

APRIL 30, 1970 50c

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

BAGS' NEW GROOVE: MILT JACKSON SAYS IT LOUD...

THE RUSSIAN ADVENTURES OF A U.S. COLLEGE BAND

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

SOME OBSERVATIONS on the current school jazz festival scene:

On the college level, the most apparent difference from previous years is the gradual elimination of the contest concept, wherein one band or combo is declared a winner. The level of college jazz ensembles has risen so in the past five years that choosing a "winner" becomes a futile exercise in stylistic preference. The usual adjudication standards of blend, balance, rhythm, precision, intonation, etc. just don't work because of the high level of musicianship. Even when close attention is paid by the judges to depth and maturity of soloists and the complexity of the arrangements, it is increasingly difficult to make a definitive judgment.

Now, the trend is towards a festival atmosphere where the band can stretch out



musically without trying to either second-guess the judges or get uptight about "losing". Of course, there are still disappointments. At Mobile and Notre Dame, groups not chosen to play at the Saturday night performances weren't exactly cheering. Those chosen for the final performance, however, didn't let down because formal competition had been eliminated. There remained the more important competitive element of playing your best before your peers and for each other.

While the competitive aspects among ensembles are being muted, there is a coincidental rise in personal competition, i.e., recognition of individual players. This is an important and significant trend. It means that jazz has come to school music, replacing the previous "stage band" concept with occasional soloists playing derivative lines. It also means that judges can be better used for individual expertise. Judges of the caliber of Oliver Nelson, Clark Terry, Johnny Smith, Mundell Lowe, Paul Horn, etc. can readily identify talent, whether it be in a soloist, lead player or rhythm section player. With the emphasis thus shifting to individual talent, a strong recognition of internal arrangers is coming about. School jazz is getting much of its individuality and variety from writing by the players themselves or by an arranger-composer within the music department. It is up to the school arranger to take advantage of this year's strengths and minimize the weaknesses. And it's up to him to present himself and his players in an original and creative manner.

The modification of the contest factor also brings another dividend—the use of allied forms of expression. I so well remember last year at Salt Lake City the beautiful and effective "production" of *Angel Eyes* by Dwight Cannon and his San Jose State big band from California with multi-level staging, careful mood lighting, a moving contralto voice, and an interpretative dancer all weaving the threads of a spell. San Jose State didn't win the contest (which was geared to straight music considerations) but they, and other imaginative and creative musicians, have made their point.



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down beat

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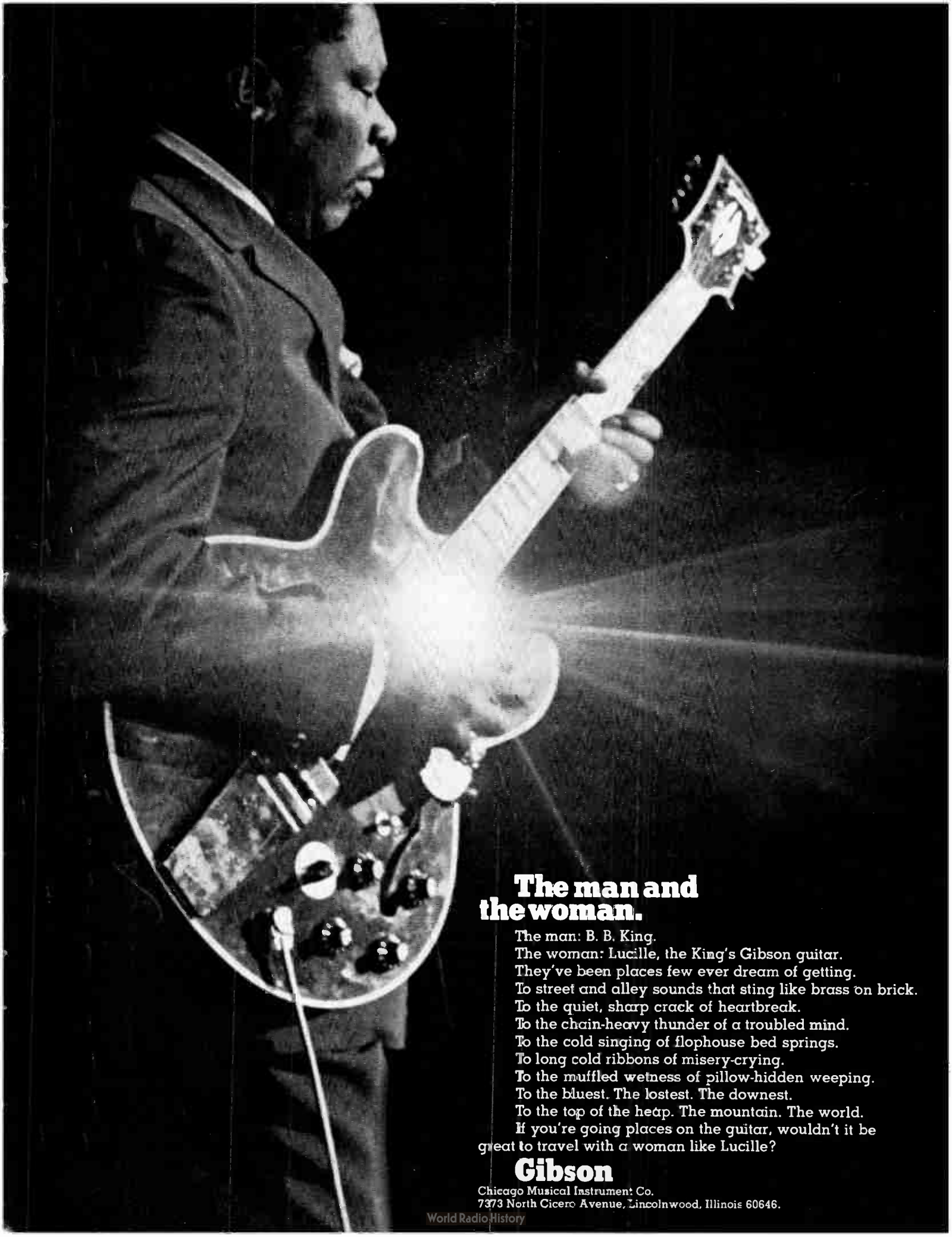
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Musical Semantics

First of all, I must say that I did enjoy reading Jim Szantor's review of Gerald Wilson's *Eternal Equinox* (db, Mar. 19).

In regard to his remarks concerning me, I don't understand what he means by the word "grandstanding". I play what I feel!

Be careful of such terms as "non-musical". Any sound has the potential of being musical. (Some may argue, and rightly so, that any sound can be interpreted as music). What really counts, to me anyway, is the way one unifies these sounds. You may not care for the way I unify various sounds, but I challenge you to state that I use them non-musically or in excess on *Bluesnee*. My solo on that tune is certainly not one of my better efforts, but it most certainly is not in excess of "non-musical sounds".

Everyone in any capacity should be in a constant state of further maturation. I do hope to be better able to organize the sounds of the universe in a more esthetically satisfying way to me so that I will be more completely and adequately expressing myself. By the way, what is a non-musical sound?

Nevertheless, it was a good review.

George Duke

San Francisco, Cal.

Perhaps a better term would have been extramusical, which to me involves redundancy, lick playing, or the use of technique for its own sake (grandstanding) as opposed to its use for the execution of a cogent, but perhaps complex, idea. Whether or not pianist Duke's "Bluesnee" solo contains extramusical elements is still a matter of opinion, for what constitutes musical expression is, for certain, a je ne sais quoi. Yet, for example, who plays more musical drum solos, Max Roach or Lionel Hampton?

—J.S.

Artistic Responsibility?

I recently received a listing of the most popular 160 albums, as compiled by *Billboard*. On this list I can find Herbie Mann, Mancini, Nancy Wilson, Quincy Jones and Frank Sinatra representing the mainstream of jazz-oriented music. What, no Miles, Horace Silver, Jazz Crusaders, Cannonball, or Buddy Rich?

What the devil is going on? Will the listening public accept only music based on a lowest common denominator? Has jazz intellectualized itself out of business? Are we so smug and self-righteous that we leave the audience with a sense of rejection? Do we not have a responsibility to communicate and sell our artistic utterance?

I am not asking artistic compromise, but rather that the creators of as vital a musical force as jazz meet their responsibility of selling their product.

To be certain, sheer popularity is no

ultimate test of the value of anything, but when no recording by the avant garde, or even by the mainstream creators can capture even 1/160 of the public's interest, I must put some of the blame on the creators.

D. Cole

Maxwell AFB, Ala.

Misinformation?

You have misinformation printed in the *Paris Strictly Ad Lib* column (db, Mar. 19). You stated that Jean-Luc Ponty refused Gary Burton's offer to join his group. This is entirely false.

The offer was first made by Gary to Jean-Luc in November, 1969, while Burton was touring Europe. Ponty immediately accepted. One month later Jean-Luc wrote Burton requesting more money than the original agreement had stipulated, saying that it would cost him a great deal to move his family to the U.S. Gary refused this increase in price and called the deal off. Ponty wrote again in December reaccepting the offer at the original price, but Gary had his calendar booked with dates for his quartet alone; adding Jean-Luc would have meant renegotiating the money for all the scheduled dates, so Gary told Ponty that their collaboration was not practical at the present time. They both agreed to reconsider at a later date. Each has a great deal of respect for the other's musicianship.

Donna Burton

New York City

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N.Y. GRAMMY BANQUET HAUNTED BY GREMLINS

A bouquet of raspberries to the New York Chapter of NARAS (National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) for its presentation of the 12th annual Grammy Awards at the Juilliard School of Music's Alice Tully Hall.

From start to finish, the affair was a total disaster. After shuffling through a processed turkey buffet featuring plastic plates and attended by such elegants as Dionne Warwick, Brook Benton, and Lotte Lenya, and scurrying for seats, the guests were treated to a set of dull arrangements performed by a group of excellent musicians under the baton of Dick Hyman whose collective talents were conspicuously wasted, and slide projections of the awards which unfortunately could not be read.

Emcee Merv Griffin then materialized, offering such witty, sophisticated gems as this introduction of two thirds of Peter, Paul and Mary: "Here's Peter and Mary—it's Paul's night at home to work on the dynamite caps." The audience, to its credit, was not amused.

From there, things proceeded at a fast downhill clip. Miles Davis and his group were the first featured performers. The trumpeter offered an uncompromising sample of his combo's current style, but in the middle of a slow, quiet solo by the leader—potentially an exquisite moment—a loud conversation between sound technicians about checking the mikes was clearly audible throughout the auditorium. Lovely.

Richie Havens, up next, tussled with a mike feedback problem. But his ordeal was mild compared to poor little Brenda Lee's. Her mike went absolutely dead in the middle of her set. After several minutes, an intermission was called to attend to the problem, during which about half the audience decided to split. We've seen more professionalism at high school variety shows.

Oh, yes—the winners included Blood, Sweat & Tears (album of the year; best arrangement accompanying vocalists—to Fred Lipsius for *Spinning Wheel*; and best contemporary instrumental performance—for *Variations on a Theme by Erik Satie*); Crosby, Stills & Nash (best new artists of 1969), and, in various other categories, Peggy Lee, the Beatles, the Fifth Dimension, and Aretha Franklin.

The jazz awards, listed next-to-last (after pop, technical and craft awards, r&b, "soul gospel," country, sacred, gospel, folk, movies, original cast album, children, spoken word, and comedy—but before the various classical categories) went to Quincy Jones' *Walkin' in Space* LP (large group) and the late Wes Montgomery's *Willow Weep For Me* (small group). A jazz album, Gary McFarland's *America the Beautiful*, copped the best cover prize.

But the real winners that night were the losers—they didn't have to show up.

DOWN BEAT ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

New Zealand tenor saxophonist Colin Hemmingsen and guitarist Stuart Slagle of Cinnaminson, N.J. are the top winners of the 1970 down beat Hall of Fame Scholarship competition. Each will receive a \$1,000 scholarship to the Berklee College of Music (formerly the Berklee School of Music until recent official accreditation by the Massachusetts Board of Education) of Boston, Mass.

Recipients of \$500 partial scholarships to Berklee are trombonists Keith O'Quinn of Lebanon, Mo., Steve Seltzer of East Meadow, N.J., and Jim Gardiner of Seattle, Wash.; tenorists-arrangers Anthony Dagradi of Summit, N.J. and Paul Moen of Bremerton, Wash.; and pianist-composer Rick Keuthe of Boston, Mass.

Awarded \$250 partial scholarships to Berklee are saxophonists-arrangers Glenn Barrett of Salt Lake City, Utah; pianist-altoist Eric Wheeler of Columbia, S.C.; guitarists Brad Cahill of San Diego, Cal. and Gaston Juarez of Chicago, Ill.; percussionist Greg Lester of Greenfield, Wis.; and composer-arranger Russell Vines of Reno, Nev.

JAZZ UTOPIA BLOOMS ON CALIFORNIA SHORE

Situated about 30 yards from the crashing Pacific surf in El Granada, California is a two story A-frame house that has a large living room which seats approximately 85 people, nice oil paintings on the natural wood walls, and a grand piano that is always kept well tuned. The house serves two functions. During the week, it is a real estate office but on Sunday afternoons—twice a month—the house becomes the meeting place of the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society, Inc.

Though close to San Francisco (a 30-minute drive along the ocean) BDDS is still an undiscovered Utopia for most area jazz buffs.

Pete Douglas, founder of BDDS, describes the society as "a non profit organization intended to provide an informal situation whereby talented musicians may present music of their choosing to an appreciative audience. The Society was incorporated (in jest) in 1964 as a result of jazz musicians coming to the beach to blow informally. The Society has since been expanding to include most other forms of music (classical, folk, etc.). Dress is always informal and anyone may bring drink or food and stay on for whatever social situation may develop."

Douglas likes to present aspiring new jazz groups based in the San Francisco Bay area. During 1969, groups who played the Sunday sessions included Mike Nock and the Fourth Way; saxophonist Bert Wilson backed by Charles Lloyd's rhythm section; Lamb; the Peter Welker Sextet,

and a quartet featuring Richie Crabtree (pianist with the late Wes Montgomery).

The casual and friendly atmosphere of BDDS creates a rapport between musicians and audience that cannot be approximated in a night club, concert, or festival setting.

Pete Douglas has shown what a man can do if he loves jazz and wants to present it—not for profit but for sheer enjoyment. What jazz needs is more Bach Dancing and Dynamite Societies!

—Robert Scott

POTPOURRI

New York's Jazz Interactions, which lately has been having financial problems, elected a new slate of officers in mid-



March. Trumpeter Joe Newman, a former vice president, is the new president of the organization, and trombonist Benny Powell was elected executive director. JI plans to set up a jazz workshop program to develop young talent under the direction of professional musicians. It is hoped that the regular JI Sunday sessions can be resumed in the near future.

Drummer Roy Haynes and his Hip Ensemble (Charlie Sullivan, trumpet and flugelhorn; Charlie Adams, tenor saxophone; Carl Schroeder, piano; Bill Wood, bass) left New York March 19 for an extended tour of Japan.

In late March, Thelonious Monk was hospitalized in New York and at presstime was undergoing a series of tests after recovering from a bout with pneumonia. Two veteran jazzmen, pianist Joe Sullivan and banjoist-vocalist Clancy Hayes, were reported ailing in California hospitals.

Gene Ammons' second trip to New York City with his group turned out no better than the first. Again, the New York State Liquor Board refused the tenor saxophonist permission to appear at the Club Baron in Harlem. Fortunately, the group

immediately received an offer to appear at Redd Foxx's club in Los Angeles, where they did two weeks in March, the first opposite Sarah Vaughan, the second shared with Herbie Mann's sextet. With Ammons were George Freeman, guitar; Wallace Burton, piano; Chester Williamson, bass, and Bob Guthrie, drums.

Lionel Hampton has been appointed a full professor by two New Orleans institutions, Xavier University and Dillard University. Starting in December, the vibraharpist and bandleader plans to conduct a series of seminars dealing with black music in America. Also, major artists will be brought in to lecture and perform. Hampton is enlisting music historians to assist with the project. It is expected that the seminars and lecture-concert will be held at a central location in New Orleans rather than on the campuses of the two universities.



THE WORKS OF MANN

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

AT THIS WRITING I am confronted by an extraordinary situation, one that must surely be without precedent in the history of jazz as far as large scale acceptance is concerned.

In the list of the country's 20 top-selling jazz LPs, five, or 25% of the whole bunch, are by the same artist, Herbie Mann.

This staggering achievement undoubtedly will be shrugged off by some who will say: "So he's making a lot of money, so what?", but who secretly would like nothing better than to occupy those five positions themselves. Nevertheless, Mann's multiple successes led me to a closer examination of the whole situation of jazz insofar as it concerns record sales and mass communication.

First let it be emphasized that these are not five jazz-rock albums. Rock is a central element in a couple of them, but it cannot be said to have much relationship, for example, to the impact of *Concerto Grosso in D Blues*, which, if it must be classified, can best be called a third stream creation. Nor is it a real factor in *The Best of Herbie Mann*, an anthology that involves gospel, bossa nova, blues and r&b.

What the listings show about Herbie Mann is that he has an uncannily astute ear for what his audiences want, an intelligent awareness of how best to surround himself with capable and inspired musicians, a very sharply honed business sense, the ability to help establish trends as well as the willingness to follow them; and, let us not forget, a not inconsiderable talent as a flutist and composer.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: WBAI, New York's listener-sponsored radio station, has launched a campaign to further interest in contemporary jazz by presenting a modern jazz benefit concert at the Free Music Store Church owned by the station. The well-attended Mar. 20 concert featured a quintet led by bassist Norris Jones and including Carl Grubbs, alto saxophone, Earl Grubbs, tenor saxophone; Ronald Hampton, piano, trumpet, and Clifford Jarvis, drums. The concert was taped for future radio airing. . . . Recent New York returnee Philly Joe Jones and his quintet were at Slugs' for the week of Mar. 10th followed by another former expatriate, tenorist Hank Mobley. . . . Pianist Barry Harris did Port of Call East the weekend of Mar. 13. . . . Zoot Sims was featured at the Half Note through most of March, backed by Ross Tompkins, piano, Victor Sproles, bass,

The chart reveals also that commercial success is as remote as it always has been in jazz from critical acceptance. *Memphis Underground*, for example, which has been on the list for a solid 44 weeks, received a condescending three-star review in down beat from Alan Heineman, who started right out with: "Perhaps it's unfair that I review this LP, I really don't much like Mann," but nevertheless didn't refuse to take the assignment.

Herbie Mann Live at the Whiskey a Go Go will never sully the turntable of a reviewer, since it was released last fall and has been on the list for 14 weeks. More likely to receive attention is *Stone Flute*, which is on Herbie's own Embryo label (the other four are on Atlantic, of which Embryo is a subsidiary); this has only just made the chart. Other Embryo releases, produced by Mann though not featuring him, have been well received commercially and may give him, in effect, an even larger chunk of the top 20 within the next couple of months.

Now we come to the larger issue. How, in 1970, do you get to make a jazz album at all, let alone one that has a chance of popular success? The proportion of pure, artistically motivated jazz LPs seems to be shrinking almost daily; by the same token, an incredible number of albums are of the type that are ground out by soloists and arrangers to correspond with some a&r man's idea of what you need to do nowadays to sell jazz.

The very diversity of the music contained in Mann's five best-sellers proves that there is no pat answer, and that it isn't mandatory to follow any of the supposedly safe commercial formulas in order to make a jazz album economically viable. The formulas include certain prescriptions, such as (a) stick to tracks short enough for disc jockey play; (b) always use material predominantly drawn from such established sources as the Beatles, Dylan, Donovan, Bacharach, Webb; (c) use a rock rhythm section, with Fender bass and piano; (d) surround the principal soloist with a bank of strings and/or a vocal group.

