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JANUARY 7 1971

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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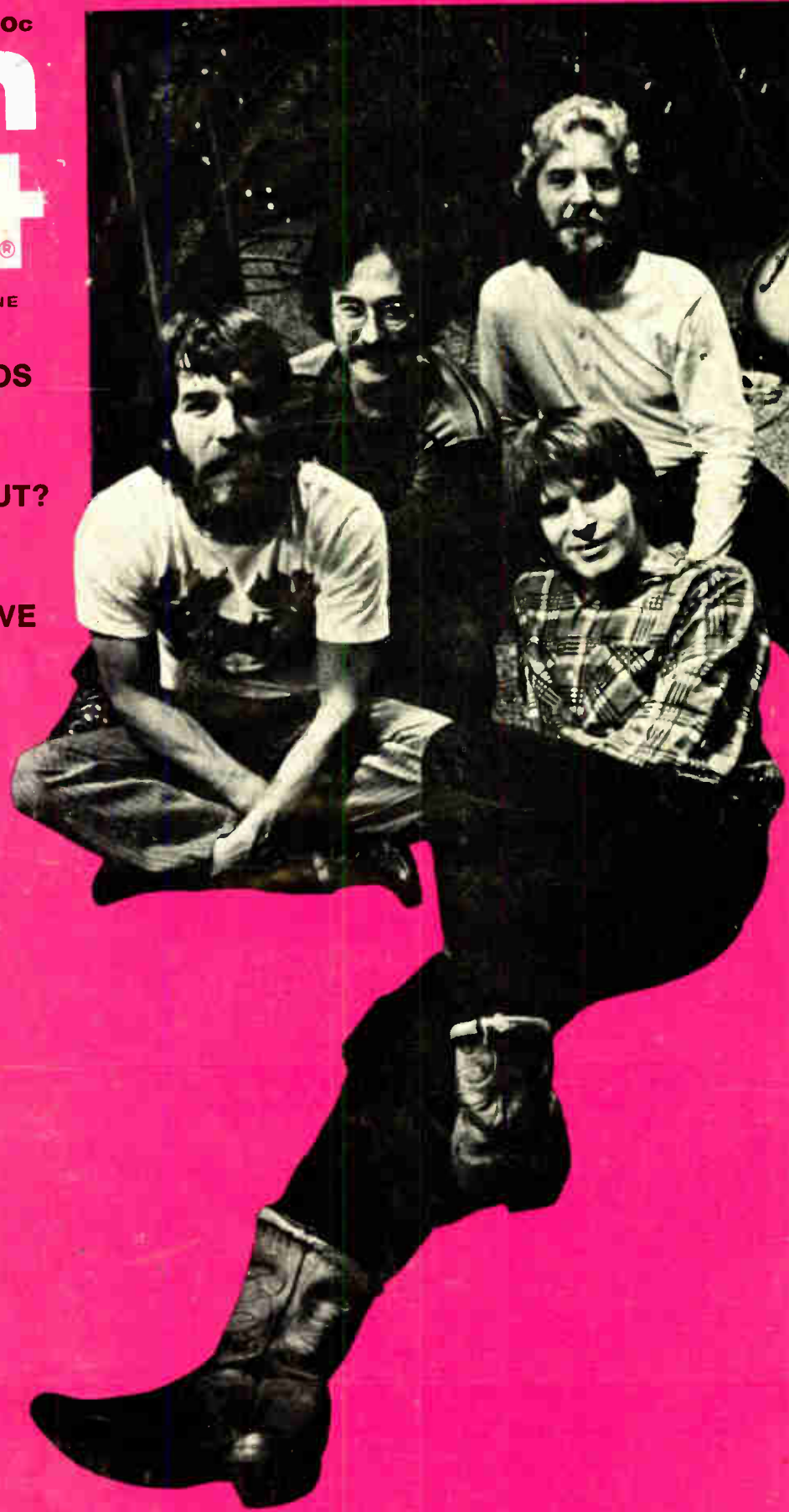
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THERE ARE SEVERAL comments I want to make about the school jazz festivals that are detailed on pages 18 and 19.

First, I want to explain the criteria for listing these 55 festivals. (There are about 20 other festivals, clinics, contests, and workshops that meet the criteria but we lack sufficient details for listing.) Actually it is a single criterion: A school jazz festival is any gathering of musicians representing several schools (of any level) for the purpose of learning about jazz. For regardless of the size or complexity of the festival it all comes down to one major objective: everyone is there to learn something. All else is minor—the rapping and the applause, the prizes and awards, the boy and girling—all fine and dandy but minor. Please understand, the emphasis on learning is not one I impose editorially or organizationally. The musicians themselves have emphasized the learning experience since festivals began (Brownwood, Texas, 1952). While it is true that pioneer jazz educators such as Gene Hall actually started the formal teaching of jazz within a school music environment and then organized the festivals, it was the expressed needs of the learning musicians that really shaped the structure of jazz curricula and jazz festivals.

The criterion of "learning" has been the major strength of the festivals against obstacles of all kinds. For example, the first college jazz festival was begun at Notre Dame University in 1958 by a group of interested undergraduates (with our assistance only, they did all the work). That was before the age of relevance had reached Notre Dame, or anywhere else, and the students were told, among other things, that they could not use the only grand piano on the campus for "that kind of music."

A former dean at Denver Univ. decided that he and his chorus should take a State Department tour instead of the jazz ensemble. More prestigious, you know. William Revelli, former sacheem of bands at Univ. of Michigan (Ann Arbor) wouldn't give the jazz band rehearsal space. (But after they had made the finals at Notre Dame, his name appeared the next year on the jazz lab letterhead as "faculty advisor.")

The high school festivals have survived the whims and fancies of various state activities commissions who, made up as they are of ex-basketball coaches, feel qualified to decide where and when a band can play (learn).

The college festivals have survived attempts at clumsy commercialization. A beer company dropped its sponsorship of the national college jazz festivals when the festival participants wouldn't fit the ad agency's jazz fantasy which hallucinated from straw-hatted Dixielanders to Rock 'n' Roll kids to Vassar's Vestal Virgins humming *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*.

So it does seem that whatever it is that makes a musician keep learning has something to do with the festivals growing and proliferating. In 1971 there will be about 35,000 high school and college musicians within 1,750 big bands and 200 combos learning about jazz at 75 festivals. (The total involvement represents about 10% of all the school jazz players).

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January 7, 1971

Vol. 38, No. 1

down beat

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Cover photo, Jim Marshall. Design by Robert Robertson.

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Subscription rates \$8 one year, \$13 two years, \$18 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and Music '71. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilm) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT, MUSIC '71;
MUSIC DIRECTORY: NAMM DAILY



Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 222 West Adams St., Chicago IL., 60606, (312) 346-7811. James Szantor, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

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POSTMASTER. Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

How Insensitive

Thanks to Leonard Feather for his very thoughtful parallel on today's "music" and the cancerous population growth (db, Oct. 29).

I also concur with the views in that article of the man who wrote to President Nixon about the dispatching of a rock group overseas in the guise of a "cultural presentation."

The remaining musicians who established this country as the birthplace of jazz music, now struggling for the precious few jobs available (while the others get lost in menial daytime jobs), is further evidence of the great decline of our society.

It is indeed a tragedy that we find ourselves in the hands of governmental agencies so insensitive and out of tune with what's left of our heritage.

Thomas Pletcher

Montague, Mich.

Zappa Huzzah

I've been reading your magazine for almost a year now, but never have I been so moved to write as I was after reading Mike Bourne's article on the Jerry Hahn Brotherhood/Mothers of Invention gig

(db, Oct. 29) . . . That one article meant more to me than I could possibly say in this letter.

Hopefully it will be enough to say "thank you" to Mike Bourne for writing



the article and to your magazine for printing it. Perhaps one day people will better appreciate the music of pioneers like Zappa, instead of passing them by in favor of the great amount of mediocre music which seems to have only commercial potential.

Paul Most

New York, N.Y.

Chicago Cheers

Congratulations on a fine article on one of the most underrated groups around: Chicago (db, Oct. 29). It's about time their faces were on the cover of your magazine after having Blood, Sweat&Tears on the cover three times.

Harvey Siders' presentation of the band, starting with a capsule review of the band's beginning leading up to each member's introduction was perfect. This approach helped me to delve into the band and find out what makes it as successful as it is. . . .

Joe Stolpa

Columbus, Ohio

Time After Time

With all the garbage records on the market today, I don't understand why Martin Williams has to take three installments (*The Bystander*, db, Oct. 29, Nov. 12, Nov. 26) to condemn and utterly destroy the Time-Life Records when everyone was informed, prior to their release, that they were not the original recordings. . . .

William J. Gallagher

Bellport, N.Y.

. . . As far as nostalgia is concerned, it is true that the Time-Life series will bring back some very pleasant moments for many people. But it also gives them a sound better than they have ever heard before. . . . And it isn't all nostalgia. My 14-year-old son and his friends listen to the records by the hour and are now trying to play along with them. And they had never heard of Sonny Greer, Sid Weiss, or Joe Bushkin.

While I do not try to equate the two musics, I see nothing wrong with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony taking a Beethoven symphony (same arrangement as the original) and attempting to play it better than it was ever played before. I think that this series is a great credit to swing in showing how well this music still stands up 30 years later in a different time, a different world and a different sound.

Harry F. Ungar

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ALBERT AYLER DIES

Saxophonist Albert Ayler, 34, died in November in Brooklyn, N.Y. under circumstances not clarified at presstime. His body was found in the East River Nov. 25 at Congress St. Pier and taken to King's County Mortuary. According to friends, Ayler had been missing since Nov. 5. Funeral services were held Dec. 5 in his native Cleveland, Ohio.

The man whose brief career has ended so abruptly and tragically was one of the most controversial and original figures in the new jazz of the 1960s. Ayler was born June 13, 1936, in Cleveland, Ohio. His father played violin and tenor saxophone and the boy began to play alto saxophone at seven. He performed in public while still a child, studied at the Cleveland Academy of Music, and at 16 went on the road with Little Walter's Blues Band. He switched to tenor in 1956 while playing in U.S. Army bands.

During his last two years of Army service (1959-1961), Ayler was stationed in France and thus was able to spend much of his off-duty time playing in Paris jazz clubs and visiting and sitting in in Copenhagen.

He returned to the latter city in 1962 and began to attract notice while sitting in with Cecil Taylor's group during its stay at the Club Montmartre. He made his first album in Denmark that same year.

In 1963, Ayler was playing in New York, and the following year he returned to Denmark, leading a group of Don Cherry, Gary Peacock, and Sunny Murray at the Montmartre. In 1965, now with his younger brother, trumpeter Donald Ayler, in the band, he played his first major U.S. concert at New York's Town Hall, and at this time also was associated with the short-lived Jazz Composers Guild.

He toured Europe in 1967 with his own group, now consisting of Don Ayler, violinist Michel Sampson, bassist Bill Folwell, and drummer Beaver Harris, and also played the Newport Jazz Festival that year.

Subsequently, Ayler was sporadically active playing college concerts and occasional New York engagements and recording regularly for Impulse. In the summer of 1970, he again visited Europe, touring with a group including Cal Cobbs, piano; Steve Tintweiss, bass; X. Blairman, drums, and vocalist Mary Maria (his brother had left the group due to illness in 1969).

Hailed by some as an innovator of the first rank, dismissed by others as either a primitive or an impostor, Ayler was a wholly inconoclastic musician whose playing bore little resemblance to any other jazz, past or present. After 1962, he played only his own music; his earliest record, which includes standards, shows a rather

crude approximation of John Coltrane's middle style.

Though he also recorded on alto and soprano sax and bagpipes, Ayler's main



RAYMOND ROSS

instrument was the tenor. On it, he produced a unique, sometimes very moving sound characterized by highly vocalized inflections and an extremely broad vibrato. His compositions often consisted of thematic fragments of a march- or hymn-like cast, repeatedly stated by the ensemble be-

A Word of Thanks

I would like to use *down beat* as a vehicle to express my deep appreciation to all the jazz musicians and fans who made Booker Ervin's memorial concert such a tribute to him as a musician and as a man.

I wish everyone in the world could know how truly beautiful the jazz musicians have been to our family—playing their music but also being on our side. Booker's whole life was music, so naturally our family life was centered on music.

I'm sure Booker will rest in peace knowing that my greatest consolation has been the friendship of his brothers in music. I can never thank you enough, and I will never forget you.

Jane Ervin

P.S.: It is impossible to mention everyone, but I would like to cite those who helped plan and run the Booker Ervin Memorial Concert: Richard Jennings (Coordinator); Roy Barker, Bobby Brown, Joe Brown, Rev. John Gensel, Irene and Aldo Giunta, Sister Grace (St. Peter's Church), Georgia Griggs, Jim Harrison, Berit Lindbergh, Marty Mannheimer, Esther Montanez, Dan Morgenstern, Sheila and George Solano, and Lynn and Richard Williams.

tween solo bursts. These were sometimes reminiscent of early brass band music, bugle calls, and Negro church music. His playing was charged with emotion, ranging from pathos to violence.

On his last two albums, Ayler seemed to be reverting to a less unorthodox and more blues-based music, featuring r&b-like song themes, often with semi-inspirational lyrics sung by himself or Miss Maria. This disappointed some of his adherents, who had found in his pre-1968 approach a reaffirmation of the fundamental elements of jazz cast in a uniquely contemporary mold.

Among Ayler's most acclaimed recordings are *Holy, Holy*, featuring the album, *Spirits* (1963, not released in the U.S.), the two versions of *Ghosts* from *Spiritual Unity* (1963, ESP) and the Town Hall Concert performance of *Bells* (ESP).

ZUTTY SINGLETON FETE DRAWS PEERS, ADMIRERS

Zutty Singleton, one of the founding fathers of modern jazz drumming, celebrated his 72nd birthday last May. Not long thereafter, he suffered a stroke, and while he's making a good recovery, his many admirers fear that he may never play again.

Prominent among these admirers is drummer Oliver Jackson, just half Zutty's age and currently a member of the Roy Eldridge house band at Jimmy Ryan's in New York (which opened in 1941 with a group under Zutty's leadership). With clubowner Matty Walsh, Jackson organized and produced a tribute to the great jazz veteran at Ryan's on Nov. 15.

The affair was a big success, beginning at 7 p.m. and ending some eight hours later. Among the many musicians who paid their respects were fellow drummers Jo Jones, Freddie Moore, Eddie Locke, Ray Mosca, and Jackie Williams; pianist Ray Bryant and his bassist brother, Tommy Bryant; trumpeters Wild Bill Davison and Johnny Carisi; clarinetist Eddie Barefield and Tony Parenti; trombonists Marshall Brown and Herb Gardner; pianist Nat Pierce, and singer Maxine Sullivan.

In addition to running the affair, Jackson played with the house band (Eldridge; trombonist Bobby Pratt; clarinetist Joe Muranyi; pianist Claude Hopkins) and guests and with the JPJ Quartet (Budd Johnson, reeds; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass) of which he is a charter member.

The object of all this musical and personal affection stayed until midnight and enjoyed himself hugely. But when he got up to make a thank you speech, he was visibly moved. For once, he pointed out, a tribute was being held for a musician who was still around to take pleasure

from it.

Among the non-playing guests were Pastor John Gensel, who also spoke; Claude Nobs, producer of the Montreux Jazz Festival; Nesuhi Ertegun of Atlantic Records, an old and loyal friend, and, of course, Mrs. Marge Singleton.

FINAL BAR

Guitarist-arranger **Gene Gifford**, 62, died Nov. 12 in his native Memphis, Tenn.

An almost forgotten name today, Gifford was one of the most influential big band arranger-composers of the early 1930s, at which time he was chief arranger for the Casa Loma Band.

Harold Eugene Gifford played banjo and arranged for his high school band, then went on the road with various bands, including Lloyd Williams, Watson's Bellhops, and Blue Steele, and in 1929 joined the Orange Blossoms, a Jean Goldkette unit which the following year became the nucleus of the Casa Loma band. Gifford played banjo and guitar in the band until late 1933; from then on he arranged ex-

clusively, continuing with the Casa Lomas when they became Glen Gray's Orchestra, until 1939. He also wrote extensively for other well-known swing bands, including Fletcher Henderson's.

After working as a free-lance and radio staff arranger through the mid-1940s he toured for USO, briefly returned to Glen Gray (1948-49), and then worked variously as a draftsman-engineer, audio consultant, radio technician, stevedore, and teacher of harmony and counterpoint. After many years of living in New York, he returned to Memphis in the summer of 1969 to teach music.

Gifford set the style for the Casa Loma which was the band that paved the way for the later successes of Benny Goodman and other swing-era favorites. The band was particularly popular among college audiences. Gifford based his arranging style on riff patterns in fast numbers, and on the exploration of woodwind doublings and expert dynamics on romantic tunes. A prime example of the former is *Casa Loma Stomp*, and of the latter *Smoke Rings*, his most famous tune. His riff-based work,

later often dismissed as "mechanical," in fact was one of the cornerstones of what later became swing arranging. *Black Jazz*, *Maniac's Ball*, and *Wild Goose Chase* were among his best realized efforts. That he also had a good grasp of the essentials of small group jazz was demonstrated by his only date under his own name, made for RCA Victor in 1935 with a group including Bunny Berigan. This produced the memorable *Nothing But The Blues*.

POTPOURRI

The 1971 Newport Jazz Festival has already been confirmed for the July 4th weekend. This marks the earliest processing of a festival license application in the event's 18-year history, no doubt reflecting the absence of incidents at the 1970 festival. "The essence of the Newport Jazz Festival was renewed in 1970," said producer **George Wein**, "and we'll keep it that way." The recently concluded annual Newport Jazz Festival tour of Europe had some participating groups roaming as far afield as Warsaw and Bucharest. The roster included the **Buddy Rich Big Band**, **Charles Mingus Quintet**, **Earl Hines Quartet**, the **MJQ**, **Dave Brubeck Trio** with **Gerry Mulligan**, **Anita O'Day** and **Dizzy Gillespie**, featured with the **Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band**.

Pianist **Jay McShann** returned from a successful fall tour of France, Switzerland and Spain with cohorts **George Kelly**, tenor saxophone; **Tiny Grimes**, guitar; **Hayes Alvis**, bass, and **Paul Gundher**, drums. When **Joe Turner**, originally scheduled for the trip, decided not to make it, McShann also handled the vocals.

Anthony Braxton, playing alto and soprano saxophones and clarinet, has joined **Chick Corea's** group (**Dave Holland**, bass; **Barry Altschul**, drums), now called **Cirele**. In late fall and early winter the group toured Europe doing concerts, clubs, and TV. Locally the group was heard and seen on an installment of NET's *San Francisco Mix*.

The **Creative Construction Company of Chicago**, a first-string team from the AACM, recently played a concert at New York's Peace Church with **Leo Smith**, brass, percussion; **Henry Threadgill**, reeds; **Richard Abrams**, keyboards, reeds; **Leroy Jenkins**, strings, percussion; **Steve McCall**, percussion, and former Chicagoan **Richard Davis**, guesting on bass.

Pianist **Eddie Thompson**, who has been featured at Jacques' in the Village in tandem with bassist **Lynn Chrisite**, left New York in late November for a playing visit to his native Great Britain and a side trip to Villingen, Germany where he recorded for the MPS label.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: **Sy Oliver's** band began a five-week stand at the Riverboat Nov. 30. The day before, they warmed up with a
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AN OPEN LETTER TO RCA

It was a pity you let the dog go. With his head cocked always in the direction of what was happening, that old terrier was hipper to musical trends than most cats. But no more. No more hearing-ear dog to guide you around.

A lot of people used to think of Victor and its subsidiaries as having the greatest record catalog in the world, not just for pop, classical and hillbilly performers, but also for jazz and blues, the area in which I am particularly interested. A catalog like that is a national asset, a heritage, to which there should be some form of public access.

Just today there came from you a record entitled *British Blues: Archives Series for Collectors, Vol. 1*. No doubt it reflects British interest in the blues, but it is wildly ironic that you should issue these juvenile imitations, diminutions and dilutions when you are complacently sitting on a huge hoard of the original, classic blues masterpieces. And more especially when Columbia is storming away with sets by singers like **Bessie Smith**, **Robert Johnson** and **Bukka White**. That little old dog would have been barking his head off by now.

Yes, there were a couple of half-hearted, rather ignorant blues sets in the generally admirable *Vintage Series*; and, yes, Columbia does have all of **Bessie Smith**; and, yes again, you did distribute some blues someone else made on a label called *Poppy* (*Poppy?*). But did you ever hear of **Sonny Boy Williamson**, **Washboard Sam**, **Big Joe Williams**, **Jazz Gillum**, **Memphis Slim**, **Tommy McClennan**, **Big Maceo**, **Sleepy John Estes**, **Big Bill Broonzy**, **Leroy Carr**, **Big Boy Crudup**, **Little Brother Montgomery**, **Tampa Red** and **Casey Bill**? What you own of theirs (and others) is a veritable treasure, which Americans at present often have to import in well-produced albums—under the RCA trademark—from England and France. That's ironic, too, and ri-

diculous, even comical, in the light of *British Blues* and its cockney copycats.

