used to sing with Claude Thornhill's band. I'm recording a vocal album that will be out by the first of the year and expect to make my first public appearance as a singer by mid-1970. In a sense I'm going back home, singing the blues, but I expect to incorporate a lot of other things."

Handy's last Blindfold Test appeared 10/6/66.

—Leonard Feather

1. QUINCY JONES. *Love and Peace* (from *Walking In Space*, A&M). Hubert Laws, tenor saxophone, Eric Gale, guitar.

I'm not sure who it is—offhand, I'd take a wild guess and say Kenny Burrell, maybe, on guitar. Or it may be Grant Green, whose playing I'm not familiar with. And the tenor saxophonist might be Stanley Turrentine or someone who plays very much in that vein.

I think overall the composition was well played, but there were some spots where they were not quite together, and that's probably because they didn't have a chance to rehearse that much. Even reading parts like that you still have to feel it and know where it is. . . .

The voicings of the orchestra didn't sound like they were in the hands of people who normally work in this vein. It sounded like somebody who had a lot more maturity and imagination, and knew the mechanics of what he was doing. I'd rate that four stars.

2. GARY BURTON. *Prime Time* (from *Throb*, Atlantic). Burton, vibes; Richard Greene, violin; Jerry Hahn, composer, guitar.

It sounded like an attempt to sophisticate and urbanize a Cotton Patch Wobble! Whatever you want to call it, it's good fun and you can pat your foot to it. I'm beginning to get more into this kind of thing and accept it. It's pleasant, if not the most creative music I've heard. I thought I heard Jerry Hahn, who was my guitarist, in there. The composition reminded me of a thing he did with his own group.

I think I heard an organ and I thought I heard vibes at first, and maybe even a violin player. I wonder if that could possibly be Gary Burton. . . .

I wouldn't buy that. Another thing, I think they have recording problems with all that electricity going on. . . . That isn't the musicians' fault. They probably played better than they sounded. I'd give that three stars.

3. GERALD WILSON. *Pisces* (from *Eternal Equinox*, World Pacific). Wilson, composer; Anthony Ortega, alto saxophone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Carl Lott, drums.

I think that group sounds a lot better on record than it probably would in person. I'm sure if they were to play in person that brass would be so loud you

couldn't stay in the room, and the drummer is so loud you couldn't hear the rest. And those few little reeds you just don't hear in person, and I can sympathize with the alto player who took a solo there. I know what happens when you're overwhelmed with so much sound that you're just trying to fight you're way out. . . .

With the so-called jazz bands and the writing taking place now, I think one of the first things we should renovate is to get that brass and percussion down to actually blend with the rest of them. That's really too overbearing, and thank goodness for recording, otherwise the rest of the people could be eliminated. I noticed that the vibes were incoherent, and a lot of this again is due to engineering problems. Of course, he might not have played that great, but I couldn't tell.

I would give that two stars because I couldn't hear it all, not because of quality. I'm sure they could play it better.

4. FOURTH WAY. *Dance of the Mechanical Men* (from *The Fourth Way*, Capitol). Mike Nock, piano; Michael White, violin, composer; Ron McClure, amplified bass; Eddie Marshall, drums.

There was a wealth of talent. I suppose, in this group. All they need is a leader! I assume this is the Fourth Way. It sounds like the group I had, minus myself. The best thing that happened is the head on it. It's kind of a musical insurrection, and maybe that's what they wanted to do all the time—I wish them luck! I know they can play other ways; I know they're capable. I hope there's not too much of this going on, at least for my musical taste. I expect the Fourth Way to do a lot better. I hope they do. I love them all as people, but that's beside the point.

Unfortunately, jazz is so poor and you have to try so hard to make a few pieces sound big and important. This isn't their fault. This is something we all are plagued with. We don't have the economics. How much can you get from a group that size? Still, I think there are other ways, economically, that you could get more music. Two stars.

5. SONNY CRISS. *Don't Rain On My Parade* (from *I'll Catch the Sun*, Prestige). Criss, alto saxophone; Hampton Hawes, piano.

That's a cute little thing. I wish they'd played more of that rhythmic thing there.



Although the swinging part felt good and was well executed, unfortunately he's plagued with a problem that a lot of saxophone players have, including myself—reeds. Sometimes it seemed he was afraid to try certain things because he was afraid the reed wasn't going to take it.

It sounded like Sonny Criss to me. It might have been Richard Wyands on piano. Incidentally, I think they were quite well recorded, at least the presence of everybody was there. The music was honest in that they weren't pretending or trying to break into new ground. . . . sometimes I think that in the process of creativity, many people become very dissatisfied with what they're doing and they branch out to change and do other things when they lack the equipment—emotional and technical. That's why we have an awful lot of bad music now. Most of these cats can't conceive of the fact that there's not a genius on every LP. . . . I'd rate that four stars.

6. CAP'N JOHN HANDY. *Perdido* (from *Introducing Cap'n John Handy*, RCA). Handy, alto saxophone; Benny Morton, trombone; Claude Hopkins, piano, leader.

That was Cap'n John Handy, alto player from New Orleans, I believe. I met him recently in San Francisco at Earthquake McGoon's. I even danced that night. . . . and the music was very happy and he's a creative saxophone player! I'm sure he's been playing for years, and there's phrases there I've heard beboppers play and the older musicians play. He always plays something different. He's got embouchere problems, as an older person. . . .

Anyway, I think that's the Claude Hopkins band; mature players, and in their style, excellent players. The trombone had a great sound. You know, jazz is still in its infancy, I believe, and we've got a lot of growing to do. I wish the oldsters wouldn't close their minds, and the youngsters wouldn't close *their* minds—we can still learn from these people. When I heard him play that night, I felt I'd like to take some lessons from him. There's always something in there, you just don't know what the older guys know. I would give them, for the spirit and the creativity involved and the sound they get, and particularly for the alto player, and for the namesake—five stars.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Miles Davis Quintet: Toward a free Nirvana

Monterey Jazz Festival

Monterey, California

There's nothing unhealthy about musicians of different persuasions, or their respective idioms, coming together. In fact, one of the highlights of this three-day, five-concert affair was a cerebral afternoon called *Strings at Monterey* which took us on a cruise down the Third Stream with a nostalgic excursion to the Baroque era. But the three groups whose language is rock failed to contribute any degree of intellectual stimulation. Visual, yes. Sensual, too—but only superficially.

So, let's dispose of them at the outset. Sly and The Family Stone followed what should have been the logical climax to Friday night's concert: Tony Williams and his Lifetime trio (how Sly's simplistic drummer had the gall to pound away after Tony is hard to fathom). Boasting wall-to-wall amplifiers, Sly got his revenge on the incoming and outgoing jets (the Monterey Fairground is adjacent to, and in the

flight path of, the Monterey Airport), even got revenge on the stagehands by walking off in the middle of his first number, came back to announce his plight, which seemed to involve a missing keyboard stool, and then unfortunately resumed his wild set.

The Sons of Champlin were added as a last-minute replacement for ailing Willie (The Lion) Smith (how's that again?), and they turned out to be a fairly good rock group. More concerned with music than decibels, they managed to instigate the inevitable Saturday afternoon spectacle of do-it-yourself choreography in the stands. Finally, there was Lighthouse, an unwieldy Canadian combo. It consists of a hard rock nucleus flanked by horns (two trumpets, trombone and sax) and strings (two violins, viola and cello). The group displays fine musicianship, but the instrumentation is self-defeating in a live situation. The horns add comments: in the hard rock gaps and sound like an updated Salvation Army chorale. As for the strings, they are simply overwhelmed. One number,



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Whatever, Forever, was memorable, thanks to a first-rate solo by trombonist Russ Little.

Regarding the jazz highlights, producer Jimmy Lyons deserves credit for enlisting the services of Bobby Bryant to front a "resident band" of Hollywood studio swingers. Sprinkled throughout the weekend, in the solo spotlight and/or as an accompanying unit, the Bryant band gave a most impressive display of big band soul, mostly plugging its new album, *Earth Dance*. But the most unforgettable moments came with an unexpected vehicle: a tantalizingly slow rendition of *Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You*. For this listener, that awesome outpouring of power will suffice through the cold, bleak Southern California winter as the festival climax.

Bryant did not hog the solo limelight, even though most of his and Dale Frank's charts are fashioned with that in mind. Indeed, he gave tenorists Ernie Watts and Herman Riley considerable stretch-out room—Watts in particular, who gets my vote for the Most Valuable Player award. Bryant wisely used both electric and stand-up basses to cut through his busy, brassy arrangements, and this would be a most appropriate occasion to commend John Duke for his steady, dependable bass lines. Duke is one of the most underrated walkers on the west coast.

Next to Bryant, in terms of generating musical excitement, was Jean Luc Ponty, as small as Bobby is big; as calm as Bryant is extroverted; as brainy as Bobby is gutsy. The fantastic French fiddler was heard in various contexts and broke it up each time. The least successful was with the Modern Jazz Quartet. Ponty functions best with funk as a foil; what sets him apart is his amazing control of dynamics and content. After starting with an antiseptic tone, he increases both volume and emotion until he swings with a fervor not often associated with the fiddle. The MJQ was simply too polite to inspire Ponty's transitional trademark.

His most comfortable backing came from the Bryant band and the George Duke Trio. (The incredible Duke generates nearly as much voltage as the whole Bryant band.) Much of the success of the Ponty-Bryant collaboration was due to a third person, who should have been at Monterey to conduct this set: Gerald Wilson. His outstanding arrangements were tailor-made for Ponty.

The most memorable number was Ponty's own *Waltz For Clara*, a delightful, lilting waltz, over an energetic background. With the Duke Trio, the high point was reached with *You've Changed*, and all stops were pulled out: Ponty delving into quarter tones, building to a painfully beautiful climax and releasing the tension with tender loving care; Duke negotiating tricky unison runs, three or four octaves apart, *a la* Peterson.