Certainly the jazz artists now on the

and Mousey Alexander, drums. Fellow tenorist Al Cohn joined Sims on week-ends. . . . Anita O'Day held forth at the Downbeat through March. . . . The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble was at Diggs' Den the weekends of Mar. 6 and 13. A Mar. 15 bon voyage party was held for the Japan-bound group. Following Haynes' group at Diggs was the Howard McGhee Quintet. . . . Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra appeared Mondays at Slugs' during March. . . . Lionel Hampton, Carmen McRae and Bill Cosby were presented in concert at the Felt Forum. Hampton is planning an Asiatic tour this spring and Cosby has announced that tenorist Eddie Harris has been signed to compose and score the music for his upcoming TV special. . . . Bassist Johnny Dyan recently arrived from overseas to record with trumpeter Don Cherry. . . . Pianist Dave Burrell spent three days in Haiti taping folk music

[Continued on page 40]

charts, including Mann, have used all these devices from time to time; just as certainly these plays have proven unsuccessful more often than not, as surely as their absence has failed to prevent the likes of Mann from coming up with a *Comin' Home Baby*, which ran 8½ minutes and was strictly jazz material, written by a jazz musician, Ben Tucker. In the *Whiskey* album one number covered each entire side, both about 15 minutes long.

In retrospect it seems ironic that the artists who have proved most valuable to the record companies are those who, throughout the '50s and '60s, were not subjected to any of these restrictions. They recorded whatever seemed musically valid to them; they were allowed by their producers to follow their own instincts as to what should be included in their albums. If Miles Davis or John Coltrane had been obliged to bow to propositions (a), (b), (c) or (d), their LPs might be cut out of the catalogs by now. Instead, both are currently on the same charts that include the Mann products.

By the same token, Quincy Jones' *Walkin' in Space*, which recently won the Grammy jazz award, is the kind of album many producers would have tried their damndest to dissuade him from making. There are only six tracks, one of which is 12 minutes long. Here and there you'll find evidence of (b), (c) and (d) on some tracks, but essentially it's an album that reflects the true artistic beliefs of the leader in which a&r man Creed Taylor evidently had faith.

According to a recent trade story in *Billboard*, jazz has begun to rebound, having hit bottom last year. New markets are opening up steadily, particularly along the college circuit. The audiences involved in this reawakening will not be looking for Basie playing a dozen Beatle tunes; they will be receptive to leaders, composers and soloists who insist on being themselves, as Quincy was in *Walkin' in Space*, as Mann was in *Concerto Grosso in D Blues*. It would be smart of the bandwagon-jumpers to keep this in mind.

(25)

CULTURAL CONFLUENCE:

The University of Illinois Jazz Band in Russia

by Dan Morgenstern

Aside from Charles Lloyd's impromptu visit in 1967, only two U.S. jazz groups had performed extensively in the U.S.S.R. in modern times until the University of Illinois Jazz Band made a six-week tour of the Soviet Union from November 11 to December 23 of last year.

Like the two previous official visitors (Benny Goodman and his big band in 1962 and Earl Hines and his sextet in 1967), the Illinois Band performed as part of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Cultural Exchange Program, administered at our end by the State Department.

The band, generally acknowledged to be perhaps the most exciting and accomplished collegiate jazz group in the U.S., gave from four to six concerts in each of six cities: Tashkent, Yalta, Krasnodar, Moscow, Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad) and Leningrad.

The touring unit consisted of 20 first-string musicians, two alternates (a third, bassist John Monaghan, was taken ill just before the tour's start), two singers, and the band's dynamic, charismatic leader, Prof. John Garvey.

The band's personnel included the cream of the Illinois jazz crop and lined up as follows: Ken Ferrantino, Jerry Tessin, Ron McWilliams, trumpets; Cecil Bridgewater, Ric Bendel, trumpets and flugelhorn; Larry Dwyer, Phil Swanson, Al Andreasson, trombones; Rick Roush, bass trombone; Terry Pettijohn, French horn, guitar, banjo; Dean Leff, tuba; Howie Smith, Larry Cangelosi, Ron Dewar, Ron Scalise, Bill Feldman, reeds; Jim McNeely, piano; Bill Isom, bass; Chuck Braugham, drums; Maurice McKinley, conga; and DeDe Garrett and Don Smith, vocals. The alternates were Ron Meng, trumpet, and Jim Cuomo, reeds and recording technician.

In addition, the entourage included a Russian tour manager, two interpreters (one male, one female), and a lady announcer, a Soviet specialty. Mr. Drozdov, the manager, had toured with all previous U.S. groups in Russia, including Goodman's band.

The tour took place under the auspices of Goskontzert, the official concert agency, which handled all bookings, publicity, etc.

All the band's concerts were completely sold out—with SRO where allowed. By any estimate, the tour was a complete success.

* * *

So much for the bare facts. To fill in the details, we spent several delightful hours with Prof. Garvey, who gave us enough material for a series of articles. Garvey is a rara avis on the contemporary scene: a truly cultured and civilized man. His observations and impressions ranged widely, and what follows is mere summary, divested of the elan and grace of a true story-teller.

"We were billed as an 'Estradni Orchestra,' a term for which there is no real equivalent in our language or musical life. Perhaps these popular ensembles could be described as a combination Kostelanetz-Boston Pops-Welk.

"Since we were not publicized as a jazz band, this affected the kind of audiences we got. The jazz fans knew, but others came out of sheer interest and very friendly sociological curiosity about the U.S., and there was a third group—Estradni fans—who heard a jazz band and at first were a little baffled, in part because of the demeanor of the band, the uncanny applause for soloists, etc. But they warmed up. . . .

"There were many young people, but the predominant group was of middle age, with a sprinkling of military, both officers and enlisted men. Many came backstage to see us after the concerts.

"The best known jazz figures in the U.S.S.R., in order, are Willis Conover and Duke Ellington. Wherever we went, people would pull out photographs of Conover and ask us if we knew him. As for Ellington, our new arrangement of *Take the A Train* (by Ernie Wilkins) always drew heavy applause when announced, and further spontaneous applause when the theme was played—it happens to be the theme song of Conover's *Voice of America* jazz broadcasts. It is surely the best known jazz piece in Russia. . . .

"Our two singers are soul singers, and their numbers were the first examples of

soul music to which Russian audiences had been exposed. They went over extremely well, but a minority of listeners told us in backstage conversation that they found this music incomprehensible.

"Our basic repertoire, in addition to soul, included six or seven Basie charts, which invariably made the people and the musicians feel good; some of arranger-composer-trumpeter Jim Knapp's music; some romantic ballads (*My Funny Valentine*, etc.), new arrangements by Ernie Wilkins done just before we left (*A Train* and two others), Larry Dwyer's imaginative recreations of past styles (*Old Beelzebub Blues*, etc.), and specialties by the Dixie Band, mostly based on records by Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Hot Seven.

"Dixieland is very popular in Russia, but in Leningrad we ran into a somewhat dogmatic attitude towards our brand—this is the city in which the first Soviet jazz band was formed in 1924. A fellow got into a argument with Larry Dwyer, who plays piano for and leads the Dixie Band. His point was that our big band was great but that the Dixieland wasn't real, especially the solos, which he felt were not serious. It was a heated but friendly debate.

"In Leningrad, we also played at the House of Friendship, opposite the Yosef Weinstein big band. It is an excellently trained band, playing mostly arrangements copied from U.S. recordings, with relatively few solos, very good discipline, and



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John Garvey signing autographs in Krasnodar.

a deportment reminiscent of classical musicians. There was also a good small group from within the band. In the jam session that followed, there was an outstanding tenor sax player named Kutzman, a former member of the big band.

"Because everything closes up at 11 p.m., and our concerts usually ran until 10:30, there wasn't much opportunity to jam, except on nights off (there was a session at the Pechora in Moscow, a combination student cafe and jazz club, which I did not attend), but many musicians came to see us after the concerts. The grapevine really worked, apparently—in Volgograd, eight musicians showed up at our hotel who had traveled all the way from Rostov—six guys and two girls. They'd heard about us from a Swedish musician who'd played there and had seen us in Prague, also from a friend who'd heard the band in Moscow and told them not to miss us—especially Ron Dewar. They had no tickets, but we got them in and held a jam session for them later. In Leningrad, musicians came in from Riga, and so on. . . .

"We distributed as gifts to musicians 50 of our albums—on behalf of the State Dept.—and also left behind Xerox copies of our arrangements—mostly Basie charts. There is a severe shortage of big band music, but there are published jazz scores in Russia. In Moscow, we had a meeting with the president of the local branch of the Union of Composers, who gave us records and scores, including a concerto for alto saxophone and orchestra (with strings) and a very interesting concerto for jazz orchestra by the Adzerbanian composer Murad Kashlayev. We plan to perform it—it has a real feeling for jazz. He has written for films, but is not exclusively a jazz composer.

"We tried to make a point of visiting conservatories and universities wherever we went. We had beautiful visits to the conservatory in Tashkent and the Krasnodar Institute of Culture (a kind of teacher's college) as well as to the Rimski-Korsakov



Trying out their newly acquired Uzbek instruments are (l. to r.) Terry Pettijohn (dutar), Bill Feldman (doira), Jim Cuomo, and Jim McNeely (rubabs).

Conservatory in Leningrad [where Prof. Garvey, an accomplished violist, played in a classical string quartet].

"It was very interesting to me to learn that the Soviet government gives equal support in conservatories and universities to classical (i.e., international, Western European) music and to the Narodni music of the individual republics. They are held equal. In Tashkent, for example, students have the option of studying violin, piano, classical voice, Beethoven, etc. or majoring in Uzbek instruments, such as the doira, rubab, dutar, etc.

"In Moscow or Leningrad, you can major in Russian national music—balalaika or bayan (a kind of accordion)—and in native dance. I was more interested in this than in the excellent classical instruction.

"We purchased (individually) Uzbek instruments to bring back home with us; also a few balalaikas and domras (the latter a lute-shaped instrument with a round belly). and records of Uzbek music. We hope to get method books for them.

"The Uzbeks were a Moslem people, and the hospitality tradition is out of sight. The director of the philharmonic, Amor Nazarof, couldn't do enough for us in every conceivable way. He put on a show for us of dance and music, featuring the pilaff dance, in which a dish is balanced on the head, then transferred to the shoulder, then back to the top of the head. And in Krasnodar and Leningrad, we attended concerts of national Russian music, hearing balalaika orchestras and great choral singing. There are super virtuosos in the balalaika orchestras. . . .

"In Tashkent, we invited a local musician to play with us on *Ode to Billy Joe*, which has a free improvisational section. He sat in on the doira, a marvelous instrument; a large drum looking like an out-sized tambourine, with jangles inside. His name is Adil Kamal-Hadjaieff. One of the beautiful things about the instrument is that the player is also an actor-dancer. He can play three doiras at the

same time—they have to be heated before playing. I'd like to get him as a visiting professor at Illinois for a semester. . . .

"Uzbek music was closer in feeling to jazz than any other we heard in Russia. Ron Dewar wrote a fanfare for two saxophones based on Uzbek themes. It's a crime that we don't have enough respect for our own national music to treat it as the Russians do theirs.

"Throughout, we had excellent accommodations, and, with a few exceptions, very good food. After the first two weeks, when they kept feeding us beefsteak and potatoes, we asked for some Russian dishes. I heard that other U.S. groups didn't care for it, but we found a wide variety of good food, and the vodka, of course, was wonderful. . . .

"We'd like to return. I'm studying Russian; nobody in the band spoke the language, and we didn't have much advance warning about the tour. Among the Russians, not many speak English, but those who do speak very well.

"From our experiences on this tour and foreign visits we've made in the past, I can say that sending jazz groups overseas, particularly to Russia and Eastern Europe, is of immense value. Nothing brings better results, both ways. We got to see the Russians as individuals—genuine, real people rather than abstractions.

"It's a program I should like to see increased, despite language difficulties. What the Russians seem particularly interested in are living examples of intrinsically American arts—jazz, folk music, American dance.

"Let me add that our State Dept. escorts and the people at our embassies—and not just the cultural people—are bright, dedicated and knowledgeable, and that holds true wherever we've been.

"After our last concert in Leningrad, an old, grandmotherly lady embraced me and said: 'The men in your band—they're not like American men, but like Russian men.'"



Doira virtuoso Adil Kamal-Hadjaieff sits in with band in Tashkent while altoist Howie Smith solos.

Guide To Summer Jazz Clinics, Camps, and Schools

The following listing of 100-plus summer music camps, clinics, and schools is arranged 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.

ARIZONA: Tempe, 85281; Arizona All State High School Fine Arts Camp, Arizona State University; June 28-July 11. Dir: Nadine Dreskell. F: unk. Curr: bb/6, se/6, th/6. CCH: 0. Since 1945.
ARKANSAS: Brinkley, 72021; Dixie Music Camp, P.O. Box 630; June 14-27. Dir: Jon Barabarroto. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Fayetteville, 72701; Summer Music Camp, University of Arkansas; July 12-24. Dir: Richard Worthington. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
CALIFORNIA: Carlsbad, 92008; Camp Pacific Army & Navy Academy; June 28-Aug. 8. Dir: Al Polhamus. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar. CCH: unk.
Redlands, 92373; Stan Kenton Clinics, University of Redlands, Aug. 2-8. Dir: James Jorgenson. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar, im. CCH: unk.
San Jose, 95114; Workshop/Labs, San Jose State College, Im: June 29-July 3; ar: Aug. 3-7. Dir: Dwight Cannon, Don Piestrup. F: Cannon, Piestrup. Curr: im/20, ar/20. CCH: 1 unit each lab. Since 1967.
Stockton, 95204; Pacific Music Camp, Conservatory of Music; June 21-July 19. Dir: David S. Goedecke. F: Robert Soeder, John Kendall, Goedecke, Robert Stover. Curr: bb/6, im/4, th/5, ar/5, se/unk. CCH: 0.
COLORADO: Boulder, 80302; Summer Music Camp, Univ. of Colorado College of Music; July 28-Aug. 9. Dir: Alden C. McKinley. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Denver; Loretto Heights College; write Summer Jazz Clinics, P.O. Box 221, South Bend, IN 46624; June 14-20. Dir: Dr. Herb Patnoe. F: Marty Paich, Billy Byers, Dan Haerle, Wes Hensel, Louis Bellson, Dee Barton, Henry Mancini. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/5, th/8, ar/8, materials/2. CCH: unk.
Englewood, 80110; Alpine Music Camp; June 21-Aug. 2. Dir: Donald Novy. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Fort Collins, 80521; Summer Music Camp, Colorado State University; July 26-Aug. 1. Dir: Otto Werner. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
CONNECTICUT: Oakland, 06040; New England Music Camp; June 29-Aug. 24. Dir: James Holton. F: unk. Curr: bb, th. CCH: unk.
West Hartford, 06117; Hartt College of Music, Univ. of Hartford, Aug. 9-22. Dir: Donald Mattran. F: unk. Curr: se, th, jazz workshop. CCH: unk.
Winsted, 06098; Laurel Music Camp; June 20-27. Dir: Betty Sonier. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, CCH: unk. Since 1962.
DELAWARE: Wilmington, 19802; Wilmington Music School; June 22-Aug. 8. Dir: Orlando Otey. F: unk. Curr: bb, th, jazz workshop. CCH: none. Since 1962.
FLORIDA: Gainesville, 32601; Gatorland Music Clinic; Univ. of Florida; July 19-25. Dir: Robert E. Foster. F: Willie Thomas, John Abate, Fred Turner, Claude Fouse, Foster, Sandy Feldstein, Mark Zumbro, Tom Stidham, 22 others. Curr: bb/9, im/5, th/5, se/unk. CCH: 2. Since 1959.
Gainesville, 32601; Southeastern Percussion Symposium; Univ. of Florida; July 18-19. Dir: Robert Foster, Saul Feldstein. F: Roy Burns, Armand Zildjian, James Hale, Fred Hoey, Feldstein, others. CCH: unk.
Coral Gables, 33124; Summer Band and Orchestra Camp; univ. of Miami; June 21-July 25. Dir: Fred McCall. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Tallahassee, 32306; Summer Music Camp, Florida State Univ.; June 28-July 18, July 19-Aug. 8. Dir: Robert Braunagel. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, conducting. CCH: unk. Since 1960.
GEORGIA: Athens, 30601; Georgia High School Music Workshop, University of Geor-

gia; June 14-26. Dir: J. Kimball Harriman. F: William Robison (bb, th, ar). Curr: 55/5, th/5, ar/5. CCH: none. Since 1962.
IDAHO: Moscow, 83843; Summer Music Camp, Univ. of Idaho; June 14-27. Dir: Norman R. Logan. F: Richard Hahn, LeRoy Bauer, William Billingsley, Marian Frykman, Jerry Harris, Howard Jones, Ron Klimka, Glen Lockery, Logan, Floyd Peterson, Robert Spevacek, David Tyler, Charles Walton. Curr: bb/5, th/5, se/5, materials/5. CCH: none. Since 1947.
ILLINOIS: Carbondale, 62901; Southern Illinois Univ.; July 15-18. Dir: Melvin Siener. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk. Since 1968.
Decatur, Summer Jazz Clinics, Millikin Univ., write P.O. Box 221, South Bend, IN 46624; Aug. 9-15. Dir: Dr. Leon Breeden. F: see Denver, CO. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/5, th/8, ar/8, materials/2. CCH: 1. Since 1959.
DeKalb, 60115; Northern Ill. Univ.; July 5-17. Dir: Gordon W. Bird. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Evanston, 60201; Summer High School Music Project, Northwestern Univ.; June 28-July 18. Dir: Fred Henke. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar, conducting. SSH: none. Since 1964.
Macomb, 61455; Stage Band Camp, Western Illinois Univ.; June 28-July 3. Dir: Lance Strickland. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
INDIANA: Bloomington, 47401; Indiana Univ. Performers' Clinic/Music Clinic; Performers', June 27-July 18; Music, June 27-July 5. Dir: Dr. Leon Fosh. Curr: Frederick C. Ebbs, Ray E. Kramer, Robert H. Klotman, Dr. Don V. Moses, and School of Music faculty. Curr: bb/8, th/5, materials/5. CCH: none. Since 1946.
Evansville, 47701; Tri-State Music Camp, Univ. of Evansville; June 14-21. Dir: James Bennett. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Lafayette, 47907; Purdue Univ. Summer Music Camp; July 12-18. Dir: Maxine Lefever. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: none. Since 1958.
Muncie, 47306; Mid-America Music Camp, Ball State Univ. July 19-25. Dir: Dean R. DePoy. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Terre Haute, 47809; Concert Band Workshop, Indiana State Univ.; July 27-Aug. 7. Dir: George M. Graesch. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: none.
IOWA: Cedar Falls, 50613; Tall Corn Music Camp, Univ. of Northern Iowa; July 26-Aug. 1. Dir: Neill Humfeld. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Iowa City, 52240; All State Music Camp, Univ. of Iowa; June 21-July 3. Dir: Frank Piersol. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, conducting. CCH: none. Since 1956.
KANSAS: Hays, 67601, High Plains Band Camp, Fort Hays Kansas State College; Aug. 15. Dir: H. G. Palmer. F: Matt Betton, 40 others. CURR: bb/4, im/1, se/unk. CCH: none. Since 1947.
Manhattan, 66502; All State Music Clinic, Kansas State Univ.; June 7-14. Dir: Paul Shull. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
KENTUCKY: Morehead, 40351; Daniel Boone Forest Music Camp, Morehead State Univ.; July 12-25. Dir: Robert Hawkins. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk. Since 1965.
Richmond, 40475; Stephen Collins Foster Music Camp, Eastern Kentucky Univ.; June 14-July 11. Dir: Robert W. Hartwell. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
LOUISIANA: Natchitoches, 71457; Summer Music Camp, Northwestern State College; July 5-17. Dir: Paul Torggrimson. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Ruston, 71270; La. Tech Summer Music Camp, Box 5316 Tech Station; June 21-July 3. Dir: Joe G. Sheppard. F: Jim Goodman, Philip Devaney, John Ford. Curr: bb/6 th/6, ar/6. CCH: 2 (graduate level materials course).
MAINE: Oakland, 04963; New England Music Camp; June 29-Aug. 24. Dir: James N. Holton. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Raymond 04071; Amherst Summer Music Center; July 1-Aug. 19. Dir: J. Clement Schuler. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar. CCH: unk.
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, 02115; New England Conservatory; July 13-Aug. 23. Dir: H. Alper, D. Baker. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Boston; Boston Conservatory of Music; June 22-Aug. 1. Dir: George A. Brambilla. F: unk. Curr: bb, conducting. CCH: unk.