With the exception of Columbia, none of the big companies seems to know what it is doing with blues anyway. Part of the brave letter to *Pravda* written by **Mstislav Rostropovich**, the world-famous cellist, needs no paraphrasing to be relevant here or in the comparable realm of jazz. "Explain to me please," he asked. "why in our literature and art so many people absolutely incompetent in this field have the final word? Why are they given the right to discredit our art in the eyes of our people?" Of course, methods and motives are different here, but since the accountants sniffed money in blues there have everywhere been idiotic attempts to hype the blues with rock devices.

There is a large and increasing young audience (mostly white) for blues, and it has already outgrown the exaggerations and fakery of imitations. A part of it may temporarily be deceived by the promotions, but basically it wants the genuine article. Why don't you come up with it? Why should everything be bastardized in the name of "fusion" and "now" sounds? The strings and brass and electronic garbage added to records by some of the most popular blues singers have added nothing to their stature, and in the long run may well reduce it. The musical conglomerates will fall apart soon enough, just like the other kind.

Another reason to lament the absence of the hearing-ear dog is the apparent collapse of the *Vintage Series* and its important jazz programs. Without getting too pompous about it, a question of cultural obligation really is involved here. The little old dog had a nose for such things, but if you can't get him back, may I respectfully request—on behalf of jazz and blues enthusiasts—that you at least get yourself out of the dog house.

—Stanley Dance

LENDING CREEDENCE TO ROCK

by Harvey Siders

Let's try an exercise in second person just for 'openers: your name is John Fogerty and you're attending junior high school in El Cerrito, California (just outside of San Francisco). You've got a damn good head on your shoulders—one that's filled with a lot of unwritten lyrics and unplayed melodies. You have good business sense: the ability to organize, lead others with benign firmness and the patience and dedication to set goals, strive for them and reach them.

You're a Gemini all right, but that pseudo-scientific gobbledey-gook holds little fascination for you. You're much too logical to fall for the predictive quirks of the Zodiac. And you'd probably scoff at a fortune-teller who envisions you, a dozen years later, as the leader of a quartet that could command a fee of \$50,000 for one night of work.

By the stretched-out standards of jazz, 12 years is not too long to pay dues. In the ephemeral world of rock and roll, it's equivalent to a number of lifetimes. In either discipline, the group that stays together and plays together for 12 years is the exception rather than the rule, and that fact must be something else that blows Fogerty's mind in retrospect.

To be accurate, Creedence Clearwater Revival has not been scuffling for all of those twelve years. In fact, Creedence Clearwater Revival hasn't been CCR for that period of time. But they've always been John, Tom, Doug, and Stu without substitutions.

John and his buddy Doug Clifford agree to form their own band. Doug is a science nut who will eventually earn the nickname "Cosmo" for his cosmic pre-occupation, and his backyard is destined to become the original Cosmo's Factory. John is not ready to sing yet; he's merely the guitarist. Doug's talents are focused on the drums, and Stu joins them on piano.

They decide on the name "The Blue Velvets" for no other reason than it is the trend in the late 1950s to come up with names like the Blue Velvets. With the addition of John's older brother Tom as vocalist, the Ventures-like instrumental period ends and the group becomes "Tom Fogerty and the Blue Velvets."

These are the all-important formative years: three of them go through El Cerrito High School together (Tom is four years older than John); cut records they will find painful to listen to in the near future; Tom concentrates on rhythm guitar; Stu switches to bass; John's instinct for leadership asserts itself, and in a bloodless coup assumes control of the quartet.

All is groovy. All is exciting. They are all self-taught and they listen carefully to Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Roy Orbison, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters. They absorb, but they do not imitate. Eventually their own "sound" begins to emerge. It's a combination of all those influences; personal interpretation, and "agreed-upon charts" skillfully formulated by John Fogerty.

As Tom remarked: "We all respect

John's opinions, but the beauty of it is there is still room for individual ideas. There is much give and take, with John always asking 'does this fit,' or 'does that fit?' And somehow it all blends." To which Stu added: "Sheet music and written arrangements are really nothing more than road maps. But if you know where you're going, you really don't need them. And we know exactly where we're going—at all times."

Doug put the capper on the group analysis: "John has much more background than all of us, but there is great camaraderie in the group. For instance, John can play my ass under the table, but he can't beat me up!"

Let's return to more genteel language and finish the flashback. During their sophomore year at El Cerrito High, the fellows see a special on San Francisco's educational TV outlet produced by Fantasy Records featuring a couple of Fantasy pactees: Cal Tjader and Vince Guaraldi. They're impressed, and early next morning, they trot down to Fantasy Records, and proudly announce "Hey, we're rock 'n' roll musicians."

Then president Max Weiss must have been in the right mood. Maybe he had just read the reviews of his TV special; perhaps his cereal had been spiked that morning. Whatever the impetus, he makes the move that will insure him permanent membership in the Rock 'n' Roll Success-Sniffing Society. He detects potential and signs the Blue Velvets.

In the lean-to that serves as Fantasy's recording studio, Max and his brother Sol Weiss persuade John and the others to overcome their shyness about singing and cut a vocal demo. Nine months later the record is actually released, but Sol Weiss—without consulting the foursome—changes their collective name to the Golliwogs! Instant inferiority complex sets in. They can't even respond when anyone asks "Man, what group are you with?"

For nearly four years they put up with the Golliwog stigma, during which time they even enjoy a minor hit with *Brown-Eyed Girl*. But no period of time is ever a total loss, especially when you're young and still learning. Besides, during this time, John and Doug fulfill their active duty obligation to the Army, and Stu finishes college. When they decide they've been hopelessly mismanaged, Tom sheds his day gig; the group sheds its manager; and John decides its time to shed the Golliwog image. In other words: time for a revival.

Do you remember a flick called *Mr. Buddwing*, with James Garner? It was a meaningless waste of film, except for Kenyon Hopkins' fine score, but its relevance here is the method by which amnesiac Garner decided on a new name. He saw a Budweiser sign, then glanced skyward as a plane was streaking by and put the two together like a pre-schooler on *Sesame Street*.

Well John Fogerty goes through a similar mental collage while watching TV Christmas Eve, 1967: first he sees a public service announcement on ecology; butt-ended to that is a beer commercial that

espouses the water used in its product; then John remembers a buddy named Creedence; and climaxes the "baptismal trip" with a concept he deems necessary to convey "group reincarnation." Thus: Creedence Clearwater Revival!

It's the late '60s—a time for outrageous names, or at least eye-and-ear-catching names for groups and albums. This one is in keeping with the trend: hard to fit on marquees and record labels; writers tend to call them merely Creedence, or resort to the letters CCR; the words stick to the roof of the mouth with the persistence of peanut butter. But it sure as hell beats Golliwogs!

There are still some more dues to pay: obscure gigs in obscure joints in the most obscure boondocks of central and northern California. With the renewed sense of determination, they quickly get the new sound together. They want to be absolutely sure before testing it on the more discerning ears of rock-hip San Francisco.

John is absolutely sure of what he's doing now: album number one is released; it's called *Creedence Clearwater Revival*, and John produces it himself. A single is pulled from it, *Suzy Q.*, and it becomes a national hit. CCR is on its way—at least to third and fourth billing at Fillmore West.

A short time later, *Proud Mary* is released and CCR basks in its first super hit. This is CCR's third single and John's first original. It earns CCR its first gold record, hits the top of all the United States charts and makes an impact on European charts. Bob Dylan calls it "the best song to come out this year" (1969), and more than 30 artists rush out with cover versions, including Tom Jones and Elvis Presley. A few months later, Solomon Burke records it and *Proud Mary* becomes a hit all over again.

The rest of the CCR story lends Creedence to a Revival of the Midas myth: since *Proud Mary*, every single has been a double-sided hit. The Fort Knox chronology reads as follows: *Bad Moon Rising/Lodi*; *Green River/Commotion*; *Down On The Corner/Fortunate Son*; *Travelin' Band/Who'll Stop The Rain*; *Up Around The Bend/Run Through The Jungle*; *Lookin' Out My Back Door/Long As I Can See The Light*. They've issued six albums, and you'll find asterisks beside each one on the charts indicating either a million dollars in sales or a million copies, which is another way of saying \$5 million in retail sales!

A word about "certification." You've probably read where certain records receive "R.I.A.A. certification" in terms of sales. That's a phrase that record buyers seem to take for granted. Not so CCR. Their press officer, Jake Rohrer, told me he questions the methods by which the R.I.A.A. (Record Industry Association of America) arrives at its figures. Fantasy must share his skepticism; that label does not subscribe to R.I.A.A. However the whole minor controversy may soon be cleared up, for there is an R.I.A.A. audit in the works on CCR sales. Rohrer seems to feel that trade magazines will not publicize non-R.I.A.A. gold record recipients.



CCR in action (l to r): Tom Fogerty, Stu Cook, John Fogerty, and Doug Clifford.

But enough talk about gold, platinum, certification and sundry mementoes of affluence. Let's talk instead about Cosmo's Factory and the four who fill it with their congeniality, good humor, and if you'll pardon the corny phrase, charm. Their mutual respect is obvious. And after a dozen years of woodshedding, scuffling and making it big, they share the "in" humor that represents all those accumulated vicissitudes. When I asked them about the ordeal of interviews, they exchanged those knowing glances that say paragraphs while shutting out any outsider who might be in their presence.

Tom complained that "thoughts are so often distorted." John volunteered the idea that "you seldom learn anything from it—I mean the reader. We've had so many interviews in the past where the results have been disastrous." "That's right," Doug pointed out. "Quite often the reporter doesn't even get our names straight." (This was more "in" than I care to recall. Doug's remark—or chide—came moments after I called him Tom. The only defense I can offer is that Tom and Doug are the only members currently sporting luxurious beards.) "You know what we'd like to be asked," a quasi-helpful Stu said, "what did we sing in the background of *Suzy Q.*? Nobody ever asked us about that, and I'm sure nobody even knows, not even all those rock critics who try to explain and analyze everything." Doug supplied the answer before I could even ask: "Just a whole bunch of June-moon cliches. Nothing more."

This led to a round-table discussion of lyrics and the complaint that people always want John to write songs of social or political significance. While John sat there listening to his colleagues, they were extolling the virtues of a talent they feel has been overlooked—especially by "critics who see nothing but our beat." As Doug commented: "*Suzy Q.* is heavy without being sociological."

A lyric reference to the Mississippi in *Proud Mary* brought up a subject that is alternately painful and ludicrous to CCR: labels. It all began with the flip side of *Proud Mary*—*Born On The Bayou*. Up to that point in his career (1968), John Fo-

gerty had never even seen the Mississippi River, yet critics were suddenly pigeonholing his output as "swamp rock," "delta rock," "cajun rock." "Frankly," John sighed, "I'd prefer 'Creedence music' if there has to be a label." "I can't see any labels at all," said Tom. "We're strictly pop—as simple as that." "If you have to put a name to our music," Stu suggested, "call it the 'Berkeley beat.'" This promptly broke everyone up except yours truly, who someday hopes to gain belated insight into its true meaning.

I looked at them carefully: clean cut; the most personable rock musicians I had ever met; all married; all parents except Stu; straightforward, with the accent on *straight*. No desire to mess with drugs; no need for drug-oriented lyrics; nary a four-letter word, except for "love."

I glanced around Cosmo's Factory, a cavernous, wood frame structure (used to be an air compressor factory) that houses the \$70,000 worth of sound equipment that goes on tour with CCR; rehearsal areas; a pool table, a ping-pong table; office space (they still handle the bulk of their own business and booking); a 1951 Mercedes; anti-establishment posters; pictures and mementoes from all over the world; a one-armed bandit that works without benefit of coins; and a hopper with no plumbing connections—but lift the seat and staring up at you is a huge photo of Spiro Agnew.

The factory, the four, the whole atmosphere is imbued with the sweet and comfortable smell of success. But why, I wanted to know, so *much* success? John, whose bangs tend to belie the intensity this is usually countenanced below, squinted a bit and thought back to the beginning of his string of two-sided pearls. "You know I'm always striving for the perfect record. All I can say is, after the fact, the record speaks for itself. Take Roy Orbison or Carl Perkins. They made it so big with a particular sound. But all of a sudden it stopped. They failed to look ahead beyond their hits. But we always look ahead—always planning the next record. We always know where we're going and we're constantly evolving. In this process, we always make a conscious effort to

make *every* side a hit. So many record executives concentrate on that 'plug side.' They tell you, 'don't split the air play.'"

Needless to say, everyone is astounded over the sales figures—even Creedence. Which led to another inevitable question. Why did they recently sign with the high-priced Beverly Hills publicists Rogers, Cowan and Brenner for representation? All four had immediate replies, amounting to the admission that financial success is groovy, but there's an ego trip involved. Tom remarked, "People don't know us, in spite of all the records they've bought." Then he chided me again for confusing him with Doug. (When you've seen one beard, you've seen them all!) On the lack of privacy and the autograph hounds that instant recognition would bring, Stu yelled "We should have such problems. We'd love the Beatles' bedlam!" Doug took a less hysterical approach: "We want the credit and respect and all the things that go with it."

John claimed that the proper publicity and public relations would do it. Not a television series "where artists burn themselves out—like the Monkees, or Tom Jones. The ideal medium regarding TV is an occasional special—maybe one a year."

I got a straight answer when I asked when they would play Las Vegas. According to John, "that's the worst of the worst. We'll never play Vegas. That's the wrong audience for us. Not so much the gap in age, but the reason for their going to Vegas in the first place. They're not there to listen. Vegas? Never! Just going there would be guilt by association."

The same "guilt by association" pervades CCR's thinking about an Iron Curtain tour *a la* Blood, Sweat & Tears. "Sure we'd like to play Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia," said John, "but there's no way of avoiding the State Department sanction." Tom remarked "We cooperate by paying our taxes." I asked about a Viet Nam tour and got shot down quicker than an unarmed helicopter. John did the firing: "Bring 'em home and we'll play for them. We can do more good by playing here at peace rallies. We all feel we have no business being over there."

With politics ended, the tense became future. Unless an *Ed Sullivan Show* guest spot materializes, CCR is due for a brief vacation. Then the itinerary shapes up like this: Mexico and South America in February; coast-to-coast United States tour in March; Europe in the summer; another domestic tour in September; perhaps the Far East later in the fall. The plans are iffy—but one fact is as clear as the water in their name: they are very much in demand all over the world. And they are still very much their own men. They know where they've been—where they are—and where they're headed. They're young enough to reach every goal John Fogerty sets for them, and too experienced to be pressured into doing something they know is wrong.

A perfect example was thrown at me in the form of a rhetorical question by Jake Rohrer as I was leaving. He cupped the mouthpiece of his telephone and asked, *sotto voce*: "Hey, how do you say 'no' to Time Magazine?"

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JAZZ EXPO '70: A STEP BACKWARD?

"The idea behind an event like Jazz Expo is not, as some people seem to think, to present a living history of jazz evolution, but to give the listener a reasonable chance of encountering at least once in the week a few moments of perfectly formed jazz."

Benny Green, London Observer

by Ronald Atkins

This year's Expo was notable for the complaints that preceded it. When the full lineup was found to consist almost entirely of proven box-office successes, many writers and fans got a little hot under the collar at what they regarded as the promoters' sell-out to commercialism. Jack Higgins, who runs Expo on behalf of the Harold Davison Organization, made his position brutally clear in interviews with the musical press. Money has to be made, shareholders have to be appeased and jazz, apart from a few attractions (i.e. Expo), just cannot deliver the goods.

All this seems a far cry from four years ago, when Expo was launched with the idea of bringing Newport to London. A festival—the word is not used these days—should have variety: it should tell the people what is happening, what happened before and what is going to happen. This year there was no mention of Newport, no George Wein All-Stars, no George Wein ("A bit like Hamlet without the English Ambassadors," as one wag put it). Most of the acts were already booked for British tours. I hope and presume that Expo made money, but in the process it lost its main reason for existing.

It is difficult to argue with Higgins on financial grounds. The situation is aggravated by the restrictions imposed by our Musicians' Union which, in practice, prevent a foreign musician from playing here unless his drawing power justifies several major concerts and a vast promotional outlay. Until it is easier for small promoters to bring in musicians from Europe, including visiting Americans, for club work or for medium-budget concerts, we shall remain at the mercy of a Davison office which is obviously retrenching on the jazz front. More could be said on all sides; I simply record a wish that the amount of money invested in making Buddy Rich a national favorite—his first tour some years ago must have been a financial disaster—could be spent in the future on someone like Elvin Jones. In the long run, this could be a better investment: Rich's music is a dead end, whereas Jones could lead the audience on to newer things. Still, long-term considerations obviously play little part in the thinking of British businessmen.

Sunday

Expo actually began on Saturday, with two concerts by Ray Charles at the Royal Festival Hall. Tonight, Oct. 25, he switched to Hammersmith Odeon, where other concerts were held. His orchestra began with a couple of numbers, notable for Blue Mitchell's fiery trumpet and for some weakish drumming. Pianist Truman Thomas sang a bit, and then came the Raelets. It was nice to hear them on their own for a change and they got things moving for a while even though, not for the last time in the week, the amplification left plenty to be desired. There is no vocal fireball in

the group to replace Marjorie Hendricks, but I prefer their latter-day sophistication; each girl can sing, and together they no longer sound like Tamla-Motown rejects.

After the interval, Charles appeared to his usual ovation. He played some Moody-ish alto before settling into *Hallelujah, Yours, Georgia, Marie and Yesterdays*. There is little new to say about a Charles performance. He has probably gone as far as he can in mixing jazz, blues, pop and soul elements into his very personal bag. Melodramatic and over-fulsome he may be, but one must admit that he can sing and that he gets something out of music that no one did before in quite the same way.

He dragged out a few jokes, and then brought back the Raelets for *If You Were Mine, Show Me the Sunshine* and *Eleanor Rigby*. Again, the girls were let down by their microphone. Charles then cajoled Billy Preston, his old employee and now doing pretty well over here, on to the stage to sit in on organ, and the concert built up to a satisfying finale with *What'd I Say*, for me still the most irresistible number in his book.

Monday

This night was the big gesture to the intellectuals, the grumblers, the misplaced idealists who felt Expo should be more than just safe and secure. By no stretch could the quartets of Elvin Jones and Albert Mangelsdorff, nor the British group Nucleus, be classed as commercial sensations. The half-empty house unfortunately gave the promoters all the justification they needed for their booking policy though, as mentioned above, I feel things could be different.

Nucleus, a jazz-rock sextet that played at Newport this year, were disappointing. The electric instruments tended to swamp the others, and the one man to advance his reputation was Karl Jenkins on oboe. Groups of this type that use horns in the front line do have problems of balance.

It was perhaps unlucky that I very recently had been exposed to Osibisa, a superb African-style rock group where horns, guitars and rhythm blend perfectly.

Mangelsdorff, with Heinz Sauer on alto and tenor saxophone; Gunter Lenz on bass and Ralf Hubner on drums, began with a free piece, mainly notable for Sauer's hot but by no means frantic solo on tenor. The group seemed happier on three following numbers using structures one could recognize. Mangelsdorff emerged as an exceptional trombonist: very fast, plenty of smears, but with a smooth, ringing tone of a kind that one rarely gets from today's more strident practitioners. Of course, he has been around for some years. He and Sauer played some exciting things together, and the quartet was moving really well by the end of their set.

Elvin Jones now has two tenor soloists, Frank Foster and George Coleman, and one was not surprised to discover, given the backgrounds of both, that his new group is more conventionally euphonic than the old. Foster is still a solid Stitt-type swinger with a few Coltrane touches while Coleman, when not blowing too hard, is one of those Coltrane followers who has built something of his own. His relaxed, poignant-toned reading of *You Don't Know What Love Is* was the solo of the night.

Jones did some amazing things with the beat, but on the whole this was not one of his most imaginative performances. (The group sounded twice as good when I caught them at Ronnie Scott's later in the week. Jones was laying down his cross-rhythms with more abandon and both tenors, Foster more consistently, swung powerfully over the top.) Bassist Wilbur Little always played strong lines, and his gently-strummed solos were most engaging.

Tuesday

I missed the first few minutes of the Modern Jazz Quartet, but they were halfway through *Django* when I arrived so one



Elvin Jones: Doing amazing things

immediately felt at home. From there up to the interval it was one long piece of film music entitled *Chemic*. Lewis gave a delightfully incoherent exposure of the plot, and then got things moving by echoing the word "Chemic" at us via pre-recorded tape. All rather gimmicky, but the music itself made up for it. The work is laid out with recurring motifs and, in fact, seemed over-formalized. However, we heard some lilting Lewis melodies and plenty of good, if generally brief solos. I recall particularly a chase a la *Golden Striker*, a rippling blues solo from Lewis over a shuffle-beat, and some swing-in-depth from Jackson at the close. Jackson, incidentally, has got himself properly amplified after all these years, and for the first time I was able to hear every note he played. Lewis, too, has acquired what I am told is an amplified celeste. From the back it looked like an old-fashioned sewing machine, and his few solos on it did not carry much impact.