When Sarah Vaughan is right, her voice can be the most incredible human instrument going. To say she was "right" at Monterey would be understatement bordering on insult. She could have sung the Doublemint jingle and earned a standing ovation—that's how mesmerized her audience was.

Backed by John Veith, piano; Gus Man-

cusio, bass, and Ed Pucci, drums, she went through a magnificent 13-song set that demonstrated the following: her low tones are still resonant and warm; her vibrato is still wide and controlled; her intonation still flawless; her pronunciation still a lyricist's best friend; she hasn't forgotten how to swing; and although her temperament reveals Vegas slickness, it's still Vaughan sassy. Highlights: *Poor Butterfly*; *I Could Write A Book*; *Alfie* (I thought Carmen McRae had the definitive interpretation—until I heard Sarah); *Trolley Song* (marvelous change of pace); and *Misty* (great gimmick on the release: what sounded like Sarah, an octave lower, turned out to be Veith surreptitiously singing, with Sarah mouthing the lyrics).

There is no denying the influence of Miles Davis on Tony Williams; having both groups at the same festival afforded visual and aural proof. Miles was heard the same night as Monk; Tony Williams followed the MJQ on opening night. Both were examples of outstanding contrast. Tony, like Buddy Rich, is exhausting to watch. He's an extremely inventive, versatile drummer; too intense to be showy; too musical to be anything but melodic, and too dedicated to play anything but jazz, even though he's flanked by a rock-leaning electric guitarist and organist. Larry Young must be complimented for his fancy footwork as well as his sinewy keyboard approach. The only disappointment in the entire Lifetime set was an enigmatic "vocal" (for lack of a better phrase) by Tony—something called *Where Are You Going?* or *Where Have You Been?* or some such—highly expendable. Otherwise his set was a dazzling, non-stop, Miles-ahead display, with no announcements and no interruptions.

The master's approach to this let's-keep-going-I'm-double-parked concept was one of the festival highpoints despite two disadvantages: Chick Corea's electric piano was having withdrawal symptoms, contrary to the complaints of many in the audience who thought the sound system had been sabotaged; and a reaction I thought I'd never hear for Miles—scattered boos. Miles is indeed fortunate: few combos as tight-knit as his could let a Herbie Hancock and a Tony Williams go and come up with replacements of equal calibre. But in Corea, he has a brilliant keyboard artist, a bit wilder and somewhat freer in his comping; and in Jack DeJohnette, a drummer of less intensity but no less imagination.

The group, as a whole, is an intellectual experience from start to non-stop. Miles and his alter ego, Wayne Shorter, are gravitating ever closer to a free Nirvana, basing their improvisations on arbitrary scales and/or modes, rendering all conventional frames of reference obsolete. Tempo change and moods shift almost subliminally. The rhythm section follows with an uncanny instinct, bassist Dave Holland implying time with lines that adhere to transitory harmonic patterns. Miles' chops were as firm as ever, his ideas cut through with clarity, and an appreciation for his playing could still approach excitement, even though the familiar yardstick of following changes had been discarded. He left many of his listeners behind, and

some Neanderthal types, who can only fathom the visceral, spoiled it for the others with their dumb jeers.

By way of contrast, the Sunday afternoon *Strings at Monterey* found an appreciative audience broiling under a Peninsula sun. They gave a standing ovation to the genteel wedding of the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Los Angeles String Quartet. That civilized surprise was certainly fitting tribute to a set that showed as much courage as it did musicianship on the part of professorial John Lewis. His arrangements of Baroque bon-bons, from Purcell to Bach—as well as his own *Vendome*—were presented as a labor of love, beautifully played, with a sincere attempt to integrate the formal with the funky. At times, Milt Jackson betrayed his “what-am-I-doing-here?” discomfort; just as frequently the chamber players betrayed a self-consciousness at trying to unbend their legitimate conception. But the overall merger was an unqualified success—especially *Air On A G-String*, which showed Percy Heath at his sensitive best. Less meaningful—but only in the reduction from orchestra to combo—was Gunther Schuller’s attempt to miniaturize an excerpt from his *Concertino For Jazz Quartet and Orchestra*.

Bill Fischer conducted the West Coast premiere of his *Rise and Fall of The Third Stream* with soloist Joe Zawinul and some of Bryant’s sidemen. The work shows Fischer’s skill at handling large forms, particularly his use of colors: integrating strings with small orchestra; and contrasting quarter tone strings with soulful rhythm backing. Zawinul, on electric piano, played exceptionally well.

Rise and Fall is a work that should be heard often. Fischer has woven much into its fabric, but frankly, I’d be hard put to affirm, after just one hearing, that he was successful in diverting the waters of both tributaries to form that elusive third.

A work which superficially skims that stream was also heard on this Sunday program: Dale Frank’s *Concerto For Trumpet and Orchestra*. The solo portion and the orchestra belonged to Bobby Bryant. Frank conducted the work, which seemed to be in three unrelated movements that provided a fine showcase for Bryant. The opener was a jazz waltz that led to plenty of stretch-out room in 4/4 for Bryant before sneaking back to 3/4. Bobby switched to the mellower flugelhorn for the moody middle movement—one that showed how he can triple-tongue effectively at very slow tempos. The final movement, over a riff with violin doubling brass (amazing how Melvin Moore’s amplified fiddle cut through!), was swung lustily by Bryant at a brisk clip—on trumpet again. Good, tight writing accompanied solos by tenorman Herman Riley and trombonist George Bohanon, and before the piece ended, there was a double cadenza featuring some free dialogue between Bryant and Bohanon.

Cornetist Nat Adderley also had Bryant’s sidemen for two featured numbers: the tambourine-punctuated *Biafra* and the plaintive *Nobody Knows*. I don’t know how accurate I am in labeling Nat under-rated, but he is one hell of a soloist.

By themselves, the MJQ put on an excellent set, but in addition to some muscle-throated exhibitionists who were in the mood for more than polite jazz, they had to fight some temperamental mikes (for the most part the sound system was well-behaved, and it improved as the festival wore on). Despite this, John Lewis plunged (if that’s the right word for the MJQ) straight ahead into some of his exotic compositions, such as *The Jasmine Tree*, *A Visitor From Venus*, *A Visitor From Mars*, plus portions of his film scores. The familiar sounds were there: Lewis’ spare treble meanderings, Milt Jackson’s ringing flirtations with the gutbucket; Connie Kay’s percussive effects; Percy Heath’s unswerving pedal points and amazingly clear double stops.

Another group with familiar, predictable leanings did not come off too well. Thelonious Monk, set against the Bryant band, seemed rather listless. Even with the aid of Oliver Nelson’s custom-fitted charts, Monk could not get off the ground. Perhaps it was the unfamiliar rhythm section (Junie Booth, bass; John Guerin, drums). Could be that Monk is essentially a combo experience? Even the extension of his own musical personality, Charlie Rouse, failed to inspire him. *Brilliant Corners* was nearly wasted (except for Ernie Watts’ solo comments); the best efforts was *Straight*. *No Chaser*—thanks to Bryant’s kicking off a brighter tempo than Monk would have.

Talking about kicking off tempos, the Buddy Rich band contributed an outstanding set, but every number was kicked off by a drum cadenza. No complaint, mind you (Buddy can do no wrong in my book—not with *his* book), just an observation. His band is tightly disciplined with an attack as clean and precise as Bryant’s band’s is comfortably soulful. The writing leaves less solo room (although Rich’s underpinning sounds like a solo from beginning to end), but what private forays we heard were dominated by the excellent alto of Ricky Cole, especially on *Mexicali Nose* and *Preach ‘n’ Teach*. Vince Diaz played a tender trombone solo on *Somewhere* (the lull before the percussive storm on Rich’s most requested chart, *West Side Story*); and credit must be given to the screech lungs of trumpeters Mike Price and Kenny Faulk. The explosive *West Side* medley elicited the usual spontaneous standing ovation, but the crowd kept demanding more. Rich demanded mercy; the crowd won. The band played *Mercy*, *Mercy*.

Nobody cared that during the set prior to Buddy Rich, *Mercy*, *Mercy* was heard—performed by its originators: the Cannonball Adderley Quintet. Julian the Cannon became Julian the teacher as he patiently explained the numbers he was about to play and their derivations. He went through a most satisfying set that included Bill Fischer’s *Saint M* and Zawinul’s *Walk Tall*, the latter as down home as *Saint M* was hard-edged. Brother Nat sang the blues (he should sing more often) with the same kind of serious humor that Cannonball is famous for. The quintet was also heard with Bryant’s band on the Oliver Nelson chart, *Combination*.

Another singer who should be heard



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more often is Little Esther Phillips. Backed by the Bryant band, she proved to be a thoroughly pleasing blues belter with as much poise as she had power. She negotiated the tricky intervals of *Moody's Mood For Love*—not as exact as King Pleasure. She improvised on Moody's solo. She revealed gospel roots in *Release Me*; gave out with a soulful *And I Love Him*; then stood the festival crowd on its ears with a 12-bar blues that developed tremendous power despite the slow tempo, then built tags like preachments. Little Esther won herself the weekend's first standing ovation.

A less convincing singer was Roberta Flack, who appeared with her trio. Similar to Nina Simone, Miss Flack accompanies herself at the keyboard, which is ideal for an intimate club, but self-defeating for the large stage of a large arena. Singers should not be riveted to one spot. Despite that handicap, Miss Flack turned out to be a great crowdpleaser. She has a good, articulate voice which seems to be at its best in the blues idiom, and she plays piano quite tastefully. The only time she seemed out of her realm was with a Spanish folk tune, *Black Angel*, but you'd never know it, judging from the audience reaction.

