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By CHARLES SUBER

AT THIS WRITING the big band from Milliken University (Decatur, Ill.) is on a State Department tour of the Middle East. And therein lies a moral lesson.

And therein lies a moral lesson. Milliken's School of Music goes back to the early 1900's and enjoyed a national reputation which waned in the years following World War II. In 1961, a new Dean of music, Roger Miller, was appointed. His mandate was to restore former glories—not an easy assignment in a state where you compete for music students against the likes of Northwestern, Illinois Wesleyan, and the various Universities of Illinois. One of the things he did was to inaugurate a high school stage band festival-clinic. The local reaction was from apathetic to negative—the Decatur high school music supervisor would not allow "her bands" to participate, but 12 other communities did respond. Two years later, Roger Schueler was hired to head up a stage band program within the University. Schueler, with Miller's support, trained a band that wouldn't say quit. They powerhoused their way into the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival finals for two straight years, something no other group was able to do. The State Department talent scouts picked them to do seven weeks of workshops and concerts in Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, Iran, etc.

So much for the good guys. Let us look at the obverse. Let's take Northwestern University and its School of Music—good school, good musical reputation, good faculty, but with a rather sad history of treating jazz as something less than desirable. When Ralph Mutchler was a graduate assistant back in 1959, he put together an eager crew which participated in the first Notre Dame College Jazz Festival, but was not recognized as a university ensemble. Neither were the fine groups that Ken Bartosz led. And then came the time when the band members wanted to strike back hard at the up-and-coming groups in the mid-west. They drafted the good Reverend George Wiskirchen to lead them to glory from nearby Niles, Ill. Fred Hempke, head of saxophone studies at Northwestern and one of the world's best, coached the band's front line. They went to Notre Dame and tore it up. Indiana eked out a close victory, but the State Department chaps knew a good thing and selected Northwestern to go abroad.

Department chaps knew a good thing and selected Northwestern to go abroad. Oh, joy. Oh, rapture. While bags were being packed and shots injected, the President of the University, having received a formal letter of congratulations from Washington, asked if the Dean of Music, Dr. Howerton, would please come to his office. Just where in the catalog do we show a jazz ensemble or a Father Wiskirchen? queried the President. The trip is off, all off, o-f-f, he said firmly. Dr. Howerton agreed. The student musicians were—er, hmm—disappointed.

So Milliken goes abroad. University of Illinois (Champaign) is able to recruit enough of the best high school players to create a jazz oligarchy. The state schools at Charleston and Macomb are roaring. Even Bradley (Peoria) is thinking about something else besides basketball. And Northwestern? Well, ask the three jazz talents who played and paid their own way to the Intercollegiate finals last year.

And that, good friends, is our moral lesson for today. Let us now pray.



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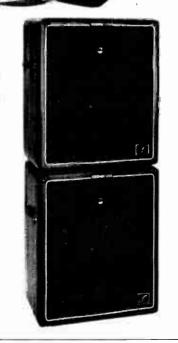
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Vol. 36, No. 10



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8 DOWN BEAT

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Garner Vs. Hendrix

Your publication is a most commendable one, and I think you are doing a first-rate job. However, I would like to complain about the treatment Erroll Garner has been getting from your critics.

With the exception of a few, notably Dan Morgenstern, he has been given treatment not deserving of an artist of his caliber. I have only seen a few reviews of his records, but I have never seen the rating exceeding three stars.

And then the critics award Jimi Hendrix, the trick guitarist, an artist relying on electrical tricks for effects, an immensely overrated parvenu, five stars for his slovenly mish-mash and miserable improvisation accompanied by semi-human groanings on Axis: Bold As Love.

If that is the way Jimi earns his bread, fine-let him go ahead. If that's the way to criticize-rating psychedelic hogwash above elemental jazz, then there is something amiss.

Michael R. Crooks

Transvaal, South Africa Garner's next-to-last album received five

stars; the one just prior to that, four stars. -Ed.

Boston Blues

As noted in the Boston Ad Lib (DB, March 20), WGBH-TV's Mixed Bag has gone off the air. This was the only show in this area which provided the audience with jazz. The absence of such a show is tragic as it gave many people a chance to hear and see good live jazz as played by such people as Charles Lloyd, Gary Burton, Elvin Jones and many more. . . .

I'm very sorry to see the program go. When I first saw the show in 1967, I became very enthusiastic about jazz. Mixed Bag was well produced and well presented. The talent was always the finest available. The show will be missed by many.

John Cole

Walpole, Mass.

Time For Change?

The Notre Dame Festival, in which Down Beat has played a significant role for a number of years, showed itself this year, in my opinion at least, to be in need of some rather careful consideration and fundamental revision if it is to continue as a forum for creative collegiate jazz players.

At one time it might have been appropriate to run the festival as if it were as a sort of "super-bowl" for jazz musicians, and it might have been possible for the judges to pick winners on the basis of how they played (an analytical decision) and not on the basis of what they played (a value decision). But in the last two or three years some things have changed. First, collegiate musicians generally play with a much greater amount of facility than they did in the past, perhaps because of the increasing emphasis on high school and college jazz

bands. And second, today there are many more valid, but totally different concepts of what "big band" or "small group" jazz is than there were a few years ago.

The obvious result of these changes, it seems to me, has been an increase in the number of value judgments needed in order to pick the "winner".

If this kind of situation continues, it won't take too long for the groups who participate to figure out that it's much easier to win if they simply play what the judges want to hear, adjust to the judges' value systems. And so, instead of foster-ing creativity, the CJF will teach "versatility", instead of developing new styles, collegiate jazz players will be forced to mimick old ones. And to me, there is enough of this sort of compromise taking place as it is, without extending it to college jazz festivals.

I would suggest as a solution simply eliminating all awards, prizes, tours, winners, etc. Let the instrument companies, the breweries, and the State Department get their publicity elsewhere, and let the musicians and the audience explore their music unencumbered.

Cameron Phillips

Heavy Cream

Okemos, Mich.

I was unpleasantly surprised to see Alan Heineman's review of the Cream Wheels of Fire album condemned as "too generous" by reader Ronald Weinstock, and the group itself called "lesser" by reader Thomas R. Roth (Chords, DB March 20.)

I consider my specialty jazz, especially early jazz. However, along with the numerous jazz LPs that I purchased this year, I also bought six rock LPs, among them the three Cream albums, and committed the second cardinal sin of enjoying the latter as much as just about any album, jazz or otherwise.

Perhaps I should confess my ignorance of the volume factor mentioned by Weinstock by admitting that I never got to see the Cream in person. Maybe they are loud. But does this loudness account for the superb interplay and solos on Spoonful (a live performance, by the way) and on the other tracks on the album which Heineman perceptively points out? Or is the cello, acoustic guitars, and high-hat on As You Said too loud for you? If Weinstock is disappointed in this album or dislikes the group, he should give a more specific reason based on musical aspects, not just loudness.

Having carefully listened to most of the major progressive rock groups of today, I still feel that anything less than five stars would have been an insult to this record. I consider Heineman a very fair and objective critic, unlike the numerous disc jockey and press "critics" who rave over every lousy but popular group which manages to make the top forty charts, or those "purists" who condemn any type of rock or pop music. (If you think differently, read his review of the recent Bee Gees and Knight-Hendrix LPs). I feel the same way about Pete Welding's reviews as I do Heineman's.

Kent, Ohio

Joel B. O'Sickey

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MIXED BAG IN STORE FOR NEWPORT IN JULY

This year's Newport Jazz Festival, which will take place July 3-6, promises to be the headiest musical mixture since the experiments of the late '50s, when such as Chuck Berry, Pat Suzuki, and the Kingston Trio were added to the basic jazz programming.

The opening night will be devoted to jazz of various kinds, including Young-Holt Unlimited, Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra (or whatever he currently calls it), Anita O'Day, and the groups of Kenny Burrell, Bill Evans (with guest Jeremy Steig), Willie Bobo, Freddie Hubbard, and Sunny Murray. The show will start earlier than usual, at 5 p.m.

The afternoon of July 4 will feature a mammoth jam session with Jimmy Smith presiding at the organ over some 30 "of today's top jazz instrumentalists." That night, "An Evening of Jazz-Rock" will spotlight, among others, Jeff Beck, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Roland Kirk, Steve Marcus, Ten Years After, and Jethro Tull.

The Saturday double-header kicks off in the afternoon with the groups of Gary Burton, Miles Davis, and Art Blakey; the Mothers of Invention, and the Newport All Stars (including Ruby Braff, Red Norvo and Tal Farlow). Nightfall will bring the sounds of Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, The World's Greatest Jazz Band, Sly and the Family Stone, O. C. Smith, and others to be announced.

On Sunday afternoon, Newport audiences will get their first opportunity to meet James Brown. "Soul Brother No. 1" and his show will have the program to themselves, as Ray Charles did last year. The festival closes that night with the "Schlitz Mixed Bag," featuring Buddy Rich and his band, B.B. King, Joe Turner, Herbie Hancock, Buddy Tate, guitarist Johnny Winter, and Led Zeppelin.

Additional artists not assigned spots in the program at presstime include Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine (pianist George Gruntz; bassist Henri Texier; drummer Daniel Humair) and violinist Stephane Grappelli. There will undoubtedly be others. For ticket information, write The New-

For ticket information, write The Newport Festivals, Newport, R.I. 02840. Please don't write or phone *Down Beat*.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS NAMED BY DOWN BEAT

Two guitarists, Jocelyn Pitchen of Mauritius and Stephen O'Connor of Poway, Calif., are the top winners of the 1969 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame Scholarship competition. Each will receive a \$1,000 scholarship to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass.

Awarded \$500 partial scholarships to Berklee are bassist Christopher Amberger, Oakland, Calif.; saxophonist Steve Slagle, Connaminson, N.J.; drummer-arranger Alan Ganley, Bermuda; trombonist-arranger Hal Crook, Cranston, R. I.; saxophonist-arranger Ernest Wiehe, South Africa, and saxophonist Kurt McGettrick, Rockville, Md.

Winners of \$250 partial scholarships are guitarist Gordon Walthall, Jr., Sacramento, Calif.; saxophonist Gary Brown, Teaneck, N.J.; saxophonist Michael Hove and trombonist Erling Kroner, both of Copenhagen, Denmark; pianist-arranger Vicki von Eps, Long Beach, Calif., and drummer-arranger Anthony Faulkner from England.

The number of winners from outside the U.S. reflects the world-wide interest in the annual *Down Beat* scholarship competition.

KESSEL HOPS POND FOR CHANGE OF EXPERIENCE

Before Barney Kessel left for England March 18, he made it clear that he was keeping his U.S. citizenship and retaining ownership of his home in California, where



Kessel and Farlow

he has lived since 1942. "I just want to change my musical experience for a little exhilaration," the guitarist said while finishing his stint with the Newport All Stars at New York's Plaza 9.

Last October, when Kessel was in London with George Wein's Newport tour, he recorded for Polydor, played at Ronnie Scott's Club, and "dug the atmosphere."

During his indefinite stay abroad, Kessel plans to record, produce records, write movie scores and commercials, and form a group for work on the Continent as well as in England. "The things I want to do seem easier to do there," he said. "There are less adjustments required from an artistic standpoint. That's what makes it attractive."

His tenure with the Newport All Stars served as a bridge between Los Angeles, where he had been mainly involved in studio work, and England. "It helped me assess the situation," he explained. "It's been a very happy experience."

Kessel's replacement with the All Stars

is Tal Farlow, no lesser light in the guitar firmament. The two men have been friends since 1950, when they used to play together at Kessel's California home. During Barney's last weeks with the All Stars, they were reunited in duets at the Fillmore East, Plaza 9, and on an Atlantic recording date.

JOE GLASER SUFFERS PARALYZING STROKE

Veteran talent manager and booking agent Joe Glaser suffered a paralytic stroke in late March, and at presstime was confined at Beth Israel Hospital in New York City.

Sources at Associated Booking Corporation, of which Glaser is president, told *Down Beat* that his condition was "improving," but no further details were available.

Glaser's most famous client, Louis Armstrong, was released from Beth Israel in early April. He had been admitted in February after suffering a relapse of a kidney ailment.

LONNIE JOHNSON HURT IN TORONTO ACCIDENT

Veteran blues singer-guitarist Lonnie Johnson suffered a fractured thigh and multiple bruises when struck by a car in mid-town Toronto in late March.

Johnson, who has been a resident of the Canadian city since 1965, was expected to be hospitalized until July. He had just begun an engagement at George's Villa, one of several Toronto clubs where he has been performing regularly.

During his long convalescence, Johnson would be pleased to hear from friends and fans. Letters should be addressed to Toronto General Hospital, University Wing, Room 418, Toronto, Ontario.

FINAL BAR

Singer Marcel Daniels died at Harlem Hospital in New York City Feb. 22. Active in Chicago in the late '40s, he recorded with Gene Ammons for Mercury, doing his own composition, Abdullah's Fiesta. The saxophonist also recorded Daniels' instrumental, Shermanski.

In later years, Daniels was intermittently active in New York. He appears on the late Elmo Hope's album Sounds from Rikers Island, singing his own lyrics, You Need It, to the tune of Dizzy Gillespie's Groovin' High.

Reedman E. L. (Joe) Loyocano, 63, died in his native New Orleans in March after a brief illness. He played and recorded with trumpeter Abby Brunis' Halfway House Orchestra in the '20s and was in the pit bands at the Strand and Saenger theaters in New Orleans. In the '30s, he worked on the road with Glen Gray, Glenn Miller and other name bands.

POTPOURRI

Sporting a new moustache, tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon blew in from Copenhagen in April for a couple of weeks in New York and two record dates for Prestige. With Dex was a basic rhythm section of Barry Harris, piano; Buster Williams, bass; and Al Heath, drums. James Moody joined him in a tenor tandem on one of the sessions.

Singers Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short will repeat their hugely successful 1968 joint concert at New York's Town Hall May 18 in an entirely new program of songs from their astonishing repertoires.

Erroll Garner wraps up a European concert tour with concerts in Berlin (May 1), Hamburg (May 2) and Munich (May 5). The tour began April 21 in Basel, Switzerland, and included appearances in Zurich, Paris, Bordeaux and Vienna. The pianist also did TV shows in France and Holland.

Lou Rawls has been cited in the Congressional Record by California Representative Alphonso Bell for his efforts in encouraging youngsters to stay in school.

Ray Nance will be presented in concert at the New School of Social Research in Manhattan May 18 under the auspices of the Duke Ellington Society.

Drummer Horace Arnold has once again taken jazz into the greater New York schools under the auspices of Young Audiences, Inc. He has already done over 50 concerts, including one at Mt. Vernon High before 2,400 students. In addition to the assemblies, the group has also played in classrooms for smaller groups of children. Appearing in the series with Arnold are Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Sam Rivers, tenor sax and flute; Karl Berger, vibes; and Reggie Workman, bass.

Beginning May 7, Wednesday evenings will be blues nights at New York's Electric Circus. Howling Wolf and Buddy Moss kick off the first session and the rest of the series prospectively is: May 14: Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker; May 21: Big Mama Thornton and T-Bone Walker; May 28: Memphis Blues, an advance tribute to the blues festival to be held in the Tennessee city June 6-7, with Rev. Robert Wilkins and family, Furry Lewis, Bukka White, and Ed Young's Street Band; June 4: Son House, Skip James, and Rev. Kirkpatrick; June 11: unknown; June 18: Chicago Blues All-Stars with Willie Dixon, Sunnyland Slim, Johnny Shines, Shakey Horton, and Cliff James.

Something Else, a continuing series of Friday and Saturday pop music sessions will be offered at Madison Square Garden Center's Felt Forum in Manhattan beginning May 2. The programs will be geared to young people for listening and dancing. The first show features The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, with light show by Pablo; the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band; and the Charley Musselwhite Blues Band.



By LEONARD FEATHER

RECENTLY THIS COLUMN criticized Jackie Barnett, producer of the Screen Gems series of musical TV specials, for failure to take full advantage of the talents of Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington in a generally disappointing show.

In fairness to Barnett it must be conceded that he compensated in large measure for this goof, in a recent program entitled *The Al Hirt Show*, with Sarah Vaughan as special guest.

Seen in Los Angeles Feb. 18, the program is still being syndicated for various



time and date slots in other cities. If it has not yet been in your area, I suggest you write to whichever channel, if any, has carried a Screen Gems show in the past.

BRONSTEIN

NOC

The title of the program may have given the impression that Hirt would more or less monopolize the spotlight, with a typical short guest star segment for Miss Vaughan. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Hirt not only shared the time with three fellow trumpeters he admires; there was also ample room for Sarah to extend herself during what must have been her best major television exposure since the medium came into existence.

Serving as a warm, very unforced master of ceremonies, Hirt opened with his technical tour de force treatment of Brassmen's Holiday, composed by Mexican bandleader Mario Ruiz Armengol. Next came a couple of brisk, unpretentiously agreeable numbers by Al with his regular sextet. A far cry from the Dixieland combo he once fronted, the group comprises Pee Wee Spitelara, tenor and clarinet; Tony Monjure, tenor and baritone: Wayne De Villier, organ; Paul Ferrara, drums, and pianist Ellis Marsalis, who not only integrated the band a while back but also brought to it a very versatile keyboard personality. The group breezed its way pleasantly through New Orleans, My Home Town.

Sarah then appeared for her solo set.

If her Fool on the Hill was brilliant, it was a mere warm-up for My Funny Valentine, which was little short of fantastic. The mood was never marred by overtricky camerawork as she dipped into unbelievable low tones and soared into a glorious upper register. Bright Lights was the closer for this segment.

After a commercial, Hirt took over for a solo on *I Can't Get Started*. There was a choral background, and the trumpeter inserted a few florid touches, but in general it was one of the most tasteful and thoughtful solos I have heard him play in recent years, with distinct overtones of Bunny Berigan.

Resplendent in gold and silver lame, Sass returned for two duets with Hirt, Man with a Horn and Skyliner. The latter was an excellent subject for a two-way stretch: in one chorus, she sang the longnote theme while Hirt played the familiar countermelody; later they reversed their parts.

Next, Hirt spoke affectionately about the "trumpet fraternity." One by one they came on, each playing a couple of choruses of blues: Pete Candoli, Don Ellis with his octave divider, and Dizzy Gillespie. Next was a blues for the four trumpets, specially written (like all the music for this portion of the show, as well as Sarah's three solo numbers) by Benny Carter.

The individual features that followed were neither as loose nor as inspired as the blues bits. Candoli sounded a little strained on *I Surrender Dear*, as if he had been confined to studio work for so many years that he has forgotten a little about freedom. Ellis then demonstrated his tape loop technique, and Gillespie played a minor original on which it seemed to take him a long time to get started. The rhythm section balance could have been improved.

The hour ended with Hirt singing l^{m} On My Way, joined by the four horns and Sarah as they formed a conga line, bringing a generally satisfying show to a fittingly happy finale.

Most of the music was prerecorded, but this was never conspicuous. Joe Lipman did the non-Carter arrangements. Mitchell Ayres led the first-rate house band, which included a strong trumpet section (Manny Klein, Manny Stevens, Ray Triscari and John Audino) as well as Billy Byers, Bill Green, Artie Kane, Louie Bellson et al.

Tony Charmoli's direction was crisp, with no time wasted on small talk or superfluous special effects. The settings were vivid and colorful without becoming garish. All in all, it was the kind of strictly musical program I had become resigned to never seeing in prime network time.

Coincidentally, Miss Vaughan showed up again a week or two later on NBC's *Tonight*, again in great shape, and this time demonstrating a capacity for relaxation that has rarely been her forte. Duetting with Harry James' horn on Say It Isn't So, she ad libbed her way delightfully out of a hassle when somebody forgot to hold up the lyric cue cards.

Now that she has moved to California, perhaps the opportunities to find Sarah Vaughan on the tube will arise more often. Until now, she has been the most undertelevised great singer of this generation.

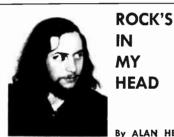
STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Pianist Al Haig, out on bail on the charge of murdering his wife, participated in a benefit for his own defense fund at the Top of the Gate March 30. He headed a group that included Lew Tabackin, tenor sax; Warren Chaisson, vibes; Mike Moore, bass; and Jimmv Madison, drums. David Amram sat in on French horn. The highlight of the session was an all-star big band led by Dizzy Gillespie. Jimmy Owens, Danny Stiles, Bill Berry and Victor Paz were the trumpets; Garnett Brown, Wayne Andre and Eddie Bert, the trombones; and Roger Pemberton, Jerome Richardson, Tabackin, Cecil Payne and Bill Mormando, the reeds. The rhythm section consisted of Dizzy's regular men: Mike Longo, piano; Jymie Merritt, electric bass; and Candy Finch, drums. Also taking part in the program were pianists Junior Mance and Chiek Corea, trombonist Julian Priester, and flutist Jeremy Steig . . . Sonny Rollins played the Village Vanguard with Al Dailey, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; and Al Heath, drums. . . . The N.Y. Hot Jazz Society's New Orleans session at the Half Note found Alvin Alcorn subbing for Ernie Cagnolatti on trumpet. The rest of the group included Waldron (Frog) Joseph, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet, subbing for Captain John Handy; Noel Kalet, soprano and alto saxophones, and members of the Nutmeg

Jazz Band . . . The Jazz Ensemble at New York University, under the direction of Joseph Scianni, presented "An Evening of Jazz for Serious Listening" at the University's School of Education auditorium . . . Hugh Masekela and singer Carla Thomas were a double bill at the Village Gate . . . Junior Mance checked in at the Top of the Gate with his trio-Wilbur Little, bass; Bill Cobham. drums-for a week. Dave Frishberg, who played solo opposite the previous bill of singer Marian Taylor and the Dave Akins trio, was held over . . . The Lonnie Smith men-tioned in Ad Lib (Apr. 3) as having played with Pharoah Sanders was not the organist, but pianist Lonnie L. Smith Jr. . . The third Ferryboat Jazz Festival at the Ferryboat in Brielle, N.J. featured Anita O'Day and an all-star group with Herman Autrey, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet and tenor sax; Alan Marlowe, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; and Jimmy Crawford, drums. Hamilton also played for the Hartford Jazz Society with Bill Berry, trumpet; Dickie Wells, trombone; Lou Forestieri, piano; Richard Phillipi, bass; and Al Me-Manus, drums . . . Pianist Jay Chasin is playing at the Roundtable with bassist Ray Rivera's trio. Paul Gusman is the drummer . . . Meanwhile, at King Arthur's Roundtable in the Bronx, tenorman Paul Jeffrey appeared with organist Billy Gardner's trio and singer Betty MeLaurin . . . Pianist Robert Greene, with Vie Sproles and drummer Al Foster, played

a concert at Hunter College . . . Although Group 212 has departed from Woodstock, N.Y., guitarist Michael Berardi is keeping the rustic jazz scene alive. In late March, at the Academy Theater in New Paltz, he presented a concert with Nature's Spirits. In addition to the leader's guitar and clarinet, the Spirits were peopled by Earl Cross, trumpet and alto horn; Juma, soprano sax, African percussion; Steve Tintweiss, Richie Youngstein, basses; and Ranly Kaye, percussion ... The New York Percussion Trio did a special concert-lecture at St. John's University . . . Bassist Major Holley has been leading duos at Jacques' Place (next door to the Village Gate) on and off for more than a year. His current partner is pianist Milt Sealy.