The second half was in-and-out. The "space" effects of *Mars* and *Venus* did little for me, but to compensate we had a near-vintage ballad excursion from Jackson on *Willow Weep for Me*, and typical solos from Lewis and Jackson on *A Cold Wind Is Blowing*, always one of my favorites.

Once one has gone through all the reservations about the MJQ there remains plenty of music, especially as both Jackson and Lewis are major soloists. The chief drawback for me is, as ever, Connie Kay. A percussionist he may be, but as a jazz drummer he does not swing. This certainly applies to his playing behind Jackson, whose ideal accompanist, I'm convinced with hindsight, must be Kenny Clarke.

Wednesday

This was another night of old favorites. The first act was billed at the Earl Hines Quartet, but I breathed a sigh of relief when Hines sat down at the piano with no one else in sight, for he is twice the musician when on his own. He played *Rosetta*, followed by a blues and it was marvelous to hear his unfettered attack, ceaseless invention, slashing dynamics—Hines at his non-nonsense best.

Bassist Larry Richardson then scraped his way through *Can't Help Loving That Man*, Richie Goldberg took a mallet solo, and Haywood Henry joined in, unseen, from the wings on soprano. This, ironically, was Henry's one audible solo. When he materialized in the flesh he was so badly miked that we got none of the baritone and just a flash of his clarinet. The mike packed up completely when singer Marva Josie appeared, but once she switched over she came through loud and clear on such numbers as *Easy To Love*, *I Feel Smoochie* and *For Once In My Life*. She went down well enough, but I found her an uneasy compromise between Sarah Vaughan and Aretha Franklin, with a voice not quite up to emulating either.

Oscar Peterson ruled the second half. Jiri Mraz on bass and Ray Price on drums gave expert accompaniment, but Peterson is another pianist I prefer to hear alone. *I Concentrate On You*, which he did play by himself, was for me his most successful offering. It owed much to Tatum, but



The Modern Jazz Quartet: Plenty of music

then Peterson is the one pianist around who can recapture the force and the rhythmic weight of Tatum, as well as the sheer dexterity.

The rest of his program, which included *Green Dolphin Street*, *Just Friends*, *Yesterdays* and *Alice in Wonderland*, contained some incredible runs and phrases, but these were often followed by ideas so trite as to be unworthy of a man with so much talent. I enjoy criticizing Peterson least of all for, apart from his obvious ability, he plays long sets, gives his admirers real value for their money, and his relationship with the audience strikes a perfect balance between the fawning and the aloof.

Thursday

Traditionally the blues night. The full title of this year's package was "Folk, Blues and Gospel" which, in effect, meant all the usual artists plus Sister Rosetta Tharpe.

Bukka White, one of the living legends, sounded in much stronger voice than when I heard him two years ago, and his guitar playing was as individual as ever. When he walked off after four or five numbers, including *Hobo Blues* and *Aberdeen Blues*, much of the evening's artistry went with him. As blues enthusiasts go I'm a bit of a novice, but always it strikes me how much more effective are the old-timers. Not only does each man have a complete personality and a magnetic stage presence, but they sing and play with more conviction than the younger men, or than those who have long since become as urbanized as the rest of us.

Champion Jack Dupree, who followed, is a case in point, though in fairness he was well below his best. Dupree can work up his audience with lively, often semi-salacious routines when in the mood, but tonight he never got going, perhaps because he had to share the clowning with bassist Willie Dixon. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee then did their usual things with *Drinkin' Spo-dee-o-dee*, *Life Is a Gamble* and, of course, *Hooting Blues*. The one criticism one can make of their normally polished and entertaining act is that Terry's voice, always the weak point, has become more uncontrolled. It was a shame that he, rather than McGhee, was featured on the ever-popular *See See Rider*.

The show then sank into a trough during the set by this year's Chicago All Stars. Shakey Horton's harmonica and Lee Jackson's guitar were about average; Lafayette Leake accompanied very well on piano but his solo was mostly bad bebop, and Clifton James was clearly not the type of drummer to inspire a second-rate outfit. Willie Dixon got off a couple of amusing numbers but the rest of the singing was poor, the nadir being a spot by James which seemed interminable. Things perked up a lot when Sister Rosetta bounded on stage. Singing and playing guitar with remarkable vitality she managed to coax the band into something approaching life. She ran through *Down By the Riverside*, *Precious Lord*, *The Saints* and *Up Above My Head* and in spite of the by-now obligatory microphone trouble, woke everybody up.

Friday

The Johnny Patrick big band, which opened the concert, is made up of session men from the Birmingham area, and is rarely heard anywhere else. The four numbers they played were very well scored, but the performance lacked any kind of spark. Given the real or imagined premise behind *Expo*, one wondered why a far more exciting British orchestra—those of Chris McGregor, Mike Westbrook, Mike Gibbs, Graham Collier or John Warren come to mind—was not chosen. Perhaps the selection was intended as a sop to the Musicians' Union, of which Patrick is an official. However, it may be simply that they needed a big band able and willing to accompany Anita O'Day, a task for which some of the above names might not be considered suitable.

Miss O'Day's voice seemed a little strained at the edges to begin with. She picked up with a moving version of *Yesterdays*, raced through *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Tea For Two*, and finished strongly with *Time After Time* and a carefree, rollicking *Old Devil Moon*. She remains one of the few stylists in an over-populated field. I admire her for the humor and pathos she is able to project, and for being more concerned with singing than with soliciting applause.

The show closed with the Buddy Rich Orchestra in one of their liveliest sets. Granted that their material was mostly

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THE CREATIVE WHIRL OF STAN KENTON

by Harvey Siders

SOMEDAY THEY'LL BUILD a monument to Stan Kenton. I don't know where or when; I only know he deserves it. Louis will have one soon in New Orleans; Duke is bound to get his long overdue Pulitzer Prize. But Stan is consistently overlooked—not only overlooked, but often put down. Why, I'll never understand—unless there's a generation gap even in jazz that finds his father image the object of derision.

Well, that father image—Stanley Newcomb Kenton—has been striving to elevate the status of jazz and expand its horizons since the late '20s. He's been embroiled in one controversy after the other ever since he formed his first band in 1941, and has battled windmills of public opinion with anything but quixotic motivations.

Kenton's bands have gone through more changes than a maternity ward: from the "Artistry" sounds through "Innovations," "Progressive Jazz," and the Neophonic experiment (which proved to be a personal financial disaster) to his current crew of kids (average age: 27) swinging in the no-nonsense Basie tradition. He has fought tirelessly for an overhauling of our archaic (1909) copyright laws so that arrangers and sidemen would get their deserved shares of the profits. And he has publicly declared war on the rackjobbers who dictate policy to the record companies and retail music outlets in terms of record sales.

Most recently he severed contractual ties with Capitol Records for whom he has recorded some 50 albums since 1943. He leased his masters and is now issuing his out-of-catalog classics on his own label, Creative World Records, doing business strictly via mail order. And in conjunction with Creative World, Stan is reviving his jazz clinics, but instead of conducting them on one particular campus (until recently it was a week-long affair at Redlands University, in California), he is currently taking his clinics to colleges all over the country, inaugurating a new concept called "Jazz Orchestra In Residence."

Which brings us to the nitty-gritty of

Stan's most on-going, most fundamental contribution (it also brings us to the main reason for that monument): the education of young minds; in many instances, the introduction of jazz to those "eager beavers;" and in all cases, the dedicated belief that through the sophisticated medium of jazz, students will gain an awareness and also a sense of *self* that is not available anywhere else.

In the process of taking his musical mountain to the thousands of young Mohammeds across the country, Stan has seen enough of the road to send any leader half his age scurrying back to the stationary security of the studios. During 1970 alone, Stan and the band lived out of suitcases and connected their string of gigs with that dreaded symbol of "home on the road"—the bus—for more than 40 weeks.

At press time, their current tour was due to wind up Dec. 15, having played clubs and campuses in close to 40 cities since Sept. 10. Stan will catch his breath for about three weeks, then put the suitcases back on the bus Jan. 10 for another extended odyssey.

Getting Kenton to stand still is as challenging as coaxing Don Ellis to play in 4/4. I caught up with Stan in Dover, Del., where he was enjoying the "luxury" of a two-night stand. The first thing I asked was what keeps him going at such grueling pace.

"Well, you must remember I'm not on the road selling shoes or tires. I'm selling music, and I don't have anything else in my life *but* music. No hobbies, just music—and of course my family. To be able to play the kind of music I believe in, the way I want to, without having to make it conform to some utilitarian situation is freedom. This may sound strange to others who hate the road, but that road means *freedom* to me."

Actually Stan's current series of tours has a utilitarian aspect to it, but it is one that fits in quite conveniently with his musical missionary zeal, without contradicting

his credo. Stan knows full well that a mail order undertaking needs high pressure hype to make it self-sustaining. And no combination of printed words will sell his band as effectively as the band can sell itself. There is no substitution for exposure. Stan knows there's a vast, untapped audience "out there."

Talking about the people who have come out to the clubs to hear his band, Stan remarked, "You can't tell me there aren't, oh say 300,000 people in this country hungry for more sophisticated, more meaningful things than the mass media give them on TV. Those programs like *Gomer Pyle* are watered down to the mentality of eight-to-ten-year olds. What's going to happen to American audiences if all they have for entertainment is that kind of crap? We gotta get out and meet the people, let them hear the band, and build contacts for Creative World."

In the process of "building contacts," Stan is going all the way, and it doesn't stop short of bringing a supply of LPs with him and selling them right on the spot. His usual approach, however, is to circulate cards that interested fans mail back to Creative World with basic info such as name, address, occupation and age. As of now, CW can boast a mailing list of 25,000—a good beginning for any mail order venture.

As part of his pitch, Stan manages to get in his licks against his favorite nemesis. "We explain to the people the conditions that exist in the recording industry today; how 80% of all records are sold by rackjobbers who are interested only in quick turnover merchandise—in other words, kids' music. And we tell them you won't be able to find anything of substance on the racks of supermarkets and drugstores."

So much for the club and concert scene. What weighs heavier in the Kenton scheme of things is reaching the young. If entertaining the establishment has created Stan the pitchman, educating the "now" generation has refined Kenton the clinician.

"You know any one of us can go around the country and do clinics by ourselves and cause a certain amount of stimulation over the study of music. But I discovered one thing: nothing turns the kids on more than having the *entire* 19-piece band there playing our charts or their charts and actually demonstrating them. There must be tens of thousands of kids across this country trying to learn jazz. Well, they hear the band and they've never experienced anything like it before. It's a hell of a thing to witness from where I stand. They don't hear this kind of music on the air; the records are impossible to buy; so they just go completely ape. They say, 'Oh my God, is *that* the way its supposed to be?' It's all part of a new concept in education. The kids don't want teachers saying 'do this, do that'; they want demonstrators who *show* them how to do it."

Offhand, I can't think of a more dynamic demonstrator than Stan Kenton. He has a way of "showing kids" that makes for indelible impressions: that familiar Y-shaped, snow-capped figure as he stretches his arms before the down beat; jumping up from the piano for the characteristic *sforzando* and cut-off; the deep-throated



Rapping in residence: Kenton at State University College, Fredonia, N.Y.

announcements with their sprinkling of acceptable four-letter words. The Kenton image is as energetic, vibrant and as aggressively exciting as the sound of his big band. And based on the commendations his "Jazz Orchestra In Residence" have accrued, he must be doing a hell of a selling job on educators around the country.

Stan has tailored his orchestra-in-residence presentation to accommodate any stay on campus from one to seven days. He prefers not to cram, but his program is flexible enough to adjust to the economics of any school. For the typical "crash program," the band begins with a half-hour concert, then Stan lectures, also for thirty minutes. His talk encompasses jazz and music education, and since his entire "in residence" concept works in close cooperation with the school's Humanities Department, Stan makes sure he touches

have a number of scores available to schools, but as Stan pointed out, "we don't try to water them down to meet the ability of the kids. We like to think that the charts coming out of the clinic are of professional standards—something for students to shoot for." But Stan has no doubts in his mind about the abilities of the stage bands he's heard thus far. "I don't want to try to name the best bands we've come across, 'cause I know sure as hell, I'll leave some out that deserve to be mentioned and that would be unfair to those kids. But I do want to say in general that I've never been so encouraged about the future of music—particularly in the field of music education. They're better educated, more dedicated, even their values are different. It's a whole different scene from what it used to be. And that's my main gripe: these kids have so much to say, and they're

The name of Hank Levy brings up Stan's current band, for Hank has been adding a number of meaningful charts to Stan's fast-growing "now" look. (As Stan explained, "we play a lot of broken rhythms and those crazy time signature things and the kids think it's rock.") Levy is fortunate in being able to write for the two bands that can best cope with such "crazy time signature things:" Don Ellis and Stan Kenton. In addition to Hank Levy, Willie Maiden, Ken Hanna, Dee Barton and Bill Holman have contributed mightily to the revitalized Kenton sound.

However, Stan has written the bulk of the charts, although he declined to talk about them. Instead he preferred to give credit to others—particularly the soloists who are making the arrangements come alive. "You've got to hear this kid from Los Angeles on tenor, Richard Torres; and a fine young trumpeter, Warren Gale. And another trumpeter who does all the screech work, Jim Kartchner."

Just like Stan: staying young by thinking young. And if you wish to hear his young charges in an actual clinic situation, I'd suggest you add your own name to the CW mailing list and ask for the two-record set, *Live At Redlands University* (ST-1015).

End of plug, but not the end of Stan's philosophical pitch aimed at gut level music education. If the media pick this one up, it's the kind of Kenton proclamation that has made him the darling of the press for nearly thirty years, but aside from being provocative, it is practical.

"I think the study of music should be compulsory. I don't mean that a kid has to become a musician or music teacher, but I feel that the study of music encompasses everything that contributes to the complete and rounded development of the human mind. I say athletics can't begin to compare with music. No other discipline can. Music involves more, simultaneously, than any other study: it has mathematics, it has shape, it has form, it has communication, it has logic, it has presentation. Above all else, it has improvisation. In other words, the music student must use a multitude of abilities to produce his maximum creative potential. So I can't see school officials offering music as one of the 'luxury courses.' There's more to music than a marching band for football games or homecoming rallies, or glee clubs for annual Christmas concerts.

"I've come in contact with too many guys in my own age bracket—guys that are corporation presidents, vice-presidents, executives in high positions, architects, designers—and this may sound ridiculous to a square, but almost without exception, they are jazz fans or at least they play instruments. In other words, they have to think, create and stimulate themselves. What I'm really saying is they often have to *improvise*.

"Someday the study of improvisation will be brought down to the primary grades where it belongs. I can't think of a better way to speed up the maturation process for youngsters."

And I can't think of a better reason to get started on that monument—a testimonial to a tempest: the creative whirl of Stan Kenton. [CB]



VERYL OAKLAND

upon the important *non-musical* aspects of a traveling band: life on the road, personal habits, dress, expenses, etc.

The next phase is the most instructive, in terms of personal contact. The students are divided into groups: those studying trumpet go with the band's trumpet section; reed students go with the reed players, etc., into separate rooms where they individually work out technical problems (tone, phrasing, anything that might prove a hang-up). Then back to the collective approach as Stan and the band go into depth on improvisation, composition, arranging and orchestration and the performance of student compositions.

If there is time, Stan presents two motion pictures—both color documentaries—one devoted to an explanation of jazz as an art form; the other an hour-long portrayal of life on that endless road. Also, time permitting, Stan schedules a full-blown concert for the general public to help defray the costs of his "Jazz Orchestra in Residence" presentation.

The Kenton clinics, in Los Angeles,

playing their heads off, but if they don't get a chance to be heard on radio or TV, what's going to happen? Will good music go completely underground?"

I asked Stan what he tells the students when they inquire about opportunities out there in the real world. "I never try to discourage them, but I have to level with the kids. They're not going to answer an ad and come up with a job playing jazz. They've simply got to plug and make a place for themselves. I tell them that nobody ever made a place for Miles Davis, nor for Dave Brubeck; they had to do it by themselves."

Despite his intentions to be fair, Stan couldn't help but cite two colleges where the quality and quantity of music impressed him. "I still can't get over Hank Levy's band at Towson College, in Baltimore—those guys are playing charts that the pros in Hollywood would have a hard time coping with. And did you know that at North Texas State they now have eight lab bands? Eight bands, and no one guy plays in more than one band!"

1971 School Jazz Festival Calendar

The details of the school jazz festivals listed below are as complete as festival sponsors were able to furnish at presstime. Dates and other particulars are subject to change. "Festival" as used here defines any event where jazz ensembles from several (or many) schools come together for performance. The event, which may or may not be competitive, usually includes clinic or workshop sessions plus the performance of a guest band and a name clinician/performer. (Not included in this listing are the several hundred jazz clinics held for school musicians that cannot properly be called festivals.) Many of these festivals were begun with the aid of down beat. A booklet entitled "How To Organize A School Jazz Festival" is available, free, from down beat/Music Workshop, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

Key to abbreviations: Apprs: for applications contact. NP: number participating. Shs: senior high school level. Jhs: junior high school level. Co.: college level. EF: entry fee. C/J: clinicians/judges. A/P: awards/prizes. EC: evening concert. TBA: to be announced. Adm: admission.

ALABAMA: **Mobile:** Sixth Annual Mobile Jazz Festival, Civic Auditorium, April 2-3, 1971. Apprs: J. C. McAleer, fest. chmn., P.O. Box 1098, Mobile, Ala. 33601 (deadline Jan. 15). Audition tapes deadline: Feb. 1. NP: 16 stage bands, 6 combos on Shs, Co. EF: \$2 per musician. C/J: Mundell Lowe, Urbie Green, Larry Ridley, Charles Suber, and others TBA. A/P: trophies, plaques, winners to National College Jazz Festival. Adm: \$2-\$5.50.

CALIFORNIA: **Costa Mesa:** Third Annual Orange Coast College Jazz Ensemble, March 25-27, 1971. Apprs: Charles Rutherford, fest. chmn., 2701 Fairview Rd., Costa Mesa, Cal. 92626. NP: 75 stage bands, 10 combos on all levels. EF: \$25. C/J: Clark Terry, Sonny Stitt, and others TBA. A/P: trophies, instruments, turntable. EC: Woody Herman Orch., Adm: \$2.

Northridge (L.A.): Second Annual Pacific Coast Jazz Festival, April 3, 1971. Apprs: Joel Leach, Dept. of Music, San Fernando Valley State College, Northridge, Cal. 91324. NP: 15 stage bands, 10 combos, seven vocalists, Co. level. EF: \$15-\$30. C/J: TBA. A/P: winners to National College Jazz Festival. Adm: \$2.50.

Sacramento: Seventh Annual Sacramento Stage Band Festival, held at and sponsored by Sacramento City College, April 24, 1971. Apprs: Russell Pizer, fest. chmn., Sacramento City College, 3835 Freepoint Blvd., Sacramento, Cal. 95822. NP: 22 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$25. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies; EC. Adm: free.

San Jose: Eighth Annual Festival of Jazz, held at and sponsored by San Jose State College, date TBA. Apprs: Music Department fest. chmn., at college. NP: 16 stage bands,

Shs, Jhs. EF: unknown. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. EC. Adm: \$1.

CONNECTICUT: **Hamden:** Fourth Annual Quinnipiac College Jazz Festival, to be held at Quinnipiac College, April 16-18, 1971. Apprs: Frank Gambardella, Quinnipiac College, P.O. Box 261, Mt. Carmel Ave., Hamden, Conn. 06518. NP: 10 stage bands, six combos (Co.), plus five Shs bands. EF: \$10 (Co.), \$5 (Shs). C/J: Clark Terry, Ernie Wilkins, Marian McPartland, Urbie Green, Louis Bellson, Robert Share, Clem DeRosa. A/P: winners to National College Jazz Festival.

FLORIDA: **Gainesville:** Third Annual Florida Jazz Festival, held at and sponsored by Univ. of Florida Dept. of Music, Feb. 13, 1971. Apprs: Robert Foster, Univ. of Florida, Dept. of Music, Gainesville, Fla. 32601. NP: 13 stage bands, Co., Jr. Co., Shs. EF: none (by invitation only, non-competitive). C/J: TBA. A/P: none.

ILLINOIS: **Charleston:** 12th Annual Eastern Illinois Univ. Jazz Festival, sponsored by E.I.U. School of Music, held at Fine Arts Auditorium, Feb. 19-20, 1971. Apprs: Peter Vivona, E.I.U. School of Music, Charleston, Ill. 61920. NP: 35 stage bands, 8 combos (Jr. Co.), Shs. EF: none. C/J: John LaPorta, two others TBA. A/P: plaques to winning groups in five categories. Adm: free.

Chicago: Second Chicago High School Jazz Festival, held at Jones Commercial High School, sponsored by City of Chicago in cooperation with Karnes Music Company and down beat, May 22, 1971. Apprs: Don Minaglia, Supervisor of Music, Board of Education, 228 N. LaSalle, Chicago, Ill. NP: 10-15 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: none C/J: TBA. A/P: Summer Jazz Clinics scholarships. EC: TBA.