Buddy Guy was another favorite of the crowd, and he had an unbeatable combination going for him: first, he has an infectious approach to blues shouting; secondly, he offers the visual gimmickry of playing guitar upside down, backwards, inside out and all that nonsense. As for his blues

band, it furnished an adequate, unobtrusive background for his antics. Of course, with those antics, a chorus line of nudes would be unobtrusive. But don't get me wrong. Blues is Guy's medium, and the medium is the message.

Peanuts Hucko and Red Norvo co-led a very honest if unspectacular combo. Hucko conjured up the image of Benny Goodman with his clear, driving tone, and the doodling in thirds of Hucko and Norvo seemed to resuscitate the essential sound of the old B.G. Sextet. Norvo was pleasing as ever—inventive but unexciting. The uninspiring rhythm section, led by pianist Lou Stein, tended to hold back the soft-sell swing of the front line. What really bogged down the set was the singing of Louise Tobin. Her contribution added nothing to the proceedings, and to make matters worse, Hucko decided to sing and exchange patter with her on *Bill Bailey*.

Monty Alexander was given a disproportionately short stint, and while I haven't been able to derive goosepimples from his past pianistics, I must report I thoroughly enjoyed his Monterey *entracte*. Highlight of his brief set: *John Brown's Body*, based on *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. There were well-controlled dynamics and a sustained tremolo reminiscent of Oscar Peterson's muscular mits.

Getting its first festival exposure was a contemporary San Francisco quartet, The Fourth Way. Ex-John Handy sideman Michael White is one of the finest jazz violinists around—not as persuasive as Ponty, but just as adept in creating ex-

citement. In *The Fourth Way*, White alternates from lead to obligato, sharing those capacities with pianist Mike Nock. New Zealand-born Nock, using electric piano, is an imaginative accompanist, providing full-bodied backing melodically as well as rhythmically. Eddie Marshall and Ron McClure build a hyperactive rhythm section. The group deserves more hearings. It boasts a good, busy modern sound, often resorting to free form, but never losing the urgency of swing.

There's no such thing as a good festival or a bad festival. There is only the inevitability of both extremes, as seen through the uncertainties of opinion, mood and conditions. But the criteria for determining a *successful* festival are less complicated: warm bodies and paid admissions. Here are the figures (both kinds)—judge for yourself.

The capacity of the fairgrounds is 7,000. For five concerts the most you can squeeze in would be 35,000 souls. Total attendance was 33,650. Add to that the 1,200 who paid for the privilege of watching two concerts on closed circuit TV in a barn. Adding to the solvency of the festival, Consolidated Cigar Corporation underwrote a portion of the opening night concert, guaranteeing Lyons 30% of the house. For their investment, the puff peddlers were allowed to string a banner across the back wall of the stage on opening night which read "The Tipalet Experience." When the bread was counted, the five concerts had grossed \$152,650. Who would dare to hint of the demise of jazz?
—Harvey Siders

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RUSSO

(Continued from page 15)

bass, guitar and drums—and the New York Philharmonic. "It worked out very well," Russo said. "It consists of 96 choruses of the blues. It's the most difficult piece I ever wrote."

Russo hasn't had much time for playing since 1955, but along with his teaching, he does have time to compose and write. His book, *Jazz Composition and Orchestration*, was published by the University of Chicago Press last year. In fact, commissions and teaching salaries are what have supported him over the years since the Kenton days. Russo is still director of the Center for New Music at Columbia College in Chicago and he is starting a new work for the Peabody rock theater; it will also probably be performed by the Chicago company.

"I compose it as I work with it," Russo said. "I compose it off the dancers, singers, etc. I write it from what they know how to do. I think the day of the composer sitting down and writing and laying it on the performer is over—for a while. Now we get an idea for something and see what the group can do with it. I think it's different than improvisation. It's the corporate construction of a work."

The experience with *The Civil War* in Chicago in the summer of 1968 was an important one for Russo. "It was in the theater that I discovered myself and what I was trying to do," he has said. What he is trying to do, among other things, is promote creative amateurism in music (almost all the members of the rock band in the current show in Chicago are amateurs, as are a significant number of the Peabody rock theater group), further the revolution against entrenched notions of education and the plight of the cities (Russo would like to foster a sense of community by taking the rock theater out into it) and perhaps, thereby, improve the "tone of life."

Some of the techniques Russo uses in the rock theater and jazz orchestra are similar to those of sensitivity training. "We were doing these things that I suppose could be called sensitivity training before I knew there were "encounters" or "T-groups," he points out. (Russo has himself participated in five such sessions recently.)

"Somehow I came to the idea that unless there was some respect and love between musicians, they would have trouble playing together. Andy Kirk and his Clouds of Joy, to cite one famous example back in 1941—they played together. Rock was good because people wanted to get together to play it. But today there's a lot of ego tripping. Rock is going to be ripped apart by super sessions and super stars."

Will amateurism in music affect the attitude and performance level of the practicing professionals?

"That's not a question I have to answer," said Russo, meaning that he was not specifically addressing himself to that. "But maybe they will hear that voice speaking in them. A professional without a calling is a mere machine."



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ELLINGTON

(Continued from page 12)

Ellington grasped the significance of this two-day salute to both his gifts as a composer and his skill as a musical cameraman in Black-American society. That he did know what was up and was prepared for it was the result of long, careful planning by the man who put the entire event together, U.C.'s Marvin Chachere. For nearly two hours Ellington displayed some of the best of his life's work.

Neo-Creole (reworked elements of *Creole Rhapsody*), featuring tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby, and *Creole Love Call* demonstrated how Ellington keeps his pieces fresh for as long as four decades. Continually rescoring and reshaping old works, the composer usually retains the flavor and bite of the original as well.

Following the band's multi-layered monument to swing, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, trumpeter Willie Cook tossed off a hastily assembled but lovely muted version of *Black Beauty*, deep in the tradition of early Ellington and the late Arthur Whetsol. Ashby displayed his Ben-Webster-like chops (Webster still sets the standard for Ellington tenor men) on a blues Duke called *Black Power*. Then came the first of several superb Ellington piano solos during the evening, this one *Petite Fleur Africaine*.

After a full showing of *Take the 'A' Train*, featuring the leader's complex 6/8 introduction and the curiously stilted open horn of Cootie Williams, Ellington played *New World A-Coming* for some 12 minutes. Good, strong piano on a composition that might easily have been Gershwin rather than Ellington.

A rewritten *Black, Brown and Beige* was the high point of the concert. The ever-changing work was packed with new surprises—rhythmic changes, extensions of the *Work Song* section, an organ part for Wild Bill Davis, a vocal in Hebrew by Toney Watkins on *Come Sunday* (*Come Saturday*, maybe?) and a borrowed bit from *Liberian Suite*, *I Like the Sunrise*.

And there was, of course, a perfect *Come Sunday* solo by Johnny Hodges, along with a magnificent, writhing tenor saxophone interlude by Paul Gonsalves on *The Blues*.

Another charming example of the Ellington piano was heard in *But There's Nobody Looking*, from *Deep South Suite*.

The concert halted for a late intermission after a fine reading of *Harlem*, still another tour-de-force extended score in which Ellington plays with an endless variety of crosssection voicings (baritone lead over two clarinets; three clarinets, trombone and trumpet; etc.). This composition alone could serve as a graduate course in orchestration for any music school.

The concert continued at the same high level with *La Plus Belle Africaine*, which carried a feeling of bitonality in the course of some robust arco bass playing by Victor Gaskin.

Next Ellington attempted something quite extraordinary, even for him. He presented Charles Mingus' extended piece, *The Clown*. Mingus was slated to direct the orchestra while Ellington narrated but

the composer failed to appear and Duke did it all, unfortunately with rather ordinary results. However, Paul Gonsalves looked and sounded quite happy working out on the Mingus score.

From this point on, Ellington turned over his program to the non-purist, heel-kicking members of the large concert audience. Lots of organ playing (*Satin Doll*, *Alfie*), vocals by Watkins and Kathy Meyers (with the band a scant eight days). Miss Meyers at least possesses a vocal range of some five octaves.

After the inevitable medley of hits, the band went out with singers and unidentified dancers all over the stage and most of the audience happily tapping or snapping in or out of time.

Everyone went away intoxicated with Ellington in one way or another.

Footnote: Two men deserve special praise for their impeccable ensemble work throughout the evening—baritonist Harry Carney and trumpeter Cat Anderson. It seemed quite impossible for either man to play a wrong note, or even a lackluster phrase, for that matter.

Final footnote: Perhaps it is a sign of the richness of Ellington's orchestra that he was able to pass an entire evening without giving either of his superb trombonists, Lawrence Brown and Benny Green, a chance to really blow. For a body of music like Ellington's, even a two-day festival isn't enough to spread it all out before our insatiable ears. 

PIESTRUP

(Continued from page 14)

terest formed by his own orchestras, still localized as to listening, Piestrup's work has been more widely heard by way of Buddy Rich's band. Of Rich's trident of identities—brassy avalanches of rock crowbarred with a jazz feel of the *Mercy, Mercy* type, the *Diabolus* and *Channel One Suite* production numbers that zero in on the maestro's drums, and the more straight-ahead charts solidly based in jazz—Piestrup has hewed closest to the latter.

In the latest number he has crafted for Rich he brings two points of the trident into play. *The Word* goes half way through on a rock beat before evolving into four-four. He has several efforts in the Rich book—*New Blues*, *Good-bye Yesterday*, *Group Shot*; originals which have been recorded and show no signs of gathering dust. There are also well-conceived arrangements of *Greensleeves* and *Alfie*, among others. *Alfie*, specially set for Art Pepper, was, Piestrup says, more his tribute to Art than just an arrangement. "He has a core of integrity as a jazzman that his troubles have never touched."

Big band writing apart, he has imaginative tentacles curling around several projects. He's interested in electronic music, a more modal style of writing—most of his compositions tend to the linear—any opportunity to use

strings, and rock.

