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SEPTEMBER 17, 1970 50c

down beat

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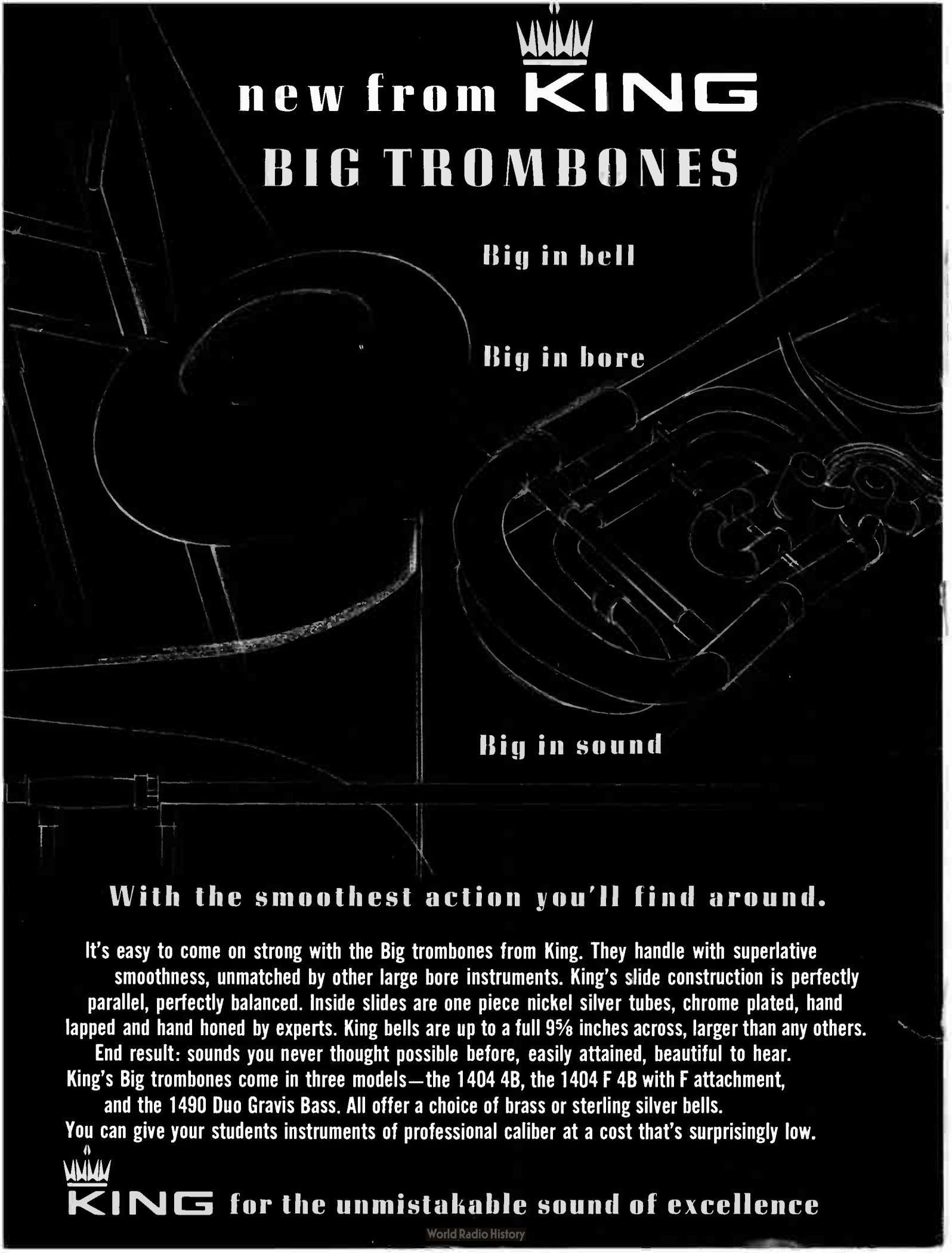
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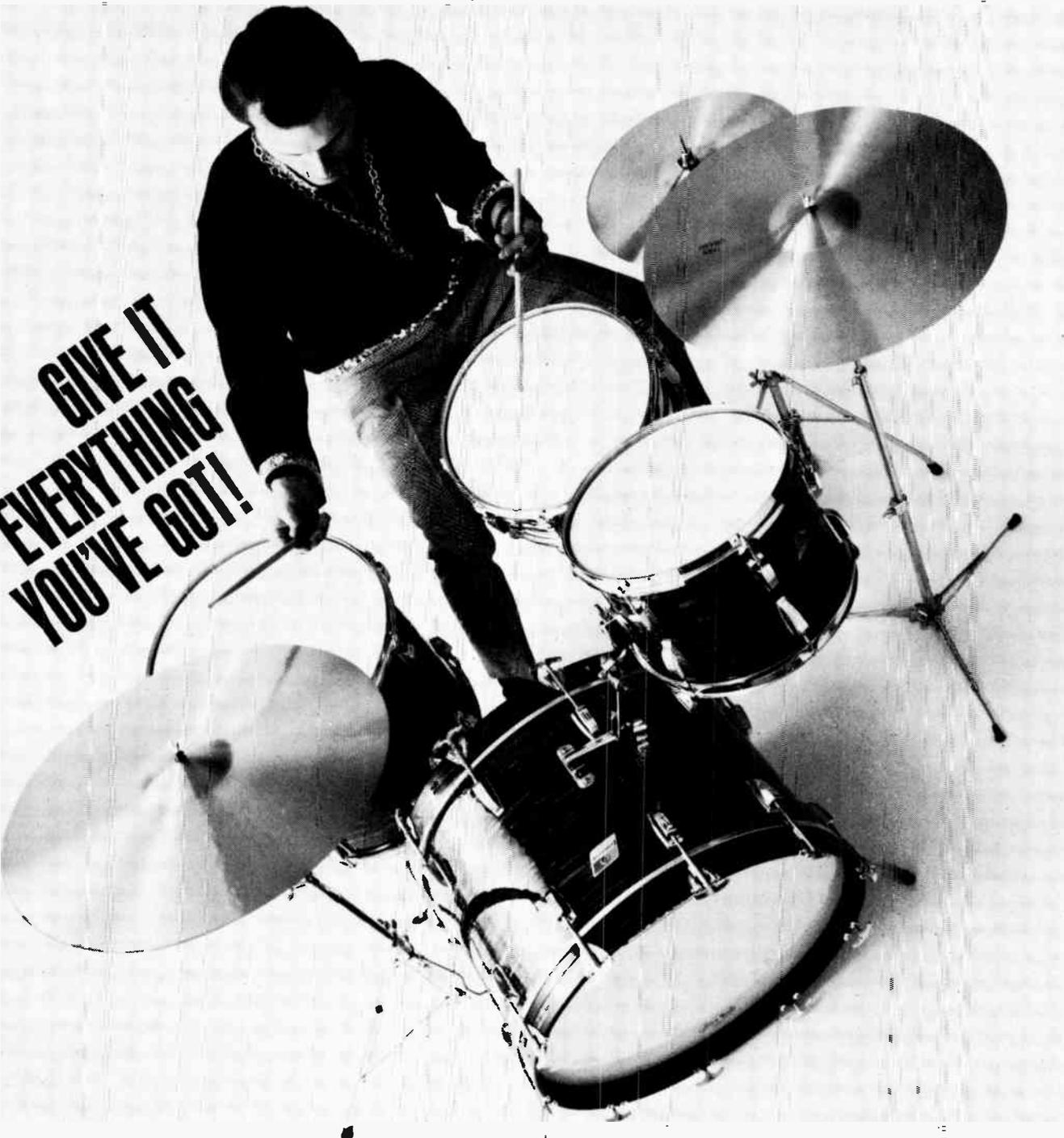
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

JUST ABOUT NOW, thousands of music students are beginning—or renewing—their college education. Many of them are aiming to be music educators somewhere, sometime. For their sake—and everyone else's involved—here are some facts-of-life that will have a decided effect on their ability to get a job.

A here-and-now fact is the surplus of music teachers that will grow larger for at least the next five years. The surplus can be laid to several interrelated problems: discontinuance or diminution of music programs in many schools; lack of opportunities for professional musicians; and a slackening rate of school population coupled with the record number of teachers certificated in the past five years. (The World War II *kinder* are in their first years of teaching or in their last years of university study.)

The surplus of music teachers—as in many other professions—predominates in the city/suburb schools; rural areas are more apt to have vacancies. Music personnel placement agencies report current shortages of only string teachers and class piano specialists ("regular piano" teachers are a drag on the market). They also report a 25-30 per cent drop in the number of vacancies on college music faculties for this year over last.

The surplus is going to get worse before it gets better but it could well be a blessing for all music education. Now is the chance for music education training schools and state certification boards to insist on higher standards for new music educators. Now is the time to disallow certification to any warm body who perambulates through an outmoded music education curriculum.

So what do you do now, if you want to teach someday? You're right, you can't wait for the colleges to reform themselves. College music faculties have a high resistance factor to substantive change. *But you can get what you want and need.* You can vote with your feet and go somewhere else. Or you can stay put and insist on specific curriculum changes to the dean and the curriculum council. You can't tell, they might just be waiting for an excuse to "respond positively to the needs of the students", and thereby gain brownie points on the college's relevance scale.

Here's what you should be demanding. Insist on practical, down-home courses taught by someone who has guts and imagination, and who isn't a frustrated concert performer seeking revenge. Find some way to learn about electronic music and the machinery that turns it on. Learn your way around a guitar and what it can do for teaching others. Go outside of the music department, if necessary, to get well grounded in societal relationships and how music can make it in so many ways for so many people. Learn arranging as a working tool, not just as a non-related concept. Seek to expand your own musical creativity and how to permit others to be musically creative rather than passive "appreciators". Aim to be a complete musician and don't settle for tidy, comfy compartments.

Demand, cajole, ask pretty please, but get at it—don't whine several years hence that you can't get a job or you can't stand school music. You can do whatever needs to be done now.



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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Realities

Jazz is, has been, and hopefully will continue to be an *evolutionary* art form aimed at the expression of human feelings toward life. Tony Howard (*Chords and Discords*, db, Aug. 6) has apparently ignored the premise that makes jazz real. The "swinging exciting music we used to have" apparently expressed the swinging exciting times we *used* to have. *Today*, life sometimes "doesn't swing" and things often happen that are "undecipherable".

If the motto of the music seems to be "do anything" then that aptly reflects the motto of today—do your own thing.

It appears that Mr. Howard is not merely unsatisfied with *down beat's contemporary* coverage (which, incidentally, devotes more than adequate space to historical information about the "greats in jazz"), but is, in fact, unable to accept the reality of today. Right or wrong, that's the way things are, and any responsible music magazine would do its best, while not ignoring the foundation, to keep its readers informed of the latest steps in the development of jazz. To remain stagnant or to regress even for a moment would destroy the very life of the music we need and love. Hopefully, *down beat* will never strive to "keep readers quiet".

Good work, down beat!

Lee Pulliam

Ft. Worth, Tex.

P.S.: As 1969 winner of *down beat's* jazz competition, let me take this opportunity to thank all of you for giving me the opportunity to visit Berklee last summer.

Chicago Cheers

I have been a devoted reader of *down beat* for quite a while. I am part of the so-called "rock" generation. I am also a fanatic jazz lover.

Although I appreciate all of the material in *down beat*, I have a "slight bone to pick". In the past year, many attempts to combine rock and jazz have been produced. The most famous and popular example is Blood, Sweat&Tears. I believe a great neglect is commonplace today. Although I am a devoted fan of BS&T, I acknowledge Chicago (C.T.A.) as a purer hybrid of "rock jazz". David Clayton-Thomas of BS&T is an able singer. I prefer the two lead singers of Chicago over him.

I believe Chicago, as a group, is more



versatile. BS&T has more rough breaks than Chicago. I always receive the feeling of "rock fitted into jazz" with BS&T, but in Chicago I hear a smooth combination of "jazz fitted into rock". Unfortunately, I think Chicago is underrated and underpublicized.

I think it's high time the jazz public is awakened to the capabilities of Chicago. I beckon *down beat* to help the cause.

Parran Gross Jr.

Baltimore, Md.

P.S.: I love the magazine.

Mothers Matters

I am writing in reference to Alan Heineman's review in the June 25 issue of the Mothers of Invention's *Burnt Weenie Sandwich* album. I agree with his rating and most of his review. I'd like to point out, though, that Underwood's keyboard work was based on a Zappa composition and most likely under the supervision of the composer. Therefore, any faults in his piano work can be contributed to Zappa.

Also, in his closing remarks, Heineman claims that maybe by the year 2000 the Mothers' music may be considered the highest level of music. On the contrary, there are many who think this of the Mothers now, although both Zappa and Heineman don't seem to think so. And many of these people are of less talent than both Heineman and Zappa.

Mathew Dijish

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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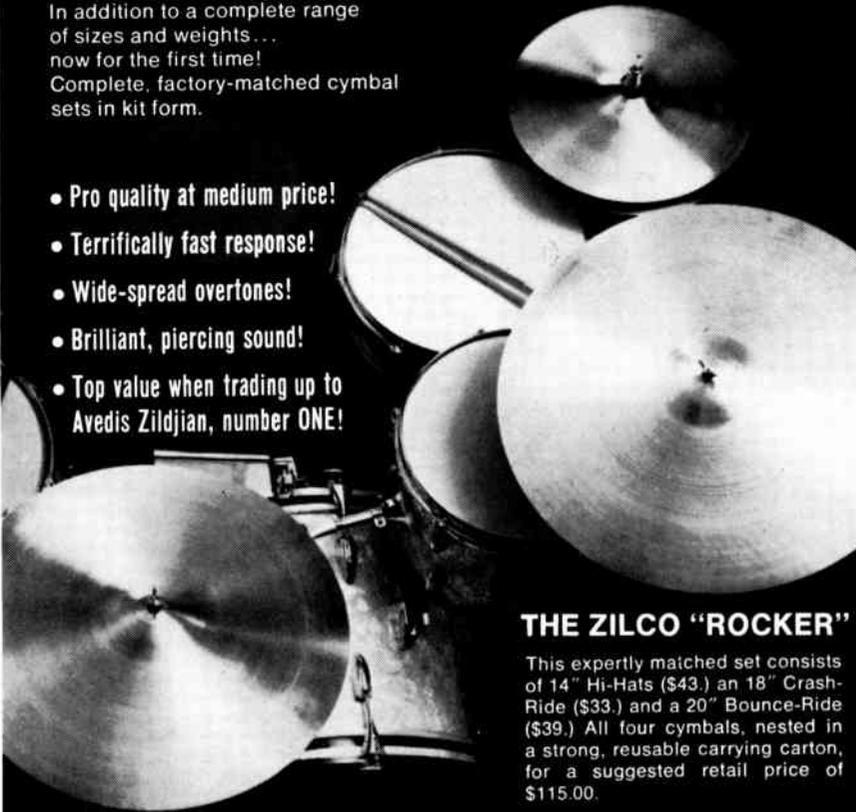
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A STONE FOR BESSIE'S GRAVE—33 YEARS LATE

Grave No. 3, Range 12, Lot 20, Section C of Mount Lawn Cemetery, Sharon Hill, Pa. was occupied on Oct. 4, 1937, after one of the biggest funerals Philadelphia had seen. The deceased was Bessie Smith, one of the greatest artists in the annals of American music.

Miss Smith, who during the 1920s rose to become the second highest-paid black entertainer (after Bert Williams), had been hard hit by the Depression and the waning of interest in the blues she represented. She died poor, and her family could not even afford a marker for her grave.

Throughout the past 33 years, attempts have been made to correct this shameful situation. Committees were formed and money was raised, but the grave of this extraordinary artist somehow remained unmarked.

Last month, spurred by the recently awakened interest in Bessie Smith, Mrs. Barbara Muldrow, a Philadelphia housewife, wrote a letter to the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* "Action Line" calling attention to this sad fact.

The newspaper contacted Mrs. Juanita Green of the Philadelphia NAACP and rock singer Janis Joplin, who often has expressed indebtedness to the late Miss Smith. The two ladies decided to do something about it.

Sharing the cost, they made arrangements for a \$500 stone to be placed on the grave, bearing the inscription: "The Greatest Blues Singer in the World Will Never Stop Singing—Bessie Smith 1895-1937." The grey-black stone was unveiled at a quiet ceremony on Aug. 7.

About 50 people, among them surviving friends of the great singer, gathered around the grave site as Rev. W. E. Cook of ENON Baptist Church made the dedication. Among those who placed flowers on the grave were pianist John T. Brown, Jr., who accompanied Miss Smith during the last five years of her life; John Hammond, who supervised her famous last recording session in 1933; and Chris Albertson, producer of Columbia's current Bessie Smith reissue series. Miss Joplin was unable to attend due to prior commitments.

Following the graveside ceremony, Mrs. Green, who recalls receiving advice after a children's talent show at the old Lincoln Theatre from the famous singer ("Honey, you in school? You better stay there, because you can't carry a note.") announced the start of a Bessie Smith Scholarship Fund, and took up an initial collection.

Contributions to this fund, which Mrs. Green hopes will benefit young people by granting them the educational opportunities denied Miss Smith, may be sent to Bessie Smith Scholarship Fund, Philadelphia Inquirer Action Line, Box 8300, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

RARE "CANDID" MATERIAL REVIVED ON NEW LABEL

The rich catalog of the long-defunct Candid label will finally be reactivated under the auspices of Columbia records in a leasing agreement with singer Andy Williams, who owns the masters.

The initial release will concentrate on blues and is scheduled to include albums by the late Otis Spann, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Memphis Slim. It is expected that the new label, named Barnaby, will then delve into the jazz items, which include albums by Charles Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Clark Terry, Coleman Hawkins and Pee Wee Russell, Phil Woods, Booker Little, and others.

In the decade since Candid's demise, these have become coveted collectors' items, and it will be good to see them back in circulation.

FINAL BAR

Saxophonist Otto Hardwicke, 66, died Aug. 5 in Washington, D.C. after a long illness.

A childhood friend of Duke Ellington,



Hardwicke was among the famous band-leader's earliest musical associates, playing with him in Washington and later in New York.

He worked with Ellington until 1928, when he left to tour Europe with Noble Sissle's band. Upon his return, he worked with Fats Waller and led his own bands for several years in New York, rejoining Ellington as lead altoist in 1932 and remaining until 1945. Not long after, he retired from music.

Hardwicke's contribution to Ellingtonia, though often overlooked, was important. In the band's formative years, he was often featured as a soloist, both hot (*Hop Head, Jubilee Stomp*) and sweet (*Black and Tan Fantasy*), and was one of the most accomplished of early jazz saxophonists.

