JULY 11, 1968 35c

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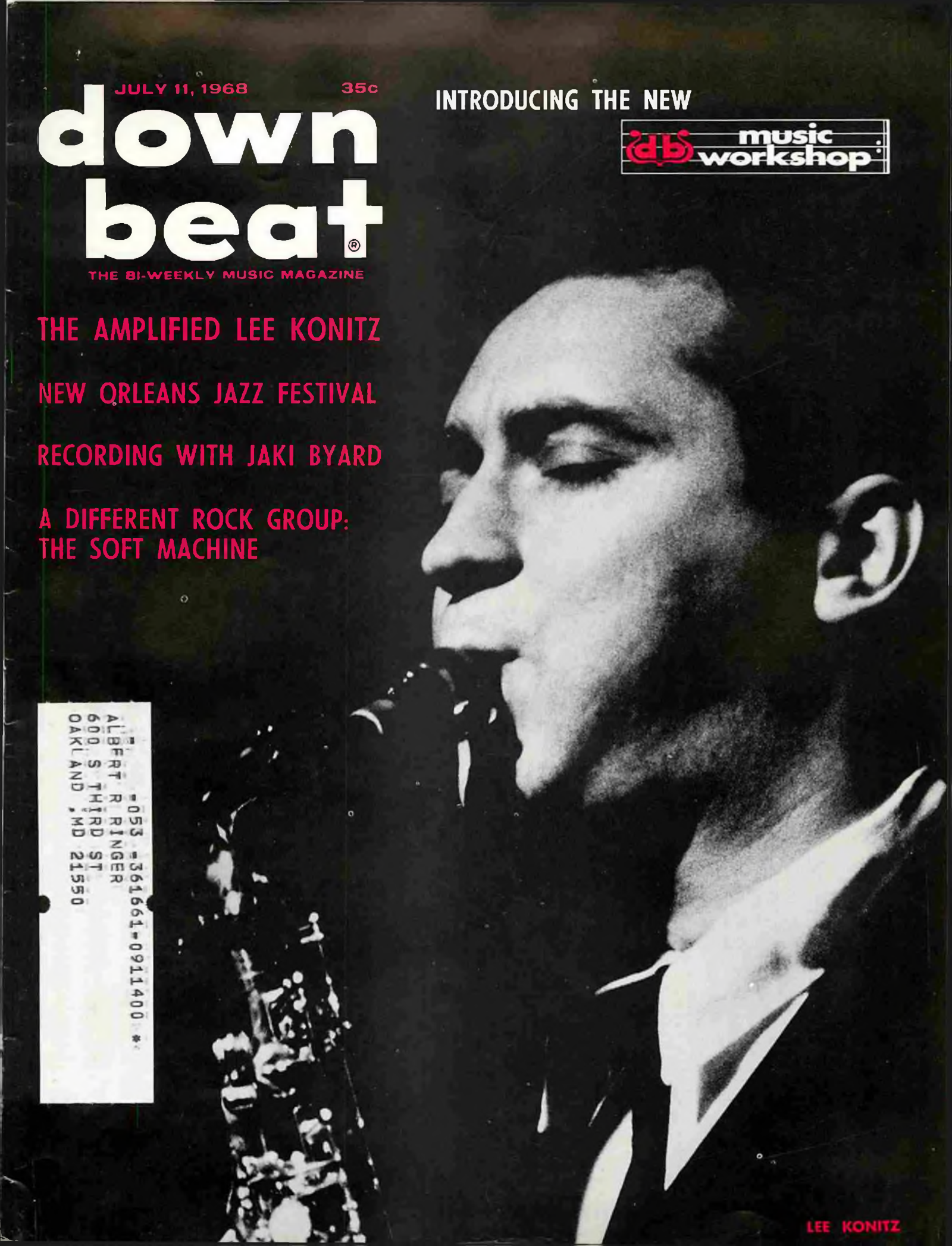

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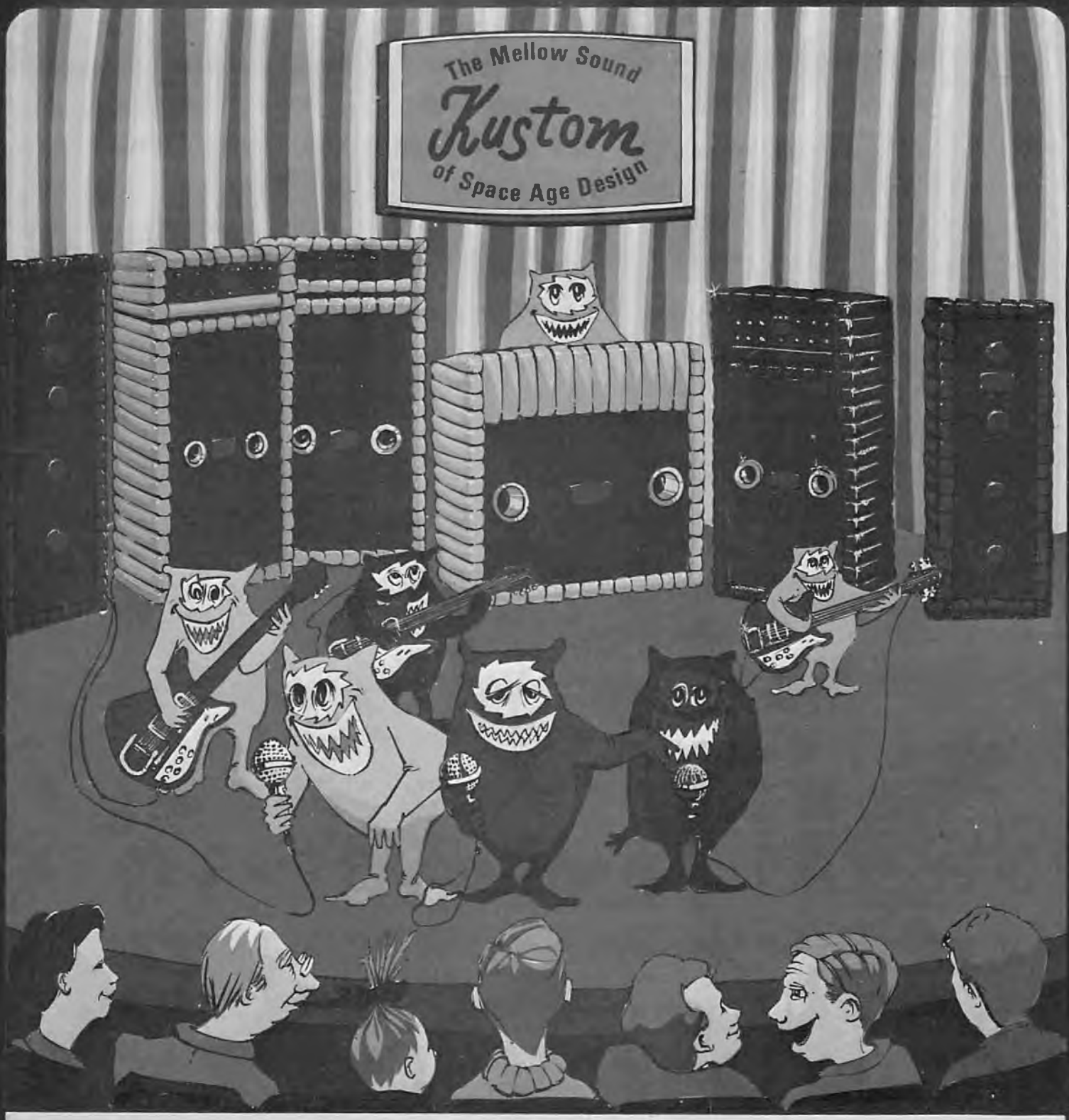

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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IN THIS SPACE last issue, we outlined some of the additives that are going into the *Down Beat* bag. Most of the emphasis will be on making the pages of *Down Beat* pragmatically useful as well as well read. We want you to feel that your copy of *Down Beat* is an essential accessory to your playing or writing. We thank you for now having it on your reading table or library shelf but it will belong more on your music rack (it does fold back easily) or in your traveling case for ready reference.

There are quite a number of good musicians (in addition to our own staff) who will be telling you in these pages of their concepts, methods, and music.

For arranging and the theories that go with it, you will hear from Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, Manny Albam, Ralph Mutchler, John LaPorta, Dave Baker, Henry Mancini, and the like. Instrumental methods and analysis will come from Cannonball Adderley, Phil Wilson, Ron Carter, Ed Shaughnessy, Marian McPartland, Alan Dawson, Johnny Smith . . . just to drop a few names at random.

To be specific, there is scheduled for upcoming issues: How To Comp by Marian McPartland; Improvisational Techniques by David Baker; Sight Reading Skills by John LaPorta—and so on for every issue.

What will the music cover? Ah, there. Let's see if we communicate. Yes, we will cover jazz, of course . . . and whatever there is in pop, boogaloo, rock, folk, blues, or whatever *your* word description is of what is significant and lasting music. We will not get hung up on terms.

Jazz itself is troublesomely eclectic. Each generation (5 to 10 years is a "music generation") gives its own name to its own thing. Jazz means (or meant) ragtime, Swing, rhythm & blues, bebop, cool, protest, soul, funk, Dixieland, trad, etc. We could say as a magazine voice that "Contemporary American Music" is the best word umbrella. But what about the musical masochist who insists that John Cage and the random noise school merits the same title?

Point. We have a responsibility to communicate to as many of you who read what is happening in our music today. If the labels take on different meanings (and language always evolves) then let us both pay careful attention to the music itself. For the long pull, what's in the music for you—and us—is the most important thing. db

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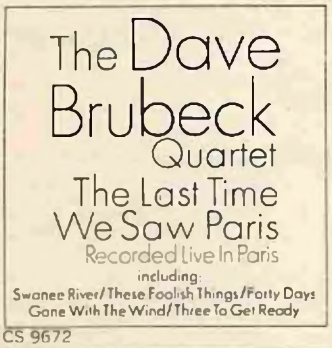

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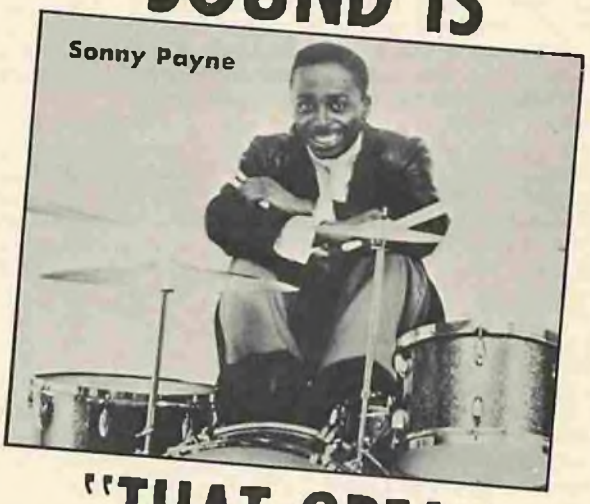

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Ellis Elucidates

Regarding Leonard Feather's column *Jim Crow Flies West* (*DB*, May 30):

> "If Gerald Wilson, Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, Benny Carter and a dozen other such leaders have no difficulty in organizing thoroughly integrated orchestras for clubs and concerts or for studio work, why do men like Mike Barone, Don Ellis, Tommy Vig fail to respond in kind? Why, indeed, did they not take the initiative?"

When I first moved to Los Angeles and formed my band I wanted to have an integrated band because I believe in the principle of integration. I realized that it would be harder to find black musicians than white in this town, so I deliberately made up a list of all the black musicians that I knew of (including nearly every musician on Leonard's list and some not on it) and called them *first*.

Some started with the band and later dropped out (for their own reasons) and others were *too busy* gigging to make what at that time was a no-bread rehearsal band. I filled the other chairs solely on the basis of good musicianship, availability and interest.

As anyone of any race who knows me well can tell you, I have always been concerned with doing everything that I could to break down any barriers between black and white, and I do not want any misunderstandings as to where I stand. Leonard and I had discussed this in detail once but he had forgotten it at the time he wrote the article.

One thing that really disturbs me, though, is that while there are several excellent black players in town (Leonard's list is a good one) that can play anything, these are the first string players. Where are the second string players?

When I have an opening in either of my bands (I have a Youth or so-called "B" band, too) I always talk to guys like Bill Green and Buddy Collette and ask if there are any new outstanding black musicians coming up. Their answers are nearly always negative and they usually end up recommending white players.

When rehearsal bands are looking for players, the first string men (of any color) are usually too busy and so it is the second string guys that get called.

The fact that there appear to be no second string black players could account for the fact that these rehearsal bands are mostly white.

I think that something needs to be done to encourage the young black players to get involved in big band playing. Nearly every great jazz musician has come out of the big bands—the discipline acquired there proves invaluable in the long run (look at Louis, Bird, Diz, Getz, Pres, Hawk, Zoot and on and on).

If anyone has any good ideas on how to accomplish this, I wish he would write to me at 5436 Auckland Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif. 91601.

Don Ellis

Chaloff's Message

Every once in a while, a jazz idea comes through to the listener, right to that inner self where he lives. Martin Williams' column on Serge Chaloff (*DB*, May 16) affected me in this manner. Williams is to be congratulated on capturing the essence of Chaloff's message, at least as far as this listener is concerned.

Williams said that the late baritonist's album, *Boston Blowup*, is a rare album; it is also rare in a beautiful, sad way. To any listener who gets a chance to hear it, I should like to recommend Chaloff's work on *Body and Soul*. Here is a man reaching out beyond years and trends in style. . . .

One wonders how the baritonist—with an almost verbal language on his horn—would have reacted to the developments in jazz during the last 10 years. Perhaps I am alone in this, but I sometimes hear echoes of such lyricism amidst the fire of Charles Lloyd, and of such verbalism amidst the playing of the late John Coltrane.

Thanks to Martin Williams for his article and for the well-chosen quotes from the essay of Jean Dumas-Delage. I have featured the music of Serge Chaloff on two radio jazz series, and am now planning another hour of his music in an upcoming series. Chaloff should not be forgotten.

Roger D. Priest
WLFI-TV
Lafayette, Ind.

The Dance Of Life

The superb article *Barnstorming Days:* Sandy Williams tells his life story to Stanley Dance (*DB*, April 4), certainly deserves special praise in your generally excellent and interesting publication.

It is my privilege to be counted among Sandy Williams' friends for over 20 years, and I know very well all the tough breaks that came his way during a certain period. I find in the write-up all the warmth, honesty and sympathetic outlook on life which makes Sandy Williams such a lovable human being. Again, Stanley Dance —who in my opinion is the top man for this kind of work—has succeeded in picturing the artist exactly as he is. . . .

Johnny Simmen
Zurich, Switzerland

Not Impressed

Being a *Down Beat* reader for some years, I have read many letters in this column, some serious and some amusing. May I say, however, that Valdo Williams' letter to Harvey Pekar (*DB*, May 30) is the most conceited series of self-adulations that I've ever seen in print.

Martin P. Skrocki
Maspeth, N.Y.

Correction

Carmen McRae was great at the Walt Harper Workshop in Pittsburgh, as reported (*Ad Lib*, April 18). However, she was not on anywhere near the 90 minutes that Roy Kohler reported. It was more like 40.

Arnold Jay Samuels
Bethany, W. Va.

P.S. You have a great magazine.

Gibson, the workingman's guitar.

Barney Kessel & Gibson at work for Contemporary Records.

LINEUPS ANNOUNCED BY BIG SUMMER FESTIVALS

The jazz festival season, already well under way, will reach its first plateau when the Newport cornucopia spills out July 4 through 7. The program has been finalized and lines up as follows:

July 4 at 8 p.m.: Nina Simone, Cannonball Adderley, Count Basie, Gary Burton, Jim Hall and Barney Kessel, Mongo Santamaria. July 5 at 2 p.m.: Rufus Harley, Clark Terry Big Band, Elvin Jones Trio, Archie Shepp Quintet.

In the evening, the Schlitz Salute to Big Bands will offer a deep draught of nostalgia, spiced with current seasonings. On hand will be the regular bands of Basie, Duke Ellington, and Woody Herman; a special Dizzy Gillespie Alumni Band, and guest performers Charlie Barnet, Benny Carter, Erskine Hawkins, Tex Beneke, and one-time Tommy Dorsey vocalist Jack Leonard.

The Ellington band plays again the following afternoon, featuring Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter. Two other notable alto saxophonists, Sonny Criss and Vi Redd, will also be there, along with the Tal Farlow Quartet and the Montego Joe Septet.

Sunday afternoon is entirely devoted to Ray Charles, and the final evening performance will feature Ramsey Lewis, Wes Montgomery, Horace Silver, the Don Ellis Big Band, Roland Kirk, the Sound of Feeling, comedian Flip Wilson, and the winners of the Montreux Jazz Festival. For further information, contact Newport Festivals, Newport, R.I. 02840.

Randall's Island will be the scene of the Third Annual New York Jazz Festival, Aug. 17-18. (The island is located in New York City between Manhattan and Queens.)

The first night will feature Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Ahmad Jamal, Eddie Harris, Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine, Jimmy Witherspoon, and comedian Slappy White. Round two will have Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela, Mongo Santamaria, Lou Donaldson, Arthur Prysock, Jack McDuff, Witherspoon again, and Dick Gregory. Producer Teddy Powell has announced that seating capacity will be over 35,000 per performance.

The Second Annual Laurel Jazz Festival (*DB*, June 13) has been extended to three evening and one afternoon performances, Aug. 2-4. The opening night performance will be sponsored by the National Beer Co., which will present a Count Basie Award to the outstanding performer from the Washington-Baltimore area.

The program lines up as follows: Aug. 2: The Fifth Dimension, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Count Basie, Joe Williams. Aug. 3 at 2 p.m.: An all-star band led by Coleman Hawkins and including trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Joe Newman, pianist Al Haig, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Ed Shaughnessy; the 27-piece Towson State College Jazz Ensemble, led by Hank Levy. The evening performance will have Cannonball Adderley, Wes Montgomery, Thelonious Monk, Gary Burton, Herbie Mann, and the Woody Herman Band.

The final evening performance, which begins at 7 p.m. rather than at 8:30, will present Miriam Makeba, the Art Farmer-Jimmy Heath Quintet, Arthur Prysock, Jimmy Smith, Rufus Harley, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. Ticket information is available from Jazz at Laurel, Box 130, Laurel, Md. 20810. The festival is held at Laurel Race Course.

NEW JAZZ FILMS FOCUS ON MINGUS AND LLOYD

Two unusual jazz films were unveiled in May. Both are feature-length portraits in depth of a single musician, focusing on the personality as well as the music of their subjects.

Mingus, a film by Thomas Reichman,

JAN PERSSON

Charles Mingus
Portrait of the Artist

was premiered at the New Cinema Playhouse in New York City. Built around the bassist-composer's eviction from his downtown Manhattan loft in 1966, it has been highly praised by the critics. It is released by Film-makers' Distribution Center, and hopefully will be shown nation-wide, presumably in "underground" theaters in the larger cities.

Charles Lloyd: Journey Within, is an hour-long 16mm film made by Eric Sherman, a senior at Yale University. It was filmed in the U.S.A., London, Warsaw, and Prague, and was premiered at the First Yale Film Festival May 8 and 9.

Both films would appear to be good bets for screenings at the many jazz societies throughout the nation.

DOWN BEAT ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

The 28 winners of the 1968 annual *Down Beat* competition for summer scholarships to the Berklee School of Music at Boston, Mass., have been announced by *Down Beat* president John J. Maher.

The winners, chosen from numerous applicants, were selected on the basis of auditioning of submitted tape recordings, with the final judging done by the Berklee faculty.

Recipients of $200 grants for 12 weeks of study at Berklee are Bruce Smith, Jefferson, Iowa; Dennis Taitt, New York City; Richard Nichol, Merrick, N.Y.; Marc Giammarco, Newburgh, N.Y.; Jim Moore, Tampa, Fla.; Mario Colangelo, Aliquippa, Pa.; Kalvert Nelson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Stephen Gordon, Batavia, Ill.; Paul Moen, Bremerton, Wash., and Charles Elliott, West Bend, Wis.

Awarded $100 grants for six weeks of study are Robert Tremblay, Swansea, Mass.; Richard Holub, Worcester, Mass.; Don Kirby, Leominster, Mass.; David Hall, Millbury, Mass.; Steve Sacks, Marblehead, Mass.; Michael Rocke, Suitland, Md.; William Scott, North Miami, Fla.; Donald Perrilles, Peoria, Ill.; Gary Kaebitzsch, Crystal Lake, Ill.; Michael Savasta, Lake Grove, N.Y.; Peter Gordon, APO New York; Gordon Hussey, Columbia, S.C.; Philip Bunch, Hermosa Beach, Calif.; David Sykes, Fair Haven, N.J.; Bill Sonon, Temple, Penn.; Randy Navarre, Groves, Tex.; William Knipfer, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and David Johnson, Fayetteville, Ark.