Boston, 02115; Berklee School of Music, 1140 Boylston St.; Comprehensive program, June 29-Aug. 15; credit program, June 8-Aug. 28; rock workshop, July 6-10. Dir: Lawrence Berk. F: Herb Pomeroy, John LaPorta, Phil Wilson, Alan Dawson, others. Curr: bb/15-25, se/15-25, im/15-25, th/15-25, ar/15-25.
Lenox, 01240; Berkshire Music Center, Tanglewood; June 28-Aug. 23. Dir: Gunther Schuller Seiji Ozawa. F: Leonard Bernstein, advisor. Curr: se, th, conducting. CCH: unk.
MICHIGAN: East Lansing, 48823; Youth Music Camp, Michigan State Univ.; June 28-July 25. Dir: Robert Clark. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Mt. Pleasant, 48858; High School Music Camp, Central Michigan Univ.; June 22-July 3. Dir: T. Tyra. F: unk. Curr: bb, se. CCH: unk.
Ypsilanti, 48197; Eastern Michigan Univ.; June 22-July 3. Dir: T. Tyra. F: unk. Curr: bb, se. CCH: unk.
MINNESOTA: Barnum, 55707; Arrowhead Music Camp; July 19-25, July 26-Aug. 15. Dir: Dr. Donald Bergland. F: unk. Curr: bb, se. CCH: unk.
Bemidji, 56601; Summer Music Clinic, Bemidji State College; Aug. 2-14. Dir: Theodore W. Thorson. F: Kenneth Kalina. Curr: bb/10, se/unk, percussion ensemble/5. CCH: none. Since 1961.
Moorhead, 56560; Arrowhead Music Camp; June 28-July 4. Dir: Ruben Haugen. F: unk. Curr: bb/unk. CCH: unk.
MISSISSIPPI: Hattiesburg, 39401; Univ. of So. Miss. Band Camp; July 19-Aug. 1. Dir: Raymond G. Young. F: unk. Curr: se, bb, th, conducting. CCH: unk. Since 1965.
MISSOURI: Columbia, 65201; Univ. of Missouri; June 20-July 2. Dir: R. L. Hills. F: unk. Curr: bb, se. CCH: unk. Since 1969.
Kirksville, 63501; 1000 Hills Music and Art Camp, Northeast Missouri State College; June 8-12. Dir: Tom Duden. F: Jerry Hoover, King Shollenberger. Curr: unk. CCH: none. Since 1953.
NEBRASKA: Chadron, 69337; Summer Music Week; May 31-June 6. Dir: Dr. Harry E. Holmberg. F: unk. Curr: bb/7, se/1, th/6. CCH: unk. Since 1958.
NEVADA: Las Vegas; Famous Arrangers Clinic, Univ. of Nevada, Las Vegas; write Box 221, South Bend, IN 46624; June 21-July 3. Dir: Marty Paich. F: see Denver, CO. Curr: im/10, ar/20, materials/2. CCH: 2.
Reno, 89507; Summer Jazz & Youth Music Clinics, Univ. of Nevada; July 27-Aug. 1. Dir: John Carrico. F: Gene Isaef, Allan Michalek, Lile O. Cruse, Russ Smith, Gery Genuario, Mike Hinton, Bob Montgomery, Eddy Evans, Dean Carter. Curr: bb/12, se/15, im/10, th/10, ar/10, materials/5, electronics workshop, amplifier clinic, guitar workshop, jazz piano workshop. CCH: 1. Since 1962.
NEW HAMPSHIRE: Durham, 03824; Summer Youth Music School; Aug. 16-30. Dir: John B. Whitlock. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, jazz history & appreciation. CCH: unk.
NEW MEXICO: Las Cruces, 88001; Sands Music Camp, New Mexico State Univ.; Aug. 2-9. Dir: Ray Tross. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Las Vegas, 87701; Highlands Music Camp, Highlands Univ.; June 7-13. Dir: Champ B. Tyrone. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Portales, 88130; Sunshine Music Camp, Eastern New Mexico University; June 4-14. Dir: Paul Strub. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, conducting. CCH: unk.
NEW YORK: Chautauqua, 14722; Chautauqua Institution; July 6-Aug. 21. Dir: Joseph C. Clark. F: unk. Curr: se, th. CCH: unk.
Lake Placid, 12946; Camp Minnowbrook; July 1-Aug. 26. Dir: Lothar Eppstein. F: unk. Curr: se, th. CCH: unk.
New York City, 10027; Summer School, Manhattan School of Music; June 8-July 30. Dir: Stephen Maxym. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.
Oneonta, 13820; New York State Music Camp, Hartwick college; June 28-Aug. 8. Dir: Fred-eric Fay Swift. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar, composition, conducting. CCH: unk.
NORTH CAROLINA: Brevard, 28712; Brevard Music Center; July 1-Aug. 16. Dir: Henry Janiec. F: unk. Curr: se, th. CCH: unk.

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Straight Ahead With Ike and Tina

DID YOU EVER HAVE A neighbor whose political views were so complicated you didn't know what to burn on his lawn? Well, I know a couple whose musical neighbors are doubly frustrated: they not only can't figure them out—they wouldn't dare trespass on their lawn! But that's getting slightly ahead of our story.

The couple in question is Ike and Tina Turner. Those who have seen their revue, or heard their records, or simply know about them, would never separate the names. No one ever says "Ike Turner," or "Tina Turner." The collective professional name has achieved that enviable status of household expression. "Ike and Tina Turner"—like "Simon and Garfunkel," or "Rimski and Korsakov." Inseparable. And—despite the facetiousness—just as diverse in their musical presentation as the "teams" cited. Paradoxically, the mixed bag which is their repertoire may be a source of admiration to their fans, but it creates a semantic smog for the Turners.

According to Ike and Tina, there is no one category large enough to contain them. Their recordings and their shows run the complete gamut from blues and rhythm and blues through soul and gospel to rock and jazz. Yet critics continue to search for a convenient label, which makes Tina smile sympathetically, but drives Ike right up the wall. I made the mistake of asking how he would classify himself. Ka-pow! We had been sitting in the living room at the time. (At least I think it was a living room. In the adjoining room which also looked like a living room, there was a dance rehearsal going on for a couple of new Ikettes.) But suddenly Ike jumped up and said "C'mon—it's too noisy here. I want to play some records for you."

An hour later, it became evident that what had begun as an interview with the Turners had evolved into Ike Turner giving me a "blindfold test." The Turners have a large console in their master bedroom which is partially obscured by a huge pile of LPs and 45's. Ike kept throwing on records (and when I say "throw," let me explain there isn't a disc in that collection that doesn't sound as if it's been wiped with sandpaper), and asking "Now what style is that?" or "What would you label that?"

The point was made. There isn't a "sound" or category that hasn't been exploited by Ike and Tina. And Ike is as familiar with all the other sounds as his own. (He does all the charts, and assists Tina in the choreography for their revues.)

"I study and study all these records," he said. "I never stop listening. I've got a lot of expensive equipment in this

house and it's in use all the time." Then he proceeded to play certain recordings for me by Sly and The Family Stone and James Brown to illustrate the difference in how guitars should be recorded. "James doesn't have it yet. He's getting there—but listen to Sly again. Hear what he did? Plugged himself right into the console in the booth. He wasn't in the studio. *That's* the way to record a guitar."

From his self-imposed "homework" Ike is convinced that very few groups know how to record properly. "The Beatles, the Beach Boys and some artists at Motown know what to do. The rest depend on luck."

The playing of a Bobbie Gentry record led to a discussion of Tina's style. If critics are confused about pigeonholing Ike and Tina, there is universal agreement on the distaff half. Tina is sex personified when she performs, which makes watching her almost as important as listening to her. And which also makes finding a category for her rather uncomplicated. Sex is sex, and when it's projected through the medium of music, only the degree varies—from subtle to blatant.

"I predict," Ike said, gouging a few grooves as he gently yanked the arm off a seriously wounded 45, "within the next six months, Tina will be the biggest attraction in the market. I'm certain of that." Considering the fact that Ike and Tina are supposed to be the Siamese twins of show business, I asked how he could cut the corporate name in half and just speak of Tina. "Well, I plan eventually to phase myself out and just stay in the background," he answered.

Speaking of background, the past for the Turners amounts to a decade of paying dues. They met in East St. Louis in 1956. Tina had come there from Ripley, Tennessee; Ike's home was in Clarksdale, Mississippi. Three years after they met, they merged: professionally and domestically. Her specialty was singing; his was guitar and piano. Together they made beautiful music the first order of business—and their ages (reading from then to now) are 11, 10, 9, 8, and 13 months.

The idea of a revue, as opposed to a husband-and-wife team, gradually took shape and from it emerged the present entourage of eight musicians (trumpet, trombone, tenor sax, baritone sax, guitar, piano, bass and drums); four Ikettes (girls who sing and dance); a sound man; a light man; a bus driver and a car driver.

That kind of overhead might have been the thing that discouraged the Rolling Stones from following through on their initial offer to Ike and Tina in 1964. The Turners had been reaching

a limited audience and had enjoyed modest success, but with the nut that the revue represented, even the faint scent of success meant scuffling.

The main reason their message wasn't getting across in a louder voice was strictly racial. As Ike commented: "Black artists are always branded as r&b, and therefore there's little or no chance of breaking into the Top 40 market. That's the reason I broke my first contract with Liberty Records. They wanted to build us as r&b. Yet in clubs we were drawing white audiences over black at about a 30-to-1 ratio."

Getting back to the Stones, the Britons were familiar with Ike and Tina and made it known that they dug the duo. They asked the Turners to tour with them for the specific purpose of allowing them to ride on the Stones' coattails. It was tempting, but Ike and Tina turned down the free ride, holding out for the entire revue.

Two more years of scuffling and trying to break down a stereotype followed. Finally, in 1966, the idea of the whole package was bought—proving that Rolling Stones, while gathering no moss, apparently gather some bread.

For Ike and Tina, that tour was the turning point. It's been a fast uphill climb ever since. They'll soon be on Ed Sullivan's show for a second guest spot; another tour with the Stones is in the works—a worldwide tour; and they'll host their own TV show, which is scheduled to debut locally in California this summer in hopes of being picked up for syndication.

"Just one year ago, our asking price was \$850 to \$1200 per night," Ike pointed out. "Today it's \$30,000 a week. And we've only just begun. You ought to see the new five-year contract we just negotiated with Liberty. Wait, I'll have Ann bring it in to you." Ike jumped across to the other side of the huge circular bed and attacked the phone—which must have as many buttons as the Pentagon switchboard. During our conversation, any time Ike had a question, or forgot a name, or wanted a cup of tea, he'd lunge for the phone and call Ann. (Frankly, if I had a secretary as stunning as Ann, I'd do the very same thing—only more often.)

When the contract arrived, Ike couldn't contain himself. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm. He made me read certain sections—with the proviso that I not divulge any of the financial data—and I must admit, after scanning the document, that the Turners have every justification for being ecstatic. It stipulates *every* aspect of promotion, which is probably the sorest of all sore points between musicians and record executives. The Turners are guaranteed advertising in specific news-

papers, trade papers, magazines, college papers and underground press to coincide with each new release. There will be literature in the clubs they play; buttons, streamers, even bumper stickers. Above all, key radio stations are named by call letters for promotion.

The Turners must approve all album covers (and Ike proceeded to show me some art work for a new album that he was sending back with suggestions), and Ike will produce his own albums.

What particularly pleases Ike is the emphasis on promotion. "If you light a

that 'it was too r&b.' That experience caused Phil Spector to temporarily quit the record business."

And it apparently caused Ike to negotiate hard for the promotion clause in his new Liberty contract. Not that Ike didn't always have a good business head. He runs his own management and booking agency—with a name as far removed from "down home" as you can get: Sputnik. As for practicalities, Ike explained the reason a rehearsal was going on in the house at the time.



fire under a record company, they'll promote your product," he claims. But he's still not pleased with the reception that black artists in general get from radio stations. "I remember a record we cut for Phil Spector (on the Philes label)," he said. "It cost us \$18,000 just to record one side, but we knew what we wanted. That was *River Deep, Mountain High*. Well, you know that record shot up to number one on the charts in England and stayed there for 15 weeks! But it had no home in America. The black stations kept telling me, 'It's too pop;' the white stations claimed

"You gotta keep spare girls on hand. Once they perfect their specialties, they tend to go on their own. Also, psychologically, it's good for us if they know someone is waiting to replace them. So we always have two or three standing by.

"You never even know when you're going to lose a girl—wrongfully," he continued. "Just before we closed in Las Vegas (they had worked the new International Hotel just before the brief strike that shut down the gambling casinos along the glittering Strip), one of my girls was picked up for prostitu-

tion. But it was nothing more than harassment by the sheriff's deputies. We got off the stand at 4 a.m.; she was picked up at 4:05. Now really! And on top of that, she was handcuffed. When they finally bothered to verify her identification, she was released. I don't know what I plan to do about it. We open in Miami in two days."

One thing is certain: he'll have greater peace of mind *because* of the fuzz—but that's a different set of circumstances. In April of 1969, three armed robbers broke into the Turner house, tied up the secretary and the housekeeper and stole \$80,000 worth of furs and jewelry. If they had known the Turners had a Great Dane (roughly the size of a dinosaur), they might not have attempted the crime. Onyx, the dog, happened to be locked in the children's room at the time. While the robbers were methodically going from room to room, they opened the door to the kids' room. Onyx leaped at them. One of the robbers fired a shot and fortunately missed. The robbers were eventually caught and the loot recovered.

But Ike never quite recovered. He now has one of the most elaborate security systems I've ever seen installed in any home. Panic buttons and lights on every wall to warn of trespassers; alarms on every door and window and direct contact with a nearby security force; plus guns—one for Ike, one for Tina and one for the secretary. And don't forget Onyx! Ike accidentally tested the security set-up recently. He still doesn't know what he stepped on or tripped, but he had no sooner walked out onto his patio than he found himself looking directly into the business end of a double-barreled shotgun, and had to identify himself to a very skeptical guard. Such is the price of success. A \$100,000 home in the View Park section of Los Angeles, right near Nancy Wilson and Ray Charles.

But there's one thing no one can steal: the formula that Ike and Tina have, not only for success, but happiness. "You know, we work together and live together—that's a 24-hour operation, and it's not easy, but we got a beautiful thing going."

"What about all the astrology books in the house?," I asked.

"Oh, that's Tina's. She reads all that crap. I don't dig any of that superstition."

"Well, what about the Jewish star you wear around your neck?"

"Oh, well, someone gave it to me years ago when I was working for a booking agency. It's just a good luck piece."

That's the first requisite for getting "a beautiful thing going." You have to have a lot in common.

ED

Open Bags: An Interview with Milt Jackson

by Ben S. Page

B.P.: Just how long have you been with the MJQ?

M.J.: Well, we've been organized for 17 years, and we've been working together for 15—over 15 now, because Connie (Kay) has been the only change in 15 years . . . I mean we changed from Kenny (Clarke) to Connie.

B.P.: Well, I suppose that's a good, long time; especially since there were those who thought that you wouldn't stay with the MJQ very long—I guess because of your reputation up to that point of being more of a wide-open swinger than would fit the MJQ mold; the fact that you were rather prone to reach right away for a hard groove. Do you think you've convinced most people that while you have been with MJQ a long time, you haven't basically changed and that experience with the group has been broadening rather than otherwise?

M.J.: Oh, I've heard that *many* times. I've thought about that, too; because my ideas as far as jazz music is concerned weren't based as much on, say, Baroque-type music, which we play a lot under John (Lew- is); but, see, this goes into the background thing. John has that kind of background, you know, a very classical background, whereas mine isn't. I have a classical background, but not nearly that extensive. So this is more or less the basic difference people were talking about, I guess.

B.P.: Just how *did* you approach the idea of integrating yourself into the MJQ? How did you approach the idea of playing a much more subdued type of music with MJQ than you'd been doing before?

M.J.: I guess you could say just approaching it basically, like the melodies and the blues. And of course a *lot* of the blues.

B.P.: Yes, you are rather closely associated with the blues. But have you thought seriously lately about leaving the MJQ and doing something different?

M.J.: No, not really.

B.P.: No? Not even after 15 years?

M.J.: As a matter of fact, you know, this idea begins to loom larger and larger now, because I feel because of conditions and circumstances, they don't have hardly anybody left, really, to lead the youngsters into what's really happening; and since we had started out and our thing was basically geared to doing colleges more than night clubs anyway, it's put us into the mainstream, into a situation that's going to be, I think, very unique, especially in the fact that, as you know, all the colleges now are protesting and crying about putting black studies programs into the curriculums.

This is the new identity that the black man, I feel, wants to get, and for good reason, speaking from my side of the fence, as a professional in the arts, in music. The people in the colleges—and this goes for black and white, not only the whites—do not know enough of the history of the black man, musically and otherwise, in order to really enjoy his contributions, and they admit this; they admit it.

Ben S. Page, whose byline first appeared in *down beat* in 1960, has worked as a jazz pianist and church organist and has been a music critic for the *Washington Star*.

B.P.: Yes, that's one of our well-known little things. But the younger generation—don't you think they're moving right along to remedy the situation?

M.J.: Well, this is why all this is really necessary for us to do; to help keep this music alive and give it to the young people, because not that many (musicians) are able to really give them the benefit of this music.

B.P.: So you feel more of an obligation, then, than just to play your music, enjoy it, let others enjoy it, pick up your check and go home? You feel as well a cultural responsibility?

M.J.: Yes. It's become much more than a job to *me*. A few years ago, I was just content to let my communication stand by just playing, you know, and my communication was through my music alone—

B.P.: Even then that would have been a contribution of formidable proportions.

M.J.: —however, the way thinking has gone and things have gone today, it's no longer enough. I feel that I want to get across to them verbally; and so—you mentioned what I wanted to do later on before—and so this is the reason I'm thinking of eventually going into teaching and lecturing—very heavily, as a matter of fact. And there's another idea I have, a disc jockey show. There are some things that the young people should be told and made aware of that don't exist very much today and very few people give it to them.

I have an idea for a radio program—I'd like to call it *Legendary Profiles*. This would concern artists like Bessie Smith, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Lester Young—

B.P.: Fats Waller, I hope?

M.J.: Fats Waller, right—Jimmy Blanton—because no history was given anywhere in school about these people, people don't know anything about this stuff. I had a kid ask me at some college—they thought Jimmy Lunceford was a football player. (Laughter.)

M.J.: No, they weren't putting me on . . . they were serious. They had heard Jimmy Lunceford's name. They didn't know *who* Jimmy Lunceford was. And this is among us (blacks) as well as whites. There's really no excuse for that.

B.P.: This radio program idea—would you just play your own instrument, your own music, or would you play records?

M.J.: A combination disc jockey and lecturer, because the verbal part of this program is going to be just as important as whatever records I play. Let's say I'll try to make them correspond, go together as much as possible.