In the 1932-45 period, he led the Ellington reeds with a characteristic singing tone and phrasing, also doubling on soprano and bass saxes, but was rarely heard in solo. He was featured on *Sophisticated Lady* (which he co-composed) and *In a Sentimental Mood*, and his excellent lead work is clearly evident on *I Got It Bad*, among many others. He also participated in many of the Ellington small-group recording sessions of the period.

His only date under his own name, for the Wax label in 1947, produced a *Come Sunday* that contrasts interestingly with Johnny Hodges' famous interpretation.

POTPOURRI

Shortly after returning from a highly successful summer touring South America and Europe, Erroll Garner opened at New York's most prestigious night spot, the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza. On Sept. 14, the pianist and his group begin a two-week stand at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago. Garner is the only instrumentalist to enjoy headliner status at the club.

Tenorist Charlie Ventura now makes his home in Las Vegas, where he is a jazz disc jockey on station KLAV. "I dig it because I can play anything I want to, including my old records," says the former poll winner.

A memorial concert for ex-Woody Herman trumpeter Dick Reudebusch will take place Sept. 6 at the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee, Wis. Reudebusch, who died in 1968, shortly after returning from an overseas tour with Herman, led a popular mainstream-Dixieland combo at Milwaukee's Tunnel Inn and other local clubs for many years between road engagements and semi-retirements. Six groups (some including former Reudebusch sidemen) and a 22-piece big band fronted by Zig Millonzi will participate in the concert. Proceeds will go to the scholarship fund at Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis.

Lovejoy Productions, a Chicago-based production company with a number of jazz musicians on its staff, is becoming active in the commercial-jingle field. Among the staff members: pianist Ken Chaney (musical director) and trumpeter Frank Gordon of Young-Holt Unlimited; rock/r&b composers Vince Willis, Tom Washington, and George Patterson; bassist Melvin Jackson, and pianist-vibist Stu Katz.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: A Summer Festival for Peace, with proceeds going to the campaigns of peace candidates in the November elections, was held at Shea Stadium Aug. 6. Miles Davis, Creedence Clear-

/Continued on page 38

Horacee Arnold: Turning Kids On To Jazz

WHAT'S A GREAT way to get kids to listen to jazz? Get them as a captive audience in a school assembly. Which is precisely what drummer Horacee Arnold's "Here and Now" Group does for approximately 30,000-40,000 lucky 4th through 9th grade students a year. This novel group now does about four jazz-lecture concerts a week during the nine-month school year, and has been at it since 1968.

From my own school days, I remember a few assemblies with terrible sopranos, bad pianists, and lots of spitballs. The kids who hear Arnold's group throw no spitballs. This is no pick-up band. For the 1969-70 year, Arnold has had with him some of the toughest modern jazz men heard on any concert or club date: multi-reed man Sam Rivers, a giant on his own with his new big band, with vanguard work with such innovators as Cecil Taylor and Miles Davis to his credit; vibist Karl Berger, associated with creative modern jazz both here and in his native Europe, and bassist Bill Wood, a widely experienced musician heard most recently with Alice Coltrane.

Arnold's own jazz background is strong and varied. He has worked with, among others, Hugh Masekela, Miriam Makeba, Charles Mingus, Roswell Rudd, and Archie Shepp. Though he loves to play, he felt an even bigger urge to communicate exactly what the music *does*, to people either uninformed or indifferent from lack of knowledge or insufficient exposure to jazz.

Arnold thinks that musicians themselves, with their particular attitudes, are not always the best people to articulate

their craft. When they're not playing, they sometimes don't communicate to the



Drummer Arnold at work

children are asked to hum original tunes which are first played straight and then improvised on by the group. They become involved with the musicians, doing rudimentary composing—and thus learn about what improvisation and arranging means by digging where the musicians take their little melodies.

The group has to be very flexible. It's often necessary to change the program according to the specific environment. Some urban schools are hip—and the kids are into the new pop music already because of a more sophisticated aural environment. In other schools, the students tend to be less open and adaptable because they have not been exposed to a great variety of musical sounds. Many have never heard modern jazz before. But invariably, they like it.

Arnold does a masterful job of preparing the audience by starting simply and leading up to more complex things, step by step. He draws the students out and makes them explain what they're hearing—where the differences are from what was played before. Rivers works with the kids, orienting them and improvising on their tunes. Berger plays his own often complex compositions, which are appreciated on a quite high level on the basis of the knowledge his listeners have picked up earlier in the lecture.

"It's a double learning process, really," says Arnold. "We get as much from the kids as we give." Judging from the interest their music aroused in the audience I saw, these jazz messengers give a lot.

—Jane Welch

world in general, and it is precisely this world Arnold wants to get to. He holds that there is no need for jazz to be esoteric. Jazz talks about life and the things that happen to people, and is not at all removed from real experience, he feels.

A typical jazz-lecture demonstration by the Here and Now Company lasts about 45 minutes. It involves the audience directly in the jazz experience by making the students a part of creating it. The

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

BY THE TIME this is read, any comments on the CBS summer replacement show known as *Happy Days* will be posthumous, which is possibly just as well.

When plans for this short-lived series were announced, it appeared that there would be substantial musical possibilities in the nostalgic reliving of the 1930s and 1940s. Closer inspection, followed by a visit to the studio during one of the music taping sessions, revealed that such expectations were unduly optimistic.

The premise of the programs was never quite clear. Was it intended as an affectionate glimpse of a significant era in our social history, or merely as a campy spoof? Was it designed to relive authentically the evolution of the big band era, or was it just a case of cashing in on the fashion of glancing over one's shoulder?

Whatever producers Jack Burns and George Yanok and director Terry Kyne had in mind, they were obviously hampered, principally by a low budget and secondarily by the lamentable fact that some of the music and much of the comedy of three or four decades ago has failed to withstand the test of time.

Among the names publicized to herald the series were Duke Ellington, Buddy

Rich, Harry James, Lionel Hampton and Tex Beneke. When the shows hit the air it became clear that for economic reasons their orchestras were not there; the leaders merely appeared with one or two of their own sidemen, rounding out the personnel with the staff band, made up of Hollywood studio musicians. Fortunately, it was a first class orchestra, capable of doing justice to the illustrious names of the men who fronted it. Less fortunately, no attempt was made to scratch the surface of the contribution made by men of Ellington's caliber to the music of the era recreated. (Jack Elliot and Allyn Ferguson were co-conductors of the house band.)

In a typical program, Helen Forrest was reunited with her ex-boss Harry for a couple of numbers they recorded together some 30 years ago. James, of course, reprised *Ciribiribin* and one or two other tunes.

The rest of the hour was taken up by Bob & Ray, Louis Nye, a singer named Alan Copeland, a pair of dancers in a pseudo-Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers *Top Hat* bit, a series of tired knock-knock gags, and a marathon-dance flash. There was in fact substantially more comedy or dancing than music.

Superficiality was the keynote of *Happy Days*. There were occasional genuine moments, as when an old Fred Allen radio comedy spot was played back from the

original. On one program, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly tried to recapture the rapture of their Jimmy Dorsey band days. Of course, the set was decorated with a glitterball, in an attempt to simulate the Meadowbrook-type atmosphere.

Given adequate financing and an imaginative programming concept, *Happy Days* could have been one of the more valuable series of the summer doldrums season; but as it came through the tube I doubt that it offered, on average, more than five minutes of presently viable music per one hour show.

* * *

Also on CBS, *Dial M for Music* came thundering back in mid-May with two programs featuring the Woody Herman band. Seen only on the five CBS owned-and-operated stations, *Dial M* remains what it has always been: a rare and welcome source of predominantly real jazz of one kind or another, interspersed with narrations and interviews by Fr. Norman O'Connor, whose amiable commentaries and questions would be more valuable if they probed a little deeper into the meaning and aspirations of the subjects involved.

For the most part, at this writing, only established talents of the caliber of Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley have been involved. A noteworthy and rather intriguing exception was the appearance of Jonas Gwangwa, an African trombon-

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BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS:

With Miles Davis

by Chris Albertson

MILES DAVIS HAS, ON numerous occasions, let it be known that Blood Sweat&Tears is not among his favorite musical groups. Neither he nor BS&T embraced the idea of appearing on the same bill, but money talks, I guess, and so it happened.

Due to the circumstances, some critics predicted that the evening might take the form of a cutting contest, which would have been interesting. However, things did not turn out that way, although some extended trumpet work by BS&T's Lew Soloff might have been aimed at Miles.

Incongruously billed as an "added attraction," Miles opened the concert. Characteristically, his set consisted of one approximately 40-minute-long piece, during which each member of the seven-piece group was given equal opportunity to prove ability. It was an exciting performance, but the huge sports arena did not do it justice. The sound bounced from eight huge speakers, suspended over the slowly revolving stage, and echoed back distractingly. I suspect it was partly the fault of the sound engineer, for there was a distinct improvement during BS&T's set (they have their own sound man.)

There is no adequate description for Miles' music these days; it is like a distillation of his musical development since the experimental nine-piece band of the late '40s. Steve Grossman is no Wayne Shorter, but he fits nicely into Miles' way of thinking. The rhythm section and its driving force, Jack De Johnette, can teach the rocksters more than a thing or two. The predominantly young, white, near-capacity audience showed signs of not fully appreciating Miles' music (some began to clap in unison halfway through the piece), but the 44-year old trumpet master continues to win over new followers from their ranks.

This was the second U.S. appearance of Blood, Sweat&Tears since the release of their third album and their return from a State Department tour of Eastern Euro-

pean countries.

By accepting the State Department's offer, and thus becoming a part of the Administration's propaganda machine, BS&T would, observed some pop writers, disenchant many of its youthful followers. However, not even the widely publicized criticism of communist regimes voiced by the group after its return seems to have affected its popularity—the Madison Square Garden audience welcomed them ecstatically.

I had not heard the group in public performance since the early part of 1968 when, still an embryo, it held forth at New York's Cafe Au Go-Go. The embryo has grown into an imposing bird of dazzling plumage, and it continues to grow.

Drawing mostly from the selections featured on their latest album, BS&T demonstrated that it is the most precise and creative horn-rock group around. Their arrangements, mostly by Fred Lipsius and Dick Halligan, are on par with the best jazz has to offer and there isn't a less than first-rate musician in the group.

From a jazz point of view, Lipsius' alto sax solo in the *Satan's Dance* segment of *Sympathy for the Devil* and Lew Soloff's extended trumpet solo on *Lucertia Mac-Evil* were particularly noteworthy. The latter's middle-Miles type solo on *40,000 Headmen* suggests that the current of disrespect runs one way only.

I would hope that Miles stayed around to hear the BS&T offering. Their debt to jazz—including Gil Evans—is great, but jazz is indebted to them, too, for they are paving the way for young rock fans' appreciation of a music which never died, but came close to being overlooked.

If this concert represented a musical battle, there were no winners. Blood, Sweat & Tears undeniably got the popular vote, but each group performed its particular music with the authority, skill and imagination that has earned them a place at the top.

My only objection is that they were not given equal billing—Miles has been a main ingredient in jazz for too long to become a rock additive.

Meet The Press

by Harvey Siders

IT BEGAN WITH a telegram to members of the press, including *down beat*, which read in part: "National General Television Productions cordially invites you to a press conference to be held by Blood, Sweat&Tears, who have just returned from a concert tour behind the Iron Curtain, the first such tour by a contemporary music group ever to be sponsored by the United States State Department. The conference will be held at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, in Hollywood. This tour had a profound affect (sic) on the thinking of a group of young Americans as regards the youth revolution in this country and its relationship to youth around the world. . . ."

It gave promise of being an interesting session and Projection Room A quickly filled with reporters. If a group as influential as BS&T had been profoundly affected by what they saw in communist countries, then their comments could conceivably go a long way towards countering the anti-establishment hatred that is widening the generation gap in this country.

Such results might very well develop from their tour: National General film crews brought back 70 hours of color footage in eight-channel sound that will be edited for either TV or feature film consumption; and a female columnist from the underground publication, *Rolling Stone*, who accompanied BS&T on the tour, is putting the finishing touches on a book that should provide insight into the musical as well as political differences between the young East and the young West.

However, the press conference came close to being aborted at the very outset. As soon as singer David Clayton-Thomas, drummer Bobby Colomby and guitarist Steve Katz (the only ones who showed) sat down at the table filled with microphones and cassette recorders, Katz raised an objection.

"I want it clearly understood that National General called this press conference; Blood, Sweat&Tears did not. It was our understanding that we would see some of the film and then talk privately with any of you that might have questions. But we didn't expect a full-fledged press conference. Furthermore (waving the telegram that had been sent to the news media), what's all this about?" At which point he quoted the last line of the telegram.

Before anyone had a chance to say anything, a National General executive remarked, "Well, look man, if that's your attitude, then you can split." Katz shot up and said "That's O.K. with me," but Colomby grabbed Katz' arm, and some reporters shouted comments to the effect that everybody cool it and act more adult.

With corporate myopia and professional temper out of the way, the press conference began in earnest. Clayton-Thomas put things in proper perspective when he said "The tour made us aware how repressive conditions are in Eastern Europe. All the propaganda we're fed about communism is true. Sure things are wrong here, but at least we have 'due process.' If the government tries to jail Abbie Hoffman, he can

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RON HOWARD

UCSD'S ECLECTIC ELECTRIC CURRICULUM

by
Russ
Russell

TUCKED AWAY IN A quiet corner of the handsome new campus at the University of California at San Diego, better known for its sophisticated science-math orientation, is one of the most interesting and on-the-go music departments in the west. Organized in 1966 by Will Ogdon and Robert Erickson, then at U.C. Berkeley, the department is staffed by a faculty of ten, half of whom are active contemporary composers, and committed to a program of studies which is moving boldly into unexplored areas of music theory, composition and performance.

At UCSD, everything is new—plant, faculty and overall approach to research and teaching methods. The music department is no exception. The department is not interested in turning out the standard music pedagogue. It is interested in graduating musicians who will be skilled performers, composers, innovators and music theorists, and it is anticipated that some of them will use their skills in teaching innovative programs. The UCSD curriculum now offers courses in sound propagation by electronic means, electronic composition, multitronics (advanced instrumental techniques), conducting, computer programming for the arts, post-Webern composers, advanced performance for the small ensemble and the construction of new musical instruments, to name a few of the fascinating items to be found in the current prospectus. The department organizes an energetic schedule of concerts, performed by students and faculty, and by such visiting celebrities as Ernest Krenek, African master drummer Iannis Xenakis, Gerald Walker, Niccolo Castiglione, and Australian conductor-composer Keith Humble. UCSD is also attracting an increasing number of persons with jazz and big band backgrounds and providing a setting in which jazz and classical traditions intermingle.

The department headed by Will Ogdon does not consider itself merely avant garde. The classic composers are both taught and respected. According to Dr. Ogdon, "the real objective is to extend the student's relationship with traditional Western music toward a commitment to imaginative and innovative musicianship." The classics are seen as a springboard to studies in contemporary methods of sound production, compositional techniques and electroacoustics. A vital part of the physical plant at the new La Jolla campus being built on headlands overlooking the Pacific Ocean is the electronics laboratory which occupies several rooms in the same building with the much-used recital hall.

James Campbell is in charge of the electronics unit. His background combines a career as a jazz saxophonist, recording engineer, TV producer and M.A. in music (University of Illinois). The equipment at UCSD is equivalent to that found in the large commercial recording studios and includes such items as Buchla and Moog synthesizers, Fisher and Fairchild mechanical reverberation systems, Ampex, Revox, Nagra and Tapesonic recording units and a Dolby reduction system. Everything that the recording industry can do with musical sound can be done in the electronics department at UCSD. A course in recording

practices is offered once a year by Campbell.

The electronics laboratory is provided with 12 completely-equipped tape editing rooms. These were in constant use during several weeks of the fall quarter when an experimental course for non-music majors from adjacent Muir and Revelle colleges was given. Instead of the usual staff lectures on music appreciation and "how to listen," 50 lay students were assigned a project of creating their own musical compositions. This was done by editing and re-arranging a selection of recorded sounds—electronic, instrumental, material recorded in the street and at the local zoo—supplied to the students from an electronic tape bank. The results were beyond expectations and indicate the direction that innovative pedagogy is taking at UCSD. "Instead of deluging lay students with lectures and verbiage," Dr. Ogdon says, "we put them into the picture as the professional musician finds it. They found themselves dealing with the basic elements that go into any musical composition in the same way that the composer does. Many of the three-minute compositions created in the class were arresting and original."

Computer Programming For The Arts, a course which gets into print-out and graphic plotting methods which can be put to use by the contemporary composer, is given by a recent addition to the faculty at UCSD, Jeffrey Raskin, who holds an M.S. degree in computer sciences from the University of Pennsylvania. The fall catalog will add a course in music electronic cir-

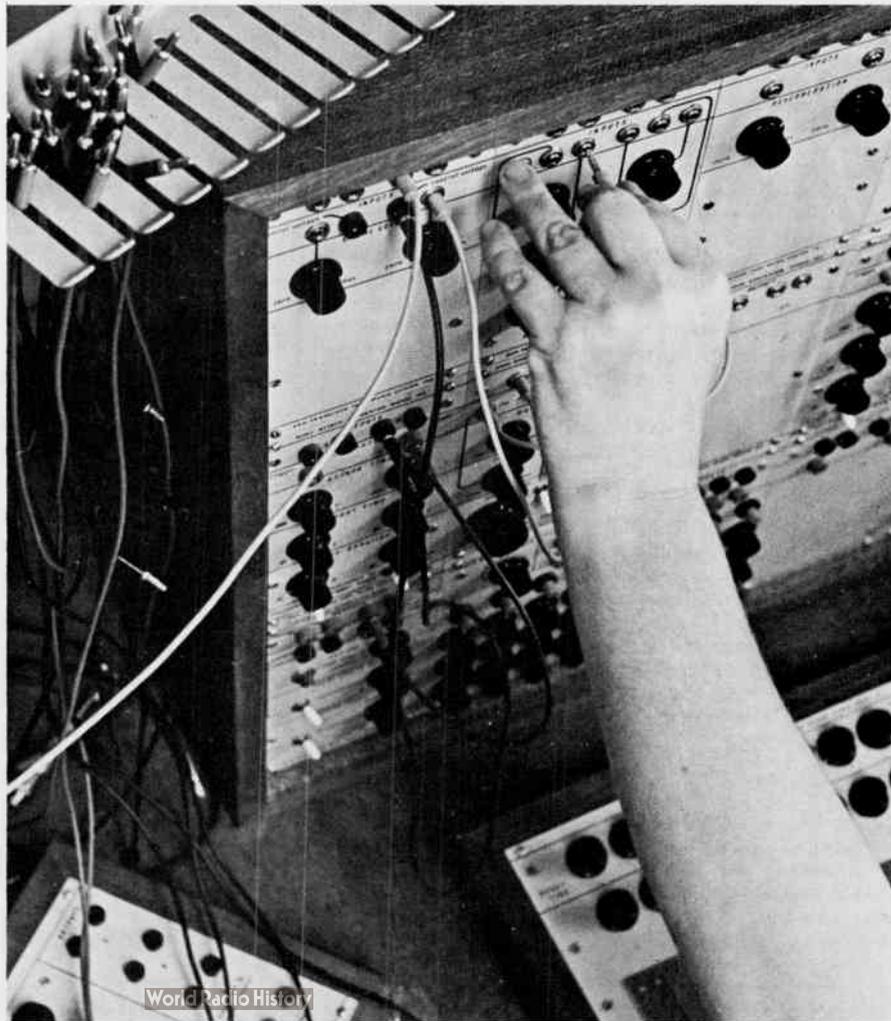
cuitry, directed by Pauline Oliveras. Music majors and graduate students in this course will be shown how to design, build and service their electronic systems. Roger Reynolds, just back from three years in Japan, currently heads special seminars in notation and time perception. Australian composer Keith Humble, senior lecturer in music at the University of Melbourne, has just completed a seminar in European Music Theatre and Vocal Literature Interpretation.