Decatur: Ninth Annual Millikin Jazz Festival, sponsored by School of Music, Feb. 20, 1971. Apprs: Roger Schueler, Millikin Univ. School of Music, Decatur, Ill. 62522. NP: 20 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$15. C/J: TBA. A/P: TBA. EC. Adm: \$2.

Elmhurst (Chicago): Fourth Annual Midwest College Jazz Festival, held at and sponsored by Elmhurst College with down beat, Karnes Music Store, March 27-28, 1971. Apprs: Jim Sorensen, Music Dept. Elmhurst College, 190 Prospect St., Elmhurst, Ill. 60122. NP: 10 stage bands, seven combos, three vocalists at Co. level; Shs bands for clinics only. EF: \$2-\$5. C/J: David Baker, Marian McPartland, Bob Tilles. A/P: Berklee College of Music scholarships, winners to National College Jazz Festival. Adm: \$1.50-\$3.00.

Maywood: First Illinois Invitational Jazz Festival, to be held at Proviso East High School, sponsored by IJF and down beat, Feb. 6, 1971. Apprs: Rev. George Wiskirchen, Notre Dame High School for Boys, Dempster Road, Niles, Ill. 60648. NP: five stage bands, Shs, non-competitive. EF: none. C/J: Chuck Braugham, Ken Farrentino, Howie Smith.

Mundelein: Fifth Annual Spring Festival of Jazz, to be held at Mundelein High School, sponsored by the Mundelein Music Boosters and Karnes Music Company, March 27, 1971. Apprs: George Beiber, fest. chmn., Mundelein High School, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. NP: 20 stage bands, 15 combos, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$25. C/J: TBA, guest band and artist. A/P: Trophies, Summer Jazz Clinics scholarships. Adm: \$2.

Normal: First Annual High School Jazz Clinic-Festival, sponsored by Illinois State Univ., May 7-8, 1971. Apprs: Ken Kistner, Dir. of Jazz Studies, Illinois State Univ., Normal, Ill. 61761. NP: 6 stage bands, Shs, non-competitive. EF: \$25. C/J: Stan Kenton and Orchestra. A/P: none. EC: Stan Kenton, May 8. Adm: TBA.

Oak Lawn: 12th Annual Chicagoland Jazz Festival, to be held at Oaklawn Community High School, sponsored by the school and Lyon-Healy, Feb. 6, 1971. Apprs: Richard G. Pettibone, fest. chmn., Oak Lawn Community High School, 94th & S.W. Highway, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453. NP: 80 stage bands, 20 combos, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$25 (bands), \$15 (combos). C/J: TBA. A/P: Trophies for best-of-class and superiors, all-star pins. EC. Adm: \$1.25. Guest band: Northern Illinois Univ. (DeKalb) Jazz Band.

Springfield: Ninth Annual Illinois State Fair

Stage Band Contest, to be held at State Fairgrounds, sponsored by Illinois State Fair, Aug. 6, 1971. Apprs: E. G. Kornet, Illinois State Fair, Springfield, Ill. NP: 18 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: cash. EC.

Urbana: Second Annual National College Jazz Festival, to be held at the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts, presented by the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and down beat, May 14-17, 1971. Dir.: George London, JFK Center for the Performing Arts, 726 Jenkins Place NW, Washington, D.C. 20566. NP: 10 stage bands, seven combos, three vocalists, Co., non-competitive. EF: none. C/J: TBA, supplied with the assistance of the National Association of Jazz Educators, and the A.F. of M. A/P: Scholarships and publishing commissions. EC. Adm: \$1-\$4. Willis Conover, executive producer. This is the culminating event of the six regional festivals held at Hamden, Conn., Mobile, Ala., Elmhurst, Ill., Little Rock, Ark., Salt Lake City, Utah, and Northridge, Cal.

INDIANA: **Fort Wayne:** Second Elmhurst Jazz Festival, sponsored by Elmhurst High School, April 17, 1971. Apprs: Bob Meyers, fest. chmn., 3829 Sand Point Rd., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46809. NP: 20 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$1.50. C/J: Dean Depoy, Roger Heath, John Spicknall, plus guest performer TBA. A/P: trophies.

West Lafayette: 14th Annual Jazz Clinic, to be held at Purdue Univ., sponsored by Purdue Bands, Dec. 11, 1971. Apprs: Prof. Roger C. Heath, Hall of Music, Purdue Univ., Lafayette, Ind. 47907. NP: five big bands, Co., Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: certificate of outstanding service.

Notre Dame: 13th Annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, to be held at Stephen Hall, Notre Dame Univ., sponsored by CJF, March 4-6, 1971. Apprs: Ann Heinrichs, Box 115, Notre Dame Univ., Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. NP: 20 stage bands and combos on Co. and Jr. Co. levels. EF: \$2 per musician. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, instruments, scholarships, bookings. Three semi-final sessions, one final session. Adm: TBA. Special Note: High school stage band contest to be held March 5 (approximately 20 bands participating).

IOWA: **Cedar Falls:** 18th Annual Phi Mu Alpha Tallcorn Jazz Clinic, to be held at Univ. of Northern Iowa, sponsored by the university and Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Fraternity of America, Jan. 8-9, 1971. NP: 22 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: James Coffin, Lou Marini, Jr., Charles Suber. A/P: none. EC. Adm: \$1.50.

Carroll: Third Annual Carroll Jazz Festival, sponsored by Carroll High School, Jan. 30, 1971. Apprs: John W. Erickson, fest. chmn., North Adams St., Carroll, Ia. 51401. NP: 15 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$1 per musician. C/J: Jack Oatts, Joe Brice. A/P: trophies. Adm: \$1.

Creston: Third Annual Southwest Iowa Stage Band Festival, sponsored by Southwest Iowa Bandmasters' Association, Jan. 30, 1971. NP: 20 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$1 per musician. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: TBA.

Gowrie: Second Annual Prairie Jazz Festival, sponsored by Tri-M, March 27, 1971. Apprs: Herb Mason, Box 231, Gowrie, Iowa 50543. NP: 5 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$20 per band. C/J: James Coffin, Univ. of Northern Iowa Stage Band, TBA. A/P: Trophies. EC. Adm: \$50-\$1.

KANSAS: **Wichita:** Third Annual Jazz Workshop, to be held at Wichita State Univ., sponsored by the College of Fine Arts, March 6, 1971. Apprs: Dan Swain, fest. chmn., School of Music, Wichita State Univ., Wichita, Kas. 67208. NP: 12-15 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$30 (non-competitive). C/J: David Baker, Jamey Aebersold, Charles Suber. A/P: TBA. EC. Adm: \$1.

LOUISIANA: **Ruston:** Sixth Annual Louisiana Tech Jazz Ensemble Festival, to be held at Louisiana Tech, sponsored by the school's music department, Feb. 12-13, 1971. Apprs: Jill G. Sheppard, Box 5316-Tech Station, Ruston, La. 71270. NP: 25 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. Elem. EF: \$2 per musician. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, certificates, plaques. EC. Adm: free.

MARYLAND: **Edgewood:** Sixth Annual Edgewood Jazz Festival, sponsored by Edgewood High School, March 5, 1971. Apprs: James

Merzda, Edgewood High School, Edgewood, Md. 21040. NP: 18 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: TBA.

MASSACHUSETTS: Boston: Third Annual Northeast High School Stage Band Festival, sponsored by the National Association of Jazz Educators and the Berklee College of Music, **March 27, 1971.** Apps: Lee Eliot Berk, fest. chmn., Berklee College of Music, 1140 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02215. NP: 60 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$20 per school. C/J: Alan Dawson, John LaPorta, Charlie Mariano, Robert Share, Phil Wilson. A/P: Best band trophy, citation for excellence plaques, Tuition scholarships. Adm: free.

MISSOURI: Kansas City: Fifth Annual Mid-America Jazz Festival, sponsored by the Univ. of Missouri at Kansas City, **April 24, 1971.** Apps: Paul Backland, Music Dept., Univ. of Missouri, Kansas City, Mo. 66202. NP: 10 stage bands, 10 combos, Co., Jr. Co. EF: \$5 per ensemble. C/J: TBA. A/P: \$500 (band), \$300 (combo), individual trophies. Adm: TBA.

Springfield: Fourth Annual Drury College Jazz Festival, sponsored by Drury College, **April 24, 1971.** Apps: Don Verne Joseph, Music Dept., Drury College, Springfield, Mo. 65202. NP: 25-30 stage bands from five-state area, Shs. EF: \$1.25 per musician. C/J: Rich Cox, Jerry Baker, John Parks. Name clinician/performer TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: free.

NEVADA: Reno: 10th Annual Reno Jazz Ensemble Festival, held at and sponsored by Univ. of Nevada—Reno, **March 19-20, 1971.** Apps: Dr. John Carrico, 1075 W. 12th St., Reno, Nev. 89503 (702-747-1317). NP: 110 stage bands, 20 combos, five vocalists, three string orchestras, all levels. EF: \$25 per group. C/J: Gary Burton, and others TBA; Don Dammack, John H. Martin, Lile Cruse, Allen S. Michalek, Joseph L. Bellamah, Herb Patnoe, and others TBA. Co-chairmen: Herb Wong, Charles Suber. A/P: trophies, plaques, all-star band certificates, and scholarships to Nevada Summer Jazz-Rock clinics. EC (March 20 Playoffs, open only to festival participants and Director Workshop Enrollees.) Adm: \$2. Deadline for enrollment: Jan. 15. New participants accepted on postmark date of entry. Limited to 110 big bands; no limit on observing bands.

NEW JERSEY: Glassboro: First Glassboro Jazz Festival, sponsored by Music Dept. and student government, **Jan. 16, 1971.** Apps: John H. Thyhsen, c/o Music Dept., Glassboro, N.J. 08028. NP: 12 stage bands, Co. EF: \$2 per musician. C/J: Clark Terry, Clem DeRosa, Ernie Wilkins. EC. Adm: free to participants, features all-star band of adjudicators followed by Buddy Rich Orchestra.

NORTH DAKOTA: Minot: Third Annual Jazz Workshop and Clinic, sponsored by Student Activists Association, Minot State College, **Jan. 23, 1971.** Apps: Gerald Poe, fest. chmn., Music Dept., Minot State College. NP: 30 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$10 per band. C/J: James Coffin, Einar Einerson. A/P: Trophies, certificates. Adm: free. Guest band: Univ. of North Dakota.

OHIO: Cincinnati: Sixth annual Jazz Symposium—Second Annual Cincinnati Jazz Festival, sponsored by Cultural Affairs Committee, Univ. of Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music, **Feb. 20-21, 1971.** Apps: John DeFoor, Eugene Fenders, Box 83, Univ. of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio 45221. NP: four stage bands, four combos, Co., non-competitive., EF: none. C/J: Dizzy Gillespie, and others TBA. A/P: none. Adm: TBA.

Columbus: 12th Annual Coyle Music Centers Stage Band Festival, sponsored by Coyle Music Centers, **March 6, 1971.** Apps: Ziggy Coyle, fest. chmn., P.O. Box 4845, Columbus, Ohio 43202. NP: 30 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: none. Adm: none.

OKLAHOMA: Enid: Tri-State Music Festival, sponsored by Phillips Univ. and Enid Citizens, **April 30, 1971.** Apps: Dr. Milburn Carey, fest. chmn., Drawer 2127, Univ. Station P.O., Enid, Okla. 73701. NP: 65 stage bands, 10 combos, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$.45 per musician. C/J: TBA. A/P: plaques, scholarships for directors and students. Adm: free.

Dell City: Fourth State Stage Band Contest, sponsored by Oklahoma Activities Assn., **April 2-3, 1971.** Apps: Jim Baker, Mustang High School, Mustang, Okla. NP: 60 stage bands,

Shs, Jhs. EF: TBA. C/J: Leon Breeden, Don Verne Joseph, Darrell Holt, Ashley Alexander. A/P: TBA. Adm: TBA.

PENNSYLVANIA: Fallsington: Pennsylvania Jazz Festival, to be held at Pennsylvania High School, sponsored by Zeswitz Music of Reading, Pa., date TBA. Apps: Barry Van Auker, fest. chmn., Pennsylvania High School, Fallsington, Pa. 19054. NP: 12-15 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, scholarships to Summer Jazz Clinics. Adm: \$1.

Feltonville: 12th Annual Stage Band Contest, sponsored by Kiwanis, **April 22, 1971.** Apps: Robert Vaughan, Dir. of Fine Arts, Chester Public Schools, Chester, Pa. 19013. NP: 10 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, plaque, and award from Local 484, American Federation of Musicians. Adm: \$1-\$1.25.

Hanover: Second Annual Southern Pennsylvania Stage Band Festival, held at Hanover High School, sponsored by Menchey Music Service/Hanover Borough School District, **March 6, 1971.** Apps: Tom Baker, 1100 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331. NP: 12 stage bands. EF: unk. C/J: TBA. A/P: TBA. EC.

Lancaster: Eighth Annual Stage Band Competition, to be held at Lancaster Catholic High School, sponsored by the Rossmen of Lancaster Catholic High School, date TBA. Apps: Joseph W. McCaskey, 650 Juliette Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17601. NP: eight stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, certificates. EC. Adm: \$.50-\$1.

Reading: 13th Annual Zeswitz Stage Band



LARS H. SWANBERG

Festival, to be held at Reading Senior High School, sponsored by Zeswitz Music Store, **March 13, 1971.** Apps: Conrad Moyer, Zeswitz Music Store, 812 Penn St., Reading, Pa. 19602. NP: 15-18 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: Summer Jazz Clinics scholarships, trophies, music accessories. EC. Adm: \$1.

Reading: Mid-Atlantic Jazz Invitational, sponsored by Zeswitz Music Store, **April, 1971.** Apps: see above listing. NP: 10 stage bands, Co., Shs. EF: none. C/J: one guest artist TBA. A/P: trophies, Summer Jazz Clinics scholarships. Adm: TBA.

Williamsport: Williamsport Jazz Festival, to be held at Loyalsock High School, sponsored by Zeswitz Music Store (Reading), **Feb. 20, 1971.** Apps: Russell Hearston, Loyalsock High School, Williamsport, Pa. 17701. NP: 12 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, Summer Jazz Clinics Scholarships. Adm: TBA.

York: York Jazz Festival, held at and sponsored by William Penn High School, **March 12 or 19, 1971.** Apps: Hal James, William Penn High School, York, Pa. 17403. NP: 18 stage bands, Shs. EF: none. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: TBA.

TEXAS: Abilene: Abilene Stage Band Festival, sponsored by Phi Mu Alpha, **Jan. 30, 1971.** Apps: Randy Patterson, Phi Mu Alpha, Hardin-Simmons Univ., Abilene, Tex.

70601. NP: 12 stage bands, Shs. EF: TBA. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: TBA.

Austin: Southwest Collegiate Jazz Festival, sponsored by Longhorn Jazz Festival, **March 13, 1971.** Apps: Rod Kennedy, Dick Goodwin, fest. chmn., Music Dept., Univ. of Texas, Austin, Tex. 78712. NP: six-eight stage bands, four combos, two vocalists., Co. EF: none (invitational, non-competitive). C/J: Quincy Jones, Leonard Feather, others TBA. A/P: cash to individuals, winning ensembles to National College Jazz Festival. Adm: TBA.

Brownwood: 20th Annual Stage Band Festival, sponsored by King Music Co. and Brownwood High School, **Feb. 26-27, 1971.** Apps: Leonard King, 504 Center Ave., Brownwood, Tex. 76801. NP: 44 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$35. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies. Adm: free.

Huntsville: 14th Annual Jazz Festival, held at and sponsored by Sam Houston Music State Univ., **Feb. 6, 1971.** Apps: Jess Alexander, Music I, Sam Houston State Univ., Huntsville, Tex. 77340. NP: 20 stage bands one combo, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$25. C/J: Frank Rosolino, Dr. M. E. Hall, Paul Schmitt, Kenny Williams. A/P: trophies. EC by Rosolino and SHSU Lab Band. Adm: free.

Lubbock: Texas Tech Jazz Festival, sponsored by Texas Tech and Phi Mu Alpha, **March 5-6, 1971.** Apps: Dean Killian, Music Dept., Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Tex. 79409. NP: 30-40 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: TBA. C/J: TBA. A/P: TBA. Adm: TBA.

Nacogdoches: 11th Annual Stage Band Festival, to be held at Stephen F. Austin State College, sponsored by Phi Mu Alpha, **Jan. 30, 1971.** Apps: Darrell Holt, Box 3043, SFA station, Nacogdoches, Tex. 75961. NP: 50 stage bands, Shs, Jhs. EF: \$30. C/J: Tim Bell, Leon Breeden, Rich Matteson, William Fowler, Ashley Alexander, James Simmons. A/P: trophies. Adm: free.

UTAH: Salt Lake City: Fifth Annual Inter-Mountain College Jazz Festival, to be held at Salt Palace, sponsored by Salt Lake Tribune, **April 23-24, 1971.** Apps: William Fowler, 100 S. West Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101. NP: 20 stage bands, combos, vocalists on Co., Jr. Co. levels. EF: \$2 per musician. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies, Summer Jazz Clinics scholarships, winning ensembles to National College Jazz Festival. Adm: \$1.50-\$2.

VIRGINIA: Falls Church: Ninth Annual Stage Band. Clinic and Bands of Tomorrow Contest, held at Oaktown High School, Vienna, Va., sponsored by the Foxes Music Co., **Jan. 22-23, 1971.** Apps: Dorothy Fox, The Foxes Music Co., 417 Broad St., Falls Church, Va. 22046. NP: 20 stage bands, six combos, Shs, Jhs. EF: bands, \$35, Combos, \$30. C/J: Leon Breeden, Jamey Aebersold, David Baker. A/P: awards, trophies, plaques, scholarships to Summer Jazz Clinics. EC. Adm: \$1-\$2.

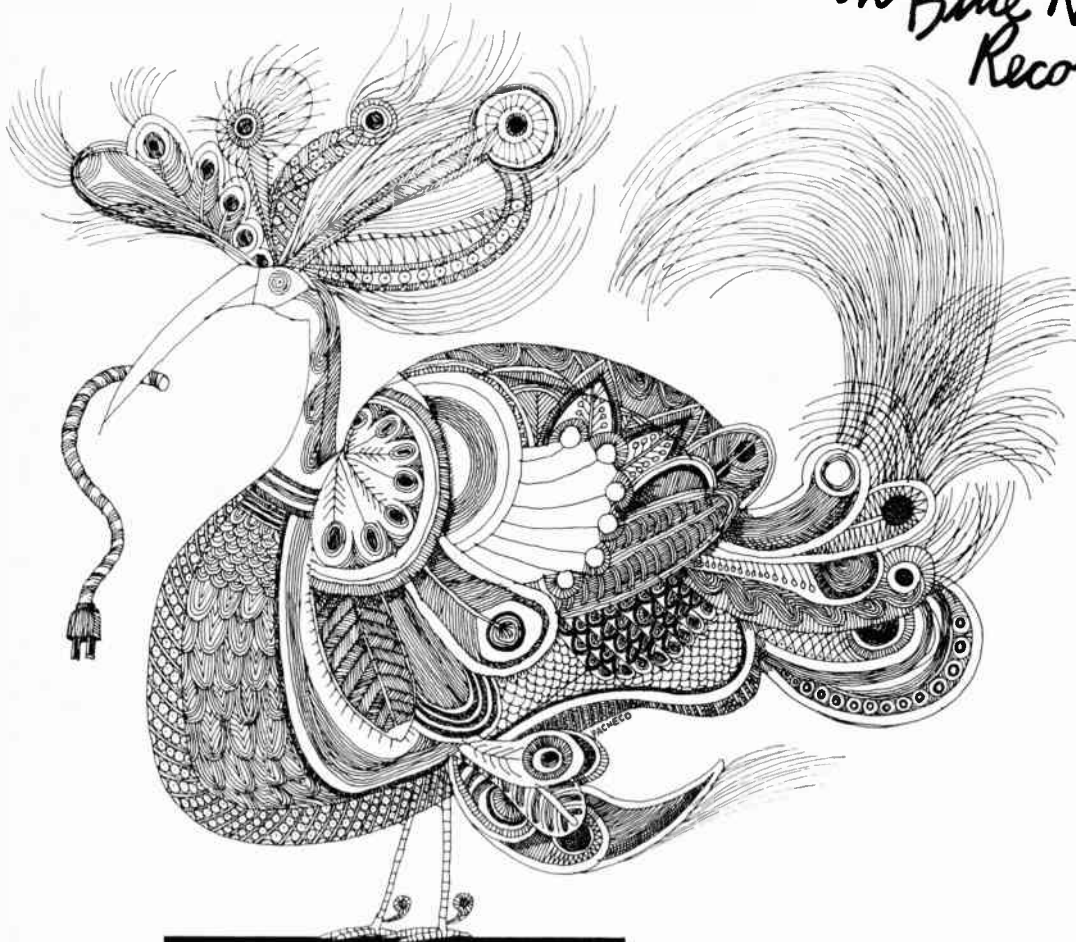
WASHINGTON: Bremerton: Olympic College Jazz Festival, to be held at Olympic College, sponsored by Dept. of Music, **May 7-8, 1971.** Apps: Ralph Mutchler, advisor, Dept. of Music, Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash. 98310. NP: 40 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$25. C/J: TBA. A/P: trophies and summer Jazz Clinics scholarships, Adm: \$1.50. Limited to Washington state.