Now, the reason we need the black studies program, though, *with the black teacher* is that because when the *white* teacher teaches the jazz course, he's still going to put people like Stan Getz and Dave Brubeck *in front*.

B.P.: Maybe you're right.

M.J.: Oh, you can't *blame* a man for that. It's just his thing. You can't condemn them for that. But what we're talking about here is the *quality* as compared against—we're talking about qualified people—and you cannot compare them. In other words, Stan Getz as a white player—this is the

thing; okay, he's a good saxophone player, period. Right. Excellent. But eventually the distinction does come about, so why be hypocritical about it? Even as good as Stan Getz *is* as a saxophone player, I can name a whole bucketful of "brothers" that for my money he can't *touch*. And the same goes for whatever instrument you want to name, as far as jazz is concerned.

Another reason why a new direction has to be formed is because—take people like Charlie Parker and some of those people who died—their styles were so perfected that there was really nothing left for a saxophone player to do. So it's best to find another groove and go some place *else*.

B.P.: By the way: you said earlier it was a year ago when you were last here in D.C. but—didn't you play the White House recently? Didn't I read about your playing—

M.J.: Look, man—really—maybe I shouldn't answer this, man. Because if I gave a truthful answer, well, really, people would be accusing me of *racism* or—I don't know *what* else. (Laughter.)

B.P.: Well, I still want to hear about the White House gig. You guys have really *arrived*.

M.J.: Well, look, from this standpoint, man, it was nice, you know, and all that. And we got the choice (to play the White House) through Willis Conover, you know. He's a big man around here (D.C.) and I think there was a choice between us and Dionne Warwick with Burt Bacharach accompanying her or something like that; so Willis Conover, you know, being as cool as he is about jazz and stuff, thought it would be better for the choice of establishing that goodwill thing to have us. Because the Shah (of Iran, who was a State visitor to the White House at the time, and for whom the MJQ performed) is a little better conversant with what's happening as opposed to Mr. Nixon. Let's put it that way. (Laughter.)

M.J.: I mean, let's face it; let's face facts, now.

B.P.: You know, that whole situation is sadly ironic because, you know, the Shah comes a very long way away from where jazz originated, from the roots of jazz, and Mr. Nixon was born right here in the middle of it, and I think the telling point of it is that the Shah had to come all the way from Iran for the MJQ to bring some jazz to the White House.

M.J.: The President had probably never been exposed to real jazz in his life except when he had Hamp (Lionel Hampton) to play for the inauguration balls and that kind of thing.

B.P.: I wonder, seriously, if President Nixon had ever heard of the MJQ when you appeared there.

M.J.: I don't know whether he had or whether he had been told this, or whether he knew it, but he made a statement when he introduced us and said, "This is the Modern Jazz Quartet, but to those in the know, they are known as 'the MJQ.'"

B.P.: That's hip, that's really hip. But somebody pulled his coat, man.

M.J.: Well, yes; this is what I had in mind. The entertainment committee, or

somebody in charge of what was happening probably informed him.

B.P.: Did anybody suggest that you play any particular numbers at the White House?

M.J.: No, no; or I don't think so. As far as I know they didn't. But when we played Rodrigo—*Concierto de Aranjuez* by Rodrigo, you know, this always creates a reaction, I don't care where we play.

First of all, even the black folks, they ooh and aah when they find out that this kind of music is played by jazz musicians, because they never really dreamed that it could be played that way. And with the people in the White House, you know, with that stiff group they got, they were *really* shook up because they never came to expect this kind of culture from the black man, you see. They maybe had a little association with jazz from down there on what's-the-name-street—some where, see, but they stereotype everything we (blacks) do, and consequently the association leads to just one particular area of music. This is one reason we have such an extensive variety in our repertoire, because that's the only way we really get around that kind of thing. They would automatically put us in a particular phase of music, and it would be—and this is where it would be; and you can't *do* that with music.

B.P.: Why do you think jazz hasn't been very well presented on TV?

M.J.: The people involved don't know enough about what it means and what it does, except in one case—they had a situation out in California that Bobby Troup used to be involved with, where I think most of the cameramen and crewmen were ex-musicians and all played.

They knew more about what was happening, so they knew how to gear the thing so that it had some kind of meaning. But basically they don't know nothing about how the group assembles, which way, up or down or what. They just have a program—that's all they know—a program to produce, and, okay, they have to do this and that's it.

Here's nother thing about broadcasting. In 1945, I guess, when I went to California with Dizzy and Bird for the first time, there was a broadcast on NBC on—I believe it was Rudy Vallee or somebody like this. Anyway, we had to do the radio show. We wound up—we had a tune that would last—well, we had to wind it up in one minute and 55 seconds. And that was like, you know, playing *Salt Peanuts*. You just cut that thing up. And as fast as *that is*, man, we *still* couldn't get it all in, play it out. Dizzy played a chorus, Bird played one, and we went out, you know, *out*. And that was it.

B.P.: That was it.

M.J.: That was it, man. The time element was more important than what we were playing, you know. Now so much for radio. Let's go to television. This goes back to when we did the first *Steve Allen Show*, when he was doing it from NBC in New York.

B.P.: That was the original *Tonight Show*; right?

M.J.: Right. We stayed in the studio at Steve Allen's over nine hours before we even got to rehearse. When we finally did

get around to rehearsing, we had two tunes, I think we had, and they cut out one of the tunes, and then we wound up playing the one tune and that was like a condensed version. They cut that up, too.

Now it goes back to this: now, it is, to me, for my money, a consistently happening thing as far as the network type of show is concerned. That same kind of thing happened very recently when we did the *David Frost Show*: time ran out. We were supposed to play two pieces, and—

B.P.: He's got Billy Taylor, doesn't he?

M.J.: Yeah. I think it's 10 pieces—he got six "brothers" in the band, which is really



remarkable, because usually it's just the reverse. Like Doc Severinsen's got two or three brothers—Clark Terry, Grady Tate—**B.P.:** Well, Grady Tate. There's a fellow I could say a lot about but I won't. You know we went to the same school and same college and in fact played in the same group almost all the way through college, and even then, Grady was, well, special. He does a lot of things, you know. Singing, comedy, drumming—

M.J.: Oh yeah? Well, he's singing now. He's a real good singer too. But—well, I did the same thing myself for a while—I was singing myself. I did a singing album in Italy in '54; nothing but vocals.

B.P.: Come on now, Milt.

M.J.: Yeah. Sure. But you know, I have the rights to have it published in this country, but I never did get anybody to publish it for me.

B.P.: What ever moved you to sing?

M.J.: Well, actually, it goes back to Dizzy. I made one track with Dizzy a long time ago on one of the albums he did. I always had that ambition; and I had intended to maybe go into it all the way eventually, but with the quartet (MJQ), I haven't been able to get to it.

B.P.: By the way, there's a tune they play in the mornings when the *Today Show* is going off—

M.J.: This is what I was *saying*. They play it *every day*, but on the day when they have a history of jazz program on the show, they don't play it at all. Ain't that funny? You'd think they know that since they play it all the time it would have been appropriate to play it then even more so than before.

B.P.: What's the name of that tune?

M.J.: It's a tune called *Home*—it used to be called *Home*. Now it's called *Today*. John changed it. It's called *Today*. Now I *know* you can dig that.

(Laughter.)

B.P.: Well, I think it's very hip that they did that.

M.J.: Very. Well, I believe Hugh Downs

is kind of aware, you know. But I think they missed it with that history of jazz thing. I don't know if you checked it out or not.

B.P.: I saw a little of it.

M.J.: I didn't check it out myself, but anyway, I got all of the drawings. I was briefed on it, because I went into the details and got the drawings on the whole show. First of all, they play a particular piece of ours on the show every day and then miss playing it when it counts most. Now, the contributions, the legendary figures, and other things among blacks that we were supposed to have created music-wise, you know, they don't have us among the group of pioneers. How could it even be accidental that all of a sudden they happen to forget about it?

B.P.: Well, they wouldn't call it a *mis-take*.

M.J.: It *ain't*. It ain't no mistake. Or if you want me to be proper, it *isn't*. All those little things are deliberate, but they're designed to make the public think it's an insignificant little thing, little oversight. I'll never believe that.

They got a record of Bird and Dizzy playing on the sound track or something and got a picture of Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz up front. (Laughter.)

/Continued on page 37

Record Reviews

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Eddie Fisher

THE THIRD CUP—Cadet LPS-828: *Scorched Earth; A Dude Called Zeke; Shut up; The Third Cup; Two by Two; Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Be-Da-Day; The Shadow of Your Smile.*

Personnel: Fisher, Phil Westmoreland, guitars; Bobby Selby, organ; Paul Jackson, bass; Kenny Rice, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This LP is a sleeper. Fisher is one of the better young guitarists I've heard in recent years. His tone is full, warm and penetrating and he's an excellent technician whose fingering is forceful and clean. Fast tempos don't give him any problem, as his confident playing on *Scorched Earth*, which is taken at quite a rapid clip, indicates.

Fisher demonstrates on this LP not only that he has command of his instrument but that he is a fine improviser. His harmonic, melodic and rhythmic ideas aren't startling original but he doesn't rely on clichés either; he is an inventive, mainstream modern soloist. I was particularly impressed with the rhythmic variety of his playing.

Fisher's work often has an attractively relaxed quality. He's an intelligent musician. On *Scorched Earth* he plays some dazzling, many-note phrases but also uses rests effectively. On *Zeke, Shut Up* and *The Third Cup* he constructs his solos well, building calmly yet with strength.

The quality of this LP is lowered somewhat by the inclusion of *Two by Two* and *Shoo-Be-Doo-Be*, a couple of rather uninteresting r&b-influenced tracks. Despite this, however, modern jazz fans should make an effort to hear it. Fisher is a musician with much to offer. —Pekar

Forever More

YOURS FOREVER MORE—RCA Victor LSP-4272: *Back in the States Again; We Sing; It's Home; Home Country Blues; Good to Me; Yours; Beautiful Afternoon; 8 O'Clock and All's Well; Mean Pappie Blues; You Too Can Have a Body Like Mine; Sylvester's Last Voyage.*

Personnel: Alan Gorrie, piano, bass guitar, teapot, vocal; Mick Travis, guitar, vocal; Onnie Mair, guitar, bass guitar, backing vocals; Stuart Francis, drums, backing vocals; Johnny Allan, Ray Singer, percussion effects. Arrangements by Simon Napier-Bell.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Graced by Napier-Bell's superb arrangements, Forever More has brought us one of the year's finest albums by a new group.

The Beatles' influence, which is undeniable, is a healthy one and, thanks to original material and skillful vocal and instrumental execution, it never approaches imitation.

It is from this kind of influence that individuality grows and I predict that Forever More, if it manages to stay together, will eventually take its place among the top groups.

To single out selections in this set would

be difficult, for we are treated to such a wide variety of moods. Suffice it to say that the album does not contain a bad track—Forever More will hopefully get its just exposure and stick around for awhile. —Albertson

Clifford Jordan

SOUL FOUNTAIN—Vortex 2010: *T.N.T.; I've Got A Feeling For You; H.N.I.C.; I Got You (I Feel Good); Caribbean Cruise; Senor Blues; Eeb Bah Lickey Doo; Retribution.*

Collective Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Jordan, tenor saxophone, flute, piano (track 2 only); Frank Owen, piano, organ; John Patton, organ; Ben Tucker, bass; Bob Cranshaw, electric, string bass; Bobby Durham, Billy Higgins, drums; Ray Barretto, congo drums; Joe Wohletz, bongos; Orestes Vilato, percussion.

Rating: ★ ½

Leo Wright

SOUL TALK—Vortex 2011: *State Trooper; Blue Leo; Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child; Poopsie's Minor; Skylark; Blues Fanfare.*

Personnel: Wright, alto saxophone, flute (track 2 only); Kenny Burrell, guitar; Gloria Coleman, organ; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Oh Soul God (Zeitgeist Deity)—what hast thou wrought that thy vast potential should be exploited to such an ignominious extent?? That thy almighty commercial spectre has the power to reduce creative, intelligent, worthy musicians to a level of meandering cretinism? That thou shouldst smile so favorably on pedestrian Latin percussionists? Soul God, thou art a drag!

Yes, here are two more sacrificial offerings on the altars of commerce and shlock. Considering the personnel and its inherent potential, the Jordan LP has to be the more disappointing. Aside from a few mildly interesting originals, *H.N.I.C.*, *Cruise*, and *Retribution*, an aura of haste and mediocrity pervades the whole set.

Of the horn soloists, neither Jordan, Owens, or Priester come up to expectations, though each has a few good moments. And, of course, there is the omnipresent, intrepid banter of Latin percussion. Overall, this album is at best on a par with the best of Mongo Santamaria, etc. In short, an incredible waste of talent.

Wright, in his first U.S. recording in many years, does not fare much better, unfortunately. Though the altoist is in fair form (but nowhere near the heights he is capable of reaching), the album suffers from the very undistinguished material (*Skylark* being the only exception) and the maudlin work of organist Coleman.

Burrell performs a minor role, but gets off a nice solo on *Blue Leo*, with an effective quote from *In A Little Spanish Town* (wishful thinking?). Wright's sole flute outing (his best solo of the LP) is tasty and well-conceived and though Miss

Coleman is least obnoxious on this track, her work is almost totally comprised of clichés.

Skylark features commendable ballad playing by Wright with excellent backup work by Burrell. Miss Coleman's solo is abysmally treacly—sounding like a roller rink hack on Golden Agers' night.

Neither of these albums displays more than a modicum of good jazz. And neither of them even approaches good soul.

—Szantor

Marian McPartland

INTERPLAY—Halcyon 100: *Twilight World; Indian Summer; Close Your Eyes; Here's That Rainy Day; Milestones; New Orleans; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; Illusion; Things Ain't What They Used to Be.*

Personnel: Miss McPartland, piano; Linc Millman, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This very pleasant, consistently tasteful album was produced by the pianist herself. Like so many dedicated musicians, she was not happy with the circumstances and conditions imposed by record companies, but unlike most she decided to do something about it.

The album is one that grows on the listener. At first, it may seem rather low-keyed and introspective, an impression abetted by the relative absence of sustained tempos and "time" playing.

But while the dominant mood is reflective, the playing is inventive and always musical, and the emotional range considerable. Throughout, one feels that Miss McPartland is really involved in the music, and there is an admirable absence of effects, posturing, and clichés. Sincerity is an overworked term, yet it applies here.

Over the years, Miss McPartland has matured and developed her art and craft. Always a skilled pianist, she is now capable of delicate shadings and nuances that once seemed beyond her ken. Gone, too, is the tendency to play a bit too busily; she now makes excellent use of space. (I believe Bill Evans had a considerable influence in these respects, but there is no copying involved.)

The choice of material is very good. I particularly enjoyed *Indian Summer* and *New Orleans*, perhaps because they happen to be two of my favorite bittersweet ballads, and was pleasantly surprised by what the pianist was able to find in *Phoenix*.

The two originals, *Twilight World* and *Illusion*, are very personal statements, the former quite romantic and rhapsodic, the latter an attractive, blues-flavored theme developed with lucidity and grace and perhaps the most completely realized piece of the lot.





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(Distributed by Monmouth-Evergreen, the album should be available in most well-stocked stores, but if it does prove hard to find, write Halcyon Records, Box 298, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.)

Magic Sam

BLACK MAGIC—Delmark 620: *I Just Want a Little Bit; What Have I Done Wrong; Easy, Baby; You Belong to Me; It's All Your Fault; I Have the Same Old Blues; You Don't Love Me, Baby; San Jose; Stop! You're Hurting Me; Keep Loving Me Baby.*

Personnel: Eddie Shaw, tenor saxophone; Magic Sam, guitar, vocals; Mighty Joe Young, guitar; Lafayette Leake, piano; Mack Thompson, bass; Odie Payne Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is Magic Sam's second LP, released just a week before his death last December, and for several reasons it is by no means the equal of his widely-praised *West Side Soul* (Delmark 615).

Having come up in a time when popular bluesmen felt obliged to present near-vaudeville shows and/or invent stage personalities for themselves (Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, even Sam's contemporary Buddy Guy), Sam's straightforwardness was uncommon: he simply performed his unique music. He was blessed with a sweet voice and an instinctive understanding of Chicago blues and r&b styles which made his music at best fluent, varied, and technically agile. As one of the modern blues' more prolific songwriters, he often presented touches of romantic imagery which finalized the sense that his art was basically a personal one.

But this LP presents Sam at his more conventional, his guitar work largely under cover, his songwriting reduced to "We swim and we skate, we go out on dates/ we kiss and we dance, and we love to made romance". On side A, repetitions of a few rhythmic figures and the occasional presence of the "modern" even-4 thud-thud-thud-thud accenting renders Sam's singing almost superfluous, amid hip background music (by the way, Young's *Little Bit* solo and especially his vital *Done Wrong* counter-line are underrecorded). Side B opens with *Same Old*, a light, medium-tempo piece in which a truly swinging band finally does its thing, but the remainder of the record again misses. There is sweet singing in the slow blues *Stop!* and hot singing and band work in *Keep Loving*. On the whole, though, the band's sound and style is unduly heavy, with little to sustain interest.

Magic Sam customarily performed with only bass and drums, so his unusually fluent guitar style was (so a friend of Sam's pointed out to me) created to replace the rhythm instruments and horns that were never there—one of Sam's ambitions was to write for a large band. But here, increasing the size of the band makes for unwieldy density and stylistic oversimplification—Sam's personal virtues as singer and especially as guitarist are largely obscured. His singles for small record companies during the '60s and later '50s remain uncollected, and I understand there are even tapes of his music, so hopefully

this is not the last Magic Sam collection. Among the hundreds of blues/pop performers to record and work in the past decade, Magic Sam did stand out.

—*Litweiler*

Blue Mitchell

BANTU VILLAGE—Blue Note BST-84324: *Hnic; Flat Backing; Na Ta Ka; Heads Down; Bantu Village; Blue Dabiki; Bush Girl.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Charlie Loper, trombone; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Bill Green, alto saxophone, flute; Buddy Collette, flute; Dee Ervin, Monk Higgins, piano; percussion; Al Vescovo, Fred Robinson, guitars; Wilton Felder, bass; Bob West, bass (tracks 2,4,6); John Humphrey, drums; John Guerin, drums (tracks 2,4,6); King Errison, congas; Alan Estes, congas (tracks 2,4,6). Arranged and conducted by Monk Higgins.

Rating: ★★ ★★ / ★

The stars above are split—four for Blue Mitchell's playing and one for the album as a whole.

Somewhere, probably out in Hollywood, there is something called Wally Roker & Associates. They produce records for Transamerica Corporation, the conglomerate that swallowed, among other firms, the Blue Note, World Pacific and Liberty labels.

Remember Blue Note? That was the jazz label which, under the dedicated guidance of Francis Wolff and Alfred Lion, maintained a very high artistic standard for over 25 years. This and other recent albums on that label clearly indicate that Transamerica has no such standards.

Since jazz record dates are becoming increasingly scarce, there is perhaps something to be said for producers who employ musicians like Blue Mitchell in a leading role, but there is no excuse for surrounding him with Monk Higgins' trite, percu\$ion-rich arrangements.

If it weren't for Mitchell's playing, which somehow does not manage to become wholly stifled by its uninspired musical environment, this album would be a complete bore. Personally, I'd rather go back to my worn-out copy of Riverside's *Smooth as the Wind* album, in which Mitchell soars through Tadd Dameron's intricate and thoroughly sympathetic arrangements.

Blue Mitchell is an extraordinarily fine artist with a melodic sense shared by few contemporary trumpet players. Messrs. Higgins and Roker, whoever they may be, have once again missed the boat. Blue deserves better.