New Sound Sources, a two-semester course in the extensions of instrumental tone and related techniques, is given by composer Robert Erickson, who also supervises a work shop laboratory in which new musical instruments are constructed. Recent products of the work shop are a battery of tube drums, stroked brass rods and a three-octave xylophone with sounding bars made of travertine marble. Erickson is the author of *Structure of Music* (Noonday Press, 1955) and an authority on timbre.

Concert pianist Rosalyn Tureck is in residence at UCSD part of each year and heads the department's Bach studies program. Miss Tureck also gives courses in the study of performance practices of historical, national and cultural musical styles. Italian composer Niccolo Castiglione was in residence during the past year.

Jazz studies, improvisation and composition have become an increasing interest of the department with the addition of such faculty members as Campbell, Ber-

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GLASHEEN GRAPHICS

DR. JOSEPH SCIANNI: NYU'S JAZZ GURU

Dear Dr. Scianni: Your band played marvelous. Your trumpeter, and the drummer were just marvelous . . . I really enjoyed listening to your band. You're a good conductor (sic). Maybe that's why they play so good

by
Pat
Orvis

A lot of reviewers have said good things about Dr. Joseph Scianni and his Jazz Ensemble at New York University—in down beat, the *New York Times*, places like that. But the young critic quoted above is the toughest kind to please: a seventh grader in a public school in Harlem.

"I used to didn't like jazz," wrote another student, "but since you came here I love it." A third declared, "The whole school is talking about your band, we want you to come back one day. . . ."

Now a junior high school assembly may sound like an odd gig for an 18-man jazz band, but it's all part of a plan Scianni has to encourage kids from dropout neighborhoods to stay in school and aim for college. His players are students themselves, in the NYU Division of Music Education (formerly the New York College of Music). During the ensemble's three years of existence, they've visited many "underprivileged" junior and senior high schools to turn the kids on with good jazz and then tell them how to use their own talent to win scholarships and grants for a college education.

The band goes in and swings for awhile, until the kids are on the edges of their seats, and then one of the really cool players—a black or a Puerto Rican that most of the audience can identify with—gets on the mike and tells about how he overcame the odds to get a higher education. Fan mail pours in for weeks afterward.

(The last such appearance turned into a fiasco that shames the New York City education system, and the incident, plus a shortage of time and funds for the ensemble, turned the group off of school engagements for some time. There was Scianni up on the stage that particular day, all hunched over the stand, popping his fingers and doing the little staccato dance he does when the band is really swinging. Gerry Thomas had melted into his trumpet and was picking off the high ones like a junior Louis Armstrong. Not a kid was making a sound—in a "problem" school, remember. It had never been so quiet in the auditorium, an incensed black girl told me when it was all over.

Then this buzzer sounds, announcing lunchtime, but the kids don't dream of interrupting the music. They're too involved. When the piece ends, they clap and scream for more. Scianni and his men haven't heard the buzzer, and, anyhow, he has his own practical theories about how to educate, so they move into another number. Suddenly a military-looking man, one of those tight, narrow, anal types—the assistant principal, as it turned out—appears from nowhere, strides down the center aisle and, of all things, reaches up and tugs at Scianni's pants leg. And tugs, and tugs and tugs, until he has to stop conducting, right in the middle of the

number. The students jeer and boo and in seconds the school is back to its usual chaos, except for several students—and teachers—who rush up to the ensemble to apologize for their rude administration, none of whom, by the way, bothered to attend the assembly. But that's another story, all about what's wrong with the schools and irrelevant education.)

Scianni has also helped a lot of young musicians get a start toward college by hand-recruiting them when he was setting up the ensemble. "Okay, how would you like to go back to school and play jazz," he'd ask college-age musicians who were squeezing out a living from small clubs here and there, or from other work. He had money problems himself when he was in school. He worked his way through college as a jazz pianist, playing bistros in New Orleans (he's from Memphis) and then with various jazz groups on the road. So when the young musicians he approached complained that they didn't have the bread, Scianni would push for funds and help them get enrolled.

Now the ensemble is so well-known that would-be students have started recruiting themselves. (Scianni just had a request from a guitarist in St. Croix, for example, and students from institutions like his own alma mater, Eastman School of Music, write asking to transfer because they've heard of the group.) But he still helps those who really need it to get financial aid.

During its first year, the ensemble took first prize for East Coast bands at MIT and as a result was asked to play at the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival, where it opened the program. It has won twice at the Quinipiac Festival (1968 and 69). The student musicians also had the usually rather staid members of the Music Educators National Conference jumping to their feet and yelling for more at the Eastern Division session in Washington in 1969. (Scianni has been asked to conduct the All-Star Jazz Ensemble selected from the seven member states at the MENC Conference in Atlantic City in February.)

Last fall, the ensemble appeared as an invited demonstration band at the New York State Music Association Conference,

and in February, it broke a 30-year-old tradition to become the first jazz group ever asked to perform in the sedate opening concert of Radio Station WNYC's annual American Music Festival, broadcast live from Carnegie Hall. The NYU Jazz Ensemble has even played an engagement at the Village Vanguard, proving that jazz from the academy doesn't have to be academic.

On this point, jazz and the academy, Scianni, who is both a jazz and classical composer with a Ph.D. from Eastman, has plenty to say. He told me about it this summer, just before he took his wife Maria and their new baby off to unwind for awhile by the sea.

P.O.: You have been quoted as saying the future of jazz is in the college or university; that it's got to find a new home, a new way of being passed on since the demise of the old clubs and orchestras.

J.S.: I said that in the old days, a young musician could go to a club and sit in with a group and run down the changes on standard jazz tunes and absorb the jazz heritage through musical osmosis, but that now you can't find more than five or six jazz clubs right here in New York, and there are only a few big jazz orchestras left. The only place a kid can go to learn jazz is underground or the university or college.

P.O.: Do you still think the university or college can really cut it when it comes to teaching jazz?

J.S.: I still think it has a role in nurturing jazz, but there are a few things to watch out for. It's a real question whether jazz and the academic music program can mix. You must have a faculty and administration that is receptive to jazz and not indifferent to it.

P.O.: I gather you have run into this problem?

J.S.: Well, let's just say it's something to be watched out for whenever you're starting a jazz curriculum. I'm not saying jazz should replace the academic program. It should be adjunct to it. But a jazz curriculum must be designed for jazz and for a realistic and practical approach to today's music. It can't be just a paper program that pays lip service.



P.O.: What should a good jazz curriculum offer?

J.S.: It should have workshops in improvisation, courses in jazz theory and composition and in jazz literature and history. One problem now is that there are very few jazz educators. Being a good jazz musician doesn't necessarily make you a good jazz educator. Through your instruction, you must be able to express verbally in an articulate manner the concepts of the art form. Furthermore, of the top performers who also happen to be good teachers, most won't stay even after they sign up to teach if they find you don't have a good jazz curriculum.

P.O.: What are the benefits for the kids of having a group like yours in music education?

J.S.: The ensemble itself in a sense is like a small society and in a sense prepares students for the responsibilities of the society in which they will have to live. In the ensemble, each man has to retain his individuality and be ready to improvise while remaining sensitive to the entire group. Good players are not enough for an ensemble to succeed. It's like any society. The members have to be able to function as soloists and yet be responsive to the group. Many good players can't cope in such an environment. They can't cut it because they're not ready yet to face the responsibility of 18 other players. That's what my job really is. I don't have to teach them to play their instruments. They already know how to do that. I'm there to teach them to play together. Performing is also important for another reason. There's very little in most school music programs for a jazz musician to identify with. That's where the festivals come in. Participating in festivals does give the jazz-oriented music student a sense of identity, whether his group wins or not. For that matter, I'm not sure awards should even be given at festivals.

P.O.: No awards? But I thought that's why groups go to festivals.

J.S.: Well, I don't know. All the bands are of such a high caliber. I'm not sure it's good or necessary. I think what is good about festivals is that they bring together students from different areas of the country and show the different points of view of their directors, and the kids can see these different conceptions and exchange ideas. Also, participation should be by invitation, with fewer bands and more time for each to play. When you have 15 minutes to perform it's a different situation than, say, 45 minutes. With 45 minutes, each ensemble would be able to give an extra presentation which would demonstrate its ability in depth. During an evening, instead of listening to 15 groups, you'd listen to five. You don't need 15 ensembles to make a festival successful. As it's set up now, a group doesn't have a chance to stretch out.

P.O.: What other disturbing trends do you find?

J.S.: The bands I've heard at these festivals are getting bigger and more pretentious and more like Cecil B. DeMille productions. I've seen ensembles with five or

six trumpets, half a dozen trombones, woodwinds in addition to the sax section, a choir of French horns and a battery of percussion, including tympani. My philosophy is that you should always have a jazz ensemble that conveys the basic elements of jazz. These are a strong group swing, regardless of the idiom, and individual improvisation. Now, it's pretty hard for an elephant to swing—to boogaloo.

P.O.: It certainly seems reasonable to expect that jazz should swing . . .

J.S.: It has to swing, at all times, and make you feel good. When our ensemble makes me feel like dancing, when I can't stand still and I want to move my feet and pop my fingers, I know it's really happening. If a band is going to get as big as some of these at the festivals, perhaps it should develop in a concerto grosso form (a baroque form with solo players pitted against a larger group). It could have a small jazz group, say eight or nine players, with the large orchestra as an accompanying vehicle. There would still be room for improvisation.

P.O.: Your suggestions make great sense. Got any others?

J.S.: Yes. A jazz ensemble without black players is ludicrous, and there are too few black players at the festivals.

P.O.: Whose fault is that? Are they staying away by choice, or are there other factors keeping them out?

J.S.: I don't know. But it's a real problem, and I think someone should do some research and find a solution.

P.O.: I know you and your men do most of your own composing and arranging. What advice do you have for students in these areas?

J.S.: I do a lot of the writing and have had some outstanding students turn out some great pieces. Gerry Thomas, for example, who's no longer with the ensemble, certainly deserves recognition as one of the finest young writers and players around. One thing I've found in writing for the band: because of the personnel changes every year, the compositions must be designed to accent the strengths and play down the weaknesses of the ensemble, which are unpredictable from year to year. For the professional, this is no problem, but for the student composer it is often a hard concept. He's so anxious to get his music out he doesn't consider who'll be playing it, who'll be doing the improvisations. If a player can't hit high G, for instance, you don't write anything with high G. *Red Phantom Rides Again* is a good example of rewriting to fit the player. The brass parts were too high, because Gerry was still in the group when I wrote it, and he could hit them all. Now, rewritten, it's actually a better composition. At Quinipiac this year the high school band from Hamden, Conn., won with *Red Phantom*.

P.O.: I understood that Alfred Music has published that and some of your other compositions recently. Do you write pretty much for student performers?

J.S.: No. These are extended compositions for jazz orchestra that transcend the arrangement of a tune. It's music that stands whether played by professionals or by students. And yes, Alfred has also pub-

lished *Florence in July* and they're bringing out *Gaza Strip* in September. What we need is a standard jazz repertoire, in the same way that the symphony orchestra has a repertoire of Beethoven, Brahms and the rest. We certainly need some Ellington charts to be published, for example. Alfred is on the right track toward doing it. Besides me, they've got Don Sebesky, Manny Albam and Saul Feldstein, people like this, out already. It's a move in the right direction that should be encouraged and followed by other publishers.

P.O.: Your ensemble is doing okay for awards, but you're no slacker in that department, either. It began back at Eastman, didn't it?

J.S.: Yes, I guess so. I had a fellowship to study in Rochester, for composition, and I got my master's and Doctor's degrees there and won the Benjamin Award in Composition. Recently, I won a grant from the National Council on the Arts for Jazz Composition.

P.O.: Weren't you in the Army with Duke Pearson and some others who are doing pretty well now, too?

J.S.: Yes, I was composer and arranger for the 3rd Army band in Atlanta when Pearson was in the same outfit. Then I went up to Rochester and had a small combo there. We played in a posh club across the street from the school. I met Mitch Miller there, and he later helped me get started as a producer at Columbia Records. After four years at Columbia I began arranging and writing for about six different recording outfits. This was all right until the record business fell off. In 1966, I was offered a teaching post with the New York College of Music, which merged with NYU in 1968. I've been teaching ever since.

P.O.: Have you arranged for many top artists?

J.S.: Let's see. There was Eileen Farrell, Leon Bibb, Nancy Ames and Charlie Byrd . . .

P.O.: What about your own recordings?

J.S.: *down beat* gave me a four-star review in 1965 for an album of my compositions, *Man Running*, on the Savoy label. I played piano and David Izenzon was on bass.

P.O.: What else have you done?

J.S.: I've composed in symphonic and chamber forms. I've also done rock, TV commercials, and recently the music for an underground film, *Another Time, Another Voice*. It won some international film festival awards. The music was natural instrumentation with electronic mutations.

P.O.: But jazz will always be number one for you?

J.S.: Jazz makes you feel good because it's a valid expression of our times. It's relevant. It's handmade music, made by people, not systems. It's the classical music of the pop art form. In 1967, the music educators met in Tanglewood and decided jazz was a valid form and okay to each in the curriculum—it's only the most influential music in the world, but it had never been recognized before as a valid form. They decided college music programs should have some jazz, and the result has been an explosion. 

Bobby Bryant's Hattiesburg Happenings

EVER HEARD OF Hattiesburg, Mississippi? Nearby Camp Shelby, one of the largest Army bases in the country during World War II, once put it on the map. It is the "Hub City" of the state and site of two institutions of higher learning: the University of Southern Mississippi and William Carey College. And it is the city that gave birth to—and nurtured, in spite of itself—trumpeter Bobby Bryant.

Hattiesburg (population 40,500) also gained a measure of notoriety in civil rights matters several years ago. However, if Bryant has his way, the tarnished image will fade into history and the "Hub City" of Mississippi will become a model city of the south. Among other things, he is working toward the establishment of an annual festival of contemporary music there. He would have Hattiesburg become to the south what Newport is to the east and what Monterey is to the west.

With New Orleans (birthplace of jazz) around 100 miles southwest, Mobile, Alabama, slightly closer to the southeast, and the Mississippi Gulf Coast (with its resort areas) about 70 miles directly south, Hattiesburg may seem like an unlikely candidate for such distinction. Nevertheless, Bryant is steadfast in his belief that his hometown can rise to the occasion. He not only anticipates drawing on the surrounding areas, but foresees music lovers coming from as far north as Memphis. Furthermore, he and his Hattiesburg co-workers would not cater exclusively to the tourist types who covet New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. Bryant adds: "People who are tourists in those areas have probably already been exposed to concerts, but in Hattiesburg the music would be available to people who probably never had the chance to attend such concerts before."

Festival of Contemporary Music is the heading which Bryant envisions. He eschews the term "jazz" in discussing the festival and musicians. "To label something jazz," he says, "is to exclude other forms of music." He insists that it is a commercial liability to categorize. However, he is not on the "jazz-is-dead" bandwagon. "It's more alive than ever," he insists.

Perhaps his affinity for the term "contemporary" also has something to do with the trumpeter's versatility. He is in his fifth year as a staff musician at NBC-TV—where versatility is a necessity. As lead trumpeter, he rises to the occasion whatever the studio situation calls for: jazz (both modern and Dixieland), symphonic, modern dance music—even rock. In a sense, this versatility is a carryover from his high school days in the Eureka High band (under the tutelage of Professor C. E. Roy) and with his own Jewels of Swing.

I knew Bobby personally back in those days, and don't remember him being in any particular bag. Of course, he has now reached a higher level of sophistication: "In Hattiesburg, my music was imitative,"

he offers. "I played anything I heard on the jukebox. Now I lean more toward the creative aspect."

The proposed festival would reflect that versatility and creativity. "We don't intend to exclude anything that could be interesting and aid in fund raising." (The funds derived from such activities would go to the Bobby Bryant Foundation, a recently-created non-profit organization, which would, among other things, award scholarships to needy and deserving students. Race would be no criterion for eligibility.)

Bryant's motives are not merely cultural: "Our intentions are to cause major improvements throughout the city." He is not a social crusader in the traditional sense, and does not really like to speak of his plans and activities in racial terms. But, the way I see it, blacks would probably benefit most.

The streets of the black sections of the city are the most conspicuous areas of neglect. Most are rugged, some are unpaved; many are flooded after every rainstorm. However, Bobby feels that if enough tourist money is pumped into the local economy—now based largely on farm-related enterprises and light manufacturing—improvements would be forthcoming. It is assumed that circumstances would induce the city fathers to do some municipal facelifting. He also suggests that local merchants, who would stand much to gain, aid such an endeavor.

How did all this come about? How does a black man—a musician rather than a politician or civic leader—expect to accomplish so much in a section of Mississippi where blacks are in a minority, and hold few (if any) elective offices?

The history of the idea, some of it incidental, is noteworthy. Terry Leggett of Hattiesburg, present leader of the Jewels of Swing, who was a tenor saxophone-playing sideman when Bobby headed the group, advanced the idea of honoring his former chief. (The Jewels of Swing are still a dance band, largely in the tradition

Bobby left them.) His idea was to have a Bobby Bryant day. The more Leggett kicked the idea around with different people, the more it expanded. Then the idea of a class reunion emerged. (Bobby graduated from Royal Street [now Rowan] High School in 1952.) A parade and banquet was to be included. Then he was asked to perform. It was finally realized that all this could not happen in one day.