CENTRAL PARK FEST OK; MUSEUM SLIGHTS JAZZ

The third season of New York City's popular Central Park Music Festival, which seemed in doubt when the original sponsor, Rheingold Beer, decided not to renew support, became a reality when another major brewery stepped into the breech.

Funds to be supplied by the F. and M. Shaeffer Brewing Co. will enable producer Ron Delsener to maintain the low ticket price of $1 and continue to hire top talent in the fields of jazz, pop, folk and ethnic music.

The 37-night 63-concert series kicks off June 27 with Count Basie's band and singer Joe Williams, and will run through Aug. 24. A special telephone number, 249-8870, has been set up for all ticket and weather information. Among the many attractions scheduled to appear are Muddy Waters, Herbie Mann, Sarah Vaughan, Ray Charles, Don Ellis, Kenny Burrell, Chico Hamilton, Duke Ellington, Nina Simone, Les McCann, Janis Ian, Moby Grape, Vanilla Fudge, Ali Akbar Khan, The Fifth Dimension, Fats Domino, B. B. King, Wes Montgomery, George Shearing, Little Rich-

ard, and Country Joe and the Fish.

Another popular Manhattan summer music program, the Museum of Modern Art's *Jazz in the Garden*, has revised its format and will no longer be presented in cooperation with this magazine, which produced successful 10-concert seasons from 1964 through 1967 for the museum.

Despite the retention of the original title, the series this year will de-emphasize jazz and is scheduled to feature various types of rock and folk music. *Down Beat* was again invited to participate, but when preliminary discussions made it apparent that jazz would be assigned only a minor role, it was decided that the series would no longer reflect the magazine's image in a positive manner, and the invitation was regretfully declined.

Ed Bland, a composer-arranger and talent manager who has been associated with Lionel Hampton and numerous blues, rhythm & blues, and rock performers, has been appointed to produce and coordinate the 1968 season, which opened June 20 and is scheduled for nine consecutive Thursdays through Aug. 22 in the Museum's Sculpture Garden. Program details were not available at presstime.

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter **Cornelius (Whitey) Myrick**, 61, died of a heart attack May 26 in Chicago, a week after returning from the New Orleans Jazz Festival, where he had appeared with Art Hodes' Chicago All Stars.

The Texas-born musician attended the University of Oklahoma and spent the early part of his career barnstorming with jazz groups in the Southwest. He later worked with Jack Teagarden and led his own bands in Detroit in the 1940s before settling in Chicago, where he often worked with Hodes.

Banjoist-guitarist-singer **George (Creole George) Guesnon**, 60, died in New Orleans May 13 after a long illness. He played with many famous New Orleans bands in the '20s, including Kid Clayton, Buddy Petit, Chris Kelly, Papa Celestin, and Bob Lyons. He recorded with Celestin's Tuxedo Orchestra, Louis Cottrell, Kid Howard, and under his own name. In 1964, Guesnon was featured in a National Educational Television series on New Orleans jazz. He composed over 100 tunes.

Allan Morrison, 51, New York editor of *Ebony* and *Jet* magazines, died May 22 after a brief illness. He had been on leave of absence since October to write a book.

Morrison, who was the first Negro to become a European correspondent for *Stars & Stripes* during World War II, often wrote about jazz and was a contributor to *Down Beat* in the 1940s. He had been editor of *People's Voice* and was a board member of the Symphony of the New World.

Beatrice Celina Armstrong, 46, sister of Louis Armstrong, was struck and killed by a car in Boutte, La. May 20. Her brother, who had been in nearby New Orleans for the jazz festival, had left town before police could notify him of his sister's death.

POTPOURRI

Guitarist **George Van Eps** suffered a heart attack May 16 and was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, Calif. Now resting comfortably at his home, the 54-year old virtuoso is making an excellent recovery, but will probably be inactive for some time.

•

Three special concerts will be presented at Festival Field in Newport this year, in addition to the jazz and folk festivals. Singer **Harry Belafonte** will appear July 20; **Andy Williams, Peter Nero,** and the **Osmond Brothers** will entertain Aug. 3, and **Herb Alpert** and the **Tijuana Brass** will wrap up the season Aug. 10.

•

The first U.S. jazz group to sign with the **Beatles'** new record company, Apple, is the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, leaving Atlantic after a long association. Apple, also a talent agency, will have offices in New York and Los Angeles.

•

The American School In Japan, based in Tokyo, now has its own 19-piece stage band, directed by **Lile Cruse.** The private school, grades 1 through 12, has an enrollment of dependents of non-military-affiliated civilians. At a recent jazz concert at the school's auditorium, the band performed charts by **Neil Hefti, Shorty Rogers, John LaPorta, Doc Severinsen,** and **Paul Galloway,** a locally stationed Air Force sergeant and arranger. 16 of the band members are girls (shades of **Ina Ray Hutton!**).

•

Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz, a Dixieland band from San Antonio, Tex., performed at the annual party of the White House Correspondents Association May 11 in Washington, D.C. President **Lyndon B. Johnson** was the guest of honor.

JAN PERSSON

Ben Webster was backed by a big band and 16 strings on Danish TV. Fellow expatriates Dexter Gordon and Sahib Shihab can be seen in the sax section.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: On June 29, **Duke Ellington** and his "little band" conclude their long run at the Rainbow Grill. **Rufus (Speedy) Jones** is on drums, replacing **Sam Woodyard.** The band plays two concert sets nightly, at 9 and midnight . . . The National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences held the first in a proposed series of "Recording Talent Showcase Nights" on May 20 at Discotheque Frammis. In addition to a classical violinist and two rock groups there were appearances by singer **Joe Lee Wilson,** and the **Uni Trio** (clarinetist **Perry Robinson;** bassist **David Izenzon;** drummer **Randy Kaye**) . . . The Hunter College Modern Jazz Society's Wednesday afternoon concert series was limited to two concerts this season—one each by the **Archie Shepp** Trio and the **Gary Burton** Quartet. Shepp had bassist **Wilbur Ware** and drummer **Beaver Harris;** Burton had his regulars—guitarist **Larry Coryell;** bassist **Steve Swallow,** and drummer **Roy Haynes** . . . **Bill Evans**—supported by bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Jack DeJohnette**—finished up at the Top of the Gate June 9. **Andy Bey** and **Bob Lam** divided the weeks in the solo piano slot opposite the trio. Downstairs in the Gate's main room, trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** did a weekend together. Then the MJQ combined with **Herbie Mann** for a Gate show over Memorial Day weekend . . . A tribute to **Billy Strayhorn** was presented at St. Peter's Lutheran Church by a group led by tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley.** Personnel included **Benny Powell,** trombone; **Neal Creque,** piano; **Ted Dunbar,** guitar; **Bob Cunningham,** bass; **Al Drears,** drums; **Ruth Brisbane,** vocals . . . **Yusef Lateef's** quartet did a stint at Slug's while **Art Farmer's** quintet held forth at the Dom, and the **Zoot Sims** Quartet did the honors at the Half Note . . . At La Boheme, **Booker Ervin** joined **Ted Curson,** a reunion of the former **Charles Mingus** team-mates . . . **Don Heckman's Electric Music Machine** appeared in concert at Steinway Hall with vocalist **Sheila Jordan** . . . Trumpeter **Louis Ware** did two weeks at the Lenox Lanes in Harlem with **Danny Turner,** alto sax, flute; **Richard Wyands,** piano; **Larry Gales,** bass; and **Al Drears,** drums . . . Tenor saxophonist **Granville Lee** did a one-nighter at the Pine Lounge on East Tremont Ave. in the Bronx with trumpeters **E. Z. Mathews** and **Lawrence Jackson** . . . The Jazz Pantomine of **Frankie Dunlop** and **Maletta** was featured at Saint Peter's Gate Theater-At-Noon for ten days in late May, and with **Bill Cosby** and others in a tribute to **Dick Gregory** at Fillmore East on June 2 . . . New trombone star **Billy Watrous** played a May 31 gig at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . . A new club, Space, opened at Broadway & 49th St. in late May with a party honoring **Booker T. & the MG's** . . . The Club Ruby was the site of a Memorial Day Eve tribute to **Clifford Brown.** Seven trumpeters—**Kenny Dorham, Blue Mitchell, Bill Hardman, Richard Williams, Charles Tolliver, Woody Shaw,** and **Walter Kelly**—were backed by two all-star rhythm sections . . . Tenor saxophonist **Harold Vick** and trumpeter **Dave Burns** have been working special jazz nights at Mr. Wonderful in Newark . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society presented its second session at the Half Note June 9, starring cornetist-violinist-singer **Ray Nance,** with **J. C. Higginbotham,** trombone; **Big Nick Nicholas,** tenor; **Sir Charles Thompson,** piano;

/Continued on page 42

GO WEST, JAZZMAN!

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

IN MY MAY 30 COLUMN, I discussed the inequities still existing in Hollywood between job opportunities for white musicians in bands led by Negroes (usually plentiful) and those for black musicians in white-led groups (far too rare).

The closing paragraph, in which I suggested that there was room for many more qualified Negro musicians in Hollywood, calls for some amplification.

First it should be added that this might just as well have read simply "qualified musicians." Many of his friends out here were shaken and disheartened when Phil Woods, disgusted with the Eastern scene, decided to give it up and settle in Europe. Quincy Jones, Oliver Nelson and others to whom I talked are convinced they could have provided him with more than enough work to keep him going, and that with his extraordinary talent on saxophones and clarinet, the lack of a flute double would not have held Woods back seriously. Moreover, they felt he would have found an agreeable life here for his wife and children.

This leads to a related point. There are in New York today a number of musicians, most of them former name band sidemen with a distinguished jazz background, who work constantly—perhaps too constantly. Under the pressures and tensions of the Apple, they find themselves in a rat race from which there seems to be no escape. Some are afraid to take a few weeks off, disconnect the telephone, perhaps go fishing for a month or two. They are fearful that on returning they might find themselves replaced or forgotten. Even those who are well established and secure enough not to suffer from these apprehensions have never taken the trouble to consider how their lives might be affected if they were to pull a Horace Greeley.

During the past few years Oliver Nelson, Ray Brown, Lalo Schifrin, Willie Ruff, Ed Thigpen, Jimmy Jones, Benny Golson, Cannonball Adderley and Mundell Lowe, along with numerous other instrumentalists and composer-arrangers, have given up the concrete jungle to plant roots in Southern California.

During the same time span, i.e. since the early 1960s, I can think of only one major performer, Mel Lewis, who declared himself sick of the West Coast and found a happier life and a more fruitful career in the East. (Terry Gibbs tried it, but it lasted only two years; he's been back here since '64.)

Those who have made the move out West, almost without exception, are finding the work plentiful and the musical and regional climate gratifying. They have never regretted their transmigration. Quincy Jones, who when I left New York in 1960 said, "You'll be back here within a year!", kiddingly recalls his prophesy; he himself has been a confirmed, contented Californian for the past two or three years, and has never had it better in his life.

In fact, Quincy now joins me in appealing to some of the New York musicians to help brighten the L.A. picture still further by moving West. "I can't wait to get guys like Grady Tate and Jerome Richardson out here," he says. (Richardson is a San Franciscan but has not lived in Southern California.)

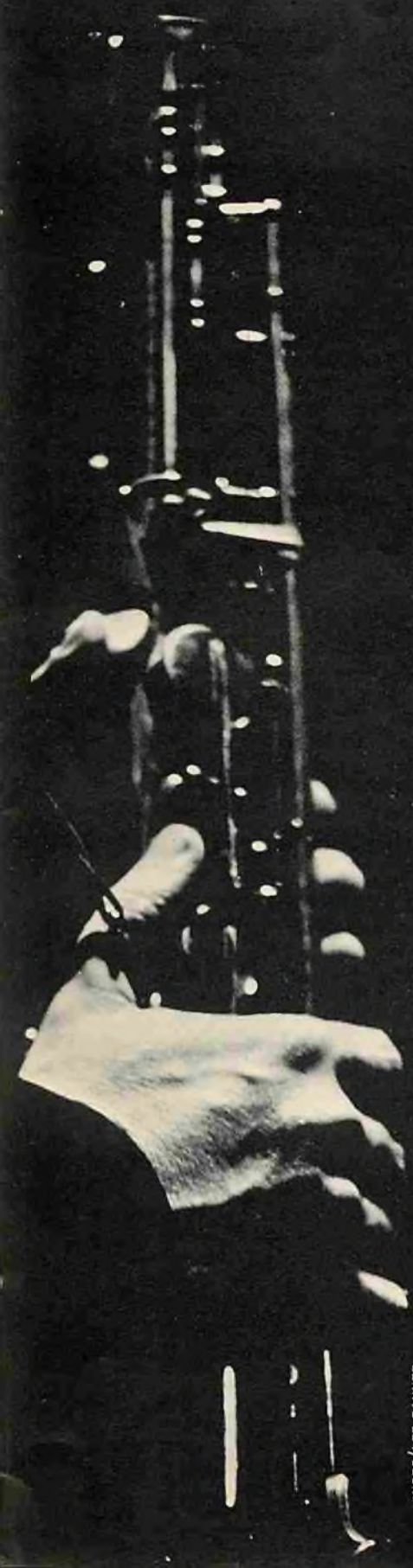
The local scene would be similarly enhanced by the presence of Clark Terry and Snooky Young (if their NBC contracts ever run out); Joe Newman and Thad Jones; Frank Wess and Frank Foster; J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Cleveland and Benny Powell; Paul Griffin, Kenny Burrell, Richard Davis, and of course, if he should tire of Europe, Phil Woods. Come on out, gentlemen! You too, Melba Liston—come back home!

Let me clarify a couple of other points touched on in the previous column. First, the residential segregation is gradually fading; most of the recent imports have settled in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. Second, the presence here of more musicians would still not glut the market. The studio scene becomes busier by the day and can absorb an almost unlimited number of top-caliber men. Nor will they find, in the studios, any substantial tendency toward ethnic separation; more important, their very presence here would contribute to the elimination of any remaining pockets of segregation.

As for that cliche argument that West Coast easy-living leads to lethargy and a loss of contact with the actualities of music, this is a meaningless generalization. Certain individuals react in this manner; others keep in touch.

It will be interesting to pick up this column a couple of years from now and observe how many of the Eastern musicians mentioned above will have put down stakes in the West. Who knows—the talent pool by then may have become so great, and so well integrated, that even the band of Les Brown will be less white and more Brown. DB

inside lee konitz



PHOTO/LEE TANNER

WHEN LEE KONITZ WAS 10 he wanted an accordion. "I don't remember whether it was Art Van Damme or someone else I heard in Chicago," he said, "but I recall wanting an accordion." Instead, through the efforts of an instrument salesman who may have been a descendant of Apollo, Konitz found himself taking lessons on the clarinet when he was 11.

Eventually the clarinet was packed away and he concentrated on alto saxophone with the Claude Thornhill and Stan Kenton bands and Lennie Tristano's group, plus the innumerable trios and quartets he has led and been a part of over the years.

"Each of the playing situations had elements that were satisfying, although I think Lennie's group was closer to home," Konitz said. "But the other situations brought out an aspect of playing that didn't necessarily come out with Lennie's group.

"I've listened to some of the records I made with Kenton's orchestra and really like them very much now. I can recall how difficult it was to improvise in Kenton's band, because of the set arrangements and the weight of 10 brass. But by working every night I found I was settling into a specific kind of playing, and it was a good experience in that sense. And I ended up having a final product that was more worked through than at the spur of the moment, which most of my playing has been based upon. I felt compelled by the structure of the arrangement to play certain kinds of phrases that fit. I knew a little more each time what I was going to play."

Improvising will continue to be an important part of Konitz' playing, but there are other aspects of his consuming curiosity about music that are beginning to move into the forefront. As a result, the total musician that has been latent for so long is beginning to emerge.

This is evidenced in Konitz' desire to play other instruments. The list now includes valve trombone, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute and guitar. The tenor, clarinet, alto and flute are related instruments. But valve trombone? Guitar? Konitz explained:

"For the sensation of blowing a brass instrument after having played a reed instrument for so long. It's a different sensation, and I get great pleasure out of it. And to familiarize myself with it, so I can write for the instrument. As for the guitar, which I love deeply and dearly, it's the only instrument at the moment that supplies me with chords. When I was traveling in Europe during 1965, I felt the need for some kind of chordal instrument and didn't have room in the car for a guitar so I bought a ukulele and that started it."

Konitz never had done extensive composing except for the lines he has written over the years such as *Palo Alto, Sub-Conscious Lee, Ice Cream Konitz,* and others based upon standard tunes. Recently, he finished a stretch of studying with composer Hall Overton and is now concentrating on listening and playing. But the desire to write is evident in his approach to playing.

"I want to start writing and would like to play each instrument I write for," he said. "I would like to write for any type of group, including a symphony orchestra. Writing has been quite difficult for me because I've been trying to develop myself as a player and have always felt a bit funny about having someone presenting me with something to play. So I've always felt a little strange about giving someone else something of mine."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF Konitz as a writer is illustrated in two albums that he has been working on for about a year and that are to be released shortly. He did an educational album for the Music Minus One label, transcribing more than 30 minutes of his own improvisations. These transcriptions will be included as a duet book with the recording.

On the first side, Konitz dubbed his improvisations over previously recorded Music Minus One groups. The diversity of this approach is represented by the tunes he selected, including *Basin St. Blues* with a Bob Wilber group, featuring Vic Dickenson, trombone; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Bud Freeman, tenor, and Dick Wellstood, piano; and *Three Little Words,* with a rhythm section of Don Abney, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums, and the late Oscar Pettiford, bass. Each tune has two tracks devoted to it, one with Konitz, the other with the accompanying group only. Thus the musician using the record can play along with Konitz or improvise against the accompanying background.

The other side of this record contains free-form duets, with one track containing Konitz playing both lines and another track with him playing only one line. The duet book includes both the original lines so the musician can play either line with Konitz.

"The basic motivation was to see my own reaction to what I was playing," Konitz said. "I didn't dub over a rhythm section because that would have confused the issue, so I used a metronome, even though it was a bit pedantic."

Alone Together is the tentative title of the second album he recently completed. It was made for the new Milestone label. On it, the altoist plays duets with nine different musicians, with a quartet, and with an ensemble of nine players improvising freely together.

by alan surpin

A.P.Z.

Konitz makes points with Picasso

Some of the duets, such as with Carl Berger, vibraharp; with Elvin Jones, drums, or with Ray Nance, violin, are free-form with no set tune or chord structure. Konitz did record *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* with Marshall Brown, valve trombone, on which they played Louis Armstrong's chorus at the end, and *Tickle Toe* with Richie Kamuca, tenor, which ends with Lester Young's chorus.

Part of the reason that a free form was used on the recordings is that Konitz has reservations about the structure of jazz that consists of a line, with each player improvising, perhaps doing fours or eights, and then a repeat of the original line.

"In the early days, with Lennie's band, we did this kind of intuitive playing," he said. "Unfortunately we didn't continue, but I've always been interested in this approach. In fact, with the tape machine you could play a completely improvised piece, transcribe it, and possibly come up with a cohesive composition. Or you could make deletions, take different length themes, and arrange them for various-sized groups, from a trio to a big band."

One of his most persistent problems, he said, has been the variations in sound levels experienced with various rhythm sections. But he seems to have solved this with the aid of an amplifier, which, in addition to amplifying the instrument, permits the player to sound up to four octaves simultaneously. This is the Conn Multi-Vider.

"If a rhythm section plays down to a softer level than usual, I can feel it and consequently lose the benefits of intensity," he said. "On the other hand, if I play with a rhythm section which is playing as strong as they feel, the weight of the sound will wipe me out. This has always been a problem and that's the main reason I got interested in this Multi-Vider for the amplification. I suddenly found I could play with a guitar or heavy rhythm section with an ease I've never been able to experience. It's such a relief. Whatever the shortcomings may be of playing with this unnatural amplification, I feel that there are very immediate benefits."

In New York City between trips to Europe in 1965-6 and 1968, Konitz has played clubs and concerts with his own groups and those of Roswell Rudd, Machito, and a quartet co-led with trombonist Marshall Brown. He also made a few appearances on the *Merv Griffin Show*. At the end of February, he headed for Europe again, with guitarist Attila Zoller, for a workshop and radio concerts in Hamburg and Berlin, and club dates in Germany and other countries.