WEST VIRGINIA: Charleston: Southern West Virginia Stage Band Festival, sponsored by West Virginia Bandmasters Association, Morris Harvey College, and Gorbys Music of South Charleston, W. Va., **Feb. 27, 1971.** Apps: J. C. Gorbys, fest. chmn., 214 7th Ave., P.O. Box 8005, South Charleston, W. Va. 25303. NP: 35 stage bands, Shs. Jhs. EF: none. C/J: Charles Suber and others TBA. A/P: TBA. Adm: free.

WISCONSIN: Delavan: Badger State Jazz Band Festival, held at and sponsored by Delavan-Darien High School, **Feb. 6, 1971.** Apps: Patrick Neuman, 150 Cummings St., Delavan, Wis. 53115. NP: 18 stage bands, Shs. EF: \$25. C/J: Dominic Spera. A/P: trophies. Adm: \$1.50.

Milwaukee: 14th Annual Stage Band Festival to be held at Milwaukee Technical College, sponsored by MTC, **March 19, 1971.** Apps: Gene Morrisette, MTC, 1015 N. 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202. NP: 28 stage bands, elem.-Shs. EF: \$20. C/J: TBA. A/P: TBA. EC. Adm: free. □

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Things We Did Last Summer. The trumpeter brings together his extensive harmonic knowledge, his gorgeous tone, his facility, and a power in reserve (*held in reserve, that's the hard-won secret*) to produce a masterful statement in which the judicious and heartfelt use of space is an important factor. The rhythm section does just what is needed, no more. Strumming the strings of the piano might have been a bad idea for someone without Roland Hanna's taste. He does it briefly and to great effect. This is a piece to be heard again and again.

Vincent Youman's *Without A Song* has an intriguing harmonic pattern, but has seldom been used as a jazz vehicle. The tempo at which Hubbard and friends take it would seem fast if it weren't for the outrageous speed of the track that follows. Hubbard is fluid through the changes, maintaining interest by a use of contrasting phrases of many and few notes, none of which, here or anywhere on the disc, is a clam. He takes chances, but he's an astonishingly accurate marksman.

Daniels' playing is loose and easy, a most personal extension of Sonny Rollins' style. He has a nice tone, fat and deep in the lower register; firm, light and alto-like on top. During the course of his solo he and Hubbard develop some delightful riffs based on the first four notes of the melody, and the phrase keeps popping up in Daniels' solo. Hanna, no longer an unknown but certainly an underrated musician, melds snatches of Bud Powell, pre-classical ground bass, and his own whimsy into a fine solo. Davis walks for a chorus in that incisive way that makes grown men who happen to be bass players cry. There's an exciting exchange of eights and fours between Hubbard and Hayes, a chorus of melody is played, then the performance goes out on a vamp that owes more than a little to the Miles Davis version of *Gingerbread Boy*. This is an adventurous performance, but there's nothing far out about it in terms of what constitutes far out music in the '70s. The melody is always right there within reach, the changes are followed, the time is constant. What a square idea. And it works so well.

Just One Of Those Things embarrassed my old Theodore Presser metronome; it won't go that fast. Hubbard and his band will. Daniels seems to have to strain a bit to keep up in spots, but he does very well, considering the arsonist solo Hubbard has just played. There isn't a car-load of ideas here from anyone, but the tempo never drops, and it all swings madly, as a good flagwaver should.

Blues For Duane has a line similar to one the Woody Herman brass sections and Dizzy Gillespie, among others, have been playing for years. It has picked up some very dirty lyrics, which mercifully are not included by Hubbard. He is muted through the piece, playing close to the microphone. Although it's a blues in F, the off-center harmonic choices he and Daniels make give it a minor feeling. Davis plays one of his incredible solos, with double-stop passages of absolute perfection. Hayes' brushwork is quiet and intelligent; he listens.

This is a thoroughly enjoyable LP, with a ballad masterpiece in *Last Summer*.

Davis is the central figure in the companion LP, without dominating it. The other players get their opportunities and use them well. Knepper, one of the few modern trombonists with little discernible J. J. Johnson influence, is an iconoclastic soloist in the Vic Dickenson and Bill Harris traditions and one of the freshest players around. But since his days with Charles Mingus he has rarely been heard on record. His work is outstanding on *Milktrain* and *What Is It?*

Jerry Dodgion is a stimulating and vigorous alto player who has sounded more stimulating and vigorous elsewhere. Pepper Adams' baritone has its customary bite and humor. In *What Is It?* (it is *This Thing Called Love*) he gets a laugh by repeating a quote from *Stranger In Paradise*, modulating it upward the second time to fit the changes. One of Hanna's best solos of both albums come in this tune, complete with a perfectly executed run right out of Teddy Wilson. Davis also solos here. I don't know what to say about the solo or the man, except that he probably really is The World's Greatest Bass Player. I haven't heard them all.

There are two duet tracks of quiet beauty. Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born* is an outing for Hanna and Davis. It opens with Debussy-like piano. Davis joins in and there's simultaneous improvisation reminiscent of the Scott La Faro-Bill Evans collaborations. Davis, like all modern bassists, owes something to La Faro, but he has made the approach just one facet of his artistry, while others operate almost entirely from the La Faro legacy. *Muses For Richard Davis* is a Hanna composition for bowed bass and muted trumpet. Davis and Hubbard play call and response with variations, ending in unison on the strange, lovely, melody, the bass trailing off in double register, barely audible and perfectly in tune.

Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise is a superior trio performance, with more of Hayes' good brushwork, strong and reflective Hanna, and a Davis solo of several choruses in which he holds the listeners' interest as firmly as any horn player can. *Toe Tail Moon* has Daniels' best solo of the day, and rocking Hanna.

Bass playing has come a long way in 20 years, and Richard Davis is not only the inheritor and embodiment of the advances made by such giants as Ray Brown, Oscar Pettiford, Charles Mingus and Scott La Faro he is in turn elevating the art of the string bass in jazz (we'll leave his considerable classical abilities out of this discussion) to new and more demanding levels. The problem: where are musicians of the technical ability and inspiration to pick up what Davis has developed? Where were the bassists to build on what Brown and Pettiford had developed? One of them was playing in Chicago, and his name was Richard Davis. He was also studying Serge Koussevitsky and Charles Vherl, two of the great classical bassists. That's something prospective Richard Davises might keep in mind.

These recordings are basically blowing sessions, but blowing sessions of the highest order. There are few of the usual liabilities of recorded jam sessions because

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Barry Rogers, trombone, is well known in Latin music circles. Barry pioneered the use of the

trombone in Latin arrangements.

Bill Cobham, Jr., drums, has played with various R&B and jazz groups. Including James Brown, Sam and Dave, numerous Motown groups, Miles Davis and Horace Silver.

Doug Lubahn, bass, was the leader of Clear Light and has shown up on a number of albums by The Doors.

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of the extremely high quality of the players. The MPS sessions, intelligently supervised, often produce music that is free and loose in the manner of the old Prestige sessions at Rudy Van Gelder's studios. It's unfortunate that no American company is carrying on this tradition.

The MPS packaging is stunning; the jackets are of heavily-plastic-coated paper, with good photographs well reproduced and intelligent liner notes in German and English.

MPS albums are available through the **down beat/Record Club.** —Ramsey

WILLIAM S. FISCHER

CIRCLES—Embryo SD 529: *Patience is Virtue; Saigon; Electric; Chains; There's a Light that Shines; Circle; Green Forever; Capsule.*

Personnel: William S. Fischer, Moog synthesizer, arrangements; Hugh McCracken, Eric Weissberg, guitars; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Cobham, drums, percussion; Seymour Barab, Nellis DeLay, Allan Shulman, Harvey Shapiro, Herry Wimmer, cello; Bill Robinson, vocals.

Rating: ★

As with Don Sebesky, Arif Mardin, and some other arrangers who've attempted solo vehicles, this feature for William Fischer proves him a better supporter than leader—although my response to Fischer arrangements in the past has never been particularly adoring (notably toward his detrimental charts for Les McCann on *Comment*).

Few moments on *Circles* seem more than ordinary, and little remains in the head even after several listens. Of the three vocal spots for Bill Robinson, *There's a Light that Shines*, *Circle*, and *Patience is Virtue*, only the latter offers any more than the simplest pop patter, and its minimal merit rests with an infectious, throbbing funk.

Of the two rock instrumentals, *Saigon* and *Green Forever*, only the guitars begin to move well, and yet both times ultimately dissolve to monotonous licks. Of the three Moog specials, *Electric*, *Chains*, and *Capsule*, only *Chains* overcomes the noisome whizzlings and bleeps for a merely mournful droning atmosphere, which is not remarkable in and of itself (even though drummer Billy Cobham, here as throughout the album, is consummately tasty).

I cannot honestly report that Fischer has created on *Circles* any music other than efficient through curious Muzak.

—Bourne

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS

CONSUMMATION—Blue Note BST 84346: *Dedication; It Only Happens Every Time; Tiptoe; A Child Is Born; Us; Ahunk Ahunk; Fingers; Consummation.*

Collective Personnel: Jones, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, Al Porcino, Marvin Stamm, Danny Moore, trumpets; Eddie Bert, Benny Powell, Jimmy Knepper, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jimmy Buffington, Earl Chapin, Dick Berg, Julius Watkins, French horns; Howard Johnson, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Billy Harper, Pepper Adams, Joe Farrell, Richie Kamuca, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano, electric piano; David Spinoza, guitar; Richard Davis, bass, electric bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I could almost say that *Consummation* is the band's best LP to date but my high regard for their preceding output qualifies any rash (but well-deserved) huzzahs serving to exclude past achievements. Suffice it to say that I can't conceive of a big band playing much better than this.

fice it to say that I can't conceive of a big band playing much better than this.

The band's ensemble capabilities, rhythm section and somewhat varying but always excellent stable of soloists are already legendary. The material has always been extraordinary but here, though, it is more than that. All of the eight tunes were composed and arranged by Jones—a fantastic achievement given their extremely high caliber. The album deserves the ultimate rating solely on that basis.

The ballads (*Dedication*, *Child*, *Consummation*) deserve special praise, each a lovely, poignant, inspired statement. Jones delivers the melody on all of them, giving way to exquisitely voiced ensemble figures, textures, climaxes. The four horns and tubaist Johnson are employed only on *Dedication* and *Consummation* and their inherent values are enhanced and blended into the whole by Jones' skillful pen.

Transcending flawless execution, the ensemble captures every nuance of Jones' charts. Richardson is simply fantastic. Dig the jaunty reed soli, led by his soprano, on *Fingers*. Overall, his lead work, interpretation and solo work is outstanding. Young is aided in the lead department by Porcino and Stamm and the brass section has never sounded better on record. (Big band freaks will have fun trying to detect who's playing lead trumpet when. My guess is that its Porcino on the final ensemble on *Fingers* though it sounds like Snooky on top on the final chord, etc.) The rhythm section? Well its Hanna, Davis, Lewis and worthy newcomer Spinoza in top form—flexible, inventive, propulsive, sensitive.

The solo work is also of high order. To list a few memorables: Stamm's fiery work on *Ahunk* (whew!); Dodgion and Young (in a rare but most welcome muted spot) on *Tiptoe*; Powell (a neglected but inspired jazzman), Hanna, Moore, and Harper on the fleet, boppish *Fingers*, and Richardson on *Dedication*. Daniels and Davis also acquit themselves well—but when haven't they?

For the big band connoisseur, this LP is more than a delight—it's more like the answer to a prayer. Drink deeply of the elixir of phenomenal music—get this record.

—Szantor

SIEGFRIED KESSLER/ BARRE PHILLIPS/STEVE McCALL

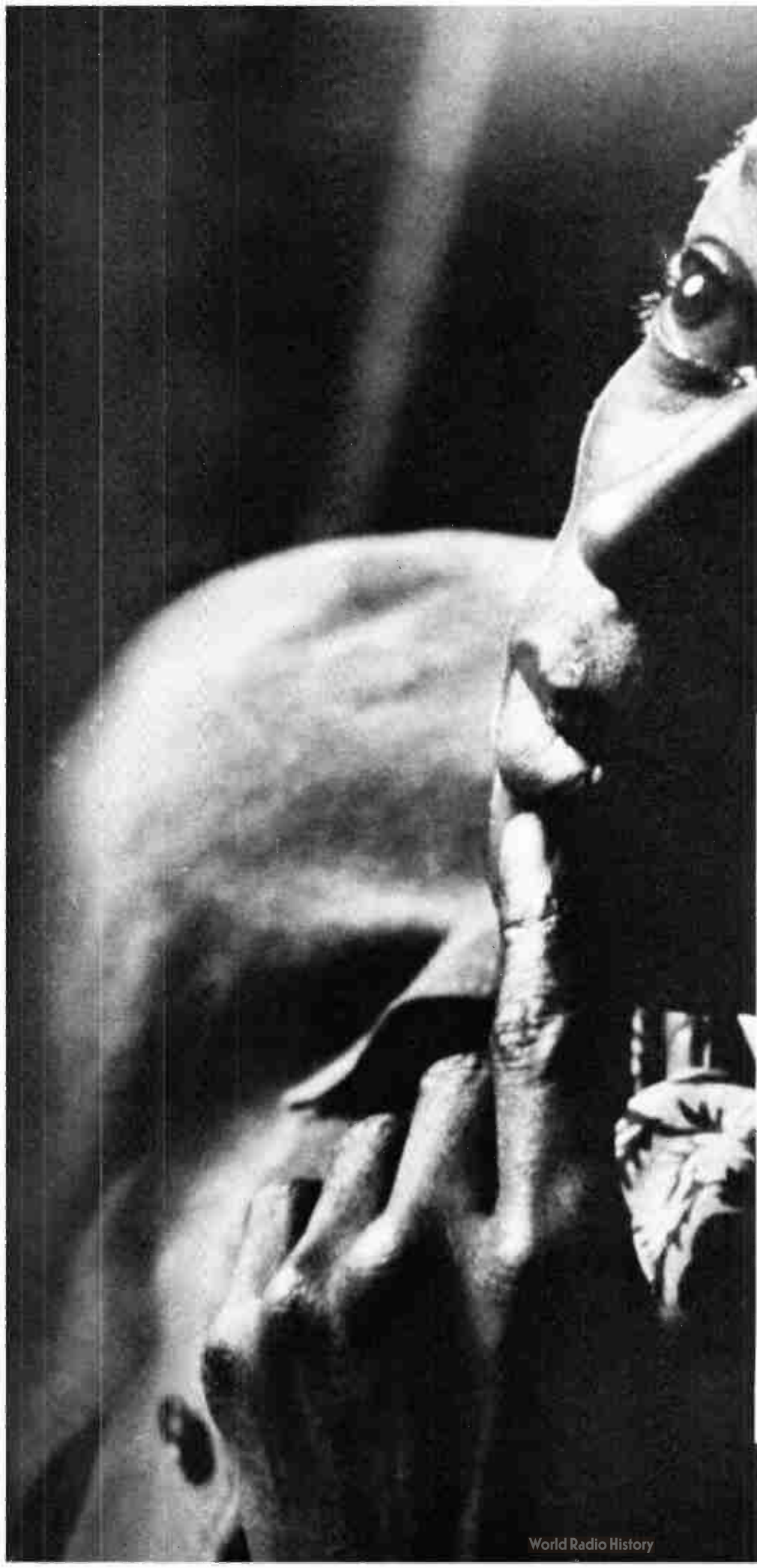
LIVE AT THE "GILL'S CLUB"—Futura GER 10: *Elyane; Journal Violone; Spikenard; Silver Cloud; L.B.*

Personnel: Kessler, piano; Phillips, bass; McCall, drums.

Rating: ★★

Larry Kart suggested the proper question in *Musik '70*: what music can be produced by European jazzmen with essentially European and/or classical backgrounds, and necessarily limited exposure to current American black music?

Kessler's answer is a style based on Cecil Taylor of about a decade ago, though Taylor's ideas are reduced to a more languid surface. It is an academic music, technically able without either the power or the involvement of American pianists of similar talent. There is considerable discontinuity to it, a great many chords and



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decorative ideas that stand peculiarly alone, undeveloped. The problem is emphasized by the night club recording setup: either Kessler has an unusually light touch, or else the piano was miked away back, for much of this LP sounds like bass solos with piano accompaniment.

L.B., however, has a section of involved, fluent lyric playing uncharacteristically forceful and appropriately accompanied by McCall. It is followed by a brief blatant steal from Taylor's *Lazy Afternoon*, but the point is that despite his broken, conservative approach to Taylor—it is a narrow music—Kessler can play with some force and energy.

Phillips' answer is to alternate ideas derived from 20th century classical music with Scott La Faro-inspired ideas. It is basically a cold, even unhuman, music, and his two long solos in *Elyane* are overbearing—we are in a Hungarian forest, and fearful of Dracula. His "electronic sounds" and ominous effects are well taken, but the content of the solos is so slight as to suggest that these sounds in themselves are Phillips' message. Indeed, his playing throughout the LP is technically imaginative without being notably sympathetic or individualistically musical.

Taylor and La Faro are the most European (read "classical") of modern jazzmen. Their influence on Kessler and Phillips has resulted in a kind of musical no man's land—these conclusions resemble Kart's own hypothesis. Steve McCall, the black Chicagoan, is the one known quantity here. A gifted player, he is largely subdued in this trio; a reasonable approach given the circumstances. —Litweiler

IRENE REID

THE WORLD NEEDS WHAT I NEED—Polydor 24-4040: *A Certain Kind of Woman*; *Moon Dance*; *My Way*; *Son of a Preacher Man*; *Words*; *The World Needs What I Need*; *Hi-De-Ho (That Old Sweet Roll)*; *Didn't We*; *Hey World*; *Let Love In*.

Personnel: Miss Reid, vocal; orchestra arranged and conducted by Horace Ott.

Rating: ★★★★★

Although many people are undoubtedly now discovering Irene Reid for the first time, she has actually been with us for more than two decades.

In the very early '60s, Miss Reid appeared anonymously on some Count Basie Roulette albums, then reappeared on her own on the MGM and Verve labels, disappeared—from records—for a few years and re-emerged on a small independent label last year with a moderate hit entitled *I Worry About You*.

Now she has made her debut on Polydor, and an impressive debut it is. Producer Esmond Edwards wisely chose largely current material (wisely, because it reaches the youth market, which guarantees higher sales figures) and enlisted the services of pop-oriented arranger Horace Ott. It is a combination that works very well.

Miss Reid, whose five children range in age from 13 to 21, neatly bridges the generation gap by showing us that it is not as wide as we have been led to believe. The beat, Motownesque on *A Certain Kind of Woman* and Slyesque on *Hey World*,

Let Love In, is fairly new, and the arrangements are up to date, but Miss Reid's vocal style, which is a perfect fit, is not appreciably different from what jazz followers have been hearing for the past 25 years. With healthy, distinct traces of the late Dinah Washington, her powerful, emotion-packed voice delivers its messages with the same gutsy sincerity and musicality that so widely separates Aretha Franklin from Dionne Warwick.

Her rendition of Paul Anka's *My Way*, one of the album's highlights, superbly surpasses any other I have heard, and Jim Webb's ballad, *Didn't We*, with its Lou Rawls-Isaac Hayes-type rap opening, is equally prepossessing.

Van Morrison's *Moon Dance* is the set's only really weak track, but in the light of everything else that's going on here, it can easily be excused.

Having recently heard Miss Reid in a club performance, I can vouch for the fact that she is not one of those singers who needs studio enhancements. On the contrary, she is such a dynamic performer that she only needs a good rhythm section to wail in front of—and wail she does. Now that Polydor has got her on the right track, they might do well to capture her in live performance, where she really lets go.

The World Needs What I Need shows that Irene Reid has gotten her things very much together. The 1970 vintage Reid is very fine indeed. —Albertson

VARIOUS ARTISTS

JAZZ OF THE CONNECTICUT TRADITIONAL JAZZ CLUB—ConnTrad 4: *Climax Rag*; *Rum and Coca Cola*; *When Jesus Comes*; *I Love You*; *Red Man Blues*; *Silver Bells*; *Milenberg Joys*; *What Am I Living For?*; *Yes Sir*; *That's My Baby*; *Royal Telephone*.