He recently cut some lucrative commercials—a rock group, a string quartet, jazzmen Bud Shank, Nick Cerolli, Jay Daversa, and others were involved. Not one to be straightjacketed in taboos, he will play what he considers a relevant cross-section of music—Mahler's Ninth Symphony (the adagio movement is, to him, the apex of all music), Berg's *Wozzeck*, Charlie Parker with strings ("Forget the strings, for God's sake"), the Beatles and Bob Dylan ("Spokesmen"). He has a sympathy more than musical for some aspects of rock, the music, he says, "... of Medusa-haired kids and beat up clothes, the opposite poles to the striped pants and frock coats of hypocrisy. It has an honesty that, to me, parallels jazz."

Cork pops from a champagne of recollections when he talks of Coltrane—after Bird, the second major jolt. "Brubeck was riding high on a somewhat uncritical wave, and Miles Davis was paddling in the shallows with that lonely-looking fellow, and people asking 'What's that out of touch tenor player trying to say?' He was the second pic'd piper." Of Miles: "I don't know how any modern jazz composer can fail to be influenced by him." The wine goes flat when he discusses the economics of jazz. "Jazz has never been healthier. The market looks as if rigor mortis has set in, at times. Of course it's attended by record promoters who believe that taking a chance on something new will kill them."

Hollywood he finds an exhilarating musical vortex. One of the new voices he hears is that of Dee Barton, Stan Kenton's drummer-composer. "He's coming up with great stuff, very significant. Never write Stan off as a working handleader. He's as perennial as the phoenix, and on a new exciting kick.

"The big band is my beat. The jazz orchestra is a river of combinations and colors that never runs dry, a battering ram crossed with subtlety. And when the time comes to really unveil the brass, let them come across like flame-throwers."

Discussing his confreres and those he most admires, he names "Thad Jones, Quincy Jones, Oliver Nelson—and the Duke. When that band is laying it on, they blow outside the scope of ordinary mortals. And Bill Holman—especially. I learned a lot from Bill. Never in a strict sense of studying with him, but through listening to his stuff, and conversations. The Holman illumination of a score is jazz poetry. He can move your heart and mind and feet."

Ditto Donall Piestrup.



JONES

(Continued from page 13)

Taylor (whom he first met at Bethlehem Records) will be producing. That combination already turned out an excellent LP, *Walking in Space*, for which Quincy took his alter ego, Ray Brown, to New York and filled the rest of the chairs with his favorite studio men, such as Jerome Richardson, Freddie Hubbard, Grady Tate, and Toots Thielmans.

And that brings us to Quincy's most current ongoing project—again a separate career by itself, and again a continuing source of aural cameos by some of the top jazzmen who pass through town: *The Bill Cosby Show*. Q. is scoring every segment of that series—his most active writing for TV since he scored the pilot and the first six segments of *Ironside*. At this writing, he has used Cannonball Adderley, Jimmy Smith, Eddie Harris and McCoy Tyner, not to mention such regulars as Ray Brown, Paul Humphries and Joe Sample. "I'm enjoying this so much—the opportunity to bring in these jazz soloists—that I just let them stretch out and then I cut it down later to fit my needs. Why should I bother them with click-tracks?"

In the midst of all this jazz activity, the most interested observer is Cosby. "You know how Cos is when it comes to jazz. He gets so excited and so wrapped up in the recording of the scores that I can't keep him out of the studio. He's a ball to

work with."

There is yet another facet to the Quincy Jones story—the very latest venture, which seems to tie together what he calls "a healthy synthesis of aesthetics and business:" he, Ray Brown and author Harold Robbins have formed a record company with a label to be known as Symbolic. The wrappings have just about been removed.

Either unwilling to, or incapable of relaxing, Quincy recently took on another mini-scoring assignment: a cartoon by John and Faith Hubley (an Oscar-winning husband and wife team of cartoonists) for IBM, to be shown at *Expo '70* in Japan. "Actually this assignment will give me quite a bit of freedom. They will synchronize their animation to my music. After that, I'll just be doing the Cosby thing and perhaps late in the winter I'll be able to steal a few weeks of vacation. But then I'd like to concentrate on a film musical that is currently in the talking stage. You know, I've been so submissive in some of my film scores that I'm dying to do what I want. It's really eating at me."

It was an unexpected admission, and when pressed, he offered an explanation that seemed to underscore the dichotomy that probably exists in every successful jazz musician.

"I've been accused of selling out, but what I play is my choice; what I write is my own choice. How can you place restrictions on art? I'm not apologetic in any way. I can't imagine any of my colleagues

telling me to my face that I'm selling out. Besides, the really good musicians understand what I'm doing. It just so happens a lot of things turn me on—from r&b to Penderecki. Let's face it, I like chitlins, but I wouldn't want to eat them all week. As for jazz ability—you know, I hate the word jazz—you don't have to prove it. If you've got it, you won't lose it."

There's no mistaking the enviable position that Quincy finds himself in today. "Cue" and "Q" are virtually synonymous, yet Quincy is not one to stop learning. He just went through an informal seminar conducted by Earle Hagen (also in the class: Lalo Schifrin, Shorty Rogers, Oliver Nelson, Tommy Vig) and came away with unlimited praise for Hagen's book, *The Mechanics and Psychology of Film Scoring*. "It covers everything, but what impressed me the most was the psychology. That class gave me an idea: I'd love to see 25 composers shown the same scene and then let each one interpret it his own way. That would be a gas, wouldn't it?"

Another "gas" in Quincy's estimation is the outlook for jazz. "It's got a beautiful future, I really believe that. What I mean is the Blood, Sweat&Tears concept—fusions like Coryell and Burton, or the Fillmore and jazz. Man, they're a lot healthier than the Hatfields and the McCoy's. Jazz is learning from rock—and vice versa."

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QUINCY JONES

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ROCK: THE RHYTHMIC REVOLUTION

By Don Ellis

I HAVE BEEN waiting for some time to see it said in print, but to my knowledge no critics seem as yet to have picked up on the fact that we have undergone a fantastic new rhythmic revolution.

Let me be perfectly clear: THERE HAS BEEN A RHYTHMIC REVOLUTION IN ROCK OF EQUAL SIGNIFICANCE TO THAT WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE BEBOP ERA!

One of the most salient features of the bebop revolution was in the rhythm section: The bass player stopped playing a strict 4/4 or 2/4 and became more melodic and interesting rhythmically. The pianist began using syncopated punctuation chords at unexpected places rather than a strict boom-chik 4/4 pattern. The drummer got away from keeping time on the drums and went to the ride cymbals with syncopated accents interspersed on the snare drum and bass drum which tended to give the music a lighter feel.

A similar revolution has now taken place in rock music, but because it has happened in a "commercial" field (and not in the "serious" jazz field), jazz critics have apparently all but ignored this. However, if you open your ears and listen analytically to the best rock and rhythm-and-blues records around today you will find that the following has happened:

The bass player (because now he is playing the bass guitar rather than the more traditional upright bass violin) is able to move around faster and in general plays much more complex and syncopated lines than heretofore have been used in jazz.

In the drums, whereas in bebop the sound went to the cymbals, in rock music (although the cymbals are still used) the opposite has happened, and the basic patterns have gone back to the drums. One of the reasons, I suspect, is that because of the high level of volume at which a great deal of rock is played the cymbals give no definition to the time and merely add a blanket to the overall sound. So the burden of time-keeping has now come back to the snare and bass drums. This also gives it a more solid rhythmic feel. For anyone who likes to swing hard, I think this is a definite step in the right direction.

The patterns the snare drum and bass drum are playing, instead of being sporadic, are now more regular in the sense that they are played continually. This is very significantly due, perhaps, to the heavy influence of Latin-American music: the basic patterns are now in even 8ths (as opposed to the traditional triplet feeling of most jazz). This has made another extremely important development possible: some very complex poly-rhythms.

If you analyze what is happening in rock music you will find the following levels of rhythms happening simultaneously: there is a half-note feeling, sort of a long two going on as a foundation. Over that, we have the traditional quarter-note feeling, but this is a further subdivided now into even 8ths, and then the even 8ths are subdivided into sort of a double time feeling in 16th notes—and, depending upon the tempo, sometimes this is further super-imposed upon with a double-double time feeling done in 32nd notes. Each of these five levels may be going on simultaneously with its own pattern and feeling, and the combination of all these levels at the same time is one of the things that makes the new music so exciting. (See Examples 1 & 2.)

Example 1: "The Chicken" by Alfred Ellis, performed by James Brown on King 45-6240.

Example 2: "Killing Floor" by C. Burnett, performed by Electric Flag on Columbia CS 9579

Note: Examples 1 and 2 are basic patterns only (these are further varied during the course of the pieces). The four rhythmic levels indicated on Example 1 also apply in the same way to Example 2. Example 2 includes patterns found in various sections of the piece.

This was not particularly practical in bebop since the main feeling was one of triplets, because, of course, when you double time a triplet you destroy the feeling of the triplet. This is the reason why jazz can often be swinging along very well, and when a soloist goes into a double time feeling, instead of the rhythm becoming more intense (as you might expect) it becomes less intense because the soloist is conflicting with his double time feeling over the basic triplet feeling.

Also, the guitar has replaced the piano, and because of its nature, it very often plays the layer of rhythm in the 8th notes or 16th notes, and tends to fill up the holes left by the bass and drummer, cementing the whole thing together.

Critics seem to be puzzled, but I think this explains why the young people of today (and many older people) no longer find the typical jazz beat (ching-ching-ka-ding) exciting. Today much more is happening in rhythm.

In passing, let me mention that the melodies have changed considerably also. The melody that might be improvised by a guitarist in a rock or r&b group will tend to have less notes than a typical jazz solo and tend to be more emotional, making great use of wailing notes, reflecting the much heavier influence of the blues on the music.