"I like playing concerts very much," he said. "They're very clean and to the point, and there's usually a nice atmosphere and nice people. But you can't compare anything to playing in some clubs. The party atmosphere in a club is, I think, a necessary type of environment for the music."

It is becoming increasingly important for Konitz to involve his audience in an active way with his music.

"I hate the feeling of being a performer anymore," he said. "I've been trying to find out how to get a thing going with the audience. . . . It was important enough for me to try and get the audience to sing a couple of years ago at Newport. I played *There Will Never Be Another You* and asked the audience to sing an E flat. The tune is in E flat and E flat is a note common to all the chords. I asked them to sustain that tone so that they were doing something too. It didn't seem to mean a hell of a lot, but we all had fun doing it."

Another way that the audience can become involved is by dancing.

"I like the idea of playing for dances," he said. "I've been playing lately with Machito, and sometimes it's a complete ball. We just get swinging on some riffs and one good couple dancing in front of the band and it's a great kick. During all the intermissions I dance. You get on the floor and dance with whoever is around you, and it's like a great big ballet."

The economic and psychological struggles Konitz has gone through in pursuing his career in music have wrought a craftsman who has a firm foundation in the tradition of jazz and still is pressing toward an expanded view, as illustrated by his use of a free-form approach.

"What I'm looking to do," Konitz said, "is to incorporate as much of the tradition of jazz, which I'm still trying to become familiar with myself as a listener and player. All that music still interests me very much, and for some weird reason I'm not interested in getting into something new just for newness' sake."

Though he's not forcing the issue of musical evolution, the long experience of Konitz the alto craftsman can be expected to overflow into his writing and manifest itself in his freer approach to playing. It should make for rewarding listening, as the music of Lee Konitz has always done. db

NEW ORLEANS '68 JAZZFEST

By Charles Suhor

Jazzfest '68 was an eight-day musical celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of New Orleans. The four evening concerts (beginning Thursday, May 16) were preceded by a number of activities that stressed the intimate relationship of jazz to the total culture of New Orleans.

Although there were some of those rough moments inevitable with first-time ventures, the festival was obviously a musical and financial success—so much so that festival officials were already talking about the Second Annual New Orleans International Jazz Festival by Friday.

The celebration opened officially with a memorial Mass for deceased jazz musicians at St. Louis Cathedral, immediately followed by a jazz concert just outside the church in Jackson Square. Regrettably, the idea of a Jazz Mass was vetoed by the clergy in favor of a traditional Mass by Dutch composer Jan Vermulst. Nevertheless, the ceremony was impressive. The Mass was ably performed by the Concert Choir of New Orleans, conducted by Rev. Carl Davidson and augmented by brass and tympani. Archbishop Phillip M. Hannan celebrated the Mass, assisted by Bishop Harold R. Perry and a legion of monsignori. The only jarring element was occasional lapses of taste in Rev. Davidson's brass and tympani scoring, which had overtones of a Cecil B. deMille production.

The concert after the services began a little self-consciously, with newsmen and camera bugs sniffing around the corners of the square for local color. Soon, however, the second-liners planted for the shutterbugs' benefit were joined by the local citizenry, visitors, and passers-by, and everyone began to have some honest-to-God New Orleans-style fun. In one hilarious St. Ann Street scene, a drunk wandered into a group of street dancers and immediately became engaged in some unforgettable Chaplinesque dancing and horseplay.

The four bands (The Olympia Brass Band, the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, the Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, and Frank Federico's Dixielanders) were well chosen for the event. The brass bands presented some interesting contrasts and deviations within the marching band tradition. The Olympia has a unique member in iron-lipped trumpeter Milton Batiste, who blasted out above the band, using the jumble of syncopations as a background for his raggedly exciting phrases. The Young Tuxedos showed some interesting approaches to marching band drum styles. Bass drummer Emile Knox and snare drummer Lawrence Troter often played softly or even dropped out during the ensembles, coming in only at the end of each 8-bar phrase with clever snare-bass combinations that strongly resembled modern jazz bass "bops." (Most marching band bass drummers, incidentally, have abandoned simple 2/4 rhythms for an irregularly accented 4/4 or other variations.)

The Night Owls and Federico's group attracted less attention than the colorful brass bands, but the former were well worth hearing. The Crawford-Ferguson group is the only band I've heard that can use a tuba and two banjos yet avoid the archaic, constipated sound that bedevils most revivalist groups. Cornetist Jack Bachman and clarinetist Hank Kmen, who have found their places in the band without referring to classical models, are responsible for this.

The fourth band started late because guitarist-leader Federico discovered that there was no outlet on St. Peter Street for his amplifier. Nevertheless, drummer Al Babin held the rhythm section together creditably, and trumpeter Tony Dalmado

ABOVE: GRAND MARSHALL DANNY BARKER LEADS THE PARADE. THE YOUNGSTERS ARE NEPHEWS OF DRUMMER PAUL BARBARIN, THE CLARINETIST IS LOUIS COTTRELL.

carried the front line solidly through a series of Dixieland standards.

Monday and Tuesday featured random daytime appearances by local bands on Canal St. and the usual kaleidoscope of jazz at night in the French Quarter. On Wednesday evening, a parade began at Congo (Beauregard) Square and weaved through the French Quarter, ending up at the Canal St. dock. Participants were the Young Tuxedo Marching Band, the Olympia Marching Band, the Roman New Orleans Marching Band, the Olympia Brass Band, Barry Martyn's Band from England, the Barrelhouse Band from Germany, the Police Department Band, the Red Garter Band, and the Father's Mustache Band.

The parade was followed by a riverboat cruise and jazz concert aboard the Steamer *President*, which supposedly was to feature Dixieland groups from New Orleans, Chicago, and New York in a battle of bands. Nobody took the three-city gimmick seriously, since the New York group included such varied stylists as trumpeter Max Kaminsky, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and bassist Bob Haggart, while Art Hodes' Chicago group included New Orleans-born trombonist George Brunies. The battle of bands was no real cutting contest either, since the bands played separate sets rather than sparring tune for tune. And the "concert" became a dance when the crowd moved the chairs aside during Kaminsky's set and began to dance in every style from two-step to boogaloo.

Trumpeter Sharkey Bonano's local group played a strong opening set. All the musicians were keyed up to the situation and played a little more thoughtfully than in recent routine appearances. By far the most interesting player was veteran clarinetist Harry Shields, brother of the late Larry Shields of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Shields has a way of slurring up to a high note that is absolutely chilling. His lower register is beautiful, and his three-chorus solo on *Tin Roof Blues* was the most moving blues performance of the evening.

Hodes' band sounded a bit ragged. The musicians were obviously having trouble hearing each other because of microphone problems, crowd noises, and the generally poor acoustics on the boat. Brunies and trumpeter Whitey Myrick romped through the set with considerable aplomb, but the rhythm section took to chopping wood and lost its finesse.

The audience was wildly responsive, though, and soon after Kaminsky opened his set with *Dippermouth Blues*, dancing broke out. Kaminsky earnestly urged the crowd to quiet down, unaware of the fact that when a New Orleans audience shouts and dances and spills beer on the floor, the band is winning, not losing. The *President* has for years been a floating dance hall for Orleanians, and jazz in this city has always been thought of as a catalyst for the lustier aspects of life.

Apparently regarding the boat as a very large night club, Kaminsky proceeded with what appeared to be a typical club date set: a Herb Gardner trombone solo on *Willow, Weep for Me*, some bass and drum interplay between Bob Haggart and Bob Haggart Jr. on *Big Noise from Winnetka*, and a Dick Hyman piano solo on *Maple Leaf Rag*. The results should have been disastrous, but the group's superlative jazzmanship held the allegiance of the already enthusiastic audience. Kaminsky's best break came during *A Closer Walk With Thee* when a local Gospel singer named Delilah stepped up on the bandstand and poured several thousand decibels of salvation into the microphone, bringing the entire audience to its feet. Delilah's sound would make most Gospel singers sound like Joni James. In the upper register, her voice sounds like a scream trumpet, and her rendition of *Saints* should have shattered every glass on deck.

Left to right: Gospel singer Delilah and pianist Dick Hyman; the "Second Line" in

In the two final sets, Sharkey's and Hodes' groups maintained the excitement generated in Kaminsky's set. Bonano, a natural showman, joined the dancers during his sidemen's choruses, executing some mock-serious bumps and grinds. Hodes' band ended the session with a rockish beat on *Bye and Bye* that left drummer Red Saunders sweating buckets.

All of the major evening concerts were too long. The festival officials realized this after the first night, but the only alternative to five-hour concerts would have been to drastically cut the groups' time on stage, which they wisely refused to do.

EACH CONCERT OPENED with a brass band marching into the Municipal Auditorium from the adjoining Congo Square. On Thursday, it was the Onward Brass Band, with Danny Barker as Grand Marshall and such notables as Alvin Alcorn, Louis Cottrell, and Paul Barbarin in the lineup. Emcee Willis Conover introduced Kaminsky's group, covering for Pee Wee Russell in his usual suave and witty manner when the clarinetist was late in getting on stage.

Jazz buffs expected Russell to steal the show, but this was not a one-star band. Predictably, the front line showed more control than on the previous night's session, and the excellent rhythm section provided unshakable support. Hyman comped imaginatively throughout the set and played a lovely solo (sans bass or drums) on *What's New?* A surprise vocal by Delilah on *A Closer Walk* drew warm applause, but failed to match the spontaneous excitement created on the *President*.

A local modern quartet led by former Lionel Hampton drummer June Gardner was up next. A month before the festival, the group's co-leader, tenor saxophonist Alvin Tyler, underwent surgery, and tenor saxophonist-flutist James Rivers joined the combo at that time. Gardner opened with an up-tempo blues that never did quite find a groove. Bassist Lawrence Gayton could not be heard. Only Rivers seemed unabashed by it all as he ripped off a dozen choruses clearly identifying him as a fluent and adventurous avant garde musician. Rivers' flute solo on *Red Fox* was a high point on the program. He hummed, gasped, grunted, and groaned along with and between phrases, holding the audience spellbound. The society ladies who had come to hear Pete Fountain were completely disoriented, and their confusion was compounded when Rivers did the Roland Kirk thing with tonette, harmonica, and vaudeville whistle.

Fountain appeared in a bright blue sportjacket and Tide-white trousers that left an after-image if you shifted your gaze from the stage. Fountain has molded his four-piece brass section (which looked and sounded utterly clumsy last year) into a smoothly functioning unit. The rhythm section, sparked by the recent addition of Nick Fatool on drums, is thoroughly pro, and tenorist Eddie Miller and vibist God-



action; flutist James Rivers; trumpeter Thomas Jefferson; Pete Fountain's band.

frey Hirsch have adapted to the oversize combo well.

Fountain was in good form on Dixie nuggets like *Jazz Me Blues, Way Down Yonder in New Orleans, Saints, Tin Roof Blues,* and *High Society*. Fountain and trumpeter Connie Jones were outstanding on *Tin Roof,* and in a Fatool-Fountain duet on *High Society,* the drummer humorously combined syncopated snare drum march beats with intermittent bass drum bombs. The set ended with an unexpected appearance by comedian Phil Harris, who added to the festival spirit with some fast-paced humor and a vocal on *Cabaret.*

Hodes' set was not musically interesting. The leader's usually compelling piano did not bring the group to life, and even his solo spot on *Grandpa's Spells* lacked his customary drive. Whitey Myrick was again dependable on trumpet, but Brunies did not repeat his impressive performance of the previous evening. Instead, he busied himself upstaging the soloists, and on his own choruses he often put the bell of his horn directly up to the mike, nearly blasting the audience back into Congo Square. Jimmy Granato's flimsily structured clarinet lines seemed to lead nowhere. Red Saunders' extended solo on *Battle Hymn of the Republic* (*every* drummer on the Thursday program played an extended solo) was a bore.

The audience took a little time to warm up to vocalist Teddi King, whose supper-club manner did not communicate well in the festival atmosphere. Her third selection, *When the Sun Comes Out,* was a belter that finally brought the crowd around. However, Miss King came back with the super-sophisticated *Tennessee Williams Southern Decadence Blues,* and the audience was just not in the mood for all that cerebration.

Duke Ellington did not go on until nearly midnight, but his set was superb. The opening *'A' Train* found Cootie Williams in an odd mood, playing raw, uneven, strangely haunting phrases. On the shuffle blues that followed, Williams was also effective in a more conventional plunger mute solo. A back-to-back spotlighting of clarinet solos by Jimmy Hamilton on *The Girdle Hurdle* and Russell Procope on *Swamp Goo* offered interesting stylistic contrasts—Hamilton, with his near-legit sound, always clean and fleet; Procope with a richly coarse sound and a style that harks back to Noone and Dodds.

Tenorist Paul Gonsalves was featured on two numbers and astonished this reviewer with his stylistic range. His playing on *Mount Harissa* was free, passionate, mature, and brilliant. The daring cadenza concluding his second solo spot showed that the avant garde has not left him behind.

The most intriguing composition of the set was *La Plus Belle Africaine.* This hypnotically moody piece featured extended in- and out-of-tempo solos by Harry Carney, Hamilton, and the excellent young bassist Jeff Castleman. Cat Anderson's role was also interesting—he followed his usual ensemble screams with random, squealing darts of sound that created an exotic setting for Castleman's and Carney's solos.

The band ended the concert with several old favorites, including *I Got It Bad* and *Satin Doll,* and a young singer named Trish Turner gave a slick performance on *Misty*. But this was lagniappe after the dynamic and absorbing Ellington of the first part of the set.

On Friday, the Young Tuxedo Band did the entrance march, loosening up the audience for trumpeter Thomas Jefferson's quintet. There was no trace of the first-night jitters that seemed to prevail on Thursday. Jefferson's swing-based group relaxed immediately, and the crowd appeared to sense that a groove was going. Drummer Freddy Kohlman laid it down effortlessly on a rapid *Fidgety Feet* and a medium-bounce *Butter and Egg Man* while Jefferson and tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Sam Dutrey offered fluent, well-constructed solos. Jefferson's pleasant vocal and eclectic trumpet on *St. Louis Blues* prompted Willis Conover to characterize the set as "a capsule history of jazz."

Willie-Tee and the Souls, the New Orleans avant garde combo so highly touted by Cannonball Adderley, was excellent in its brief set. The group obviously seeks out fresh material and approaches, and like their musical forebears, the musicians have a gift for collective improvisation. One humorous tune (dedicated to Joe Zawinul) sounded like a combination of an ultra-hip chart and *Goosey Gander*. The solos started in a funky groove, then moved into some frantic triplet figures, drummer David Lee jabbing out varied accents while Willie-Tee produced Martian sounds from the organ. Alto saxophonist Earl Turbinton's *Ma Rainey,* a grabber of a chart that begins with a single bent note, found guitarist George Davis stretching out against a background of drum and organ explosions, echoes, and ripples. The Souls were well up to their appearance at a major jazz festival; they certainly deserve wider exposure.

Dapper pianist Ronnie Kole's mixture of jazzmanship and showmanship came through well on a long blues and an overblown version of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home.* The former was a reasonably straight jazz performance, except for the group's addiction to quoting from everything from *Mary Had a Little Lamb* to *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans.* The staginess of *Johnny* was redeemed by a surprisingly adept Bellson-like drum solo by Dickie Taylor. Bassist Everett Link was in excellent form throughout.

The set by the Louis Cottrell-Paul Barbarin traditional band with singer Blanche Thomas might have been fine but for the constant rushing of pianist Dave Williams. Drummer Barbarin's sure sense of time was continually thwarted by the pianist's odd, impulsive acceleration. Miss Thomas' vigorous vocals helped to draw attention away from the battle in the rhythm section, but it was guitarist Danny Barker's witty, compose-as-you-go vocal on *St. James Infirmary* that saved the set.

Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, assisted by bassist Jack Six and drummer Alan Dawson, started out sounding like a sax man with a rhythm section on *Basin Street Blues.* On *Cielito Lindo,* though, they were obviously stimulated by possibilties of superimposing 4/4 on the basic 6/8 rhythm, and the group's time firmed up considerably. A slow unidentified Latin number brought forth Mulligan's best solo of the set, while the entire group caught fire during Mulligan's choruses on *Out of Nowhere.* Dawson was the prime mover here, second-guessing Mulligan at every turn, supporting Brubeck's solo with some beautifully controlled bass drum work, and complementing the counterpoint choruses at the end with perfect taste. The

audience clamored for more, but Gentleman Dave pointed out that there were many bands to be heard in the festival.

Barry (Kid) Martyn's British group was spurred on by Sammy Rimmington's persuasive traditional clarinet on standards like *Panama, High Society,* and the seldom-heard *Red Man Blues.* However, the group was hampered by a trumpeter who was working too hard at getting an "old" sound. His erratically romantic phrasing on *Tin Roof* destroyed the unity of the front line, and his solos were marked by the kind of short phrases played by old men whose wind is failing. Drummer Martyn and the other sidemen performed adequately, but with neither the verve nor the conception of genuine early jazz stylists.

Pianist Armand Hug's set laid an enormous egg. Hug's formidable talent is heard to best advantage in a small group, but he brought with him five hornmen who were strung out across the stage like mannequins in a store window. Hug took a good seven minutes to introduce and eulogize them all. The one outstanding soloist in the front line, clarinetist Raymond Burke, could not be heard during his chorus on *Original Dixieland One-Step.* A mediocre vocal by bassist Sherwood Mangiapanne on Hoagy Carmichael's *New Orleans* drew tepid applause. Hug and drummer Paul Edwards' shaky duets on *Maple Leaf Rag* and a bland original called *Royal Orleans Moods* intensified the gloom.

Just when things were going badly, trumpeter Wingy Manone showed up as a surprise guest and made them worse. He played three tunes and talked incessantly, mostly about himself. It was evident to everyone but Manone that the audience was nearing a state of revolt. By the time he had ended *Isle of Capri,* the lobbies were filled with smokers awaiting the appearance of Cannonball Adderley.

Cannonball resuscitated the audience with an Afro-rock tune by Joe Zawinul called *Rumpelstiltskin.* Happily, Nat Adderley was singing out in the crisp, extroverted style which I have always preferred to his cooler, Milesian moments. After *A Day in the Life of a Fool* the group moved into three short, soulful but sololess numbers, including the popular *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.* A blues closed out the set and the second evening concert, the most uneven of the week.

SATURDAY MORNING'S Youth Concert for students in the federally-funded Project Genesis was handled mainly by guitarist Danny Barker. Barker communicated beautifully with the small audience. The Olympia Brass Band illustrated the points in Barker's talk, and the Barrelhouse Band from Frankfurt, Germany, was living testimony to the universality of jazz. A completely charming Cajun folk trio (violin, accordion, triangle) left the kids cold after three selections, but the few adults in the audience were enthralled by their innocent songs and lilting, pleasantly redundant rhythms.

The Saturday night concert was the most varied of the evening sessions. After the march-in opening by the Olympia Brass Band, the German Barrelhouse Band began the program with its interpretation of traditional jazz—a titillating combination of King Oliver, the ODJB, Boyd Senter, Freddie Schnikelfritz Fisher, and lesser-known sources. Some snappy head arrangements for alto sax and clarinet behind cornetist Horst Dubuque on the opener were followed by solos that for the most part hit dead center between jazz and corn. However, leader-clarinetist-arranger Reimer von Essen did have command over New Orleans-style clarinet in the Dodds tradition, and it would be interesting to hear him in a different context. On the final choruses of each tune, where the head arrangements gave way to free-wheeling group improvisation, the entire group had a decidedly more virile jazz sound. With the band was a voluptuous 19-year-old blonde vocalist, Angi Domdy, who rendered *Weeping Willow Blues* in Bessie Smith style with considerable credibility.

Singer Lurlean Hunter's set was delightful. She charmed the audience with a winsome manner, well-chosen material, and, it should be mentioned, some fine jazz singing. It must have been a long set, because Miss Hunter sang six songs, including a moody bossa nova treatment of *A Day in the Life of a Fool,* a musical monologue called *Guess Who I Saw Today,* and a slow, booting version of *You're Gonna Hear from Me.* But the set zoomed by, and she was obliged to return for two choruses of *Our Love is Here to Stay* before the audience would let her go.

Trombonist Santo Pecora's Tailgate Ramblers played one Dixie tune, *Bourbon Street Parade,* then moved on to other things. *Sorrento* and *Night Train* featured tenor man Bill Theodore, who just about stole the set, despite the fact that he handled his material with far less assurance than on local club dates. Pecora moved smoothly, if a bit perfunctorily, through a solo on *I Had the Craziest Dream.* Trumpeter Armin Kay's firm lead was a boon throughout.