Bobby agreed to perform only on the condition that a suitable band be found, for backup purposes. The stage band of the University of Southern Mississippi, directed by Raoul Jerome, agreed to serve in that capacity. (Incidentally, the band is all white—the University was integrated only a few years ago.) Bobby sent the university musicians some arrangements by Dale Frank from his *Earth Dance* album several weeks in advance of his arrival.

Since a fee would be charged for admission to the concert, Bobby wanted to know where the proceeds would go. Leggett, who will probably be named founder of the Bobby Bryant Scholarship Fund, suggested giving a scholarship. Bobby countered: "Why just one scholarship; why not many?" Hence, the idea of a permanent scholarship fund named in Bobby's honor was born. He reports that each new idea added to the events required an extra day, so instead of spending one day in Hattiesburg, he spent ten.

Bryant is obviously pleased with the amount of cooperation he received and the receptivity of some influential people to his ideas. The foundation named for him has an interracial steering committee, with his former high school principal, Prof. N. R. Burger, as chairman, and Miss I. E. Standifer, one of his former teachers, as recording secretary. Influential members of the white community serving on the committee include civic leader Harrison Ford, the president of the local musicians union, and other prominent citizens. There are 15 members on the committee. Bryant even reports that a local business man (white) has offered the use of his private plane for flying entertainers into the city from other parts of the country.

April 19 was the magic date; that is when the concert was held, and, during the intermission on the hour-and-a-half program, Bryant received the key to the city from Hattiesburg's mayor, Paul Grady. He also received a plaque, presented by Burger on behalf of the citizens of Hattiesburg, in recognition of his "outstanding contribution in the world of music". The concert and commemoration was held in the William Carey College Auditorium (also formerly all white) before a small but enthusiastic interracial audience of several hundred. (Bryant feels that the event would have drawn more people if it had not been billed as a "jazz concert".)

Bobby Bryant is the first black person ever presented the key to Hattiesburg. Though the official walls of segregation came tumbling down several years ago



Bryant presents "Thank You" plaque to former mentor, Prof. C. E. Roy.

(thanks largely to federal legislation) and the city is one of the state's more "liberal" entities now, Bobby had no illusions that the key he received would open all doors. While there, he lived at the Holiday Inn South, but he heard of other places where black people are not welcome. "I simply avoided them," he said. "Why spend my money with them?" Though he insists that his foundation will not be directly involved in civil rights or social controversy, he asserts: "The sociological aspects of the foundation are very strong."

Though this kind of local homage was not predictable 20 years ago, some measure of eventual fame for Bryant was. (He began playing music at 15, and now, to the best of his knowledge and mine, is the youngest man in the profession to have ever had a foundation and scholarship fund named in his honor: shortly before his 36th birthday.)

Had he not been so devoted to music he could have become a successful baseball player, many people feel. A promising pitcher in high school, he had the prerequisites—size, speed, "stuff", and the ability to hit. In fact, he played some semi-professional ball in Chicago immediately after graduating from high school. He went to the Windy City to attend the Cosmopolitan School of Music. (He had turned down some college scholarships in his own state because he wanted to go where he could "learn all about music, rather than merely how to teach it.")

Bobby says he was unable to find immediate work as a musician in Chicago, because, being new to the city, he knew no musicians there other than Little Brother Montgomery (a friend of the family). Montgomery offered him a job as a saxophone player. Though Bobby played some sax in his last year in high school, he did not own one. He failed to find one to his liking in any of the local pawn shops (where prices were more compatible with his economic resources) and consequently did not get the job. For many months, baseball and employment in a tile plant were his only sources of income. There was no question about what his first love was: "Baseball was interfering with music school," he reflects. Furthermore, "when the team was behind five or six runs in late innings, and I was tired and sweaty, I wanted to quit. Therefore, I decided that baseball was not for me." After about a year of semi-professional ball he underwent surgery, and never returned to the diamond. Upon recovery, he went to work in the Post Office for about a year. (Ironically, today he isn't even a baseball fan. His favorite spectator sport is pro football; his favorite participation sport is golf.)

Bryant does not regret his decision, largely because when he is blowing on stage he never gets the feeling that he wants to quit because he is "tired and sweaty" and "the team is behind." The lucrative salary he might eventually have commanded as a big leaguer notwithstanding. Bryant probably made a wise choice. At 36, he would be an "old man" in baseball, but as a musician, he is in the prime of life. (Economically, he does not appear to be suffering—his annual income runs into



SANDRA MILLER

Bryant stretches out with the University of Southern Mississippi stage band.

five figures. Perhaps his first album told it emphatically enough: *Ain't Doing Too B-a-d, Bad.*)

He left the Post office, inevitably, and went to work as a trumpet player—initially in a strip joint across the street from where Montgomery worked in the Chicago loop. He graduated from Cosmopolitan in 1957, with a B.M.E. degree. Finally, a new world was open to him.

His first big break came when he joined Larry Steele's *Smart Affairs* revue as musical director. He later became leader of a touring band for vocalist Billy Williams.

He moved to California in 1961, paving the way for his regular studio job and opening up other avenues for his talent.

Bryant has appeared on the sound tracks in the following movies: *A Day With The Boys*, *Assault On a Queen* (featured soloist), *In The Heat of the Night*, *I Love a Mystery*, and *Winning* (featured soloist).

He has worked in 15 TV series, on various networks, including the shows of Andy Williams, Dean Martin, Della Reese and Ed Sullivan. He did specials with Danny Thomas, Lena Horne, Jose Feliciano, Perry Como, Bill Cosby, Wayne Newton, Dinah Shore, and Julie Andrews. In some instances, Bobby was seen on the screen, as on the *Tonight Show*—in Hattiesburg, among other places. During the summer, he has been seen nationally on *Happy Days*.

He has written and arranged for such artists as Vic Damone (with whom he traveled extensively), Della Reese (TV show and personal appearances), Peggy Lee, Pat Boone (TV), Helen O'Connell, the Four Tops, Lorez Alexandria, Lou Rawls, Marlena Shaw, and Benny Goodman. He has also made personal appearances with Harry James, Sammy Davis, and Nancy Wilson.

Aside from *Ain't Doing Too B-a-d* (Cadet) he has cut *Earth Dance and Hair*, both on World Pacific. He has appeared as soloist on a number of albums, including *Soul of Bonnie and Clyde*, *Gerald Wilson Orchestra On Stage*, and the *Billy*

Williams Revue.

An orchestra headed by him was orchestra in residence at the 12th annual Monterey Jazz Festival, held last year.

A group under his leadership also appeared at some top night clubs in Los Angeles area—including the Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach. However, Bryant has not had a band under his wing for several years, though he can put one together whenever the need arises.

When asked what single accomplishment he felt was most responsible for the Hattiesburg honor and cooperation, he replied: "I can't name any one thing. It is a result of the way I have lived, the relationship I maintained with the people back home while being associated with celebrities, super stars—being seen on TV and heard on records."

His studio job is not a "clock punching" one; he may work odd hours—but usually not more than four days per week. Much of his spare time is spent composing and arranging. The remainder is devoted to other endeavors, mostly music-related. His private TV and recording studio, adjacent to his suburban Los Angeles home, is near completion. Aside from recording, it would be used for producing shows and commercials—which is another story.

Now there is the Hattiesburg commitment, which will siphon more of his time. The foundation itself will necessitate his going back to that city at least once a year to "furnish input into the foundation, and help regulate fund-raising activities." He is now in the process of lining up notables for the festival, which is slated for April 1971 at the 10,000 seat University of Southern Mississippi Coliseum.

He would like to do more clinics, like the one he held at Mississippi's Jackson State College to a crowd of several thousand immediately after the Hattiesburg activities, April 21-22.

Obviously, Bryant has his work cut out for him. But with a philosophy that he sums up with one word—*share*—how can he fail?



record REVIEWS

GARY BARTZ NTU TROOP

HOME!—Milestone MSP 9027: *B.A.M.*; *Love*; *Rise*; *Amal*; *It Don't Mean A Thing*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Bartz, alto saxophone, bells, steel drums; Albert Dailey, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Rashied Ali, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Home is where the heart is, apparently, for Bartz. Though his third album for Milestone does not offer the variety in mood or repertoire found on his first solo LP (*Libra*, Milestone MSP 9006), it is nonetheless a most provocative, stimulating, and original document. Thus, the album, recorded live at a Left Bank Jazz Society concert in Baltimore in March, 1969, represents a most auspicious homecoming for the altoist, who along with pianist Dailey is a native Baltimorean.

The album is dedicated to Bartz' father, the late Floyd Bartz, who ran Baltimore's North End Lounge, a mecca for aspiring jazzmen where Bartz (and probably Dailey) first tried his improvisational wings.

Though I found myself yearning for some of the more traditional-oriented material found on *Libra* (*Cabin in the Sky*, *Bloomdido*, *Deep River*), Bartz' originals here (all tracks except, of course, *Don't*) are quite good, though again not as exceptional as those on *Libra* (notably *Air and Fire*, *Disjunction*). Those included here, though, are valuable for their subtle strength and improvisation potential. *Rise* is my favorite, though the folk-like *B.A.M.* (Black Arts Movement) and the ballad, *Amal*, are also of interest.

The blowing, therefore, is the thing here and it is more often than not outstanding. Obviously inspired by the exuberant hometown listeners, Bartz renders chorus after chorus of impassioned improvisation. His tone, hard but extremely flexible, is often Rollins-like, as is his conception at times. He is not an imitator, though; far from it. He is among the most interesting avant garde-oriented saxophonists I've heard. Though he indulges in some of the patented free configurations, they do not sound like effects but rather like natural comments. He knows how to construct effective and original "mini-melodies" within his free-styled solos and in some respects he reminds me of Lee Konitz in that his linear development is often unpredictable yet somehow logical and extremely coherent when analyzed in retrospect.

Shaw is a valuable cohort here, in both ensemble (contributing effective harmony) and solo outings. Though he does not solo on *Amal* and *Don't*, he makes the most of his opportunities, coming off best on *Rise*, the group's theme (which is reminiscent

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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of Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* at times). *Rise* also contains Bartz' most eloquent solo plus some of his steel drum antics, which do not contribute much of value to my ears.

Dailey, though hampered by one of the worst pianos I've heard on record, is in typically brilliant form—contributing ingenious accompaniment and thoughtful solos. At times, however, his work is next-to-inaudible, but yet it manages to shine through for what it is—the work of a highly creative and stimulating artist. He sounds better on a bad piano with poor miking than many pianists do under optimum conditions.

Cunningham (who should have had more space) and Ali (who at times had perhaps too much) make a fine rhythm team—one tailor-made for this group. Cunningham's arco is especially praiseworthy and Ali distinguishes himself on the driving *Don't Mean*. Overall, Ali is a splendid, flexible and extremely musical percussionist.

My favorite track? *Don't Mean*, by all means. Bartz delivers the melody in an almost sardonic manner a la Rollins and launches into a driving solo that jabs here and there and creates much excitement, aided considerably by the commentary of Ali. The solo also includes some highly effective high-note work and an interesting paraphrase of the bridge later on. Bartz is the only soloist on the tune—he didn't leave anything unsaid.

Bartz is a powerful player and each of his "troops" deserves a medal. Here's hoping Milestone will re-enlist them for another date—this one is heavy but by no means the end of the campaign.

—Szantor

KENNY CLARKE-FRANCY BOLAND

VOLCANO—Polydor 24-4501: Box 703; *Griff's Groove*; *Volcano*; *Love Which to No Loved One Permits Excuse for Loving*; *Now Hear My Meaning*; *And Thence We Issued Out Again to See the Stars*.

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Idrees Sulieman, Dusko Goykovic, Tony Fisher, trumpets; Ake Persson, Nat Peck, Eric Van Lier, trombones; Derek Humble, alto saxophone; Johnny Griffin, Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophones; Tony Coe, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone; Boland, piano; Ron Mathewson, bass; Clarke, Kenny Clare, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

There's excitement in this new live recording by the Clarke-Boland band that was missing from *Fire, Soul, Heat and Guts* (Prestige 7634), a studio date, and there are fewer time problems. The use of two drummers in what is primarily a Basie-styled ensemble seems to make the band occasionally lopsided, but the aggregation

swings amazingly well. It's unclear why a band with Clarke needs a second drummer.

Since the deaths of Sidney Bechet and Bud Powell, Clarke has become the most prominent American jazz expatriate in Europe, and he attracts good players, many of them men he worked with in the New York bebop days, including Shihab, Griffin, Bailey and Sulieman. Sulieman and Shihab have fine solos on the long blues, *Box 703*. Among the competent European players on the band, Swedish trombonist Persson is the outstanding improviser, and he has a humorous solo on *Box*. British tenor saxophonist Ronnie Scott, at whose club in London the LP was recorded, gets no solo time.

The arrangements (presumably all Boland's) are clean and functional, designed essentially as backdrops for the soloists. There are a couple of tracks devoted to intramural drum contests between Clarke and Clare (*Volcano* and *Stars*), a nice ballad, *Love Which*, Jimmy Woode's *Meanin'*, and the aforementioned *Box*.

The album's most effective piece is *Groove*, an A-flat blues named in honor of tenorist Griffin, who solos beautifully, opening with a direct quote from Charlie Parker. Bailey, whose heart is also in the '40s, gets off several nice choruses.

Good, mainstream, big-band music. The recording balance and presence are excellent. The cover painting is attractive, but the liner notes are uninformative prattle.

—Ramsey

ANDREW HILL

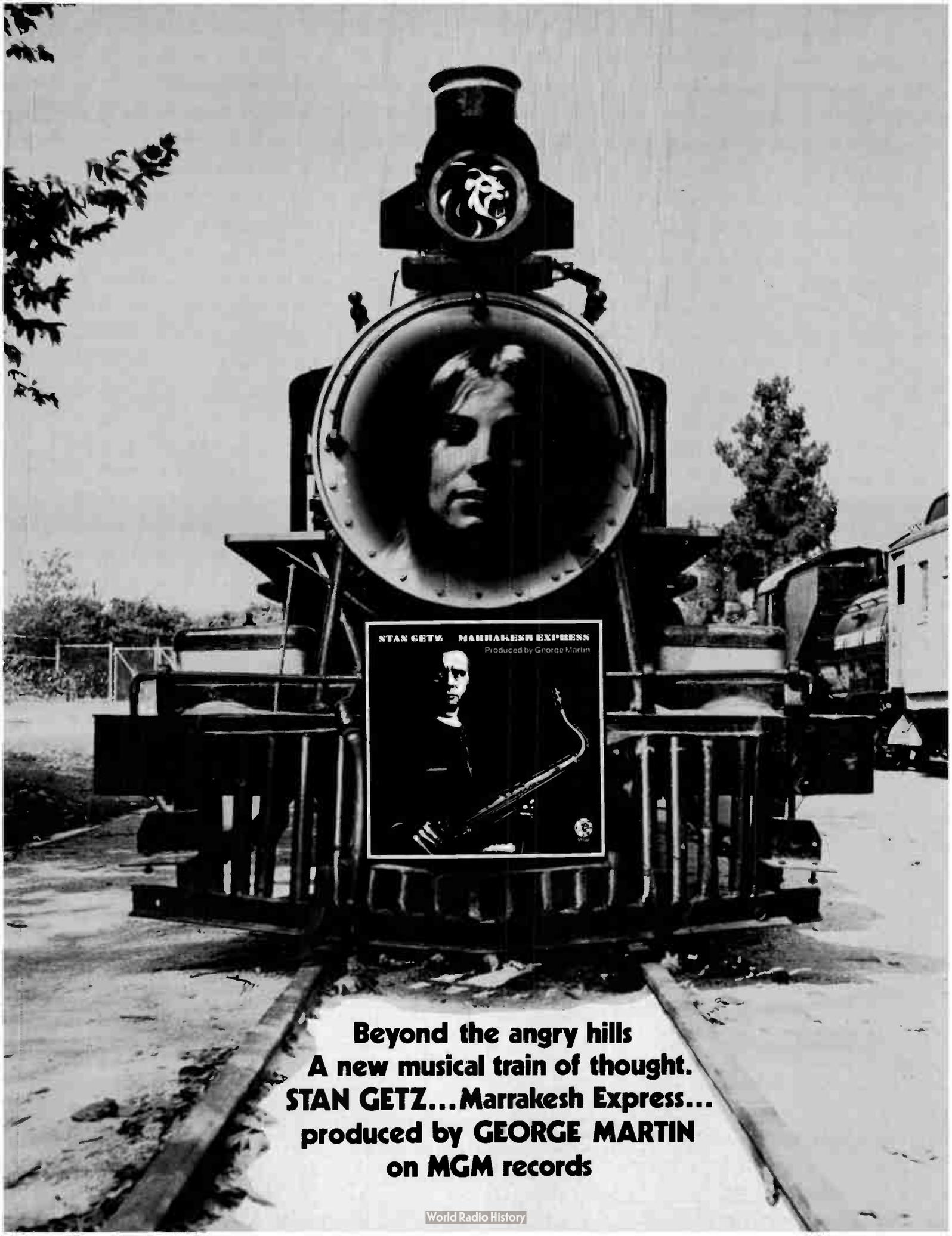
LIFT EVERY VOICE—Blue Note BST 84330: *Hey Hey*; *Lift Every Voice*; *Two Lullabies*; *Love Chant*; *Ghetto Lights*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Carlos Garnett, tenor saxophone; Hill, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums; Lawrence Marshall, La Reine La Mar, Gail E. Nelson, Joan Johnson, Benjamin Franklin Carter, Antennett Goodman Ray and Ron Steward, voices. Choir conducted by Lawrence Marshall.

Rating: ★★★★★

The baahp-baas and doo-dooos are not just here and there but practically everywhere as a mixed choir of seven voices does its best to intrude annoyingly on music that otherwise might have made this a very fine jazz album.

The annotator, a gentleman named Leonard Feather, tells us that these performances are "indicative of a new concept." I suggest he listen to some of Mary Lou Williams' brushes with religious music, or the Coleridge Perkinson/Duke Pearson collaboration on Donald Byrd's *A New Perspective* (also on the Blue Note label). The latter album, released six years ago, made similar use of a choir, and it worked.



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In this case, it doesn't.

There are some exciting but all too brief moments when Hill and his supporting players take off. Trumpeter Shaw is exceptionally fine, and certainly bears watching; Garnett shows flashes of inspiration that make one wish to hear him in a proper setting, too, and Davis gives the kind of brilliant bass support that one has come to expect of him. It is mainly because the instrumental parts of this set are so good that one keeps wishing that the silly choir would shut up.