Los Angeles: For years, Mahalia Jackson has been unswervingly against singing gospel music in night clubs. At the same time, she will gladly sing gratis, if the cause is worthy. A recent example of both attributes took place when the Gospel star turned down a \$250,000 offer from the Cocoanut Grove for 11 nights. Just prior to this, Miss Jackson appeared at the Long Beach Arena in a Sunday afternoon benefit for the Community Baptist Church in Compton. Lorez Alexandria and Vi Redd also performed . . . Hampton Hawes, who's had his share of dues-paying, signed a three-year exclusive contract with Vault /Continued on page 42



HEAD By ALAN HEINEMAN

A REGULAR rock column is herewith beginning, and the face leering out at you above belongs to its writer. But so farunless you're more interested than most in remembering who signed what reviews-you don't know much about me except that I'm not Gillette's best customer.

And I think it's the reader's right to know something of the tastes and limitations of those who write about music, particularly the younger writers. (I'm 24.) The prominent pundits have been established long enough for you to have decided whether what they have to say is worth your attention. But with the increase in the number of published critics and the copious outpouring of new music, it's difficult to keep track of the others.

Moreover, a lot of music criticism is a thinly disguised effort to find synonyms for "good" and "bad." We try to provide some sort of informative analysis, but I know that much of what I write is fancy verbal footwork extrapolating from a single premise: whether or not the music moves me. Consequently, as I said, you deserve to know who is pontificating.

My first limitation is that I understand music only intuitively. Rhythmic theory I understand, having played drums (badly) for a short time; harmonic theory is pretty alien to me. I can hear certain intervals, certain structural ideas, but I miss a lot, or else don't call them by their proper names. If more people who really know music were writing, I wouldn't be. But they're not, so I am.

Something else which may strike you as a limitation, although I don't believe it is one: I come to rock from jazz, which I've been listening to with some care and a great deal of love for ten vears. (I think a higher percentage of jazz musicians are serious, highly-skilled artists than their rock counterparts. On the other hand, there's more vitality and originality on the rock scene now than in jazz.) This background prejudices me in favor of improvising rock musicians. although not necessarily against those who work from tight arrangements. I dig blues bands, black or white. Blues as a form seems inexhaustible to me, and testing it for color is a cop-out from the real question: does it work? There are black poseurs in the medium as well as white.

On the other hand, no pure blues player, living or dead, seems to me an artist in the sense that some experimental players are, e.g. the Beatles, the Airplane, the Mothers. It's an aesthetic question and most assuredly admits of argument; I haven't space here to elaborate, but that's where I'm at. Corollarily, it seems to me that rock began to emerge as an art form with the Beatles' advent (*Rubber Soul*, specifically). There are imposters in art rock, too, probably more of them than in blues. In general, therefore, my main men play art rock, but I go to hear *more* blues groups because there are more competent and enjoyable blues people around than art rock people.

I object more strenuously to frauds than to bad musicians. Richie Havens, for example, I find a simplistic composer and a meagerly talented performer, but nobody can doubt his sincerity; he bores me but doesn't anger me. I am infuriated by Dylan, Hendrix and the Doors, however, both because of the pretentiousness of their music and the personal cults they intentionally foster.

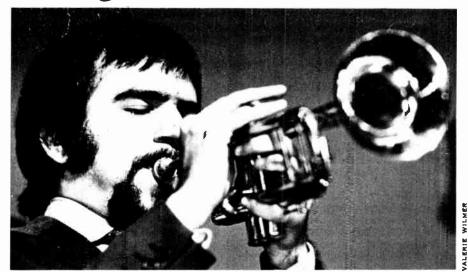
I'm generally unmoved by soul music, which, with a few exceptions (Aretha, James Brown, e.g.) is neatly tailored for an undiscriminating mass audience.

Finally, as a doctoral candidate in English, I am highly sceptical of those who tout rock lyricists as poets. No denying that rock writers are trying for larger and deeper meanings than any popular lyricists ever have, and a few are successful. But poetry? Not hardly. Mostly either hipped-up, hyped-up cliches or facile, it-means-what-you-want-it-tomean free association.

Lots more to be said, but I'll try to work it into succeeding columns. The above may be superficial and glib, but it will give you an idea of what to expect.



Young Man With Two Horns By Michael Cuscuna



RANDY BRECKER is a young trumpeter and fluegelhornist respected in both jazz and rock circles. At 21, his musical experience goes back to the fifth grade in his native Philadelphia, when he started playing at the urging of his pianist father.

By the time he was 16, he was working with such well-known local pros as saxophonist Billy Root and many others.

Brecker is one of the up-and-coming young jazzmen who garnered valuable musical experience in college. At Indiana University, he joined the original edition of Booker T. and the MGs as well as the school's big band, which won first prize at the 1965 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival. On that occasion, Brecker also won an individual award as best trumpet.

As part of its prize, the Indiana band went on a four-month tour of the Near East and Southeast Asia. "Some of the more creative guys formed a sextet so that we could stretch out," Brecker recalled "In India, we got together with native musicians and had an exciting time. As a small group, we were experimental. I remember that we played a free piano piece and a free Ornette tune, which were especially well received in Iran and Iraq."

When the tour ended, Brecker quit the University and delayed his trip home to spend three months in Europe, where he freelanced with Benny Bailey, Don Menza and other expatriates in Vienna, Munich, Paris, and Belgrade. While in Vienna, Brecker entered the International Jazz Competition held there three years ago and won second prize for trumpet.

His next stop was New York City. Here, the young trumpeter began his three-fold career as big-band musician, small jazz group player, and rock musician. Equipped with the discipline and ability developed with the Indiana band, Brecker soon became a member of some of the city's finest rehearsal bands, including those of Chris Swanson, Clark Terry, and Chuck Israels. He recorded with the Jazz Composer's Orchestra and Duke Pearson's big band.

His longest and most interesting tenure was several months with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra in early 1968. ("There's a lot of talent in that band, especially writers. It was a real groove sitting next to Snooky Young.")

But his favorite setting is the small jazz

group. In this context, he gigged with drummer Barry Altschul, tenorist Dave Liebman, and altoist Arnie Lawrence, in addition to which he also had his own group. His first major step towards reaching a larger audience came in April, 1968, when he joined Horace Silver, in whose quintet he still shares the front line with tenorist-flutist Benny Maupin. Brecker's first album with Silver has just been released.

In the rock arena, Brecker joined Blood, Sweat & Tears in the fall of 1967 and remained until early 1968, when leader Al Kooper also left the group. Through his recording and appearances with this wellpublicized band, Brecker established himself in the music and soon was being called for studio dates with the Shirelles, the McCoys, and others. He also rehearsed with the revamped Ars Nova, which he describes as "very cerebral" and which also included onetime Stan Getz and Bill Evans drummer Joe Hunt. "I believe Jimmy Owens is with them now," he says.

"I first began listening to rock seriously when I heard Larry Coryell, Jim Pepper, and Bobby Moses as the Free Spirits," Brecker continued. "They were the first to use the jazz approach, and I really enjoyed sitting in with them. Working with Blood, Sweat & Tears consisted of reading charts and taking some short solos. They were very jazz-influenced, so loudness was no real problem. But playing trumpet is often difficult in rock because you have to compete with all that electricity. I've been playing some drums lately, and really have a ball playing rock on that instrument. It's more adaptable to the music."

Although he would appear to be a likely candidate to help establish a rock-jazz synthesis, Brecker is not sanguine about the possibility. "There are differences in every way," he said. "First, it's hard to have fun on the road with a jazz group because the way of life and conditions are so depressing. Rock musicians have more good times, but they are less concerned with the music and have rather large egos. Certain elements of jazz have come to rock, but rock people still can't improvise on the level of a jazz artist. As a jazz musician, you feel like yourself. As a rock musician, you feel like a star."

Uninterested in speculating about any

type of synthesis, Brecker is quite happy about "having been in New York to get a chance to play so many different kinds of music. It has become one entirety. There isn't any one type of music that I don't dig at one time or another. All music is an expression of some segment of society. As long as it is sincere, it's valid. There are different levels of intellectuality,

but that doesn't make it better or worse." Jazz, however, is his first love, as he indicates in explaining, "I started playing the trumpet to play jazz because it gives you a chance to experiment. I like a concept which is freer than bop and similar to what Ornette and Don Cherry have done. I dig playing freely on a melody with a loose harmonic framework. Improvising on a tune should be like composing and singing melodies to yourself. And it should be creative.

"But it's hard to be creative, and the more you play, the harder it is. If you don't play for a month, a lot of ideas come through. I really don't think jazz was meant to be played every night, because you can fall into a lot of prefabricated licks, and you are not very spontaneous. But I suppose that working every night is useful to find out where you're at."

"Spontaneity versus prefabricated playing is the major difference between Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. I always liked Rollins better because he's the most spontaneous and creative musician I've heard. Coltrane was equally creative, but he had many of his ideas in his mind before he soloed because he'd practice and practice certain scales and scalular lines that showed up in his work. Rollins represents what jazz is, as far as I'm concerned."

On the subject of creativity, Brecker shares with Jimmy Owens, Lester Bowie, and other young players the trait of seeming more creative on fluegelhorn than on trumpet.

"I have an opposite approach on the fluegelhorn," he said. "I try to get away from loud notes and play softer and use less notes and concentrate on tone. I enjoy the horn more, and agree with you about my work on both instruments. I suppose I'd credit Art Farmer and Thad Jones as my influences on fluegelhorn, because I've listened to them the most.

"I'd like to do an album of pretty tunes by people like Leonard Cohen and Tim Hardin. I'd just play fluegelhorn, backed by acoustic guitar and tasty, hip accompaniment. I really want to record with my brother Michael, who plays tenor sax with his own jazz-rock group around Chicago. We've done a lot of playing together, working out variations and improvisations on old folk tunes and standards like You Are My Sunshine. The empathy and telepathy that we share is really uncanny, and we get into some fresh and exciting things." The younger Brecker, by the way, won best tenor award at the 1968 Notre Dame Festival.

As Randy Brecker continues to play with Horace Silver, freelancing in his spare time, he will undoubtedly reach a bigger audience. When you hear him, in person or on record, listen well. Here is a young player with something of his own to say.

JAZZ ON COLLEGE RADIO

By Martin Williams

"THE PROGRAM has been running on Saturday afternoons for the past couple of months and is soon to expand because of heavy listener response. I have been relying primarily on records in my own collection, for the station library has very few things worth airing. . . I try to vary the types of sounds and the individual records as much as . . . possible. I also endeavor to educate the listeners as to the new things that are happening in jazz. . . . I have been complimented and encouraged by my listeners."

So writes Perry Johnson, who broadcasts over the Temple University station, WRTI-FM, which can be picked up throughout Philadelphia. Howard Podolnick, who is a WRTI staff member and a radio and television major at Temple, is a bit pessimistic, however. He reports that the station "broadcasts a total of six hours of jazz a week. This small amount of programing is due, to a large extent, to the attitudes of station executives. . . ."

Both these statements, and many more, came as a result of a little sentence I inserted at the end of a *Bystander* column a few months back asking anyone connected with a college radio station and interested in jazz programing to write to me. I cannot pretend that the answers I received represent a thorough survey of the situation. What they do represent are the responses of many young men (and some women) who are involved with jazz on college radio.

William Watson is something of a jazz missionary. Now a second-year law student at Indiana University, he has a Thursday show from 9 p.m. to midnight on WISU-AM. Previously, as an undergraduate at Beliot College in Wisconsin, he had a jazz show for four years.

Tom Teuber, who is no longer a student, is ready to carry his missionary work even further. He reports, "When I was a freshman at Elmhurst College (in Illinois), WRSE-FM played no jazz. I joined the staff and brought them one hour a week of jazz. Gradually, I worked up through the ranks and became program director and then station manager. I discovered that I was not alone in my musical taste, and by the time I graduated in June of 1968, jazz was programed more than any other type of music. They've got a good group of kids there now, takin' care of business.

"But it wasn't only the campus radio station that changed—the whole campus became aware of jazz. Part of it was the hiring of Dale Hamilton in the music department," who, Teuber wrote, brought live jazz and name musicians to the campus and leads a stage band well known in the area.

Teuber continues, "Now, I'm involved



in commercial broadcasting in a rural area, where jazz is not exactly the dominant form of expression. I've still got a hand in college radio, though, as adviser to some students at the Richland campus of Wisconsin State University at Platteville. So far, they've shown no interest in jazz, but I'm ready if they do."

Teuber's letter obviously contained a lot of information, but some writers sent even more. V. K. Acharya, who has a nightly hour on KDSU at North Dakota State in Fargo, says he tries to feature all jazz styles. But, like many another, he reports a running problem getting records. This, he admits, often prevents him from being complete or even representative in his presentation.

In addition to his regular shows, Acharya, who sent along copies of his program record listings, has done 90-minute documentaries on "Jazz before the 1950s" (a very big subject to those of us who have been with it for a while), "Drums in Jazz," etc.

"Many youngsters," he added "do not know or do not realize the significance of jazz in American Culture."

One of the most lengthy and interesting reports came from Justin Freed, who has a Sunday afternoon show on WTBS in Cambridge, Mass.

"While there is a good amount of jazz being played, especially on WHRB, the Harvard station, certain musicians of importance are neglected . . .," he wrote. Freed has played Charlie Parker ("hard to believe he is rarely heard"), Billie Holiday, James Moody, Lester Young, and a surprising list of many others ("I could go on and hope to, on my program").

"Fewer young people than ever, it seems, have listened to the music seriously, can differentiate Ornette and Dolphy and have ever heard of Fats Navarro and Charlie Christian," he noted.

Freed seems to approach his subject with a modesty that balances his enthusiasm and dedication, writing, "I am not an authority; I don't mean to sound pompous; often the college announcers realize their ignorance and are simply groping. My approach on the show is not an academic one but neither is it: 'Well, what has Charles Lloyd done that can blow our minds today?'... I want people to enjoy jazz and see it as a living tradition...."

Drew Millard Leff is involved with another college station that reaches big-city audiences outside the college community. It is WHPK-FM, a student-operated station owned by the University of Chicago, which reaches the South Side of the city with classical, rock, r&b, calypso, and African High Life, along with news, public affairs, and interviews.

Jazz has lately been a feature on the station from midnight to 2:30 a.m., and Leff plays it all, from new releases back through history to basic blues. He has plans to feature interviews and hopes to bring in musicians, both local and visiting, traditionalists and free-jazz players. Recently, the city's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians has begun a weekly program on WHPK-FM.

WFMU in East Orange, N.J., is owned but not operated by Upsala College, and, although it is rock-oriented, Lou D'Antonio has done a modern-oriented jazz show, *Hour of the Duck*, for eight years, and recently Bill Stamm started a weekly *Roots of Jazz* series to complement it. A sign of the times, perhaps?

Donald Mass sees the times a bit differently: "Jazz is the only thing that holds me together in the vacuum that is Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. I am the drummer for our 17-piece jazz band and our jazz sextet. I am also announcer and producer of jazz programs on our radio station, WRTC-FM. At this point, we have jazz three times a week, but we are considering expanding to five nights a week." He adds that WRTC is one of two local stations that carries jazz.

Murray Stone of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, offers a credo that is worth quoting in full:

"CJUS-FM is owned by the University of Saskatchewan and is operated by the students' union of same. Our station is not in any way connected with credit courses in communication arts, and we exist to represent to the community the university and the students' union. The students operate the entire station as an extracurricular activity, and we are unpaid volunteers.

"Our broadcast policy since CJUS-FM's beginnings in 1965 has been to provide listeners with an alternative to the vagaries of commercial radio. Our license to broadcast is conditional on our remaining strictly noncommercial (and, boy, are we thankful for that stipulation), and we are, therefore, more or less indifferent to the size of our 'market'. Thus, it is feasible to broadcast jazz in quantities and quality much too high for a town like Saskatoon (pop. 125,000; 300 dogs, 400 cats, and a scattering of jazz fanatics).

"I strongly recommend this general broadcast policy of 'providing an alternative' to any college radio station, especially if it is noncommercial (most, I suppose, are). There is no reason why a college radio station should bow to those who prefer Mantovani to Mahler, or Ramsey Lewis to the late 'Trane. But it seems to be a lamentable dogma of broadcasting that a program's worth is to be determined by the number of people who listen to it, even when these people use the program for music to do the vacuum-cleaning by."

The jazz broadcasts, he continues, "should be hard-core jazz, with no 'commercial' frills. The idea here is to concentrate on musicians who have changed the course of jazz, or on those who clearly represent a certain phase in the development of a constantly developing art. A college radio station should find out what jazz really is and treat it in the manner which it deserves as an independent and vital art form. Following this policy, we at CJUS-FM eschew the Ramsey Lewises and Dave Brubecks of this world, and concentrate on the Birds, the Davises, the Coltranes, and the Colemans. And I suggest that other radio stations do the same (harrumph!).

"It should go without saying that the commentary on our hypothetical ideal jazz program should be intelligent. The jazz jock who acts like a rock jock defeats the purpose of treating jazz as an art. I don't mean that the jazz jock should be stiff and formal (a charge never leveled at me); what I do mean is that the jock should act as a critic. He should provide the listeners with information about the music he is playing, and support his critical judgments (if any) with half-decent arguments, at least. He needn't be formal or stuffy; he simply must respect the artistic intelligence and good intentions of his audience."

Jim Dougerty of Muscatine, Iowa, in a variety of activities that began in 1952, takes a different position. "I play jazz from swing to avant-garde . . .," he wrote. "I try to work in the best-selling jazz albums (chart surveys) with more interesting and usually better albums and singles of the past and the new releases. . .."

"KOPS-FM," Dougerty explained, "is the radio outlet of the Des Moines publicschool system, and I have been taping my nightly Jazz and Jim hour shows Sunday through Thursday from 10 to 11 p.m. and a half-hour edition, 10:30 to 11 p.m. on Friday. I feature jazz from swing to avant-garde.

"Veteran Des Moines traditionalist George Fletcher hosts *The Jazz Man* Friday nights 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.

"In addition, I tape a noon music show, *The Big Bands, Then and Now.* This series plays from noon to 1 p.m. weekdays. Top 40, rock, folk-rock, etc., is featured on afternoon music shows from 3 to 6 and 6:30 to 10 nightly with classroom educational features from 9 to 12 in the morning, and 1 to 3 in the afternoons.

"Besides the FM outlet, KDPS-TV operates on Channel 11, covering central Iowa, and features Ralph Gleason's jazz shows, Monterey festival highlights, and other NET tapes and films."

Arthur C. Scott does a 2-1/2-hour weekly jazz program on KZSU at Stanford University in California where he is a graduate student in chemistry. He reports, "I have been a hard-core jazz buff for about eight years now, and I took on the jazz program as a labor of love, in an attempt to turn on my contemporaries to a vital music that they have lost touch with due to the rock explosion (which is OK, too, but not the be-all and end-all to Western music that some kids seem to think it is).

"For the program I draw mostly on my own collection of 300 LPs. My programing runs from Ellington to Ayler, though the bulk of the stuff I play falls somewhere in a middle-ground modern bag somewhere near current Miles, pre-Ascension Coltrane, Monk, and Hubbard-Shorter-Henderson, etc. Blue Note things. I try to pattern my style of presentation on Ed Beach's superb Just Jazz programs for WRVR-FM in New York and on Phil Elwood's equally excellent programs here in the bay area."

Roger Lynch of Oberlin College in Ohio comes from St. Louis and says he thinks "Oberlin has a hole in its soul to play 160 consecutive hours of classical music during finals week. The least the station could do would be to give us 10 percent." The "us" includes Lynch himself, who does a 45-minute Sunday evening show, largely devoted to pianists (he sent a sample listing, which had Horace Silver, Oscar Peterson, and Erroll Garner, plus Wes Montgomery, Aretha Franklin, Jimmy Smith, and others).

Lyle Waller of KCBL-FM at Colorado State College in Greeley does a five-hour weekly show, two hours of which offer jazz and one of which is a survey of the music from its beginnings, using Columbia's Jazz Odyssey albums. (Good, but I hope anyone who does use those somewhat catch-all sets seeks out some critical guidance—from books and wherever else he can get it—for purposes of selection and comment.)

"I am a third-year graduate student and have been announcing jazz on WMMR for several months," writes Robert Hoff of the University of Minnesota. "The format is one which primarily reflects my own interests, which include nearly everything from Morton to Gulda to Jarman. Incidentally, I also do a regular jazz column for the *Minnesota Daily*, the university's student newspaper."