The rhythms the typical rock and r&b band plays today would have scared the bebop innovators half to death! (Remember: Bebop started over 25 years ago!) Let me point out, so I am not misunderstood, that this does not invalidate bebop, but it certainly does make it "old-fashioned", just as bebop made swing sound dated. But each music has its own validity and excitement within the genre.

Many of the "new" jazzmen are concerned with getting away from the beat, but real rhythmic excitement in music is happening today in r&b and rock.

However, even some of the rock bands are getting away from the beat. This is a mistake if they think they are "hip" in doing so, because the hippest thing in the world is to really swing—it is something not everyone can do. But very often in music, as in others arts, complexity is mistaken for profundity.

Among the most difficult things to do well in music are to really swing, and to compose or improvise a beautiful, simply melody. I maintain it is much easier to write or play a lot of fast notes which may appear to be very difficult but probably have little depth of meaning, than to do something really simple and beautiful, which is at the same time new and fresh.

To get back to the new rhythmic revolution in rock music: it can go much further, but I think it is important to see to it that it always swings.

The break-through has been made, and now it is up to all of us who really love music to see to it that it is developed and expanded.

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**AMPLIFICATION FOR
THE ROCK GROUP:
AN EQUIPMENT GUIDE
BY CHUCK LISHON**

The Kinectic Playground, rock music mecca in Chicago, was the place of an interesting experiment a few weeks ago.

"I was at the Playground with a general radio sound survey meter standing about 40 feet in front of the bandstand. The room was wall to wall people, and the sound level peaks on my meter were at approximately 126 dB. The levels on my meter at the outer edges of the room were 100 to 103 dB. For comparison, 120 dB is painfully close to the sound level of a Boeing 707 taking off. Sound at this intensity requires special protective ear coverings by the U.S. Government for personnel in the area. To equate it to sound that I might listen to, the average home hi-fi is usually played at a maximum level of 80 dB. An increase of 3 dB at that level doubles the sound intensity. Example: 83 dB is twice as loud as 80 dB. 86 dB is four times as loud as 80 dB. 90 dB is 16 times as loud as 80 dB, and by the time you pass 120 dB, it's loud."

So started this interview with John Thomlinson, audio engineer and member of the technical staff of Chicago Musical Instrument Co.

"I think the fantastic volume at which today's heavy rock music is being performed has made it necessary to re-evaluate the means of projecting sounds. Sound systems in general have evolved to a high degree. A group is no longer satisfied with a 60 watt Bogen Amp and a couple of columns, nor can a rock group expect anything to be heard with this sort of system by today's standards. The gain control can be full-up, which will most probably result in distorted vocals and shredded speaker cones. The reason is quite simple—POWER!!"

What has a normal group been using in the way of amplification musically and vocally?

"The normal group might be using a 60 to 100 watt rating on the amp and two column speakers rated at about 60 watts each. Note the rating on the amp; we will discuss it later. This is our PA. Now let's compare it with the instruments that an average four-piece group has; guitar, bass, organ, and drums. The guitar uses one 100 RMS amp with four cabinets and two 15" speakers. That's 100 watts and eight 15" speakers. The organ uses the same system. Bass uses two 100 RMS watt amps and four cabinets which should equal 24 15" speakers and 400 watt RMS. If you try to push a vocal through that complement with the two 60 watt columns, it cannot reasonably be done."

What kind of equipment is available today which can push sound across at these high levels?

"PA systems can be subdivided into three basic areas, microphones, amplifiers, and speakers. First, I think we should talk

about the types and classifications of equipment. Then I'll mention some commercially available equipment that I feel has merit. Microphones are available for a multitude of purposes, but only certain types are satisfactory for PA use. Let's look at what we can use. First, omnidirectional versus uni-directional. An omnidirectional mike picks up sound from all directions: front, back, sides, top, bottom—everywhere. The sound coming from the PA speakers is amplified, as well as the singer's voice. In a word, feedback. A uni-directional mike picks up sound from in front and rejects sound from the back and sides. This means you can turn the level on the amp higher before the whole system starts to howl.

"Another characteristic of the mike is impedance. A high impedance (high Z) mike has an impedance (or electrical resistance) of approximately 50,000 ohms. An ohm is just a reference unit of measurement, like an inch measures length or a gallon measures volume. A low impedance (low Z) mike has an impedance of around 150 ohms. Use low Z mikes whenever you can. Reason? A low Z mike cable may be run for long distances, up to 200 feet or more, with little loss of high frequencies and very little hum pick up. A high Z mike cable should not be run for more than 10 feet. Any longer distance will tend to pick up hum, and the high frequency will begin to roll off or disappear noticeably. A word here about matching mikes to inputs. Don't plug a low Z mike into a high Z amp input, or a high Z input. You won't damage anything, but it won't work right. Some amps have plugs in internal transformers that match a low Z mike to a high Z input, or you can use an external transformer like the Shure A95A or A95P.

"As for the type of pick-up, the dynamic type is far and away the best. Crystal mikes are unsatisfactory. Condensers and velocities are excellent microphones in a studio but are extremely delicate and fragile and very easily damaged. Of course, if you have an audio engineer on tour with you, you might try them, but I would consider it a gamble. Dynamics are extremely rugged and are fairly insensitive to physical shock. Frequency response and direction characteristics are excellent. So, the ideal stage mike would be a low Z, uni-directional dynamic microphone. I might add that the cardioid mike is the most commonly encountered uni-directional mike. The word cardioid describes the pick-up pattern. However, not all uni-directional mikes have to be cardioid."

What type of microphones would you suggest be used for rock vocal amplification?

"The Shure 566 Unisphere I. As far as I'm concerned, this mike is where it's at. Great frequency response, great pick-up, great tone, low Z (plus high Z), and shock mount. Fantastic! Next, the 565 which is a 566 without the shock mount, about \$25 cheaper. Also the 565S, a 565 with an on-off switch on the mic. Then, the 585SB low Z with switch. Shure has a 585SBV that has a volume control on the mike, but I'd like to forget it. It's

not worth the extra \$5. The Shure 588SB (switch again) is less expensive and is also good. These mikes also have a built in pop and blast filter that helps when working a mike close. Other good Shure mikes are in the Unidyne series, but they cannot be worked as closely as the Unispheres. Good Electro-Voice mikes are the RE10 and RE11. They are expensive. The RE10 is about the same price as the Shure 566, but less shock mount. The RE11 looks great to me. I've never had an opportunity to use one, and I'd like to try a couple. The RE11 has a pop and blast filter that the RE10 doesn't have but lists for \$96. I would want to be certain of a mike before I spend that much. Possibly I can give a better picture of the RE11 in a later article after I've used a few."

Can you give a little background on amplifier types available before you recommend your personal choices?

"Selecting the amplification portion of the system is probably the most difficult and the most confusing. I can mention a half dozen ways of doing the same thing and recommend components, but I haven't seen anything yet that excelled in every respect short of recording studio equipment.

"Let's take a typical situation and see what can be done. Say we've got somewhere between one to eight mikes. They have to be mixed, amplified, and distributed to speakers. You can buy combination mixer-amps, like a Shure Vocal Master. The Vocal Master gives individual tone control and reverb on each mike if you want it. If you need or want more sound, get an audio man and have a system made for you.

"Most available mixers handle between four and five mikes. They may have bass and treble controls; some may have a VU meter. The tone controls are nice but not absolutely necessary. The VU is also nice if someone is riding gain. I think I should state here and now that the person running audio live during the show determines the direction that the sound will take. Most of the big groups have an engineer. The music is becoming so complex that someone handling and setting up audio before, during, and after a show is not a convenience but a necessity.

"Most of these mixers are mono. If you want two channels (or more), you'll have to use more than one mixer. There is no problem if you've got six or eight mikes with four mikes per mixer. When buying a mixer, double-check the low Z mike inputs. For one thing, those matching transformers sell for about \$12 each. That can add up. Besides, it can be frustrating trying to set up on a stage and have things mismatched at the last minute.

"Now we've got the mike mixed down to one or more channels, and we need a power amp or amps. This is the most tenuous area in the whole system. About all I can do is give examples and an opinion. Take a Fender Dual Showman with dual 15" speakers. Plug the mixer output into it and sound comes out. That's about how well it works. Adequate for small clubs and totally unsuitable for anything larger. Tone can be improved by

adding a high frequency horn. Also, remember you'll need more than one bottom, which can become expensive. Especially since it is designed for an instrument, not for PA. This holds for anyone using any instrument amp and bottom as a PA.

"So let's pick a basic or power amp. Any good basic amp. Just be sure that it will put out enough power and has a tolerable distortion level. Power specs can be, and are, misleading. For hard rock you'll want at least 100 watt RMS. Probably 200 or 300 RMS would be more like it. Note I said RMS. This is average power, and is the best indication of how much an amp can put out. A concrete example of what can be done with power ratings is model "Y", a commercially available amp. Model "Y" is rated 190 watts \pm 1 dB. This sounds like a lot of available power. However, the rest of the ratings read 150 watts IHF and only 50 watts RMS. Try to keep volume peaks under the RMS rating, and you're in good shape.

"Distortion is acceptable at 1.5% to 2%. Lower distortion is always better. (The FCC broadcast station specs require 0.5% or less). Frequency response should be as wide as possible. You can always use the tone controls to reduce the response, but you cannot build it up. 20-20,000 Khe is more than adequate." 

(Next: Mixers and speakers.)

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

High school students in New Orleans public schools will soon hear a specially prepared half-hour tape of black poetry readings with accompaniment by a modern jazz group fronted by bassist Richard Payne.

The idea for the tapes began in the summer of 1968 when two teachers, Con-suela Provost of Clark Senior High School and Sterling Vappie of Carver Senior High School, were working on a curriculum bulletin on black literature with Charles Suhor, English Supervisor for New Orleans Public Schools. Suhor, who is also a *Down Beat* contributor and sometime musician, developed musical backgrounds for the readings suggested by the teachers and sought out funds from Project 8 Children, a program financed under Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

He called on Richard Payne, bassist with the Al Belletto quartet and music teacher at Green Junior High School, to carry out the musical aspects of the program. The other musicians on the session are pianist Willie Turbinton, alto saxophonist Earl Turbinton, and drummer David Lee, who comprise the nucleus of the New Orleans group called Willie Tee and the Souls. Also appearing is the well-known traditional trumpeter Alvin Alcorn.