The Ramsey Lewis Trio, looking 100% hip in Nehru jackets of different hues and matching orange turtle-neck sweaters, was the biggest hit of the festival. Lewis and his sidemen (bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Maurice White) were as tight as a trio can be. They seemed to thoroughly enjoy everything they did, and their jazz conception was flawless. Among the goodies in Lewis' set were several of his best-sellers and two pretty Afro-rock numbers, *Maiden Voyage* and *Ode.*

I was one of the minority in the audience, however, who found Gary Burton's set the most exciting of the festival. Hearing Lewis' trio is always a pleasure, but seldom a challenge. Burton's quartet demonstrated in its brief set what the liberated imagination is capable of. Roy Haynes, at 43 still one of the youngest drummers in jazz, constantly urged the group forward with his free, asymmetrical patterns. Larry Coryell's guitar solos brilliantly assimilated jazz, folk, and rock elements. During Steve Swallow's probing bass solo on *General Mojo's Well-Laid Plan* Coryell eased into some straight strumming in 4/4 which, however unexpected, seemed inevitable once he had done it. Burton's consistently inventive playing justified Willis Conover's comment that he has created a new and viable approach to the jazz vibraharp.

A band led by veteran banjoist Papa French had the unenviable spot between Ramsey Lewis and Gary Burton. But the traditionalists were confident, able performers who engaged the audience so thoroughly that by the end of the set, French and clarinetist-vocalist Joe (Cornbread) Thomas were leading community singing on *You Tell Me Your Dream and I'll Tell You Mine.*

Thomas' warm clarinet and unassuming vocals were complemented by Jay Willis' excellent trumpet work. Willis is one of the few trumpeters under 40 who can play in traditional bands without losing his musical identity. He swung lightly in the ensemble on *Sensation Rag* and offered a fine muted solo on *Darktown Strutter's Ball.* Although I have heard French's band on several occasions at Dixieland Hall, their performance at the festival showed that their magnetism is by no means dependent on the quaint setting of the kitty hall.

The final Saturday set was Louis Armstrong's. It was a typical Armstrong set, which could never be bad. But it was also a routine Armstrong set, with the usual spotlighting of each sideman and predictable selection of tunes like *Indiana, Hello, Dolly,* and *Saints.* In light of the tremendous historical and sentimental value of Armstrong's appearance at the first New Orleans jazz festival, a more imaginative program might have been arranged—a reunion of Armstrong and Barbarin, perhaps, or a three-generation angle with Armstrong, Pete Fountain, and an outstanding teenage instrumentalist.

The Onward Brass Band was the march-in band for the last night of the festival. A welcome addition to the program was the Ebeneezer Baptist Radio Choir and a new Gospel quartet from Dillard University, called the Gospel Gems. The Ebeneezer Choir is well salted with Negro university graduates who have chosen not to deny their rich musical traditions. The choir was impressive on *I'll Wear a Golden Crown* and *I Thank the Lord,* and the four Dillard youngsters, though lacking in polish and power, captured the spirit of their material and could become a first-rate group as they gain in experience.

Pianist Ray Bryant's trio was undistinguished except for *Li'l Darlin,* in which Bryant fought his way out of the soul bag and played some adventurous modern jazz piano. Bassist Jimmy Rowser and drummer Lenny Brown looked bored, although the former took an adequate solo on the funky *Shake a Lady.*

Roy Liberto's Bourbon Street Six quickly made friends with the audience with a high-speed version of *Hindustan* that was nevertheless too fast for the comfort of the rhythm section. Liberto's show-oriented band drew earnest applause after each number, but the excellent jazzmanship of some of his sidemen was lost among the vapid vocals, circus tempos, and gimmicks that cluttered the set. Harold Cooper's highly listenable clarinet was buried under layers of nonsense in his feature number, *Nola.* Newcomer Marcel Montecino sounded like a promising pianist, but he had little chance to show his wares. Liberto's brisk trumpet work did come through in

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The Soft Machine

BY MIKE ZWERIN

THE SOFT MACHINE IS the world, a woman, a book by William Burroughs —or a psychedelic pop group from London. Whatever it is, it recently toured the United States as part of a package with the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

Enveloped in Mark Boyle's moving, abstract projections, floating in many colors on top of them, the Soft Machine presents quite a sight onstage, though not an unusual one in our time. They wear the accouterments expected of the prototype—shoulder-length hair, hats from thrift shops, tiny dark glasses, paisley shirts, beads and bells. Drummer Robert Wyatt sometimes plays dressed only in a bikini bottom. In short, they look like three freaky dropouts.

Things are not always as they appear. Organist Michael Ratledge went to Oxford on a scholarship, winning the college prize in philosophy in 1964 and later taking his honors degree in psychology and philosophy. He describes himself as having a "cool but absent mind. . . . I'm very much the kind of person who does what's there. I'd planned to do graduate work in American poetry, of all things, but I applied too late for the grant. The same day I learned it was lost, a lady friend of Kevin's (Kevin Ayers, the group's third member) gave him her mink coat. We sold it, bought an organ, and started an avant-garde jazz group. But London wasn't ready for us yet. Then we found we could play the way we wanted, call it 'pop', and have a chance to be heard."

Robert's parents are liberals, old friends of Robert Graves. He spent two summers as Graves' house guest in Deya, Majorca, and the poet and novelist is something of a hero to him.

Robert smiles easily and well. Although the most outlandish dresser of the three he is not unconscious of the bag it puts him in or of his impact on "squares."

"I had a hard time deciding about my hair—had it cut a couple of times. Any kind of uniform bothers me. But when I saw the Rolling Stones for the first time, I decided I just wanted to look that way, regardless. We have been called a 'psychedelic' group, which implies we all take acid . . . and that turns us into some kind of sideshow. I resent that. What I do, I do myself. I don't need any drugs to play the drums."

Kevin Ayers is more like what could be called hippy. On the group's press release, he is described as follows: ". . . vocals bassguitar leadguitar songwriter arranger illustrator poet eater. Born Herne Bay U.K. 1944 (Leo) educated Singapore and Chelmsford Essex height 73". Left school early and hung about London Canterbury Canary Islands Casablanca Majorca writing his songs en route. Has the gift for writing most commercially magical songs. (A boy but wild when moody.) . . ."

Kevin is also soft-spoken and lucid.

"Our music," he said, "is just an extension of what we were fooling around with when we were all living together in Canterbury. It's the way we prefer to spend time, rather than playing cricket or golf. The fact that we are working, earning bread, is kind of accidental. When we play concerts, we don't think about things like pleasing teenyboppers. Our music is different."

How is it different? We were all in his small room in New York City's Wellington Hotel on Seventh Ave., the 6 o'clock news going unwatched on television. Kevin was stretched out on the unmade bed, his face half covered by silky hair. He propped his head on one hand and thought for a few seconds.

"I guess it's because it isn't based on the blues, really. We kind of stay away from those familiar patterns. That's probably why we haven't made it yet. Managers are only interested in 'can they make money.' I think this tour may have started ours thinking maybe we can. The audience response has been fantastic."

ONE OFTEN HEARS about young pop groups making fortunes but rarely about the others. When I first met Michael, Kevin and Robert last summer, they were pretty much stranded on the French Riviera. Along with two road managers, they had crossed from London and driven to the Riviera jammed in a panel truck full of electronic hardware. They were scheduled to work all summer as part of the "beer festival" on the beach of St. Aygulf. After a week, they were fired. It seems the wrong element (penniless) was hanging around the discotheque but not drinking beer.

Then the trio floated around St. Tropez for some time, sleeping on floors or the beach. Finally, Jean Jacques Lebel hired them to be the second half of his Festival Libre, and they performed each night after Pablo Picasso's play, *Desire Caught by the Tail.* It was a good time, but as is so often the case, they were paid in inverse proportion to their enjoyment of their own music.

So far they have invested more than their salary in amplifiers, speakers, guitars and other such things. A new level of affluence was reached on the tour of the United States: $100 a week. Out of that, however, they paid Boyle because they feel his projections are essential, an opinion their management doesn't share.

Michael has written a scholarly paper on Boyle. "Mark Boyle's 'events' are content with a direct presentation of the reality that already exists, with no self-interposition from the artist. . . . Whereas 'happening' implies agency, 'event' is the effect of something happening; to perform a 'happening' it is necessary to act, but one cannot act an 'event.' It is sufficient to realize the fact that a 'happening' has occurred. An 'event' is a discovery of what is happening, a 'happening' an active invention—fact as against act."

Boyle, a Scot with a melodious brogue and establishment-length hair, has eyes that blaze with warmth and involvement. He explains himself:

"The most complete change an individual can effect in his environment, short of destroying it, is to change attitudes to it. This is my objective. . . . I am certain that, as a result, we will

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"BASH IT!"

A Recording Date with Jaki Byard

by Martin Williams

DON SCHLITTEN

THE IMPACT STUDIOS are on W. 65th St., and they are, therefore, in what is now called the Lincoln Center area of New York City. But Impact's narrow building was there long before Lincoln Center was a gleam in a real estate speculator's eye or a twitch in a culture-monger's pocketbook.

Impact is a second-floor walk-up, and en route one might assume that its building is otherwise deserted. The studio is a favorite of Don Schlitten, jazz producer for Prestige records, and Schlitten had booked it for 1 p.m. on a day this spring to record pianist Jaki Byard "with strings." The "strings" were to be Ray Nance's violin, Ron Carter's cello, Richard Davis' bass, and George Benson's guitar. Also set was Prestige's favorite drummer, Alan Dawson, doubling on vibraharp. There were to be some formal arrangements by Byard and some head arrangements to be worked up on the date.

By 12:55, Carter, Davis and Benson, with the help of Impact's Eddie Heath, were set up inside the studio. The small room now seemed a mass of waist-high baffles and sounding boards and an intricate tangle of stereo microphones, booms, and wires. These somehow managed to leave enough space for a piano, drums, vibes and strings, and perhaps even the musicians to go with them.

Benson entered the control room to the rear of the studio and, spotting a particular mixer against the left wall, remarked that this was the kind he intended to add to his own equipment. Within a few minutes, Nance had arrived and greeted the other players. He quickly had his violin out, took a look at his music, and asked Heath for a music stand.

Impact's engineer, Richard Alderson, was checking dials and tapes when Byard and Dawson entered at 1:10. Byard announced himself to one and all with a broad, mock-serious, "Well!"

He was dressed in a tweed jacket and flannel trousers, and he wore a tie.

He entered the booth to chat with Schlitten and then soon got down to business. His voice conveyed a combination of energy and eagerness, with a bit of nervousness.

"I'm going to use *Exactly Like You* to jam a little," he said.

"Why don't you play *Take the A Train* at the same time?" Schlitten remarked, proposing a counterpoint of two familiar tunes built on closely allied chord changes.

"Oh, I've got something better than that," Byard answered cryptically.

In the studio, Alderson moved a few mikes and formed Carter, Benson and Davis into a kind of ritual circle of strings. Carter began a riff, and Nance and Davis soon joined him. They were running over the introduction to the first piece.

"Fellows, make those even eighth-notes," said Byard entering the studio. His voice was authoritative and friendly but somewhat edgy. Then he tossed over his shoulder to Schlitten, "It'll be good when I get in there and play with them."

He crossed to the piano and said, "Okay, let's try the intro to the first piece."

It turned out to be the *Girl Watchers* theme—from television commercial to pop hit to jazz vehicle—and the most difficult arrangement of the day.

"Try it again," Byard said. "Bash it, Alan."

At the end, Byard stood, moved toward the other players and said, "Good! How'd it feel?"

"I can't play it that fast," Nance protested.

"Okay, *he's* got the changes," Byard said, pointing to Benson. "Just do something lyric on the changes."

Byard rehearsed the piece section by section. The introduction. The first chorus. The fugal interlude, which featured Carter and Nance. The ending. As usual, the individual musical parts had a few copyists' errors and some occasional dubious notes.

"Four before C," Carter said at one point. "Is that note B flat or A natural?"

After a run-through, Byard had some new ideas on his score and asked, "Want to do me a favor? Repeat those two bars there. I want to vamp that. But make that an E flat."

"Of course, I can read," someone was protesting a moment later. "But not on Tuesdays. This is my day off."

"We will be here," Schlitten emphasized behind the glass, "until we have finished the album."

Perhaps it was time to change the

subject. Perhaps the musicians needed to relax a bit. At least that seemed Byard's idea when he asked the room in general, "What do you all want to jam on?"

There was no response. The musicians seemed to want to get the *Girl Watchers* right after all, and they went back to it. Byard omitted one section that wasn't sounding too good anyway and announced, "We've got five more minutes, and we're going to record it."

"Famous last words," someone muttered.

"Well, don't worry about the fugue—we'll do that and splice it in later," Byard said.

Twice more on a difficult section and Byard jumped up, announcing, "Good!"

"But how much do I play?" Benson wanted to know about his solo.

"For one whole chorus after the *DE doten de da, DE doten de da.*"

After another run-through, Byard changed his mind, saying, "Good! Take another one, George. Make it two for you."

Carter had an idea. "If we could cut out some of those notes in there," he said, pointing to his score, "it would go a little smoother."

Byard's response was esthetic practicality itself: "Play what you want to."

Alderson entered the studio, moved Benson's amplifier and shifted Nance's chair and mike. He seemed satisfied, and that meant that everyone was now ready to record.

"Stand by," Schlitten announced on the tape. *"Girl Watchers Theme,* Take 1."

Immediately, the players got busy, and their energy filled the studio. Nance bowed at that odd angle he uses. Carter looked studious. Davis looked dead-pan, but as if he might offer a hilarious musical joke at any moment.

About halfway through, Byard stopped the take, announcing that he goofed, and that, anyway, they had better hear a playback in the studio for balance. "In here, I can't hear the cello or guitar."

Ten minutes later, Carter stopped the second take, waving his bow in the air and announcing, "I goofed." But it was a sort of ensemble goof only a discerning ear could have heard.

"Would it help you, Ray, if I give you an amplifier in the studio?" Alderson wanted to know. Nance said it would, and as Alderson installed the amplifier, Carter and Benson strummed a background to their own quiet conversation.

Take 3 was a false start, and to begin the 4th, Byard counted off firmly "1, 2, 3, 4," onto the tape. Benson threw himself into his solo, eyes tightly closed, forehead occasionally in a momentary, intense frown that seemed to spur him on.

"Good—do another one!" Byard encouraged quickly at the end. Nance seemed to sprawl in his chair as he played, but he was obviously in control of what he was doing. Automatically, he dried his left hand along the length of his trousers at every rest.

One final version of the introduction to splice in the beginning, and Byard was satisfied.

"Good, thank you fellows," he said, and because he knew it was time for some solos all around he announced, "Now. Everybody know *Exactly Like You*?" There was general nodding or silent assent around the studio. But Byard had more up his sleeve. "Ray, you play *Jersey Bounce.* You know that? George, you do *Darktown Strutter's Ball.* I know you're not that old, but you might know it. Richard, you know—what's that thing (he hummed a few notes)—Stan Kenton isn't it?"

"Intermission Riff," somebody called from across the room.

"Alan, you play *Ring Dem Bells.* Ron, you play that bossa nova thing (again he hummed a couple of bars)."

"Desafinado," someone offered.

"And I'm going to play *'A' Train,"* Byard said. "I'll play the bridge." And then, "These things all have the same changes," he added as an afterthought. "Ray, take the first chorus, Ron, take the second, George. . . ." Byard continued to assign the order of improvising.

IN A FEW MINUTES, he had passed out a written introduction, and Schlitten was announcing onto the tape, *"Exactly Like What,* Take 1."

A couple of run-throughs and false starts later, they were really into it. The introduction, intriguingly oblique, skittered by. The opening ensemble, which promised melodic chaos, proved to be complex but lucid. Nance set a groove in his opening solo, and Davis, as his sole accompanist, responded. When Benson came surging in for his solo, Davis was joined by first Carter and then Dawson. Each man took two choruses. Byard's energy was climactic. It was going to work.

"What is Jaki Byard going to do next?" Alderson wondered admiringly in the booth. "You never know."

Byard was not quite through with this arrangement. "For the last chorus," he announced, moving from his keyboard to the center of the strings, "everybody play harmonics in C. Al, play up high. And everybody go for himself on the bridge. Try it."

They did, and the effect was stunning—the only way to end a performance that had begun like this one.

"How would it be," Nance asked before a take, "if I bow the opening? Because I'm having trouble playing pizzicato, and I'm not with them anyway."

"Try it," Byard offered and, at the end said, "Thanks a lot, Ray. That was a good suggestion."

On the final take, Nance again took the opening solo, and again his superb swing set the groove. The groove set, he began to soar, and the others soared with him. The ending still worked.

Just before the playback Byard announced, "Take a break, gentlemen. But be taking a look at this ballad."

He entered the engineer's booth to hear the playback, and after he had confirmed his satisfaction with *Exactly Like What,* Byard re-entered the studio with a broad smile and said, "Well, we'll continue making history."

The next document for history was the date's ballad, Byard's *The Falling Rains of Life.* By 4:50, he was announcing, "Okay, gentlemen, here we go for a run-through." The leader had the gentle theme on piano, Nance an obbligato, Davis a mysterious, double-time walk.

"Improvise, Ron!" Byard shouted at one point.

At the end, Nance joked, "I ran out of music before the rest of you did."

Byard again left his keyboard to speak to the strings: "It's perfect the way you all did it. After this, don't worry. We'll just play for Alan's vibes solo. But it needs *passion*!" He gave some mock-serious gestures with his arms and then squeezed his fists under his chin and added, *"Romanticism!"*

After another run-through, Schlitten entered the studio. "What's wrong?" Byard asked.

"Well, it's fine but it's getting a little long," the producer said.

By the time the second take was going onto the rolling tape, Dawson had a half-chorus, and Byard's sustained ending was enhanced by Nance, who knew just when to enter on top of it and just how much to play when he got there.

By 5:20, Byard had distributed a new piece among the players. By 5:35, he had expressed dissatisfaction with the way it was going, and he took up the music parts. He turned to Schlitten behind the glass panel and invited suggestions.

Schlitten entered the studio and said, "Let's jam *How High the Moon* and begin it as a ballad for Ray. Later, how about some fours between Ron and Richard?"

Byard and the other players seemed to agree.

"That's what jazz is all about anyhow," said Schlitten, re-entering the booth. db

VALERIE WILMER

RIGHT: JOE HARRIOTT
CENTER: TREVOR WATTS
BELOW: JOHN STEVENS

Rule BritanniA?

Britain is Taking the Avant-Garde Lead, Claims Victor Schonfield

WATTS, STEVENS PHOTOS/JOHN KILBY

Nobody in the jazz world would object to the statement that compared with the United States, the contribution of other countries to the music has so far been rather negligible. Evaluating individuals by their country of origin, however, has had depressing results—worldwide fame for American musicians who may be no more than imitators, while players with instantly recognizable styles living elsewhere are ignored. An introduction to British free jazz would be worthwhile if only for the chance to add new names to the list of the better exponents of the idiom.

This applies equally well to free jazz in Germany (or Scandinavia, or even Chicago), of course, but I believe the progress of the music in Britain has a special significance.

A mere handful of artists is enough to form a distinct school, capable of taking over the whole development of a thriving international art form. The best-known recent example is the school of American abstract expressionists who challenged the traditionally pre-eminent position of European painting about 20 years ago, and the school of American composers using indeterminacy, which became dominant shortly afterwards. (Both arts, incidentally, have existed since in that condition of American domination and constant ferment previously found only in jazz.) In the same way, I feel that a handful of British free improvisers have now taken over the traditional American leadership position of jazz.

Free jazz in Britain has taken more than one direction, however, so let us start with the earliest. This was dubbed "free-form jazz" by its best-known and most-recorded exponents—the Joe Harriott Quintet of 1960-5—and all the men involved continued to make original contributions to orthodox jazz at the same time. I would define this approach to freedom as the retention of a vocabulary designed for working with chord sequences in a context where it is no longer necessary. This could also describe the first free group performances by the Lennie Tristano Sextet of 1949—not to mention Erroll Garner's extended free introductions to familiar standards—and, like all such attempts to alter jazz form without altering content, free-form was a move sideways rather than forwards. But if it was inspired more by the idea of freedom than by any internal necessities arising from musical materials, the results justified themselves.