Murray Horwitz of WKCO at Kenyon College, Ohio, voices a complaint heard in most of the letters from which I have quoted, and in the many others from which I will not because of space.

"In addition to being manager of station WKCO, I run a jazz show for three hours one night a week, he said. "There has been an increasing interest in jazz on the Kenyon campus, and we have tried to expand our jazz programing to meet the demand. But Kenyon is, as you may know, a school of only 800-plus students, who are our sole financial support. With such limited resources, our attempts at acquiring better and more contemporary music in the area of jazz have been severely hampered."

Finally, E. T. Collingsworth Jr. expands on the above in a way that hopefully, may appeal to some recording executive or promotional man.

"This past summer I entered Antioch College and with my deep interest in jazz in mind, I joined the staff of the school's FM radio station. At the time, the station was broadcasting five hours of jazz a week, which received rather poor audience response. Since jazz is an interest shared by much of the student body, as can be seen in its support given to student musical groups and the enthusiasm displayed during jazz concerts on campus, the reason for the poor response given to the radio broadcasting is its unimaginative programing. This can be attributed in part to our inadequate record library."

Until some promotional man or company executive does respond, I'd suggest haunting the bargain bins and the "remainder" sales of LPs. Jazz, happily, is a music that does not depend only on the newest releases but has, if one is selective about it, a rich heritage. And some very fine jazz is now resting in dealer's bargain bins at the back of the shop.

THE YOUNG AT JAZZ: Reports on the Reno, Elmhurst, and Little Rock Festivals

Reno

SCHOOL JAZZ at Reno (Nev.) comes in large doses: 110 ensembles from 95 schools, junior high school through college level, competing simultaneously at two locations before nine judges within a two day period. An additional 15 schools sent observing ensembles.

Officially known as the 8th Annual Stage Band Festival, sponsored by the University of Nevada, the event attracted 85 big bands and 15 combos from a five-state area —Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, and Nevada—and thus deserves the unofficial title as the world's biggest stage band festival. Very likely the euphemistic "stage" will convert to "jazz" in future years, as well it should.

The musicianship on all levels was excellent, with the junior high groups possibly better than in other parts of the country. Most all the big bands favored brass unison arrangements in the mode of Kenton, Johnny Richards (his March of the Cyclops and Two Cultures have become standards), and Don Ellis, who not so incidentally was the featured soloist at the final concert. A number of groups showed strong rock influences in beat and instrumentation. Electric bass was quite common, but in too many cases, the big band player forgot the idiom and allowed overtones to muddy up the broth. Trumpet sections, even in the smaller schools, ran to five or six players.

Use of "other" instruments—organ, vibes, French horns, extra percussion, flute and alto flute, clarinets of various sizes, soprano sax, and even bass trumpet—brought the average size of big bands to about 20 to 21 pieces. The Neophonic orchestrations are certainly a strong influence.

The final concert featured each of the winning bands. The curtain-raiser was an emotional blood bath, with the John Muir Jr. High School band (San Leandro, Calif.) bringing a more-than-capacity crowd of 2600 people to its feet. To say that Director Tony Caviglia had the band up is an understatement. Don Ellis ran backstage, asking the age and whereabouts of the drummer. He fell out when told that Grady Thompson (see cover) is a fifthgrader and has been taking lessons with Bill Nawrocki for three years.

Winner of high school classification "A" (enrollment 620) was Bear River High School, Tremonton (Utah) led by J. Golden Ward. "AA" winner (enrollment 1150) was El Camino High School, South San Francisco, led by J. Ted Marr. "AAA" winner (enrollment 1765) was Tracy High School, Tracy (Calif.) led by Joe Foster. The judges chose two "AAAA" bands to share first place in their division: Skyline High School (2840), Salt Lake City, Lawrence Bird, director; and Nathan Hale High School (2027), Seattle, John Moawad, director. Both groups were deep in soloists, had good, imaginative charts and fine, allaround musicianship. The Utah band was more rock-oriented, with a driving fiveman rhythm section. Nathan Hale wailed within a more conventional style.

The judges didn't care to make a stylistic choice by naming one or the other "best", so the bands played head-to-head for the best-of-show grand trophy. Nathan Hale showed its musical maturity by responding with an almost flawless performance. San Jose took all the college marbles, its City (Junior) College and State University bands winning in their divisions.

Ellis brought the festival to a close and the crowd to its feet with his *Trumpet Concerto*, backed very competently by the University of Nevada Jazz Concert Band under the direction of Gene Isaeff. (This band, and the group from San Jose State University went on to the Intermountain College Jazz Festival at Salt Lake City, seeking a shot at the Intercollegiate finals in St. Louis, May 22, 23 and 24.)

Earlier in the day, Ellis had joined Paul Tanner (U.C.L.A.), Dr. Herb Wong (U.C. Berkeley), Isaeff, and Charles Suber (*Down Beat*) in a two hour far-ranging seminar for 135 music educators. Dr. Wong, who is principal of the U. of C. Elementary Lab School (he also dee-jays on KJAZ) described his present curriculum of jazz instrumental instruction and performance for kindergarten through sixth grade as part of a larger concept of academic relevance for primary grades. Wong promised to bring a jazz sextet (average age 9 years) to the 1970 festival (March 6 and 7).

Suber presided as chairman of judges, but the real, hour-by-hour, day-by-day adjudication was most ably and courageously handled by Orville Fleming, Allen Michalek, Larry Stoffell, David Tucker, Gerry Genuario, Jim Dukey, Dick Mordenti, and Dr. Wong.

All the million-and-one details and the general concept were again coordinated by Dr. John Carrico, who inaugurated the festival in 1962 (with five bands and Buddy DeFranco). Dr. John promises that with additional facilities he will host 150 ensembles next year. And he'll probably do it.

Elmhurst

A real, down-to-the-wire jazz battle climaxed the two-day 2nd annual Midwest College Jazz Festival at Elmhurst near



Reno winners: John Moawad, Nathan Hale H.S.; Lawrence Bird, Skyline H.S.; Joe Foster, Tracy H.S.; J. Ted Marr, El Camino H.S.; J. Golden Ward, Bear River H.S.; Tony Caviglia, John Muir J.H.S.

Chicago. The winners, who go on to the finals in St. Louis May 22, 23 and 24, were the Kent State University Lab Band, Indiana University (Bloomington) Jazz Quintet, and jazz vocalist Marilyn Walton from the host college, Elmhurst.

The big band competition was especially close. The judges decided on four bands to play at the Saturday night finals—Kent, Findlay College (Ohio), Eastern Illinois University (Charleston), and the University of Illinois (Champaign) Second Jazz Band. Led by Paul Vanderghandst, the Illinois group seemed determined to match the "varsity", who had already won a regional crown at Mobile. But pianistarranger Bill Dobbins, trombonist Garnett Hicks, and an inspired rhythm section made Kent the judges' choice.

In the combo division, it was another University of Illinois group, a quintet led by Cecil Bridgewater (trumpet) and Howie Smith (alto) that made the strongest challenge (an Illinois combo led by Ron Dewar had already won at Mobile). But Indiana's Harry Miedema (alto) and Larry Wiseman (trumpet), backed by a superbly responsive rhythm section, could do no wrong, and they got the St. Louis trip.

The vocal contest pitted a good-looking, well-rehearsed Ball State University (Muncie, Ind.) co-ed group against Marilyn Walton, a poised 18-year-old freshman from Elmhurst. In spite of rather wooden rhythm backing, Miss Walton showed promising use of jazz phrasing and a professional stage presence that commanded the decision over Ball State's pleasant lightly swinging arrangements.

Berklee Scholarship awards for best section players went to Gary Parker (alto & flute), Eastern Illinois Univ.; and Hicks and Dobbins as best brass and rhythm players. The Gretsch Co. drum scholarship to the Summer Jazz Clinics went to Harry Wilkinson of Indiana. Bill Rhodes of the University of Cincinnati big band won the top arranger award, a full scholarship to the two week Famous Arrangers Clinic (University of Nevada Southern, Las Vegas).

Saturday morning was high school clinic time, with all the judges turning out for extra duty. Bob Tilles, percussion, and Bob Share, keyboard, handled the rhythm clinic; Joe Daley handled reeds, and Phil Wilson, brass. Wilson then worked a rehearsal band for about two hours. The students' clinic charge of \$1 also entitled them to admission to the Saturday afternoon festival performance.

The festival, sponsored locally by Elmhurst College, Karnes Music Company, and *Down Beat* was produced by Dale Hamilton, Elmhurst music director, and Charles Suber. National sponsorship and promotional assistance was provided by Budweiser Beer, Mike LaMonica, midwest area chief. Next year's festival is set for March 27-28.

Little Rock

Groups came from as far as a thousand miles to join other Arkansas Travelers at the 3rd annual Little Rock Jazz Festival, one of the six regional components of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival.

Showing their professionalism, after riding a bus from Pittsburgh and paying for



Illinois altoist Howie Smith: strong challenge

most of the trip themselves, the jazz players of Duquesne University won the big band trophy, competing in the finals with big bands from Loyola University (New Orleans), University of Missouri (Columbia), and Memphis State University (Tenn.) They all played their hearts out.

Loyola, who had faced the University of Illinois juggernaut at the Mobile festival, played fast and loose, strongly aided and abetted by a swinging rhythm section. Missouri made a strong bid with a young, passionately dedicated band playing original material, mostly by Don Kinnison, who won the "best arranger award."

Memphis featured a very promising trombonist, Don Hillis, in a moving ballad.

The judges—Ed Gideon, Bob Steele, and Charles Suber—made a tough decision for Duquesne, based on the depth and maturity of their soloists; particularly Bob Hankle, trombone, who won "best brass player" award; Rich Torcaza, whose tenor sax playing was honorably mentioned, and Joey Chojnaki, who won the Fred Gretsch drum award with big fat hands and nimble feet.

Finalists in the combo division were Loyola, Missouri, and Texas Southern University (Houston). Missouri won with a very interesting sextet which carried the day with a John Coltrane piece. Loyola remained a bridesmaid, but should make no apology for what was a tasty, musically excellent quartet. Soprano saxophonist Charle Brent, bassist Milt Stevens and guitarist Ronnie Escheté were outstanding in solos and backing. Stevens copped the best ihythm player award; Escheté won the Fred Gretsch Co. guitar scholarship.

Texas Southern unfortunately featured vibist leader Woody Murray, who has less of a jazz conception than his sidemen, especially drummer William Jeffery and altoist-flutist Ronnie Laws. The latter won best reed player award.

Angelle Trosclair, pianist in the Loyola

big band, won the vocal trophy on the strength of her jazz phrasing and lyric handling. The good Loyola rhythm section backing didn't hurt either. The same section also backed another Loyola vocalist, Charles Cavet, in the finals. The Collegiates (six male and four female voices plus piano and drums) from Wisconsin State University (LaCrosse) were beautifully rehearsed and presented their pop material with loving care, but just didn't have the jazz qualities necessary to win in this competition.

Other festival entries of note included a fine young band from Henderson State College (Arkadelphia, Ark.); a new promising band from Western Illinois University (Macomb) led by Lance Strickland, a North Texas State alumnus who certainly knows what he's about; and a spirited group from Brevard Junior College (Cocoa Beach, Fla.) who play and believe in Buddy Rich (and Phil Wilson). Like virtually all other festival participants, the Brevard musicians learned what is happening and will be back next year with sounds and scores at the ready.

Other combo entrants included The New Brass from the University of Howston (Tex.) and the Davis-La Rocca Sextet from Duquesne. Other vocalists were Joy Reid, University of Arkansas (Fayetteville); Ken Strahm, N.E., Kansas Voc-Tech (Sabetha); Freddi Seaholm, Principai College (Elsah, Ill.). Purdue University (Lafayette, Ind.) was represented by a rock group called the Teaberry Scandal. They didn't make it.

Charles Bill Black of the Little Rock Youth Council produced the festival, which was handsomely housed at the Arkansas Arts Center. An acoustically excellent auditorium was marred by poor solo mikes. Despite good press and TV coverage, the atendance was sparse, perhaps because of Easter weekend and a walk in honor of Martin Luther King.

SUMMER JAZZ **GUIDE**:

a listing of camps, clinics, and schools

The following listing of 100-plus summer music camps, clinics, and schools is ar-ranged alphabetically by state (and alphabetically by location within states). The details are as complete as school sources were able to provide at presstime.

Key to abbreviations: Curr.: curriculum. F: faculty. bb: big band, se: small ensembles. im: improvisation. th: theory. ar: arranging. CCH: course credit hours.

Troy, Al 36081; Summer Band Camp, Troy State Univ.; July 21-25. Dir., John M. Long. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. University, Al 35486; Univ. of Alabama Music Camp; June 2-14. Dir., Emily B. Nash. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Tempe, Az 85281; Arizona All State H. S. Fine Arts Camp, Arizona State Univ.; June 29. July 12. Dir. Mrs. Nadine Dress.

June 29-July 12. Dir., Mrs. Nadine Dress-kell. F: unk. Curr: bb/6; se/5; th/6; con/6. CCH: none. Since 1955. Carlsbad, Ca 92008; Camp Pacific, Army & Navy Academy; June 29-Aug. 9. Dir., Al Polhamus. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; ar/unk.

Al Polhamus, F: unk. Curr: bb/5; ar/unk. CCh: unk. El Cajon, Ca 92020; Southland Summer Music Camp, 602 E. Chase Ave.; August 17-30. Dir., Richard Robinette. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Idyllwild, Ca 92349; Univ. of So. Calif., Idyllwild School of Music; June 15-Au-gust 31. Dir., Joseph Saetveit. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Badlonde, Ca 92373; Stap Kanton Clinice

Redlands, Ca 92373; Stan Kenton Clinics Univ. of Redlands; August 3-8. Dirs., Stan Kenton, Matt Betton, James Jorgen-son. F: Jack Wheaton, Dan Haerle, Herb Patnoe, Dee Barton, James Jorgenson, The Kenton Orchestra. Curr: bb/10, se/5; im/8; th/5; ar/5. CCH: none. Since 1966. Sacramento, Ca; Sacramento State Col-Sacramento, Ca; Sacramento State Col-lcge. Write Summer Jazz Clinics, Box 221, South Bend, Ind. 46624; Ang. 10-16. Dir., Leon Breeden. F: Wm. Bissell, Breeden, Jay DeVersa, Shelley Denny, Leonard Feather, Bill Fowler, Jim Garrison, Derryl Goes, Tasso Harris, Wes Hensel, Marian McPartland, Ralph Mutchler, Herb Pat-noe, Ralph Pena, Aubrey Penman, Phil Wilson. Curr: bb/10; se/5; im/5; th/10; ar/10; sectionals/10. CCH: 1. Since 1959. San Jose, Ca 95114; San Jose State Col-San Jose, Ca 95114; San Jose State Col-lege, 120 So, 7 St.; June 16-20, June 23-Aug. 1, Aug. 4-8. Dir., Dwight Cannon, F: Cannon, Bill Fritz. Curr: bb/3; se/1; im/2; hist/3. CCH: 1/2 unit each. Since 1967

Stockton, Ca 95204; Pacific Music Camp, Univ. of the Pacific; June 22-July 20.

20 DOWN BEAT

Camp Dir., David S. Goedecke; Jazz Dir., Bob Soder. F: Soder, Goedecke, John Ken-dall, Don Dollarhide, Curr: bb/9; th/6. CCH: none. Since 1965.

CCH: none. Since 1965. Fort Collins, Co 80521; Summer Music Camp, Colorado State Univ.; July 27-August 2. Dir., Otto Werner. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Glenwood Springs, Co 81601; Alpine Music Camp; P. O. Box 1150; June 22-August 3. Dir., Donald Navy. Curr: unk. CCH: unk.

CCH: unk.

Storrs, Ct; Univ. of Connecticut. Write Summer Jazz Clinics, Box 221 South Bend, In 46624. Aug. 17-23. Dir., Tom Brown, F: Jamey Aebersold, David Baker, Wall Barnett, Ken Bartosz, Alan Dawson, Niel Dunlap, Jerry Green, Joe Hambrick, Bob Hores, Lenny Johnson, John LaPorta, Everett Lonstreth, Charlie Mariano, Roger Mills, Herb Pomeroy, Alan Raph, Ray Santisi, Roger Schueler, Dom Spera, Sally Starkey, Jim Starkey, Attila Zoller. Curr: bb/10; se/5; im/4 th/10; ar/10; section-als/10. CCH: 1. Since 1968. Winsted, Ct 06098; Laurel Music Camp, RFD #2 Workcoeman; June 21-27. Dir., Betty Sonier. F: Edward Keeley. Curr: bb/unk; se/unk. CCH: none. Since 1962. Wilmington, De 19802; Wilmington Mu-sic School, 4101 Washington St.; June 19-28. Dir., Hall Schiff. F: Phil Wilson, Bobby Timmons, Lloyd Johnston, Pepper Adams, Jack Haas, Peter Barenbregg, Ralph Razze, Alan Start, Jr., Jimmy Cara, Bob Brown, F: Jamey Aebersold, David Baker,

Razze, Alan Start, Jr., Jimmy Cara, Bob Bosik. Curr: all subjects within 8 hours per day. CCH: none. Since 1962. Gainesville, FI 32601; Gatorland Music

Clinic, Univ. of Florida. July 18-26 July 20-26. Dir., Robert E. Foster. F: Saul Feldstein, Robert Foster, Mark Zumbro, Claude Fouse, & others. Curr: bb/8; th/5. CCH: none.

CCH: none. Tallahassee, Fl 32304; Florida A&M Univ., 1003 Tanner Dr.; date/unk. Dir., Dr. Williaim P. Foster; F: Dr. Foster. Curr: bb/3. CCH: 1. Since 1960. Athens, Ga 30601; Georgia High School Music Workshop, Univ. of Georgia; June 15-27. Dir., J. Kimball Harriman. F: Wm.

Robison, Curr: bb/5, CCH: none, Since 1963.

mer Fine Arts Academy; June 16-28. Dir., Dr. Jay L. Slaugher. F: Richard Ballou, Curr: bb/unk; th/unk. CCH: unk. Since 1955.

Moscow, Id 83843; Dept. of Music, Univ. of Idaho; June 15-28. Dir., Norman Lo-gan. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Bloomington, Il 61701; Senior Camp, Illi-nois Wesleyan Univ.; June 23-July 5. Dir., Maurice Willis. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none.

Carbondale, Il 62901; Southern Illinois Univ. date/unk. Dirs., Gene Stiman, Don

Lemasters. F: Stiman, Lemasters. Curr: bb/3; ar/2. CCH: none. Since 1968. Charleston, II 61920; Eastern Music Camp, Eastern Illinois Univ.; June 22-29, June 29-July 6. Dir., Fred Bouknight. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none.

Curr: bb/5. CCH: none. Decatur, II; Milliken University. Write Summer Jazz Clinics, Box 221, South Bend, In 46624; Aug. 10-16. Dir., Tom Brown. F: Jamey Aebersold, Dave Baker, Wally Barnett, Ken Bartosz, Alan Dawson, Niel Dunlap, Jerry Green, Joe Hambrick, Bob Hores, Lenny Johnson, John LaPorta, Everett Longstreth, Charlie Mariano, Roger Mills, Herb Pomeroy, Alan Raph, Ray Santisi, Roger Schueler, Dom Spera, Sally Starkey, Jim Starkey, Attila Zoller. Curr: bb/10; se/5; im/4; th/10; ar/10; section-als/10. CCH: 1. Since 1968. DeKalb, II 60115; Music for Youth Camp,

DeKalb, Il 60115; Music for Youth Camp, Northern Illinois Univ.; July 6-18. Dir., Gordon W. Bird. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Evanston, Il 60201; Northwestern Univ., Summer High School Music Project. July 6-26. Dir., Prof. Fred L. Hemke. F: Father George Wiskirchen, Charles Hawes. Curr: bb/unk; se/unk; im/unk; th/unk; ar/unk. CCH: none. Since 1964. Bloomington, In 47401; School of Music,

Indiana Univ.; June 22-July 13, July 5-13. Dir., Leon Fosha. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none.

Evansville, In 47704; Tri-State Music



Camp, Univ. of Evansville. June 15-22.

Dir., Robert Donaldson, F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/unk. CCH: unk. Lafayette, In 47707; Purdue University Summer Music Camp, Hall of Music; July 6-12. Dir., Maxine Lefever. F: Bob Schlatter, Marv Hicks, Jim Chandler. Curr: bb/ 10. CCH: none. Since 1958.

Muncie, In 47306; Mid America Music Camp, Ball State Univ.; July 20-26. Dir., Earl Dunn. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/unk. CCH: unk.

Camps, Inc.; June 1-August 31. Dir., H. Merl Smith. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Terre Haute, In 47809; Concert Band Workshop, Indiana State Univ., July 21-Aug. 1. Dir., George Graesch. F: unk. Curr: bb/5, con/unk. CCH: none.

Cedar Falls, Ia 50613; Tallcorn Music Camp, Univ. of Northern Iowa. July 27-August 2. Dir., Myron Russell. F: unk.

August 2. Dir., Myron Russell, F: Unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk. Iowa City, Ia 52240; All State Music Can.p, Univ. of Iowa, School of Music; June 21-July 3. Dir., Frank Piersol. F: Thomas L. Davis, Curr: bb/5. CCH: none. Since 1956.

Hays, Ks 67601; High Plains Band Camp, Fort Hays Kansas State College; August 10-16. Dir., H. G. Palmer. F: Matt Betton,

Jim Maxwell, Dan King, Earl Blauer. Curr: bb/4. CCH: none. Since 1950. Lawrence, Ks 66044; Midwestern Music and Art Camp, Univ. of Kansas. June 15-July 27. Dir., Russell Wiley. F: unk. Curr:

bb/5. CCH: unk. Manhattan, Ks 66502; All State Music Clinic, Kansas State Univ.; June 8-15. Dir., Paul Shul. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Morchead, Ky 40351; Morchead State Univ.; date/unk. Dirs., Gene Deaton, Rob-ert Schietroma. F: Deaton, Schietroma. Curr: bb/2; se/2; im/2; ar/2. CCH: 3. Since 1965.