Mrs. Provost, Vappie, and Sarah Landrum, a student from Dillard University, read a variety of black poetry selections including two poems (*You Mentioned That as Black Men and Sisters and Brothers*) by Mrs. Provost, who has published under the name of Sybil Kein. The read-

a monograph regarding the holding of the flute

by Walfrid Kujala

Some good material has been available regarding proper techniques for holding the flute—but, as in any educational pursuit, there is always room for further study—further research—further reference. In this work, "The Flute: Position and Balance", Mr. Kujala has selected specific aspects on this subject that he felt needed greater emphasis.

Music educators are welcome to add this brochure to their flute literature file—Copies are available through music dealers.

Walfrid Kujala, noted flutist, piccoloist and teacher, has been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1954 and is a member of the Northwestern University School of Music faculty.

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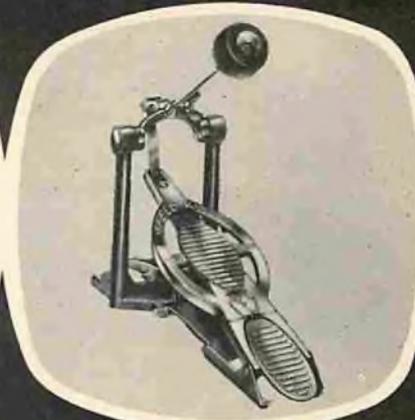
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ings will be utilized in grades 8 and 10 in all New Orleans public high schools after their initial release in the two schools participating in Project 8 Children.

From Joe Viera of the European Jazz Federation Education Center, we have news of the federation's many current activities. In Austria, jazz education is centered at the Institute for Jazz at the Academy of Music in Graz, directed by Dr. Friedrich Korner. Enrollment runs between 60 and 80 students with 13 teachers, among them Swedish trombonist Eje Thelin. Trombonist Dr. Erich Kleinschuster supervises a jazz class at the Conservatory of the City of Vienna.

About 15 students are enrolled in the jazz course at the National Conservatory in

Ostrava, Czechoslovakia under the direction of O. Hermansky.

Denmark has held a summer jazz program since 1966 at Magleas, organized by the Danish section of *Jeunesses Musicales*. Finland has no regular jazz program in progress but does bring in noted jazz performers and arrangers such as George Russell and Herb Pomeroy during the Ivaskyla Culture Days.

In France, the Conservatory of Longjumeau, near Paris, offers regular jazz classes headed by Kenny Clarke, drums; and Roger Guerin and Jack Dieval, piano. In 1960-1961, the German section of *Jeunesses Musicales* organized the now famous International Summer Courses at Weikersheim. Eventually, this program

settled at Remscheid under the Akademie for Musische Bildung und Medienerziehung, a private arts institution. The two-week jazz seminar usually has 60 or so students under a strong jazz faculty: Klaus Doldinger, saxophone and arranging; Gerd Hoffman, trombone and arranging; Ingfried Hoffman, organ and arranging; Manfred Schoof, trumpet; Cees See, drums; Peter Trunk, bass; Dr. Dietrich Schulz-Koehn, critic; and Joe Viera.

The Musical Academies in Leipzig, Dresden, and East Berlin have divisions for dance music where some elements of jazz are taught.

More about jazz education in Europe in our next column.

Marian McPartland and her bassist, Mike Moore, will be teaching a special jazz course at the Univ. of Utah in early December, with guitarist Johnny Smith and drummer Jan Hyde also expected to be on hand. The faculty will give a concert at the end of the course. Marian reports that she heard "a fantastic 13-year old pianist" while working in Rochester, N.Y. recently. He is Barry Keiner and "plays all the Monk and Bud Powell pieces with quite a flair, good chops, and feeling . . . look out, Craig Hundley!"

Campus Ad Lib: Bob Curnow, head of the jazz lab program at Case Institute, Cleveland, Ohio, has been given \$10,000 by the school trustees for a jazz composer-in-residence for the first 1970 quarter . . . Guitar manufacturers are smiling again—after the boom-dropping—at the rapidly accelerating acceptance of guitar instruction in high schools and colleges. Most of the new guitar programs involve the same technology and methods as class piano instructions . . . Saxophone greats Marcel Mule and Sigurd Rascher will join Paul Brodie, Cecil Leeson, Larry Teal, and Eugene Rousseau in various recitals at the First World Saxophone Congress, Dec. 16 at the National Band and Orchestra Clinic, Sherman House, Chicago. Also appearing will be the Chicago Saxophone Quartet and the Milwaukee Fine Arts Saxophone Quartet. Chairman of the event is Eugene Rousseau, faculty member at Indiana Univ., Bloomington . . . The new Condor RSM (reed sound modulator) has been adopted by the Berklee School of Music as the basic instrument in its new electronic woodwind ensemble program under the direction of Kendall Capps. Five Condor GSMs (guitar sound modulators) will also be incorporated into the overall program to develop new music and techniques for ensemble performance. Original music for the Condor will be jointly published by Berklee and the Innovex division of Hammond, makers of the Condor equipment . . . The Univ. of Michigan at Ann Arbor is presenting the Michigan Contemporary Directions Ensemble in a series of recitals under the direction of Ross Lee Finney. The ensemble was established in 1968 by the University's Composition Department with the assistance of a Rockefeller Foundation grant . . . A fact sheet detailing eligibility for purchasing musical instruments under various Title programs of the federal government is offered free by the American Music Conference, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604.

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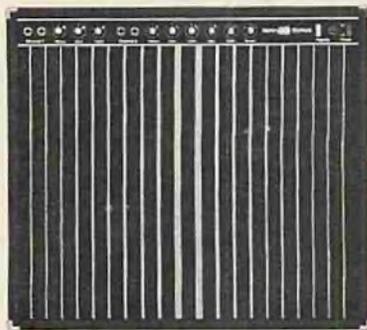
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

and played a series of one-niters at Whittier College, El Camino College, Cal State at Fullerton and the Santa Ana Marine Base. Ellis also composed and arranged the music—and fronted his band—for an upcoming *Soupy Sales Special* to be seen on CBS-TV . . . **Gil Melle** is another who has been expanding in various directions. Some of these include his electronic quartet, **The Electronauts**. This group, along with the **Westwood Wind Quintet**, played a Melle work, *Time: Collage for Wind Quintet*, *Jazz Quartet and Electronic Instruments*, at the Los Angeles County Museum and later at the city-run Barnsdall Park. The museum gig included an audio-visual collage and was broadcast live over the local classical music station, KFAC. Why the concert with the visual bonus was chosen for radio broadcast is difficult to comprehend . . . Another integration of jazz and classical took place at UCLA when **Henri Temianka** opened the 10th season of his California Chamber Symphony concerts with the world premiere of **Lalo Schifrin's** *Dialogue for Jazz Quintet and Orchestra* and *Renaissance*—with the composer conducting both works. In the *Dialogue*, **Jean Luc Ponty**, reedman **Tom Scott**, trumpeter **Gary Barone** and the **George Duke Trio** were heard as soloists . . . **KLRO-FM** disc jockey **Esquire Holmes** was trying a new wrinkle: hoping to keep jazz alive in San Diego, Esquire has a live audience for his nightly stint, encourages listeners to bring in their collectors' items, play them and talk about them on the air. He also presents periodic concerts under the aegis of his West Coast Jazz Society. First event included vocalist **Lorez Alexandria** with the **Gerald Wilson Orchestra** . . . Cross off one more club—at least for a while. The Baby Grand West, which has been booking good names, was the scene of a \$40,000 fire in the wee hours of Oct. 1, just two days before **Little Esther Phillips** was scheduled to open . . . **Joe Williams** had to cancel most of his September and October dates, including the Monterey Jazz Festival, to make his acting debut in *The Moonshine War* . . . **Billy Eckstine** switched labels, from Motown to Stax . . . Singing a minor version of the blues is guitarist **Ron Anthony**. Complaining that the club scene is shaky, he left the Smoke House in Encino, after two and a half years with pianist-vocalist **Bobbi Boyle** and bassist **Chris Clarke**, and is shopping around for concert dates. He's worked with **George Chakiris** and **Vikki Carr** and fronted a group, including guitarist **Dennis Budimir** and reedman **Tom Scott**, for the Flying Dutchman label. **Jim Stewart** has replaced Anthony at the Smoke House, where the irregular Monday concerts recently featured **Bill Plummer** and the **Cosmic Brotherhood** . . . **Tim Weisberg** and his **Jazz Trinity** played two Monday nights at Don-te's. The group is still holding forth Sundays at the Lighthouse, where **Stanley Turrentine** followed **Horace Silver** . . . Also on the Sunday matinee circuit, **Don Menza** is now fronting a quartet at Don-te's from 3-7 p.m. Menza is featured on reeds with **Walt Namuth**, guitar; **Jim**