—*Alberston*

Sunny Murray

IN PARIS: BIG CHIEF—EMI Pathe C-062-10096: *Angels and Devils; Hilarious Paris; Now We Know; Angel Son; Straight Ahead; This Nearly Was Mine.*

Personnel: Bernard Vitet, trumpet; Ronnie Beer, alto saxophone; Kenneth Terroade, tenor saxophone; Becky Friend, flute; Alan Silva, violin; Francois Tusques, piano; Bernard Guerin, bass; Murray, drums; H. Leroy Bibbs, recitalist.

No Rating

Art Ensemble of Chicago

PEOPLE IN SORROW—EMI Pathe C-062-10523: *People in Sorrow* (in two parts).

Personnel: Lester Bowie, trumpet, fluegelhorn, percussion; Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, alto saxophones, woodwinds, percussion; Malachi Favors, bass, strings, percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★

Murray and the four Chicagoans are crucial figures in contemporary jazz, and these recordings, made last year in Paris, are not yet available in the U.S.; otherwise, the two LPs have nothing in com-

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mon. Murray offers more or less conventional material played by a homogenous, if apparently random, group. There are too many players for six tracks, the quality of players as individuals and as a group is not notable, and certain conventions of the Free Jazz movement are simplistically, perhaps ritualistically, observed, making this the least worthy of the three LPs Murray has directed.

It is possible that this review is half a lie—but nobody will ever know for sure, because the LP is so foully recorded as to be unlistenable. How did they fit all those people into that gopher hole? *Angels* has everyone improvising at once for several minutes; *Hilarious* and *Now* have solos, two New York-hip saxes, a fluent trumpeter, and inaudible others; *Angel Son* is pretentious impressionism; *Straight* is some simple notes played over and over behind an inaudible poem; *This Nearly* is the stupid Richard Rodgers song played several times by the band—no solos.

More accurately, the LP is an incredibly irritating low hum, with overtones and undertones of varying duration, pitch and density from which the above descriptions were deduced. Murray has seldom been properly recorded, whereas the Art Ensemble players have never been less than sensitively documented, and *People in Sorrow* is no exception. To be precise, *People* itself is a small mourning Mitchell theme, repeated at least 21 times in whole or in part in this 43-minute group improvisation, far too often for maximum impact. The long improvisation is dominated by—but creates far beyond—that suggestive theme.

The work flows through several stages. Quiet tinkling bells open, over which the fluegelhorn suddenly enters on a low, wounded note, to present the theme in completely brutalized terms: squeaks, cracked moans, hoarse expiring cries, the brutality emphasized by suddenly struck discordant bells. Percussion variation increases ensemble density as Bowie emits splintered cries. A mournful Debussy-like flute solo then appears, a line that predicts the bass's ensuing complexity—a complexity that grows to turbulence throughout the theme's restatement and flute-trumpet duo improvisation until the rush of struggling contradictions in his line brings the bass violently to the fore. The bass falls into submission, subliminally disrupted silence becomes threatening with the muted, growly falsetto announcement: "Hey, Ma, there's a rat skretchin' in the rug!" Muffled voices and percussion then indicate mock-horror and agitation, both at once.

Note that this first side largely ranges in volume from *p* to *ppp* (the only *forte* is an abstract, momentary vibes flurry in the midst of the bass solo), and that tinkling or gently ringing percussion is almost constant. Most remarkable is the bassist's power, both as improviser and as group unifier. If the bass line is sympathetic to the others' projections, its agitation is its own: Favors internalizes the group thrust, returning it in more complex, abstract term as broken, fully realized conflicts. Surely the long, developed bass accompaniment-solo sequence is the finest feature of this side.

The opening half of the second side

might very well stand as a complete, fully developed work of art. As bassoonist Jarman introduces some blues ideas, the bass yet again introduces a confusion of emotions. Bass in flux continues behind a very lonely, distant trumpet solo. After the bass's peak of challenging violence, and despite Bowie's flamenco despair, a percussionist introduces vicious cymbal/drum bursts, immensely dramatic bursts of aggression that break the trumpet into short blasts, then demolish, one by one, the other players. Mitchell's soprano screams a brief, terrific summary before being crushed, and soon bass and that central percussionist reintroduce violence, magnified to an extreme degree of force and threat. Altoist Jarman, in an amazing vocalized solo, presents in tones all the more savage for their measured proportion, accusation, recapitulation and frightening irony, halting to state the theme with calm respect, then drawing the trumpet into shattered mutual prophecies.

The "third movement" begins with a buzzer. Muted trumpet and altoist Jarman improvise freely over fast, busy bass, without reference to preceding "movements". Twice the theme is played by open trumpet and two altos over bass, the second time challenging, predicting triumph, followed by beautiful, dense communal improvisation which fades on the theme stated by the same bells that initiated the entire work—but this time discordant complications in the bass line violate, with finality, such a statement of resolution.

This description is actually a pretty general one, for cataloging the multiplicity of momentary events would demand a review twice this length. The disparity of features in conflict, straining then amplifying the percussionist's central thrust in the "second movement," is most notable, and that "movement" itself is one of the most remarkable things these players have recorded to date.

What is "freedom" in music? The flutters, rumbles and scratches of the Murray LP indicate constrictions both of choice and of necessity, for ritual in the New Music can be depersonalizing, and hence a potentially dishonest method of obscurantism. The Art Ensemble, here, recognizes differences, the players define themselves through the intercourse of improvisation, unity is asserted not through massing but by dialogue and reinforcement.

This is not to use the Ensemble to attack Murray. Indeed, *People in Sorrow* has its sometime failures of unity or intention, and surely the Ensemble's approach to music would be wrong for many others. A fair portion of *People in Sorrow* is based on ideas and approaches that these players have long since examined at length in concerts—but even these, and the sometime flaws in the LP reinforce the essential life-giving, humanistic thrust of the music. "Freedom" is a term frequently used in connection with the Art Ensemble's music, and the concept fairly demands an extended essay to indicate its importance in jazz.

Concluding thoughts: this, the Mitchell-Bowie-Favors group's fourth LP, is at least the equal of their previous, somewhat diffuse *Congluptious*; and is certainly superior to the last Jarman LP. The out-

standing single portion is the magnificent, unformed Jarman alto solo, the first time on record that this brilliant altoist has suggested the range and profundity of his vision. As for the performance of the astonishing Favors, it is quite the outstanding work of art on his instrument of the past decade. The ensemble has recorded several times as a unit during their extended stay in France, and it is very much hoped that their new works, presently the most significant in jazz, will soon be made available in the United States.

—Litweiler

Ray Nance

BODY AND SOUL—Solid State SS 18062: *Take the A Train*; *Get Happy*; *Sunny*; *Body and Soul*; *Mimi*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *Oh Happy Day*; *Stardust*; *She's Funny that Way*; *Jolie Janice*; *Guitar Amour*; *Tranquility*.

Personnel: Nance, violin, vocal (track 7); Brew Moore, tenor saxophone (tracks 3, 6); Jaki Byard, piano; Roland Hanna, piano, organ; Tiny Grimes, Tommy Lucas, guitars; Carl Pruitt, bass; Steve Little, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Ray Nance had to wait a long time for an LP of his own. (Yes, I know, there's another album around with his name on it, but that was Cat Anderson's date and originally issued as such.)

Having clamored for a Nance album for years, I must confess to a slight disappointment. To be sure, there are some lovely things here, but most of the tracks are too short, and no use was made of the leader's cornet artistry, as much a part of his total musical profile as the violin. And his single vocal, though affecting, is only a taste of that aspect of this astonishing, delightful musician.

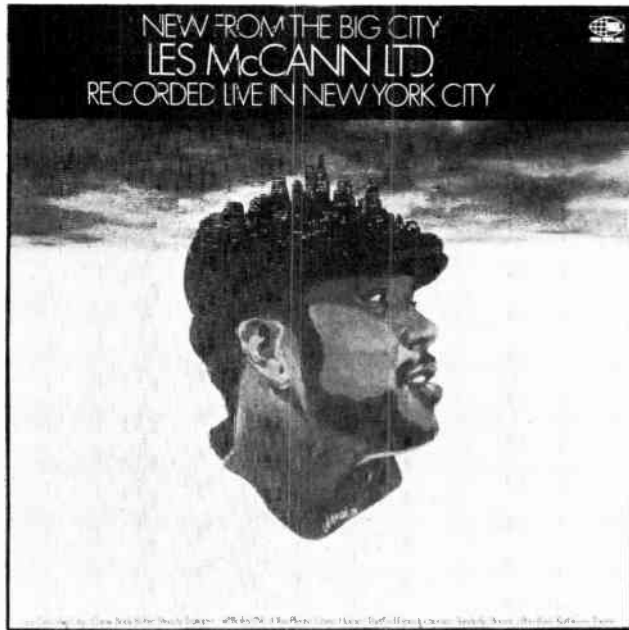
However, an imperfect Nance LP is better—far better—than none, and there are solid entrées among the appetizers. Among them: the beautiful ballad version of *A-Train*, as first conceived at Billy Strayhorn's requiem service, and *Body and Soul*, dedicated to Coleman Hawkins. Both are deeply felt statements.

The album emphasizes Nance's romantic side. The Gypsy in his soul comes out on *Guitar Amour* (a one-time feature with Ellington), the only track on which he really gets a chance to stretch. More Roman echoes can be heard in the two originals, *Janice* and *Tranquility*, the latter a theme that could have sustained more than the two minutes allotted here.

The swinging Nance is well displayed on *Get Happy*. He really gets into something here, but his choruses are segmented by excursions from the two guitarists and piano, not giving him the chance to build excitement as he can so well. *Funny*, done with a bounce, shows Nance's debt to Eddie South—a matter of tone and overall instrumental conception—but Nance's treatment of melodic tunes was always less prone to sentimentality. As Duke Ellington put it: Ray has perfect taste.

Mimi, a trifle, is soon transformed by Nance's wit and imagination, but another take would have produced a surer third chorus, I think, though the concluding passages are fine. *Stardust* is the lovely verse only.

Brew Moore appears to good advantage but all too briefly on the two contemporary tunes, and this was his only record date during two years in New York! No wonder he went back to Europe. The two



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guitarists have nice moments, and there's a characteristic glimpse of Byard on *Fun-ny*. The underrated Carl Pruitt turns in a first-rate job throughout.

Nance's unashamedly emotional, hot-blooded approach to the violin is an interesting and instructive contrast to that of Jean-Luc Ponty, but in any case, Ray is a complete individualist. For the inspired abandon of which he is capable, I recommend *Jaki Byard With Strings* (Prestige 7573), but this LP is a good enough introduction to a fascinating artist.

(*Nota bene*: My copy of this LP was an off-center pressing, causing the type of distortion to which the violin is particularly vulnerable. Two of three others I checked were similarly flawed.)

—Morgenstern

Freddy Robinson

THE COMING ATLANTIS—World Pacific Jazz ST-20162: *Before Six*; *The Coming Atlantis*; (*I'm a*) *Fool for You*; *Freddy's Sermon*; *Black Fox*; *The Oogum Boogum Song*; *Rita*; *Monkin' Around*.

Personnel: Allen Brisbois, trumpet; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Ernest Williams, baritone saxophone and bass clarinet; Allen Butler, flute; Joseph L. Sample, piano; Monk Higgins, organ; Alan C. Estes, vibraharp; Robinson, guitar; Bob West, bass, Fender bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; King Errison, bongos and congas; strings; vocal group; arranged and conducted by Monk Higgins.

No Rating

Freddy Robinson is a Wes Montgomery-inspired, five-star guitarist trapped in a one-star album.

—Albertson

Frank Strazzeri

THAT'S HIM & THIS IS NEW—Revelation 10: *Night and Day*; *Jo Ann*; *My Lament*; *Straz-tonic*; *That's Him*; *This Is New*.

Personnel: Gary Barone, trumpet; Sam Most, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Strazzeri, piano; Dave Parlato, bass; John Terry, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

In thinking about what to say about Strazzeri, words like "solid" and "no nonsense" came to mind. I don't want to imply that Strazzeri is merely a competent musician. He's more than that, but the professionalism of his work is one of its virtues. He isn't a spectacular musician, just a really good one.

Strazzeri is not an innovator. He is an original stylist, though. His playing doesn't sound quite like anybody else's. He seems to have been influenced by a number of pianists, including, possibly, Hank Jones, Bill Evans, Wynton Kelly and McCoy Tyner, but has synthesized these influences into a style of his own.

He is an intelligent improviser. While his solo work, in general, isn't economical enough to be called spare, he doesn't waste notes; every note he plays, it seems, is important to him.

Strazzeri's playing here is melodically attractive and harmonically fresh and interesting. His solos are carefully and well constructed and have good continuity.

He generally plays in a firm but not heavy-handed manner. Sometimes he employs percussive effects, but when he does, it really makes sense; he's not striking the keys hard just to work off excess energy.

Strazzeri is a fine composer as well, and this LP contains three originals by him. Two of these, *Jo Ann* and *My Lament*, are fresh, lovely, and really memorable compositions.

The hornmen appear only on *Jo Ann* and *Straztonic* and solo only on the

latter selection. Most's work is interesting. Although a bit ragged technically, he plays vigorously and confidently. His tone is full and rather soft.

Revelation records are available only from P.O. Box 65593, Los Angeles, CA 90065.

—Pekar

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY JOHN LITWEILER

"THE BLUES IS A HORSE OF MANY COLORS. It could be two eyes meeting and falling in love, only to discover that they belong to the same face." So begin the liners to *After Hour Blues* (Biograph 12010), and I wish I'd written that myself. One side of the LP is given to the pleasant eclectic blues piano of Little Brother Montgomery. As a bluesman (don't forget that Brother is a rewarding performer in several classic jazz media) he presents a sense of Yancey-like sophistication mingled with the less powerful, more decorative—"showier", if you will—music of popular '30s boogie pianists. The instrumental *Vicksburg Blues* and *A&B Blues* thus present curiously subtle touches, perhaps a sudden twist of rhythmic figures or a strikingly placed line fragment, which make the tracks unique, somewhat artistic statements.

Little Brother Stomp is not a blues at all, but a light, delicate near-ragtime-styled piano piece played in a very free rag style—like the liner note writer, I am reminded of Jelly Roll Morton. This is a delicious track, worth buying the album to hear, but also, for collectors, there are two 1930 vocal-piano Brother works added: *No Special Rider* and a different version of *Vicksburg Blues*. (These, by the way, are the only two tracks in this set of three Biograph LPs which do not come from an unidentified record company's 1949 sessions.)

Two takes of a Sunnyland Slim piece are notable for fine tenor solos in a style that's half Getz and half Ammons, by an unidentified bebopper. The rest of the LP is St. Louis Jimmy, who in those days was writing blunt, forceful songs on a number of classic themes. In fact, Jimmy is a remarkable blues poet; familiar-seeming lyrics mix with occasional pungent hyperbole, image on image compounding a sense of utter, unrelenting desperation. *Hard Work Boogie* ("Got corns on my hands, calluses on my feet") is a superior example of this and there are also *Your Evil Ways* ("You go to bed evil, too evil to say your prayers/When it comes time for lovin', I swear your love ain't there") a revealing story of divided feelings over a doomed love, and *I Sit Up All Night*, which describes a friend's pathetic lust for alcohol. The accompanying band is unfortunate, but the works are valuable nonetheless. *After Hour Blues* is certainly a recommended LP, though the three performers have nothing at all in common and it is a shame to reissue material in this random anthology fashion.

A less interesting anthology is *Sugar Mama Blues* (Biograph 12009). The three dull and quite weird Pee Wee Hughes songs aside (a single guitar chord, rhythm

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pattern and tempo persists through all), the focus is on southeastern blues. The vocal style is less expressive than in classic country blues, the rhythms far less free, and there is a strong influence of white Southern folk music in the lines, forms, and performance values—features certainly evident in the Frank Edwards song and the two beautiful Curley Weaver pieces.

Dense, busy guitar work runs through Weaver's songs, as in a sweet tenor voice he sings with even and relatively evenly-placed accents, "in pitch" (few "blue notes" here)—skillful, emotional works, far superior to the five Dennis McMillan tracks that follow, in large part because Weaver's stylistic perfection is based on his inventive guitar manner. The three David Wylie songs are spare and almost shyly understated. *Shackles Around My Body* uses the natural understatement along with single-string guitar lines to create a dramatic, subtly tense performance.

Blind Willie McTell is apparently considered the master of this idiom. Six of the 11 tracks in *Blind Willie McTell 1949/Trying to Get Home* (Biograph 12008) are gospel songs, and one, *Hide Me in the Bosom*, is a masterpiece, an immensely passionate performance. Elsewhere are rewarding examples of a very personal style in which free harmonic inflections, rather than dynamic ones, and an inventively melodic attitude constitute a varied mode of expression (for contrast, an unidentified man sings harmony on some songs). McTell's voice was fine and resonant within a medium-low tenor range, and he chose his keys with this in mind, it seems. There are 12-measure forms here, but no real blues. *Pal of Mine*, a trashy old-time pop song, is offered with an intensity—indeed fervor—that transcends the lyrics, making it a powerful, even noble, statement. The primitive, revealing, crucial passion that illuminates *Pal of Mine* and *Hide Me in the Bosom*, amid the near-formularization of material and basic style, is the vital feature of McTell's gnarled music, and these two pieces make this, certainly, a recommended LP for serious blues collectors.

Another mixed-bag anthology is *Masters of the Blues/1928-1940* (Historical 31), which includes Robert Johnson singing: "The train, it left the station with two lights on behind/Well, the blue light was my blues, the red light was my mind." But the two Johnson songs herein are rather conventional works, perhaps traditional, subdued and even sentimental compared to his classic blues. Weaver reappears for two 1935 songs, *Two Faced Woman* being the superior one just for the relative variety, asymmetry and vigor of McTell's guitar accompaniment. Two delightful tracks are Bill Gaither's *Georgia Barrel House* and Robert Hill's *I Had a Gal for the Last Fifteen Years*, the latter a familiar folk song performed in spirited style. In Gaither's song, his droll delivery and some super piano, "probably Joshua Altheimer", make for a thoroughly infectious performance.

Four tracks are, to me, primarily interesting for the accompanists: the idiosyncratic Eddie Lang, guitar, on one; the equally idiosyncratic and raucous Sonny Terry, harmonica, on another; uninterest-

ing singing or songs by Blind Boy Fuller, Bumble Bee Slim, and Texas Alexander being the tracks' primary content. Two takes of Tommy Johnson's *Lonesome Blues* are one more than is necessary; the work primarily shows the tension of a mumbled vocal against shifting accents in a double-timing but slightly less rhythmically dra-



matic guitar accompanying a swooning, shifting vocal, moans and octave leaps further breaking the regularity of the work's surface. Finally, in the oldest style on the LP, the very swinging Frank Stokes creates a dance piece, his strong vocal emphasizing the heavily accented rhythm—this and four other tracks more than compensate for the LP's disappointments.

The computer which runs the CBS empire has decreed that the classic March, 1940 Bukka White sides, along with *Pine-bluff Arkansas* and *Shake 'Em Down* from 1937, shall not be reissued in the U.S.A.—but they now appear in England as *Bukka White* (CBS Realm Jazz Series 52629), and who indeed can fathom the logic of a computer? At this time, White's style was very much inspired by the older blues, so much so that the occasionally striking bottleneck work (*Good Gin Blues*) or dramatic singing (*Where Can I Change My Clothes* and *Parchman Farm Blues*) are unexpected. One track, *Special Stream Line*, has reappeared in different disguises on later White recordings; it is a showy narrative-guitar piece, yet the force of White's performance raises it above the level of convention.