Richmond, Ky 40475; Stephen Collins Foster Music Camp, Eastern Kentucky Univ. June 15-July 27. Dir., Russell Wiley, F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk. Lake Charles, La 70601; McNeese State

College Music & Twirling Camp; July 6-12. Dirs., Norman E. Smith, Brad Daigle. F: Leon Theriot. Curr: bb/8; th/5. CCH:

Ruston, La 71270; La Tech Summer Music Camp, Box 5316 Tech Station. June 15-28. Dir., Joe G. Sheppard. F: Frank Wil-con Paron Frinces Curre the/unk: th/ son, Ramon Espinosa. Curr: bb/unk; th/ unk; ar/unk. CCH: none. Since 1964. **Oakland, Me** 04963; New England Music

Camp; June 30-August 25. Dir., Arthur Booth. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; comp/unk; con/unk. CCH: unk.

Raymond, Me 04071; Amherst Summer Music Center; June 29-August 23. Dirs, J. Clement Schuler. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/unk; comp/unk. CCH: unk.

Boston, Ma 02215; Berklee School of Mu-Sic, 1140 Boylston St.; June 30-Aug. 15, June 8-Aug. 28. Admin., Robert Share. F: Herb Pomeroy, John LaPorta, Phil Wilson, Alan Dawson, & others. Curr: bb/5; se/5; imp/5; th/5; ar/5; ear tr/5; ovt inst/5. CCH: 1 or 2 per subject.

Lenox, Ma 01240; New England Conservatory Institute at Tanglewood; July 15-August 22. Dir., Gunther Schuller. F: unk. Curr: jazz/unk; me/unk; com/unk. CCH: unk.

East Lansing, Mi 48823; Michigan State Univ. Youth Music; July 27-August 16. Dir., Robert G. Sidnell; F: George West. Curr: bb/unk; se/unk; im/unk; th/unk. CCH: none. Since 1961.

Kalamazoo, Mi 49001; High School Music Workshop, Western Michigan Univ.; July 6-19. Dir., Carl Doubleday, F: Robert Davidson. bb/unk. CCH: none. Since 1966

Marquette, Mi 49423; Summer Music Camp, Northern Michigan Univ.; August 10-16. Dir., Harold Wright. F: unk. Curr. bb/5 CCH: unk.

Twin Lake, Mi 49457; Summer Camp, National Catholic Bandmasters Assoc. August 10-17. Dir., William Seeback. F:

unk. Curr: bb/5; con/unk. CCH: unk. Ypsilanti, Mi 48197; Eastern Michigan Univ., June 23-August 1. Dir., Dr. How-ard Rarig; F: Dr. Maurice Laney, Dr. Thom Mason. Curr: jazz hist./unk. CCH: First year.

Bemidji, Mn 56601; Music Clinic, Be-midji State College; August 3-16 Dir., Theodore Thorson. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Hattiesburg, Ms 39401; Univ. of South-Hattesburg, Ms 39401; Univ. of Soum-ern Mississippi Summer Band Camp, South-ern Station, Box 32; July 20-Aug. 2. Dir., Alan H. Drake. F: Larry Keating, Ronald Herrington, Bobby Cheatham. Curr: bb/5; th/5. CCH: none. Since 1965.

Columbia, Mo 65201; Univ. of Missouri Columbia All-State Music Camp, 140 Fine Arts Bldg.; June 15-27. Dir., Richard L. Hills. F: Prof. Lawrence Sutherland. Curr: bb/5; th/5. CCH: none. First year. Kansas City, Mo 64108; University of Mis-

unk. Dir., Herbert L. Six; F: Six, Irving Miller, George Salisbury, Bill Trumbauer. Curr: bb/3; se/2; im/pvt; th/pvt; ar/2; jazz hist./2. CCH: em/1; ar/2; jh/2. Since 1950.

Kirksville, Mo 63501; 1000 Hills Summer Band Camp, Northeast Missouri State Col-lege; June 9-13. Dir., Tom Duden. F: Jerry Hoover, Dick Perkins. Curr: bb/unk; th/unk. CCH: none. Since 1967.

St. Louis, Mo 63130; Oliver Nelson Summer Clinic, Washington Univ.; June 16-July 26. Coor., Donn Bearman. F: Oliver Nelson, Ron Carter, John Cotter. Curr: bb/unk; im/unk; ar/unk; com/unk; bass seminar/unk. CCH: 3. Since 1963.

Chadron, Nb 69337; Summer Arts Festi-val, Chadron State College; May-25-June 1. Dir., Harry Holmberg. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Las Vegas, Nv 89109; Famous Arrangers Clinic, Univ. of Southern Nev. Write: P. O. Box 221, South Bend, Ind. 46624; June 22-July 5. Dir., William Fowler, F: unk. Curr: im/unk; ar/unk; com/unk. CCH: unk.

Reno, Nv 89503; Univ., of Nevada Summer Stage Band & Jazz Clinics; July 28-August 1. Dirs., John Carrico, Gene Isaeff; F: Allen Michalek, Isaeff. Curr: bb/10; se/7; im/10; th/10; ar/10 CCH: 1. Since 1962

Durham, N.H. 03824; Univ. Extension Service, Univ. of New Hampshire, Huddelston Hall; July 27-August 10. Dir., Mar-garet Soper. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Las Vegas, N.M. 87701; Highlands Music Camp, N.M. Highlands Univ.; June 8-14. Dir., Champ Tyrone. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Portales, N.M. 88130; Sunshine Music Camp, Eastern N.M. Univ.; June 5-15. Dir., Paul Srub. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/ unk. CCH: unk.

Delhi, N.Y. 13753; Music Camp, New York State Univ.; June 29-August 9. Dir., Frederic Fay Swift. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; ar/unk; har/unk; com/unk. CCH: unk.

New York, NY 10003; Div. of Music Education, New York Univ. School of Educa-tion, 80 Washington Square East, Room 65; date/unk. Head, Dr. Jerrold Ross; F: Dr. Joseph Scianni. Curr: bb/unk; ar/unk;

jazz en/unk. CCH: 0-3. Since 1968. Greensboro, N.C. 27412; Summer Music Camp, Univ., of No. Carolina at Greens-boro, June 15-29. Dir., Raymond Gariglio. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Greenville, N.C. 27834; School of Music, East Carolina Univ.; July 13-25. Dir., Herbert Carter. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk.

Denseith, N.D. 58329; International Music Camp, June 8-August 3. Dir., Merton Utgaard. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 CCH: unk. Columbus, Oh 43209; Capital Univ., June 22-29. Dir., Gene Taylor. F: unk. Curr: bb/5 control bb/5 CCH: unk. bb/5; con/unk. CCH: unk. Oxford, Oh 45056; Summer Music Work-

shop, Miami Univ., June 15-29. Dir., Nicholas Poccia. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Eugene, Or 97403; High School Summer Session, Univ. of Oregon, June 15-28. Dir., Ira Lee. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: UIN.

Annville, Pa 17003; Joseph Allard & Nel son Hauenstein Woodwind Workshop, Lebanon Valley Coll., June 23-27. Dir., Frank Stachow. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none.

none. Kingston, Ri 02881; Summer Music Camp, Music Education Assn., Univ. of Rhode Island; July 28-August 8. Dir., Joseph Herne. F: Wm. Fabrizio, Jos. Herne. Curr: bb/unk; se/unk; th/unk; ar/unk. CCH: none. First year. Columbia, S.C. 29209; Summer Session, Univ. of So. Carolina; June 9-July 18. Dir., A. M. Fraser. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

CCH: unk.

Spearfish, S.D. 57783; Black Hills State Col.; August 3-9. Dir., Victor Weidensee. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Memphis, Tn 38111; Summer Music Festival & Camp, Memphis State Univ.; June 14-July 2. Dir., George Osborne. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none.

Sewanee, Tn 37375; Sewanee Summer Music Center, June 22-July 27. Dir., Martha McCrory. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; com/unk; con/unk. CCH: unk. Arlington, Tx 76010; Univ. of Texas, Box

Arlington, 1x /6010; Univ. of 1exas, Box 538 UTA: July 13-18. Dir., Jack Mahan. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: none. Austin, Tx 78712; Univ. of Texas at Austin, Music Dept; dates: unk. Dir., G. R. (Dick) Goodwin, F: Goodwin, Curr: bb/3; ar/2. CCH: 2. First year. Canyon, Tx 79015; Summer Music Camp, West Texas State Univ. July 13.25. dir.

West Texas State Univ., July 13-25. dir., John Green. F: unk. Curr: bb/5. CCH: unk.

Commerce, Tx 75428; Blue and Gold Camps, East Texas Univ., June 15-21. Dir., Neill Humfeld. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/unk. CCH: unk.

Dallas, Tx 75222; Big "D" Music Camp, Southern Methodist Univ.; June 15-29. Camp Dir., Roy J. Weger. SB Dir., Don Jacoby. F: David Pittman, Paul Guerrero. Curr: bb/10; se/5; th/10. CCH: none. First year.

Lubbock, Tx 79409; Youth Music Camp, Texas Tech., P. O. Box 4239 Music Dept.; July 13-25. Dir., Dean Killion. F: Joel T. Leach. Curr: bb/unk. th/unk. CCH: none. Since 1965.

Nacogdoches, Tx 75961; Lumberjack Camps, Stephen F. Austin Univ.; July 7-11. Dir., Mel Montgomery. F: unk. Curr: bb/5; con/5. CCH: unk. Waco, Tx 76703; Summer Music Camp for High School Students, Baylor Univ.;

May 31-June 8. Dean, Daniel Sternberg; Camp Dir., Bernard A. Smith; F: Larry Van Landingham. Curr: bb/unk; th/unk. CCH: none. First year.

Logan, Ut 84321; Summer Music Clinic, Utah State Univ., July 7-19. Dir., Max /Continued on page 34

Stanley Spector: Drum Guru

By Ira Gitler

"I UNDERTOOK the project of investigating the teaching of jazz drumming because it was an area in which original work could be done, and as I went along, I found that I had to make use of the skills, knowledge, and experiences of a metaphysician, clinical psychologist, Zen master, guru, and camp counselor."

The speaker was Stanley Spector, a tall, gangling, angular iconoclast, who is one of New York's busiest drum instructors. Some drummers have come to swear by him—others at him.

Jake Hanna, who studied three years with Spector, gives him credit in an area generally considered unteachable—time. In a 1963 *Down Beat* interview, Hanna flatly stated: "There is no other teacher for me. Many of them are so busy with the hands, building technique. Having 'good hands' has nothing to do with playing jazz. I'm sure Buddy Rich and Joe Morello would still be as great if they didn't have 'good hands'. You've got to do first things first —learn to keep time and swing, the basic thing a drummer is supposed to do, but you can't just do it right off the bat; it takes a while."

On the other hand, Morello, when asked what he thought of Spector, responded drily: "Stanley Spector is the tallest drum teacher in America." At a Los Angeles drum clinic, Shelly Manne came to the absent Spector's defense when someone said, "I hear Stanley Spector is a kook."

Certainly Spector, who doesn't view himself as "the Mr. Chips of the drum teaching world," cannot be considered orthodox. But he is no kook. He has his own method,



which derives in great part from what he believes is the fallacy of "basics." Learning rudiments and then adapting them to jazz is an idea antithetical to Spector's teaching concept. Although his students usually have prior experience, his premise extends to the neophyte as well.

"I'm more interested in the attitude of the individual than his performing abilities," he says.

That he has a method that gets results is illustrated in part by an incident involving one of his well-known students, Joe Cocuzzo. The drummer was playing in a trio with pianist Ross Tompkins, who told him, "I've only heard a particular sound quality coming out of a cymbal from one other drummer, and while you don't play like Jake Hanna in other respects, the cymbal sound is strikingly similar."

"We studied with the same teacher," said Cocuzzo.

Spector's own drum instruction began in his native Boston about 12 years after his birth in 1925. His initial interest was sparked by Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich. He remembers seeing the bands at the old Metropolitan Theater and liking the sheer sound of instruments, but he began by studying classical music with George Stone.

His playing experience started at an early age. "I was George Wein's first drummer, when we were in junior high," he related, "and I played with Serge Chaloff at jam sessions when Serge sounded more like Benny Goodman than Sol Yaged does. He was always great."

At 16, Spector was advised to audition at Tanglewood and received a scholarship. "Koussevitsky conducted this wartime student orchestra," he remembered, "and Leonard Bernstein was a 24-year-old conducting student." At 17, because of a snare drum part he'd played that summer in Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony, Spector was given a two-week leave of absence from Brookline High School to tour with the Boston Symphony. He also worked Boston's Scollay Square club circuit and for two weeks traveled daily to Portsmouth, N.H. to play in a burlesque show pit-band. While in the Army, he was a member of the West Point Band, and after service, spent a year with the North Carolina Symphony. By the time he received his Bachelor of Music degree from Boston University, Spector had acquired wide and varied experience and a substantial income from teaching. It was during his college days that he became a teacher and gravitated once again towards jazz.

"It seems that the people who were coming to me were interested in playing jazz," Spector said. "I recognized that my knowledge and playing experience were not relevant to what they needed for jazz performance. I began listening to Max Roach and Buddy Rich."

His reawakening convinced him that the jazz drummer faced creative and artistic situations not within the experience of the classical drummer. Spector began talking to drummers about the playing of jazz.

"They could play it," he said, "but they couldn't explain it to students. I spoke to drum teachers and found their particular viewpoint no answer to my questions. Therefore, I set about to restudy it on my own terms. While jazz drumming is a relatively new activity, its problems correspond with problems of human experience present since the beginning of time."

He did what he terms his "first serious jazz playing" as a member of the Jazz Workshop in Boston in 1952 with altoist Charlie Mariano, trumpeter Herb Pomeroy, and the late Dick Twardzik on piano. They rented a room for sessions. At the same time, Spector continued to perform in the classical field, as tympanist with the Cambridge Festival Orchestra under Daniel Pinkham; in Henry Purcell's Faerie Queene, recorded for Allegro at Harvard in 1953; and at the Brandeis Festival under Bernstein in Stravinsky's Les Noces for four pianos and five percussion. All the while he continued to teach. "All my interests crossed in this activity," he explained.

In 1961, he began commuting to New York City, maintaining studios there and in Boston until 1966, when he made his move to Manhattan permanent. His W. 58th St. school is well equipped with a drum set and a variety of tape recorders and microphones. It was there, while leaning back in an armchair, his long legs stretched out in front of him, that he said of the theoretical situation of the beginning drummer: "My advice is not to go to a drum teacher. First, one must stretch one's natural abilities, and then, when you go to a teacher, you will have a point of reference to judge the proficiency of the formalized study experience.

"The idea comes from Alfred North Whitehead," said Spector. "The first step is romance and to implement this, the drummer should have a drum set, not diddle on a practice pad. He should have phonograph records and should see live performances whenever possible. The second step is precise knowledge.

"What I try to do is to structure a symbolic jazz environment between myself and the student. The best jazz drummers are able to function because they can feel and hear within the jazz environment. They are one with that environment, but they don't separate themselves from it. By not being a performer and being outside the environment, I am better able to view it and understand its structure. Does the fish understand that his environmentn is water?

"The study of drumming," he continued, "ought to be the study of time and rhythm rather than the study of technique. What most people call technique I call manual dexterity. Stravinsky says, 'Technique is the whole man.'

"The idea of being born with rhythm is open to investigation. I can't teach everyone to play jazz—only certain people, at certain times, under certain conditions. The 'whole man' learns about time, rhythm, and the common rhythmical practice in jazz focusing attention on concentration, memory and recall."

In explaining his modus operandi, Spector revealed that he and his students "work on the drummer and what goes on inside him. These are the things that ought to move the muscles. The stumbling block in learning to play is fragmentation. The /Continued on page 35

A TONG FUNERAL FOR "MIXED BAG"



Jazz on television can be a mighty dull experience. Visually, that is. Most TV directors have a limited repertoire of standard shots which they use over and over the group (middle shot), the soloist. the soloist's hands (especially keyboard or vibes men), and then back to the group. Your mind can dig the music, and your eyes can dig what everybody looks like, but beyond that there is little.

But there is—or rather, was—an exception to this rule. Mixed Bag was its title, and it presented weekly (On WGBH, Boston's education channel) both the ups and the comers in the fields of rock and jazz.

The sounds were selected and presented with consistent taste and care by co-producers Lee Tanner and David Atwood; and director Atwood provided color-filled contrapuntal images that floated across the screen and into the eyes with a finely tuned precision that enriched and enhanced—but never intruded on—the mood set by the musicians.

The news that this exceptional show was to be discontinued because of financial troubles caused a small furor—but a furor nonetheless—among some of the more enlightened Boston TV and (to a greater extent) popular music critics. A few articles appeared, wondering why everything good on television seems doomed from the start, but none of them did any good.

The only thing that helped soften the blow was the program's last taped offering, a slightly truncated version of Carla Bley's remarkable *A Genuine Tong Funeral*. The "dark opera without words" was performed, of course, by the equally remarkable Gary Burton Quartet. Amid the whimpers, *Mixed Bag* went out with a bang.

The RCA Victor LP of Funeral (given five stars in DB, Dec. 26, 1968) had been released not long before, and the music had already become quite familiar. It's a long and varied piece, often sardonic, sometimes deeply moving. It is also program music in a stronger-than-usual sense; the emotional import of each section is indicated tersely but precisely in cryptic phrases in the liner notes, and the universality of the feelings of loss expressed is such that any listener's imagination will seem to tell him just what the composer had in mind at any given point.

Still, it is a mysterious piece. Familiar phrases are eerily twisted in the face of the theme of death, and a suddenly howling saxophone note can express agonies of grief. Its sheer expressiveness is incredible.

The album was recorded over a year and a half ago. Since then, the Burton quartet personnel has changed. Guitarist Jerry Hahn and drummer Bill Goodwin have replaced Larry Coryell and Bob Moses. But to the comparing ear, the TV version proved that the newer members have at least as deep an understanding of the piece as did their predecessors—their playing was clean, clear, and meaningful.

Furthermore the six-member orchestra supporting the foursome on the LP (including Miss Bley, keyboards and conductor) was replaced by men picked up from Boston's Berklee School of Music, and while their insight into the sound seemed a bit less finely honed, their performance was as cogent and as accurate as could be wished. The program, taped in one afternoon, stacked up admirably against the record that took over a year to record, edit, and splice.

Watching the group rehearse at Berklee the day before video taping gave me some insight into why everything worked so well. Burton, I was told, had been rehearsing his quartet like a madman for many, many hours, and the Berklee six for almost as long. But everyone remained relaxed and smiling, and all eyes stayed continually on Burton. Nobody fought the music or forced anything. The musicians' emotional rapport with the score and with each other dominated every note they played, and the sounds flowed with the grace and ease of a nonchalant final runthrough.

If Burton and his sidemen understood how Funeral should sound, director Atwood knew how it should look. Under his controlling hands the color screen came alive in a virtuoso display of image-shaping. Lights, hues, movements, and forms flowed with the sounds, reinforcing moods and establishing atmospheres. Visual melodies were created.

The musicians wore clothes that blended smoothly into the sonic foreground of each section. During the Death Rolls section, the most morbid passage, they appeared in iong, black monk's robes. Later, in the sardonic The Survivors, Hahn wore a cowboy hat, Goodwin was in Babylonian pajamas and tuba player Smith donned a strange-looking parka and a pair of shades. This didn't come off gimmicky, as it might have. The costumes were appropriate, not obtrusive. And one never was forced to gawk too long at the players doing their thing. The cameras moved-tracking, panning, shifting, and superimposing images, always at the pace and mood set by the music.

Only in one section—Some Dirge—did Atwood use anything like the standards shots—no fancy stuff, just pictures of jazzmen playing, with lots of close-ups. And for those few minutes, in its new context, the procedure became fresh and welcome.

TV can't afford to keep losing good shows like this one, especially not good music shows. Without Mixed Bag, A Genuine Tong Funeral—an exceptionally evocative piece visually—might never have been staged in a proper way (a staging was once planned for the Monterey Jazz Festival, but money and such considerations intruded). Please, WGBH, bring Mixed Bag back! —David Sterritt

Personnel: Rolf Johnson, trumpet; Anthony Lada, trombone; Alıx Elin, tenor saxophone; Harry Drabkin, soprano saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraharp, conductor; Alan Bruadbent, piano; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Ronald Smith, tuba; Bill Goodwin, drums.



Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, James R. Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Giller, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers. Ratings are: $\star \star \star \star \star \star \star$ excellent, $\star \star \star \star$ very good, $\star \star \star$ good, $\star \star$ fair, \star poor. When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

WHITE BLUES-ROCK

The Outlaw Blues Band

The Outlaw Blues Band OUTLAW BLUES BAND—ABC-BluesWay 6021; Tobacco Road; Tried to Be a Good Boy (But I'm Worse than a Nazi); How Bad Love Can Be; I've Got to Have Peace on my Mind; Lost in the Blues; Death Dog of Doom; Sweet Sixteen; Two 'Tranes Running. Personnel: Joe Whiteman, tenor and soprano saxophone, flute, vibraharp, percussion; Leon Rubenhold, harmonica, vocal; Phillip John, gui-tar, vocal; Joe Francis Gonzales, electric bass, vocal; Victor Aleman, drums, percussion, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★

Canned Heat |

Lanned Heat LIVING THE BLUES-Liberty 27200: Pony Blues; My Mistake; Sandy's Blues; Going Up the Country; Walking by Myself; Boogie Music; One Kind Favor; Parthenogenesis; Refried Boogie. Personnel: Alan (Owl) Wilson, harmonica, jawharp, guitar, vocals; Henry (Sunflower) Ves-tine, guitar; Larry (Mole) Taylor, electric bass; Fito de la Patra, drums; Robert (Bear or Big Fat) Hite, vocals; unidentified flute, horns, piano. Bating: 4 16

Rating: # 1/2

Colwell-Winfield Blues Band

COLD WIND BLUES—Verve/Forecast 3056: Free Will Faniasy; Got a Mind; Dead End Street; Cold Wind Blues; Whole Lot of Lovin'; Going Down Slow; Govinda. Personnel: Collin Tilton, tenor saxophone, flute; Jack Schoroer, tenor, alto, soprano saxo-phones; Bill Colwell, guitar; Charles (Moose) Sortento, piano, vocals; Mike Winfield, electric bass; Chuck Purto, drums.