The heated and unstable character of Harriott's freedom came mainly from the unpredictable outbursts of the alto saxophonist himself and trumpeter-fluegelhornist Shake Keane. If either of these hornmen or the turbulent drummer (Phil Seamen; later Bobby Orr)

was taking a solo, the other two would do their best to interrupt, and the solo was liable suddenly to become an exchange or to give way altogether to ensemble. Within each piece, new unison themes and abrupt changes and suspensions of tempo were usually added to unsettle things further, so that the calm solos of pianist Pat Smythe and bassist Coleridge Goode tended to heighten rather than reduce the tension. Harriott's now-deleted LPs, *Abstract* (Capitol), *Free Form* and *Southern Horizons* (both Jazzland), display this exciting music ideally.

Other free-form efforts centered around the experimental arts workshop organized by *New Departures* magazine. From 1959, editor Michael Horovitz used jazz nearly always, both in collaboration with his poetry (for which he insisted on free improvising) and on its own. With two intensely committed partners—the sometimes peerless drummer Laurie Morgan and poet Pete Brown—he formed the 1961-4 New Departures Jazz-Poetry Group including Bobby Wellins (tenor saxophone), Stan Tracey (piano), and Jeff Clyne (bass). The group's shows included remarkable semi-improvised "exchange sound-poems" (of nonsense syllables from the two poets), but the centerpiece was a long "exchange jazz-poem" by the instruments and voices together. One such work, with words as well as music completely improvised, had to be abandoned after only one performance since nobody could remember what had happened. However, the epic *Blues for the Hitch-Hiking Dead*, based on prepared material, grew and changed over the years in the same way as any other composition for a specific group of improvisers.

Most of the free playing inspired by *New Departures* took place within jazz-poems, but its best single expression was the instrumental *Battle of Culloden Moor* by Wellins. Built around the composer's tenor playing with its Scottish folk roots, the work used its revolutionary (for 1961) combination of free group improvising with a scored orchestral backing to create a distinctively Scottish music, and make a moving statement of Scottish identity; *Culloden Moor* (a 1964 small-group adaptation of themes from the original work) on the British Transatlantic LP *New Departures Quartet* is the sole recorded example of this group's free playing. Fixed keys and tempos and chord-derived melody were as common in their work as in Harriott's, but the atmosphere was less frenetic and yet more fluid, changes arising from the constant interplay of equal voices.

All that is left of free-form today are a few searing solos by Harriott stranded among the pseudo-ragas of the other members of the Harriott-John Mayer Double Quintet, which can be heard on two Atlantic LPs; Horovitz worked briefly with David Izenzon, but they have all long since become preoccupied with other forms. Yet, irritatingly, recordings of free-form increasingly recall sundry Ornette Coleman pieces as much as they recall "modern jazz," even though these men never severed their ties with bop, steadfastly ignored American innovations, and failed to found any school. Their music may be dead, but it still refuses to lie down, or to be excluded from a serious survey.

PIANIST STAN TRACEY once scathingly but justifiably divided musicians of the Ornette Coleman-Cecil Taylor persuasion into four categories: "avant garde pure, avant garde pretend, avant garde maybe, and avant garde let's hope so." There is a large and ostensibly dedicated number of these musicians in Britain, so rather than to risk placing any of them in the last three categories I shall confine myself to the most important.

Even the first groups in this field were latecomers by international standards. One was the Taylor-based David Allen Quartet of 1963, which has since gained some fame as the Soft Machine, a rock group still using long free solos. Two other early groups included prominent orthodox jazzmen who were assimilating the new music: tenorist Jeff Clyne and trumpeter-fluegelhornist Ian Carr. In 1963, they and Laurie Morgan had a Coleman-oriented trio which won a prize for a film soundtrack at the Paris Biennale, and later Clyne and drummer John Stevens started a group with pianist Peter Lemer.

Lemer's trio, strongly influenced by that of Paul Bley, became the first of these groups to relax fully within its idiom. Lemer himself was the first British soloist of stature produced by this music, and is now the first to have an LP issued in the U.S., *Local Colour*, on ESP. His style is an elegantly incisive variant of Bley's, and he impresses particularly by his crystal touch, his instinctive ease within free tonality and free rhythm (the groups mentioned so far were fundamentally fixed-tempo-minded), and lyrical but rigorously-constructed invention. After he re-formed in the spring of 1966 to the quintet which made *Local Colour*, however, Lemer and his new rhythm section (bassist Tony Reeves and drummer Jon Hiseman) were too often drowned out by the joint ferocity of the two saxophonists— Nisar Ahmad Khan (tenor) and John Surman (baritone)—and when Lemer left late that year for the U.S., the conflict was still unresolved.

In the meantime, the Spontaneous Music Ensemble (SME) had been formed by John Stevens, alto saxophonist Trevor Watts and trombonist Paul Rutherford, with Kenny Wheeler (fluegelhorn and trumpet; for many years chief soloist with Johnny Dankworth) and John Ryan, Clyne, or Bruce Cale on bass. In January 1966, they inaugurated the sessions at the Little Theatre Club which have been the platform for the new music in London ever since. By March, when they recorded their LP *Challenge* on British Eyemark, they were fully at home in the free tonality-free rhythm language, and had the integrity to speak it with their native clean (though expressive) accents—all too many white musicians struggle to copy black American earthiness. Soon afterwards, Watts and Stevens ripened into urgent soloists of exceptional powers, which I shall not, however, detail; the points I wish to stress are that from about September 1966 these two turned away from this achievement and from direct American influence for good, and began leading the SME towards the discovery that the new music holds greater possibilities than just becoming one of the world's outstanding individuals on your instrument in your idiom (as I believe Watts and Stevens still are).

The first step Watts and Stevens took along the path which may become that of a whole generation was the abolition of solos in favor of collective improvisation. At first, this entailed no alterations of individual styles, but took the form of superimposing all six of them on top of each other—soprano and tenor saxophonist Evan Parker had joined the SME, while the bassist was now Barry Guy, who usually played arco. The change coincided with decisions to dispense with set themes and routines, and to find out just how long an unbroken level of maximum activity and intensity could be sustained. The results were striking. The inventions of the pitched instruments merged into a furnace of sound (discreetly stoked or damped by Watts from time to time), while Stevens created an equally crowded and furious percussion texture singlehanded. The impenetrable detail of this unstable loudness and complexity was fascinating, while the continuous impact and cumulative effects of an hour's (or more) duration verged on the apocalyptic.

By giving up this clear-cut sound, Stevens and Watts had taken a further step towards a new jazz. From then on, I felt they had entered a bigger contest than that of searching within oneself for a personal musical vision, an achievement which almost always eludes the improviser or else satisfies him for life: these two had set themselves the task of doing so again and again. Over the weeks the SME members kept intro-

/Continued on page 32

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Pete Welding, Mark Wolf, and Michael Zwerin. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Nat Adderley

NATURAL SOUL—Milestone MSP 9009: *Foo Foo; Little Big Horn; Roses for Your Pillow; Half-Time; El Chico; Broadway Lady; Loneliness; Hustle with Russell.*

Personnel: Adderley, cornet; Junior Mance, piano; Kenny Burrell or Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is one of those albums that contains very pleasing music, which you are glad to listen to (normally as background music) from time to time but which is hardly vital to any collection.

Adderley has been quoted as saying he does not think the public should have to listen to a musician rehearsing, that he never plays anything in public that he hasn't already played. Evidently.

The record, made in 1963 for Riverside just before it collapsed, has just been reissued. There are, at least on the review copy, several annoying little electronic bleeps and fwoops, but the sound otherwise is good.

The sound of the group is good too. The rhythm section is not the customary Adderley troupe, but Cranshaw and Roker are always right there, and Mance, who was a member of Cannonball Adderley's early quintet, is perfectly at home in the predominantly funky context brother Nat prefers.

Foo Foo is an appropriate opener, displaying both Adderley and Mance in the funk context, with crisp backing by Roker. The best solo, however, is Burrell's. *Big Horn's* introduction is strongly reminiscent of Miles Davis' *All of You*, circa 1958, and Adderley quotes from that tune on the last few bars of the melody statement, which features nice Burrell counterpoint. Adderley is muted here, and the tone is firm and effective. There is ordinary Burrell and Mance.

Roses is a pretty ballad with a pretty Hall solo. *Half-Time* is a cute jazzing-up of the old, old football song, sometimes called *Our Boys Will Shine Tonight*. Roker starts it off in mock march time but moves to the ride rhythm for all the solos. Adderley uses smears well here, as always, and Hall's contribution is in his patented understated but soulful vein.

El Chico is gratuitous; it purports to be of a Spanish tinge, but except for the melody statements and, occasionally, Mance's comping, it hardly refers to things Spanish. Mance plays his best solo of the date here.

Loneliness is a genuinely moving, dirgelike ballad on which Adderley and Burrell play well, the latter's solo a model of economical phrasing and thoughtful spacing. His and Hall's work are the best things on the album. Adderley's mournful fade-out is the closest to deep emotionalism he gets on the date.

Adderley, who wrote all the tunes on the album except *Half-Time*, which he coauthored with Cannonball, is a first-rate composer. Somebody else should maybe play his stuff. —*Heineman*

Albert Ayler

ALBERT AYLER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—Impulse 9155: *For John Coltrane; Change Has Come; Truth Is Marching In; Our Prayer.*

Personnel: Ayler, alto saxophone; Joel Friedman, cello; Alan Silva, Bill Folwell, basses; Beaver Harris, drums (tracks 1-2). Ayler, tenor saxophone; Donald Ayler, trumpet; Michel Sampson, violin; Folwell, Henry Grimes, basses; Harris, drums (tracks 3-4).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The element of "play" seems to me a crucial component, perhaps *the* crucial component, of the new jazz. Let me clarify this. By play I don't mean something insignificant, without seriousness or meaning, but rather that rational irrationality which is one of man's highest activities. It is such play that produces works of art, and which in fact may be the very essence of man's artistic impulses.

The importance of play in culture has been recognized by a number of thinkers, and more than one has put his mind to an investigation of the matter in an attempt to arrive at a knowledge of the essential nature and characteristics of play (in this respect, I can recommend the book *Homo Ludens* by the historian Johan Huizinga). Huizinga describes play as " . . . a free activity standing quite consciously outside 'ordinary' life as being 'not serious', but at the same time absorbing the player intensely and utterly. . . . It proceeds within its own proper boundaries of time and space according to fixed rules and in an orderly manner."

The play spirit prompts all artistic works, for it is play which lies at the very core of all metaphorical, symbolic, representative, and imaginative actualizations, displays, and performances. The real affinity between play and music, for example, is vividly revealed in our very term for describing the manipulation of a musical instrument: one "plays" an instrument, and the instrumentalist is a "player."

In its emphasis upon improvisation—unplanned spontaneous composition or recomposition—jazz offers a particularly vivid, immediately observable manifestation of the play element. And avant-garde jazz—with its insistence on totally interactive, extemporized music-making—seems to represent perhaps the fullest actualization of the play spirit in jazz since early New Orleans music burst upon an amazed world more than five decades ago.

All this is prompted by this Ayler record (the best I've heard); to my way of thinking, the music of the various groups Ayler has spearheaded has represented some of the most perfect realizations of the artistic goals of the avant garde. (I may not have liked all the *music* they have produced, for the goals and the end-products are two entirely different things, after all.) In this, Ayler's music has represented the fullest realization of the play principle as well. Totally improvised music would have to, wouldn't it? And that's what Ayler has always striven for in his music—a total spontaneity of group utterance, "absorbing the player intensely and utterly" and at the same time proceeding "within its own proper boundaries of time and space according to fixed rules and in an orderly manner." Ayler's music goes this one better, for it fixes those boundaries and sets those rules in the very heat of play itself.

In a very real sense, then, Ayler and his confreres are creating their own ordered cosmos in their music, *as* they make that music. And this album offers the best, fullest, most perfect view of that musical cosmos I've heard so far. Two different ensembles are heard here (*Truth Is Marching In* and *Our Prayer* were recorded at the Village Vanguard Dec. 18, 1966; the other two pieces were taped at the Village Theater two months later), but both create basically the same world of sound and images.

It's difficult to describe that world, but the textures the two ensembles create do seem like a fusion of early jazz and mariachi music, the resemblance to the latter being more pronounced on the two tracks featuring the group with trumpeter Donald Ayler. The music is vividly alive, churning, full of colors and textures, and relentlessly moving. There is a great deal of energy and restless passion to it, yet it doesn't sound "disturbed" or otherwise disoriented. Ayler's music it not at all incomprehensible or difficult of access. All it requires is a pair of open ears, a willingness to enter a world of musical thought that might on the surface seem alien and uncomfortable. It's not, though. The vistas are fresh, the natives friendly and, as the ad says, "getting there is half the fun." There's a lot of the latter in Ayler's music.

This album is worth your attention, believe me. Ayler may well be the Johnny Dodds of the avant garde, and in my book that's high praise, perhaps the highest. —*Welding*

The Beacon Street Union

THE EYES OF THE BEACON STREET UNION—MGM ES-4517: *Recitation; My Love Is; Beautiful Delilah; Shortin' Life; Four Hundred and Five; Mystic Mourning; Sadie Said No; Speed Kills; Blue Avenue; South End Incident; Green Destroys the Gold; The Prophet.*

Personnel: Bob Rhodes, keyboards, bass, vo-

cals; Paul Tartachny, lead guitar, vocals; Wayne Ulaky, bass guitar, vocals; John Wright, lead vocals, percussion; Richard Weisburg, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

I feel badly about not giving this album five stars. The music is worth that much, but the album is deficient in recording quality (in a very few spots, but enough to detract), and in the use of a certain electronic effect: the organ and drums are often, on the beat, moved from one speaker to the other. This becomes a real drag and detracts from the music.

The music is non-hippie and anti-drug (does *Speed Kills* sound like a statement of approval?). The sound is very fresh (probably the freshest since the Hendrix Experience and Cream brought the rock trio sound into view), showing few influences. *Mourning* begins with a Jefferson Airplane-ish bass solo, but the rest is pure Bosstown Sound (the new sound from Boston, Mass., in which the Union is a major force).

There are certain numbers which deserve special mention, starting with *Incident*. With this album came a bunch of press releases, which explained, along with a lot of other miscellaneous information, that this song, the group's first single, was banned in Boston, where the *Incident* takes place. A youth is afraid of death after witnessing the knifing of a girl. (*"I saw their pretty, polished steel/Laughing at her throat"*). The ending leaves the listener in a state of total shock.

The album begins with *Recitation,* a denunciation of the conservatism of the Boston populace. The Union is the prophet (no relation to track 12), and those who do not follow can "rot in the stifling air of their flower-spun graves." (All of the Union's members are dropouts from Boston College.) The only sounds that can be heard from groups in the area are cheap imitations of *Louie, Louie* (what Richard Goldstein has called "[the] rock equivalent of *Melancholy Baby*"). *Recitation* tells the listener to look beyond all this, "into the eyes of the Beacon Street Union."

My Love begins with beautiful, perfect harmony. On this and other songs of medium and fast tempi, the beat becomes rather monotonous, but the musical offerings invariably make up for this deficiency.

Delilah is a comical number which is a great relief when listened to after *Incident. Green* is a fast, hard rock number, showing that the new sound has roots in the old. One rhythmic rock cliche used in this number is the dotted quarter/eighth/half-note rest pattern. But though it's a cliche, the Union makes it sound fresh and vital.

Sportin' is a slow, hard-drivin' blues that has real relatives in the background of folk. The diversified sound of the Union, and the variety of their songs, all written by Ulaky, present a new perspective, unrelated to drugs. —*Wolf*

Andrew Hill

ANDREW!—Blue Note BST 84203/4203: *The Groits; Black Monday; Duplicity; Le Serpent Qui Dance; No Doubt; Symmetry.*

Personnel: John Gilmore, tenor saxophone; Hill, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

There's a great deal of substance here, enough to make even a knowledgeable listener play the record many times in order to digest its contents.

Hill can be thought of as being in the Thelonious Monk tradition, but he's traveling his own road.

His compositions, which are characterized by unusual intervals, rhythmic uniqueness and deceptive simplicity, remind me somewhat of Monk's writing. Here, whether they express lyricism or dry humor, they seem painstakingly assembled, as if he had thought for a good long time about each note before writing it down. I don't suggest that this is actually the way he writes, only that his pieces bear the mark of a master craftsman.

His improvisation is even more noteworthy than the composing. It is full of variety and surprises; he mixes lyrical and jarringly dissonant effects very well, and contrasts single-note lines and chords intelligently. He accents in a stimulatingly unpredictable manner and his solos are nicely constructed.

Gilmore was a fine, straight-ahead swinging soloist in the mid-'50s with Sun Ra; his style has evolved considerably since then. His work is Coltrane-influenced now, and more pensive than it once was. His solos, like Hill's, are marked by variety and surprises. The tenor man is adept at contrasting machine gun bursts of notes with long tones; he employs space effectively, fragmenting his solos interestingly, and plays well in all registers of his horn, producing a number of colors and textures.

I think Hutcherson is one of the unsung heroes of jazz. At this point, you can always count on him for a good to excellent performance. Certainly he improvises very well here, soloing with grace, discipline and imagination.

Davis turns in a splendid performance, but that, too, is to be expected. His rhythm section mate, Chambers, plays with sensitivity, unobtrusively contributing a good deal to the success of the session.—*Pekar*

Keith Jarrett

LIFE BETWEEN THE EXIT SIGNS—Vortex 2006: *Lisbon Stomb; Love No. 1; Love No. 2; Everything I Love; Margot; Long Time Gone (But Not Withdrawn); Life between the Exit Signs; Church Dreams.*

Personnel: Jarrett, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

The easiest thing to do with Jarrett is to say who he sounds like—i.e., about equal parts of Bill Evans, Denny Zeitlin and Cecil Taylor. That gets you out of the bind that you ought to be in—i.e., the admission that Jarrett is an original, with a pianistic conception that's close to unique.

If one sticks to the formula in the first sentence above—which is accurate to an extent—one also has to say that he swings harder and takes more chances than Evans, that he swings harder and is warmer than Zeitlin, and that he is enormously more lyrical than Taylor.

The first point that ought to be made about this record is that it's a love record. The players' feeling runs high throughout, and the feeling, while by no means always melodic, is always positive, moving up-

wards, moving toward the listener, embracing.

The second point is that the empathy arrived at by the trio is incredible. Haden in particular must be psychic; Jarrett seldom stays within the harmonic or rhythmic confines of a tune, but he no sooner starts a phrase than Haden is there with him, complementing and enriching what he's playing. Motian is very good in this way, too, but Haden nearly steals the album.

The individual tracks are evocative, fragmentary (though decidedly not chaotic or random), elusive. On the liner notes Jarrett says, ". . . if there were words to express it, there would be no need for the music." Which is what Miles Davis has been saying for some time.

Critics never listen. Consequently:

Stomp is an appealing up-tempo piece, with Haden doing some heavy listening to Jarrett's solo and following with a fine one of his own, which leans on a favorite Haden motif: playing a drone with one string and working figures around it with others.

No. 1 is stated unaccompanied by Jarrett, with Motian and Haden falling in behind an airy, uncluttered, beautifully constructed excursion by Jarrett. *No. 2* is based on a kind of stutter-rhythm, on which Jarrett improvises in a series of atonal notes and clusters. Haden in solo again uses the drone effect, with Jarrett scraping piano strings behind him. Haden then seems to stop in the air with a sequence of two- and three-string strummed tremolos. Jarrett returns for a moment of frenzy that immediately settles back into tempo but then goes outside again for a quick, dissonant ending.

Virtually all the tunes end unexpectedly, and the surprise usually works. This music is amazing. If you're involved—but take your mind off it for a second—you find yourself miles away from where you were when you get back into it.

Things and *Margot*, the latter an attractive waltz, are less good than the other tracks, though interesting enough. Another ¾ piece, *Life*, is richer, with Jarrett getting into some highly lyrical passages before he and Motian trade loose, fascinating fours that contain as much creative space as statement.

Long Time is an extremely free piece, based on a single chord played three times. The series of three is repeated four times, with the two introductory notes to it differing slightly each time. Jarrett keeps coming back in his solo to that motif; Haden's solo echoes the rhythm but slides the chords down and down.

Dreams, a sort of richly chorded processional, features fine Jarrett and a beautiful Haden solo that quotes from *Deck the Halls* (the man can integrate the darndest things into a piece and make them work) but trails off into a wistful, little-boy-lost mood, at the end of which he plays with, and finally plays, a few bars of *The Bear Came Over the Mountain*.