Personnel: Barry Martyn's Ragtime Band (tracks 1-5): Teddy Fullick, trumpet; Pete Dyer, trombone; Sammy Rimington, clarinet, alto and tenor saxophones; John Marks, piano; Brian Turnock, bass; Martyn, drums. Nelson-Cagnolatti December Band (tracks 6-8): Ernie Cagnolatti, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Dick Cook, clarinet; Noel Kalet, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Bill Sinclair, piano; Dave Duquette, banjo; John Tumine, bass; Art Pulver, drums. Cap'n John Handy's RCA Victor Jazz Band (tracks 9, 10): George (Kid Sheik) Cola, Clive Wilson, trumpets; Nelson; Handy, alto saxophone; Kalet; Sinclair; Chester Zardis, bass; Sammy Penn, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

I may be wrong, but it appears that *Jazz Crusade* has become ConnTrad, and the Easy Riders Jazz Band, since the departure for western shores of its trombonist and bellwether, Bill Bissonette, has become the Nutmeg Jazz Band.

That, however, is incidental to the matter at hand: the club's fourth album, a sampler of sorts collating music from two CTJC concerts and remainders from one of Handy's RCA sessions. Martyn's boys, flaunting the energy of youth, zip through a lusty set lowlighted by the monotonous *Rum* but redeemed by the unusual *Red Man* and the unlikely *Love*. (The latter, stripped of whatever sophisticated or maudlin connotations it may have borne, becomes almost another in the *Bill Bailey-Bourbon Street Parade* species so beloved by jazzmen of this persuasion.)

A nucleus of the Easy Riders backs Nelson and Cagnolatti on a comparatively

dull trio of standbys, though *Milenberg* (only the third strain is played) moves along well enough. Kalet and Sinclair turn up again in Handy's band in one of the better latter-day attempts at documenting



New Orleans jazz. Conn/Rad makes sure that RCA knows how grateful they are for these tracks five or six times on the liner.

There are decent photos of all concerned, informative notes, and over 48 minutes of playing time. A good recording job, too, by the suddenly omnipresent Hank O'Neal. —Jones

MARION WILLIAMS

THE NEW MESSAGE—Atlantic SD 8228: *I Shall Be Released; Around God's Throne; People Got to Be Free; I'm Going to Live the Life I Sing About in My Song; The Great Speckled Bird; I Have a Friend Above All Others; Will the Circle Be Unbroken; Milky White Way; How I Got Over; I Pity the Poor Immigrant.*

Personnel: Miss Williams, vocal and piano; Junior Mance, piano; Gary Illingworth or Richard Tee, organ; Eric Gale, guitar; Chuck Rainey or Jerry Jemmott, electric bass; Ray Lucas or Bernard Purdie, drums. Background vocals by The Sweet Inspirations. Arrangements by Marion Williams. Conducted and orchestrated by William Fischer.

Rating: ★★★★★

Marion Williams is one of the finest singers on the scene today. Any singer who can convert that trite old warhorse, *When the Saints . . .* into something that bears repeated listening must possess extraordinary talents. Miss Williams did just that, back in 1964, when she appeared on a distinguished Verve album with Ray Brown and Milt Jackson.

Here she once again strays tangentially from the Gospel fold with memorable results. She does not stray as far as some of her colleagues have done; not far enough to impair her image as a religious singer, but far enough to show up that she can handle non-gospel material with equal grace and taste. The first and last tracks, two Dylan songs, are alone worth the album. She gives *I Shall Be Released* a far more meaningful reading than it had in the very capable hands of The Band, and her relaxed swing on *People Got To Be Free*, another pop item, is a sheer delight.

Throughout the albums there is the dependable support of the Sweet Inspirations, Atlantic's much-in-demand backup group, which continues to function as such in spite of its tremendous success as a star group in its own right. Their own roots are in the Gospel field, so it is not strange to find that they are the perfect match for Marion Williams.

Mention should also be made of guitarist Eric Gale and Bill Fischer, who is responsible for the orchestrations. Their contributions have much to do with the result: a superb record that hopefully will pave the way for further collaborations.

You don't have to be a Gospel fan to enjoy the remarkable artistry of Marion Williams. —Albertson



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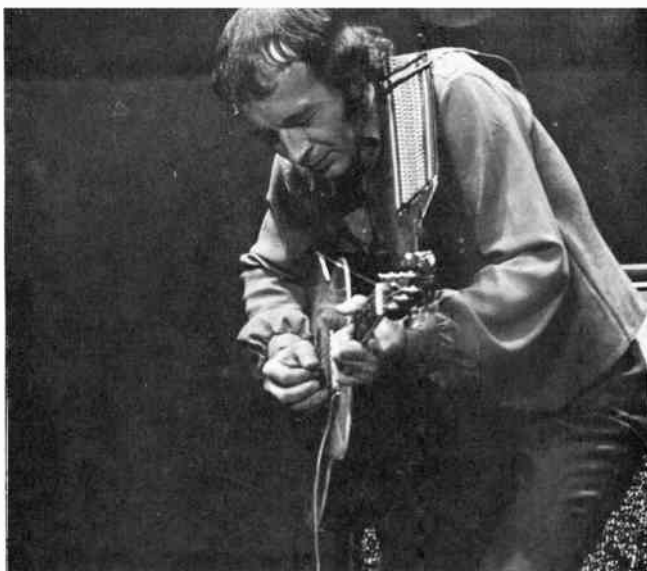
BLINDFOLD TEST GABOR SZABO

Gabor Szabo has the kind of organized mind and probing attitude that can be depended upon to provide readable material for a Blindfold Test.

He has been interviewed twice before; in 1967 and 1969, the latter test having furnished so much in the way of analytical reactions that it was printed in two installments (db, April 3, and May 1, 1969).

Since that time, there have been some major changes in Szabo's professional life. After breaking his relationship with Skye Records, in which he was a partner, he switched to Blue Thumb. His combo, though capable of distilling valuable music, has been leaning in a commercialized direction and produced one very disappointing album (*Magical Connection*).

Szabo's first comment after the Jimmy Smith track was, of course, an ironic reference to the sort of mood conjured up by Smith rather than a literal request.



by Leonard Feather

1. B.B. KING. *King Special* (from *Indianola Mississippi Seeds*, ABC). King, composer, lead guitar, vocals; Russ Kunkel, drums.

It's B. B. King, and of course I'm really very awed by his playing, especially nowadays when I'm getting more and more interested in rhythm&blues as well as the present contemporary rock music. But what really amazed me the most about it, I was paying a lot of attention to the rhythm section . . . the drummer . . . and it's amazing how much the drummers are not using the cymbals at all, as in the days of traditional blues. It's the same in the present day rock, too. Less emphasis is put on the cymbal, which modern jazz sort of developed. Actually, they're more and more using the high hat, maybe, and very tight-sounding percussion all the way through . . . and I really enjoyed that an awful lot.

I think that was B.B. and I'd just like to add one thing, that I'm terribly enthusiastic about what's happening to him nowadays. It almost seems absolutely unlikely that a real traditional blues player such as him could go into a place like Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas and pack people in there, which is really the exact opposite of what he represents. That kind of warms my heart, because it leaves some hope for good things to get appreciated sooner or later. I would definitely give that five stars.

2. PAUL DESMOND. *Bridge Over Troubled Water* (from *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, A&M.) Paul Simon, composer; Don Sebesky, arranger.

Paul Desmond—it was beautiful. There's a couple of people in this business that I try very hard not to be prejudiced about . . . and he's one of them. I could just give five stars for him, for just playing the horn period. But what I enjoyed immensely was the arrangement. I have no idea who did it; I know it's an A&M release, but I don't know who the arranger is, and it's very beautiful. What particularly came to me was there we were listening to Paul Desmond playing a Simon&Garfunkel tune, and it had very nice classical tendencies in the writing. And those three things blended beautifully.

It occurred to me how in pop music the young people kind of took over the song-writing aspects of music today, because the way you heard this it was a very legitimate sounding piece of music, something that say 20 years ago would have been written by Cole Porter or Irving Berlin, and here

it was written by two young kids. It was very lyrical, and Paul Desmond can really sink his teeth into something like this and make it as really beautiful and lyrical as the particular piece. So I would give Simon&Garfunkel five stars and Paul Desmond four and a half.

3. JOHN McLAUGHLIN. *Marbles* (from *Devotion*, Douglas). McLaughlin, guitar, composer.

At first I thought it was one of those film composers getting an assignment and pumping some artificial excitement into it. There was a repetitious line and monotony doesn't always create ecstasy. As I said I thought at first it was a composer's date . . . or an arranger's, and they got the best studio musicians, fuzz-tone guitar and everything. But later on the guitarist was so predominant that I was beginning to think it was his date. There was no indication of any individual style if it was his date, so I couldn't tell who it was. Plus the fuzz tone and all that completely covered up whatever individuality there may have been.

All I can say is they mixed up space and rock and some monotonous exciting *Peter Gunn*-type background, and how can you miss? But no stars.

4. JIMMY SMITH. *My Romance* (from *The Other Side of Jimmy Smith*, MGM). Smith, organ.

Can I have another vermouth cassis, please? . . .

Gee, I don't know, that's completely got me at this point. It was very pleasant music for the cocktail hour. It reminded me of a girl I used to play with, Perri Lee—we used to play these cocktail lounges and make very romantic moods playing this kind of music.

I have absolutely no idea who the organ player is, and I don't think it's evident from the playing anyway. There isn't too much I can say about it; I'll give it one star because it made me want to have a drink.

LF: What if I told you it was Jimmy Smith?

GS: I couldn't believe it . . . I can't believe it, you're kidding! It was Jimmy Smith? That's amazing. Is this something new from him? The whole album is like this? That's fantastic. Everybody is going crazy, it looks like.

5. PISANO-RUFF. *Everybody's Talkin'* (from *Under the Blanket*, A&M). John Pisano, guitar;

Willie Ruff, French horn, vocal; Herb Alpert, vocal.

For a while I was lost there, at the beginning, then all of a sudden things started clicking and only through association I think I can make an educated guess about it. When the French horn came in all of a sudden it occurred to me that it must be Willie Ruff. Then I remembered that John Pisano and Willie Ruff play together sometimes . . . then I heard a voice which sounded like Herb Alpert. I think John made an album for A&M not long ago, so I would say it's John Pisano.

Even though I don't usually like gimmicks, in this case, with this wa-wa pedal that he was using, and for the particular tune, it was somehow a pleasant combination; it didn't offend me at all. In fact I found it a very relaxing piece; no earthshaking things happening, just very pleasant. I would give it three stars for the pleasant mood they were able to create.

6. KENNY BURRELL. *Greensleeves* (from *Jazz Wave, Ltd. on Tour*, Blue Note). Burrell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

It was that old Tal Farlow type of school, but I know it wasn't him because Tal doesn't play that type of chords, only the single line was a little bit reminiscent of him.

It must be one of the newer guys. At one point I thought it might have been Joe Beck . . . It made me feel very funny, because when I first started listening to music, jazz, I always wanted to sound like that in the beginning—when I was in Hungary—that was the contemporary to me—Tal Farlow, Howard Roberts, Jimmy Raney—and it made me feel very nostalgic. So, by no means could I possibly say anything bad about it, and he is an excellent player whoever it is. I would have to use the time as a judgment . . . I'd say if it was at least a 15-year-old recording, I'd have to give it four stars. If it was today, and it's an old-timer like Tal Farlow—although I'm sure it isn't him—I would again rate it very highly because it was excellent playing. If it's a young person of today then I couldn't really give it more than two and a half stars, because musicians don't have to have their facilities, they have to be one way or another in touch with their times, and this is definitely 15 or 20 years too late for this kind of playing.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Duke Ellington/Ella Fitzgerald The Now Grove, Los Angeles

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Harold Johnson, Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Booty Wood, Chuck Connors, Malcolm Taylor, trombones; Norris Turney, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Harold Ashby, Harry Carney, saxes; Ellington, piano; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Joe Benjamin, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Tony Watkins, vocals; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

There is nothing like sticking with the name brands, and institutions such as Duke or Ella could always guarantee a full house and a swinging house. Put them in tandem and they can turn the Now Grove into the Now Groove.

The Grove, incidentally, is one half of an old brand name: The Coconut Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel. It used to be quite the glamor spot when Hollywood was in its tinselled prime. But when the emulsion wore off the film capital, the cocoanuts began to dry up.

Well, Sammy presented one hell of a package this time, but despite the spontaneous standing ovations before each headliner performed, and despite the clamor for encores when they were through, the evening was not a total success.

Ellington was Ellington, which is the most direct and most sincere way I can report that his half of the show was beyond reproach. But Ella was not the Ella that we in the jazz community can relate to, and that's only because of her choice of material; her voice, her phrasing, her instinct for swinging were all "old Fitzgerald"—again the most direct, sincere way of describing her talents as 100-proof.

Before Edward Kennedy Ellington made his charm-drenched appearance, the celebrity-filled audience had a chance to squeeze onto the tiny dance floor for two full "dance sets," if there be such a book in the Ellington scheme of things. Regardless of how danceable Duke's music is, I found it slightly disconcerting to have overdressed couples ostentatiously cavorting while Harold Ashby played *I Can't Get Started*. Paul Gonsalves took a great solo on a blues number and Norris Turney did likewise on a Latin thing; Cootie Williams went through his characteristic knee-jerking on *I Got It Bad*, and Harry Carney segued from *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* to *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*.

With the appearance of Duke, and assurances that his youngsters "loved them madly," the dancers became listeners—and the rewards were numerous. For openers the sax section came front and center to be featured in the vintage classic, *Rockin' In Rhythm*—from an era when *rockin'* meant precisely that. Ellington then dipped into his bag of suites for a couple of excerpted bon-bons: *Bourbon St.* from the *New Orleans Suite*, featuring a first-rate flute solo by Norris Turney; and a movement from the recently written *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*, highlighted by Harold Ashby's fine tenor solo.

Cootie Williams squeezed out his famous solo as he booked passage on Duke's *A Train*, but not until the engineer himself cleared the tracks in 3/4. Wild Bill Davis found himself on a siding after Duke announced the organist would play *April In Paris*. Maybe it was the attempt to insert a Basie-connected classic into an evening of Ellingtonia; perhaps it was a

diplomatic short-circuit caused by the hoped-for integration of a Count and a Duke. Whatever the cause, Wild Bill's electric organ became temperamental.

Without skipping a beat, Duke summoned Harry Carney, Russell Procope and Booty Wood to the mike and their instrumental *menage à trois*—bass clarinet, clarinet, and trombone, respectively—was an immediate giveaway: *Mood Indigo*. Their blend was beautiful. Individually, Procope's warm, low timbre nearly duplicated the resonance of the bass clarinet; as for Wood's specialty, I hope the stock market never plunges with such purposefulness.

Duke sized up his listeners perfectly when he launched into *I'm Beginning To See The Light*: he had them sing it to him—but how does one review an audience? *Sophisticated Lady* was next and it provided an excellent vehicle for Carney's

was about to be made, but significantly we learned that in terms of material, things ain't what they used to be with Ella.

Not at the very outset, though. She began with an excellent chart on *St. Louis Blues*. And she began by making a great visual impact: Ella has trimmed down considerably. Fortunately no part of her matchless singing instrument has vanished along with those 35 pounds.

She is still the greatest jazz singer in the business, bar none. No one can "take a chorus" with the authority or skill of Ella. No one can play with lyrics, or insert a comment into the proper context with the ease of Ella. She still has impeccable intonation; a silken tone—firm in the upper register and warm in the low range; an uncanny harmonic sense that allows her to improvise on the changes; an instinct for "leaning" on notes—ascending or descending—with the well-placed *appoggia-*



Ella Fitzgerald: "Still the greatest . . ."

baritone, including the final non-stop note. By this time, either Davis or the Grove paid the electricity bill and there was enough juice to allow Duke to say "one more time" at least four times and *April In Paris* proved to be the instrumental high point of the evening, thanks to Davis' spirited chordal jabs, Rufus Jones' exciting propulsion behind the brass, and above all (literally above all), the stratospheric screeches of Cat Anderson.

If the Cat is "way up there," singer Tony Watkins is "way down there" with his bugaloo basso. From the depths of his muscular larynx came *Makin' That Love Scene*, and *Be Cool*, and even with the Duke's mouthing of the lyrics on the first and more cautious mimicry of Watkins' undulating watusi on the second, nothing could steal the sweet thunder of Watkins' energetic vocals.

Wild Bill was featured again on *Satin Doll*, but his thunder was stolen by Cat Anderson who could be tracked on radar two octaves above his colleagues. And finally came Duke's dissertation on finger-snapping over the second and fourth beats of *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*. In the process, Tommy Flanagan, Frank De La Rosa and Ed Thigpen infiltrated the band and the transition to Ella's half

turas. She possesses the clearest diction in an age when lyric writers are turning suicidal. Most important, Ella has never forgotten how to swing.

She proved that by making inferior material sound exciting. Why she stoops to singing the awkward constructions of Bacharach and the Beatles is unfathomable. She offered an explanation from the stage—"I couldn't beat 'em, so I joined 'em"—but that's hardly a satisfactory apologia.

With a Duke-less band behind her, Ella sang *This Girl*, using its loping tempo for a transition to *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter*, but unfortunately segued back to *This Girl*. She also did *I'll Never Fall In Love Again*; even *Raindrops Falling On My Head*. Two things became evident: any type of improvisation improves a Bacharach melody; and to quote a prominent Hollywood studio musician, "Bacharach tunes sound like third alto parts."

One magnificent Ella touch that turned *Raindrops* into one of her highlights was the growling, deliciously dirty mood she produced by easing into *Happy Day* before returning to *Raindrops* and ending on a sweeping fifth-to-the-ninth repeat of the title that suggested the "related" Thornhill classic, *Snowfall*. The same drive turned

Something into something George Harrison could not have imagined: an intense jazz vehicle.

Turning to better material, intense is the best way to describe her rendition of *Black Coffee*—especially coming out of that modulating, octave-leaping release. Exhilarating would best sum up a hard-punching *Manteca* and beautiful would do it for the seldom-heard Strayhorn song, *Something To Live For*—particularly the reverent cadenza she affixed to it.

When the orchestra was temporarily dispensed with, Ella showed how the nitty-gritty of voice with trio was sufficient to fill even a large stage. Of course, the presence of Tommy Flanagan—despite a hopelessly out-of-tune piano—adds a certain *brío* to any trio. He is the west coast's answer to Ellis Larkins, and always provides intelligent, tasteful, intimately swinging accompaniments.

This was quickly demonstrated with *On A Clear Day*, then reinforced with *Isn't It A Pity*—a 1932 Gershwin gem. It comes from the romantic era of songwriting when tunes boasted verses. Of course Ella sang the intro, providing how effectively she can manipulate ad-lib tempos to "set up" a chorus.

It was at this point that Ella paid a charming *a cappella* tribute to Flanagan by singing "the genius of Tommy" to the tune of a *Portrait of Jenny*. Tommy caught up with her, harmonically, and as he later told me, it was in the key of B!

Duke emerged, the band came to life again, and Ella closed with a rousing

Cottontail, highlighted by a brilliant duel between Gonsalves and Miss Fitzgerald. Not in the old operatic style of flautist following coloratura, but in the now sense of irrepressible jazz belter imitating and upstaging a hard-edged tenorist.

That's where it's at, Ella. You don't have to join anyone, 'cause there's no one, singer or instrumentalist, you can't lick!

—Harvey Siders

Pacific Northwest Jazz Spectacular Center Arena, Seattle, Wash.

The biggest jazz event in Seattle's history was highlighted by several great individual rather than group performances. A three-concert benefit, the first Pacific Northwest Jazz Spectacular proved also to be the first exposure to live jazz for many of those who attended. This plus usual technical problems contributed to an atmosphere of uneasiness between audience and performers that warmed up only occasionally. However, the mini-festival did serve to initiate many new members to the local jazz community, and for that reason served its purpose.

The first night's audience, reflecting the end of a long drought of big-name jazz in the area, reacted a bit overenthusiastically to what were mostly mediocre performances by Cannonball Adderley's Quintet and the Don Ellis Orchestra. Adderley, the opener, surprised no one by staying fairly close to the format which has made him a commercial success. With Joe Zawinul, Roy McCurdy, Walter Book-

er, and brother Nat, Cannonball served up a liberal dosage of his hits (*Country Preacher, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, and the rest) interspersed with several boppish tunes. The saving graces of the set were a few burning licks by Zawinul on electric piano and an outrageous bass solo by Walter Booker which wowed the audience with classical guitar techniques and a sense of gradually mounting tension. Cannonball's seemingly endless rapping only distracted from the group's performance.

Roberta Flack, up next, was the treat of the evening. She is a naturally beautiful black angel who sang with soothing purity of tone. Guitarist Nathan Page was added to Miss Flack's rhythm section, perhaps because she had one finger heavily bandaged. This didn't seem to affect her rich chording, however, and Page did a remarkable job of tasteful comping, considering that this was the first time they had ever played together. A particularly moving segment was *Sunday and Sister Jones*, a plaintive song of death by Gene McDaniels.

Don Ellis then proved that it is possible to generate heat without light. An hour of up-tempo, blasting, knock-'em-off-their-feet charts left some of us longing for a little subtlety or silence. One can only tolerate a certain number of Wagnerian climaxes before their meaning is lost.