Rating: * * *

This is a disappointing group of albums. Disappointing precisely because there's a great deal of potential here. Numbers of young whites have lived with and absorbed the blues idiom pretty totally, so they are limited only by the scope of their talents and by the degree to which they feel compelled to pose.

Each of these bands is at home with the blues, and each is composed almost entirely of very fine young musicians. Yet the Outlaw and Canned Heat albums are failures, and the Colwell-Winfield only a modest success.

If one listens to jazz as well as to rock, one is tempted to look kindly upon the Outlaw effort. Their publishing company's name is Amybaby Coal Train Music, they feature the versatile Whiteman in jazzoriented voicings and solos, and the last cut on the record, as its title indicates, is an attempt to evoke Coltrane's presence.

The problem is that the band is not yet equipped to play jazz. On 'Tranes, Whiteman is doubletracked on tenor and soprano. On the former, he plays rapid series of notes in what one assumes is an emulation of sheets-of-sound; on the latter, he draws from the shallowest level of Coltrane's modal bag. (Later in the piece, the tenor moves into quasi-Tranism of later periods.) But the horns don't blend in any sort of logical way, and, furthermore, Aleman shows no grasp of contemporary jazz drumming, laying down an unvarying and inappropriate beat behind Whiteman. Whiteman's introductory tenor chorus on Good Boy also is heavily influenced by Coltrane. His solo after

John's vocal is more individual and more interesting, except that he gets hung up on the tonic and often fails to move outward from it.

Another jazz element is Death Dog's 6/8 meter, which the liner notes proudly announce as created ". . . with the intention of being progressive and meeting the demand of our out of sight listeners. ... We ... expect ... to challenge old harmonies and become part of this . . . highly experimental culture." Wow. Sixeight! How experimental can you get? (Besides, the rhythm section gets horribly muddy during Whiteman's pleasant flute solo.)

The rock stuff is better, particularly Rubenhold's vocal on How Bad. (John, the most frequent lead singer, is much less interesting, and on Losin' Myself delivers some embarrassingly affected James Brown grunts.) All of the players are musicianly. But they had better try both to listen some more to the music they are attempting to merge with rock, and to relearn a fundamental respect for rock itself. Sweet Sixteen appears a perfunctory bow to a kind of music they would like to have outgrown. You don't outgrow B. B. King.

Canned Heat's two-record set is better, musically, than Outlaw's. The lower rating stems from the tremendous discrepancy between what they are capable of, as demonstrated by their live performances and earlier recordings, and what they have accomplished in this collection.

Their first album, especially, was a brilliant set of updated older blues material-unique and tremendously effective settings for songs by Elmore James, Sonny Boy Williamson, Muddy Waters and others-and originals that remained faithful in concept to black blues, though decidely not imitative of the original performances. They are still able to render that material, as Hite's fine vocal and Vestine's virile guitar on Favor make clear. In fact, several of the cuts on the first side of the first record are noteworthy. Pony's arrangement is nice, Country has a lilting rhythm and a lovely flute line to complement the vocal line, and Walking features a good Wilson harp solo that uses stop-time and a tempo increase in a convincing and structurally logical manner.

The other three sides, however, seem to say, "So much for the old stuff." No one would deny a group's right to experiment and to grow. But most listeners will probably feel either that the band is experimenting in an unprofitable direction (acid rock, for the most part) or that they have not yet mastered that direction. Parthenogenesis is a 20-minute non-composition comprising nine songs or halfsongs, most of which feature one of the players multi-tracked. The first four seg-

ments seem to have no reason for being linked together; the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth are connected by segues.

Of these sections, Five Owls has some nice interplay by Wilson among his four overdubbed harps; Snooky Flowers is a short, fairly interesting drum excursion by de la Parra (backed by Taylor on congas), demonstrating among other things that he's one of a very few rock drummers who can control an extended press roll; and Sunflower Power finds Vestine on five guitars developing some good atonal ideas briefly and toying with electronic gadgetry at greater and more tiresome length. Because the individual pieces are so short, the listener's interest is not likely to flag, but there is little of sustained musical value.

Boogie occupies both sides of the second record. It is 41 minutes long and has utterly no reason for existing. It was recorded live before a wildly enthusiastic audience (an L.A. audience, one is impelled to add condescendingly, but let it pass), and its tediousness recalls the apology for a failed joke: "You had to be there." Substitute "stoned" for "there" and you understand why so much live rock pales when given eternal vinylite life. This band is simply not capable, yet, of elaborating on one statement for 40 minutes; few jazz musicians are, and they usually work from a more complex starting point. Boogie (a reprise of the boogie track on Heart's second album) is a blues based on one riff.

Vestine noodles for several minutes on guitar, establishing-finally-the song's beat and chords. Hite follows with the first of a few vocal choruses interspersed throughout the cut, and one can only hope he was improvising the lyrics on the spot, because they are fatuous beyond belief. Vestine's solo after the opening vocal is the best section of the piece: some good, fast triplets, then evenly accented eights, and a great deal more variety in the chords than he used on the introduction. More vocal, a bass solo with some meat but lots of fat, a cappella except for the horribly askew clapping of the audience. Vocal, guitar-too long, out of gas, a sudden, awkward transition back to the central riff. An interminable drum solo in which de la Parra tries some difficult rhythmic ideas, but in a linear and consequently thin framework. He also tries to use silences. Some work, some don't. A frenetic, illogical climax leads back into the ensemble statement of the tune and Hite's final vocal. All together, perhaps five or seven minutes of genuinely firstrate music, but it requires the patience of Job to sort it out from the ennui surrounding it. (Some of the solo guitar work might be Wilson's, but it all sounds more like Vestine.)

This is really a depressing album. Canned Heat is a tremendously talented outfit; Vestine in particular is one of the top guitarists around, when he's right. And Hite can be a fine singer, although this album shows him more and more impressed with the mythical character he appears to be trying to create—his "soulful" asides, like, "We're all tellin' the truth now," and his talking choruses, on *Boogie* and *Sandy's*, are posturing of the most blatant kind. Bring it back home, gentlemen.

The Colwell-Winfield session is considerably less ambitious, but it makes it. This is a tight band with virtually unerring taste in its arrangements and performances, as illustrated by *Cold Wind*, which is highlighted by a perfectly controlled and subdued Colwell guitar solo. (His solo on *Free Will* is less good, laden as it is with cliches.) The horn voicings are effective but unobtrusive, and thus the band's distinctive sound remains very consistent. Sorrento isn't the most powerful vocalist around, and he sounds an awful lot like Mike Bloomfield, but he gets the job done.

The two best cuts are Govinda and Dead End. The former has a bass intro to an attractive, stately theme (oddly reminiscent of some early MJQ lines) played by two saxophones in counterpoint. Schoroer follows with a lovely soprano solo, Tilton joins him on tenor, Winfield paraphrases the introduction, and then the two horns state another theme, similar to the first and in the same tempo. Colwell solos briefly—again, controlled and altogether appropriate. The solo takes off from a single chord played behind him by piano and bass. There's a gradual, unforced accelerando leading to an understated and moving conclusion.

Dead End, done at a much faster clip than the Lou Rawls version, begins with Sorrento's gutty if slightly hurried vocal and then moves into a three-note riff by horns and guitar; the horns keep adding another upper interval, which increases the excitment until they diminish into a bass solo (nothing too original) and a good Schoroer soprano spot. Sorrento returns as vocalist and the three-note riff is repeated afterward to conclude the tune.

It is possible, even likely, that these three bands will go on to create some memorable music. Canned Heat already has, and the talent is there in the other groups. But for now, forget the Outlaw and Heat sides; the Colwell-Winfield album is worth listening to for the two cuts discussed above and some unpretentious, well-performed blues tracks. —Heineman

Ray Bryant

UP ABOVE THE ROCK—Cadet LPS-818: Up Above the Rock: Dag Nab It; Quizas, Quizas, Quizas; If I Were a Carpenter; Little Green Apples; I Say a Little Prayer; After Hours; Where the Wind Blows; Five, Six and Seven; Mrs. Robinson. Personnel: Snookie Young (tracks 1, 3, 4, 8,

Personnel: Snookie Young (tracks 1, 3, 4, 8, 9 & 10), Danny Moore (tracks 2, 5 & 7) and Dobbie Hiques, fluegelhorn and trumpet; Bryant, paino; Ron Carter, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Rating: $\star \star \star$

The brief liner notes promise to send the listener "into an ecstatic musical orbit". I have listened several times without taking off. That is not to say that this is a bad album, but it will hardly go down in history as something to remember.

Bryant's full-sounding, two-fisted piano playing has never bored me, but I have heard it put to much better use than is the case here.

As on his first Cadet albums, his trio is augmented by two horns. This is not a bad combination, but there is a sameness about these albums that almost connotes stagnation. Except for a few bars on Dag Nab It (I could almost swear they were played by Clark Terry), the horns are relegated to playing arrangements behind Brvant. Since he is the arranger, I assume that is the way he wanted things, but I think this album would have been more interesting had there been some free interplay between the musicians. The title tune is a typical Bryant "soul" item which does not compare to some of his previous efforts in that genre. He attacks Mrs. Robinson with vigor and drive, but my favorite track is Where the Wind Blows, a Bryant original which features him in a lyrical and inventive mood with some nice traces of Tatum.

Bryant is still one of my favorite mainstream-type pianists, but he needs to say something new—which he can, but is not doing here. —*Albertson*

Dennis Budimir 🔳

SPRUNG FREE!-Revelation 8: The Blues, Sprung Free; East of the Sun; Sultry Serenade; Blues by Bags. Personnel: Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock (track 1) or Bob West, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: * * * 1/2

This album has a lot working against it. First, it's underrecorded, and the sound is often erratic and thin. Second, the first cut was made in 1961, the others in 1963. Third, Goodwin is a dismally dull drummer, and handicapped himself on the '63 sides by playing without tom-toms.

Despite these things there are some marvelous moments, perpetrated chiefly by Budimir, a gifted and original player. He can make the listener terribly nervous, because he's as introspective as they come, apparently agonizing over each note he plays. He appears to eschew anything resembling cliche or convention, and sometimes a phrase will virtually scream for a familiar resolution which Budimir refuses to produce. Occasionally, this is damaging; more often, it's exciting.

Budimir's best solos are on the two blues cuts. Sprung Free is an object lesson in utilizing the guitar's full range. He plays several choruses in the lower register, using continuous lines of between eight and 12 bars; moves to the middle register for two choruses, reminding the listener of the tripartite nature of blues structure; then slowly he progresses higher, easing back into the longer lines.

Peacock follows with a solo overwhelmingly advanced for that period. It holds up flawlessly under contemporary scrutiny, and some of the rhythmic ideas (bending, but never abandoning, the central pulse) are stunning. The tune is concluded, unfortunately, with a soporific series of fours.

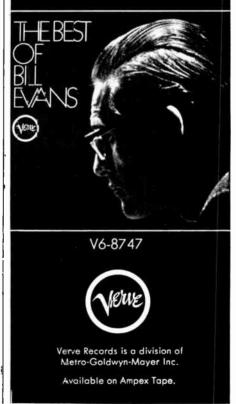
The guitarist is brilliant on *Bags*. His first solo emphasizes bent notes leading up to its initial climax, and then changes to a bouncy double-time. As West takes a few pleasant choruses, Budimir begins to





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comp quietly. Then he re-enters, quotes from I Love You, chords a couple of choruses with some provocative harmony, plays a chorus of variations on a simple figure in single-note lines, and reprises the phrase in chords.

The other two cuts are less worthwhile. East is played as a lazy ballad. Budimir's phrasing of the melody provides some tension, but that is vitiated by Goodwin and West. Sultry has dull changes, and nobody seems interested in livening them up.

As a trio session, this one falls short. But nobody was playing like Budimir in 1961, and nobody really is now. If he's still marching to a different drummerand if he would record with a different drummer-more should be heard from him. —Heineman

Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson

THIS IS OUR BAG-Project 3 PR/5034SD: St. Louis Blues; Blue, Turning Grey Over You; You've Changed; I Wish I Could Shimmy; In a Sentimental Mood; The Jitterbug Waltz; Sweet Georgia Brown; Ob, By Jingo; Yellow Days; You're My Tbrill; Ida; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home. Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trom-bone, vocal; Lou Forestieri, piano; Tito Russo, bass; Joe Brancato, drums.

Rating: $\star \star \star \star \frac{1}{2}$

It's a bracing experience to hear Hackett once again be himself after a series of LPs in which his presence was subordinated to a more pop-oriented (though always tasteful) format. Furthermore, his pairing with Dickenson is as natural a jazz partnership as has come along in a long time.

This set, from Hackett's point of view, is every bit as satisfying as his albums for Capitol with Jack Teagarden some years ago-which is to say it is on a par with his best. Dickenson, too, plays beautifully throughout. Those who fondly remember his famous Vanguard sessions of 1954 will find that his powers of expression remain as fluent and articulate as then. At 62, he is a musician still enjoying peak productive years.

St. Louis serves as a short warmup for the front line and pianist Forestieri, and features fine interplay in the first chorus and a muted 12 bars by Hackett. Turning Grey, taken at a relaxed but not slow tempo, proves a supple showcase for Dickenson, who takes it most of the way. Changed is a slow ballad for Hackett sans Dickenson, a pretty tune without surprises.

Sister Kate finds Hackett sliding across the changes with some beautiful tonguing for a legato effect as smooth as melted butter. His phrases are punctuated by a Dickenson vocal, which can be best described by that word so often used about him-sly. It ought to be his middle name.

Sentimental is another flawless vehicle for Dickenson. Jitterbug is a bright number with excellent solos by all. The second side opens with Georgia, chords that almost play themselves. Both horns take full choruses, and swap four before merging into the rideout, which quotes fleetingly from Ellington's Cottontail. A beautifully integrated performance.

Both horns are muted for the first chorus of Ida, in what is perhaps the definitive jazz version. There is a chorus split eight ways between them and some fine interplay at the end.

Baby is in the same mood, with another

feather-light chorus by Hackett and more droll, homespun horn work by Dickenson, who sounds like no one except perhaps James Stewart.

This is music which defies classification and should touch all listeners. It is mature in concept, sure in purpose, and confident in identity. Backed by a competent though not distinctive rhythm section, Hackett and Dickenson continue to be touchstones of excellence in a shifting world.

--McDonough

The Jazz Crusaders 🔳

POWERHOUSE-World Pacific Jazz St-20136: Promises, Promises; Hey Jude; Love and Peace; Sting Ray; Fancy Dance; Upstairs; Cookie Man; Love Is Blue; Fire Water. Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wil-ton Felder. tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Charles "Buster" Williams, bass; Stix Hooper, downer

drums.

Rating: * * *

The Jazz Crusaders have been together for a long time now, but their style hasn't changed much in years. They're a solid, unpretentious outfit whose work-though not especially original-is often buoyant enough to be hard to resist.

There are some nice pop compositions and originals included on the LP. Promises, Promises and Upstairs are, for example, fine Burt Bacharach tunes and Fancy Dance (by Sample) and Fire Water (by Williams) are attractive, easy-swinging originals.

The arranging, which exhibits down-home and Latin influences, is generally competently done, although the Crusaders' souped-up arrangement of the pretty Love Is Blue is tasteless and their quasi-hip version of Hey Jude is pretty much a drag from start to finish.

The rhythm section's work is quite interesting; a wide variety of rhythms is employed on this album.

Felder is the most impressive soloist. His work is influenced by Coltrane and is marked by a rawboned vigor that characterizes the playing of many Kansas City and Southwestern saxophonists (Felder is from Houston). His playing is loaded with energy-sometimes he sounds supercharged -and has fine continuity.

Henderson has a big, full tone and plays with plenty of vigor, but often his work here is melodically and rhythmically stale. However, his thoughtful, well-paced solo on Fancy Dance deserves praise.

Sample does a nice job. He plays with sinewy strength and constructs his solos logically.

A three-star rating indicates that a record is good. Nevertheless, some readers have thought on various occasions that a reviewer who assigned three stars to an album was damning it with faint praise. This isn't the case here. This record is not just so-so or not bad; it's good. -Pekar

Eddie Jefferson

BODY AND SOUL—Prestige PR 7619: See If You Can Git to That; Psychedelic Sally; Ob Gee; Mercy, Mercy; Now's the Time; Filtby McNasly; Body and Soul; There I Go, There I Go Again; So What.

Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Barry Harris, piano; Steve Davis, bass; Bill English, drums; Jefferson, vocals.

Rating: $\star \star \star \frac{1}{2}$

Setting lyrics to improvised solos and singing them, at which Jefferson pioneered, is a minor but sometimes enjoyable art. It's a tricky thing to do and you often wonder how the lyricist and singer are going to be able to bring off a selection. It's a little like watching a high-wire act.

Beyond this, a man like Jefferson can make you look at a famous solo from a different point of view, and you sometimes notice things about it that hadn't impressed vou earlier.

Setting words to a complex instrumental solo is difficult enough without making the words say something significant, and some of Jefferson's lyrics are rather inane. But in spots, they are witty and even meaningful. On Body and Soul, for example, he pays heartfelt tribute to Coleman Hawkins; . . . I have never ever heard a sweeter tone/in fact I paid no 'tention to the saxophone/till Coleman Hawkins came along and spoke to everyone. . ."

Others besides Jefferson provided lyrics for the selections here: Horace Silver for Psychedelic Sally, Joe Newman for Oh Gee, commercial artist Chris Hall for So What, and Down Beat's Ira Gitler for Filthy McNasty.

Jefferson isn't a particularly gifted singer, but he partly makes up for it with energy and humor. He can put a song across in his own way.

Entertaining as Jefferson's work here is, however, the high point of the album is the playing of Moody and Harris. Moody's tenor work is graceful, complex, and interesting rhythmically. Partly due to the exposure he has gotten with Dizzy Gillespie, Moody's work is being appreciated by an increasing number of listeners. Hopefully,

he will some day get the credit he deserves. Harris is in good form; his solo on So

What is a lyrical, tightly-constructed gem. It's good to hear bop veteran Burns on this album. He contributes nice, biting

muted solos on Now's the Time, Filthy McNasty and Oh Gee. -Pekar

Steve Marcus

COUNT'S ROCK BAND-Vortex 2009: The-resa's Blues; Scarborough Fair; Drum Solo; Ooh, Baby; C'est Ca; Back-Street Girl; Piano Solo. Personnel: Marcus, soprano, tenor saxophones; Larry Coryell, guitar; Mike Nock, piano, harpsi-chord; Dominic Cortese, accordion (tracks 5 and 6); Chris Hills, guitar, electric bass; Bob Moses, drums; Chris Swanson, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

More jazz than rock here. The band is to the rock side of the Gary Burton Quartet, of which Coryell and Moses are former members, but it hasn't integrated the idiom as successfully as the late, lamented Jeremy and the Satyrs. Odd, because the guitarist and drummer were rock players initially. None of which matters, of course; music is music. Still, this is a less interesting session than Marcus' earlier Vortex album, cut with essentially the same personnel.

There are really only three tracks to talk about. Lord knows why the drum and piano solos were included. They are 35 and 51 seconds long, respectively, and go nowhere. C'est Ca is a 19-second introduction by Cortese to Back Street. Scarborough is a pretty reading of the tune and Nock's harpsichord accompaniment is very pleasant, but there's little of interest there, either.

Nock, a first-rate planist with enormous

versatility, takes honors on Theresa's. His solo subtly follows the heavy r&b rhythm, but he lets Moses play the accents while his piano dances around them. Marcus' tenor solo is overextended and in many places echoes almost verbatim his phrasing on Rain from the group's first album. Coryell doesn't get into much, either, substituting lots of reverb and fuzz-tone effects for internal development.

Ooh, Baby, hard-rock oriented, like Theresa's, is much better. The melody is nicely voiced, with Coryell playing harmony above Marcus' tenor, sounding uncannily like another horn. His solo is logical and driving, beginning with single-note lines, then interspersing them with chords and building intensity, easing back into single-note runs, and finally fading on a two-note motif that he maintains under Marcus' tenor entrance.

Marcus, with Nock's Tynerish block chords propelling him, begins strongly, but he goes on too long and loses direction, wandering through some more-or-less free playing until he picks up the strong back beat again.

Marcus' soprano work on Back Street is his best of the date, and the track, wellarranged and densely textured, is the most interesting on the album. It begins with the accordion introduction and moves to a lyrical 3/4 melody statement. Marcus continues the gentle mood with some liquid soprano, and the Nock takes a brilliant solo, the rhythm backing shifting to an evenly accented 3/4 instead of the firstbeat stress of the melody. As Nock shifts





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to ever higher gears with phrases of intelligently varied length, he gradually breaks altogether free, pushed by amplifier feedback and explosions. Then comes a climax, a long silence, and Coryell's quiet a capella recapitulation of the chief thematic phrase, followed by the ensemble out chorus.

It is an effective and often exciting track, and it demonstrates that, for the moment, the band carries a five- or sixminute cut better than it does longer material (both Theresa's and Ooh, Baby are 12 minutes-plus).