The album's title is apt. The exits of life are the small moments of beauty we are capable of feeling amid the banality of everyday existence. Jarrett and company flash those moments by the listener with remarkable sensitivity and consistency. We might object that they go by too fast on the record, that Jarrett doesn't seem able to hold them there and amplify them. Though possibly true, it's a small price to pay for finding the many exits he offers to direct us to. —*Heineman*

Eric Kloss

LIFE FORCE—Prestige 7535: *Soul Daddy; You're Turning My Dreams Around; Life Force; Nocturno; St. Thomas; My Heart Is In the Highlands.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Kloss, alto, tenor saxophones; Pat Martino, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This LP attests to the steady improvement of Kloss as a saxophonist and leader. I reviewed one of his earlier albums some time ago and found it to contain meat-and-potatoes jazz of a rather ordinary quality. The fare here is more stimulating.

The compositions are varied and of good quality. Even the "down-home" selection, *Soul Daddy*, is interesting; it has a nine-bar theme (the solos on *Soul Daddy*, however, are built on an eight-bar unit) and concludes with some nice interplay between Kloss and Owens. On *Life Force*, sections during which there is no stated pulse are contrasted with others on which a beat is felt. *Highlands* is a simple piece which allows the improvisers to extend their ideas. Though *Dreams* is taken at a fairly fast tempo it has a poignant, nostalgic quality. *Nocturno* is a pretty bossa nova written by Bud Shank.

Though he still seems to be in the process of forming an original approach and is not yet a strikingly individual performer, Kloss' improvisation is better than competent.

On tenor he has a heavy but generally not rough tone. His alto spots are more sprightly and daring but less well constructed than his tenor solos.

On both horns, Kloss is full of ideas, pouring them out in a steady stream. His solos are full of lyrical phrases.

Those who have been following the progress of Jimmy Owens, hoping that he will put it all together each new time they hear him, ought to be well pleased with this album. He plays superbly. He has been erratic in the past, but I don't think his playing can be faulted on a single major point here. As usual he displays a rich tone, fine range and very good technique. His solos are well paced, forceful and tasteful.

Impressive, too, is Martino, whose work is clean and quite inventive. He plays complex, well-resolved single-note lines and also turns in good chordal work. His tone, though not particularly heavy, is penetrating, and he's a very skillful technician. And dig his rhythm section work; he's an excellent comper. —*Pekar*

Byard Lancaster

IT'S NOT UP TO US—Vortex 2003: *It's Not Up to Us; Last Summer; Misty; John's Children; Mr. A.A.; Dogtown; Over the Rainbow; Satan.*

Personnel: Lancaster, flute, alto; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Jerome Hunter, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums; Kenny (Keno) Speller, conga.

Rating: ★★

There's not much here. The music, like the liner notes, which consist entirely of a short prayer written by Lancaster, is sincere, accomplished with conviction, and

a trifle embarrassing. Lancaster is virtually the only solo voice on the album. He plays flute on all but *Misty*, *Children* and *Rainbow*, and he is simply not a very good flutist: thin tone and limited range and facility. On alto he is considerably better.

The liner notes remind one forcibly of John Coltrane's notes for *A Love Supreme*, and the music often recalls that album as well. Coltrane, on those sides, was at his best in a period during which he was primarily concerned with variations on short, rhythmically repetitive phrases.

There's a lot of that on Lancaster's date, and *Children*, apparently a tribute to Coltrane, refers directly to the central motif of *Love Supreme:* the bass introduction emulates Jimmy Garrison's focal point on the Coltrane album, and the melody itself has only four notes—or three, with a grace note—upon which Lancaster performs some not very interesting variations.

The rhythm section sets up drones and suspended chords behind him—fine. But when Sharrock takes his short solo, he merely continues the drone effect. The sole impressive part of the tune is the false fade-out, which crescendos into free playing. The idea is nice, but none of the players sounds comfortable in the free bag.

Children contains Sharrock's only solo effort, except for *Satan*, on which Lancaster does not play. *Satan* is 8:54 of ennui, with a misterioso introduction by Sharrock, who is gradually joined by the rest of the rhythm. So everybody's droning and tremoloing, and it gets more intense and cases and gets more intense and cases . . . you get the idea. There is only dynamic progression—not harmonic or rhythmic.

There is something good to say about the album. Lancaster has an admirable respect for the melodic outlines of the tunes he plays, which is refreshing. And some of the originals are good lines. *Mr. A.A.* sounds like nothing so much as a lilting Presbyterian hymn, which is stated slow by Lancaster on flute and then accelerated with the rhythm added; the group moves into Calypso rhythm, ritards in the next-to-last chorus to remind one of the original a cappella statement, and then accelerates on the out chorus.

It is a good arrangement, as is *Dogtown*, which begins like an out-of-tempo ballad in the first phrase and then moves to an r&b feeling to round out that phrase and begin the complementary line, totally in the r&b mood, with interesting accents (the first, third and fourth beats). Lancaster gets off his best flute solo—good spacing and sharper tone than usual.

Rainbow, too, is sporadically good, especially its humor: Lancaster turned on the echo chamber for his alto, and he sounds as if he's playing inside a toilet bowl. His melody statement is alternately wistful and funny, ending with a comic honk; his unaccompanied solo features the most impressive technical work he does on the record.

The two stars, then, are for Lancaster's alto work on *Rainbow* and *Misty* and for the two or three interesting arrangements. Whoever arranged the album didn't give the other players much chance to earn any stars. —*Heineman*

Sonny Stitt

PARALLEL-A-STITT—Roulette 25354: *Chinatown, My Chinatown; Jeep's Blues; The Shadow of Your Smile; Hello George; Satin Doll; Laura; Bye Bye Blackbird; Because It's Love; Don't Get Around Much Anymore.*

Personnel: Jerome Richardson, alto flute; Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; George Berg, baritone saxophone; Don Patterson, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Walter Jones, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★

I was told recently, by someone who'd heard him in person, that Stitt is now doing different things with the Varitone attachment on his saxophones and really has it mastered. But on this recording, the device adds nothing but another parallel octave to his fleet alto and tenor flights.

There is good Stitt spotted throughout and he is well backed by Patterson, who is also a good soloist. Duvivier, who is always fine, has a couple of solo appearances, but they should have been given more presence.

For some reason—perhaps the Varitone—I didn't like this album the first couple of times I heard it. Yet something kept bringing me back to it. Finally, I realized that it is a pretty swinging Stitt set. Stitt blazes on *Chinatown* and *Blackbird;* blows some of those *good* blues on Johnny Hodges' *Jeep's*, helped by Patterson's fine and funky bebop; and plays some lovely ballads like *Laura* and *Because*. The latter, where he is romantically linked with flutes, is the only cut where the Varitone is absent, and the tenor sound is really gorgeous. The only place the Varitone actually hinders him is on *Smile*, where it muffles the sound in a "strainer" effect that becomes a strain on the ear.

Another groovy blues is Stitt's own *George* where he teams with Duvivier and teems with life. Sonny has always been a superior blues sayer. He doesn't even need a strict 12-bar model to say it, as witness *Don't Get Around*.

If you are any kind of Sonny Stitt fan, get this one. Maybe he's said some of the things before, but the vitality is renewing. —*Gitler*

RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

More rock and folk-rock recordings:

Though they occasionally evoke the shades of the Mamas and Papas (*Wonderment* and *Turn on A Friend*, for examples), the Los Angeles group of the Peanut Butter Conspiracy (**The Great Conspiracy**, Columbia 9590) suggests nothing so much as a pallid imitation of the Jefferson Airplane—without the latter's sensitivity and imagination. The instrumental work is excellent (fine Wes Montgomery-inspired guitar, for example, by lead guitarist Bill Wolff on *Too Many Do*), the vocal work strong and assured—particularly by Sandi Robison, and the arrangements crisp and musical. And the production is expectedly superior. The only trouble is that most of the songs more than vaguely suggest better, more creatively-conceived pieces by better-known groups, and their lyrics—by guitarist John Merrill and bassist Al Brackett—are totally

fatuous at best, embarrassingly pretentious at worst. Save that there are some talented people involved here, one is tempted to call it shlock rock and let it go at that. Maturity and an original point of view are sorely needed.

A similar mastery of rock's stylistic conventions, though aligned to a much more mature and intellectual expression, is evidenced in the work of the quintet **Circus Maximus** (Vanguard 79260). The lyrics by lead guitarist Bob Bruno and guitarist Jerry Jeff Walker are more "concerned", commenting with taste and intelligence

(for the most part) on alienation, hypocrisy, game playing. and the quest for meaning, purpose, and love in the modern world—with very little in the way of the sloganeering that is usual in most rock groups' handling of these themes. The only trouble—and it's a big one—is that the band's music seems locked into a stolid metallic (that's the only way I can describe it) electronic approach that has every one of their songs sounding exactly the same. The absence of any real sense of melodicism in the songs contributes to this too, and the singing, which is not especially good (wooden for the most), further emphasizes the band's heavily rhythmic approach. As a result, there's little for the mind to catch hold of; everything save the words conspires against the songs' memorability.

On the other hand, lyricism gone rampant marks **Song Cycle** (Warner Bros 1727) by 25-year-old Van Dyke Parks, who on the basis of this overblown bit of musical excess has been hailed in some circles as a rock genius. The composer-singer has written a number of attractive themes (10 of the 12 pieces are his), but has overlaid them with such a thick coating of orchestral and electronic goo that the end result is—pardon the mixed metaphor—like a hopelessly overdressed drag queen. This is perhaps the ultimate extension of studio rock; at least one hopes so. Parks undoubtedly is quite talented—his orchestration skills make that abundantly clear—but has quite a bit to learn about editing himself. Hopefully all the "underground" acclaim Parks currently is receiving will not turn his head and confirm his pursuit of goals such as evidenced by this disc. Now that he's gotten this musical elephantiasis out of his system, perhaps he will settle down and make some *music*.

The straight-ahead, unsubtle acid-rock of the **Savage Resurrection** (Mercury 61156) sounds almost refreshing in comparison. This San Pablo, Calif. quintet pursues an approach that seems to fuse the raw antisophistication of the early Rolling Stones (reverential pause) with the more recent preferences in instrumental sound—heavily overamplified guitar, feedback, wah-wah, fuzz tone, etc.—of such San Francisco groups as the Quicksilver Messenger Service or the Grateful Dead, an influence not surprising considering the Resurrection's proximity to San Francisco. The group plays the idiom with a great deal of ferocity, deriving a fair amount of strength from the use of blues and related materials, but are not particularly original or otherwise striking.

Two generally interesting groups that derive much of their flavor from folk music are Kenny Rankin (**Mind Dusters**, Mercury 61141) and **Bunky and Jake** (Mercury 61142). Rankin's music is delightfully, unabashedly melodic, with a nice poetic flavor to his thoughtful lyrics, and his singing is greatly enhanced by Artie Schroeck's imaginatively unobtrusive orchestral settings. His music is perhaps a bit too sweet for stone rock fans, but is quite good and personal in the low-keyed, unpretentious manner that has become conventional for this aproach. Quite enjoyable music.

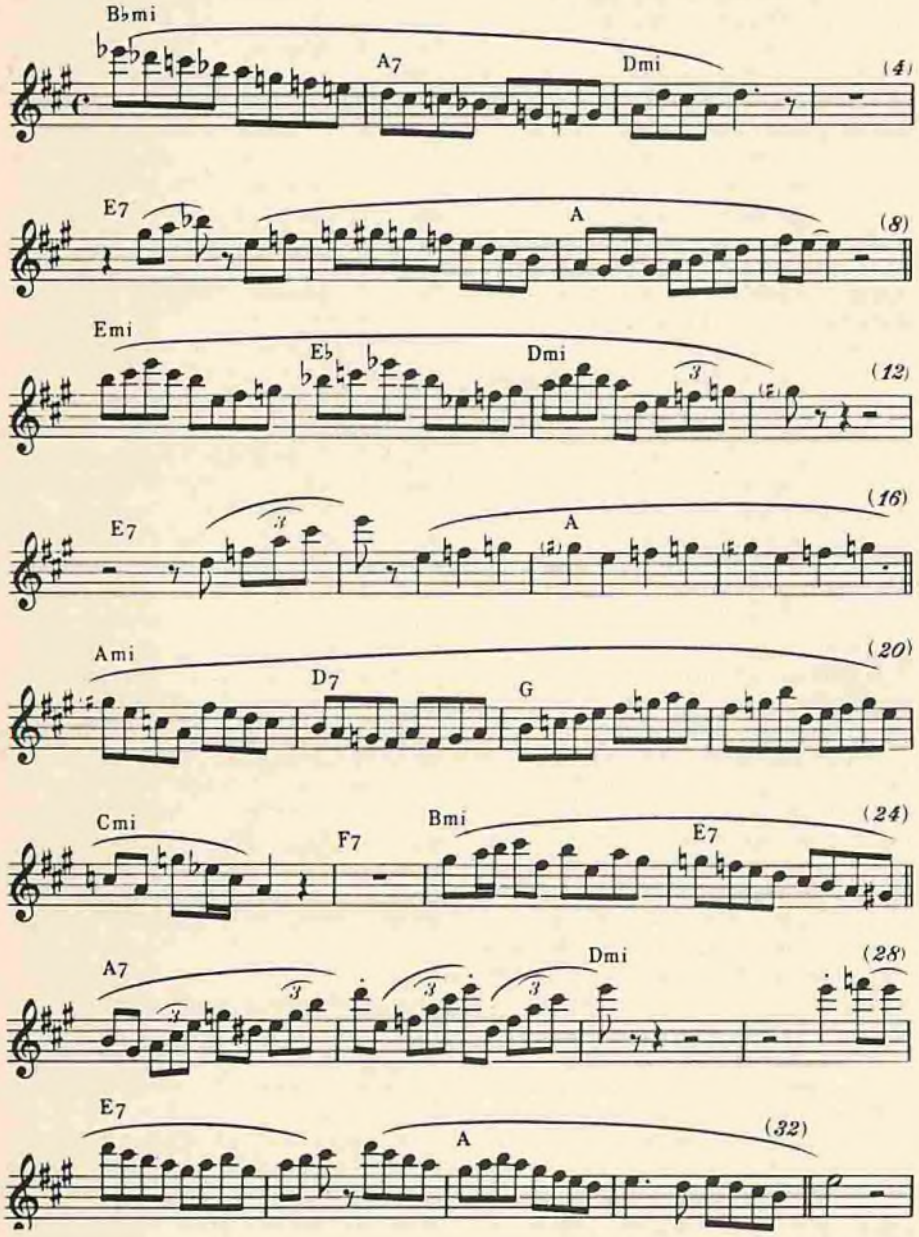
Also enjoyable is the music of Bunky Skinner and Jake Jacobs (an interracial duo—Leonard Feather take note), though in a wholly different way. Theirs is totally idiosyncratic music, very striking and unusual. Basically the pair hew to a sweet lyrical approach but its constituent elements reflect very personal usages of everything from early rhythm-and-blues duo stylings to contemporary country-and-western, embracing such things as unamplified Swing era-guitar *(I'll Follow You)*, good-time hokum music, modern folksong, and so on. But the fusion of all these disparate elements is very much their own, and may not be to everyone's taste. Their music is so greatly different from the usual run of popular song that one feels the pair will not enjoy much success in the marketplace and, at the same time, will probably not appeal overmuch to rock listeners, who prefer a much harder kind of music. Bunky and Jake, in their curious way, have much to offer. They're worth a listen, and Mercury is to be commended for issuing such a noncommercial item. I, for one, wish them every success.

Several items to pass up if you see them in a shop and are tempted: **Woman, Woman** by the Union Gap (Columbia 9612), 7 **Do Eleven** by the Ever-Green Blues (Mercury 61157), and **The Collage** (Smash 67101). All three sets are handsomely produced, beautifully recorded programs of contemporary-styled pop music that has little going for it other than its contemporaneity of sound. All surface, no guts—but absolutely beautiful surfaces, of course. Just slightly more sophisticated Monkee-type music, in other words.

db music workshop

LEE KONITZ

Lee Konitz' Solo On 'Sub-Conscious Lee'



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Sub-Conscious Lee, an original by Lee Konitz based on *What Is This Thing Called Love,* was recorded with the Lennie Tristano Quintet on Jan. 11, 1949. It is available on Prestige 7250. While this solo can be played as is, it will become more meaningful when first heard in the context of the recorded performance. The solo is representative of Konitz' highly personal early style. In their analysis of this solo in 1951, William Russo and Lloyd Lifton pointed out that "Konitz makes full use of harmonic extensions and alterations, plus some substitute chords. . . . An interesting alteration is the flatted fifth against the D minor sixth in bar 12."

Key to solo: To play with record: alto and baritone saxophones play as is; tenor transpose up a perfect fourth; trumpet and clarinet transpose down a perfect fifth; trombone transpose down an octave and a major sixth; concert pitch instruments transpose a major sixth down or a minor third up. M.M.: ♩=240.

Discography

Konitz first recorded with the 1947 Claude Thornhill Band, and can be heard on several tracks on a deleted Harmony LP. (Unfortunately, much of Konitz' best work can be found only on collectors' items. Available records are marked *.)

In 1949, he recorded with Lennie Tristano, tenorist Warne Marsh, and guitarist Billy Bauer (Prestige 7250* and Capitol, unavailable in U.S.), and under his own name (also Prestige 7250*). He partici-

pated in the famous 1949-50 Miles Davis Nonet dates (*Birth of the Cool,* Capitol T762*). A fine 1951 session with Miles, including two duets with Bauer, is on Prestige 8295*.

In 1952, Konitz joined Stan Kenton. He has excellent solos on Capitol H383 *(My Lady),* H426, and H462 *(Lover Man).* A Paris date with Kenton colleagues and others was on Royal Roost 416. In 1953, Konitz guested with Gerry Mulligan's Quartet (Pacific Jazz 38*).

Konitz made three LPs for Storyville (304, 313, 323) in 1954-55. For Atlantic, Konitz made a 1955 date with Marsh (1271); *Konitz in Hi Fi* (1258), on which he also plays tenor, and *The Real Lee Konitz* (1237), one of his best. He is with Lennie Tristano on Atlantic 1224*, still listed but getting scarce.

A series for Verve began in 1957 with *Very Cool* (8209). *An Image* (8286) had William Russo arrangements. *Lee Konitz Meets Jimmy Giuffre* (8335) was a sax party with Marsh, Hal McKusick, Ted Brown, and Bill Evans. Evans is also on *You and Lee* (8362), again arranged by Giuffre. The 1961 *Motion* (8399), with Elvin Jones and bassist Sonny Dallas, features extraordinary extended improvisations.

Konitz didn't record again until 1965. *Charlie Parker Memorial Concert* (Limelight 82017*) contains a stunning unaccompanied *Blues for Bird.* Upcoming are Milestone and Music Minus One LPs (see article p. 15).

Konitz can also be heard on Metronome All Star dates (Columbia, 1950; Capitol, 1951; Verve 8030, 1956); a 1952 Charlie Mingus date (Debut); the 1957 *Gerry Mulligan Song Book* (World Pacific 1001), and one track on *The Art of the Ballad* (VSP-38*, from Verve 8286.) —D.M.

BRITISH JAZZ

(Continued from page 25)

ducing new and beautiful sounds—both percussive (bells, rattles, finger cymbals, triangle, glockenspiels, maracas, tambourine, slapped saxophone keys) and sustaining (flutes, whistles, vocal whines, double-harmonics from oboe and double bass, cymbals played with a bow, snare-drum rubbed with a fingertip). From this emerged a brief equilibrium around March 1967, in which a new group color was explored with each new piece. For this a composer reappeared in the person of Stevens—not concerned with providing a tune or outlining musical change over a period of time but with assigning each of his six colleagues (electric guitarist Derek Bailey had been added) an unchanging role within which to play free throughout the piece, and defining this role in terms of the instrument and register to be used, the average length of notes and rests, and so forth.

The last and decisive step came with their recognition of the ideal of "group-music" in July 1967. Stevens defines the phrase as "the idea of an improviser being part of a larger whole rather than a separate attraction," and Watts has suggested how it happens: "I try to rid myself of all ego, and to be more aware of the other musicians' sound than I am of my own. When the music's at its best I'm not aware of my own at all."

That same month, the SME split amicably into two. Watts' group was named Amalgam, and until November his regular partner was Barry Guy, though Paul Rutherford and Derek Bailey joined them frequently; since then Amalgam has been a duo completed by cellist Nik Bryce, who comes from a background of European music. Stevens' group retained the name SME, and Evan Parker has been his regular partner ever since; Bailey, Kenny Wheeler, and bassists Barre Phillips (an American) and Peter Kowald have often been involved as well. Stevens also leads a ten-piece SME which includes the two smaller groups and their associates, Peter Lemer among them.