In the few spots they sing actual words, the vocal arrangement renders them unintelligible. Hill is a good pianist, and he could have added an outstanding album to his roster of accomplishments if only he had lifted every voice and, say, given it to Peter Nero. —*Albertson*

ELVIN JONES

POLY-CURRENTS—Blue Note BST-84331: *Agenda; Agape Love; Mr. Jones; Yes; Whew.*
Personnel: Fred Tompkins, flute; Joe Farrell, flute, English horn, tenor saxophone; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Wilbur Little, bass; Jones, drums; Candido Camero, conga.

Rating: ★★ ★

Jones established himself as a great drummer some time ago. Not content to be just that, he has become an ambitious group leader. His trio with Farrell and Jimmy Garrison cut two unique and outstanding LPs for Blue Note.

This album, on which Jones plays with a larger group, has much to recommend it but still leaves something to be desired. The arrangements are disappointingly unambitious. Generally just functional, they are not bad but not very interesting either.

The compositions are good. Jones' *Agenda*, described by the composer as "a salute to the agenda of the nations in the process of being formed on the continent of Africa," is a rather exotic piece on which Farrell plays English horn. There is also some fine Jones-Camero interplay.

Love is a pretty, serene composition by Farrell. Keiko Jones, Elvin's wife, composed *Mr. Jones*, a charming, deceptively simple tune; *Yes*, by Tompkins, has an unusual and very interesting melodic contour; and *Whew*, by Little, is a catchy composition.

The solo work is fine, Farrell particularly good. He's an admirable musician who has previously demonstrated that he can improvise well on a variety of instruments. His work is consistently praiseworthy here, and I particularly enjoyed his warm, rich-toned flute playing on *Agape*.

Coleman's sensitive, intelligent, Coltrane-influenced tenor work on the same track is noteworthy. His playing has not gotten the praise it deserves from the jazz public.

Adams turns in caloric solos in *Agenda* and *Mr. Jones*. He plays forcefully and constructs his solos logically on these two tracks. Tompkins' singing flute work is a highlight of *Yes*, the only track on which he appears.

Little contributes some interesting economical and percussive solo work on *Whew*, and the rhythm section as a unit is excellent. —*Pekar*

HAROLD MABERN

WORKIN' AND WAILIN'—Prestige 7687: *Too Busy Thinking About My Baby; Strozier's Mode; Blues For Phineas; I Can't Understand What I See In You; Waltzing Westward; A Time For Love.*

Personnel: Virgil Jones, trumpet, flugelhorn; George Coleman, tenor sax; Mabern, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★★ ½

Harold Mabern is one of the most talented paradoxes in jazz: a fine writer; a sensitive, swinging accompanist; and a jazz soloist whose playing shows frequent flashes of brilliance. But as a leader, he doesn't make it. I was discussing this album with Howard Rumsey, second in command at the Lighthouse, where Mabern was comping his head off behind Lee Morgan, and Howard analyzed it up with enviable brevity: "Harold's too nice a guy."

Which brings us to this album in which "nice guy Harold" is seldom heard. He lets the front line of Jones and Coleman block his view of reality. Not that there's anything wrong with either Jones or Coleman; they're the best things about the album, especially Coleman, who was particularly inspired on *Strozier's Mode, Blues For Phineas* and above all, *Waltzing Westward*.

But this is Mabern's date; he should have asserted himself much more. And he should have nixed certain tracks because they don't add anything worthwhile to the album.

First of all, *Too Busy Thinking* is a dumb tune, and the exaggerated soul flavor makes a bad thing worse. Even Mabern's electric keyboard can't save this one. *I Can't Understand* is ruined by Leo Morris' love affair with a choked cymbal, plus a constant, tango-like flourish that hinders the flow of whatever swing the others generate.

The worst mistake is in the "reduced chart" on *A Time For Love*. With Mabern carrying the lead, Jones and Coleman fill the gaps that a full brass or reed section might fill behind a properly miked vocalist. Too bad—it's such a pretty ballad, but it sounds as if the pianist volunteered to play the lead at a session in which half the band failed to show.

On the positive side, Mabern's writing is a pleasure. *Strozier's Mode* cooks, *Blues For Phineas* swings over a relaxed riff, *Waltzing Westward* is the prize track all around—even Buster Williams can be heard properly and that's always a plus. In fairness to Leo Morris, he contributes a bitchin' solo on *Strozier's Mode* that finds his bass drum kicks imitating the three long jabs that introduce the track and run throughout Mabern's comping and excellent solo.

However, the album as a whole is still less than good. —*Siders*

JEAN-LUC PONTY

KING KONG—World Pacific Jazz ST-20172: *King Kong; Idiot Bastard Son; Twenty Small Cigars; How Would You Like To Have a Head Like That; Music For Electric Violin and Low Budget Orchestra; America Drinks and Goes Home.*

Personnel: Ponty, electric violin, baritone viola; George Duke, piano; Buell Neidlinger or Wilton Felder, bass; Arthur Dyne Tripp III or John Guerin, drums. On track 1, add Ian Underwood, tenor saxophone; Gene Estes, vibes, per-

cussion; on tracks 2,3,6, add Ernie Watts, alto, tenor saxophone; on track 4, add Frank Zappa, guitar; on track 5, add Underwood, conductor; Donald Christlieb, bassoon; Gene Cipriano, oboe, English horn; Vincent DeRosa, French horn, descant; Arthur Maebel, French horn, tuben; Jonathan Meyer, flute; Harold Bemko, cello; Milton Thomas, viola; all tracks arranged by Frank Zappa.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album is one I have most anxiously awaited, considering my rampant passion for Zappa's art, and *King Kong* does (for once) fulfill all monumental expectations. Wholly instrumental, Zappa's arrangements set Ponty in what is essentially two contexts: the first side with small ensemble, and the second side augmented by extra horns and strings. For each piece, with the exception of the freer blowing on Ponty's own *How Would You Like*, Zappa has carefully focused all the variety and scope in Ponty's masterful playing through every perspective, aided especially by the excellent rhythm sections.

Duke, Neidlinger, and the precise Artie Tripp particularly maintain the compulsive thrust of the title cut with bubbling swing, Duke and Ponty both spotted in solo space, Duke notably proving himself a budding monster on piano. Zappa's bizarre ballad, *Idiot* (here sans lyrics), follows, with Ponty passionately singing through the eerie velvet texture, followed in turn by the previously unrecorded *Cigars*, featuring Ponty and Watts in darkly sensual harmony. *How Would You Like* then concludes the small band side, offering Duke, Ponty, and Zappa himself fine with tight guitar, moving swiftly, but always retaining that characteristic grace—a grace evident even when Zappa seems most strange (by normative standards).

But *Music for Electric Violin* is the acme of the album, and certainly proves far less freaky than one might expect from even such a relatively innocent title. Essentially, the nature of the music assumes a sense of venturing through mysterious and constantly surprising atmosphere. As Ponty boldly touches each mood, accosted first by warm winds, then seemingly disjointed musical bursts, then slow churning or sudden instants of swing, his violin truly becomes a sensitive wanderer, changing at each subtle change in current to follow whatever direction these currents stimulate.

And in this manner, Zappa exhibits much of his special genius, maintaining an internal logic to the course of the piece while keeping the musical environment moving indefinitely, often shifting the moment by simply twisting the time, even bar by bar. And so, ricky-tick, mellow harmonies, furious exchanges, rumbling horns, spurting rhythm figures (one sounding as if Tripp were striking a trash can lid)—all these varied elements cross-cut each other as they surround Ponty and shoot him along until the brief a cappella climax and a denouement like some archetypal ensemble of dawn.

The album concludes with the quasi-camp small band session of *America Drinks*, spotting, at the last minute, at least one shot of the usual Zappa wit—if only a bit of laughter and one classic cry of "solid, Jackson!"

King Kong is excellent contemporary music, and a good opportunity to witness

Zappa's considerable instrumental brilliance without the sometimes obscuring (although always integral) theatrical elements, even though I could not escape hearing lyrics when Ponty quoted *Duke of Prunes* in the long piece—for in that remarkable taste is the strange crux of Zappa's art: to hear such a lovely melody and realize that the words to it include "the cheese I have for you, my dear, is real and very new!"

—Bourne

DOC SEVERINSEN

DOC SEVERINSEN'S CLOSET—Command RSSD-950-S: *The Court of the Crimson King; Bottleneck; Surfer Girl; Give Me Just a Little More Time; Footprints of the Giant; Power to the People; Abbey Road* medley (*Because, Sun King, She Came in Through the Bathroom Window, The End*).

Personnel: Severinsen, John Frosk, trumpets; Rod Levitt, Paul Faulise, trombones; Tommy Newsom, tenor sax; Arnie Lawrence, alto sax; Stan Webb, flute; Derek Smith or Ross Tompkins, piano; Pat Rebillot, organ; Joe Beck, guitar; Bill Takas, bass; Phil Kraus, Ed Shaughnessy, Ray Barretto, percussion.

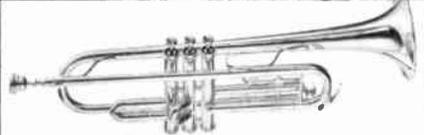
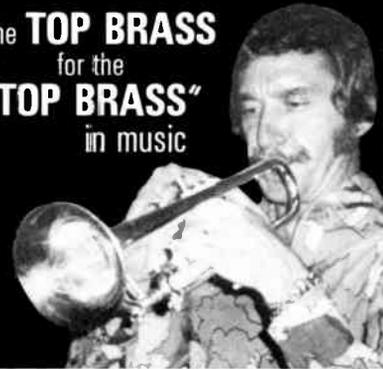
Rating: ★★★★★

Good music on TV is scarce, what with the focus still aimed toward a childish bourgeoisie; so we may rejoice that at least NET recognizes art (a Sonny Rollins documentary, Pharoah Sanders on *SOUL*, Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Casual*, and much more). Nevertheless, a bright spot now and then hits the commercial networks, and mostly on the talk shows: relatively more on Cavett, some on Griffin, but strangely little on Carson, considering that Carson has by far the best band and best band leader, Doc Severinsen (assuming one can place Billy Taylor in a separate league, just as David Frost is separate from the big three).

But even more disturbing is the inordinate courtesy afforded the countless boring saloon singers and Peter Nero types, who inevitably follow their slick performances with tiresome tales while truly great artists like B.B. King must specify in their contracts that they will only perform if allowed to talk so that they may escape the quick number and brush-off hustle. And in this perspective, one cannot overlook Grady Tate, to me the finest ballad singer since Nat Cole, who as the regular *Tonight* drummer must have accompanied a thousand sad groaners while never once (that I know of) offered a vocal spot himself. Thus we may seek solace in that on his three excellent Skye albums we can experience Grady Tate, just as now, on Doc Severinsen's *Closet*, we can appreciate the untapped dynamite in that band.

Expertly arranged for by Don Sebesky, who wrote the amazing Wes Montgomery charts but has consistently failed as a leader himself, Severinsen and company burn through a set of multi-hued brilliance: the varied textures of an exotic orchestration for *Crimson King*, spotting liquid Newsom tenor and torero Severinsen; the spunky latin original *Bottleneck*, with a rainbow climax of echoing trumpet; the lyrical Beach Boys opus *Surfer Girl*, offering notably lovely alto by Lawrence; the mixed colours of *Footprints*, Sebesky's disjointed adaptation of Bartok themes, featuring moments of free improvisation, tight swing, rhythmic interchange, and tough

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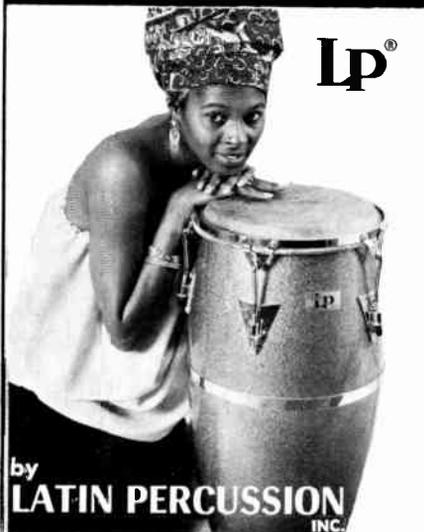
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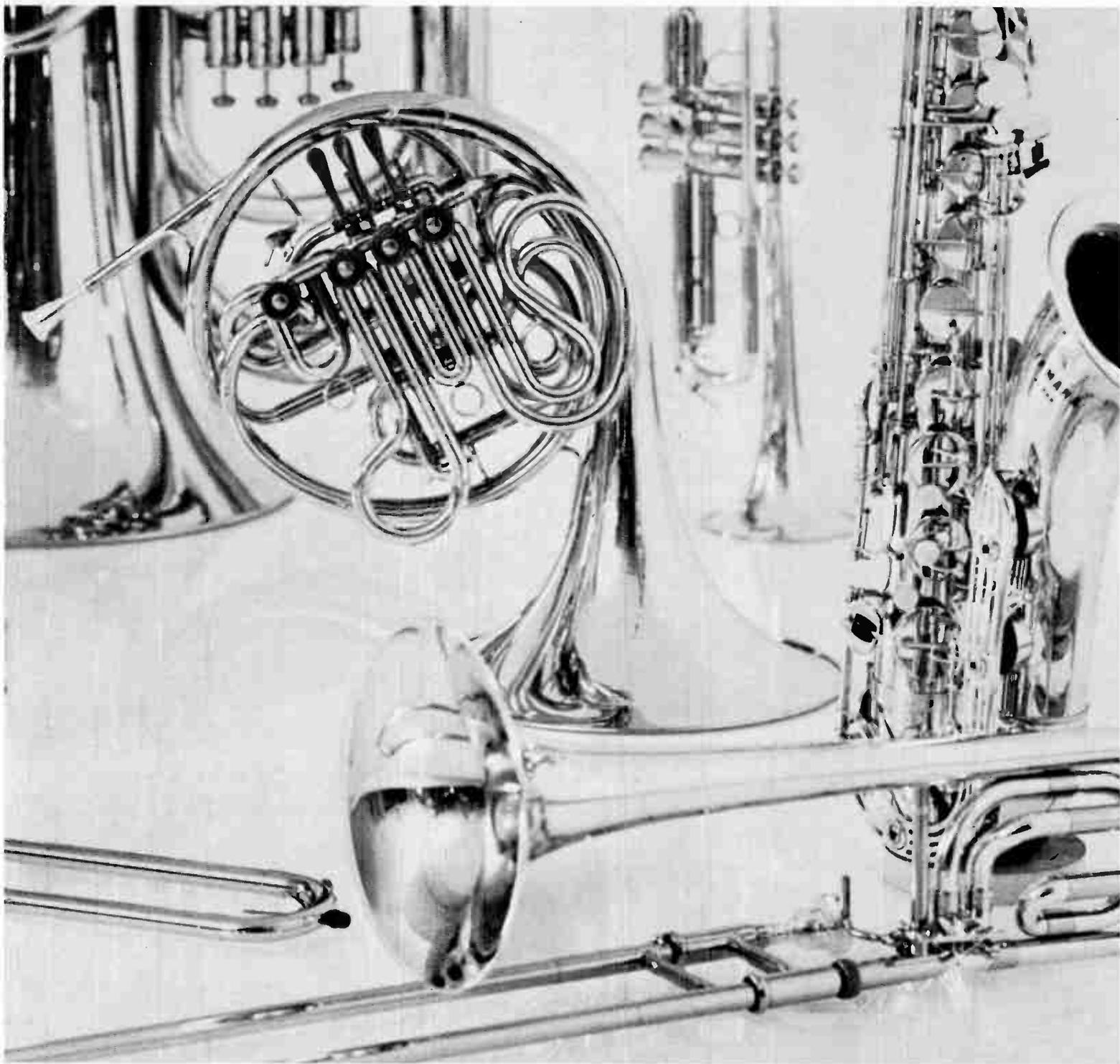
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solos by Severinsen and Lawrence on split-octave, and the mandatory *Abbey Road* medley, with *Because* a warm brass choir, *Sun King* a charming trumpet-with-chorale ballad, *Bathroom Window* a hard-swinging romp with a mean Beck wah-wah excursion, and *The End* a quick close with triumphal herald Severinsen high and tight to the end.

Only the two vocally-dominated songs really poop out, mainly because the singers sound as if encased in cellophane bags: *Power to the People* a tedious pop politics ditty, and *Just a Little More Time* tolerable, though Severinsen is difficult to appreciate beneath the numbing voices.

In this surprising album of much better-than-usual commercial jazz excitement, Severinsen proves himself a far more talented artist than in his role as foil for Johnny Carson's gay jokes, with an instrumental virtuosity as formidable as the berserk wardrobe in his closet.

—*Bourne*

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY JOHN LITWEILER

AND NOW CHESSE, which since the late '40s has covered Chicago blues, has begun a reissue program—and offers 11 new reissue LPs—bless them!

Nearly every good Chicago blues man at one time or another has recorded for Chess or for the small companies that Chess gobbled up. My five review LPs offer fairly representative collections of the players involved, and more by the same is promised for future LPs. Hence, there is the good beside the not-so-good, rewarding music at best and at worst a wallow in recent nostalgia, adding up to an admirably comprehensive program.

J. B. Lenoir/*Natural Man* (Chess 410) goes back stylistically to just after World War II, vocals over simple saxophone riffs or out-of-tune pianos, though only two of the 14 tracks were recorded before 1955.

Lenoir's music is something of an acquired taste. The drummer is an unbelievable disaster, losing the beat, unable to count, dropping tempo. Lenoir's own guitar work is most ordinary when it is noticeable at all, nor have the accompanists much to offer (except pianist Sunnyland Slim on *Carrie Lee*). If some of the songs are topical, they are conventionally treated—indeed, why was *Eisenhower Blues* banned in 1954? And Lenoir's high, small voice is unsettling.

These songs, shouted in a tiny voice, gain a winning intimacy for all that. Actually, Lenoir was a rather good singer, and note that in the previously unissued *Everybody Wants to Know*, lecturing "little brothers" about paying taxes ("... taking all my money and not giving me none back"), he states:

You rich people listen, you better listen real deep.

Yeah, we poor people's getting so hungry, we gonna take some food to eat.

He is more somber in the two Korean War songs and the good (despite the drummer) *Don't Dog Your Woman*. Bassist

Willie Dixon joins for three songs in which the band is suddenly lifted, the drummer's bashing is right, Lenoir's guitar rocks right along. The tunes are the aforementioned *Everybody Want to Know*, and *Mama, What About Your Daughter?* and, especially, *Five Years*—they'll win you over.

To a great extent, the Muddy Waters band (with Jimmy Rogers, second guitar; Little Walter, harmonica; Otis Spann, piano; Dixon, bass; Fred Below, drums) of the mid-'50s set the characteristic modern Chicago style, if only because it popped up everywhere, singly and together. *Sail On* (Chess 1539) is the *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427) reassorted.