The record contains some fine moments. All the players are highly talented, except Moses, who is heavy-handed, obvious, and occasionally unable to keep time (he's perceptibly slow on Scarborough). Though the concept holds great promise, a great deal more discipline is needed, especially on Marcus' part. When he plays free, he simply runs notes together-usually within a narrow range-and evinces no sense of abstract logic. He might take notes on Nock, whose playing throughout makes this record worth hearing. __Ileineman

Modern Jazz Quartet **=** UNDER THE JASMIN TREE—Apple ST-3353: The Blue Necklace; Three Little Feelings (Parts I, II & III); Exposure; The Jasmin Tree. Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums, miscellaneous percussion.

Rating: * * * * *

The MJQ is undoubtedly one of the closest-knit groups in jazz, and after about 15 years together, they should be. Of course, being together that long can also put a group in a rut. There was a time when the MJQ came close to stagnation, but this album effectually dispels any notion that the condition lingers.

Repeated and close listening to this album has failed to reveal a musical flaw. The quartet seems to think as one, and both bass and drums become so much more than just rhythm instruments in the hands of Heath and Kay.

Lewis and Jackson obtain what must be perfection in their euphonious, intertwining patterns and, make no mistake about it, the group is capable of generating a great deal of swing, as on the title tune or the first and third of the Little Feelings.

It struck me as strange that the liner notes made no specific mention of the music, but what is there to say except that it's music of the highest order, and that the MJQ has made a most auspicious debut on the Beatles' new label.

-Albertson

Jimmy Smith

PLAIN TALK—Blue Note BST 84296: Big Fat Mama; My One and Only Love; Plain Talk; Time After Time.

After 1ime. Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Jackie Mc-Lean, alto saxophone (track 3 only); Ike Quebec, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums

Rating: * * *

Blue Note continues to issue Jimmy Smith LPs, and, since the organist left the label five years ago, one is a little suspicious about the quality of these "new" releases. But this album, which comes from a session recorded in 1960 (other tracks from the date were issued on Open House), merits release, new or not.

The late Ike Quebec, who is featured

here, was a gifted player. He had a huge, Hawkins-derived sound, rare melodic continuity, and the ability to tell a story with his horn. It's fascinating to hear him combine some of the melodic devices of 52nd Street c. 1946 with the rhythmic ease of the best swing-era players. He solos on all tracks but Love, and Time is a good example of his passionate way with a ballad.

Mitchell, on this date, is erratic. He alternates long asymmetrical lines with brief, "summing-up" phrases. Some of the long lines come off brilliantly, others go nowhere; some of the brief phrases are real resolutions, others are empty cliches. No one of his solos here is a total success, but I'm willing to wait through the barren spots for the moments of brilliance -the introduction to Love, especially.

Bailey is good, except for time troubles on Mama; he rushes during the theme and the early choruses of Mitchell's solo, but Smith and Quebec set him straight for most of the track.

Talk, the better of the two blowing tracks, is a nasty, stripped-down blues that is very much of the period. Smith is given composer credit, but the tune sounds like MeLean might have had a hand in it. Everyone solos well, but the altoist takes honors (1960 was a good year for McLean, and if you dug him on The Connection album, you'll dig him here).

I like Smith best in a jolly, mediumtempo groove, reminiscent of one aspect of Fats Waller. When he turns up the heat, as he does during the latter part of his Mama solo, I see a neon sign flashing "SOUL!" However, on most of Mama and all of Talk, he plays with a relaxed, delicious swing.

The record is well-programmed-swinger, ballad, swinger, ballad-and it's just the thing for a party. I'd like to see some good dancers work out on Talk, and, as for Time, I'll take my girl around the floor to it, any night. -Kart



Bf **BY PETE WELDING**

INCREDIBLE AMOUNTS of schlock are pro-

duced in the search for the elusive record hit, and rock is no exception to this dictum, as witnessed by the following recent LPs.

British singer Terry Reid's Bang, bang, You're Terry Reid (Epic 26427) was produced by Mickie Most, who has been responsible for some very interesting albums in the past (Donovan, etc.). This set just doesn't make it, even though Most has supplied some inventive, functional arrangements. Reid, you see, can't sing too well, and has trouble staying on pitch, a tendency which is greatly aggravated on up-tempo numbers, where he shrieks rather than sings. Reid's inflexible delivery spells disaster for this album, though he occasionally gets into something moderately interesting, as on *Without Expression*, where he gives a creditable imitation of Van Morrison. But for a whole LP's worth, no.

Despite certain pretension (extraneous sounds, etc., incorporated into the music), what the Millenium offers in Begin (Columbia 9663) is faultlessly-surfaced teenybopper fare. There is no denying the septet's smoothness and professionalism, but equally there's no denying the essential vacuity of its material. Production is absolutely first-rate, as befits an album of this type. Not much for serious listeners, however.

Similarly, Acta's Peppermint Trolley Co. (38007) is handsomely superficial beautifully produced, with moderately interesting orchestral and extra-musical effects, smooth vocals, but totally mindless. Strictly for 12-year-old girls.

One doesn't know quite what to think of singer-composer Val Stoecklein, whose initial LP Grey Life (Dot 25904) reveals a certain level of proficiency at songwriting but is ultimately frustrating because either Stoecklein or his producer Ray Ruff decided to have him emulate a number of contemporary hit songs. Thus, Say It's Not Over is Stoecklein's attempt to craft aBy the Time I Get to Phoenix, and so on through the album. The songs are not outright imitations so much as parallel structural and thematic treatments. Stoecklein might be very good indeed, but we get absolutely no idea of what he's like in this set, which filters him through a number of

preconceptions.

Perhaps the most curious thing about Rock and Other Four Letter Words (Columbia 7193) is that it's on Columbia's Masterworks (i.e., classical) label. It's hard to say just what J. Marks and Shipen Lebzelter had in mind in concocting this desultory collage of pseudoelectronic music, snippets of interview material with various rock stars, and electronically-altered vocal and musical effects but, whatever was intended, what resulted was perhaps the most profoundly irrelevant bit of flummery in quite a while. But, then, shoddy is as shoddy does. Sometimes, this release seems to argue, the Columbia "Rock Machine" turns you off instead of on.

Not all failures occur on the same terms. Some groups fail because they set themselves high goals and then fall short of attaining them; often in the process they create things of interest and excitement without ever making great music or producing anything of real or lasting significance. One such interesting failure is The Travel Agency (Viva 36017), who have yet to develop beyond the influence of the Beatles' Rubber Soul-period, but who manage to make some fascinating and mature statements within that approach. Imaginative, unafraid to take chances, and instrumentally solid, this is potentially a very exciting group, but they haven't got it all together here.

The San Francisco group Mount Rushmore turn in a wholly creditable job in an initial LP, High on Mount Rushmore (Dot 25898). The quartet pursues a strong acid-rock approach that might best be described as a less pretentious version of the Grateful Dead. The music, while excellently played (instrumentally they're very together) and sung, is not very distinctive. Rushmore's got more than a firm grasp of the idiom and all they need is an original point of view. They even do creditable jug-band music, though their forte obviously is blues-derived hard rock. Watch for them in the future.

I prefer the rough, unfocussed vitality and attempts at originality by both of these groups to the smooth stylizations and studied "charisma" of singer-guitarist Richie Havens, whose latest effort Richard P. Havens, 1983-that title is pretty revealing, I think-(Verve 3047-2) is a two-LP set of both studio and concert recordings. I fail to see that Havens brings anything of substance or insight to his renditions of a number of popular songs, and his own pretentious pieces leave me cold, despite the correctness of the positions they carry. Too much sloganeering. Moreover, I find his singing unexceptional and occasionally grating (though that's too active a term to describe the lackluster, oatmealish quality of Haven's vocal approach). You'd think he'd try to learn some of the melodies of the songs he's trying to sing; they're not that difficult. A polished performer who capitalizes skillfully on his limitations, Haven is a charming bore whose charm wears thin over repeated playing. Once past the veneer, there is insufficient weight to Havens' renditions. Style is, after all, more than surface mannerisms. dЬ



Ornette Coleman Quintet

Loeb Student Center, New York University Personnel: Don Cherry, trumpet, cornet, Indian flute; Coleman, atto saxophone, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Haden, bass; Denardo Coleman, drums.

The occasion was a reunion. Cherry and Haden were in the first group that Ornette Coleman brought to the old Five Spot in New York in the late fall of 1959 (was it really *that* long ago?). But the program featured seven new compositions by Coleman, and one by Charlie Haden.

Beginning with the first piece, Broken Shadows, with Coleman and Redman in dirge tempo and Cherry playing an obbligato, it was evident that I was going to have a problem throughout the evening. When I first heard Denny Coleman on a record a couple of years ago, I was happy to take at face value the attitude that, whereas there was obviously much he didn't know about drums, he played what he played with a promising naturalness, good spirit and personal feeling. Those things are not enough, to be sure, but they are the right beginning.

Something has gone awry. Young Coleman was loud at this concert (he was also amplified-more on that in a moment), and he was, it seemed to me, insensitive in his loudness. He was careless in what he played behind the soloists. For example, he missed Don Cherry's dynamics and tempo alterations of Who Do You Work For? and he didn't hear the quality of Haden's solos. In this music one musn't miss such things. Swing is becoming a problem. Tempo is becoming a problem. The time has come, I think, when Denny Coleman's technical shortcomings are beginning to stand in the way of what he wants to express and causing him to push. I'd suggest that the moment has arrived for a teacher -and, no, nobody asked me.

Charlie Haden. Well, Charlie Haden was also wired into the huge rock-type amplifier at the back of the stage. The result was to buzz and blur of one of the most precise and buoyant bass sounds I know of. During the second half of the program, Haden removed the small mike from inside his bass strings and put it on a low stand on the floor. It helped—some.

Cherry is a better, more confident trumpeter than he was nine years ago; he has ideas and approaches of his own in this music now. And Redman's relative conservatism seems to me a very good contrast in the group.

Beginning with the second number, *The* Anthem, Coleman picked up piece after piece and made it soar. And for the record, I will also mention his solo on Comme Il Faut which was exceptional. His musical energy and grasp of tempo were wonderful. More important, of course, is his ability to sustain, develop, and vary an idea this is the most orderly of players. But Coleman does, on occasion, keep an idea going somewhat past the point of inspiration and deep interest, and into the point of simple ingenuity.

Also for the record, I will mention Space Jungle, a relatively lightweight piece for which each man brought out the alternate instruments listed above, because Cherry's Indian flute gave a lovely sound. Still, I did feel the program lacked variety. There was a sameness about several of the pieces, a sameness of approach perhaps, for concert listening. Maybe the evening should have been shorter by a piece or two.

As I sat in the hall thinking about all of the above, and wondering if there was any way I could sum up my varied and sometimes dissatisfied impressions of the evening, came the last piece, Trouble in the East. It was contrapuntally written and collectively improvised by all the horns, but it was like no other collective improvisation ever undertaken in this idiom, or any other. It felt spontaneously ordered in all its aspects, and had the timeless joy and melancholy of the blues running through it. It had its feet planted on the earth and it spoke of the gods. It was one of the most exciting, beautiful, and satisfying musical performances I have ever heard.

Yes, it got recorded.

-Martin Williams

Kansas City All Stars

Frank's Villa Pompeii, Orange, Conn. Half Note, New York City.

Personnel: Ed Lewis, trumpet: Snub Mosley, trombone and slide saxophone; Eddie Barefield, alto saxophone and clarinet; Lem Johnson, tenor saxophone and vocal; Juanita Bolar, piano: Eddie Durham, guitar, trombone; Abe Bolar, bass; Wilbur Kirk, drums.

This program was produced for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club and the New York Hot Jazz Club by Frank Driggs, whose devotion to the musicians of Kansas City should by now have won him honorary citizenship or the key to the gates.

At Orange, the audience—primarily dedicated to the doctrine of "pure" New Orleans jazz—was largely won over by a version of *South*, delivered with two-beat feeling, and a rousing version of the indefatigable *Saints*. The band soon began to find a groove, despite the grave handicap to Mrs. Bolar of an exhausted piano and a submarine sound system. The ability of the horns to fall in on a riff and produce a strong ensemble pulsation was noticeable almost immediately, and group confidence mounted steadily throughout the evening.

At the Half Note, before an audience of perhaps more sophisticated or varied tastes, the performance level had obviously benefited from what was, in effect, the extra rehearsal two nights previously in Orange, although the unlucky pianist was again faced with an instrument in terminal condition.

Despite a long and distinguished career in some of the greatest big bands in jazz history, and despite the fact that he is today playing better than ever, Eddie Barefield has had singularly little recognition outside the profession. He played alto with a full tone and flowing, facile phrasing on numbers like I Got It Bad and Laura, where his approach somewhat resembled that of Johnny Hodges, as it did-with increased attack-in performance at brighter tempos. His clarinet playing is hard to classify, although like that of Omer Simeon in his later days it seems to reflect a lead alto's conception. The style is, however, a jazz style, exciting, rhythmically varied, and admirably suited to One O'-Clock Jump and C Jam Blues, on both of which he shone. Barefield is one of the most enjoyable soloists on an instrument of which there are precious few rewarding exponents left.

Little has been heard in recent years of Basie's former lead trumpet, Ed Lewis, who has been making his living outside music. ("We used to call him Iron Jaws," Barefield revealed, "because he could play the loudest trumpet you ever heard in your life.") On these two occasions, he paced himself cleverly, concentrating on giving the ensemble a clear, coherent lead. At Orange, his feature was *Tenderly* (with bucket mute), at the Half Note *What's New?*, both interpretations aiming at precise melodic expression.

Lem Johnson was an understandable choice on tenor, and his tone and execution improved each night as he warmed to his work. He is a blues man with a cheerful, engaging personality, and Barefield introduced him as "the Deacon of the Blues". He sang Every Day, and Mack the Knife among others with infectious enthusiasm, the band weighing in behind him each time with knowing riffs. Riffs, in fact, were vital to the whole enterprise, and weak or rusty solos were nearly always redeemed by what went on behind them. The feeling of support and mutual encouragement thus expressed would prove beneficial in many areas of contemporary iazz

There was quite a lot of singing, and it did no harm at all. Barefield took care of



Barefield, Lewis, Kirk, Mosley and Durham

World Radio History

St. James Infirmary and The Saints, but the vocal honors went to Snub Mosley, who does for Indiana what Vic Dickenson does for Sister Kate.

Mosley was a surprise to those who had not heard him in person before. He played just as he did on Alphonso Trent's records 40 years ago, open and plungered, with astonishing range, brilliance, and auda-cious attack. The fact that he is a performer who underlines what he plays with a degree of showmanship should not disguise the boldness and originality of his music. "I love to play," he said between sets, not apologetically, but in modest explanation. He sometimes plays his novel slide saxophone with a trombone mouthpiece, but at these concerts he used a soprano mouthpiece for Mood Indigo and I Got It Bad.

The most welcome surprise of all was the re-appearance of Eddie Durham. Here was yet another example of a great jazz musician who had been allowed to pass from sight, not so much because of public apathy, nor because of the booking network's callous disregard, but because of neglect by the critical fraternity. The millions of words written about musicians who haven't, and never will have, a tenth of Durham's talent, are a monumental scandal.

Durham was reputedly the first to play jazz on the electric guitar, and he taught Charlie Christian. An able trombonist, he was also a fine arranger. His contributions to the original book were of paramount importance in the rise of the Basie band. He wrote several superb arrangements for Jimmie Lunceford, not to mention Glenn Miller and Jan Savitt.

At Orange, His National guitar was moaning out of the box with an arresting sound that seemed to compound those of jug and tuba. He was supplying a bass part, Abe Bolar being briefly delayed, and it was noticeable during the evening that he had a liking for his instrument's lower register. A reluctant soloist at first, he nevertheless attracted immediate attention with his stimulating accompaniment. On such numbers as C Jam Blues and Red Top, his fills had an arranger's intelligence as well as great rhythmic assurance. Urged on by his colleagues, he took solos on South and St. Louis Blues that were full of surprises, tonally and conceptually.

He and Mosley had at one period co-led a small group in which their two trombones were the major feature. He took up his trombone again when it was decided to answer a request for Mood Indigo. He and Mosley used cup mutes, Lewis played a gentle lead, and Barefield blew appropriately woody-toned clarinet. Then, when Mosley insisted, the two trombonists went into one of their old routines, a spectacular Battle of the Blues, with solo choruses, dialogues and unisons. This came off rather better at the Half Note, where Durham's chops were evidently stronger. It would have needed a Trummy Young to match Mosley's brilliance and strength, but Durham countered with ideas that at time suggested Dicky Wells in their unorthodoxy.

The rhythm section generally acquitted itself well. Kirk was at first too heavy at Orange, but he constantly adjusted to the needs of a group whose overall concept was and is unique in 1969. Abe Bolar, veteran of the Moten, Hopkins, Millinder and Hot Lips Page bands, and too long absent from the scene, furnished a good, swinging foundation. His wife's happily eclectic approach was unhappily handicapped by the poor pianos.

Finally, a word must be said about the tempos. That for Moten Swing was, of course, examplary and the frequency with which the group found a near-perfect tempo had much to do with success of the concerts. There was a lesson here for anyone who cared to profit from it.

-Stanley Dance

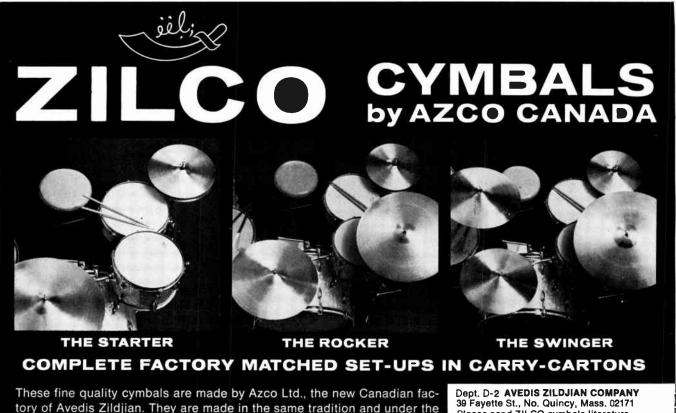
"What is Modern Jazz?"

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Thad Jones, flugelhorn; Eddie Daniels, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Roland Hanna, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mel Lewis drums. Ira Gitler, Narrator.

The elementary and high school children who came to the elucidation of "modern jazz" presented as part of a Saturday after-noon series called "Saturday Is Family Day at Town Hall" may not have picked up much that was specific in response to the program's title. But they were treated to a subtle, engaging and witty display of a highly refined form of modern jazz by the Thad Jones Quintet.

Ira Gitler, given the thankless task of trying to explain "modern jazz" in 10 minutes or so to an audience with no presumed knowledge of jazz of any kind and



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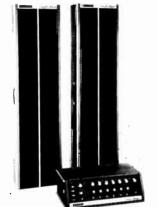
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made up largely of youngsters to whom anything that happened as recently as 1965 was ancient history, was as direct and simple as possible and, if you were aware of what he was talking about, highly lucid. But when he related "modern jazz" to the changes that took place in the character of the music in the 1940s, it was asking a lot for this audience to imagine something that happened three decades ago as "modern."

But if the kids did not have the background to grasp Gitler's words, they could hear the difference when Mel Lewis demonstrated the change from swing band drumming with the basic 4/4 on the bass drum to the subsequent time-keeping on the cymbal with the bass drum for accents.

The greatest explanation of music, as the Jones Quintet demonstrated, is music. Once the quintet began to play, the audience may not have learned any of the specifics of modern jazz but they heard performances that gave this music as charming and engaging a presentation as one could ask.

Thad Jones' gentle humor set the tone for the program as he explained how a blues could be improvised, playing both a 12-bar blues and his own Quitting Time which, he said, was "a 20-bar blues-and there's no explanation for that." The performances were subtle and relatively gentle, but despite a generally subdued air, compelling. Jones and Daniels worked their way into (and out of) some tightly woven duet lines and Daniels, on a charming piece by pianist Hanna, Wistful Moments, developed a solo on clarinet that began with some Tony Scott runs and went on from there to suggest that this neglected instrument is ready for a welcome comeback in jazz, at least when Daniels is playing it. -John S. Wilson

Natural Music

Lady Mitchell Hall, Cambridge, England Lady Mitchell Hall, Cambridge, England Personnel: Mongezi Feza, pocket trumpet; Trevor Watts, Dudu Pukwana, alto saxophones; John Tchicai, alto saxophone, fute, whistles; Peter Bennink, alto saxo phone, bass clarinet; Chris McGregor, Pete Lemer, pianos; John Lennon, guitar, amplifier; Barre Phillips, Johnny Dyani, basses; Louis Moholo, John Stevens, Johnny Magis Nicholls, Yoko Ono, vocats; other as-sorted instrumentalists.

"What's going to happen is that everyone will go on together and just play and see what happens," said one of the organ-izers of Natural Music, an international avant garde concert workshop held in March in England's prettiest university town.

"Well," mused soft-spoken expatriate Barre Phillips, "that could be interesting for a while, but three hours of everyone would be pretty chaotic, I should think." He was not far off the mark. A unique opportunity for challenging and stimulating exchanges between two groups of musicians who seldom play together in public -Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble and McGregor's Blue Notes-was sadly wasted.

The moments when the participants paused for thought were few and far between, and when people play free music, is just doesn't happen if they don't use their heads. Possibly not everyone is equal to the challenge of complete freedom, possibly my gray hairs are beginning to show. Whatever the case, all I know is that the development of each other's ideas is the crux of successful contemporary improvisation.

Tchicai, who proved himself a highly intelligible musician in London last year, attempted to lay down some kind of framework for his fellows to follow during the concert's initial free-for-all, but he just did not have sufficient strength to channel the undisciplined welter of sound in one direction. There was too much ego on show, too much blowing just to be blowing, and too little subjugating of personality for the sake of the corporate whole.

Miss Nicholls, who sings regularly with the Stevens unit, was out front with Tchicai, Phillips, Watts, Breuker, Stevens, Lemer, and Bennink for a while. She and Watts, staunch stablemate in the SME, listened to each other, and some of the afternoon's few moments of co-operation occurred as the saxophonist briskly picked up on the singer's wordless lead, spurred her along, and inspired her.