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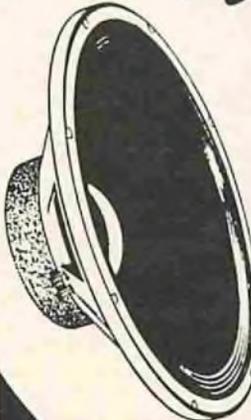
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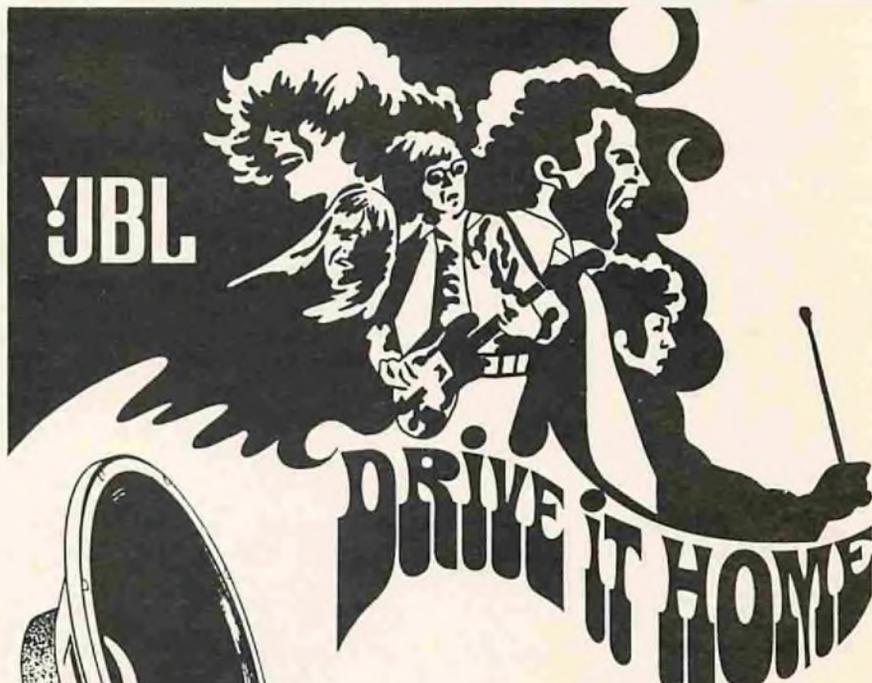
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Gannon, bass; Pete Magadin, drums . . . The final concert of the Pilgrimage Theatre fall series, Nov. 9, had to be changed. Originally, Pete and Conte Candoli were to be featured in a brotherly battle of the trumpets, but Conte was already committed to Doc Severinsen's band for Johnny Carson's regular fall junket to Los Angeles. Dec Barton fronted a 22-piece band for the Pilgrimage finale . . . Charles Lloyd brought his new combo to a recent Troubadour gig . . . The Southern California Hot Jazz Society is currently celebrating its 20th anniversary. The SCHJS board recently initiated an honor roll for veteran jazzmen. The first so honored, at Larchmont Hall, were all clarinetists: Barney Bigard, Joe Darensbourg, and Caughey Roberts . . . Another veteran jazzman, saxophonist-band leader Paul Howard, was honored at a testimonial at the Statler Hilton. Howard, now 74, is special assistant to Local 47 AFM president John Tranchitella. His career began in 1915, when he played with Wood Wilson's Syncopators, and he was responsible for getting Lionel Hampton his first California gig . . . Singer Pancho Hagood opened at the Stock Yard Steak House in Los Angeles, and to show how the exigencies of making a living can affect the size of a combo, Hagood is accompanying himself on the gig. He's had an excellent coach for the transformation: Tommy Flanagan, just returned from a tour with Ella Fitzgerald.

Chicago: Biggest news here was Gene Ammons' first engagement after his release from prison. It was a two-week stand at the Plugged Nickel starting Oct. 22 (see story page 8). King Kolax, leader of the first big band Ammons traveled with in 1943, was in the five-piece band, along with pianist Wallace Burton, bassist Chester Williams, and drummer Bob Guthrie . . . A benefit for ailing trumpeter Marty Marsala was held aboard the Showboat Sari-S Oct. 19. Among the participating musicians were pianists Art Hodes, Don Gibson, and Rev. Robert Owen; cornetist George Finola; trombonist Jim Beebe; soprano saxophonist-vocalist Lawrence Hooper; clarinetist Marty Ross, and drummers Jerry Glick, Bob Cousins, and Barrett Deems. Congratulations and best wishes are in order for Barrett and his new bride, the former Georgia Kay Schreiber. Mrs. Deems is a professional pianist and the audience had hoped for a duet, but an injured thumb kept her from performing . . . Benny Goodman and a 10-piece band played a benefit concert for the Easter Seal Society of Milwaukee County at the city's Performing Arts Center . . . Cincinnati clarinetist Frank Powers sat in with the Salty Dogs at Sloppy Joe's . . . Judy Roberts' house trio headlined for a week at the London House before Earl Hines' Nov. opening . . . Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickenson will be at the Apollo 11 on N. Wells Nov. 21-27 . . . Marienthal Enterprises, owners of the London House, Mister Kelly's, the Flower Pot, and the Happy Medium and Second City Theaters, have formed an organization called ME*. Members of ME* are invited to functions at the above clubs at special prices. For

example, during Earl Hines' stay at the London House, there will be two nights on which members of ME* plus one guest will get a 50% discount on their bills. On other special nights, there will be no cover or minimum for ME* members. Applications for charter membership in ME* will be accepted until Jan. 1, 1970. The fee is \$2.00 for which members receive a coupon worth \$2.00 which is redeemable at any ME* function. Members receive a membership card and a monthly newsletter listing forthcoming activities. For additional information write Marienthal Enterprises, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601. Members of the Jazz Institute of Chicago are invited to join by just sending in their name and address . . . Trumpeter Ted Butterman led a band two weekends at The Showboat, with sidemen including trombonists Henry Graves and Bill Hanks, clarinetist Frank Chace, pianist Tut Soper and drummer Jerry Glick . . . The members of Chicago's A.A.C.M. who left for Europe several months ago (Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, Lester Bowie, Anthony Braxton, Malachai Favors, et.al) are reportedly doing well and have recorded a number of albums for European labels. Among their recent activities was a Sept. concert in Paris at which groups led by Braxton and Mitchell shared the stage with Ornette Coleman's quartet. Favors and drummer Steve McCall, who has been living in Europe for some time, may return to the U.S. around the first of the year.

Detroit: When Thelonious Monk postponed his engagement at Baker's Keyboard, tenorist Larry Nozero and his quintet (Doug Halliday, trumpet; Keith Vreeland, electric piano; Jimmy Peluso, drums; Don Jones replacing John Dana on bass) stepped into the breach for what would have been Monk's debut at the club. The following weekend, Baker's brought Charles Mingus to Detroit for the first time in almost 10 years. With the bassist were Bill Hardman, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto; Bill Robinson, tenor, and Danny Richmond, drums. Those who craved a pianist in the group got their wish on closing night, when Detroit's Claude Black sat in for two sets . . . Les McCann fans got a musical bonus when the pianist turned up at Baker's with a quartet featuring vibist Roy Ayers . . . Sunday afternoon matinees at Clarence's Bluebird have proved to be interesting. The first event found a Detroit rarity, a clarinet on the stand, in the hands of Rudy Rutherford, who also contributed some flute and tenor solos and even essayed a vocal. Older styles of jazz seem to be in order: other recent participants have included tenorist Billy Mitchell, visiting his musical alma mater on a short trip home; tenorist Otis Finch, Sr. (drummer Candy Finch's father) and trombonist Bill Carter, who together provided a taste of the swing era, and ex-Dizzy Gillespie vocalist Austin Cromer. Bassist Dedrick Glover has left trombonist John Hair's houseband at the club. His first replacement was Jess Jones, and currently Robert Allen is with the band . . . On Sunday nights, session activity moves across town to the Black Horse, where pianist Harold McKinney's

quintet (Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Sam Sanders, reeds; Ed Pickens, bass; Archie Taylor, drums) have recently hosted such guests as former sideman Rod Hicks, currently with the **Butterfield Blues Band**, drummer **Roy Brooks**, and **Cromer McKinney's** group, with tenorist **Donald Walden** subbing for Sanders, also appeared at an Oct. 5 concert at the Univ. of Detroit fieldhouse to raise money for a scholarship fund for black students at Marygrove College. Co-featured were the **Austin-Moro** big band (**Don Gillis**, flugelhorn, piano, organ, arranger; **Dave Bartlett**, **Ross Mulholland**, **Dick Sorenson**, **Gordon Stump**, trumpets; **Jerry Barnett**, **Kirk Jaress**, **Al Winters**, **Gerald Burns**, trombones; co-leaders **Lannie Austin** and **Emil Moro** plus **David Hutchin**, **Tom Mason**, **Joe Mallory** (Jose Mallare), reeds, **Ron English**, guitar; **Don Lewandowski**, bass; **Bert Myrick**, drums; **Marietta Best**, vocals, and Detroit Symphony members **Willard Darling** and **Ed Souavy**, French horns and **Sam Tundo**, percussion. A splinter group of the band, **Helmut Pistor's Big Rock-Jazz Band**, also performed. The Austin-Moro band also did a shot on **Bob Hines'** morning show on WXYZ-TV . . . **Louis Smith**, who once played trumpet with **Horace Silver**, is now teaching in the Ann Arbor schools and fronting a group with the unlikely name of **Stale Bread Junior and his New Spazm Band** at the Golden Falcon, a club trying to ease out of a hard rock policy. With Smith: **Bob Detwiler**, organ; **Armando**, drums; **Pasho Hakiva**, vocalist . . . Harpist **Dorothy Ashby's** new trio (**Dick Bellen**, bass; **Doug Hamon**, drums) have opened at the Cafe Gourmet . . . If you have a long holdover at the Detroit Metro Airport, you need only hop around the corner to the Metropolitan Inn on Merriman Road to hear some jazz, courtesy of the trio of pianist **Bob Budson**, bassist **Jim Bunting**, and drummer **Bob Pinterich**. They appear six nights a week, supplemented on the last three by vocalist **Peggy Kaye** . . . Trumpeter **Stuart Apteker** has been doing bimonthly trust fund gigs at Lafayette Clinic with a quartet including guitarist **Ron English**, bassist **Nick Fiore**, and drummer **Bud Spangler** . . . Spangler and English are currently with reed man **Brent Majors'** group at the Sewer, rounded out by bassist **John Dana** . . . The Dearborn Town House is probably best known for the topless band at its Hotsy Totsy Room, but there's actually a taste for everyone in the suburban club's several rooms. Currently featured are jazz-rock by Terry and the **Topics**, old style funk by guitarist **Emmit Slay's** trio (**George Benson**, tenor; **James Youngblood**, drums); excellent Dixie by trumpeter **Tom Saunders'** Surfside Six, and the hip vocal stylings of the **Carlyle Sisters** . . . **Willie Wells** is back on the scene. First stop for the trumpeter was Clarence's Bluebird . . . A jazz organist's festival at Masonic Auditorium in Sept. featured the trios of **Jimmy Smith**, **Groove Holmes**, **Gene Ludwig**, **Freddy Coles** and **Charlie Earland**, plus the **Butlers** . . . **Moses Thomas** has brought jazz to Larry's Lounge three nights a week. With the trumpeter are **Dave Durrach**, piano; **Ken Milner**, bass; **Joe Dillens**, drums . . . While Larry Nozero's group