Here are Waters' early echoes of older Mississippi styles, very well done and unconvincing. His famous mannerisms begin to appear in the 1950 *Rollin' Stone* and are amplified a year later by flashy, empty slide guitar. *Still a Fool* is Waters in crisis, alternating passionate singing with confused rhythmic stiffness. Conversely, *Louisiana Blues*, sung straightforwardly and in rocking time, is the best of this earlier Muddy.

By 1954, the band had gotten together. Three overly familiar songs from this period find Waters not so bound to stating rhythm, while a fourth, *I'm Ready*, suggests the band's and the leader's swinging power. The best features of Muddy's singing are elusive—they depend on internal relaxation and swing and are endangered by his frequent showy mannerisms. At this time his best music was for the most part yet to come. The one continually rewarding feature of this LP is the ever-immaculate harmonica of Little Walter.

But there is no confusion or irresolution about Jimmy Rogers/*Chicago Bound* (Chess 407). At least half the titles include Waters' band, *Sloppy Drunk* (with very nasty Little Walter) being one of the swingiest things they ever did. Guitarist Rogers was another good singer. If he lacked Muddy's power, he was also far less ambitious, and besides he had no specialized image to invent or maintain. The songs are good typical '50s material, too, and the tracks with a two-guitar team (allegedly Waters and Rogers) are fine.

The harmonica work is consistently excellent. Little Walter is out of sight in *Act Like You Love Me*, all over his instrument, and either Walter or Big Walter Horton (the former, I suspect) plays two marvelous choruses on *You're the One*. Nor were Rogers' other recording groups less tough and exciting: hear Eddie Ware's convoluted piano on two tracks.

The material ranges from 1950 to 1956, the style from updated rural blues to modern Chicago, but the consistency of Rogers' singing style and the performance values are notable. Like Little Walter's own LPs, this is one of the best Chicago blues collections. But remember, the definitive Muddy Waters reissue has yet to come.

Ten of the 14 tracks in *Elmore James-John Brim/Whose Muddy Shoes* (Chess 1537) appeared in 1968 on a British LP, and as a down beat reader reminded me,

Little Walter and bravura tenorist J. T. Brown joined in those sessions—Walter playing strongly on Brim's *Rattlesnake*, Brown with floating yet funk-charged solos in James' *Madison Blues* and *Tool Bag Boogie*. In fact, two of the five Brim tracks, *Rattlesnake* and *Tough Times*, are good late-rural blues, in the slower, more personal vein Brim seems to find most congenial.

James' 1953 band was crude, James' guitar sounding energetic but constricted beside Brown's swinging tenor. The matter of swing, getting groups to play together with a heavily accented 1930s rhythm, was a great problem as this Chicago style developed.

Dust My Broom (which does not have the classic lyrics) comes off well, but *Tool Bag Boogie* shows the conflict of rhythms—though nothing here is as rhythmically troubled as the older material on Waters' LP. And James 1960 band, of course, had it all together in exceedingly tough, ultradramatic (though not quite melodramatic) style, as *Madison Blues*, *The Sun Is Shining*, *Talk to Me*, *Baby*, and *Stormy Monday* prove. An important and delicious LP.

The next step, stylistically, was Buddy Guy. *Buddy Guy/I Was Walking through the Woods* (Chess 409) has some 1960-64 songs on one side, and a previously unissued 1961 session on the other. The long session is drawn out, though there are spots of good singing and guitar. The advance in complexity, harmonically and rhythmically, is evident—indeed, Guy offers a style consisting almost entirely of details. It is not a decorative style, and in his more craftsmanlike manner is a rewarding guitarist and singer, quite superior to B. B. King, to whom he is often compared.

He is also an inconsistent performer: God blessed Guy with an overabundance of talent, but nowhere on the LP is a sense of total commitment to the performance at hand. In *I Got a Strange Feeling* ("when my left eyes gets to jumping and my flesh begins to crawl . . ."), the solo guitar introduction and the ensuing singing do invoke mystery and lostness, but then the guitar solo mingles fine, menacing ideas with almost casual ones. *Broken-Hearted Blues* includes marvelous guitar, though. Guy the artist and Guy the performer alternate in most tracks, the former dominating the waltz *No Lie* and the rocker *Let Me Love You, Baby*, the latter extreme in *First Time I Met the Blues*. Despite the repeated ideas in the extended-session side, there are no dull moments on this LP—in fact, there are frequent demonstrations of the kind of brilliant blues man Guy often is.

Surely almost anyone who came of age in the last decades will delight in these LPs. Though the idiom is a restricted one, compared with the classic kinds of rural blues, the variety of styles, expressionism, and individualism is high. I have myself enjoyed the five LPs over and over again, and though my attraction to this music is, granted, somewhat one-sided, I suspect there are many others who exult in this music equally as much. Buy all these records, and the other Chess reissues, too, and enjoy, enjoy.

ESB

RICHARD BOONE

by Leonard Feather

One of the most startlingly individual sounds to emerge in jazz circles during the past couple of years is the voice of Richard Boone.

During the time since he left Count Basie's orchestra (he joined the band in July 1966 and stayed exactly three years), Boone was known mainly for his yodeling blues. More recently he has demonstrated, in his first album for Nocturne Records and on television appearances with Merv Griffin and others, that his vocal bags include an affectingly personal ballad style and an even more remarkable scat technique.

Boone was born Feb. 23, 1930 in Little Rock, Ark. He sang in church from the age of five, picked up trombone at 12, and six years later went directly from school to the Army, where he stayed for six years. Touring Europe with a Basie-like dance band, he spent more than three years in Germany and a couple of years in France.

Back home in 1954, he majored in music education for three years at Philander Smith College in Little Rock, then left for California, where he gigged with Dexter Gordon and Teddy Edwards. After several years playing off and on with Della Reese, he joined the Basie brass section.

Boone's chief vocal influences were Dizzy Gillespie and Ella Fitzgerald. This was his first Blindfold Test; he was given no information about the records played.



1. ARTHUR PRYSOCK-COUNT BASIE. *I Could Have Told You* (from *Arthur Prysock-Count Basie*, Verve). Dick Hyman, organ, arranger; Al Grey, trombone; Charles Fowlkes, baritone saxophone.

I know that's Arthur. I thought it was Basie at first. That baritone sounds so good, unless it's something lately. I always think of Poopsie—Charlie Fowlkes, the baritone player; but Cecil Payne replaced him. . . .

First of all, Arthur represents that romantic, heavy-voiced thing. Usually I think he does better on blues and ballads than on up things. But there isn't too much you can say about him, other than he's great!

That trombone obbligato in there threw me at first, because I thought it might be Al Grey. And that organ—it could be Basie playing it, but I've never heard him playing that much organ. Usually he just doodles like he does on the piano.

I can't say whether I'm a Basie fan . . . the cats were very good and the arrangements were groovy . . . that arrangement. But I don't know whether that was Basie or not. It sounded like him in parts; when I listen to Basie I always listen to the reeds to try to catch Marshall. But I don't think that was Basie. As for Arthur, right off, all the stars . . . and four stars for the band.

2. JAZZ CRUSADERS. *The Young Rabbits* (from *The Best of the Jazz Crusaders*, World Pacific Jazz). Wayne Henderson, trombone, composer; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone.

I think that tune is *The Young Rabbits*, and it was the Jazz Crusaders. Well, I have to give that five stars, because as a group I dig their togetherness, which I think is important. As a matter of fact, I'm sorry they aren't together now.

Listening to a group like that, I was thinking about the MJQ and how long they've been together and they accomplish things even now. I hope that when Herman Riley, Dolo (Coker) and I get a chance to start working on our thing again, we can get as tight as the Crusaders are.

They just played together . . . and to me

that cat is very underrated as a trombone player; I don't hear enough about him. Of course, I don't know how other people might be thinking about him, but I think he's a very good trombone player.

3. MICHEL LEGRAND. *My Funny Valentine* (from *Michel Legrand at Shelly's Manne Hole*, Verve). Legrand, wordless vocal, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Manne, drums.

I have no idea who that group was, but I'll stick my neck out and say it was a European group. It seems to me that European musicians have some kind of sound or approach to jazz that is very like from the classical thing, because they study and all of the cats are very good. I didn't think this said that much in terms of originality or really getting into it.

I would say three stars for the cat that was singing . . . I can't even say he was copying, but it was some kind of stereotyped thing going there that was his whole bit. Then the piano and the bass player . . . like, he doesn't sound like Dave Holland, the cat that's with Miles, but Dave has that same approach to the way he plays his axe. And I dug Dave even before he joined Miles. We were on a session together, and he was cookin'.

But I'm sure they were European musicians . . . oh, they'll probably wind up being from New Orleans! However, I'll give it four stars for the musicianship and three for the overall thing.

4. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Pyramid* (from *Duke Ellington's Greatest Hits*, Reprise). Juan Tizol, Ellington, composers; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone.

That's Duke . . . phew! When it started, I wasn't quite sure who it was. Who was the trombone player—was it Lawrence Brown? When the whole band came in I knew immediately it was Duke, though. I had some doubts there for a minute, and was saying to myself, 'now don't go out on a limb, it might be somebody sounding like Duke,' but nobody can sound that much like Duke.

So right off that's five stars . . . he's a

monster. And Harry Carney . . . he's a monster, too.

5. EDDIE JEFFERSON. *Come Along With Me* (from *Come Along With Me*, Prestige). Jefferson, vocals; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone. (Based on Lester Young's solo of *It's Only a Paper Moon*).

Yes, that was Eddie Jefferson. I've been digging that cat a long time. Between he and King Pleasure, he's my favorite for the thing they've been doing.

I didn't recognize the trumpet player. Could have been Blue Mitchell, but I'm not sure. And the alto player I thought might have been Lou Donaldson. I was trying to think of cats that play alto into the Bird idiom. But I don't know any of those guys accompanying Eddie.

LF: *Do you know what solo this is based on?*

No, but I know he bases most of his things on someone's solos. That must be pretty difficult to do. I've never really tried to look at singing that way . . . singing someone's solo. I have to give the cat four stars for that. I guess the only reason I don't give him five is that I just gave Duke five, and I don't put that in the same category.

6. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Firewater* (from *The Prisoner*, Blue Note). Buster Williams, composer, bass; Johnny Coles, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Hancock, piano.

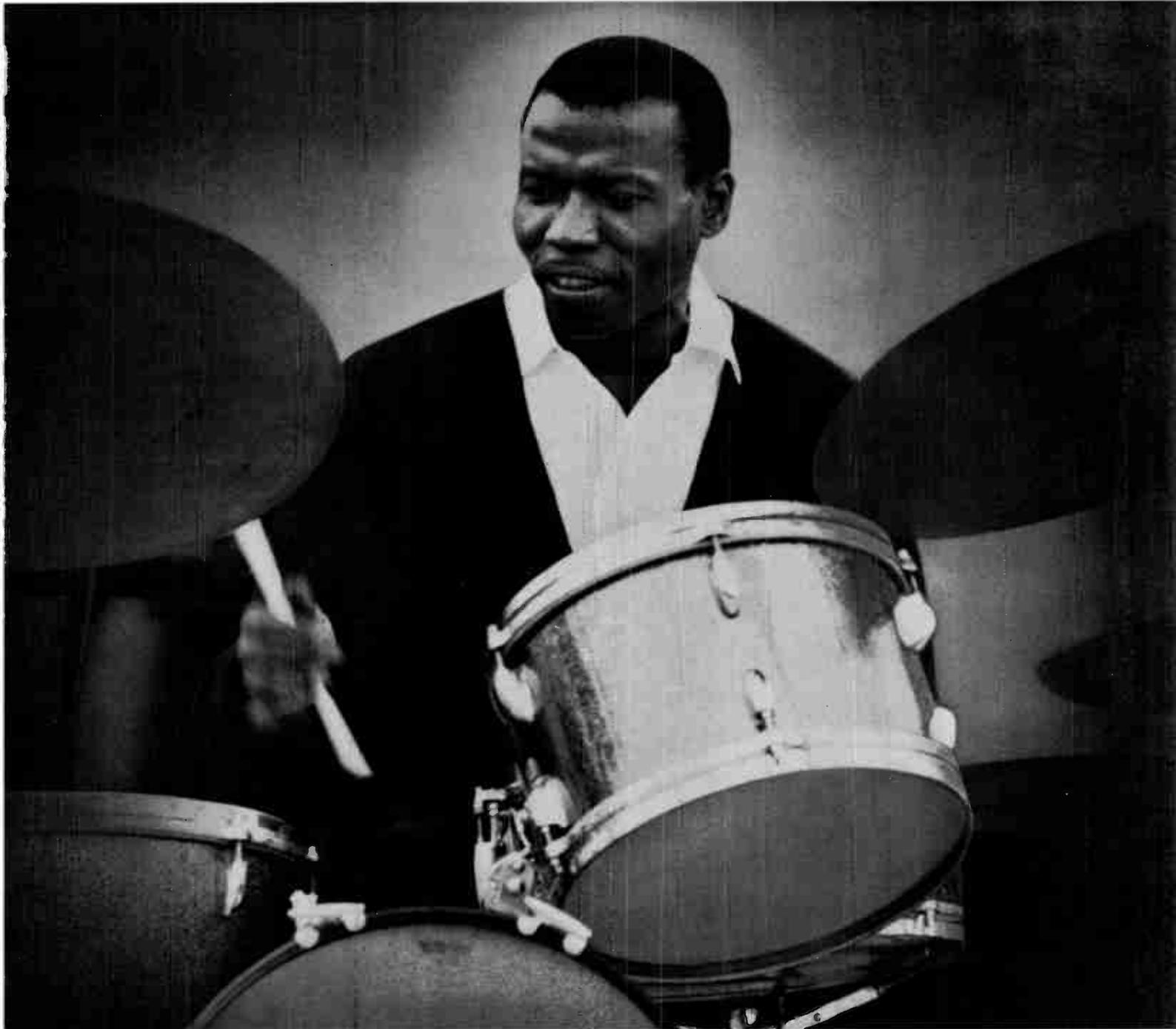
I like that tune a lot. I don't know the name of it . . . my name for it is "Aren't You Glad You Use Dial." I recognize Joe Henderson—Joe and Wayne Shorter are two guys I can always recognize. I think that's a Freddie Hubbard thing, and maybe the piano player was Herbie Hancock.

The trombone—it's strange, I seldom listen to trombonists. I know J.J. and Jack Teagarden; I can recognize Urbie Green, and Wayne. I think that was 'Garnett Brown—we went to college together.

But, pass on naming all the cats. Five stars! I like that whole thing. I keep hearing the album on the radio, and dig all of it.



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Pittsburgh CYO Jazz Festival
Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The 1970 Catholic Youth Organization Pittsburgh Jazz Festival was well performed by a series of jazz stars who had the attentive audience of some 6,500 (the best turnout since 1968's 8,000) expecting some group or some performer to catch fire.

A few sparks threatened to kindle some excitement, but mainly the musicians did their thing without any startling-surprises. The evening began on a wrong note when general chairman Walt Harper announced that Miles Davis was ill in New York and unable to attend. Sixty-nine persons asked for and received their money back, but the others just groaned, then settled back to enjoy the comfortable seats and improved acoustics of the Civic Arena.

Emcee Al (Jazzbo) Collins introduced the first combo, a local group featuring saxist Eric Kloss. Kloss did everything right on *Milestones*, with fine rhythm ac-

companionment from Roger Humphreys, drums, and Mike Taylor, bass. These two are part of a trio headed by pianist Frank Cunimondo, who played *Lush Life* tastefully enough to earn one of the evening's biggest ovations. Kloss made Pittsburghers realize why he is nationally ranked among jazz reed men with his Coltrane-like tone on *Norwegian Wood*. An original composition ended the set.



Joe Williams: Piece de Resistance

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Next came the Ramsey Lewis Trio Plus One. The addition was Phil Upchurch on guitar and his solos pleased the listeners. Drummer Morris Jennings had some good moments on *Them Changes* and Lewis, bassist Cleveland Eaton and Upchurch all produced on *Something* and *The In Crowd*.

Chairman Harper now brought on his own group, the Walt Harper Quintet Plus Two. The pianist-leader's supplements were bongo drummer Will Smith, who impressed with his work on *How Insensitive*, and

tenorist Art Nance, who played excitingly with Walt's skillful brother, Nate (also a tenor man) on the *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*. The leader had arranged a tricky version of *Killer Joe*, in which Nance and trombonist Nelson Harrison performed a vocal duet. Harrison really blew hard on this tune. Harper's original, *Just a Taste*, gave ample opportunities to bassist Tom McDaniels and drummer Burt Logan.

The festival's associate producer, Fr. John Ayoob, pronounced the event a financial success and said the profits were earmarked for projects in ghetto neighborhoods. Then the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band came on with a bang, as tenorist Eddie Daniels furnished a highlight of the evening with a long, crowd-pleasing solo on *Good Morning, Reverend*.

That's Freedom was one of several numbers on which pianist Roland Hanna soloed. Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of *Willow Weep For Me* featured Jones and Jimmy Knepper's trombone. *The Groove*

Merchant was followed by a waltz, *A Child Is Born*, and the finale was *Towaway Zone*, with an exciting tenor duet by Daniels and Billy Harper. Bassist Richard Davis was superb.

The *piece de resistance* came at the end, when singer Joe Williams, resplendent in a pink jacket, joined the band to do his thing. His numbers included *My Woman's Got Soul*, *I Love You*, *How Sweet It is*, *Get Off My Lap*, *Woman*, and Duke Ellington's *Come Sunday*, which spotted a Thad Jones trumpet solo.

Although it was now midnight, the crowd still wanted more and Williams obliged with *Every Day* and appropriately wound it all up with *It Don't Mean A Thing*. . . .

The size of the crowd, on a very rainy evening, was a shot in the arm for Pittsburgh jazz, which seems to be undergoing a definite renaissance. —Roy Kohler

Contemporary Jazz Quintet Plus One

Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor saxophone; Ron English, guitar; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums.

Bud Spangler, longtime disc jockey and drummer, and one of the more articulate observers of Detroit's jazz scene, when asked to summarize the music of the Contemporary Jazz Quintet, said, "There's something about their music—and it's true for many of the heavier musicians today—that as soon as you feel you can meaningfully talk about their music, it's already too late. Their music is always of the moment, inaccessible; its spiritual content, the constant state of change, is perhaps the best way to characterize their music."