Ellis simply plugged the hell out of his new album, from which came five of the seven numbers played by the band. Patti Allen had a few nice vocals, but she was clearly no Roberta Flack. The electronic

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effects are all old-hat gimmicks by now, and the band seems to have lost the feeling of sincerity in a whirlwind of commercial stage exhibitionism and the leader's own egotism. This is regrettable, because the potential for more new creative use of this big band is obviously there. Lonnie Shetter was a standout on alto.

The next afternoon's piano workshop brought three great successive solo appearances by Joe Zawinul, Bill Evans, and Herbie Hancock. Although a fuzzy sound system hampered the audience's enjoyment, Zawinul laid down about 30 minutes of warm vibrations, including a new solo interpretation of *In a Silent Way*. On electric piano most of the way, he occasionally would reach over to do a one-handed solo on an adjacent acoustic piano, then bridge his way back to the electric with an effective arpeggio.

Bill Evans followed with a set that was richly romantic by contrast. Never averting his eyes from the keyboard, Evans explored the possible worlds around such themes as *A Time for Love* and *Never Let Me Go*. A masterful musician, he seemed intensely dedicated to portraying every conceivable nuance of beauty in both melody and improvisation. Eddie Gomez joined Evans most of the way with perfect bass accompaniment and lyrical solos that were a joy to watch as well as hear.

Yet another stylistic contrast was the electric piano work of Herbie Hancock. *Jessica*, *Dolphin Dance*, and *Maiden Voyage* were performed with extensive and creative variations, revealing a side of this artist that has seldom been heard before in public. More solo Hancock on record would seem to be in order. Hancock also succeeded in making his set totally relaxed and informal by explaining some of the methodology of composing and arranging and by just rapping with the audience.

Evans was back in a trio setting to open the second night's concert, which also featured the sextets of Miles Davis and Hancock. With Marty Morrell keeping time on drums and Gomez on bass, Evans indulged in several rather dead cocktail lounge tunes, made worse by rude color changes in the lighting which would ruffle most musicians. Repetition of the order of solos from one number to the next made things boring after the fourth and fifth number, even (apparently) for Evans and Morrell.

Gomez never ceased to be inspired or inspiring.

Miles group featured Gary Bartz, alto and soprano; Keith Jarrett, keyboards; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Michael Henderson, electric bass; and Jumma Santos and Airto Moreira, miscellaneous percussion. The performance was like an hour-long voodoo rite minus dancers—much like *Pharoah's Dance* on the *Bitches' Brew* album, only longer. The mood was often very intense, with the rhythm section pulsating with life. Miles' solos were primarily made up of short, rapid bursts of sound, while the lyricism of years gone by was sorely missed. Bartz was competent though not always at ease, but it was Jarrett who stole the show. Literally writhing as he played, Jarrett laid a gifted hand on each of two electric instruments, every dissonant chord giving new spirit to the rhythm sections, as though the men were wired together. DeJohnette's energetic drums were obviously the rhythmic foundation of the group.

By the time Hancock's group had set up, some of the tension in the air had been abated. The Hancock Sextet resembled nothing more than the many Blue Note post-bop combos of the '60s in arrangement and style. The front line consisted of Benny Maupin, tenor and flute; Eddie Henderson, trumpet, and Julian Priester, trombone. These, plus Buster Williams on bass and Billy Hart on drums, waded through some popular originals: *Speak Like a Child*, *Firewater*, *Maiden Voyage*, and *Fat Albert Rotunda*. Maupin and Priester were both in fairly good form, continuing to grow in individuality on the respective instruments. Henderson was "middle-period" Miles all over again, with snatches of Freddie Hubbard. Hart drummed loudly and Williams got in several nice slides on bass, particularly on the intro to *Voyage*, the highlight of the set. Hancock never quite regained the quality of his afternoon performance, perhaps because the audience was a bit tired by then.

On balance, this jazz spectacular had its moments and individuals, but lacked the genuine excitement and spontaneity of a Newport or Monterey. The good that came from it is that this kind of music is now firmly entrenched in Seattle again, with clubs and coffeehouses providing more live jazz.

—Steven F. Brown

EXPO

(Continued from page 15)


big-band clichés; at least the numbers swung in a straight-ahead manner and were rendered with the kind of vivacity that was missing from Patrick's band. Two of the soloists, Richie Cole on alto and Pat La Barbera on tenor, came over strongly; the latter played particularly well on *Body and Soul*, closer to Ventura than to Hawkins. Other numbers included *Two Bass Hit*, *Moment's Notice* (I think), *Bolero*, some blues and *West Side Story*. Rich took his one long solo on this one and, well, technically he is amazing. His solos remind me of a man juggling with 50 tennis balls while typing simultaneously with his feet—as visually engrossing, if perhaps not that much more musical.

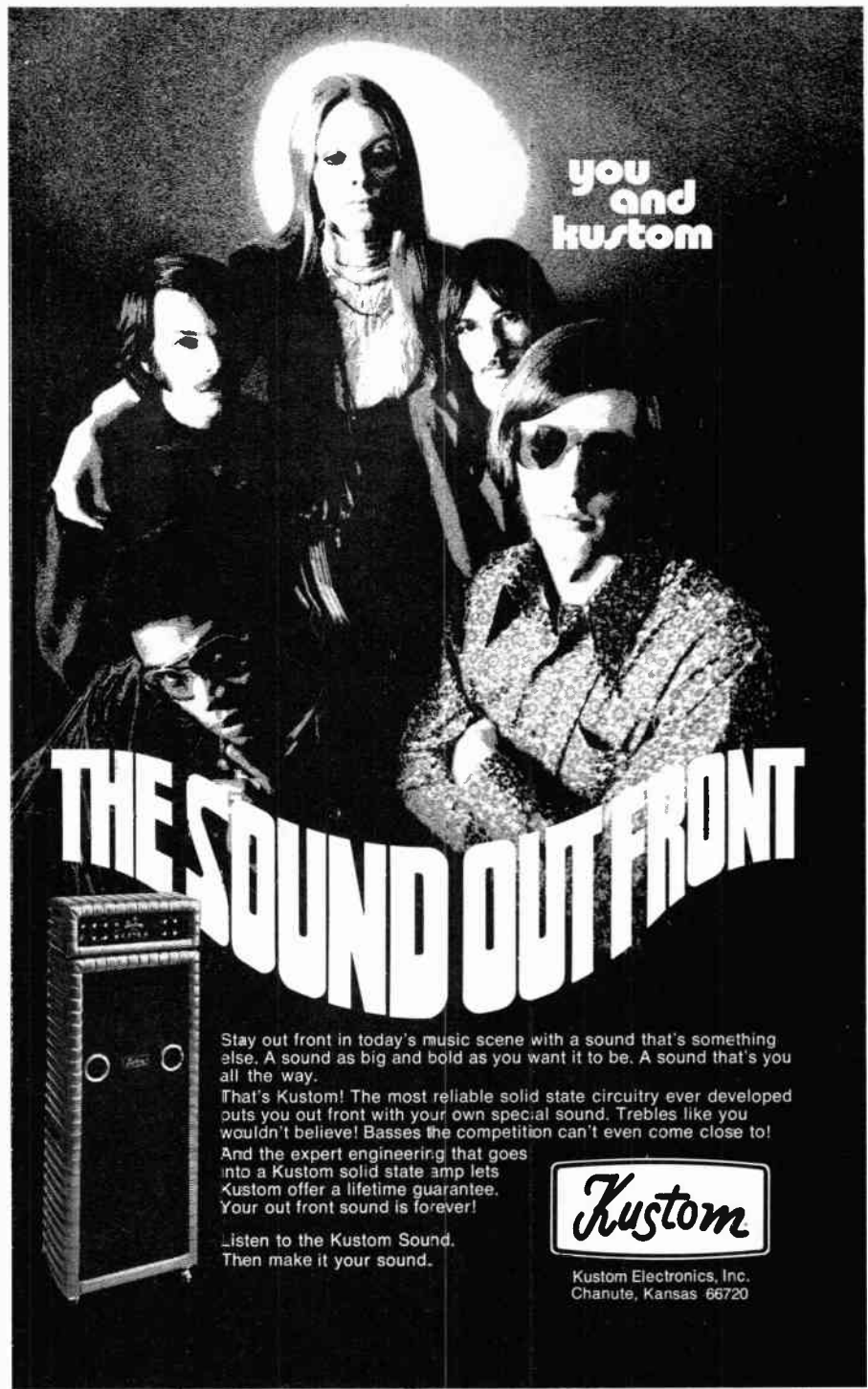
Saturday

I attended the first house of a concert supposedly devoted to the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Instead we began with Tony Kinsey, drums, Ron Matthewson, bass, and Alan Branscombe, piano, playing *How Deep Is The Ocean?* in the manner of a Bill Evans trio. The mystery—why such a group should make it at *Expo* while better local outfits were ignored—was soon resolved. We were headed for a surprise, and this materialized in the person of Tony Scott, whose plane had been so delayed that he had only reached the theater during the opening number.

Part of jazz folklore is the story of the famous musician, booked for some prestigious event, who never met his accompanists before the actual performance. This night was the second occasion on which I have seen this happen. Scott played *Blues for Charlie Parker*, *Lover Man* and a minor blues in 6/8. He had never appeared here before, and it would be unfair to judge him under these conditions, except to say that he seemed more concerned with mannerisms than with content. Matthewson took a fine solo on the last number.

And so to Brubeck. His style has changed little over the years, but the present quartet differs from the old because Alan Dawson, an alert and sharp-witted drummer, and bassist Jack Six keep a close musical watch on Brubeck and follow him wherever he wanders. If he had received this support from earlier accompanists he might by now have broken through into something really interesting. As it is, one admires him for not sounding like every other pianist who emerged in the 1950s, but still is forced to admit that much of what he plays impresses more in its implications than in actual execution, quite apart from the fact that he doesn't swing. Mulligan was disappointing by his own standards, and one wonders whether he is going the same way as Paul Desmond, whose involvement seemed to deteriorate in his years with the group.

Among the tunes played were *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, *Jumping Bean*, *Basin Street Blues* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Best solos from both Brubeck and Mulligan came on a slow blues: Brubeck eventually went into his chordal thing, but not before he had shown that he can play gentle, melodic phrases which are genuinely appealing. 



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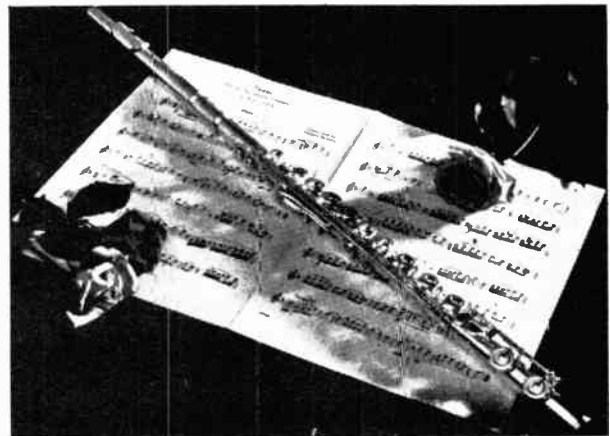
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SOLO HORN (A) by Don Erjavic. 16: 5 sax; 4 tp; 4 tb; p (g); b, d. Written for Doc Severinsen concert at Cerritos College. Range of solo tp to E (d concert). Slow ballad with very modern chord background mm 80 in 4/4. Space for tp improvisations; also contains 8 bars of sax soli and rhythm only. (PT 4 1/2') MW 145 . . . \$10/\$6.66

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BIG JINKS (M) by Bob Tilles. 9: vb, mrrmba, xylo (playable by wind instruments if transposed); chimes (or bells); bgo (or cga); tym; b,g,d. Moderate jazz original, 16 bars. Basle style intro, 1st chorus all melody, 2nd chorus open for any solos, followed by perc solos for 32 bars, then repeat to 1st chorus. (PT 5') MW 210 . . . \$6.50/\$4.33

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THE THIRD ANNUAL FAMOUS Arrangers Clinic is set for two weeks at the University of Nevada (Las Vegas) beginning June 20. Marty Paich is again the Clinic Director and Billy Byers, Wes Hensel, Dan Haerle and Phil Moon constitute the regular faculty. The guest faculty members (who will attend for one or more days) include such arrangers as Dee Barton, Henry Mancini, Mel Torme, Quincy Jones. As in past years, the FAC and the University of Nevada offer a two-hour credit course for music educators who attend the two-week session.

Ken Morris, president of the National Stage Band Camps, Inc., the parent organization of FAC and the Summer Jazz Clinics, has announced the details of two of the five 1971 Summer Jazz Clinics. They will be held May 30-June 5 at the University of Oklahoma (Norman) and Aug. 8-14 at Illinois State University (Normal), which will be the midwest location instead of prior host Milliken University. Morris stated that Leon Breeden and Herb Patnoe would continue as directors for the 1971 season and that sites and dates for other areas would be announced shortly.

Paul Guerrero, head of jazz studies at Southern Methodist University (Dallas) and a percussion clinician for Sonor drums, announced that the SMU jazz program for the current semester will feature a composition for big band, *The Vulcan Mind Probe*, by Jac Murphy. Last semester, Jack

Petersen's *Uptight* was similarly featured (the score was published in the Feb. 5, 1970 db).

Leon Breeden, head of lab band at North Texas State University (Denton) has accepted a invitation to judge ensembles at next summer's Montreux Jazz Festival, which will feature high school jazz groups for the first time. Breeden's One O'Clock band will perform at the Southwest College Jazz Festival at the University of Texas (Austin) March 13. The small jazz ensemble from Texas Southern University Ensemble which performed at the 1970 National College Jazz Festival, will also play at the SCJF.

Campus Ad Lib: Joe Morello's new group (Rich Matteson, bass trumpet, euphonium; Lou Marini, reeds; Jack



Petersen, guitar; John Monaghan, bass) made its first college appearance Dec. 1 at North Texas State University's Small Combo Concert . . . Johnny Woods, who leads a rehearsal band at the University of Stockholm, has received support for increased concert activity and more big band courses . . . Saxophonist-composer Ed Snmmerlin's newest work, *Bless This World*, featuring brass, chorus, organ, jazz trio, projectors, narration and baritone soloist, was performed Nov. 8 at Vassar College and Nov. 22 at the United Church on the Green in New Haven, Conn. Sum-

merlin also received a \$750 grant recently from the New York Council on the Arts' Composer-in-Performance program . . . Walter Blanton, head of jazz studies at the University of Kentucky (Lexington) had one of his three jazz combos (he also has two lab bands) chosen by the State Department for a week's tour of Ecuador. Personnel of the group: Jack Lowther, alto sax, flute; Tim Jennens, piano; Rusty White, bass, and Michael Thompson, drums . . . The Berklee College of Music faculty packed New England Life Hall's 1,000 seats for an evening of inspired jazz that featured Herb Pomeroy, trumpet; Phil Wilson, trombone; John LaPorta, clarinet; Andy McGhee, tenor sax; Ray Santisi, piano; Major Holley, bass, and Ted Pease, drums . . . Norman Fagan, Executive Director of the West Virginia Arts and Humanities Council, has been named Director of Education for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing arts . . . Ron Modell, jazz studies chairman at Northern Illinois University (DeKalb) presided over the first NIU jazz concert of the season Nov. 6. The concert featured the NIU big band plus Modell, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Frank Hill, alto sax, and J. B. Floyd, piano, organ . . . On April 6, during the West Coast Music Educator's National Conference at San Diego, Oliver Nelson will conduct Jack Wheaton's jazz lab band in a performance of *The Kennedy Dream*. Also on the program during the conference will be Dr. William Fowler in a jazz guitar clinic, and Ladd McIntosh leading his new jazz lab band from the Univ. of Utah.



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(Continued from page 11)

Sunday session for the New York Hot Jazz Society at the Village Vanguard. Personnel: Oliver, Charles Sullivan, trumpets; Candy Ross, Benny Morton, trombones; Budd Johnson, reeds; Chris Woods, alto sax; Cliff Smalls, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Don Lamond, drums; Lil Clark, Buddy Smith, vocals. Oliver's band followed an interesting group at the Riverboat led by pianist Hal Serra, with Bobby Zottola, trumpet; Bill Watrous, trombone; Carmen Leggio, alto, tenor, clarinet; Howie Collins, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass, and Maurice Mark, drums, plus vocalist Stormy Winters . . . Cannonball Adderley's Quintet squeezed a lot of activity into two November days: a history of jazz concert-lecture at Wagner College on Staten Island, an appearance on NBC's *Today* show the following morning, and a double concert at Brooklyn's Academy of Music that night . . . Also seen on *Today* in November was Rahsaan Roland Kirk, with his regular group and guests Teddy Wilson and Dicky Wells. Rahsaan also played the Village Vanguard, following violinist John Blair . . . Back from European tours: Sun Ra and company, and Clifford Thornton . . . An all-star benefit, the *African Arts Festival*, produced by Cal Massey, took place at Rockland Palace Nov. 22. Among the participants were groups led by Freddie Hubbard, Jackie McLean, and Carlos Garnett; the Master Brotherhood, and a group including Lee Morgan, Archie Shepp, Walter Davis Jr., Bob Cunningham, Michael Shepherd, and singer Joe Lee Wilson. The latter recently did a live show for Channel 13, and also appeared at a Thanksgiving Day concert at Columbia University with Monty Waters, alto sax; Cunningham, and Rashied Ali, congas . . . Mary Lou Williams' opening at the Cookery was a swinging success. Owner of the restaurant at University Place and 8th St. is Barney Josephson, formerly of Cafe Society Downtown and Uptown, where Miss Williams often worked. She and bassist Michael Fleming will be on hand through Jan. 2 . . . Zoot Sims continues at the Half Note. Al Cohn subbed for the tenorist on the night of his marriage. The new Mrs. Sims is secretary to Clinton Daniel of the *New York Times* . . . Bertha Hope, widow of Elmo Hope, plays solo piano weeknights at Mickell's, 95th&Columbus, with Bobby Timmons and Sam Jones taking over on weekends . . . The Needle's Eye, 7 Ninth Ave., has Thursday through Sunday music, provided in recent weeks by pianists Valerie Capers, Horace Parlan, and Monty Alexander, with guitarist Rudy Stevenson the Dec. 17-20 attraction . . . Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble was at Brooklyn's Blue Coronet . . . Grant Green held forth at the Blue Book in Harlem, and Freddie Hubbard's group played the Club Baron . . . Trumpeter Jesse Drakes, once a long-time Lester Young sideman, heads the house combo at the Ali Baba on First Ave. . . Tenorist Billy Mitchell was at the Steer Inn in Freeport . . . Roy Eldridge continues to pack 'em in at Jimmy Ryans, with Bobby

Pratt, trombone; Joe Muranyi, clarinet, soprano sax; Claude Hopkins, piano, and Oliver Jackson, drums. The trumpeter recorded an album of original compositions for Master Jazz Records in late November, with Benny Morton, Budd Johnson, Nat Pierce, Tommy Bryant, and Oliver Jackson . . . Sunday afternoon sessions at Your Father's Mustache, run by bassist-tubaist Red Balaban, have recently featured trombonist Buddy Morrow, clarinetist-soprano saxist Kenny Davern, clarinetist Bobby Gordon, pianist Dick Wellstood, and drummers Marcus Foster and Buzzy Drootin . . . Four top-rank pianists joined in concert at Judson Hall Nov. 28 to pay tribute to the memories of Bud Powell, Sonny Clark, and Elmo

Hope. They were Barry Harris, Cedar Walton, Bobby Timmons, and Walter Davis, Jr. The Sunday prior, Bill Lee's Bass Choir performed at the hall . . . Larry Coryell brought a group to Slugs' the last week of November and did the Village Gate Dec. 15-20 . . . The Herman Foster Trio was at the Pussy Cat . . . Roy Ayers was at the East Village In . . . Monty Waters led a group at Pee Wee's . . . Jim Hall and Ron Carter pulled strings at the Guitar . . . Jimmy Owens and Andrew Hill were featured on *Soul*, a weekly one-hour show on Channel 5 . . . Bill Evans began a five-week stay at Top of the Gate in mid-November. On Dec. 22, Junior Mance took over for three . . . Tyrone Washington, with

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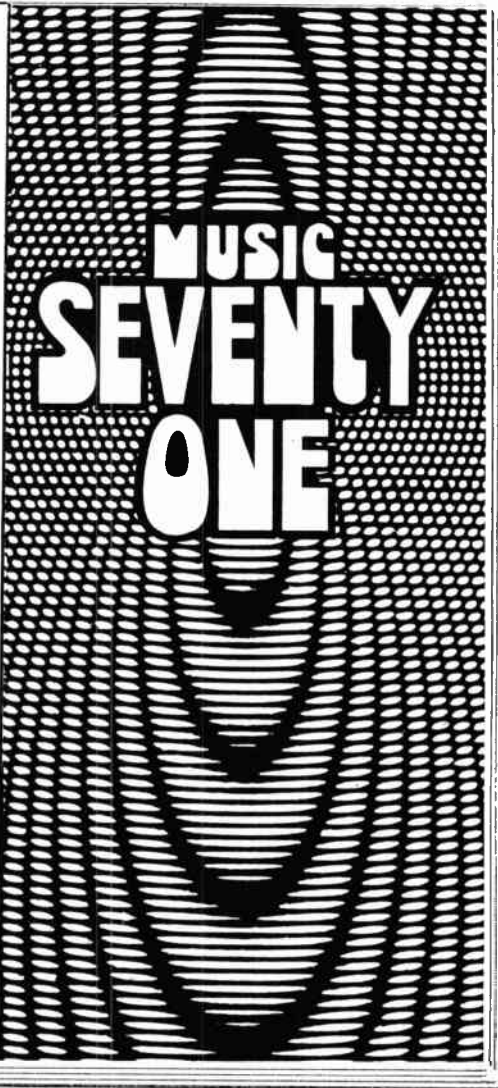
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Richard Davis, bass, and **Lenny White**, drums, plus Master Brotherhood and Carlos Garnett and the **Universal Black Force**, played at a benefit for a child care center in Brooklyn Nov. 27-28.