Given the style, you'd expect the material to be traditional—but it is traditional only in surface character, for White's songs treat classic themes in mainly personal terms: strong emotions may be the content, but the treatment reveals consistent realism, generosity, wistfulness. *Sleepy Man Blues*, quite the most unique work among these, overwhelms you with images of fatigue, despair, and destruction, precisely because the more common expressions of bitterness, self-pity or fear are absent. White only says, "If I had my right mind, I would write my woman". The material tends to be autobiographical—songs of prison, hoboing, friends and wives—and the facts are stated simply, with a minimum of commentary, even in *Strange Place Blues*, the touching lament about his mother. The straightforward, flat, unadorned kind of statement is White's strength as an artist.

Bukka White is now 60, and a different, perhaps superior, artist—in recent years, LPs for Takoma and Arhoolie and public performances certainly prove this—yet the essential quality of his music remains the same. Of the 14 tracks, at least half indicate these very virtues, and U.S. readers are urged to contact their English sources for copies of this LP (and specialty record stores for copies of the others, too).



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BLINDFOLD TEST

by Leonard Feather

JOHN LEWIS

If John Lewis had not formed the Modern Jazz Quartet when he did, almost two decades ago, but conceived the idea of organizing such a combo today, his chances of success in the present musical climate would be minimal.

It is doubly fortunate that his decision was made when the time was right. The values he established in the '50s, the delicacy and understatement, were the product of an immensely creative mind; during the years he was able to instill the same attitude in his sidemen and to perpetuate his name and that of the group. As a consequence, they are now able to swim against the tide, holding their places in a scene that often seems to be responding more readily to vibrations that are hostile, anarchic and/or anti-intellectual.

Since his last Blindfold Test (db, 7/29/65), Lewis has continued to keep the quartet together intermittently, spending part of each year at his home in the south of France, and still devoting some of his time to film scoring and other outside writing projects.

Lewis was given no information about the records played.

1. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *Love Theme from Rameo & Juliet* (from *Carnucopia*, Solid State). Don Sebesky, arranger.

I haven't heard that before, but of course I know who it is. I don't know the tune at all. I thought the arrangement was very good. I have to qualify that statement, because it depends on what purpose that record is for. If it's for a low-keyed commercial objective, not too ambitious, then I'd say it's successful, but if not I don't like it.

There are two opposing forces—the way Dizzy's playing and the way the arrangement is made, even though it's a beautiful arrangement. Things are just not consistent; although it's not necessary always to be consistent, if you're not going to be, it should be for some kind of purpose.

It seems to me that Dizzy should rethink the way he wants to play that melody, because this kind of a context is quite valid for a soloist, but in this particular record it doesn't quite come off.

I'll rate it three stars because I liked the sound—and Dizzy is always good, no matter what.

2. BILL EVANS. *What's New?* (from *What's New?*, Verve). Jeremy Steig, flute; Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

That's Bill Evans—with Jeremy Steig. I think, and it's *What's New?* I like the record . . . mainly for Bill Evans. I like the way Bill thinks, and just the way he plays the instrument. He's one of my favorite pianists.

I guess that's Eddie Gomez on bass. He's a talented young player in the tradition of Scott LaFaro. And that's very good for Jeremy, because he hasn't been devoting full-time energies to playing just the center of jazz music; he's been doing rock things, so it's a good attempt.

I'll give that four stars.

3. MILT JACKSON. *The Morning After* (from *Milt Jackson and the Hip String Quartet*, Verve). Tom McIntosh, arranger.

Of course, that's Milt playing. I've only heard some of this album. I think the writing and the playing on this are very good, but the recording sounds a little odd—the sounds of the strings. But after a while I started getting used to it; it's a different sound to what I usually expect from strings. As far as I can tell the strings are blending very well and the balance seems to be good.

Since this is a record date, you can't have that kind of polish and nuance you can get from playing together a long time. I've had some difficult experiences playing with strings, but it's becoming less and less so. The last time we played with the Los Angeles String Quartet it was very gratifying and surprising. Especially Paul Shure, whom I hadn't met until we played together. He has an extremely remarkable ear. He can hear very quickly what you want—you can just sing what you want and he'll play it, which is a little rare.

In New York there's getting to be a whole batch of new string players. They used to be hard to find, but not so much anymore, because of the need for it, and, I guess, exposure. And a lot of young people when they get out of school are becoming interested in jazz, whereas they probably didn't have an opportunity to become interested before. So that situation is improving. I'd rate that record five.

4. LES McCANN. *Django* (from *More or Less McCann*, World Pacific Jazz). McCann, piano; John Lewis, composer; Gerald Wilson, arranger.

I haven't heard that before either. Mainly I just recognize the piece, *Django*. Let's see who that is. It's not Ramsey Lewis, is it? No.

I enjoyed what he did with it. It's close to the first . . . the old way we did it. When you play and play 'em all the time, they keep on changing for us.

That arrangement sounds more like an arrangement by Gunther Schuller than anything, because it sounds like a harp playing, rather like that old thing on Verve with the harp. I'd give that three stars.

5. ATTILA ZOLLER. *At Twilight* (from *Gypsy Cry*, Embryo). Zoller, guitar, composer; Herbie Hancock, electric piano.

I don't know who that is, and I don't know the piece. I like the record though—very very much, particularly the arrangement, the playing together . . . they seem to know each other very well. The instrumentation is good and I like the way they used it.

I liked the use of the electric piano. In fact I like the electric piano generally . . . all the new things that are happening, and I only hope that they will continue to work on them until they improve their stability . . . they fall to pieces very easily. There's really not too much of a distortion problem now. It just depends on the instrument, I think. Most of the ones I've heard recently are very good. I haven't used the electric piano myself yet on a recording, but we've been using it in rehearsals. I think I'd rate that record four.

6. THELONIOUS MONK. *Let's Cool One* (from *Monk's Blues*, Columbia). Monk, piano, composer; Oliver Nelson, arranger.

That's Monk . . . and I'll give that five. The arrangement on that is very good, but the sound is a little strange.

I like Monk as a pianist and a creator. He makes his own use of the piano. You couldn't do that on any other instrument. What he plays just wouldn't make sense on any other keyboard instrument.

7. JACK WILSON. *Changing with the Times* (from *Song for My Daughter*, Blue Note). Wilson, piano, arranger; George Shearing, composer.

I don't know the piece. It sounds like Les McCann playing. I like it, and it's a very different string sound to that on Milt's album. Of course, it's a larger group of strings, too. But it's closer to the traditional way of recording strings.

The playing is very good, and the recording of the piano is good, too. You don't always get that separation, so let me give it four stars.



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Flying on Condor wings are soloists (l to r) La Porta, McGhee, Wilson and Johnson

Berklee Electronics Demonstration Concert

New England Life Hall, Boston, Mass.

Personnel: Berklee Studio Orchestra, Kendall Capps, conductor; Berklee Guitar Ensemble, Frank Turziano, conductor; College on the Rocks; The Thursday Night Dues Band; Lennie Johnson, trumpet; Phil Wilson, trombone, director; John La Porta, clarinet; Andy McGhee, tenor saxophone.

In collaboration with the Hammond Organ Co., the Berklee School of Music recently hosted a gathering of Boston area music educators as five top-flight Berklee groups demonstrated their various ways with the Condor reed and guitar Sound Modulators, Hammond's new Innovex line of music simulators. In addition to the teachers, an enthusiastic throng of the Hub's rock-generation jazz fans swelled the capacity-plus crowd of 1100 at Boston's New England Life Hall, turning this Saturday afternoon workshop into yet another love-in with the locally popular talented young men of Berklee.

As with Hammond's competitors, the Selmer Varitone and the Conn Multivider, the big news with the Condor sound modulators lies in their ability to simulate, when attached to conventional instruments, the sounds of any one of a host of other instruments.

A Condor Reed Sound Modulator (the RSM), hooked up to the trumpet's mouthpiece, can, with the flick of a few keys, turn its tone into those of the more rarely available French horn or cello. The trombone, by a similar electronic trick, becomes a tuba. And the clarinet, its reed attached to a Condor, can mimic an English horn, an oboe or any one of several members of the saxophone family. The Condor Guitar Sound Modulator (the GSM), meanwhile, can summon up from

an ordinary electric guitar such varied percussive sounds as those of the string bass and the vibraphone.

Leading off the program's demonstration of these little wonders, Frank Turziano's Berklee Guitar Ensemble gave up simple strumming in favor of energetic picking and, aided by the Condors, yielded no less a sound than that of 18th century harpsichords for a stirring performance of Bach's colorfully contrapuntal *Bouree No. 1*. In the other of the group's two presentations, *Tell Me Where*, a composition penned jointly by Turziano and his able pupil, Abraham Laboriel, the Condor's sophisticated amplification and tone modification abilities received especially artful exposures. Here standout solos by Laboriel, Al Silvestri and Mike Grady veered up from an ensemble chorus of vibrant clangs and gongs, cacophonous but beautifully controlled.

Berklee alumnus Kendall Capps, currently a film composer working with major studio orchestras, offered his *Rogue's Gallery*, musical portraits of Mata Hari, Jimmy Valentine and Sir Francis Drake. Using a remarkable small group, strangely composed of six clarinets, two trumpets and two guitars—all busily working the Condor consoles like billing clerks at their desk calculators—Capps brought forth an impressive little inventory of the Condor's possibilities, ranging from crowd-pleasing special efforts to a final studio orchestra simulation that projected from this small band—albeit with here and there some slight speaker overload—a satisfyingly "symphonic" Hollywood sound.

Sound modulators like the Condor also have much to contribute, it would appear, to the future of the much heralded jazz-

rock marriage. Spurred by the needs of this demonstration concert, Phil Wilson brought together a new rock group, appropriately dubbed "College on the Rocks". Playing continuously for more than half an hour behind original vocals written and performed by Eric Butler and Abe Laboriel, guitarist Kingsley Swan dominated with his light, deft picking the full, brassy finale of the three-song set, *I Was Taken for a Fool, From One Frustration to Another* and *Is There Something Missing*. Over the drums and the guitar duo's big rock base, the trumpets of Emil Cantees and Red Summers, Richie Caruso's sax, and the trombones of Wilson and Art Baron were able to mount, through their Condors, some splendid jazz riffs.

Wilson, chairman of Berklee's trombone department, claims nearly five year's work with electronic attachments. When his Thursday Night Dues Band took the stage, he explained that while he doesn't want to get away from the natural sound of the instruments, he sees in innovations such as the Condor exciting sources of new color in composition and resourceful extensions of instrument range. In a new composition for the band, the Hollywood score-mocking *Myra Breckenridge*, Wilson had Richie Caruso on sax giving out with solo whole tones which, when broken up by the Condor's repeater stop, came out sounding not unlike the amplified clacking of a carnival wheel, revving up for a wild spin, then slowly running down to stop at the winning number. Wilson himself was able to use the electronic gadget to enhance his breathy explorations of the lower trombone ranges.

Three well-known professionals, now Boston-based on the Berklee staff, joined the Dues Band for solo work with the Condor. Andy McGhee very nicely amplified his own rich, warm tenor saxophone in Sal Spicola's arrangement of a Larry Pyatt number, *Dues and Don'ts*. Former Basie ace Lennie Johnson deepened and darkened his trumpet tone as he improvised against the piano, bass and drums on Bob Freedman's *El Funko*. And, finally clarinetist John La Porta began his own arrangement of *Yesterdays* with just the merest suggestion of the Kern melody, softened and muted by the Condor at first, then flowing into beautifully reported windy ripples of bass-blown runs and trills. The Dues Band's final numbers, Wilson's charts for *Eleanor Rigby* and *Mercy, Mercy*, brought back the arranger himself as soloist, again using the lower keys of the Condor to pound the rock-bottom base of the trombone range.

As a final demonstration of the boon worked by instrument simulators, Wilson had his jazz ensemble play a commercial stage band arrangement of *On a Clear Day*, a score full of the familiar dense chords and heavy brass of the big band sound. He then reduced the band by six instrumentalists and played the arrangement a second time, showing how hollow the sound had become. Finally, in a third run-through, Wilson plugged the gaps with clarinet-Condor combos sitting in for the absent trombones and a guitar-Condor subbing for the missing string bass.

It was a neat experiment.

—John Hambricht

Free Design/ University of Illinois Jazz Band

Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago

Personnel: Free Design: Rusty Dedrick, leader, trumpet; Chris Dedrick, trumpet, guitar, vocals; Bruce Dedrick, Ellen Dedrick, guitar, vocals; Jeff Dedrick, guitar; Sandra Dedrick, vocals, organ; Richard Davis, bass; Chuck Morey, drums; Tom Brown, percussion. University of Illinois Jazz Band: Ken Ferrantino, Jerry Tessin, trumpet; Ron McWilliams, Cecil Bridgewater, Ric Bendel, trumpet, flugelhorn; David Barford, French Horn; Paul VanderGheynst, Larry Dwyer, Al Andreason, trombone; Rich Roush, bass trombone, baritone horn; Dean Leff, tuba; Howie Smith, Larry Cangelosi, Ron Dewar, Ron Scalise, Bill Feldman, reeds; Kathy Tessin, flute; Terry Pettijohn, guitar, banjo; Jim McNeely, piano; John Monaghan, bass; Chuck Braugham, drums; John Garvey, conductor.

In what proved to be a low key appetizer-warmup before the main course, Rusty Dedrick's Free Design entertained while some 3,000 Music Educators National Conference attendees milled about for hard-to-find seats, chatted, or walked out. Most, however, stayed to listen to an interesting group that was not always together but, in the main, provided some fairly pleasant music.

Announced as a jazz-folk-rock group, the Design came off as an amalgam of Sergio Mendes, Simon & Garfunkel, and whatever soft-sell rock group you happen to like. Though I anticipated some catalytic contributions by Ringer Davis, inadequate miking or unfamiliarity with the material precipitated a letdown.

Davis concentrated on electric bass for most of the group's offerings, but considering his stellar work on that instrument on the latest Thad Jones-Mel Lewis album, no particular brilliance was in evidence. He picked up his acoustic bass for a feature on the inevitable *Eleanor Rigby* and though visually he appeared to be into something, I heard perhaps three notes during the entire tune.

Feelin' Groovy and *Make the Madness Stop* found the vocalists or rhythm section alternately rushing. Rusty Dedrick's tasty trumpet was well-showcased, with baroque inflections, on *The Proper Ornaments*, and a solo feature, *Yesterdays*, found him moderately effective in a cadenza in which he spewed forth Harry James-like ideas. Though *Umbrellas* brought forth Davis' best bass lines, the group's offerings were mostly bland. They didn't catch fire until their closer, *Stay Another Season*.

The University of Illinois Band was another story. Their opener, Sammy Nestico's whirlwind *Magic Flea*, was executed with remarkable verve and precision, good tenor work by Scalise, brilliant drumming by Braugham and a fantastic high-note ending by the saxes in lieu of the flutes employed in the Basie arrangement. This bit of virtuosity, however, proved to be only a hint of what was to follow.

Moon Trane, introduced by the band's dynamic and highly capable leader as a blowing chart, was just that—Dewar's swinging, inventive tenor, Bridgewater's thoughtful trumpet, Monaghan's agile bass work, Braugham's drum solo and simultaneous improvisation by Dewar and Bridgewater over a vamp ending, demonstrating only a portion of the band's awesome arsenal of improvisational talent.

After Jim Knapp's original, *Summertime*, with effective ensemble use of flugelhorns, emotive Dewar, and some interesting percussive interplay, there was a

go-to-meetin' rundown of *Sister Sadie*. Garvey related that the arranger's identity was unknown—his inspiration was not, however, as the chart was derivative of the Jay Corre/Buddy Rich and Nat Pierce/Woody Herman arrangements. There were original touches, though: a quote from *I've Been Workin' On The Railroad*, and outstanding solo contributions by pianist McNeely, Dewar and Bridgewater.

Garvey then brought out vocalist DeDe Garrett, a polished, vibrant performer who demonstrated excellent intonation and control on her two features, *My Funny Valentine* and *Muddy Water*, though she was a bit overpowering on the latter. She is a remarkable talent, though, as is the band's male vocalist, Don Smith, who brilliantly

utilized falsetto on *You Are Too Beautiful* and was extremely effective on *I've Got My Mojo Workin'*.

Festival Piece (intriguing reed work during the intro and two spots for Dewar's melancholy tenor), an ethereal, outside *Bird Merchant*, and the by now familiar but no less outstanding encores, *The Old Beelzebub Blues* and *The Lunceford Touch* (with a rare solo spot for the highly talented Bendel) closed the program but left the conventioners shouting for more. Hours more wouldn't have sufficed, for this band is a marvel, a legend in its own time and a testimonial to what can be accomplished in music education with the right approach.

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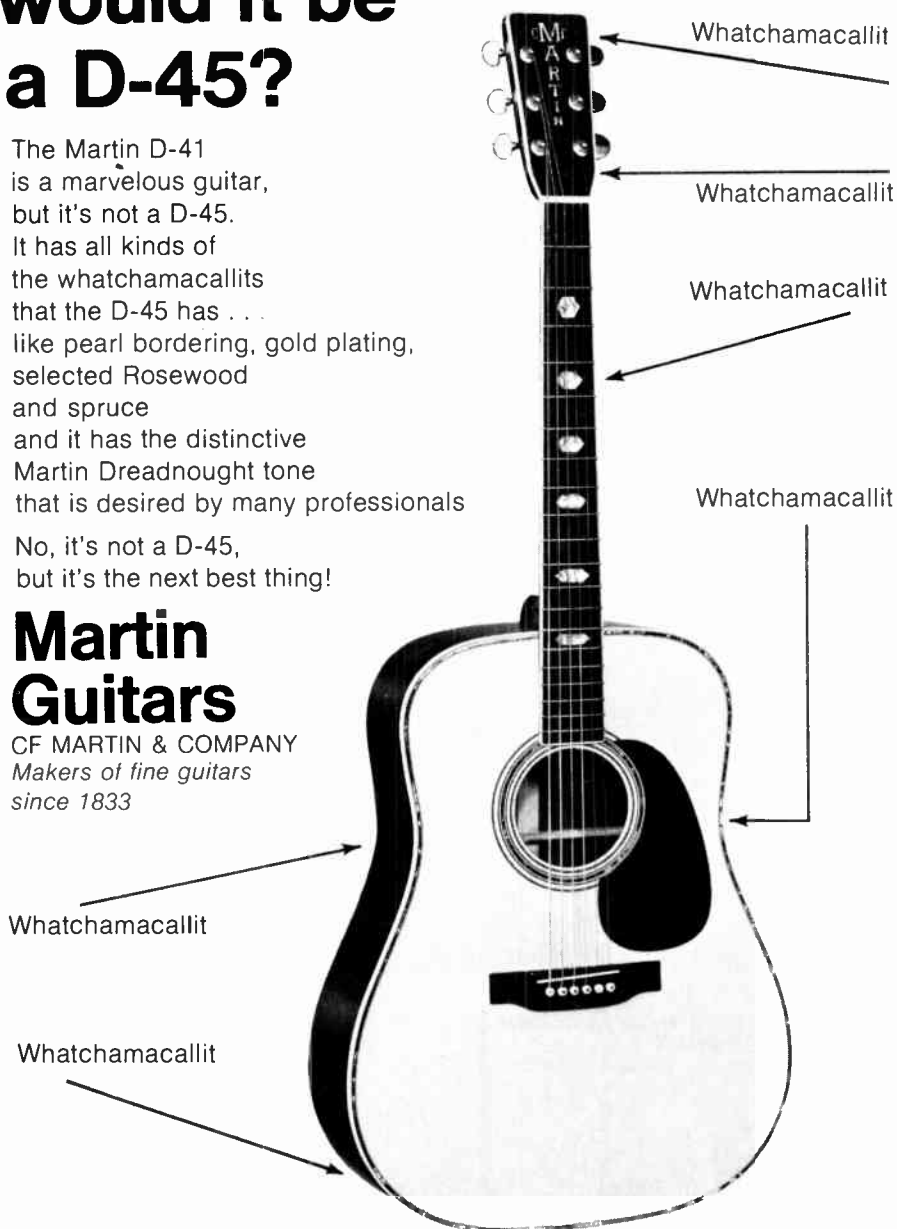
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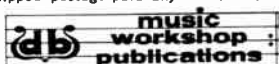
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is extraordinary, the improvisation stimulating and the writing provocative, much of the credit for this phenomenal organization must go to leader Garvey, an erudite musician, a dynamic, virtuoso conductor and a true inspiration to his men. Though I was hearing the band for the first time, to say that they exceeded the hyperbolic raves I've been hearing for the past two years would be an understatement.