Last year, when the Contemporary Jazz Quintet issued its first album, this writer promised to eat his review if the record failed to be one of the top releases of the year. Well, you see—well, I didn't take into account the business of promotion and distribution . . . and, ah, I mean, you know, I was speaking primarily of the music's quality . . . and, ah, I didn't take into consideration . . . gulp.

With its second album practically ready for release, my mouth is now open only to offer praise to the consistently high quality of the music.

Arriving at this concert a little late, you try to imagine it's the first time you've heard the group in live performance. You try to ignore the fact that Spencer is one of the finest drummers in the country. You try to remove the experience of floating to the harmonic blend of Moore's trumpet and Henderson's tenor. You try to imagine you've never been embraced by this group's collective softness, the relentless drive that enraptures. At last, the music has no respect for these attempts. Again, the proscenium line, that line between performer and audience, is violated—you are engaged.

You dust off a few choice cliches and try to make them go at least once more.

One of the most startling things you notice as you arrive at this concert is the number of people on hand. At past concerts featuring the Contemporary Jazz Quintet, you took your time getting there, knowing a seat of your choice was almost guaranteed. Now you have to scramble for one.

You notice also that a certain enthusiasm is in the air—maybe it has something to do with the electrified guitar, piano, and bass. At past concerts you knew you had to supply most of the applause—now you're a little angry. Your personal claim to the group is vanishing. A happy/sad feeling arrives, and you accept the fact that the CJQ's musical growth is now being matched by an increasing coterie of followers.

You seek comfort in the idea that "I knew them when . . ." but it's such an unsatisfactory consolation it must be renewed with each outburst from the audience.

As you sit back and listen to the CJQ, someone whispers how much he is reminded of the structure and texture of Miles Davis' music—and though there is some similarity—to interpret this as imi-

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tation would be to misunderstand the group's total development, the source of its uniqueness. Still, such comparison does assist in explaining the rhythmic and harmonic complexity of its music.

It was especially rewarding to hear and see Moore in such fine spirit. You had watched/heard him on numerous occasions, brooding over his creations, seemingly punishing himself unnecessarily as he strove for musical perfection. Now, you smile with him as he attains the momentary—to be transcended—plateaus of satisfaction.

The addition of English on guitar has lent new dimension. You knew his inclusion was more than just general expansion, and his performance showed he had lived with the group's music, knew well the angles of entrance and exit. His teaming with Brooks' strong bass substantially increased the pulse of the music.

There were times when you wished they would allow for more duets, especially in contrasting Moore and Brooks against ensemble exchanges. Cox' piano with Henderson's tenor emerging out of a group collage, might also have proved enchanting.

A group not content to rest on past achievements, it's difficult to say in which direction the CJQ is headed. It's growth can be seen arising from internal perturbation that is yet ever mindful of external factors. . . . "As soon as you feel you can meaningfully talk about their music, it's already too late."
—Herb Boyd

Kenneth Terroade

100 Club, London, England

Personnel: Terroade, tenor saxophone, flute, percussion; Ray Draper, tuba, conga drums, percussion; Chris McGregor, piano; Neville Whitehead, bass; Noel McGhie, drums.

Terroade is a Jamaican and has worked and recorded with Sunny Murray on many occasions. Ray Draper, sometime tuba player with John Coltrane and Max Roach, sometime leader of Red Beans and Rice, is an American living in Europe for a while. McGregor is South African. Whitehead is British, McGhie is Jamaican. And jazz is universal.

There are certain musicians in jazz who are destined to play the role of catalyst. McGregor is one, and his part in this event in the London Jazz Center Society's series of Monday presentations was no exception. Not that the other musicians weren't fine, but in the two sets I heard, it was the pianist who knitted together the disparate elements.

"The trouble with that catalyst label is that there's always an obverse side to it," McGregor once said. "The catalyst is an exploiter, too, for he draws music out of people and uses it." Be that as it may, McGregor's catalysis was the decisive factor in what might have been otherwise a rather woolly couple of sets.

Terroade, although a fairly fluent, well-rounded saxophonist, is not a strong leader, and Draper is frequently at a loss for ideas on his unwieldy instrument. A pity, especially since it is just that choice of horn that added color to the unison passages and promised a prodigious strength that never was fulfilled.

The rhythm men, on the other hand, were excellent. Although they do not play

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together as a rule, they listened so intelligently to each other that few gaps, if any, were left in the framework on which the horns built. Hearing Whitehead and McGhie for the first time, I was more than impressed by the bassist's swing, ideas, and sturdy resilience, and the spark that continually ignited the drummer's kit in a way seldom heard outside the United States.

The second set started as basically a conga dialog with interjections from bass,



JACQUES BIRCEGLIA

Terroade: Free and tasty

piano, and Terroade's gong and bells. Draper likes definite rhythmic patterns, and he frequently moved to the congas to hammer out a welter of rock and Latin rhythms behind what was going on out front.

Terroade blew flute, humming Kirk-style into the microphone and then strode out into free but not freakish areas. He always keeps it tasty. The bass, maintaining a heavy rhythmic throb, started decelerating behind the flutist, weighing down on his shoulders almost and forcing him really to play.

Then McGregor, well-amplified for once, produced a spattering, spatial solo before the leader switched to tenor and Draper picked up his tuba to soothe the air with mellow sounds. Both horns played it safe for a while, sticking close to the theme and only drifting away in a jaunty manner for a couple of bars, while McGhie moved increasingly more and more into things, rapping the snare briskly and socking at the cymbals in the crisp way of an Andrew Cyrille. Then he laid down on easy 4/4 swing for a while as the tenor saxophone reached into harmonics to come on in the conventional new-music way. Okay.

Rhythmically, this was a steamy, exciting group for which lack of rehearsal seemed unimportant. Its music was alive and lively in direct contrast to that of the Neville Toms Septet, which shared the bill. The most endearing fact about Terroade's music is its lack of pretentiousness. It's happy music that seeks to break no barriers or hurt anyone's mind. It stirs the soul a little and can win converts to the new music.

—Valerie Wilmer

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UCSD

(Continued from page 13)

tram Turetzky and Kenneth Gaburo. A former jazz bassist who gigged in New England during the post-bop era, Turetzky holds a master's degree from Hartt College of Music, Hartford, was formerly contrabassist with the Hartford Symphony Orchestra and today is recognized as one of the country's leading contrabass virtuosos. Turetzky is currently at work on a book for the University of California Press dealing with advanced bass techniques. He was one of the first to play advanced chords (sixths and tenths), and develop strumming and sophisticated glissandi techniques, including simultaneous rising and falling glissandi. *Sonata For Contrabass*, by jazz composer Peter Phillips, was commissioned by Turetzky.

Former Guggenheim and Fullbright Fellow Kenneth Gaburo, with degrees from the Eastman School of Music, composer of such contemporary pieces as *Music For The Play—Tiger Rag* and the electronic score, *Hydrogen Jukebox*, lectures on theory, composition and music electronics. Campbell, Turetzky and Gaburo are all into new areas where jazz methods, especially attention to polyrhythmics and a personal sound ideal on individual instruments, may be employed in free improvisational playing. Jazz and classical methods mingle closely on the campus at UCSD.

Microtonal composer Harry Partch is currently Professor in Residence at UCSD and his extensive collection of instruments is housed in a special facility in nearby Solana Beach. Partch moved to the San Diego area from Berkeley recently. He is the designer and builder of various string and wind instruments required for the performance of his own music—harmonic canons, cone gongs, gourd trees, Kitharae, various marimbas and a sustained tone organ which Partch calls the Chromelodeon and which is capable of dividing the diatonic interval into 32 microtones.

In addition to Partch and Gaburo, four other members of the faculty lead active lives as composers. A concerto for piano and chamber orchestra by Erickson was recently premiered at a campus concert. Erickson is now working on *Ricerca a 5*, for trombone and electronic tape, commissioned by Seattle trombone virtuoso Stuart Dempster. Part of this work will use quotations from General Douglas MacArthur's speech to West Point cadets, interpreted on the trombone by Dempster. Two recent compositions by Roger Reynolds are *Threshold* (for orchestra) and *Ping* (for flute, piano, harmonium, cymbal, tom-tom, film, projections, tape and electronics). Pauline Oliveras, former director of the Tape Music Center at Mills College, is the composer of *Participle Dangling in Honor of Gertrude Stein*, *Rock Symphony*, *Time Perspectives* and *Ultrasonic Studies in Real Time*, compositions utilizing tape storage. The faculty is completed by Thomas Nee, who specializes in conducting, literature and performance; and John Silber, whose instrument is trombone and who specializes in music literature, performance, conducting and experimental education.

Several UCSD graduate students are now teaching at California state colleges: Lester Weil (Chico), Al Strange (San Jose), Bill Mullen (Fresno), Jack Logan and Larry Livingstone (San Diego), and similar teaching fellowships for others in the graduate program are expected to open up in the coming year. The graduate program functions in two stages. The first stage may conclude with an M. A. earned through the thesis plan, or may serve as the initial step to the Ph.D. The M.A. degree will be awarded on the basis of a limited research thesis. After examinations have revealed an acceptable level of musical knowledge and ability, the student will be admitted to candidacy for the Ph.D. A major research project is the principal

requirement for the Ph.D. in addition to the usual final oral examinations.

An aggressive requisitioning program on the part of the UCSD music library has led, in the four years of its existence, to the rapid acquisition of a collection of over 6000 volumes, including 2000 scores; complete works of the three B's, Haydn, Schubert, Mahler, Monteverdi and others; and a collection of about 100 jazz books, a suggested list of which was supplied by the author and quickly procured. A current proposal envisages building a collection of sheet music, instructional material and jazz instrumental method books published in America during the last several decades. Jim Campbell is now getting together a collection of tapes, video-tapes and tape-



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recorded lectures of first performances of new works, all growing out of the lively musical life on the UCSD campus.

With its handsome new plant and forward-looking faculty the music department at UCSD is very much on the go and one of the most exciting in the country. Writing in *New York* magazine recently, in connection with his tour of university music departments, music critic Alan Rich said, "The most exciting thing I saw and heard here, however, was not at Berkeley, but at the new University of California San Diego campus at La Jolla, where a small music department has been set up that is like none other in the world."

The department at UCSD does not encourage applications to either its under-

graduate or graduate schools from the average music student. In fact, the new university at La Jolla is not looking for the average student in *any* field. The music department is looking for creative young musicians, preferably those capable of performance at a professional level, who are concerned with new ideas—advanced techniques and potentials of all the orchestral instruments, new instruments, improvisation and involvement with electronic facilities—and, if they eventually expect to teach, the innovative aspects of music pedagogy. The school operates on the quarter system. Entrance requirements are fairly high.

Interested persons should communicate with Dr. Will Ogdon, Chairman, Music

Department, University of California at San Diego, PO Box 109, La Jolla, CA 92037 and request the prospectus for the 1970-71 academic year. **CS**

BS&T

(Continued from page 12)

appeal and the whole thing can drag on for years. But over there if the government wants you, you simply disappear."

One representative from Iowa objected to the State Department spending \$40,000 on the 11-concert tour through Yugoslavia, Rumania and Poland. What Congressman William Scherle objected to most of all was "the derisive drivel of a dissident alien," which Clayton-Thomas interpreted as a personal attack because he's Canadian.

But in the end, BS&T made a lasting impression on Iron Curtain youth because they were allowed complete freedom of expression—on and off stage. However, they didn't impress the State Department whenever they spoke out against the Viet Nam war.

Steve Katz admitted that he didn't want to make the trip in the beginning, mainly because a gig for the State Department might be construed as an endorsement of United States government policies. "But now I'm glad I went. I saw what these kids are living through—it's the same lack of incentive you can see in our Black communities."

Yugoslavia turned out to be the most liberal; Rumania the most repressive. In Bucharest, according to Colomby, they found "the young folks are paranoid. They can't talk to foreigners without fear of retaliation."

The concerts they played were complete sellouts, but in Rumania and Poland, the presence of troops made it difficult for the kids to express themselves. Authorities in Bucharest arrested and beat anyone who jumped up or shouted. That led to a "manifesto" issued by Rumanian authorities that Clayton-Thomas excerpted: "More jazz—less rhythm. Fewer body gestures; no removal of clothes. No technicians with long hair (no one objected to the BS&T hair length). No filming—just still photos. If the audience should jump up, BS&T must stop playing and leave the stage. No encores and no throwing of instruments."

Despite that manifesto, the very next Rumanian concert provoked the kind of uninhibited enthusiasm you can see at an American rock concert. Rumanian police responded by turning German shepherd dogs on the crowd, and they banned all subsequent BS&T concerts in the country.

In Poland, they heard some local rock and jazz groups, which Clayton-Thomas labeled "highly derivative." The Beatles are falling out of favor and the Rolling Stones are the favorite group. Regarding jazz, Charlie Parker is still the big influence, with traces of Coltrane now being heard. As Clayton-Thomas summarized: "The kids are trying to enter the '70s, but they're being held down. There is no indigenous pop music there." Katz recalled hearing blues sung in Polish, a sound he labeled "wild."

By way of postscript, Clayton-Thomas

(Continued on page 38)



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9. Humorous quote from Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf*, measures 94-98.

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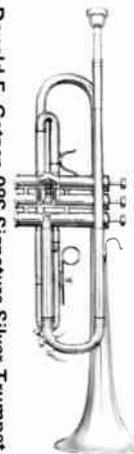
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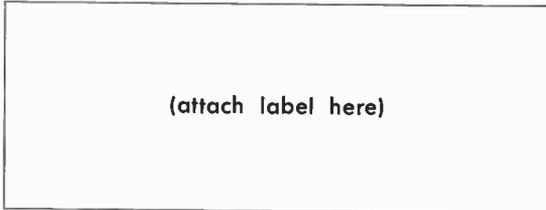
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2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

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4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Wes Montgomery, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden, Ornette Coleman, Johnny Hodges.

5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. **Jazz and Pop Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

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TV SOUNDINGS

(Continued from page 11)

ist and vocalist. Appearing with his wife, a compelling singer named Malmsey, he achieved a more convincing blend of African and Afro-American elements than has been accomplished by some of his compatriots in this country.

Produced by Ethel Burns and directed by Duke Struck, *Dial M* remains a lonely island in the sea of television trivia.

Miles Davis on television is a something, almost a no-time thing; consequently it was startling to hear the report that he would appear one night in late July on Dick Cavett's ABC desk-and-sofa show.

Since the Davis combo nowadays rarely plays for less than 45 minutes without pause, the big question mark was how many times would there be an interruption for a word from our sponsor? The answer:

not once.

Miles et al. were on camera for six or seven minutes, delineating as succinctly as possible the group's unique brand of space music. By the standards we have learned to accept from him, it was over almost before it had begun, though no doubt to the average Cavett-watcher it was a mystery without end.

Davis said not a word: neither before nor after his appearance was there an attempt to explain, to the millions of average viewers, the significance or the background of what was being unwound on the screen. In fact, after the commercial break Cavett dismissed the whole thing with a trivial quip: "As I'm sure you all noticed, the tune they were playing was *Moon River*."

If Miles Davis cannot be shown the respect he has earned, cannot be presented in a manner likely to shed a little light on his less than easily assimilable music, then he should stay clear of television altogether. 

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BS&T

(Continued from page 32)

said, "The kids there are starved for the type of culture they can relate to. Relative to that, Clayton-Thomas also quoted an American attache at the Bucharest consulate who told BS&T: "You accomplished in one tour what I've tried to do for the past five years: reach the people."

One reporter asked if the young folks there are "turning on." Colomby replied "Not a chance. The police state is much too strong." Another reporter inquired whether they have "groupies" behind the Iron Curtain. "Oh sure," Clayton-Thomas said, "but over there they're known as 'groupskies.'" 

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: Indiana University recently received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to establish a national Black Music Center at the Bloomington Campus. Dr. Dominique-Rene de Lerma, noted bibliographer and musicologist, has been appointed director of the project. The Center will develop an extensive collection of books, journals, recordings, and other materials which will document all major aspects of black musical expression, including jazz, gospel, rhythm&blues, folk, ethnic, and popular

music. Further information on the program can be obtained by writing Dr. de Lerma at the School of Music, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. 47401 . . . The Berklee College of Music held a successful Music Educators Rock Workshop this summer. The week-long program acquainted educators with rock techniques and styles and provided informational materials for incorporation of rock instruction into existing school music programs. Seminars were conducted by Berkeley faculty members Tony Texeira, William Leavitt, Michael Rendish, John LaPorta, Ted Pease, and Phil Wilson. Evening concerts featuring both faculty and student groups helped illustrate seminar material . . . The University of Florida Department of Music and Division of Continuing Education hosted the Southeastern Percussion Symposium July 18-19. Saul Feldstein, president of the Percussive Arts Society, coordinated the event with assistance from faculty member James Hale. Among the clinicians present were drummers Roy Burns and Mickey Sheen, percussionist James Sewery, mallet artist Duanne Thamm, and cymbal clinician Lenny Di Muzzio. A big band assembled for the symposium featured Burns on drums, with clinic director Robert Foster and Feldstein conducting . . . The University of Miami has instituted a Studio Music and Jazz Degree program. Among courses offered: evolution of jazz, analysis of jazz styles, improvisation, arranging, jazz band, the studio jazz orchestra, jazz pedagogy, and jazz directing. . . . Woody Herman's Orchestra played a recent concert-dance engagement at Illinois State University (Normal).

Look who else plays Yamaha.