Then the McGregor band joined in, and while the two drummers battled furiously, voice and horns swayed and drifted in waves of tumultously intensity, like the sound of a storm at sea.

The diminutive Feza, puffing his cheeks out and shifting from foot to foot like a feinting boxer, looked almost immature beside the statuesque Tchicai, but from time to time he not only outblew everyone in terms of power, but also sparked



some happy responses from others through sheer joie-de-vivre. Wasted throughout the concert was his fellow South African, Pukwana, who, on a good day, is one of the music's most fearsome alto saxophonists. He was taking a back seat, and his irrepressible resiliency was sorely missed.

The music had reached an almost unbearable level of intensity when someone called a halt. Moholo and Dynai soloed succinctly but all too briefly. There was room at this stage for a passage of calm, but no one was given a chance to play prettily. The musicians were uptight and busily trying to make their points; most of them ended up by sounding pointless.

Later on, McGregor, Stevens, and Moholo got into a groove and whipped the musicians into recognizable rhythmic patterns. Most of the participants were on stage at the time and were joined by several unknown musicians, swelling the ensemble to 18-strong at one point, and McGregor and the drummers had the audience out of their seats.

People danced around the balcony overlooking the stage, blew heartily on handy wooden flutes, beat imaginary bongos and conga drums and even waved flowers.

Flower power, you see, dies hard in good old England and so it seems, does the mystique of the Beatles. When Yoko Ono made her way to the microphone, closely followed by the ubiquitous Lennon, you could hardly see the stage for photographers.

What followed was possibly the most unnatural music I've ever heard. Miss Ono, whose London performance with Ornette Coleman last year was at least recognizable as the sound of an orgasm, screamed —yes, screamed—for 15 or 20 excruciating minutes. Lennon, his back to the audience and waving his ax in front of the amplifier, accompanied her thing with rambling feedback. Throughout the segment, the Beatles' original road manager, Malcolm Evans, sat at the side of the stage with an alarm clock that never went off.

Stevens, who played varied and highly original percussion throughout the concert, joined the duo after a while. Then Tchicai and Watts chimed in, and Lemer and Phillips fiddled around inside the piano, plucking the strings and hitting them with mallets. The musicians carried on playing as Miss Ono and Lennon left the stage; there was a noticeable lack of applause.

Tchicai played a nicely controlled solo with inserts from the jazz tradition as Feza, McGregor, and Dyani came back, Feza sweeping the air like a man with a message and cheering through his raucous pocket trumpet.

The lineup was continually changing after that, and at one point the Dutchman Breuker was blowing thoughtfully. But it was not until McGregor really took it away that I derived any enjoyment from the event. An unidentified player followed the cooking with some very pretty, rather modal piano, which contrasted well with McGregor's percussive approach, but the last half-hour was an anticlimax.

It was worth waiting for the proceedings to catch fire as riotously as they did, but a pity it didn't happen more frequently. Maybe things will be better next time.

-Valerie Wilmer

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SPECTOR

(Cantinued fram page 22)

drummer is constantly picking up 'licks' from other drummers, and these bits and parts remain such. The fragmentation usually continues through the 26 rudiments of drumming, which are another fragmentary approach, and through reading skills, which also fragment the senses."

Ten years ago, Spector made a teaching record with written instructions, which "made it possible for me to establish a vehicle for direct two-way communication between individual drummers and myself. It occurred to me that I could get feedback on this material by having students tape-record their examinations. It is interesting to note that the instructional recording paralleled the free style of cymbal playing characteristic of Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, if not anticipating it."

Spector has now programed an extensive taped course, and "can carry on a weekly dialog with a drummer anywhere in the world," he said. "A drummer qualifies through an examination based on the initial instruction materials." Once in the course, "the environmental situation can be extended to a qualified drummer anywhere. Whether a student is taking the home course or studying directly with me in my studio, he is, in fact, building a symbolic jazz environment in his room. When he goes out to play, he is moving from one kind of jazz environment to another. He is moving from performance to performance, rather than from practice to performance."

In the studio, Spector becomes the symbolic audience. Like a non-directive therapist, he remains silent for the most part.

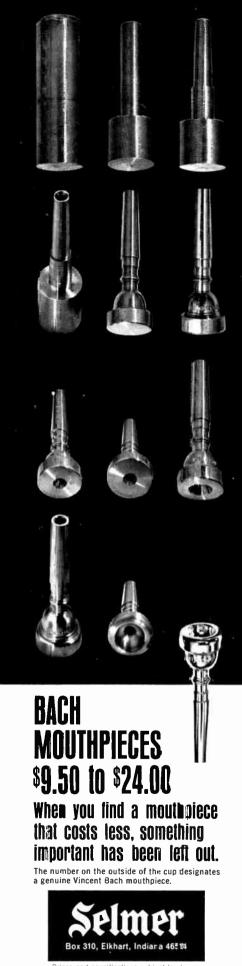
"I don't answer too many questions," he said. "I tell him that I think he already has the information and that he has to use his ability for recall. Of course, if it is too far off, I'll correct him. A student has to develop the confidence that comes with his knowing and feeling that he is right."

Spector's idealized drummer, if there were such an animal, would have "Kenny Clarke's time, Shelly Manne's touch, Jo Jones' pacing, Gus Johnson's buoyancy, the implied rhythms of Roy Haynes, and the extended soloing of Max Roach." The concept of "the world's greatest drummer," however, is "pure hokum" to him.

"Only in our dreams," he said, "are we complete successes or complete failures. The performances of the 'world's greatest drummers' sound like excitement in search of emotion."

During the last several years, Spector has attracted five students from Montreal, who, over three years, made monthly visits to New York for two-hour lessons. These associations grew out of the homestudy course. Others enrolled in this program who do not get to see their teacher face to face include two members of U.S. Army bands in Germany, a nuclear physicist in Brazil, a resident of Sweden, and a California doctor. Spector considers the elimination of time-space in the studentteacher relationship "a major breakthrough."

It is this that gives credence to his own designation for his school—"a studio without walls."



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(Continued from page 21)

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THE THINKING DRUMMER By Ed Shaughnessy

DURING THE LAST two years, it has been my pleasure to serve as a clinician-judge at some of the fine big band school festivals throughout the country. The following is designed to give some much-needed help in a specific area of big band drumming: making the right sounds on the drum set to match the phrases of the ensemble.

The basic sounds of the drum set (long and short) are made as follows: Left hand on snare drum for short sounds and medium-length sounds, and bass drum and cymbal for long sounds. We'll discuss just those basic sounds for now, though there are many fine tom-tom effects, hi-hat effects, and other possible sound combinations-after one has achieved good phrasing technique on the basics.

An excellent system for studying this skill is to utilize a good drum book such as Modern 4/4 Reading by Bellson/Breines, and work with the pages having quarter and eighth notes (no sixteenths and no tied notes) at first. Practice these pages in the following manner: right hand plays rhythm on ride cymbal, while left hand plays the figures (or notes) and both feet keep time.

Example 1: if line in book looks	like this:
You would play:	Rt. hnd cym y y y y y y y
(Lefty drummers) (reverse directions)	Left hod HAN Y Y

Notice that for now-in the beginning stages-we only play quarter note ride cymbal rhythm, which reduces the "independence" factor and lets the student concentrate on the music at hand. Later, each page would be practiced with the "full" ride cymbal rhythm, which may be reduced to the quarter-note pattern on particularly "busy" left hand figures.

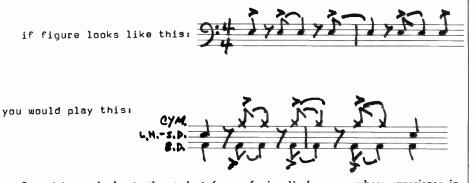


Too much emphasis on exact right-hand rhythm patterns consistently slows down the reading progress of beginners and intermediate drummers, and does not follow what the "heavy" professional drummer-reader plays in actual situations. This means that in reading, as in normal blowing situations, today's drummer does not play a static, constant cymbal beat, but varies it between straight quarter notes, the standard ride beat, and various mixtues of both. This is something the beginner might miss.

Move on to pages including tied notes (but still no sixteenth notes). The next step towards mastering long and short sounds to fit the part is this:

As a general rule, play tied notes with bass drum and cymbal together, making a long sound on a long note.

Example 2:



I want to emphasize to the student (or professional) drummer whose experience in reading charts has been small, that no single facet of musical drum-part reading is more important than the above example.

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(This column condensed from Ed Shaughnessy's forthcoming book, Stage Band Drumming).

JAPAN'S FIRST JAZZ SCHOOL by Max E. Lash

THE COMBINED talents and tireless efforts of a far-sighted business executive and the country's top jazz instrumentalist-teacher are currently giving jazz a facelifting in Japan.

The businessman is 55-year-old Genichi Kawakami, youthful-minded head of a large manufacturing complex in the city of Hamamatsu on the Pacific seacoast.

His company's official name is Nippon Gakki Seizo Co., Ltd., literally translated as Japan Musical Instrument Manufacturing Co., but the name is slightly misleading. Better known in Japan and in many other countries as Yamaha, it is not only a manufacturer of pianos (world's largest), electric organs, drums, guitars, and all wind and brass instruments, but also of motorcycles (world's second largest) and fiberglass products, including motorboats, snow sleds, skis, bathtubs, and archery sets.

The Yamaha Foundation of Music, established by Kawakami's company 15 years ago, has 250,000 students enrolled at 3,-000 different locations around the four main islands. It may well be the world's largest school of music.

The jazzman is Sadao Watanabe, who returned to Japan in 1965 after three years of study and work in the United States. Most of his time in the U.S. was spent at Boston's Berklee School on a full scholarship arranged by a former Berklee student and long-time Watanabe musical associate, pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi.

In recent years a steady stream of Amer-

ican jazz artists poured into Japan, a movement that reached its peak in 1964 and 1965. Almost without exception, these musicians were overwhelmed at the interest in jazz among Japanese in every major city of the country. At the same time, they painted dismal pictures of jazz in the U.S. as "dead or dying away," and their descriptions, picked up and printed by major newspapers and magazines, depressed Kawakami, a pop and jazz enthusiast since his high school days.

A series of widely publicized unfortunate drug incidents that occurred in 1965 when interest in jazz was at an all-time high further dismayed the executive and prompted the Japanese government to temporarily halt the influx of American jazzmen. Kawakami resolved to take steps to restore the prestige of jazz in Japan.

By the time Watanabe returned to his homeland, Kawakami had taken note of his activities in the U.S., particularly his association with Chico Hamilton, Gary McFarland, and Gabor Szabo in the closing months of the U.S. sojourn.

The ink on the re-entry stamp of Watanabe's passport was barely dry when he was approached by Kawakami to take over the reins of the Yamaha Institute of Popular Music, at that time still only an idea in the businessman's mind.

Watanabe was enthusiastic about the idea of a school of jazz, and, with Kawakami's encouragement, he immediately recruited a dozen top Japanese jazzmen to assist him, including pianists Kazuo Yashiro and Masaaki Kikuchi (the latter now a Berklee



Sadao Watanabe leads Yamaha Rehearsal Band



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HEART FUND

student), trombonist Hiroshi Suzuki, bassist Masanaga Harada, drummers Takeshi Inomata and Masahiko Tagashi, guitarist Sadanori Nakamura, clarinetist Eiji Kitamura, and trumpeter Akira Fukuhara.

Armed with three years of notes and ideas gained at Berklee, Watanabe set about to model the curriculum of the Yamaha Institute of Popular Music and its teaching methods after those of the Boston school.

Yamaha launched a Japan-wide promotion campaign, advertising the inauguration of the school with Watanabe and the other well-known musicians as faculty members. Within days, 200 students, some 80% of them working professional jazz, classical, pop and rock musicians, had signed up. Some moved to Tokyo from other cities to study under Watanabe and his fellow jazzmen, and take advantage of the first music school in the country to offer courses in such subjects as modern chord progressions and arranging.

All teaching of harmony, etc. at other Japanese schools of music is based on the classics. Until the founding of the Yamaha Institute, any musician interested in modern arranging learned from books ordered from the U.S. or by listening closely to imported records. As a result, an entire generation of imitators was spawned. Album after album released by Japanese recording companies was conspicuous for complete lack of originality in arranging. Everything sounded like something that had already been heard from Count Basie, Glenn Miller, Les and Larry Elgart, Quincy Jones, Stan Kenton, etc.

Soon after his return, Watanabe was signed to a long-term contract as a soloist and arranger by TAKT, a subsidiary of Columbia of Japan, and the country's only jazz label. His efforts to date have been unique in their originality and modernity, and he has been the only Japanese arranger to record completely new sounds and unusual instrumental ensembles. His TAKT albums have been big sellers here, and although Watanabe himself invariably expresses dissatisfaction with their contents, his many fans eagerly buy them as soon as they appear.

The top jazzman in Japan was born 35 years ago in Utsunomiya, a city of about 150,000 some 80 miles north of Tokyo. He was one of a family of four brothers and one sister, and his father was a professional musician and singer specializing in the *biwa*, a four-stringed, guitar-sized instrument.

He was 16 before he picked up his first musical instrument, a clarinet. Some high school friends in his home town had formed a combo with the idea of getting work at one of the many U.S. Occupation Forces clubs in his home town, or at U.S. Army Special Services-operated hotels.

The Watanabe family's next-door neighbor was also a "professional" musician, in the loosest definition of the word. He played clarinet in a *Chin-don-ya* or traveling street advertising band. These bands, with a clarinet or trumpet as lead and a bass drum and cymbal player providing the beat, are still found in the suburban residential areas of large Japanese cities.

The Chin-don-ya clarinetist was Watan-

abe's first and (after two lessons in which he learned the fingering of the instrument and the scale) only reed teacher. One month later he was playing, in his own words, "very badly", in the house combo of the Hotel Kanaya in Nikko.

"About 90% of the hotel guests were GIs from an infantry division. During the evening most of them were too drunk to even take notice of the frequent squeaks and bad notes that dominated my playing then," says Watanabe with a grin.

The presence of American servicemen did have its rewards for the aspiring young musician. Occasionally a musician from one of the Army bands would drop in and, if they were reed men, Watanabe would listen attentively to their playing and eagerly seek advice on the finer points of the clarinet, and later, the alto sax.

Upon graduation from high school, he picked up his clarinet and alto and headed for Tokyo. Two years later, aged 20, he had progressed to the point where pianist Toshiko invited him to join her quartet.

Local jazz fans, American and Japanese, were also beginning to take notice of young Watanabe as an alto sax soloist. At the age of 22, he began seven years of classical flute study with Mrs. Ririko Hayashi, a renowned Tokyo teacher and lead flutist with the Tokyo Philharmonic.

When Toshiko left to study at Berklee, Watanabe took over the quartet, and, on Toshiko's first visit back to Japan, she told Watanabe that she and Charlie Mariano could arrange for a full scholarship for him at Berklee, if he wanted to go. At first Watanabe was reluctant, for by this time he had married a girl he had met in Tokyo and they had a small daughter. At the urging of his wife, however, he decided to accept the opportunity.

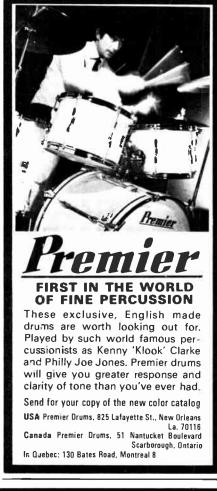
He averages at least one major concert in Tokyo every two months, and tickets are always sold out weeks in advance. His recent concerts in Tokyo have highlighted tunes by Burt Bacharach, Jim Webb, and The Beatles, and his quintet swings easily back and forth from jazz to bossa nova and pop-rock beats.

He abandoned the clarinet years ago, these days preferring to solo either on soprano, alto, or flute. A few months ago he bought a new Selmer sopranino, "the first I've ever seen," he says, an E-flat instrument that resembles a small, straight soprano sax.

For the past two years, Watanabe has been the driving force behind the annual Yamaha Light Music Contest, a nationwide effort to encourage the formation of amateur groups in the fields of jazz, pop, rock, folk, and country and western music. In 1967, a total of 2,000 groups competed in various elimination contests around the country, and, in 1968, more than 5,000 groups took part.

Future plans for the Yamaha Institute include inviting leading jazz musicians and composer-arrangers from the U.S. to act as teachers in Institute-sponsored seminars.

Jazz was never really in danger of dying out in Japan. Now, however, it has reached a new peak of acceptance, thanks largely to the efforts of Yamaha and Sadao Watanabe, Japan's jazzman for all sessions.



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(Continued from page 14)

Records. His first album, due to be released in mid-May, is Hamp's first recording with strings. The pianist recently played five nights at Donte's, split over two weeks, as is typical of the North Hollywood club, with Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Pat Seuatore, bass; and John Guerin, drums . . Gary Burton played 10 nights at Shelly's Manne-Hole, the first chance Los Angeles had to hear the group since Roy Ha nes was replaced by Bill Goodwin. Steve Swallow and Jerry Hahn remain . . . During Woody Herman's three-week engagement at the Hong Kong Bar, plans were made by the management to gather as many as possible of Woody's alumni now living on the coast for a continuous reunion. There were some 100, but since Woody takes a dim view of sitting in, the get-togethers were strictly social. However, a large reunion is planned for June, when the band will appear at Ceasar's Palace in Las Vegas. The Vegas date forced Woody to cancel out of the Newport Jazz Festival. Following the Hong Kong Bar gig, The Herd did some one-nighters, then took off for a four-week European tour . . . At the other end of the Century Plaza, O.C. Smith was the headliner at the Westside Room, having graduated from the Hong Kong Bar last summer, equivalent to the lonnge-vs.-main room scene in Las Vegas hotels. He was backed by AI Pellegrini's house band, conducted by Kirk Lightsey, O.C.'s new musical director. On opening night, O.C. spotted Lou Rawls, who followed Smith into the Westside Room, and Jack Jones in the audience (how he missed Barbara McNair and Carmen McRae in that same audience remains a mystery) and invited them up for some impromptu harmonizing ... Willie Bobo spent a month at Memory Lane with his septet: Louis Gasca, trumpet; Don Menza, tenor sax; Louis Sevadjian, guitar; Wayne Douglas, Fender bass; Claudio Slon, drums; Victor Pantoja, conga . . . William Fritz and his Los Angeles Jazz Ensemble were featured in a recital at the California Institute of the Arts. Personnel included: Gray Rains, Al Patacca, Dave Hayward, trumpets; Stan Steele, French horn; Dave Roberts, Tom Whittaker, trombones; Graham Ellis, bass trombone, tuba; Al Lasky, Lee Callet, Mike Vaccaro, John Mitchell, reeds; Pete Woodford, guitar; John Smith, bass; Ray Price, Fred Petry, percussion . . . Drummer Joe Harris has mixed emotions about his recent "movie call" for They Shoot Horses, Don't They? For one thing, he had to cut his hair. All the musicians did-the plot deals with the dance marathons of the '30s. Another negative involved the work. Much of what the jazz musicians had to play was prerecorded by studio men. The jazzmen merely simulated the playing. Harris' love affair with the U.S. seems to be on the wane. He's gone the expatriate route before, and he's been thinking about returning to Europe. What bugs him in particular, as he puts it, is the "contractor-clique syndrome." . . . The Hank De Vega Quartet played aboard the cruise ship The Princess which sails out of San Pedro (Los Angeles'

outer harbor) and sticks close to the shoreline. With reedman De Vega were Dave Mackay, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Carl Lott, drums. Sitting in were Tony Ortega and his wife Mona, who plays vibes; singer Vickie Hamilton (Mackay's wife); and Chuck Niles, clarinet . . . Pianist Joanne Grauer fronted a combo at Bill Chadney's with Ray Neapolitan, bass; John Baker, drums . . . Teddy Buckner's quintet initiated a Dixieland policy in the French Quarter Room of the New Orleans Hotel in Inglewood . . . Combos stayed a bit longer at Donte's during April. The Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet, the Joe Pass Quintet, and the Pete Jolly Trio stretched out for six nights each; Ruth Price with the Dave Grusin Trio took up residence for four nights. Guitar night was split between Jobn Pisano and George Van Eps, with the big bands of Larry Cansler, Kim Richmond, Dee Barton and Bobby Bryant featured on Sundays . . . Louis Jordan was honored recently when City Councilman Billy Mills authored a resolution praising him for his contributions to the entertainment field . . . Reedman Gabe Baltazar has swapped the Hollywood studio scene for the directorship of Honolulu's Royal Hawaiian Band. Additionally, he has organized a stage band within the Royal unit, utilizing from 16 to 20 musicians for concerts . . . The California State Museum of Science and Industry will present a history of jazz exhibit this summer, along with a series of concerts, with Local 47 nnderwriting the bands that will participate . . . Shelly Manne is leading the wildlife again. He will compose the title tune for CBS-TV's Animal World, which will begin May 8. Shelly's previous TV assignment was Daktari . . . Kellie Greene is giving Anita Kerr competition in terms of breaking the distaff barrier in the Hollywood studios. Kellie recently conducted The Establishment, a vocal group, on the Jonathan Winters Show . . Quincy Jones was signed to score Blood Kin, a film version of Tennessee Williams' Seven Descents of Myrtle. He is still working on the Sidney Poitier film

How Many Roads for Universal, and is to follow that with Columbia's Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice. Not guite the same problem for Lalo Schifrin. He barely finished recording his score for Che when he was signed to score A Hall of Mirrors for Paramount. His Canons for String Quartet was just premiered in Los Angeles, and he will be guest conductor of the University of Southern California songfest May 10 at the Hollywood Bowl. Schifrin's musical tribute to Martin Luther King, Dialogue for Jazz Quintet and Orchestra, will be recorded by the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra. The work was commissioned jointly by Capitol Records and **Cannonball Adderley** . . . Harvey Siders will emcee the Terry Gibbs concert May 18 and the Louis Bellson concert June 1, both big band affairs, at the Countysponsored Sunday afternon sessions at the outdoor Pilgrimage Theatre.