—Jim Szantor

Betty Carter

Judson Hall, New York City, N.Y.

Personnel: Miss Carter, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano; Lyle Atkinson, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Betty Carter, long-known and highly respected by musicians and singers, and also fairly well-known to listeners through her duet album with Ray Charles, emerged again from the "underground", alive, vibrant, and in very good voice, confirming and reasserting that she still is the beautiful song stylist the underground and a few "hip" critics have always claimed she is.

Betty Carter draws the listeners into her songs, so much that on the one level one is and becomes aware of the triteness of some of the lyrics (especially the selections from *The King & I*, *Girl Talk*, and other plastic-gloss Broadway-Hollywood-type-material). On the other level, the listener also becomes aware of and feels the fresh-airiness of her voice injecting new meaning and life into these songs, and that is what makes the songs more acceptable.

A song stylist, she puts a lot more into a song than other singers. It is this total sense of building; the beauty and natural grace in improvising and creating which her singing generates, that also makes her delivery so captivating and true, to the extent that she transformed the concert setting at Judson Hall into an intimate club-like environment, holding the audience spellbound and hushed as they hung on, anxiously awaiting and listening for the next song.

The intensity of her rapport with the audience was such that the flow of attention oscillated with the dynamic levels of her voice, and the polished professional support the trio gave her also contributed towards achieving the atmosphere of a recording. In fact, the concert was taped for future release, and it is worth noting that she had the audience so geared to listening and responding spontaneously and naturally that there was no need for a pep talk from the producer prior to the concert or other props one suspects are normally used at live recordings.

The trio opened the concert, setting a very subdued mood with an early MJQ-flavored piece. Norman Simmons' sparse-noted piano solo style and the very clean and controlled drumming by Al Harewood gave the tune the proficiency of a nightclub trio performance . . . complete with smooth transitions from group work to solos. A chorded arco bass solo and a drum solo led up to the next tune, an up-tempo swinger with Harewood playing some beautiful sound-textured drums.

Miss Carter, adorned in black pants, black blouse, gold scarf and a peaked gold cap, opened with *What's New*, in a

clear voice, floating up and down the scale of the tune with airy ease. The set that followed can best be described as a display of the "many voices of Betty Carter".

I Remember You was given a supper-club-ballad treatment, and for a blue-tinted *'Round Midnight* she was in bold voice, as the Babs Gonzales lyrics deserved. Her tribute to Ray Charles included her version of his *The Sun Died*. Then came a medley of Billie Holiday songs: *God Bless the Child*, *Don't Weep for the Lady*, and others. Miss Carter's rendition of these songs was flawless, particularly her version of *Blue Moon*, on which she was very ably assisted by Lyle Atkinson on bass.

For *Surrey with the Fringe on Top* her



voice assumed an oblique swing that took off from the trio-backing as a distinct instrument of its own, and her sweet-sour-tone-scattings were like trumpet riffs, big-band style.

The second set, also introduced by the trio, was a reaffirmation of the first set, and by now the singer had full command and control of the audience's attention. She further relaxed the mood, demonstrating that she is also an exponent of the husky ballad form; choreographing her voice with appropriate gestures to emphasize the mood, pace and intent of the songs.

Her versatility made her singing of both parts of the song *Everytime We Say Goodbye* from her duo-record with Ray Charles seem so easy, and after spirited versions of *My Favorite Things* and *Girl Talk*, it was very obvious that Miss Carter's definition of love must be unique. Judging from the sincere intensity and feeling she puts into her love songs, all those who believe that what (and all) the world needs is love have a true and vocal representative in her.

Betty Carter is an engaging singer, very much alive and ready to demonstrate her immense talent to any interested listeners.

—Tam Fiofori

Johnny Creach

Parisian Room, Los Angeles

Personnel: Creach, electric violin; Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; Art Hillery, organ; Kenny Dixon, drums.

Don Harris

It Club, Los Angeles -

Personnel: Harris, electric violin; Jerry Rowan, tenor saxophone; Chuck Rowan, organ; Eddie Abner, guitar; La Vell Austin, drums.

Washington Blvd. is in a swinging section of Los Angeles in which, within a quarter of a mile of each other, are two clubs that cling stubbornly to a jazz policy. The more successful of the two, the Parisian Room, does so within a continuous, name-headliner format; the It Club, making one of its periodic comebacks, is trying to recapture past glories with jam sessions that provide much-needed outlets for jazzmen.

Recently, Harris and Creach, two musicians who reflect the basic difference between the clubs, appeared. What made their simultaneous gigs unique was their not-so-common denominator: each is a jazz violinist.

While both men play electric violin, Harris plays *electrifying* fiddle. He tends to overwhelm his instrument, occasionally fights it, often accompanies himself on it as he maintains a Slam Stewart duality, from a buzzing obligato to a full-fledged vocal line, usually in unison with his arco. His diet runs a gamut from soul food to the sparse calories of avant-garde, with a heavy sprinkling of r&b in between.

On the night of the review, Harris was more than fighting his fiddle; he was also in mortal combat with the enemy—amplification. And if there's one thing Harris must have, it's proper equipment. He relies heavily on echo. His first tune, *My Babe*, was an exercise in funk, as he sang a honky-tonk blues with a Ray Charles intensity, filling gaps with trilled pedal points. With eyes closed, a familiar characteristic, Harris launched into a rough-edged rendition of *Eleanor Rigby*, keeping up a steady banjo chomp and then switching to bow for a stronger tremolo.

But the highlight of his set, despite the sweat he worked up over his up-tempo blues shouting and the call and response it generated, was a slow, soulful *Summertime*. Here his highly personal singing matched his skillful accompaniment, both of which became more sinewy as he switched into a $\frac{3}{4}$ chorus. The out chorus returned to the original slow 4, leaving drained but exhilarated the listener whose concentration matched the violinist's.

It is not Creach's intention to drain his listeners. But it is safe to say everyone comes away feeling exhilarated—including Creach himself. He swings in the Venuti-Smith-South-Grappelly tradition. He is a master of the well-sculptured phrase and is one who loves to improvise in a style that today might be called Romantic.

Creach is as thin as his bow and as communicative as a disc jockey. He wandered into the audience as far as his umbilical wire to the amplifier allowed, talked to his audience, laughed with them, and in general had what too few jazzmen can boast these days: a ball. Little wonder he's been at the Parisian Room for 10 months.

On *Canadian Sunset* he sang everything he played, but the main difference was he did not use a mike when singing. He emphasized a beauty of tone without losing the jazz pulse. For *Danny Boy*, his favorite tune, he avoided the usual lachrymose approach and toyed with blue notes, bending, tearing, and titillating, finally getting down to business by going into double time.

For a no-nonsense set-closer, Creach chose a straight blues, *Sonnymoon for Two*. Here there were no detours; it was a straight-ahead excursion into the land of jazz, with chorus after chorus of thoughtful, intelligent improvisation, building to a satisfying climax when all he wanted to say had been said.

Catching both violinists in the act provided a happy opportunity to study contrasts. While Harris is inspired, Creach is inspiring. One could call Harris a Miles Davis to Creach's Bobby Hackett, a Charles Lloyd to a Coleman Hawkins.

Aside from this difference, there was an accompaniment gap. Creach has worked so long with Holloway's trio that rapport is almost instinctive. Holloway knew when

to fill melodic gaps; Dixon knew when to emphasize the rhythmic highpoints; Hillery's comping was never obtrusive—his "walking" compensated more than adequately for the absence of a bassist. Harris' backing was less polished, and Rowan's group, not as cohesive as Holloway's, occasionally gave the impression that it would try its best to keep up with Harris' ever-changing musical whims. Where Rowan followed, Holloway anticipated.

At one time jazz violin was an anomaly. But that has changed, especially since the advent of Jean-Luc Ponty. To my knowledge, neither Creach nor Harris has recorded—a shame. Each has a lot to say, and the beauty of it is that each has his distinctive way of saying it. —Harvey Siders

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SUMMER MUSIC

(Continued from page 15)

Elon, 27244; Elon College Music Festival; June 14-20. Dir: Jack O. White. F: Renold O. Schilke, Raymond Gariglio, White. Curr: bb, se. CCH: 2 (renewal credit on "A" or "G" certificate).

Greenville, 27834; East Carolina Summer Music Camp, East Carolina Univ.; July 19-July 31. Dir: Herbert Carter. F: Eugene Isabelle, Joe Distegano, James Houlik, James Parnell, Charles Moore, Charles Bath. Curr: 2bb/10, th/5, ar/5, se/unk. Since 1954.

OHIO: Berea, 44017; High School Summer Music Clinic-Conservatory of Music, Baldwin-Wallace College; July 5-19. Dir: Albert I. Gay. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

Columbus, 43209; Conservatory of Music, Capital Univ.; June 15-July 25. Dir: W.E. Crist. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

OKLAHOMA: Norman, Univ. of Oklahoma;

write Summer Jazz Clinics, Box 221, South Bend, IN; June 7-13. Dir: Dr. Herb Patnoe. F: see Denver, CO. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/5, th/8, ar/8 materials/2. CCH: unk. Since 1959.

OREGON: Eugene, Univ. of Oregon School of Music; June 14-27. Dir: Ira D. Lee. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

PENNSYLVANIA: Annville, 17003; Allard-Havenstein Woodwind Workshop, Lebanon Valley College; June 22-26. Dir: Frank E. Stachow. F: Joseph Allard, Nelson Havenstein. Curr. seminars, clinics/20. CCH: 1. Since 1963.

Mansfield, 16933; Summer Music Camp, Mansfield State College; June 22-July 31. Dir: John H. Baynes. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

West Chester, 19380; High School Music Workshop, West Chester State College; June 28-July 24. Dir: Richard Boerlin. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, form & analysis. CCH: unk.

RHODE ISLAND: Cranston, 02910; Univ. of

Rhode Island; July 26-Aug. 7. Dir: Joseph S. Herne. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, conducting. CCH: unk.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Brookings, 57006; All-State Music Camp, South Dakota State Univ.; June 7-21. Dir: John F. Colson. F: unk. Curr: bb, th. CCH: unk.

Spearfish, 57783; Black Hills State College; Aug. 2-7. Dir: Victor Weidenese. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

Yankton, 57078; Yankton College Conservatory of Music; June 21-July 3. Dir: Eugene Brinkmeyer. F: unk. Curr: se, th, jazz. CCH: unk.

TENNESSEE: Clarksville, 37040; Austin Peay State Univ.; July 19-25. Dir: Aaron Schmidt. F: unk. Curr: bb, se. CCH: unk.

TEXAS: Commerce, 75428; East Texas State Univ.; Blue and Gold Camps, June 7-13. Dir: Neill Humfeld. F: unk. Curr: bb, th, conducting. CCH: unk.

Dallas, 75222; Big "D" Music Camp, So. Methodist Univ.; June 14-27. Dir: Roy J. Weger. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk. Since 1969.

Canyon, 79015; West Texas Music Camp, West Texas State Univ.; July 12-24. Dir: John E. Green. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk. Nacogdoches, 75961; SFA Summer Band Camp, Box 3043, Stephen F. Austin State Univ.; July 5-10. Dir: Mel Montgomery. F: Pete Rodriguez. Curr: bb/1½, se/4, th/4. CCH: unk. Since 1956.

Waco, 76703; Summer Music Camp for High School Students, Baylor Univ.; June 6-14. Dir: Bernard A. Smith. F: Gene C. Smith, Larry Van Landingham. Curr: bb/2, se/1. CCH: unk. Since 1958.

UTAH: Logan, 84321; Utah State Summer Music Clinic, Utah State Univ.; July 6-17. Dir: Alvin Wardle. F: Clarence Sawhill, Ralph Matesky, William Ramsey, Loel Hepworth. Curr: bb/5, se/unk, th/5. CCH: unk. Provo, 84601; Brigham Young Univ.; July 27-Aug. 8. Dir: Richard E. Ballou. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

Salt Lake City; write Summer Jazz Clinics, Univ. of Utah, Box 221, South Bend, IN 46624; Aug. 16-22. Dir: Dr. Leon Breeden. F: see Denver, CO. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/8, th/8, ar/8, materials/8. CCH: 2. Since 1959.

VERMONT: Burlington, 05401; Summer Music Session for High School Students, Univ. of Vermont; June 28-Aug. 9. Dir: Herbert L. Schultz. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar, composition. CCH: unk.

VIRGINIA: Williamsburg, 23185; Summer Band School, College of William and Mary; June 14-27, June 28-July 11. Dir: C. R. Varner. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

WASHINGTON: Cheney, 99004; Eastern Wash. State College; June 14-27. Dir: George Lotzenhiser. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, CCH: unk. Pullman, 99163; High School Summer Camp, Washington State Univ.; June 21-July 11. Dir: Randall Spicer. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, ar, conducting. CCH: unk. Since 1955.

Seattle; write Summer Jazz Clinics, Univ. of Washington, Box 221, South Bend, IN 46624; Aug. 23-29. Dir: Dr. Leon Breeden. F: see Denver, CO. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/5, th/8, ar/8, materials/2. CCH: unk. Since 1959.

Tacoma, 98447; Northwest Summer Music Camp, Pacific Lutheran Univ.; July 12-19. Dir: Lawrence J. Meyer. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

WEST VIRGINIA: Morgantown, 26506; Fine Arts Music Camp, West Virginia Univ.; July 19-Aug. 8. Dir: Donald Portnoy. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, conducting, piano. CCH: unk.

West Liberty, 26074; Summer Music Camp, West Liberty State College; June 14-19. Dir: Edward C. Wolf. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, piano. CCH: unk. Since 1965.

WISCONSIN: Madison, 53706; Univ. of Wisconsin; June 28-July 11. Dir: Richard W. Wolf. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

Platteville, 53818; Pioneer Summer Band Camp, Wisconsin State Univ.; June 14-20. Dir: William Tietze. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk.

Stevens Point, 54481; Point Music Camp, Wisconsin State Univ.; June 14-27. Dir: James E. Westbrook. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th. CCH: unk. Since 1968.

WYOMING: Laramie, 82070; Summer Music Camp, Univ. of Wyoming; June 28-Aug. 2. Dir: Ron Kuhn. F: unk. Curr: bb, se, th, piano. CCH: unk.



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BAGS

(Continued from page 19)

M.J.: Then they say, well, okay, just an oversight. Because when the first question is asked about it, I'm almost positive that this is the first answer that will be forthcoming: "Oh, it was an accident. It wasn't deliberate. That wasn't my department. So and so had charge of that." Then the buck starts passing and when you finally find out what did happen, who did it, there's a whole big runaround. Well, he's not the coordinator, he says. Something, man. Anything. Just little ways and means, man, to get to destroy this music.

Until recently we didn't have any black critics, either, so we couldn't do anything about it from that angle. The newspaper writers were all white, and especially syndicated newspapers. There just recently have been a few black writers like yourself who can write columns and get involved in this kind of thing.

B.P.: Yes. You know I think LeRoi Jones got misunderstood a lot by a lot of the wrong people along the line. It's very difficult sometimes.

M.J.: And we didn't go to court, either, you know, and get a petition for a patent on the word "bebop." We didn't do that to distinguish our music from other music. They made the labels. The critics and people who—they designed that when it started and they called it "bebop" and automatically, we became "bebop" musicians without having anything to say about it. Now, suddenly, they found a freer form, like the Third Stream. They finally found another name, later, as it developed a little further, and they decided to call it *avant garde*.

B.P.: Well, the MJQ was one of the first groups to be labeled with such words, weren't you?

M.J.: Well, yes. This was actually in one case taken from an album of ours. And I don't know who decided to call it Third Stream, *avant garde*.

B.P.: Did you even know what it meant then?

M.J.: No. See, other than that, it's just a name; and the name is always what distinguishes one from another. The verbal part of this radio show I'm talking about will be good for this sort of thing, because a lot of times even after listening to a record, even though you may like it, the communication may not be completely clear and we want the record to show—we want this to be completely clear, what this art means to us and to the younger people, you know; and this will give the blacks and the whites more insight into what this music is and what it's all about.

They (the establishment) taught the black man, first thing, as soon as he landed here, all right, the first thing you do, get like me; do what I'm doing. I'm leading in this country; you've got to follow me. And you know this has basically been the white man's philosophy as far back as the black can remember as far as we're concerned; and this is the kind of complete propaganda that we have to do away with, the kind that has attempted to destroy this same music we are talking about.

db

music workshop

The String Player In Jazz, Part II

by David Baker

II. Problems related to extracting the most drama through the use of idiomatic string techniques.

All music is drama, and on the ability of the improviser to handle dramatic devices rests a considerable portion of his success as a jazz player. There is an infinite variety of ways to play a given phrase, a scale, one chord, or even one note. Be as adventurous as possible. No combination of scale patterns and dramatic devices should be considered too "far out". The jazz player must work constantly to create and maintain interest using dramatic devices.

Working within the following areas, much can be done to create excitement and drama.

Take advantage of the fact that stringed instruments possess more ways of producing sound, and are able to move from one shade of expression to another better than any other orchestral group. Some drama-producing devices are:

1. Col legno Battuta—drawing with the wood of the bow.
2. Col legno Gestrichen—striking with the wood of the bow.
3. Sul ponticello—bowing near the bridge—(this is one of Ornette's favorite devices).
4. Scordatura involves retuning one or more strings usually to extend the range or create a special color.
5. Glissando—sliding between two notes.
6. Portamento—a slight slide between notes introduced for expressive purposes.

7. Natural harmonics—flute-like tones produced by dividing the open string which produces overtones. The effect is achieved by lightly touching the open string at the half, third, fourth, etc.

8. Artificial harmonics—overtones produced by dividing the stopped string. This is usually done by firmly stopping a note two octaves below the pitch desired and simultaneously lightly touching the same string a perfect fourth above the stopped pitch.

9. Tremolos—both bowed and fingered, measured and unmeasured.

10. Muting—reduces the volumes and also causes a qualitative change.

Refer to any book on orchestration of advanced string playing for further idiomatic string special effects. Caution: all dramatic devices should be used with taste and in general, sparingly.

III. Pizzicato. The use of pizzicato, although quite effective on all stringed instruments, tends to be particularly effective the larger the instrument—i.e., cello and bass.

The use of the left hand for plucks and slides can greatly increase the facility of the player in pizzicato playing. In plucking, the player simply pulls the open string as in right hand pizzicato. For the stopped string, the player simply stops the desired note and plunks (when ever possible, the same string with a higher-numbered finger on the same hand). (Example 5 and 6.)

Sliding is possible only when all notes involved are on the same string. The first

5 Bass (pluck)

6 Bass (pluck)

7 Bass (pluck)

8 Bass (pluck)

9 Bass (pluck)

10 Cello Quasi-Guitar

↑ = upstroke

the instrument already demands). For instance, the player can play any scale with exactly the same fingering, provided he avoids open strings (example 15). He may play any pattern, lick, etc., of the same type using exactly the same fingering. The wide-reaching ramifications of the exercise of this principle ought to be obvious. (Example 16.)