Los Angeles: Strange goings on during the recording of *The Swing Era*, a Time-Life project re-creating the big band sound of the '30s and '40s. **Trummy Young** was summoned from Hawaii to record a **Jimmie Lunceford**-type date, but **Gerald Wilson**, who also played with Lunceford and lives right in Los Angeles never got called. In a similar mental lapse, producer **Dave Cavanaugh** and conductor **Billy May** had **Bud Brisbois** re-create **Pete Candoli's** solo on the Woody Herman classic, *Northwest Passage*. Who was sitting next to Brisbois for the updated session? Of course: **Pete Candoli!** . . . Congratulations to **Patti Allen**, **Don Ellis'** vocalist. She became Mrs. Clement Burton November 30 in Seattle . . . Apologies to **Tillie Mitchell**. A recent issue of **down beat** implied that her four young charges, the **Chick Corea** Quartet, known collectively as **Circle**, were operating out of San Francisco. Their manager, Mrs. Mitchell, has let it be known that Circle has but one address, her Hollywood office: 6151 Sunset Blvd. That is particularly for the benefit of fans contacted by Corea regarding his workshops . . . Gospel singer **Bessie Griffin** is not progressing too well following major surgery. She is at Doctors Hospital in Los Angeles . . . **Bobby Davis** is now holding forth at the Pied Piper, with **Joe Comfort**, bass; **John Pickens**, drums . . . Female jazz violinist **Ginger Smoock** filled part of the void at the Parisian Room left by jazz violinist **Johnny Creach's** tour with the **Jefferson Airplane** . . . **Thelma Houston** played P.J.'s for one week . . . Singer **Keisa Brown** opened at the Club Libra, backed by the **Eddie Kahn Trio**, with **Karen Hernandez** on piano . . . The **Chambers Brothers** made one of their rare appearances at the Forum, in Inglewood. On the same bill were **Country Joe McDonald** and **Pacific Gas and Electric** . . . **Abbey Lincoln** is now at **Redd Foxx's** for an indefinite engagement, backed by the **Phil Wright Trio** . . . **Les McCann** was whispering more than he was roaring during his recent gig at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**. The cause: a strained throat. Others in his combo: **Jimmy Rowser**, bass; **Donald Dean**, drums; **Buck Clarke**, congas . . . Nocturne Records is continuing its monthly presentation of artists at **Donte's** for one-nighters. The first one was **Richard Boone**; the most recent was **Irene Kral** . . . **Don Randi** has decided to give **Donte's** a little competition. He opened a club in North Hollywood called the **Baked Potato**. The last club that tried to steal **Donte's** thunder (**Ellis Island**) is now an "amateur strip night" joint known at **Little Hobbit** . . . **Charles Lloyd** and his six-piece "outlaw band" (whatever that means) did a one-night concert at **La Verne College** in **Pomona**. Lloyd is set to embark on a European tour early in 1971 . . . **Louis Jordan** just returned from a Far

East tour. Incidentally, Louis has three Houston brothers in his organization: **John Houston**, piano; **Clarence Houston**, drums; **Leonard Houston**, tenor sax . . . **Kenny "Pancho" Hagood** had his option picked up for the fourth time at **Schrafft's** . . . The **Ernie Watts** Quartet, known as **The Encounter**, are at the **Citadel d'Haiti** in Hollywood on Wednesdays—**Watts** is on reeds; **Pete Robinson**, piano; **Bruce Cale**, bass; **Bob Morin**, drums . . . Line up at the **Hong Kong Bar** looks impressive into the new year: **Joe Williams** followed the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** for the Christmas and New Year holidays; **Lionel Hampton** will open Jan. 18; **Teddy Wilson** will open Feb. 15 . . . **Ron Anthony** has put a concert package together that he debuted at the **Smoke House** in **Encino**: **Mike Melvojn**, piano; **Anthony**, guitar and vocals (the latter a new departure); **Gene Cherico**, bass; **Joe Porcaro**, drums; **Melba Joye** (nee Moore), vocals . . . **Lightnin' Hopkins** played **The Ash Grove** for ten days. Jazz violinist **Don "Sugar Cane" Harris** followed for one week . . . The **Wilshire Ebell Theater** presented a special one night Dixieland concert with **Johnny Guarnieri** occupying the first half of the show; then joining **Matty Matlock**, clarinet; **Ray Leatherwood**, bass; and **Nick Fatool**, drums, for the second half . . . **Ron Goings's Crescent Bay Jazz Band** presented *New Orleans Jazz On A Sunday Afternoon* during a recent Sunday afternoon at the **El Segundo—Westchester Moose Hall** . . . Another traditional bash took place at the **University Club of Pasadena**. **Dr. William McPherson** an obstetrician who digs Dixieland (the "birth pangs" of jazz), presented his third annual "party" under the auspices of his organization, **The Blue Angel Jazz Club**. Among the 30 musicians he hired were: **Joe Venuti**, violin; **Red Norvo**, vibes; **Flip Phillips**, tenor sax; **Johnny Guarnieri**, piano; **Peanuts Hucko**, clarinet; and **Gene Estes'** big band.

Chicago: **Ramsey Lewis** followed **Herbie Hancock's** Sextet into the **London House** for a three-week stand. Lewis interrupted his first week to play a concert in **Milwaukee**, gave way Christmas week to the house band, the **Audrey Morris Trio**, then returned for an additional week through and including **New Year's Eve**. With Lewis were bassist **Cleveland Eaton** and drummer **Morris Jennings**. Guitarist **Phil Upchurch** left the group to take up residence in **Los Angeles**. **James Moody** will follow Lewis—his first appearance as a leader at the popular nitery . . . Among the musicians who performed at the **Festival of Stars** portion of **Black Expo** (the **Second Annual Black Minorities Business and Cultural Exposition** held at the **International Amphitheatre**): **Shirley Scott**, the **Staple Singers**, and local pianist-organist **Donny Hathaway** . . . Rock artists of all persuasions continued to emote at various sites: **The Syndrome** featured **Trafic**, **The Grateful Dead**, **Rod Stewart** and **Small Faces**, **Elvin Bishop**, **Ten Years After** and **Skid Row** while **Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention**, **Elton**

John, John Sebastian, **Chuck Berry**, **Bo Diddley**, and **John Lee Hooker**, among others, cavorted at the **Auditorium Theatre**. **Chase** did three nights at **Let It Be**, a new **South Side club** . . . Former **Earl Hines** vocalist **Clea Bradford** was the **Playboy Club Penthouse** attraction for two weeks in **November** . . . **Aretha Franklin** made her first local appearance since her return to the scene with a **Auditorium Theatre** concert . . . **Alice's Revisited**, normally a folk haven, featured pianist **Richard Abrams**, tenorist **Maurice McIntyre** and other members of the **Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians** on a recent weekend. The **AACM** big band performs every Monday night at the **Pumpkin Room**, 2023 E. 71st St. . . . Pianist **Horace Parlan**, with bassist **Wilbur Ware** and drummer **Walter Perkins**, did a two-nighter at the **Apartment** with **Sonny Seals** guesting on tenor . . . **Lionel Hampton** brought his septet to **Ruggles** for a one-nighter . . . The **Melan-Forrest Stage Group**, a 21-piece rock ensemble boasting former sidemen from the **Chicago Civic Orchestra** and the bands of **Woody Herman** and **Oliver Nelson**, was to have made its **Chicago** debut in a split-bill with the **Mothers of Invention** in their recent concert. They didn't, and instead were relegated to an afternoon rehearsal show for the press, promoters, etc. Reports say the group would have stolen the **Mothers'** thunder had they been allowed to perform the evening concert as scheduled. The group includes five brass, three reeds, and five strings . . . **Pete Fountain** brought his eight-piece group into the **Mill Run Theater** for a one-nighter. Tenorist **Eddie Miller** was aboard . . . The **Gallery Musical Ensemble** (**Jose Williams**, soprano sax, clarinet; **Wesley McClendon**, alto sax, flute, bass horn; **Gene Scott**, bass; **Billy Mitchell**, electric bass; **Bobby Miller**, drums) did a concert at **Chicago Teachers College** Nov. 13 . . . Drummer **Billy James**, down for a time with double pneumonia, is reportedly recovered and back on the scene.

San Francisco: The **Count Basie** band was the biggest draw so far in the **Hotel Claremont's** influx of name orchestras. Personnel: **Paul Cohen**, **Sonny Cohn**, **Wayman Reed**, **Pete Mingur**, trumpets; **Steve Galloway**, **Mel Wanzo**, **John Watson**, **Bill Hughes**, trombones; **Bill Atkins**, **Eddie Davis**, **John Williams**, **Eric Dixon**, **Bobby Plater**, reeds; **Freddie Green**, guitar; **Norman Keenan**, bass; **Harold Jones**, drums, and rava avis **Mary Stallings**, a big band singer who is all of that. A two-concert gig Oct. 24, followed by a concert at **Ignacio High School** Oct. 26 . . . **Sarah Vaughan**, in for a week at **Basin Street West** Oct. 17, backed by **Jan Hammer**, piano; **Gene Perla**, bass. **Jimmy Cobb**, drums, had to cancel out midway due to illness . . . Also in a **S.F. hospital** was **Thelonious Monk** after his **Jazz Workshop** engagement Oct. 13-27, with **Paul Jeffries**, tenor saxophone; **Pat Smith**, bass; **Lenny McBrowne**, drums. In for two weeks Oct. 27 was the **Sonny Blimm** trio. **Sonny** (a lady), organ; **Bob Drew**, alto; **Ed Smith**, drums . . . **Dixie** is

scheduled at Mandrake's on every Wed. of November with the Golden Age Jazz Band: Bob Mielke, trombone; Bob Helms, reeds; Dick Oxtot, banjo; Ray Skjelbred, piano; Pete Allen, bass; Bill McGinnis, drums. Pianist Vince Guaraldi's quartet was there Oct. 16-18: Vinee Denham, tenor; Kogi Katuhe, bass; Mike

Clarke, drums . . . Cal Tjader in at El Matador following Gabor Szabo's Oct. 6-20 run. With Szabo were John Rae, vibes; Wolfgang Melz, bass; John Dance, drums . . . No lack of good Latin-jazz in S.F. Benny Valardo's octet are regulars at Ceasar's Club: Ron Smith, trumpet; Jules Rowell, trombone; Fabio Ponce,

tenor sax; Phil Ayala, piano; Tony Juncal, bass; Willie Colon, conga; Tito Garcia, vocals; Valarde on timbales. The Escovedo brothers (Coke, drums; Mike, conga) have Jules Rowell, trombone; Bob Ferreira, tenor sax; Jim Young, piano; Stewart MacCain, bass, at Union West weekends . . . Jack's at Sutter Street had

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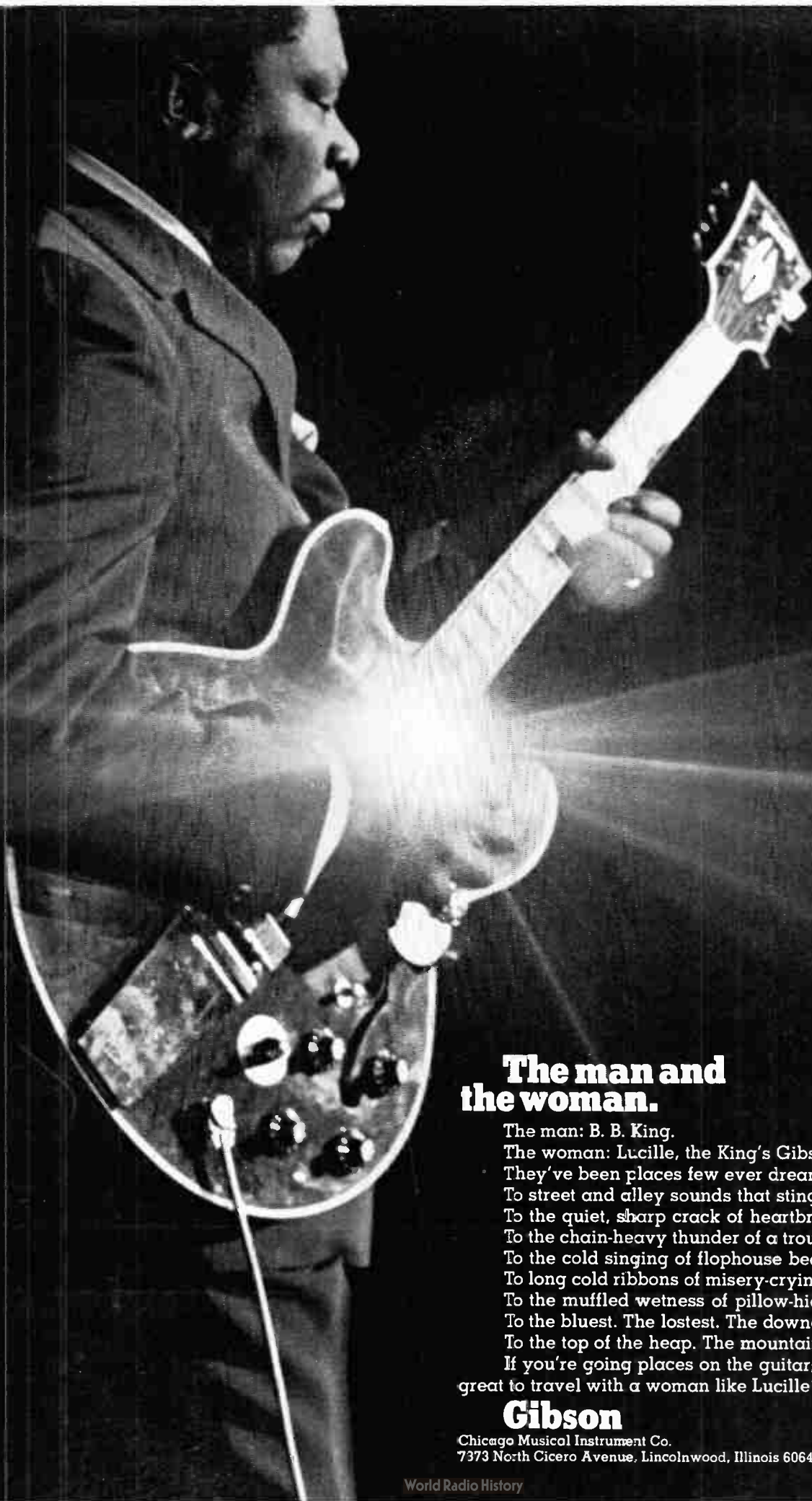
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Groove Holmes and protege Hubert Powell on organs; Thornell Schwartz, guitar; and Jerome Nelson, drums, for the month of October . . . The Both/And had a double bill of vibist Bobby Hutcherson's new quintet (Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Art Lande, piano; Rafael Garrett, bass; Lee Charlton, drums) and the Chick Corea Quartet (Anthony Braxton, alto; Dave Holland, bass; Barry Altschul, drums) Oct. 17-24. Les McCann came in Oct. 29 with Jimmy Rowser, bass; Don Dean, drums; Buck Clarke, percussion. McCann's Both/And gig was temporarily interrupted by his appearance at the Harding Theatre's Jazz Marathon Oct. 30-Nov. 1. Non-stop jazz-rock from 8 p.m. Friday until Sunday midnight. Hutcherson's quintet, Rafael Garrett's Circus, and McCann were the hard core of jazz, fringed by a horde of local jazz and rock groups, among them the Light Show Dimension, Cold Steel Brawling Company, Cleveland Wrecking Company, Black Light Explosion, and other exotica . . . Recent guests with the Laney College Jazz Ensemble under Elo D'Amante were Herb Ellis and Frank Rosolino, with Ray Brown scheduled for a November gig with a band loudly touted by local professionals. Youths with a veteran texture to their playing . . . The Bill Bell sextet played an Oct. 22 concert at the Oakland Auditorium with the Oakland Symphony . . . Vibist Lee Schipper, whose combo won the 1967 Notre Dame Jazz Festival, has returned from his annual European trip. He played with Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin while there, and is forming a quartet with Ted Curson, trumpet; Peter Marshall, bass, and a yet unchosen drummer . . . Congaist Armando Peraza headed for New York and Mongo Santamaria . . . Jules Broussard, alto sax, with organist Chester Thomson and drummer Fred Casey, is backing singer Rhonda Davies at the Off-Plaza. A good jazz quartet.

Detroit: Jazz activity abounds with the opening of two new clubs and the conversion of another. Strata, one of the new clubs, debuted with the Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor sax; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Archie Taylor, drums) and followed with another local group, Sphere (Eddie Muccilli, trumpet; Larry Nozero, saxes; Keith Vreeland, piano; John Dana, bass; Jim Paluso, drums). The other new club, Ibo, opened with the McCoy Tyner Quartet (Byard Lancaster, saxes, flute; Tyner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums). Freddie Hubbard and Roy Haynes were tentatively set to follow. The Mozambique, formerly a rock haven, featured Art Blakey's Quintet (Bill Hardman, trumpet; Ramon Norris, tenor sax; Don Smith, piano; Izo Shamkura, bass; Blakey, drums), with sitters-in including trumpeter Marcus Belgrave and vocalist Roz Ryan . . . The house band at the Black Horse Lounge consists of James Ulmer, guitar; Ed Pickens, bass, and Allen Colding, drums . . . The John Hair Quintet, long a mainstay at the Bluebird,

has moved to Odom's Cave . . . Pianist Keith Vreeland leads a trio at the Blue Chip . . . Soul Expression #2 has an all-week after-hours policy and recently featured the Lost Poets . . . Pianist Claude Black and bassist Dedrick Glover have brought jazz to Wayne Walker's Steak House . . . The Ram's Head features the Municipal Orgone Trio (Lyman Woodward, organ; Ron English, bass; Danny Spencer, drums) . . . Baker's Keyboard recently spotlighted the Quartet Tres Bien and among coming events is a benefit for drummer Earl (Smams) McKinney, who is recovering from an arm injury, and a concert by the Detroit Federation of Musicians and Detroit Orchestra Leaders Association. Headlining the McKinney benefit will be Beans Bowles and the Swinging Dashikis, the Creative Profiles (Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Sam Sanders, tenor sax; Harold McKinney, piano; Ed Pickens, bass; Jimmy Allen, bass), the Donald Townes Big Band, Matrix, the Contemporary Jazz Quintet and many others.

Dallas: Conductor Anshel Brusilow instituted a bold and unique dimension into the concerts of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra this fall with the addition of a jazz rhythm section and creation of "The Dallas Sound." The repertoire consists of current pop, rock and jazz selections, scored especially for the full DSO complement but structured to retain their original identity by Wilford Holcombe of Trenton, N.J. The "sound" is used primarily as an adjunct to the DSO's outdoor concert series and most recently featured Lou Rawls as guest soloist. Personnel of the rhythm section are Jack Petersen, guitar; Al Wesar, Fender bass, and Paul Guerrero, drums . . . Trumpeter Hugh Masekela presented his new group, The Union of South Africa, to Texas audiences in early November, appearing at Prairie View A&M, Trinity University of San Antonio and at Dallas' Central Forest Club . . . All three existing campuses of the Dallas County Junior College district now have laboratory jazz bands, with Francis Osentowski in charge of the three year-old program at downtown El Centro College, Jack Stone at Eastfield and Russ Benzamin at Mountain View, representing the suburban campuses which opened this fall. Plans for a full-scale jazz festival for high school and junior college combos and big bands have been announced for Mt. View in April, with negotiations now under way for visiting clinicians, soloists and performing groups . . . Count Basie played a one-nighter at the Losers Club followed by Jackie Wilson for two nights . . . The Alta Vista Club reportedly has become the latest of Dallas' supper clubs to switch to a rock entertainment format . . . Old friend Tex Beneke surprised the Mod-ernaires during one of their Hyatt House shows and wound up sharing the stage for an impromptu hour of nostalgia . . . Dallas one-nighters through the fall: Eric Clapton's new group, Derek and the Dominos, Three Dog Night, and the Fifth Dimension.



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