New Orleans: The area on North Clairborne Ave. between Orleans and St. Bernard Ave. is fast becoming a blues and

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World Radio History

jazz center here. David Lastee's modern combo at the Off Limits and Porgy Jones' group at the Club 77 have been joined by bassist Tec-Man at Dee's Chinese Restaurant and pianist Sam Henry at the Desert Sands. On the bill with Henry are vocalists Aaron and Cyril Neville . . . The New Orleans Pops summer season will feature appearances by Pete Fonntain and pianist Ronnie Kole in addition to a lineup of pop stars including Rosemary Clooney and Frankie Lane . . . The Fifth Dimension and Peter, Panl and Mary did recent concerts here . . . Trumpeter Melvin Lastie, who has been active in New York in recent years, visited here briefly en route to Los Angeles, where he was to join another former Orleanian. Harold Batiste, for work at Mercury Records . . . Tenor saxophonist Alvin Tyler left the June Gardner combo at the VIP to form his own group, with pianist Ed Frank, bassist Chuek Badie, and drummer Smokey Johnson. Sitting in at the VIP were drummer Leo Morris, currently with Lou Donaldson, and the members of the Dave Akins Trio, who completed a successful engagement at the Al Hirt Club . . . Vocalist Charles Brown was featured at a party for Fats Domino. who has opened the first in a chain of fried chicken drive-in restaurants . . . The Jazz Workshop on Decatur St. continues to expand its program with Sunday afternoon concerts by the Chuck Berlin Trio. Berlin, a doctor of otorhinolaryngology and bio-communications at LSU Medical School, recently ended a long engagement at the Rendezvous Room of the Roosevelt Hotel ... Vocalist Billy Tireuit is fronting a combo at the Sugar Plum Lounge . Tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller, who will appear in several concerts at Jazzfest 1969 the first week of June, has been plugging his new Coral album . . . The traditional jazz scene continues to flourish. Cornetist Johnny Wiggs, clarinetist Raymond Burke, and guitarist Danny Barker appeared on the Voice of America in March . . A traditional jazz concert for the benefit of the Heart Fund featured the Eureka Brass Band and Jim Robinson's band at Royal Orleans. The event honored several of the city's oldest working jazzmen, including Henry Booker Glass, Eddie Dawson, and Dede Pierce . . . The Tulane Jazz Archive sponsored a display of rare photographs from the Al Rose collection.

St. Louis: The Variety Club staged its third annual telethon for "forgotten children, with facilities once again donated by Channel 11, while other TV stations pitched in with personnel and talent. Most of the area's musicians and entertainers participated, and \$226,893 was raised . . . Tony Bennett and the great Louis Bellson band, with John Bunch on hand as the singer's musical director, were heard in concert at Kiel Auditorium March 23 . Pianist Gale Belle, with brother Paul on drums and Bob Wagner on bass, is in her second year at Al Baker's restaurant . . . Peanuts Whalum has a hit record. All the local DJs are giving it a whirl . . . Greg Bosler left town, moved to Las Vegas, picked up a gig as accompanist for the DeCastro Sisters, and is

making an overseas tour with them . . . Marion Miller, longtime fixture at the Mainlander, produces live FM broadcasts from several of the area's most popular night spots . . . Doc Severinsen was to be featured in concert at the University of Missouri with Larry Sutherland's exciting big band . . . Oliver Nelson will return to Washington University to conduct a summer clinic. He hopes to have bassist Ron Carter on his staff this year . . . The Combination Three, with Stan Sykes, organ; Charles Gilbert, flute and drums, and Vernon Latham, conga, started their second year at the Steak and Still Lounge ... Dixieland trumpeter George Harness, who also owns and operates the Harness House Motel-Restaurant, held a musical potpourri in Springfield, Ill. featuring the exciting Hear and Now; Dave Harris'

trio; Terry Brennan and trio, and his own group. Everybody had a ball . . . Drummer Lneky Light and his musical partner, organist Don Stille, have moved to the River House in Mansion House Center. Marcia Lee is the featured vocalist . . . Speaking of duos, one of the most popular in the area, Joe Byington and Don Schroeder, continue at The Wreck. We still haven't figured out how many instruments they play . . . Phil Hulsey has left the Herb Drury Trio to form a new threesome with Paul Stanis, piano, and Joe Schless, bass, currently appearing in the Living Room at the Playboy. Art Heagle took over the drum chair with Drury, who continues at the Montmartre Lounge . . . Vibist Gordon Lawrence's quartet is back at Mr. "C's" for an unlimited engagement. Lawrence, who

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for drumming.

doubles vibes and flute, has Gordon Johanningsmeyer, piano; Tom Denham, bass, and Frank Muriel, drums.

Cincinnati: Bassist Pete Bettiker recently joined the Ron Enyeart Trio, currently working at Herbie's Lounge. On weekends, tenorman Gordy Brisker augments the group, which also includes pianist Sam Jackson . . . Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66 played a concert in February at the University of Cincinnati . . . The Dee Felice Trio, with vocalist Madelyn Press, is working at The Imperial House South, in Dayton. The group recenly became a member of the James Brown Stage Show, and in March traveled to Los Angeles with Brown . . . New Dilly's Pub continues to feature the Jimmy McGary-Dave Matthews Quintet, with McGary, tenor; Matthews, piano; Grove Mooney, drums; John Young, bass, and Kenny Poole, guitar . . . Since the beginning of the year, The Living Room Supper Club has presented an impressive list of groups including Young-Holt Unlimited, Ramsey Lewis, Herbie Mann, B.B. King, and Duke Ellington . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet played a concert with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in February . . . Guitarist Cal Collins is working with organist Stan Todd at the Shady Nook, near Venice, Ohio.

Toronto: Jim Galloway has taken over Jim McHarg's duties as leader of the Metro Stompers, now playing traditional jazz at the Broom and Stone. The band will be featured in a new setting when Norman Symonds completes a concerto for traditional jazz band and symphony orchestra, written especially for them. Mc-Harg leads his own newly organized Clyde River Jazz Band . . . Dave Brubeck presented excerpts from his oratorio, A Light In the Wilderness, at the fifth Jazz at the Symphony concert, also appearing with his quartet featuring Gerry Mulligan.

Paris: Charles Tolliver did a week at the Cameleon, accompanied by a newcomer from Lille, pianist Michel Graillier; Jean-Francois Jenny-Clark, bass, and Aldo Romano, drums . . . Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas followed Tolliver at the club, with J. R. Montrose, tenor sax; Alby Cullaz, bass, and Jean-Louis Viale, drums. It was the drummer's first gig after a one-year layoff due to an automobile accident . . . American visitors Erroll Garner (April 24), Woody Herman (May 4), and B. B. King (May 5) were due to concertize here . . . Andre Hodeir, after a two-year retirement, presented two concerts of his music in Paris ... Jean-Luc Ponty returned from his two-week California trip March 16 and played concerts in Lyon and Paris, sharing the bill with Martial Solal in the latter ... The Academie du Jazz split its Grand Prix du Disque between Pharoah Sanders' Tauhid (Impulse) and Gary Burton's Lofty Fake Anagram (RCA). John Lee Hooker's Urban Blues (Bluesway) was named best blues album. The Django Reinhardt prize, a kind of "new star" award going to the best French musician of the year, was won by Michel Roques. The young tenor saxist-flutist will represent

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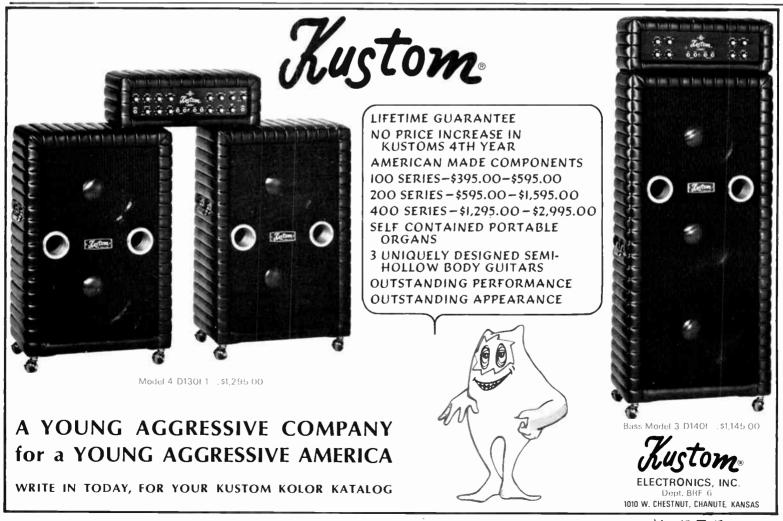
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France at the Montreux Festival (June 18-22) . . . The Ronnie Scott Octet (Kenny Wheeler, trumpet; Chris Pyne, trombone; Ray Warleigh, alto sax; Scott, tenor sax; Carl Jenkins, baritone sax; Gordon Beck, piano; Ron Mathewson, bass; Tony Oxley, drums) and singer Jon Hendricks began a two-week tour of France April 26 . . . Hank Mobley played the Chat Qui Peche in March . . . T-Bone Walker was at the Trois Mailletz ... Jav McShann and Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson wrapped up their three-week tour with recording sessions in Paris March 26 and 28 for the Black&Blue label. French bassist Roland Lobligeois subbed for Gene Ramey, who had to rush back to the U.S. Tenorist Hal Singer and T-Bone Walker were added for some selections.

Japan: Astrud Gilberto, who was forced to cancel a tour here nearly two years ago, finished it out this time in excellent health. Shows were divided equally between U.S. military clubs and Japanese TV studios, clubs and concert halls. Miss Gilberto, however, again disappointed her audiences because of her weak pipes. Critics were ecstatic over the group backing her, headed by pianist Ben Aranov and including altoist Charlie Mariano, the same group, incidentally, that accompanied the singer last time around. Mariano bumped into New York musicians Norris Jones, bass, Majeeb Shibazz, drums, and Clarence Palmer, piano, one night at

Caesar's Jazz in Akasaka, a new live jazz spot upstairs from Mugen, a long-established rock-soul room. The four U.S. jazzmen sat in with trumpeter Terumasa Hino and his quintet, the house band at C' J. for nearly two hours. Hino's group, incidentally, nudged altoman Sadao Watanabe's quintet out of the top spot in Jazz Group Of The Year category in the latest Swing Journal magazine jazz poll. Last March. Hino and his group, including Kunimitsu Inaba, bass; Hiromasa Suzuki, piano; Takeru Muroaka, tenor soprano saxes: and Motohiko Hino, (the leaders' brother) drums, presented an initial recital to a sell-out house at Sankei Hall in Tokyo. They experimented with electronic sounds via a Yamaha-developed system during a couple of numbers, but bassist Inaba was openly disturbed about his first public appearance with an amplified instrument. Jones, Shibazz, and Palmer sat in with the Hino quintet at Shinjuku Dug in an unscheduled midnight to 4 a.m. session in late February. The three U.S. musicians toured the cities and whistlestops here with tenorman Sil Austin for one month and stayed over in Japan for another two weeks, hitting the jazz spots in Tokyo and sitting in. Other groups they sat in with were pianist Masahiko Sato's trio, drummer George Ohtsuka's trio, and tenorman Akira Miyazawa's quartet . . . Sam & Dave, backed by guitarist Jimmy Norris and his band, arrived at the end of

March for two weeks of concerts, club dates, both Japanese and U.S. military, and TV appearances. Contingent included saxists Julius Robinson, Toby Wynn, Tyrone Johnson; trumpets Dan Blalock, John Reese, Willie Wallace; trombonist Ben Littles; organist Horace Cooper; drummers Cal Roddie and Morgan Norris, and bassist John Hayet. The soulblues-rock contingent also included vocalists Margie Hendrix, Johnny Killen and Sherry Ann Sheppard. All concerts at Sankei Hall, and reserved tickets at U.S. military clubs were sold out weeks in advance of the package's arrival. S & D's Soul Man, Hold On, and others are the biggest record sellers this country has seen since the Beatles. At the last minute promoter also booked the show into Mugen in Akasaka for shows in March and April . . . The Human Beinz, Atlantic recording group from Youngstown, Ohio, arrived for a series of TV, concert and club appearances with a Japanese rock group, The Wild Ones, who record for Capitol through Toshiga Records, a local label ... Topo, lead guitarist and co-lead singer for The Tigers, this country's leading rock band, disappeared without explanation in mid-March, and the group was inactive as a result. Later, it was admitted that Topo had departed, with management blessings, for a year's study in Europe. Topo was replaced by Osami Kishibe, brother of another Tiger, who has just returned from a year's study in the U.S.





The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, III. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.-house band; tfn.-till further notice; unk.unknown at press time; wknds.- weekends.

NEW YORK

- Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn. Baby Grand: unk. Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): name groups. Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon. Broadcasters Inn (Flushing): unk. Carnegie Recital Hall: Art Blakey, 4/18. Elvin Jones, 5/9. Casey's: jazz nightly. Chuck's Composite: Chuck Wayne, tfn. Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Striker, Wed., Fri-Sat. Club Baron: Name groups; Clark Terry, Mon. Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun. Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur-Sun.

- Thur.-Sun. ownbeat: World's Greatest Jazz Band, Joe

- Thur.-Sun.
 Downbeat: World's Greatest Jazz Band, Joe Venuti to 5/1.
 Ember Room (White Plains Hotel, White Plains): Saints & Sinners.
 Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Maaro, Jimmy Hamilton.
 Fillmore East: Jeff Beck, Joe Cocker, 5/2-3.
 The Band; Cat Mother & Night Newsboys, 5/9-12.
 Forest Hills Inp. Deston Salbe, tfn.
- Forest Hills Inn: Dayton Selby, tfn.

- Forest Hills Inn: Dayton Selby, tfn. Four Seasons: Jimmy Lyon. 14 and 10: name pianists. Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance. Half Note: Anita O'Day, Roy Eldridge. Jacque's Place: Major Holley, wknds. Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPart-land, FrL-Sat. "L"Shape Room (Huntington L.L): Nita

- "L".Shape Room (Huntington, L.I.): Nita Greene, Sun.-Mon. Guest Night, Mon. La Boheme: Booker Ervin, Ted Curson.

- La Boheme: Booker Ervin, Ted Curson. Luigi II: Mary Hurt. Mark Twain's Riverboat: unk. Miss Lacey's: Tiny Grimes. Needle's Eye: pianists, wknds. NYU's University Heights Campus (Bronx): Elvin Jones, 5/5. Pee Wee's: John Blair, tfn. Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pelli-cane, Joe Font, Peter Franco, Joe Coleman, Mon. Pink Poodle: Sam Prmit, Jazzmen, Sun, after-
- Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. after-

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ZIP CODE

46 DOWN BEAT

- Fink Foodley Sam Fruit, Jazzmen, Sun. alternoon.
 Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
 Plaza Grove (Fairlawn, N.J.): John Nobile, Bobby Gransden, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: John Bialr, tfn.
 The Playhouse: name groups.
 Plaza 9: Dukes of Dixieland, to 5/18; George Shearing, 5/20-6/1.
 Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
 Raifael Restaurant (Corona): Pat Trixie, Les Jenkins, Paul Raymond, Joe Fontana, Joe Arden, Fri.-Sun.
 Rainbow Grill: Marilyn Maye, to 5/17.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky.
 Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
 The Scene: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. The Scene. afternoon.
- Shepheard's: New Zealand Trading Co. Shewcase (Cresskill, N.J.): Johnny Morris, Russel George, Jimmy Fitzsimon, Tue.-Sun. Showcase

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- Slugs: Sonny Brown, Sun.; Sat. Mats.
 Small's Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
 Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom McNeil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
 Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottle Stall-worth, Wed.-Sat.
 Three Accs: Skeeter Best.
 Tom Jones: unk.
 Top of the Gate: Mose Allison to 5/18. Les Mc-Cann. 5/20-6/15.
 Yillage Gate: Hugh Masekela, Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/2-3: Jimmy Smith, Clarence Car-ter, 5/16-17; B. B. King, 6/3-29.
 Yillage Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon. Duke Pearson, Sun.
 Wells: Horace Parlan, tfn.

NEW ORLEANS

- Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luening, Mon.-Sat, Dave West, C. J. Cheramine, Sun. Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun. Cage: Ernest Holland, Jeri Hall, tfn. Club 77: Porgy Jones, afterhours, wknds. Court of Two Sisters: Cousin Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, Harry Hawkins, tfn. Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon, Dee's Chinese Restaurant: Tee-Man, wknds. Desert Sands: Sam Henry, Aaron Neville, Cyril Neville, tfn.

- Desert Sanos: Sam Heily, Anton Actine, Other Nevile, tfn. Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon. Dixieland Hall: Sweet Emma, Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Papa Celestin Band, hbs. Fairmont Room: Lavergne Smith, Charlotte
- Champagne, tfn. Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig. hbs. Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, Frank Sparcello, tfn

- Fountainbleau: Tony mitchell, Frank Sparceno, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn; Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
 644 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
 Al Hirt's: Big Tiny Little to 3/15.
 Jazz Workshop: Willie Tee and the Souls, tfn.
 Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
 Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
 Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
 Laura's: James Rivers, wknds.
 Off Limits: David Laste, wknds.
 afterbaue: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Dead End Kids.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
- Preservation Hall: various traditional groups. Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn. Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night

Bailey.

Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn. Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat. Sugar Plum: Billy Tircuit, tfn. Sylvia's: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours. Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn. Touché: Armand Hug, tfn. Vancresson's Cafe Creole: Kid Claiborne, tfn. VIP (Mason's): June Gardner, Germaine Buz-zile, tfn. James Rivers, Wed.

BALTIMORE Bluesette: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Phil Har-

Bluesette: Ted Hawke, Jimmy Wells, Phil Har-ris, Fri-Sat. Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields. Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Name jazz groups, Sun. Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane. Meeting Place: Jimmy Wells, Mon.-Sat. Peyton Place: Greg Hatza, Thur.-Sun. Playboy Club: Ted Hawke, Tom Garvin, Donald Beiler

LOS ANGELES

Ash Grove: Avant-garde jazz, Wed. Bill of Fare: Chnck Rowen. Black Fox: Vee Jay, Dave Holden. Brass Ring: (Sherman Oaks): Cosmie Brother-hood, Mon. Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller. Carribean: Leon Haywood. Red Holloway.

World Radio History

- Center Field: Tommy Bush. China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Jack Sheldon, Joe Mondragon, Sun.-Mon. Club Casbah: Curtis Amy. Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb. Donte's (North Hollywood): jazz nightly. Guitar night, Mon. Big bands, Sun. Tommy Vig, 5/4, 5/11. Elks Club (Santa Ana): New Orleans Jazz Club of Southern California, jam sessions lst Sun. of each month. Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.

- of Southern California, jam sessions 1st Sun. of each month. Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland. Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing. Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Lionel Hamp-ton, 5/3-25; Cannonball Adderley, 5/28-6/15. Hungry Tiger: Harry Fields, Al McKibbon, Jilly's (Palm Springs): Willle Restum. Joker Room (Mission Hills): Bob Jung, Mon. Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Freddie Hubbard, 4/23-5/4. Bobby Bryant, Mon.-Tues. to 4/20. Tom Scott, Sun. aft. Memory Lane: Tyrone Parsons. Mickle Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland. Moonfire Inn (Topanga): Gil Melle. Mon. Parisian Room: Lorez Alexandria to 4/20. Hen-ry Cain. Clifford Scott, Mon. Pied Piper: Sam Fletcher, Ike Issacs. Harper Cosby, Karen Hernandez Trio, Tues. Pitruzzello's Restaurant (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat. Pizzz Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, wknds.

Sat

Tue.

wknds.

hbs.

- Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, wknds, Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb. Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds, Shelly's Manne-Hole: The Advancement to 4/20, Cal Tiader, 4/22-27. Sbelly Manne, Fri-Mon. Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle. Joyce Col-lins, Tue, Jazz concerts every 5th Tue. Tiki Island: Charles Kynard. Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.

Westside Room (Century Plaza): O. C. Smith, 4/1-20. Lou Rawls, 4/22-5/4.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: The Pharoahs, wknds. Shows, nightly. Flame East: Kim Martell. Flower Pot: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Tue. Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-

Tue. Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Sonny Cox, Fri.-Sun. Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt. Kinetic Playground: various rock & blues groups, wknds. London House: George Shearing to 5/4. Luriean's: Name singers. Vernell Fournier,

Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds,

hbs.
Parkway Community House: AACM concerts, Wed.-Sun.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gens Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Jimmy Smith, 4/30-5/11. Ken-ny Burrell, 5/14-5/26. B. B. King, 5/27-6/1. Miles Davis, 6/3-6/17.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicage Footwarm-ers, Sun.
Sloppy Joe's: Salty Dogs, Thur.-Sat.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn. Bears and Bulls: Gene Lynn, tfn. Brave Bull: Sheryll Lynn. Carlo's: The Marksmen, tfn. Contak Room: The Troupe, tfn. El Dorado Lounge: Fred Washington, tfn. Esquire Club: Bernard Hutcherson, Fri-Sat. Fats States Lounge: Fred Washington, semions. Sat. afternoon

Fais States Lounge: Fred Washington, sensions. Sat. afternoon.
Hilton Inn: Jim Willman.
House of the Lions: Roger McCoy, tfn.
Kettle and Keg: Jim Becker, Thur.-Sat. Jeanne Trevor, Tue.-Thur.
Le Apartment: Dan Wintermantle, tfn. Judy Gilbert, Wed., Fri.. Sat.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmarte: Herb Drury, Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. Phil Hulsey Trio. tfn.
Spanish Door: Dave Venn, cocktall hr., Mon.-Fri. Peanuts Whalum, Mon.-Sat.
Steak and Still Lounge: Combination Three, Thur.-Sat.
Wreck Bar: Byington-Schroeder Duo.

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Sloppy Joe's: Salty Dogs, Thur.-Sat. Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Wed.-Sat. Tejar Club: various name groups.

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