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continues at the Red Roach, 285 East, the city's other after-hours spot, has music by a group co-led by Ron English and bassist Jesse Starks, with Al Crawford, reeds; and Bud Spangler, drums. The 285 scene is further enlivened by sporadic appearances of the First African Primal Rhythm Orchestra, which includes Olu Aba (Slick Campbell), reeds, percussion; Nigada Bey, trombone, percussion; Charles Solomon, oud; Ronald McConner, bass; Akmed Bey, drums; Omar Bey, flutes, bells, and Bacha Bey, bells, percussion. The group is regularly heard in conjunction with dramatic presentations at the Concept East Theater and gave a concert at Wayne State University's Lower Deroy Hall Oct. 9.

Philadelphia: Barry Harris was one of the jazz treats of the year at the 52nd St. Jazz Party honoring the birthdays of Lester Young and Charlie Parker. The program, presented by this correspondent and his American Interracial Jazz Society, brought together a number of fine instrumentalists and vocalists. Trumpeter Cat Anderson and trombonist Al Grey headlined with an all-star group of Philadelphians including Jimmy Oliver, tenor; Spanky DeBrest, bass, and Eddie Campbell, drums. Three fine vocalists, Kid Haffey, Evelyn Sims and Mildred Anderson, performed, and many guests joined in during the afternoon and early evening affair, among them saxophonists Lonnie Shaw and Bootsie Barnes and singers Betty Carroll and Pearl Williams. Grey came in from New York, where he had been taping a movie score with Quincy Jones, on his way to Baltimore for a date with Buddy Savitt and other Philadelphia musicians . . . Charlie Chisholm, popular young trumpeter-band leader, joined the Count Basie band for its Rاندalls Island, New York festival appearance. He heads his own small record company and has two groups, a five-piece combo and an exciting combo co-led by organist Herbie Nix . . . WRTI-FM now offers 83 hours of jazz per week, with more slated for the near future. The station also operates a jazz line information service. Listeners may dial 787-8405 during broadcasting hours to get news of many smaller jazz presentations as well as lineups at the better-known spas . . . Recording engineers will be interested to know that a local chapter of the Audio Engineering Society is being formed. For information, write Edward Getely Jr., 57 West Hillcrest Ave., Havertown, PA 19083 . . . The Latin Casino, Cherry Hill, N.J., will feature Ella Fitzgerald Nov. 24-30, a Christmas show with Carmen McRae and others Dec. 22-25, and Dionne Warwick Dec. 26-Jan. 8 . . . Frankie Laine was at Palumbo's, a popular South Philly banquet room, in October . . . Harry (Skeets) Marsh and his trio, with Johnny Johnson at the piano, had an extended engagement at the Cinnamonison Country House . . . Organist Hollis Floyd broke up his trio to settle down to a long stand at the Queen Mary Hotel on Walnut St., near radio station WPEN . . . Elmer Snowden, the famous jazz banjoist-guitarist, now resides at the Stephen Smith Apartments, a modern development for the elderly. He made the move on the advice of his doctor, but still ac-

cepts gigs. We had a pleasant encounter on the No. 15 trolley recently, and Elmer jumped off at his stop with a grin, bounded in and out between cars to beat the traffic light, and ran for home like a teenager in a hurry . . . Mimi Perrin has reportedly left her position as vocal coach at the Philadelphia Musical Academy to return to France. The former organizer of the Double Six of Paris did wonders with the PMA jazz vocal group, and the school is seeking a new vocal coach to keep the group alive.

New Orleans: Pianist Ellis Marsalis is teaching a course in Afro-American music at Xavier University. At Tulane, drummer John Joyce is teaching a history-of-jazz course. Marsalis is a modern jazzman heard most recently with Al Hirt, while Joyce is a musicologist and traditional jazz drummer best known for his work with the Last Straws. Tulane Jazz Archive director Dick Allen lectured on the jazz funeral at the university's Catholic Student Center. Also speaking on the same series were guitarist Danny Barker and jazz buff Don Perry, who was one of the founders of the New Orleans Jazz Club . . . Trumpeter Kid Claiborne, who worked here at Vaucresson's restaurant with an international jazz group, returned to Japan for a tour . . . Artist Leo Meiersdorff was in New Orleans making sketches for a book on jazz that will be published in Italy . . . Deacon John and the Lectric Soul Train were at the super-mod Computer Lounge in mid-October with a show that included original poetry readings by Sybil Kein and classical guitar accompaniments by Tom Moore . . . Singer Lavergne Smith is back at the King's Row in the Quarter . . . Bassist Rod Saenz is playing with the Loyola University Jazz Lab Band . . . The 29th annual parade of Jolly Bunch Aid and Pleasure Club was sparked by the presence of two traditional marching bands, the Olympia Brass Band and the Eureka Brass Band . . . Mason's Motel was the site of a party given for Josie Records' popular group, the Meters. Among those in attendance were Aaron and Cyril Neville, Allen Toussaint, Lee Dorsey, and Cousin Joe . . . Sam and the Soul Machines are currently the week-end feature at the Greystone Lounge.

Dallas: A capacity crowd at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room greeted Lou Rawls' Sept. 25 opening and healthy houses continued through the singer's three-week engagement. Accompanying Rawls were pianist-conductor Gildo Mahones, bassist Monk Montgomery, and drummer Mel Lee. Notable was the execution given Rawls' H.B. Barnum and Benny Golson charts by the house band of Jerry Gray, anchored by lead trumpeter George Cherb and lead altoist Wally Roberts. Other personnel included Dave Oyler, and Bob Hibbs, trumpets; Jerry Chamberlin, trombone; and Clyde Jones, Tommy Watkins, and Mike Campbell, saxes. Recent additions to the hotel's winter schedule include Eartha Kitt, Roger Miller, Ella Fitzgerald, and the Baja Marimba Band . . . Trumpeter Willie T. Albert rejoined tenorman David (Fathead) Newman for an October engagement at Club Lark . . .

Chisa, a new record label promising emphasis on African music, blues and jazz has been established by Hugh Masekela and Dallasite Al Klein. With offices in Hollywood, much of the Motown-affiliated firm's business and creative work will be done in Dallas . . . Les Elgart is reportedly settling in the area and will book much of his schedule through the local offices of ABC . . . O.C. Smith joined Herb Alpert's Tiajuana Brass for an October one-nighter at Fort Worth's new Convention Center . . . The Loser's Club was expecting strong business through the fall season with Salt and Pepper, Little Richard and Wayne Cochran back to back, extending into mid-December.

Denmark: The 1969 American Folk Blues Festival played Aarhus Oct. 4 and Copenhagen four days later. Among the highlights of the concerts were 70-year-old Alex (Whistling) Moore from Texas, and guitarist Earl Hooker from Chicago. Also appearing were Juke Boy Bonner, John Jackson, Clifton Chenier, Magic Sam and others . . . Dexter Gordon played at the Montmartre for three weeks in September, accompanied by pianist Kenny Drew, bassist Niels Henning Orsted-Pederson, and drummer Mkaya Ntshoko. After Gordon, South African pianist Dollar Brand moved in as the main attraction . . . Bluesman Eddie Boyd toured Denmark during early October, making the Jazzhus Tagskaegget in Aarhus his headquarters. Other attractions in the charming Aarhus restaurant have been pianist Keith Jarrett and his trio (Gus Nemeth, bass; Bob Ventrello, drums). Danish bassist Erik Moseholm, pianist Arne Forchhammer, and drummer Jorn Elniff, calling themselves Trio '69, played two nights in late September . . . The Oscar Peterson Trio's annual concert in Copenhagen took place Oct. 15 . . . The International Youth Biennale in Paris during October received its share of Danish jazz via a 30-minute taped program of compositions by Finn von Eyben, performed by the Danish Radio Jazz Group . . . Talented trombonist Erlinger Kroner has been awarded 15,000 Danish crowns from the Ministry for Cultural Affairs. He is currently using the money for studies at the Berklee School of Music . . . The Danish Jazz Academy, in cooperation with the organization Musik & Ungdom (Music and Youth), has arranged for six concerts of Danish jazz to be played on Mondays at Copenhagen's Montmartre. Thirteen groups from Copenhagen and Aarhus will perform at the concerts, which started Oct. 6 with altoist John Tchicai's Cadentia Nova Danica and the unit of bassist Poul Ehlers . . . Music and Youth has also arranged for five Saturday concerts with leading Danish rock groups at Nora Bio in Copenhagen. The five groups are Underground Railroad, High Crossfield, Young Flowers, Burning Red Ivanhoe, and Maxwells . . . Debut records, in cooperation with the Danish Jazz Academy, has issued a new album called *Action* with the Contemporary Jazz Quintet. The C.J.Q. consists of Hugh Steinmetz, trumpet; Franz Beckerlee, alto; Neils Harrit, tenor and organ; Steffen Anderson, bass; Bo Thrige, drums.



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