VI *Vibrato*. One of the things that has

dated the playing of most jazz violinists is the persistent use of vibrato, no matter how short the tone.

For other jazz instruments, most players tend to use different kinds of vibrato varying in speed, width, and very often placed only at the end of a long tone (terminal vibrato). The jazz violinist gets a more authentic jazz sound when he uses the vibrato in a similar fashion.

14a Violin

14b Cello

14c Cello

15 Violin

16 Cello

next highest string

next highest string

next highest string

next highest string

OR

etc.

(To be concluded)

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: Musicians under 21 may apply to down beat for a full scholarship to the Arranging Lab Course, directed by Ray Wright, at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y., July 7-Aug. 7. The \$323 scholarship includes tuition, room and meals. Interested applicants may send scores and/or tapes to Eastman Scholarship, c/o down beat, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606 . . . The Cannonball Adderley Quintet (Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, keyboards; Walter Booker, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums) appeared in concert Feb. 16-17 at Frostburg (Md.) State College to a SRO audience. The quintet also conducted a workshop for the F.S.C. Jazz Ensemble, directed by Chris Gallagher . . . Members of the City College of New York Traditional Music Society have organized student-taught workshops dealing in instrumental theory and practice. The workshops, which represent an attempt to balance out the music department curriculum, are open to all interested persons, and thus far over 100 have enrolled. This response has prompted the music department to consider accreditation for the workshops. Schools interested in setting up similar workshops, or other interested persons, may write to the Traditional Music Society, Finley Student Center, 133 St. and Convent Ave., New York, N.Y. 10031 . . . Former Billy Maxted and Buddy Rich trumpeter Bill Prince is currently on tour of various junior colleges in the South Florida area with his Florida Atlantic University Jazz Band. The band uses a jazz-rock format

with all arrangements contributed by the bandsmen . . . Tamalpais High School, Mill Valley, Cal. now offers a one-semester jazz history course which fulfills the fine arts requirement for graduation. Course instructor is English instructor and jazz pianist Dick Fregulia. In addition to study, the class has heard performances by the Fregulia Trio (Lyn DeRamus, bass; Fritz Kasten, drums) with guest soloist, trumpeter Tom Harrell, and two rock-jazz-oriented groups, the Ofoedian Den and Shades of Joy . . . Nina Simone appeared in concert April 11 at State University of New York at Albany and a music festival featuring jazz and underground rock groups was held at the school April 24-26. The Music Workshop of the Junior College of Albany will present a benefit concert May 10 featuring baritone saxist Nick Brignola's Mixed Bag . . . The Don Ellis Orchestra will again climax the two-day Central Valley Jazz and Stage Band Festival May 15-16 at the College of the Sequoias, Visalia, Cal. The festival is open to college, high school and junior high school stage bands, jazz combos, and vocal groups. Adjudicators will be arranger-composer Allyn Ferguson, Jr., ex-Stan Kenton reed man Bill Fritz, Gilbert Woody, and Dave Olson . . . The College of Emporia (Kan.) Mar. 26 world premiere of Frank Salisbury's *Beatitudes*, a sacred jazz cantata based on the Sermon on the Mount, featured Clark Terry and Stan Kenton performing with the Emporia stage band (directed by Frank Malambri) and chorale (directed by Roger H. Johnson) . . . The John Crowe Singers of Akron University, the Trinity Lutheran Church choir conducted by Dante Picciotti, and an instrumental group (John Firman, trumpet; Garney Hicks,

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June 21-July 3 Univ. of Nevada
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Aug. 16-22 Univ. of Utah
(Salt Lake City)

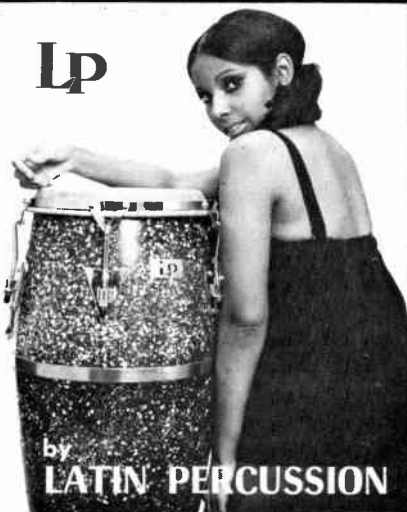
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trombone; Danny Mazzacco, alto sax; Dave Smith, tenor sax; Robert Cole, baritone sax, conductor; John Coatter, guitar; Larry Whisler, vibes; Jack Faller, piano; Dominic Pedulla, bass, Bill Roth, drums) will premiere a performance of a jazz liturgy April 26 at the Trinity Lutheran Church in Akron. Musical director and coordinator for the event is Phil Rizzo, who also composed the music and the libretto.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

and gigging with local musicians . . . Drummer **Sunny Murray** appeared at Brooklyn's Fulton St. Club Mar. 14 . . . The **Charles Byrd New Jazz Troupe** played at the St. Peters Jazz Vespers Mar. 22 . . . **Chico Hamilton's Sextet** and the **Billy Taylor Trio** were among the groups that appeared at the NYU Jazz Festival March 2-6 . . . Altoist **Robin Kenyatta** played the Village Gate Mar. 20-21 with guitarist **Richie Resnicoff**, pianist **Fred Simmons**, bassist **Karma Phillips**, drummer **Melvin Olefant**, and congaist **Carlos Aponti** . . . The **Charles Tolliver Quartet** (**Stanley Cowell**, piano; **Cecil McBee**, bass, and **Jimmy Hopps**, drums) played the Lafayette Playhouse in Patterson, N.J. Mar. 20 . . . **Ornette Coleman**, in a rare New York appearance, did a lecture-demonstration Mar. 9 at the Cornell Architectural School, along with tenorist **Dewey Redman**, bassist **Charlie Haden**, and drummer **Ed Blackwell** . . . **Vibist Karl Berger** presided over an improvisation seminar at Wesleyan College in Middletown, Conn. and played school concerts in New York City, upstate New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Massachusetts with pianist **Horace Arnold** and bassist **Reggie Workman** . . . Former **Buddy Rich** and **Playboy Club** pianist **Johnny Morris** is appearing with a new trio (**Jay Leonhart**, bass; **Jake Hanna**, drums) at the Spa in Scarsdale. Special jazz concerts featuring **Zoot Sims**, **Thad Jones**, **Kai Winding**, **Toots Thielemans**, **Ruby Braff**, drummer **Ray Mosca**, and reedman **Dick Meldonian** have been held at the room and the **Morris** trio does a live remote on the **Chico Viger Show** every Saturday evening on **WFAS** in White Plains . . . **Vanilla Fudge** played a farewell performance Mar. 14 at Long Island's Action House . . . The **Afro-American Teachers Association** and the **Collective Black Artists** presented a benefit concert Mar. 21 at Long Island University featuring tenorist **Archie Shepp**, the **Alice Coltrane Trio** (**Reggie Workman**, bass, **Rashied Ali**, percussion), and **Sam River's** new **Harlem Music Ensemble**, comprised of **Robert Williams**, **Joe Gardner**, **Charles McGhee**, trumpets; **John Gordon**, trombone; **Kiane Zawadi**, trombone, euphonium; **Bob Stewart**, tuba; **Carlos Ward**, alto sax, flute; **Rivers**, **Fred Kelly**, **Gene McGhee**, tenor sax, flute; **Hakim Jami**, **Yusef Aksuda**, bass, and **Andrew Cyrille**, drums . . . The new **Bill Berry 16-piece big band** debuted Mar. 22 at the Roosevelt Grill . . . **Erroll Garner** is preparing for a concert tour of Europe in April and May . . . **Fillmore East** had **John Mayall**, **Duster Bennett**, **B.**

King, and **Taj Mahal** on Mar. 13-14. The **Taj Mahal** group did two nights at **Ungano's** Mar. 18-19 and broke it up . . . The **Vic Dickenson-Bobby Hackett** group opened at the **Roosevelt Grill** Mar. 10 along with the **World's Greatest Jazz Band**. During the **WGJB's** stay, sitters-in included **Johnny Mercer** and **Maxine Sullivan** (on fluegelhorn). While the band was absent playing a party for **CBS**, tenorists **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**, **Toots Thielemans**, and pianist **Dick Hyman** filled in. The band's new single, *Son of A Preacherman/Billy* was just released on the Project 3 label . . . Leader-composer **Doles Dickens** is organizing a 23-piece band with 10-piece rhythm section. Their first big band workshop, directed by **Pastor John Gensel**, will take place in St. Peters Lutheran Church . . . Among the participants in the Brooklyn benefit for the Defense of the Panthers 21 legal fund were the groups of **Stu Isakoff**, **McCoy Tyner** (with altoist **Gary Bartz**, drummer **Freddie Waits**), **Eddie Gale**, **Frank Foster's Dirty Dozen**, **Freddie Hubbard** (**Curtis Fuller**, trombone; **James Spaulding**, alto sax, flute; **Cedar Walton**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass; **Louis Hayes**, drums), plus trumpeter **Lee Morgan**, trombonist **Kiane Zawadi**, saxophonists **Archie Shepp**, **Jackie McLean**, **Sonny Redd**, **Roland Alexander** and **Charles Davis**; pianist **Wayne Dockery**, bassists **Charlie Haden** and **Reggie Workman**; drummers **J. C. Moses**, **Sunny Murray**, and **Rashied Ali**; vocalist **Betty Carter**, and others . . . **Dakota Staton**, with the **Norman Simmons Trio**, headed the bill at the Village Vanguard the week of Mar. 24 . . . **Vibist Karl Berger** recorded for **Milestone** with altoist **Carlos Ward**, bassist **Dave Holland**, drummer **Ed Blackwell** and also did a date for **Byg** records with **Ward**, **Holland**, percussionist **Rashied Ali**, and vocalist **Ingrid Berger**.

Los Angeles: The talented **Mary Kaye**, back at the **Circus Room** atop the new **Sheraton-Universal**, made one change in her quartet. **Fred Rain** has replaced **Larry Ahuna** on **Fender** bass and guitar, and **Ronnie Rock** is on drums. **Miss Kaye** sings and plays guitar . . . **Bob Havens**, **Lawrence Welk's** concession to jazz, was featured artist at the last meeting of the **New Orleans Jazz Club** of Southern California. The trombonist was backed by **Mike Silverman**, trumpet; **Billy Wood**, clarinet; **Roger Snell**, piano; **Lane Vifinkle**, bass; **Cecil Gregg**, drums . . . The **Association of Southern California Jazz Clubs** has been formed to add support to the growing campaign to erect a statue of **Louis Armstrong** in his hometown, **New Orleans**. They are planning a mammoth production, *Hello Louis*, on July 3, the eve of his 70th birthday at the **Shrine Auditorium** . . . **Les McCann** followed **Mongo Santamaria** into the **Lighthouse** after **Mongo** completed a one-month gig there . . . The **Swing Era Showcase Society** continues to present dances at the **Knollwood Country Club** in **Granada Hills**, and jazz musicians continue to be featured with **Don Scott's** orchestra. Among the most recent: **Bob Havens** and tenor saxophonist **Don Menza** . . . The **Corona Senior High School**

Jazz Ensemble embarked on a four-city tour that included concerts in Bakersfield, Sacramento, Fresno, and Reno, Nevada. Under the direction of **Roger Rickson**, this was the first such tour by the 21-piece band, sponsored by the Corona Chamber of Commerce. On April 28, the school will sponsor its third annual stage band festival with **Stan Kenton** as head judge . . . **The Sound of Feeling** did a one-nighter at Donte's showing off new charts (tasteful rock overtones) . . . **Kim Richmond**, who manages to keep busy both locally and out of town, recently headed up a clinic at seven colleges in Kansas under the sponsorship of Kansas State Teachers College in Emporia. In town, Kim's band made its third appearance at the Lido Room, and he is currently readying a ten-piece jazz-rock group, the **Hereafter**. He did the music for a TV documentary, *The Nudity Thing*, and is also active with **Shelley Manne** and **Buddy Clark** in a jingle producing company headed by **Don Specht**.

Chicago: The death on Mar. 14 of the **Rev. Robert Owen**, Chicago's "Night Pastor", at the age of 46 saddened the jazz community here. Fr. Owen, an accomplished traditional jazz pianist, was a personal friend to many local musicians and often used jazz in his ministry to the city's "night people". He produced two LPs on his own label to raise funds for his unique ministry, and was a frequent siter-in in Rush St. area clubs. Funeral services, held March 18 at the Cathedral of St. James, employed jazz as an organic part of the Episcopal Requiem Eucharist, with trombonist **Dave Remington** leading both a big band and a small group. Participating musicians included trumpeters **Norm Murphy** and **Art Hoyle**, bass trumpeter **Cy Touff**, saxophonists **Rich Fudoli** and **Joe Daley**, pianist **Eddie Higgins**, guitarist **Marty Grosz**, drummer **Bob Cousins**, and clarinetist **Chuck Hedges**, who came in from Milwaukee. A benefit jazz session for Fr. Owen's family (he had seven children) was scheduled to take place in April at Jazz Ltd. . . . **Oscar Peterson** did the London House for the 16th time starting Mar. 11, with new faces **George Mraz**, bass, and **Ray Mosca**, drums. Peterson also got considerable exposure on local television. On Mar. 14 the pianist guested on two programs shown at the same time: the **Maggy Daly Show** and the **Marty Faye Show**, which regularly programs jazz, local or otherwise . . . The Mar. 8 *Modern Jazz Showcase* session at the North Park Hotel featured **Sonny Siitt**, along with trumpeter **Oscar Brashear**. The **Don Patterson Quartet** (**Billy Howell**, trombone; **Sonny Seals**, tenor saxophone; **Billy James**, drums) did a guest set. The following Sunday, **James Moody** appeared, backed by pianist **John Hicks**, bassist **Rufus Reid**, and drummer **Wilbur Campbell**. The **Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet** (**Stanley Cowell**, piano; **Herbie Lewis**, bass; **Joe Chambers** drums) also appeared in a guest set. Set to follow at the North Park were reedman **Joe Farrell** on Mar. 22 and a return engagement on Mar. 29 by **Moody**, backed by the **Eddie Higgins Trio** . . . Trumpeter **Frank Gordon** joined **Young-**

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Holt Unlimited . . . The Danny Long Trio, with vocalist Cheryl Berdell, continues at the Alley on North Wabash Ave. . . . Pianist Little Brother Montgomery, with drummer Wayne Jones, did a recent two-nighter at the Shrimp Walk in suburban Highwood . . . Singer-author Babs Gonzales sat in with James Moody at the North Park Hotel Mar. 15 and appeared on the *Cromie Circle* TV show Mar. 20 . . . The Band did a recent concert at the Civic Opera House . . . Composer William Russo was the recipient of a special 25th anniversary award at the Roosevelt University's alumni homecoming dinner Mar. 21 . . . Recent concerts at the Auditorium Theatre featured Sly & The Family Stone, Iron Butterfly and Joe Cocker.

Paris: Pianist Walter Davis Jr. played a two-week engagement at the Apollo (formerly the Blue Note), backed by Alby Cullaz, bass, and Art Taylor, drums. On March 13, organist Johnny Hammond Smith followed Davis for four weeks, accompanied by guitarist Pierre Cullaz and Taylor . . . Tenorist Clifford Jordan appeared at Le Chat Qui Peche with the Georges Arvanitas Trio (Jacky Samsom, bass; Charles Saudrais, drums) . . . Violinist Stephane Grappelly was a guest on the Sacha Distel Show during his four weeker at the Olympia Theatre. The violinist is in his third year at the Hilton Hotel restaurant with his own group: Francis Weiss, tenor saxophone; Tony Ovio, guitar; Marc Hemmeler, piano; Jacques Sewing, bass, and Andre Hartman, drums. Dizzy Gillespie and Benny Goodman were among recent visitors at the Hilton . . . The recent crop of French Jazz Academy awards was presented to trombonist Francois Guin, recipient of the Django Reinhardt *New Star* award; *People In Sorrow* by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Chick Corea's *Now He Sings, Now He Sobs*, and Bill Coleman and Buddy Tate's *Together At Last*, all voted records of the year. The reissue prize went to the RCA Fats Waller five-record set, and the blues award went to B. B. King for *Lucille* . . . The Charles Cros Academy presented awards to recordings by Don Cherry (*Eternal Rhythm*) and Charlie Haden (*Liberation Music Orchestra*).

Germany: The Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band was featured in a 45-minute TV portrait, *Faces*, produced by Joachim E. Berendt. The film showed the band in performance in the Hazyland of Basel . . . Gustav Brom's big band made their 40th tour of Western Europe and Germany this winter. The Brom band and Kurt Edelhagen's unit performed Jaromir Hnilicka's jazz mass at St. Peter's Cathedral in Cologne. Radio WDR recorded the performance . . . The Dave Pike Set played a 2-day engagement at Radio NDR in Hamburg and recorded there along with Michael Naura, Karin Krog, and Alfred Hause's big band . . . Albert Mangelsdorf's Quartet began a two-month European tour (France, Switzerland, Austria, the Benelux countries, Morocco, Algiers, and Italy). During their eight concerts in France, the group will

be bolstered by trumpeter Manfred Schoof . . . A San Francisco group, the Third Wave, did a six-week promotional tour of Germany, organized by MPS records and Claus Schreiner. The group appeared on German television, including their own half-hour special, and performed in April with George Duke at the Hazyland clubs in Basel and Zurich . . . The Music Academy in Hamburg has founded the Institute For Jazz and Pop Music, and a German Information Center for modern jazz dance and tap dance has been founded by dancer Fred Traguth in Schwabisch-Gmund . . . The 66th Jazz Workshop of NDR in March featured, among others, tenorist Lew Tabackin, pianist George Gruntz, bassist Chuck Israels, Allan Botschinsky, Palle Mikkelborg, Dave Taylor, and Bob Keller.

Denmark: Bassist Poul Ehlers, 27, received the Danish Jazz Musician of the Year award from the group of critics and musicians known as the Danish Jazz Academy. Ehlers is currently the leader of a sextet called Blue Sun. The group incorporates inspiration from several sources into a very direct and communicative music. The Danish Jazz Musician of the Year refuses to be labeled a jazz musician . . . A new Danish tax system has made it economically more difficult to present foreign musicians here for all engagements except one-nighters. But the Montmartre in Copenhagen had the courage to present the Charles Tolliver Quartet for two weeks in February. As the last time he was here, the trumpeter brought drummer Jimmy Hopps with him. The other members of the inspiring quartet were Stanley Cowell, piano, and Cecil McBee, bass. The group also played the two nights in Aarhus . . . Stan Getz' planned concert on Feb. 7 was cancelled when Getz was stricken with pneumonia . . . Singer Miriam Makeba had to cancel her concert in late January due to illness . . . Bassist Finn von Eyben and tenorist Carsten Meinert went to Stockholm in early February to play at the annual festival for new music. Meinert has just released his second album. His first was with his quartet (entitled *To You*) while the new one presents the so-called CM Music Train, consisting of 16 musicians. It is on Spectator Records, which also has produced a new album with pianist Dollar Brand, *African Piano* . . . More and more young Danish jazzmen turn to rock. Two groups, The Maxwells and Burnin' Red Ivanhoe, have several former jazz musicians among their members, and now one of the pioneers of Danish avant garde jazz, altoist Franz Beckerlee, who recorded with drummer Sunny Murray, among others, plays guitar in a quartet called Gasolin . . . Raahsan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society played a concert at Trinbraedtet in Aarhus Feb. 16. The Danish Radio taped the evening. On Feb. 11 and 12, saxophonist Sahib Shibab played the same club, accompanied by the local group called Tears . . . The students jazz club in Aarhus has received 25,000 Danish crowns from the Nordic Cultural Foundation. The money will be used to arrange a Nordic jazz festival to take place in Aarhus in October.

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