AT THE LITTLE THEATRE Club, which for listening purposes is the best in London, I have realized that group music does not begin as soon as the improviser stops dominating his colleagues or using the situation to impress, nor if he then sets out to conduct a dialogue with them; both were second nature to this circle by last July, and do not convey the further development which has taken place since then. True group music begins when the improviser is aware of himself *purely as a facet of a total group sound* where individual identity has been dissolved in that of a collective being, and where this higher being has become the improvising mind.

This concept of group music includes, transcends, and directs all the freedoms of the new music, whether they have been established or only suggested—freedom from harmonic or modal frameworks, from fixed speed and meter, from themes and prepared routines, from solos, from sounds of definite pitch, from stressing patterns of sounds in time at the expense of the colors of the individual sound—and yet it depends on none of them.

Group music seems especially capable of stimulating a flow of distinctive ensemble sounds and feelings. My recent *Caught in the Act* of the SME (*DB*, Jan. 11) describes one of them (emphasizing its group music aspect), and I shall soon be reviewing Amalgam, but there have already been too many new group sounds to cover adequately. Broadly speaking, the general color and texture of the SME (both large and small versions) seem to change only when the personnel does, whereas those of Amalgam vary widely in the course of each performance; again, the former has a feeling of austere serenity, where the latter often communicates sensual passion; in both SMEs the styles of individuals resemble each other closely, while in Amalgam strong contrasts exist without inhibiting the emergence of a group mind.

Statements by the respective leaders on what group music means to them can help one understand. Stevens has said:

"Once you arrive at completely free music, the only thing that matters is the relationship between those taking part. Good and bad become simply a question of how much the musicians are giving—that's the music's form. Giving means giving wholly to the situation you're in and trying to hear the other player clearly, just as you're completely aware of the person you love next to you."

Watts has said:

"The way I visualize our music is a kaleidoscope of textures, colors and intensities—lots of different sounds and the players just adding to whatever's happening at the time, not putting themselves over as individuals. The beauty of the music lies in the band's internal balance."

If he is prepared to give up self-centered expression and to play the virtuoso only when this reflects a group purpose, and if he can find likeminded colleagues whose sounds are compatible with his own—be it black or white, calm or passionate, harsh or warm—any free jazz musician can learn to create group music, and grow in both musical and spiritual stature thereby. And for every free jazz musician who wishes to challenge himself by treating his well-worn style as a foundation for further growth, I believe Stevens and Watts have mapped out the only possible direction.

Lastly, I must say something about AMM, a unique quartet from London which gave its first New York concerts at Steinway Hall March 6, 7, 8, and 9. Not that anyone would call AMM a jazz group: the one well-known member is the leading European-music composer Cornelius Cardew, and the accepted view of AMM is that it represents a logical conclusion of indeterminate and electronic musics—a radio switched on at random is one of its many sound sources. The tendency of scores to leave the interpreters to decide more and more of the final nature of a performance has been taken to an extreme by eliminating the score altogether, and every AMM performance is a continuous improvisation devoted to finding new sounds and ways of producing them, and new ways of combining them without formal organization.

It is safe to assume that one day the language of jazz will be parallel to that of AMM—a language whose sounds are discontinuous, contemplated separately rather than as part of a temporal succession, and understated to express neither order nor intention but themselves alone.

However, jazz may already have reached this stage. After all, AMM depends wholly on free improvisation, and the three musicians who towards the end of 1965 founded the group and formulated its approach had had purely jazz backgrounds. Eddie Prevost was a drummer, Lou Gare a tenor saxophonist, and Keith Rowe played electric guitar, and the last two had gradually become (with the mostly non-free Mike Westbrook Band) perhaps the most accomplished free jazz soloists on their instruments to date; Lawrence Sheaff—who joined AMM early in 1966 at the same time as Cardew and appears on the British Elektra LP *AMM Music*, but left a year ago—had previously been a jazz bassist.

Attempts to blend jazz and European music have failed to create a music capable of independent life, perhaps because the musical materials and values of the parents did not coincide. Perhaps a new music could result only if jazz and European music had both evolved to a point where they were committed to the same things—in which case the new language would surely exist without anyone trying to bring it about. The jazz musicians and European musicians who united as AMM evolved over two years ago to a point where they speak a common language, call it neither "jazz" nor "European music" but simply "AMM music." db

BLINDFOLD TEST/JEROME RICHARDSON

BY LEONARD FEATHER

1. GERALD WILSON. *Del Olivar* (from *Everywhere*, Pacific Jazz). Anthony Ortega, flute; composer.

That was a very beautiful alto flute solo, by whom I don't know. I think maybe a studio musician. I'd say it was a band probably from the West Coast—very well done, the arrangement was very good.

I found a little fault with the technician in spots where he didn't keep the flute . . . the low quality of the alto flute in prominence; but we're human beings! All in all I liked the record, and I liked that track.

To say who it was though is kind of hard. It may have been Don Ellis; it could have been one of the new Stan Kenton things. I'll give it four stars.

2. ALBERT AYLER. *Bells* (from *Love Cry*, Impulse). Ayler, tenor saxophone, composer.

Well, what do you want me to say about that? It sounds like a club date tenor player trying to get into the jazz thing. I wonder what they were doing—I don't know whether they were trying to fool somebody or not. If that was their version of avant garde, they'd better do a little listening.

It held nothing for me. They were playing a little line together, and it sounded as though they were trying to see what they could do with that little line. It's true that some things of this type have come off, and it's possible they can come off, but I don't think that came off.

I haven't the slightest idea who it was. The tenor player, I could give a wild guess—I'd still guess it was Don Ellis' band again. I'll give it one star for effort.

3. STANLEY TURRENTINE. *Little Sheri* (from *Joyride*, Blue Note). Turrentine, composer, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Oliver Nelson, arranger; recorded by Rudy Van Gelder.

Could you play the last half of that over again? . . . Hmm, very good. I liked it, it has good feeling. Who? It sounded like Stanley Turrentine to me. I asked you to play it again because I heard some things in there that suggested some different estimates; it sounded like Duke Pearson's band and like a Rudy Van Gelder product. I don't say that's what it was, but at any rate that's what it sounded like.

It had good feeling, the arrangement was great. The reason I was in doubt as to whether it was Duke Pearson was because it sounded like Herbie Hancock on piano. I'll give that five stars I enjoyed it.

4. EDDIE HARRIS. *Theme in Search of a Movie* (from *The Electrifying Eddie Harris*, Atlantic). Harris, Varitone; Charles Stepney, composer.

It almost leaves me with nothing. It's an attempt at the commercial market, obviously. The melody line to me wasn't much, and what there was, they didn't do much with. Of course, I realize they're probably trying to reach the commercial market with it by being somewhat repetitious.

The saxophone player that I heard on it sounded like a person who was being sort of chained down; he sounded like he wasn't playing up to his particular potential, like he could have played more, and also developed it.

Of course, at the end it sounded a little like Eddie Harris and his Varitone, but I think if it was, it was one of Eddie's lesser things. I'll give it two stars.

5. JOHN COLTRANE. *All Or Nothing At All* (from *Ballads*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Elvin Jones, drums.

Yes, I liked that! I liked the drums in it, sounded a little like Elvin. It had a nice little accompaniment developed there, but overall there wasn't too much doing, other than the fact that the saxophone player played the melody and played well. The simplicity of it was very good, the feeling of it was very good.

It sounded a little like Trane to me. If it was, it reminded me of a lot of things a lot of guys said, squawking about Trane's playing so much and so much, and I'd say "You never heard him play a melody!" He plays it every bit as well as what people are used to hearing him play.

I'll give it four stars. I don't know whether I was right or wrong on who it was, but whoever it was, it was good.

6. BYARD LANCASTER. *Mr. A.A.* (from *It's Not Up To Us*, Vortex). Lancaster, flute, composer; Warren (Sonny) Sharrock, guitar.

In the first place, it sounds as though the guitar player and the flute player didn't know the melody—one or the other didn't know it. I think the flute player did, but the guitar player wasn't too sure.

I didn't think really too much of it. They didn't develop the little theme they had to play, rhythmically. I think it could have gone into some other dimensions, and the flute player was content to play just a few lines. I don't know why he'd want to—maybe he had some commercialistic ideas in his mind at the time. He sounded as though he could have played some more.

It's hard to say who it was. It sounded a little like Roland Kirk, and if it wasn't him, I don't know who it was. I'll give it two stars—they were fumbling around.

7. LUCKY THOMPSON. *Open Haus* (from *Kinfolks Corner*, Rivoli). Thompson, soprano saxophone, composer; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Willie Ruff, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Very interesting. Sounds like some people I know—like Hank Jones on piano, Grady on drums, Ron Carter on bass.

The tune was nice; the feeling was nice. I haven't heard that particular sound on the piano before, I don't think. I think, as an offhand guess, it's Lucky Thompson—beautiful musician, one of the finest. I'll give it four stars, I liked it. DB

As much as any musician currently active in New York or Hollywood, Jerome Richardson has become a success symbol. He typifies the musician who starts out with local combos, moves along to big name, big band jazz, and moves on to a multiple career in the studios without losing his jazz identity.

Born in Oakland, Calif., Richardson studied music at San Francisco State College. After an early professional start at 14, he worked with Bay Area groups until 1942, when he entered the Navy. His post-service credits include two years with the Lionel Hampton Band, from 1949-51, extensive freelancing in New York during the 1950s, and a stint with Earl Hines in 1954-5.

He was a member of the memorable all-star Quincy Jones Orchestra that toured Europe in 1960. Television and the recording studios have taken up more and more of his time for the past decade. Playing all reed instruments, flute, piccolo, etc., he has been in constant demand for commercial assignments. He is also a contractor.

With all this, he still finds time to get his kicks as a key member of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band. This was Richardson's first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

VALERIE WILMER

Aretha Franklin: Breaking Down the Barriers

Aretha Franklin

Finsbury Park Astoria, London, England

Personnel: Donald Towns, trumpet, leader; Ronald Jackson, Little John Wilson, Russell Conway, trumpets; Rene Pitts, trombone; Donald Waldon, Miller Brisker, tenor saxophones; Donald Squire, baritone saxophone; Gary Illingsworth, piano; Gerry Weaver, guitar; Roderick Hicks, bass; George Davidson, drums; Miss Franklin, vocals, piano; Willine Ivy, Charnessa Jones, Carolyn Franklin, vocals.

Aretha Franklin is, in the words of one of her most expressive songs, a natural woman. It's only when you watch her go to work on an audience that you realize the rest of the chicks are only playing at the game. She came to London in May, and in seconds flat she stood the whole damn town on its collective ear.

Before she hit the stage, the band, led by trumpeter Towns, sounded pretty sad. *Day Tripper* was unsuited to a jazz treatment and Brisker's *Seven Days Out* had a let's-get-this-over-with feeling. But all they needed was the Rev. C. L. Franklin's daughter to come out shouting and the 12 pieces began to rock as one man. Aretha doesn't believe in messing about. She launched into an up tempo *Satisfaction*, sailing straight ahead with almost staggering vehemence and displaying a tonal range that recalled for me the indefinable beauty of Gospel singer Marion Williams. To an audience nurtured on the Rolling Stones' approach to the song, her onslaught was paralyzing.

Like most people easily moved by Gospel and blues-rooted music, I get pretty fed-up with the gross amount of "instant soul" foisted on the public since the sound became fashionable, but with Miss Franklin, the emotional displays seem unaffectedly honest. When she switches from the screaming and crying to the surprising gentleness of numbers like *Groovin'*, she's completely believable. She's a solid professional, sure, but when she sings about the kind of loving that all of us want, it's just like she *knows*.

Sister Carolyn and the other ladies had a thing going, too. Visually, they moved like a dream, three slimline bodies suffused with liquid grace, but what's more to the point, they work up their intelligent harmonies into a provocative pulsation that puts many better known trios to shame. At times the band sounded superfluous. The feel of the whole would have been completely different if the trio had not been around to contribute to things like the tricky tempo changes on *Don't Let Me Lose This Dream*. And the way they glided through the lazy responses on *Baby, I Love You!* How can you put into words what they do with the flick of a finger?

"Do you like the blues over here?" Aretha asked, and was plainly delighted at the thunderous affirmative response. Her own reply came in the down shape of *It's My Life*—no messin', just the natural blues. It was her first time out of the United States but she soon discovered that the appeal of her music is universal.

The Rascals' *Groovin'* is one of the prettiest tunes of the past year or so, but Aretha took it and knocked it into a shape that Felix Cavaliere never, I'm sure, imagined. Her amazing range allows her to pitch a note in the most outrageous position at will, but she never falters, never loses the feeling or fails to move. She does it with the assurance of the totally independent singer who has to bow to none of the restrictions of convention, musical or otherwise. Aretha tells the truth unashamedly, just like it is.

She did Ray Charles' *Come Back Baby* before she sat down at the piano for *Dr. Feelgood*. Head back, eyes screwed tight, fingers making the notes roll out like Mildred Falls used to do with Mahalia Jackson, and she told them, yes, she really *told* them, just how she was feeling about that man. The piano suffered from undermiking but she gave us a soaring *Since You've Been Gone* before jumping up and into the inevitable *I Never Loved A Man*. The girls moved on and on, boosting, spurring, shoring up the mighty tower Aretha was building. With *Chain of Fools* she finally tore the place apart. Her conquest was complete.

She ended with Otis Redding's *Respect*, the number that first introduced her to most people this side of the pond, and the audience rose to their feet, stomping, shouting, whistling, dancing and clapping their hands as if they'd been born in a church. Aretha scored alright; anyone who can make the Finsbury Park Astoria swing deserves "R-e-s-p-e-c-t!"

Aretha Franklin has the majesty of Bessie Smith and Mahalia and the fire and urgency of every Gospel singer who ever believed. She gets right to the people, breaking down the barriers with a naturally appealing personality that gives them the feeling she's one of them. Of course, she's not. There's no one in the world who can touch Aretha for excitement and relentless soul-stirring. She is "Lady Soul" indeed.

—Valerie Wilmer

David Baker

Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Personnel: Walter Blanton, Larry Hall, Randy Sandke, Carl Schectman, David Kee, trumpets; Gary Potter, Richard Facteau, James Beckel, Jackie Robinson, trombones; Floyd Cooley, tuba; Robert Hores, Mary Taylor, Thomas Meyer, Bruce Nifong, Bruce Jordan, saxophones; Gary Smart, Shelby Janes, pianos; Anthony Elliott, Michael Peebles, David Aks, Anne Duthie, Kathleen Starr, Susan Poliacik, Beth Carlson, Anne Schaffner, cellı; Brent McKessson, bass; John Rapp, electric bass; James Nelson, Harry Wilkinson, drums; Richard Markus, vibraharp, percussion; Janice Albright, Linda Anderson, Beverly McElroy, Robert Ingram, voices; Orlando Taylor, David Arnold, readers; Baker, conductor.

A wildly enthusiastic audience of 1500 people stood and shouted their approval at the premiere performance of David Baker's jazz cantata *Black America* at the auditorium of Indiana University.

Baker, who has made important contributions to avant garde jazz as a trombonist and cellist, has more recently turned composer-conductor-teacher and is head of the Jazz Department at Indiana University's School of Music. His *Black America* is the latest in a series of innovative compositions which combine jazz improvisation with traditional forms (many of them religious in origin) such as masses, oratorios, anthems, etc.

The work is an overpowering statement of faith in the culture of black America. It was conceived as a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, and is a musical expression of the fervor, fury, love and hope which reflect the ideas for which Dr. King lived and died.

Musically, the work is not only explosively expressive, but is also in the highest traditions of American composition in general and of jazz in particular. Baker combined every conceivable style and element of black music (both jazz and folk) into a collage of simultaneous musical reminiscences. It is what Charles Ives might have done had he been born black and 50 years later.

The ensemble combined everything imaginable: a large jazz orchestra; a small jazz ensemble; a rock unit; two readers; four improvising solo singers, and eight celli. The readers intoned appropriate texts from Dr. King's writings while the singers simultaneously improvised alternately gutty or soaring melodies based on the poetry of such writers as Langston Hughes, Owen Dodson and Pauli Murray.

The work is a collage of musical ideas that emerge and recede from the jazz texture in often surprising but always surprisingly logical ways. At times, a spiritual soars over a rock beat; at others, a hymn tune is superimposed on a cello quartet. Baker has mastered the technique of allowing singers as well as instrumentalists to improvise freely without having to stick to a chord progression. His technique is to specify a scale or tonal area as the focal point. Allowing this to serve as the only limitation, rhythm, melody and length of solo are then left to the discretion of the soloist and/or director. In the hands of a skillful soloist, the result is astounding. We are accustomed to hearing this freedom of expression from a skilled instrumentalist, but when Linda Anderson proceeded to moan, wail, screech and talk (as well as sing) the poetry of Langston Hughes' *I Dream a World*, the effect was hair-raising. Her supple phrases were subtly echoed by trumpeter Randy Sandke.

ASHLEY SIMMONS

David Baker
Overpowering Statement

Sopranos Janice Albright and Beverly McElroy did equally well using the same technique on other poems. Robert Ingram's rich baritone voice was utilized as a "down home" Baptist preacher singing-preaching to his flock about death and *The Buryin' Ground* to the accompaniment of the full jazz ensemble.

The work was listed in the program as consisting of various segments labeled with appropriate titles, such as *The Wretched of the Earth, 125th Street*, and *Martyrs (Malcolm, Medgar and Martin)*. However, the continuous unfolding of the musical ideas and the clarity of mood and stylistic allusion is such that the work stands firm as a musical statement without the need of any verbal guide.

It stands as a brilliant and comprehensive portrayal of the black culture of America: its past, its present, and hopefully its future. It is program music in the highest sense of the word—the type that doesn't need any program to get its message across. The opening and closing quotation of *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* not only served to unify the work, but also represented both the life and death of Dr. King and the history of black America as well.

In spite of one or two temporary technical difficulties with mikes, the performance not only came across brilliantly, but served to communicate every emotion Baker called for.

Baker's past compositions have proven that he can use jazz improvisation as the meat and substance of traditional forms. His Oratorio, Mass, Beatitudes and anthems have already accomplished this. His latest work is not only good jazz and brilliant composition, but in addition a forceful re-affirmation of the validity of his approach.

—Austin B. Caswell

(Mr. Caswell is assistant professor of musicology at the School of Music of Indiana University.)

Andrew Hill

Red Garter, New York City

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Hill, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

This Jazz Interactions matinee by Hill's group was very much in the tradition of the pianist's past recordings. The Latin and African percussion he was using in concerts last year was not present. This was Hill's structured, cohesive brand of avant garde jazz, with a personal quality similar to that which has set the music of Thelonious Monk or George Russell apart from the mainstream of modern jazz.

All of the compositions were Hill originals of varying merit and interest. The biggest change in Hill was in his piano playing. The sparse dissonance of Monk, the jagged lines of Paul Bley, and the avant garde-classical approach of Cecil Taylor were more evident than ever before. Hill's playing seems to be on the verge of crystalizing into a unique and important style.

Bassist Davis proved again that he functions extremely well within Hill's music. Although he has been more inspired on previous occasions, he was very good. His ensemble support was all but inaudible, but his fat, juicy and powerful solos were definitely not. Drummer DeJohnette was also in tune with the leader. He knew when to get heavy, when to swing and when to lay out.

Shaw's style is similar to Freddie Hubbard's and equally rooted in the innovations of the late Booker Little. Shaw is not an imitator; this is his natural way of playing. In the context of this group Shaw seemed quite conservative and very mainstream. He rarely went "outside" and never sounded totally involved with the music at hand.

Robin Kenyatta has similarly perfected his own style and cannot or will not play

any other way. The young reed man weaved in and out of the structures, always retaining his own personality. His alto work was vibrant, strong and inventive in melodic content and phrasing. His bass clarinet work did not carry the same confidence and personal tone. On this newly acquired instrument, his playing contained more shreiks and jagged statements. Only in a duet with Davis (bowing) did Kenyatta attain a beauty on par with his talent as a saxophonist.

This event was appropriately billed as "Andrew Hill and Guests," for Shaw and Kenyatta were not playing Hill's music: they were interpreting it through their own very different and individual styles. Here lies the pianist-composer's weakness. He does not, in the tradition of true leaders like Coltrane, Davis and Monk, hire young, undeveloped musicians of promise. Too often he uses experienced men who already have a name and a style. Thus, much of the uniqueness and originality of his compositions and of his approach to performance are submerged in the presence of too many other musical personalities. Of course, the difficulties of maintaining a regular group, limited rehearsal time, etc., must be taken into consideration.

Still, the music on this afternoon was excellent and interesting, though it was not a total articulation of Andrew Hill's musical mind. And it was Hill, not the enthusiastic audience or excellent sidemen, who suffered the consequences.