Johnny Guerin, noted West Coast drummer.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 8)

water, Paul Butterfield, Dionne Warwick, the Staple Singers, Big Brother, the Rascals, Steppenwolf, Richie Havens and many other heavy acts donated their services. Permission to hold a similar festival at Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium was denied, but New York Mayor John Lindsay gave his full support to the event here . . . Charlie Mingus' Jazz Workshop came to the Top of the Gate in August . . . Jam sessions are raising their lovely heads again in the city. Woody's, a tavern on 8th Ave. between 54th and 55th Sts., has been holding regular Wednesday night jams under the benign auspices of fluegelhornist Leo Ball. On a typical August night, a varied cast including trumpeter Johnny Glasel, trombonist Joe Chevardon, altoist Carmen Leggio (who recently switched from tenor as his jazz horn), pianists Jay Chasin and Mike Longo, bassists Bucky Calabrese, Larry Rockwell, and Pete Compo, and drummers Maurice Mark and Steve Little performed, while the listeners included Gary Klein, Ray Starling, and none other than Woody Herman, who dropped in to check out the place, which, contrary to rumors, is not named after him. Similar boppish happenings occur on Sunday nights at the London, on 23rd between 8th and 9th Aves. . . . An interesting concert, teaming Earl Hines and concert pianist Vera



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Tisheff at Lincoln Center's Music Library Auditorium Aug. 4, offered back-to-back selections of jazz and Chopin, Haydn, Scarlatti, Ravel, Debussy and Rameau. Miss Tisheff, a Hines admirer, was out-classed, but the classics did inspire Fatha . . . **Chicago** and the **Guess Who** performed in a scholarship benefit concert at Manhattan College Aug. 5 . . . The incumbent house band at Jimmy Ryan's, the city's last stronghold of traditional jazz, is made up of **Max Kaminsky**, trumpet; **Bobby Pratt**, trombone; **Joe Muranyi**, clarinet; **Claude Hopkins**, piano, and **Oliver Jackson**, drums . . . **Integral**, a group of Chicago AACM members, were presented in concert by Liberty House at the Peace Church in Greenwich Village July 29. They were **Leo Smith**, flugelhorn; **Lester Lashley**, trombone, bass; **Henry Threadgill**, alto sax, and **Thurman Barker**, drums . . . **Duke Ellington's** lineup for his five-week stand at the Rainbow Grill included **Cat Anderson**, trumpet; **Booty Wood**, trombone; the complete reed section (**Norris Turney**, **Russell Procope**, **Paul Gonsalves**, **Harold Ashby**, **Harry Carney**); **Joe Benjamin**, bass, and **Rufus Jones**, drums. **Jonah Jones** brings in his quintet for a three-week stand Sept. 8 . . . So-called "big band rock" came to the Downbeat in the form of **Illustration**, a Canadian outfit comprised of **Leo Harinen**, **Billy Shields**, **Benoit Perreault**, trumpets; **Roger Homefield**, trombone, **Glen Higgins**, tenor sax; **Norman Burgess**, baritone sax; **John Ranger**, organ; **Garry Beattie**, guitar; **Richard Terry**, bass; **Claude Roy**, drums; **Bill Ledster**, vocal. For their six-week stint (through Sept. 17), the band will be spelled by **Joe Cabot's** dance combo . . . The Brooklyn **MUSE** big band, directed by **Bill Barron**, was heard in concert July 30 at the Bedford Lincoln Neighborhood Museum. Personnel: **Emanuel Hernandez**, **Cyril Green**, **Wilfred Hylton**, trumpets; **Kiane Zawadi**, **Earl McIntyre**, trombones; **Lester Forte**, **Gene Jefferson**, **Bobby Terrence**, **Howard Kimbo**, **Kenny Rogers**, **Barron**, reeds; **Harry Constant**, piano, and **Al Hicks**, drums. . . . **Chico Hamilton**, **Jimmy Owens**, **Jaki Byard**, **Charles McPherson**, **Walter Perkins** and **Larry Ridley** were among the many leaders whose groups played the **Jazzmobile** recently . . . Singer **Joe Lee Wilson** had a busy time during the first weekend of August, doubling between the Museum on lower Broadway and Wells' uptown. He was also heard at a Tompkins Sq. Park concert the following Wednesday, which featured altoist **Monty Waters**, bassists **Bob Cunningham** and **Skip Crumby**, and **Rashied Ali**, congas . . . **Chick Corea** gave a preview of his new trio (**Dave Holland**, bass, cello, guitar; **Barry Altschul**, percussion) at an informal Aug. 2 gathering at the Upsurge Recording Loft on W. 19th St. **Anthony Braxton** sat in on alto . . . Bassist **Alan Silva's** projected **John Coltrane Memorial Weekend** (*Ad Lib*, July 9) never materialized, due to insufficient response. It has been rescheduled for late fall . . . **Archie Whitewater**, a new 9-piece jazz-rock-group, made its New York debut July 27 at Ungano's on a bill opposite the **Tony Williams**

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Lifetime, with Sam Burtis, trombone; Monty Waters, Travis Jenkins, saxes, flutes; Peter La Barbera, vibes; Bob Berkowitz, piano, organ; Paul Metzger, guitar; Tony Vece, bass; Jim Abbott, drums, and Fred Johnson, vocal. They record for Chess. . . . **Dreams**, another jazz-rock combo, including trumpeter Randy Brecker and drummer Billy Cobham, did a week in mid-August at the Village Gate . . . Trombonist Julian Priester did a week at the East Village "In" . . . **Leon Thomas' July 30 Jazz in the Garden** concert turned into a "total environment" affair, what with African dancers and percussionists (six) and displays of African sculpture and paintings, in addition to the singer's regular group (**James Spaulding**, alto sax, flute; **Arthur Sterling**, piano; **Joe Kearney**, bass; **Sherman Ferguson**, drums) . . . The Club Baron has presented groups led by **Toshiko**, **Cecil Payne** and **Bobby Jones** plus **Dakota Staton** in recent weeks . . . **Art Vincent's The Art of Jazz** on WRLB-FM (101.7) can now be heard on weeknights from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m.

Los Angeles: In southern California, disasters happen according to the names of the clubs. Shortly after the Ash Grove burned for the second time, the newly opened Bayou had to close because of a flood. Its antediluvian debut saw new owner **H. B. Barnum** hold a special press opening and announce ambitious plans for all kinds of jazz and gospel happenings. Barnum was also the star entertainer of the evening, singing and dancing to his own charts played by a hand-picked octet: **Warren Roche**, **Jerry Rusch**, trumpets; **Lon Norman**, trombone; **Delbert Hill**, reeds; **Henry Cain**, electric organ; **Ron Brown**, electric bass; **Al McKay**, guitar, and **Ed Greene**, drums . . . Big bands dominated the August sounds at Donte's: **Gene Estes**, **Mike Barone**, **Louis Bellson**, **Don Rader**, **Dick Grove**, **Dee Barton** and the much-publicized return engagement of **Stan Kenton**, for which prices were jacked up. **Craig Hundley** and **Gabor Szabo** were among the small groups, and **Richard Boone** was added to the growing list of Donte's "firsts" . . . **Ray Brown** and **Milt Jackson** co-led a quintet at Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . **Gabor Szabo** followed **Cal Tjader** into the Lighthouse . . . **Bobby Troup** returned to Los Angeles following his Vegas gig and is currently at Whittinghill's in Sherman Oaks . . . At the China Trader, Troup's former home away from home, **Jack Sheldon** can be seen on Sundays . . . **Gene Harris** and his **Three Sounds** followed **Perri Lee** into The Pied Piper. **Sonny Craver** now shares the Sunday afternoon and Monday night spots with the **Karen Hernandez Trio** there . . . **Little Esther Phillips** followed **Q. Williams** into Memory Lane, where the house trio remained the same: **Jack Wilson**, piano; **Ike Isaacs** (leader), bass; **Don Bailey**, drums . . . **Stan Kenton** played a one-nighter at the Ramona Bowl, in Hemet, Cal. . . **Joe Williams** played one week at P.J.'s, backed by the **Stix Hooper Trio** (**Joe Sample**, piano; **Andy Simpkins**, bass; **Hooper**, drums). **Sarah Vaughan** followed Williams for 11

days . . . The Malcolm X Center plans to stage a **John Coltrane Arts Festival** at South Park in Los Angeles Sept. 5 and 6. Those tentatively committed include: **Cannonball Adderley**, **Bobby Hutcherson**, **The Sisters Love**, **Letta Mbulu**, **Cal Tjader**, and **Nancy Wilson** . . . **Kim Richmond** and his rock group, **The Hereafter**, are still at the People Tree in Calabasas on Mondays. They played at a Scientology convention at Long Beach Civic Arena and just completed their first album for producer **Lou Jackson** . . . **Tommy Vig's** **Caesars Palace** concert had to be moved up a whole month. The original date of Aug. 23 would have run a collision course with **Nancy Sinatra** whose elaborate sets would have made it impossible to use the **Circus Maximus** for a big band. **Vig** is keeping busy locally, playing for a TV pilot at NBC with **H. B. Barnum**; jingles for **Alan Copeland** and **George Romanis**; plus a concert at UCLA with **Tony Ortega**, reeds; and **Dave Parlato**, bass . . . **Don Cunningham** and his trio are currently playing at the **Circus Room**—the 20th floor penthouse of the Sheraton-Universal Hotel in North Hollywood . . . **Gil Melle's** enlarged quartet played a one-nighter at the Ice House. **Melle** was on soprano sax; **Pete Robinson**, Fender piano; **Dave Parlato** and **Bruce Kale**, bass, and **Brian Moffett** substiting for **Fred Stofflet**, drums. **Melle's** quartet is the only jazz group working for **Young Audiences, Inc.**, an organization that books chamber groups only . . . Los Angeles' educational TV outlet **KCET**, Channel 28, joined forces with 24-hour jazz station **KBCA-FM** for a one-hour stereo simulcast called **Jazz in the Round**. It was under the musical direction of **Mundell Lowe**, musical consultant and producer at Channel 28. **Lowe** fronted a 17-piece band that included **Al Aarons**, **Bobby Bryant**, **Buddy Childers**, **Harry Edison**, trumpets; **Billy Byers**, **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Jimmy Cleveland**, **Mike Wimberly**, trombones; **Med Flory**, **Don Menza**, **Bob Hardway**, **Don Raffell**, **John Lowe**, reeds; **Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Bobby Gibbons**, guitar; **Buddy Clark**, bass; **Louis Bellson**, drums.

Chicago: **Miles Davis** made his first Chicago appearance this year with his July 26 concert at the Civic Opera House. With the trumpeter: **Steve Grossman**, soprano, tenor saxophone; **Keith Jarrett**, organ; **Chick Corea**, electric piano; **Dave Holland**, bass; **Jack De Johnette**, drums, and **Airto Moreira**, percussion. The same night, a well-attended tenor summit at the North Park Hotel featured **Dexter Gordon**, **Don Byas**, and **Gene Ammons**, with pianist **Jodie Christian**, bassist **Rufus Reid**, drummer **Wilbur Campbell**, and vocalist **Vi Redd**. The following week, promoter **Joe Segal's Charlie Parker Month** series got under way with Friday and Saturday night performances at the Apartment and a Sunday session at the North Park featuring trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, altoists **Sonny Criss** and **Vi Redd**, and the rhythm team of **Christian**, **Reid** and **Campbell** . . . **Count Basie's** Orchestra was in town for a one nighter at the Auditorium Theatre—a N.A.A.C.P.

benefit concert that also featured the Ask Rufus rock group and vocalist-humorist George Kirby . . . Buddy DeFranco brought the Glenn Miller Orchestra into the Antioch Country Club and Steak House for a one-nighter . . . Swing era vocalist Helen O'Connell followed Tony Bennett into the Penthouse room of the Lake Geneva (Wis.) Playboy Club . . . The Original Salty Dogs played a benefit concert for banjoist Clancy Hayes at the Three Fools Hall in nearby LaGrange. Hayes is reportedly seriously ill in a San Francisco hospital . . . Organist Don Lewis' one-man show followed the Jonah Jones Quartet into the London House . . . Bob Perna's jazz-rock combo continues at Le Pub . . . A one-night concert at the Auditorium Theatre Aug. 2 featured saxophonists Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons, and Lou Donaldson, plus organists Jimmy McGriff and Charles Earland . . . Recent concerts at Ravinia featured Dionne Warwick, Janis Joplin, and the Ramsey Lewis Trio . . . Oscar Brown, Jr.'s musical, *Joy*, opened Aug. 10 at the Happy Medium Theatre Club for an indefinite run . . . The Woody Herman Orchestra was in town to record for Cadet. Tenorist Sal Nistico rejoined the band for the recording session but then broke away from the Herd to gig in California. His replacement is ex-Stan Kenton sideman Mike Morris . . . The weekly *Jazz at Noon* sessions have moved from the Showboat Sari-S to the Gaslight Club . . . Tenorist Von Freeman is doing Monday and Tuesday sessions at Toni's Pad, 653 E. 75th st. . . . A recent weekend at the Edge Lounge featured clarinetist Frank Chace, pianist Bob Wright, and drummer Don DeMicheal.

Philadelphia: The city once again seems to have a full-time jazz room. The Aqua Musical Lounge on South 52nd St. was reopened by Paul Meyers with James Moody and his new group and vocalist Eddie Jefferson. Young-Holt Unlimited was scheduled to follow, and Gene Ammons is among the coming attractions . . . Guitarist Ernie Ransom held a big party for the local music crowd at his plush new center city apartment. Ernie is building quite a following of students at the guitar studios of former Miss Philadelphia Miriam Shepard . . . Billy Dukes had a very musical little band at the John F. Kennedy Plaza one noon recently, as part of a

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city-sponsored summer program. Trumpeter Bobby Hartzell and bassist Ace Tesson were among the familiar faces, and drummer Vince Durante was also on hand. Dukes has just opened a new club in South Jersey, where he often showcases his band . . . Vocalist Bobby Brookes has been appearing with a summer theatre group which has been touring Philadelphia neighborhoods, playing from the back of a large truck . . . Drummer Bobby Durham returned to the First Nighter after touring with the **Fifth Dimension**. Elmer Gibson, piano, and Donald Mosely, bass, complete a fine rhythm section with trombonist Al Grey's house band . . . B. B. King was a recent attraction at the Lambertville summer concerts . . . Guitarist Floyd Smith and his trio have been sharing the bandstand at Grace's Little Belmont Club in Atlantic City, N.J. with organist Herbie Nix and this threesome . . . Old Newsboys Day brought its annual showing of local musicians from AFM Local 77 playing on streetcorners and in parks to raise money to send city children to summer camps. Speaking of summer outdoor programs, we heard a little group called the **Carmen Quentes Combo** at the JFK Plaza and they provided a most pleasant lunch hour for downtown office workers out for a stroll by the fountain. The trumpet and tenor saxophone work really sparkled.

Baltimore: Anita O'Day, with Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, played the Sunday concert for the Left Bank Jazz Society at the Famous Ballroom July 12. **Young-Holt Unlimited**, with trumpeter Frank Gordon and pianist Ken Chaney, was the attraction the following week . . . Ray Pino and Benny Pope, occasional jazz promoters in the area, have started a new series of concerts to be held on alternate Sundays at the Embassy on Park Heights Ave. Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon played the first on July 19. Gordon stayed over the following night to play a gig at Lenny Moore's . . . The Association, led by Jules Alexander and Terry Kirkman, lead guitarist and singer respectively, played light rock at Columbia's Merriweather Post Pavilion on July 14 . . . The British rock group, **Ten Years After** (lead singer-guitarist Alvin Lee; organist Chick Churchill; bassist Leo Lyons; drummer Richard Lee), literally stopped the show at the Civic Center with 1970 versions of 1950s rock 'n' roll. A good portion of the crowd of about 6,000 surged down in front of the stage after the first two numbers and the management halted the concert for half an hour while the audience slowly found its way back to the seats and the no smoking rule was enforced.

Denmark: Duke Ellington's Orchestra visited Aarhus and Copenhagen in July and played outdoor concerts at the Tivoli Gardens in both cities. In Aarhus, tenorist Paul Gonsalves was featured as the "strolling violinist" (serenading a parrot in the audience while playing *In A Sentimental Mood*) and in Copenhagen, he celebrated his 50th birthday. Ellington himself found time to participate in a radio program in

memory of the late Timme Rosenkrantz . . . Buddy Tate and his **Celebrity Club Band** came up from Germany for a one-nighter at the Tagskaegget in Aarhus and went on to an engagement at the Montmartre in Copenhagen . . . The **Fourth Way** (Michael White, violin; Mike Nock, piano; Ron McClure, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums) also worked at the Tagskaegget and guest artists included trumpeter Ted Curson, tenorist Jimmy Heath, and the **Lars Agerbaek Trio** (Agerbaek, piano; Jen Jepsen, bass; Jorn Elniff, drums) . . . **Tears**, a jazz-rock group from Aarhus, has been performing with South African pianist **Dollar Brand** as an added attraction. Trumpeter Palle Mikkelsen, bassists Red Mitchell and Poul Ehlers, and several other Danish musicians and writers were among the instructors at the fifth annual Summer Jazz Clinic at the Vallekilde Folk High School July 27-Aug. 9 . . . Svend Asmussen and his Orchestra, with featured vocalist **Alice Babs**, played Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen throughout July. Vibist Fats Sadi, bassist Red Mitchell and congaist **Rupert Clemendore** were featured with the band . . . A festival in early August in Molde, Norway featured the **Trio '70** (Arne Forchhammer, piano; Erik Moseholm, bass; Jorn Elniff, drums).

Norway: Jazz festivals in Norway have been very successful this year, both musically and economically. Attendance has been better than usual and at the biggest festival, at Molde, two extra concerts per day had to be provided to accommodate all the ticket-seekers . . . At the Kongsberg festival, a four-day affair in late June, the **Bill Evans Trio** played better than ever and pianist **Dollar Brand** did a great solo performance. The French **Claude Delclou** group, with South African tenorist **Ronnie Beer**, also played well, but scheduled guest **Archie Shepp** never appeared due to an auto accident . . . Molde's **10th International Jazz Festival** turned out to be a tremendous success. Featuring theatre, pop bands, folk music, poetry and classical music, one of the festival's highlights included the performance of 23-year-old trumpeter **Fred Noddellund's Atlantis**, a composition in 14 parts, which included performances by vocalists **Randi Bragstad** and **Karin Krog** and 12 musicians. Other Molde highlights: **Benny Bailey** soloing with the **Berndt Egerbladh Trio**; the **360 Degree Music Experience** with drummer **Beaver Harris**; trumpeter **Rowland Greenberg's Sextet**; **Buddy Tate's Celebrity Club Band**, featuring trumpeter **Dud Bascomb**, pianist **Nat Pierce**, and bassist **Eddie Jones**; **Charlie Mariano** with pianist **Heiki Sarmanto**, bassist **Arild Andersen**, and drummer **Jon Christensen**; and Danish bassist **Erik Moseholm's Trio** . . . Karin Krog left for southern France after the Molde festival with bassist **Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen** to join the **European Poll Winners Orchestra** for a concert in Chateauxvallon, plus later appearances in Japan . . . **Svein Finnerud's Trio** (**Bjornar Andrsen**, bass; **Espen Rud**, drums) journeys to Warsaw in October for a jazz festival appearance.



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And Selmer gives you a custom feel. Craftsmanship is so precise, each Selmer saxophone has its keys personally fitted by one man. And that means your Selmer saxophone will have the finest possible action — an important advantage to make your fingering technique the best.

All Selmer keys are forged to build strength into the fine mechanism. Compare a ten year old Selmer to any other saxophone of similar age and you'll have the ultimate testimony to Selmer durability.

Consider the tone, the response, the intonation, the feel, the durability, the craftsmanship. No wonder the list of professionals who choose Selmer is so long.

So don't spend another minute admiring others who play so well with Selmer. Add your own name to the list, and see how quickly *you* become the Selmer player everyone listens to. You can start by seeing your Selmer dealer right now!

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