—Michael Cuscuna

Haywood Henry

Garden Cafe, New York City

Personnel: Henry, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Ray Tunia, piano; Sonny Greer, drums.

Haywood Henry, one of the most notable alumni of the old Erskine Hawkins Band, has been leader at this downtown Manhattan spot for several months, with Tunia taking Ed Wilcox's place at the piano. The trio plays in a recess opposite the bar on Friday and Saturday nights. There is no cover, and the atmosphere is relaxed and friendly. Dancing takes place in a back room to juke-box music.

The trio's repertoire is determined to a considerable extent by the requests of patrons, whose tastes fortunately run to the better standards. In one set, *Makin' Whoopee* was followed by *The Girl from Ipanema, The Shadow of Your Smile, Body and Soul, Honeysuckle Rose* and *Misty*. The treatment usually consisted of a melodic first chorus, a piano chorus, and then one or two choruses of improvisation, sometimes gentle, sometimes heated.

In his Hawkins days, Henry's clarinet always reflected his admiration for Barney Bigard. It still does, particularly in the lower register, but Henry also has a more incisive style that is very much his own. Given the present dearth of good clarinet players in jazz, it is surprising that more has not been heard on record of this accomplished and tasteful musician.

He plays soprano with an agreeable and smooth tone, occasionally employing a growl like Sidney Bechet's for emphasis and color. Unlike some of the younger musicians who have taken up this difficult instrument, he does not overblow, and the listener is never subjected to the kind of bagpipe drone that has been a hazard of the past decade. His phrasing and conception bear a close resemblance to those heard on clarinet, but switching from one instrument to the other, sometimes on the same number, adds variety to long sets. "Some nights," he said, "I bring the baritone down." And remembering Harry Carney's warm approval—"Haywood's my man!"—that would be reason enough for a visit.

Tunia's long experience with singers, from Ella Fitzgerald on down, shows in the excellence of his accompaniments, but he is also a flexible soloist, comfortable and assured on every kind of material. When they came to play the blues—"We'll make it up as we go along," Henry announced—he expressed himself with easy authority on traditional lines.

Sonny Greer, that dapper veteran of the drums, was in fine fettle, and in complete command of the situation. His positive bass-drum rhythm made the absence of a bassist almost unnoticeable, and he laid down a firm beat with brushes. He also used sticks with little tambourine cymbals attached a la Bellson, and in his feature he used all his resources—including hands and mallets—with the dramatic intelligence that made him so valuable to Ellington.

The trio, in sum, impressed as a unit whose members had an unusually sympathetic understanding. The music they played was just jazz, without exhibitionism or eccentricity, and it was never loud. How rare that is! *—Stanley Dance*

Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra

Music Center, Los Angeles

Personnel: Pete Candoli, Larry McGuire, Ronnie Ossa, Conte Candoli, Alan Weight, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Dave Wells, Lou Blackburn, Jim Amlotte, trombones; Henry Sigismonti, James McGee, George Price, Ralph Pyle, Richard Mackey, French horns; John Bambridge, tuba; Gabe Baltazar, Bill Perkins, Bob Cooper, John Rotella, John Lowe, reeds; Ray Sherman, piano; John Caleffie, guitar; Bob West, bass; John Guerin, Norm Jeffries, drums; Frank Carlson, Alan Estes, percussion. In Schifrin work only: Paul Shure, Bonnie Douglas, violins; Myra Kestenbaum, viola; Douglas Davis, cello; Catherine Gotthoffer, harp; Loulie Jean Norman, vocals. In Kellaway work only: Tom Scott, reeds; Howard Roberts, guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass; Guerin, drums. Guest soloists: Lalo Schifrin, Calvin Jackson, piano; Tommy Vig, vibraharp. Stan Kenton, Schifrin, Jackson, conductors.

Contrast was the keynote of this season's Neophonic finale—a broad spectrum of styles that offered something for everyone: the plainsong of the Middle Ages; the filigrees of the Renaissance; the curlicues of the Baroque; the lushness of Romanticism; the rock-it-to-me of today; and the sock-it-to-me of the electronic tomorrow.

By the time the evening had ended, the small audience (any crowd below 2,000 looks small in the Music Center) had not only been spoonfed an invaluable musical history lesson—they had heard what must be considered the high water mark for Stan Kenton's pioneering Neophonic.

The evening began harmlessly enough, with Earl Zindars' *Vasa*—more big band than concert jazz. Considering the composer's choice of instrumentation, this chart could have been played by any big band. The percussion was relatively quiet; the horns were given little opportunity to comment. What solo space there was belonged to guitarist John Caleffie and tenorist Bill Perkins.

A big band reminiscence from a bygone era *(Intermission Riff)* was conjured up as Louis Fratturo's *Nightmare* briefly toyed with trombone jabs over a baritone sax anchor figure. But that was merely an episodic suggestion. It followed an excellent mysterioso opening that heard Bob Cooper's oboe and Perkins' flute weaving impressionistically over percussion. The rhythm mounted as Alan Estes soloed on vibes over subliminal sax proddings. Adding to the intensity: octave drops for trombones. *Nightmare* was well-conceived and boasted some fine, tight concerted writing that treated the entire orchestra as one section.

Treating the orchestra as one instrument —playing on it and playing with it—was Tommy Vig. With his characteristic humor he submitted a score with the dead-pan sobriquet of *Intro, Presto, Largo and Besame Mucho*. Vig's work turned out to be one of the compositional and solo highlights of the season. Vig himself was featured in this mini-concerto for vibes and orchestra and he opened the work with an overly long cadenza. The orchestra doubled the rhythm of the vibes figure in 6/8, and with a strong assist from the walking Bob West, the work was launched. The *Presto* sounded like a way-up minor blues, with fine stick work from John Guerin. A four-mallet, well-reharmonized statement of the release of *Besame* ushered in the *Largo*, and the band broke out into the *Besame* theme. Vig had the rhythm of that melody cleverly displaced. Excellent solo vibes playing, thoughtfully developed ideas for orchestra (Vig is one of the few composers who takes the time and patience to *develop* his material in the classical sense) and an exciting conclusion.

Schifrin's work, which he conducted from the keyboard, was *The Dissection and Reconstruction of Music From the Past As a Tribute to the Memory of the Marquis De Sade*.

It would be fair to say that Schifrin just "took over" completely, jumping up from the piano to explain each section, and charming his listeners with a lighthearted seriousness also inherent in his score. *Blues for Johann* elicited smiles with its witty updating of Baroque-style basso continuo. It elicited more than smiles from Bob West and John Guerin, who provided a swinging-yet-legitimate foundation for Schifrin's funky edifice, which boasted fine fluted columns by Perkins and Baltazar. The smiles were audible when the horns and tuba ended the movement on a Picardy Third. Guerin's tasteful brushwork, and the polite barking of muted trombones and horns behind Perkins' flute kept *Troubador* gliding. Before it faded into oblivion, this modal page from the Middle Ages featured two more latter-day troubadors: Baltazar on flute, and Conte Candoli, muted trumpet. *Renaissance* superimposed a soft-core rock figure over a typical Florentine harmonic progression. *Beneath A Weeping Willow Tree* heard soprano Loulie Jean Norman, backed by a string quartet, render a very proper early-American song in a

legato 3/4, interrupted by a cooking jazz waltz for the band. Rock reared its unsubtle head for the finale, *The Wig*, in which Perkins and Baltazar flauted a simple theme in classical style over a hard rock beat. When *Sade* was over, Schifrin was recalled a number of times, and he very properly singled out West and Guerin for their support.

Raoul Romero's *Motivos* could have used some support, especially in terms of dynamic shadings, but considering the subliminal rehearsal schedule of the Neophonic, certain compositions, or portions thereof, understandably become casualties. However, a less than perfect performance cannot alter an obvious display of intelligent writing. *Motivos* is an exciting jazz waltz garnished with Latin accents. Two tenor solos highlighted the piece: one by Cooper; the other a memorable sortie by Perkins.

A communications gap marred the opening of Calvin Jackson's *Themes and Explorations*. One of the sections missed Jackson's downbeat (the composer conducted) and the resulting rhythmical chaos never quite corrected itself, despite Jackson's heroic efforts. (Some indication of how unintentionally futuristic it sounded can be gleaned from the fact that Roger Kellaway later commended Jackson for his sophisticated opening). A tribute to the composer-conductor's cool could be heard in the *Explorations* that immediately followed the ruptured theme: it was pure poetry. The format of the work was tailor-made for Jackson. None of the *Explorations* was written. Following each orchestral theme, Jackson would extemporize at the keyboard, launching into whatever mood the theme evoked at the moment. His approach to improvisation is a brilliant throwback to that lost art of the classical era. Stylistically, his music is firmly rooted in the post-Romantic melodiousness of Rachmaninoff.

Another romantic outpouring was heard in the brief, one-movement *Tiare*, a flowing balletic score by Ken Hanna, whose early arrangements for Kenton it recalled, especially in the trombone voicings. Cast in 4/4—3/4, the work lacked an alternating pulse that would justify its dual signature; it was clearly conceived in 7/4. Cooper (oboe) and Fitzpatrick (trombone) contributed handsome solos.

Roger Kellaway is a refreshingly independent spirit. His *Self Portrait* was a skillfully written combination of electronic dabbling, free-form combo jazz, and poetic keyboard meanderings—all of which add up to the many directions in which the pianist is currently heading. It began with vague rumblings designed, as the composer explained during rehearsal, "to dissipate any moods that might precede the composition." Actually Kellaway, in a red velvet suit, white boots and shoulder-length hair, achieved that goal visually.

Structurally, *Self Portrait* resembled a concerto grosso, with a quintet set against full orchestra. Overcoming an unwelcome obbligato in the form of a buzz from one of the many electronic appurtenances, the quintet forged ahead with some wild, free-form improvising against a largely tonal orchestra, except for occasional very dissonant chords—crashing vertical columns reminiscent of those enigmatic chords that charged the mood of Mahler's unfinished 10th Symphony. One section, particularly memorable, evolved from a persistent pedal point on piano into a rock-flavored, hard-driving jazz segment interrupted by those chordal lightning bolts, followed immediately by an extended Kellaway solo, rhapsodic and impressionistic.

The individual strands that could be separated from the quintet lines were exciting displays of expertise. The electronic aspect was not overdone, but it still drove some less adventurous souls to premature exits. The others were not humming any part of Kellaway's themes on the way out, but somehow, his contribution provided a fitting close to a forward-looking season. The Neophonic is a remarkable orchestra whose father image retains youthfulness, refusing to stand still. —*Harvey Siders*

Horace Silver Quintet/ Intercollegiate Jazz Review

Fairfield University, Fairfield, Conn.

Presented in the college gymnasium on a sunny Sunday afternoon in April, the "review" was planned as an entertainment, not as a competition. The hall's acoustics were a heavy liability. A blurring echo might have been restricted by a bigger audience, but some kind of shell on stage might otherwise have offered a partial solution.

After playing the too-familiar *Malaguena* as an overture, the big Quinnipiac College ensemble reappeared later in the program with two lengthy neophonic selections. The playing was more impressive than the material, and 17 year-old Johnny Durso distinguished himself on bongos.

The sharply dressed Bridgeport Jazz Workshop Orchestra made an excellent impression. It's arrangements were not ambitious, and the overall conception was that of a dance band rather than a "concert" or "stage" band, for which this writer, at least, was extremely thankful. In its last number, there was a confident and well-executed trumpet chase between John Pearson and Joe Cristino, as well as an enjoyable alto solo by Jerry Hastaba. Unlike many collegiate efforts, these solos were not exhibitionistic demonstrations, but swinging statements that fitted the context intelligently.

Supplemented by the Yale University Quartet's bassist, the City College of N.Y. Jazz Quartet seemed to be in better form than at Quinnipiac the previous week. Tom McKinley of Yale played piano in the half of the Joe Corsello Quartet that arrived, and then played far too long in a discursive, florid style during his own set.

As a result of his, and others', overstepping their allotted time, the two "host" groups (Fairfield U's piano trios) did not appear at all, and the Horace Silver Quintet, scheduled to play at 4, did not take the stand until an hour later. This was partly due to inexperience in staging an event of this kind, although in its other particulars the organization, for which drummer James Gatto and a student committee were largely responsible, left little to be desired.

Silver's quintet, consisting of Bill Hardman, trumpet; Benny Maupin, tenor; John Williams, bass; Billy Cobham, drums, and the leader at the piano, played for 90 minutes with remarkable energy, enthusiasm and assurance. There is surely much to be said for an instantaneous comparison between amateur and professional standards in this way. Silver, who had listened thoughtfully all afternoon, left no doubt in anyone's mind about the distance that inevitably separates them.

His program consisted of *Nutville, Song for My Father* (his spry, 77-year-old father had come over from Norwalk for the occasion), *Filthy McNasty, The Natives Are Restless Tonight, Nica's Dream*, and two excerpts from his forthcoming album entitled *Jungle Juice* and *Psychedelic Sally*, the last having all the earmarks of a hit. The tempos were invariably bright (up-medium), and a strong beat was consistently maintained, Silver's stamping foot being a rhythm section in itself. But Williams and Cobham gave him brilliant support throughout, and both were obviously listening musicians. Cobham's sound was magnified by echo off the wall behind him, but he is a drummer of commanding strength and great technical ability. The variety of his accompaniment, its shading, accentuations and explosive discharges, went particularly well with Silver's more imaginative compositions. His is certainly a name to remember.

Maupin projected and maintained a good tone. He had a lot of fire, his solos were well constructed, and his ideas flowed without evidence of strain or confusion. Hardman (who was being replaced by Randy Brecker the next day) worked smoothly with him in unison statements, and showed good control and pacing. At times, too, his solos revealed what yesterday would have been called "a hot temperament."

Silver remains a unique pianist. He drives incessantly, never sparing himself, even with a drummer of Cobham's authority behind him. His is an intense, rhythmically overpowering style; one that is rarely concerned with the prettier qualities of his instrument. He hits it hard, the right foot occasionally jabbing at a pedal for quick emphasis. What is always intriguing is his incorporation of phrases from the blues and jazz past. They appear to be hammered into the general design and lost, but then they are allowed to emerge again with a twist that is often as nostalgic as it is humorous. Several phrases in *Psychedelic Sally* were particularly evocative. "You could boogaloo to that," he told the audience. Other, earlier dances came to mind, too. *Jungle Juice*, on the other hand, was played in 5/4 and 6/4 for a change of gait as his continuous dance throbbed and pounded in the echoing hall.

For sheer, unrelenting excitement, Silver has few rivals today. —*Stanley Dance*

SOFT MACHINE

(Continued from page 21)

go about so alert that we will discover the excitement of continually digging our environment as an object/experience/drama from which we can extract an esthetic experience so brilliant and strong that the environment itself is transformed."

In 1966, Boyle obtained sophisticated projectors that made possible his most ambitious "pieces" entitled "Earth, Air, Fire and Water," and "Bodily Fluids and Functions." In the latter, human body fluids, such as blood, saliva, bile, vomit and sperm were projected onto a large screen together with electroencephalogram and electrocardiogram responses of a couple making love, while the sounds of the bodies were amplified throughout the auditorium.

Although his projections over the Soft Machine are somewhat more modest, they add an exciting visual dimension to the music. Unlike most other light shows, he uses no stills and no objective images of any kind. The light and movement, formed by liquid chemicals, are determined by chance factors. Michael writes, ". . . . These presentations make it possible for the spectator to rediscover the 'esthetic' aspect of our environment that has become hidden by accretions of use and habit and to become aware of . . . environments that were previously inaccessible to us."

The Soft Machine is not part of anybody's musical establishment. The jazz establishment will not accept it because of the rock format, instrumentation and appearance. At the same time it is not commercial enough for the pop world. And although composer Earle Brown loves the group—he may write a piece for it—"serious" musicians right now don't consider this sort of thing legitimate.

Despite occasional lack of control and a tendency to extend length beyond content, the Soft Machine is unique and satisfying, an impressive synthesis of various elements from Karl-Heinz Stockhausen, John Cage, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and rock itself.

Its cloudy sound moves to unexpected places in weird ways. Everything is filtered through a fuzz box, an electronic gadget that intentionally distorts sound. (For an example, listen to the introduction of the Rolling Stones' *I Can't Get No Satisfaction.*) There is a good deal of collective improvisation. Sets are more like suites, each "tune" running into the next. Unlike most rock groups, the Soft Machine makes crescendos and decrescendos and incorporates silence.

I have never heard (or seen) anything quite like it. db

COMING IN DOWN BEAT

ARETHA FRANKLIN PROFILE

NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from page 20)

the ensembles and in several brief solos. With a bit more respect for the jazz talent among his sidemen, Liberto could hit that happy medium between jazz and entertainment that Pete Fountain has achieved.

CARMEN MCRAE, backed by the Woody Herman Band, emerged as the surprise hit of the festival. After two songs that met with thundering applause, Miss McRae announced that this was her first time in New Orleans. Someone shouted, "We love you!" and that summed it up.

Her performance was superlative, whether on rarities like *I Went and Fell in Love* or familiar material like *Alfie*. Her rendition of *Stardust* made me feel as if I had never heard the lyric before. *I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco* was intoxicating, and *Day by Day*, revived by some ingenious rhythmic manipulation, was magnificent. Miss McRae brings you *into* a song, and you don't want to get out. If she doesn't return for frequent engagements at the city's major clubs, local club-owners are missing a good bet and jazz fans will miss a great singer.

There were no fire-eaters in alto saxist Al Belletto's quartet, but the group turned in a workmanlike set. The rhythm section (Bill Newkirk, piano; Richard Payne, bass; and Louis Timken, drums) had been heard in earlier concerts accompanying Teddi King and Lurlean Hunter. They were most effective during Belletto's set on the lengthy tribute to the late Monk Hazel, *We Remember You*. Belletto played feelingfully on the Hazel dedication, but his best moments came on a boppish *Stars Fell on Alabama*, when he doubled the time while the rhythm section moved at an easy walking tempo.

The Dukes of Dixieland were joined by Papa Jac Assunto, leader Frank Assunto's father. For many Orleanians, this reunion stirred memories of the late Fred Assunto, who had often stood beside his father doubling trombone parts with the Dukes. Frank's competent, many-faceted trumpet work was the whole show. He recalled Armstrong on *Down in Honky Tonk Town*, played a Howard McGhee-like boppish horn on *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and generally kept a mediocre band moving. A long drum solo by Paul Ferrara brought the usual hurrahs, but much more impressive was the growing maturity reflected in his tasteful ensemble work.

Woody Herman wrapped up *Jazzfest '68* with a memorable big band bash that left many wondering whether this was not his best band in a dozen years. It is a young band, yet it is true to the Herman tradition. The selection of tunes for the set might be criticized as safe festival fare *(Watermelon Man, Days of Wine and Roses, Boogaloo, Woodchopper's Ball)*, but even the oldies were transformed into a fresh experience by the band.

The rhythm section (John Hicks, piano; Carl Pruitt, bass; John Von Ohlen, drums) is surely one of the most powerful and cohesive on the big band scene. Von Ohlen's control is fantastic; he gets a maximum of sound and pulsation with no tension, no wasted motion, no theatrical body-English. The soloists were highly capable, although tenor man Sal Nistico did not soar to his usual heights. The band's major strengths are clearly its precise, fiery ensemble work and its non-stop rhythm section.

Jazzfest '68 was born despite problems of initial financing, in-fighting among critical cultists and musicians, and the inertia that normally operates against initiating such a mammoth project. Now that it has happened, it seems self-evident even to skeptics that New Orleans should have had a jazz festival years ago. Unlike other major festival sites, the city has more to offer than temporary picnic grounds for jazz lovers. It has its own living culture, and that culture is closely tied to the origins of jazz. It has a cadre of gifted musicians, and, as men like Willie-Tee and Thomas Jefferson demonstrated, they are not all candidates for Medicare.

The fact that the festival wound up solvent (all bills were paid by Monday noon) assures the support of the city fathers for next year. The artistic success and cultural relevance of the festival should help to close ranks among musicians and jazzophiles who had reservations about the musical values that would be perpetuated on the program. Granting a few weak musical moments and some minor failings in planning, it must be said that *Jazzfest '68* was a great first try at a major jazz festival. db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

Tiny Grimes, guitar; **Slam Stewart,** bass, and **Jackie Williams,** drums.

Los Angeles: Disneyland brought the big bands in for the Memorial Day weekend—its seventh annual festival. The three-night bash was aimed at the masses: **Stan Kenton, Lionel Hampton, Harry James,** and even **Wayne King,** supported by the **Elliott Brothers,** the **Mustangs,** and the **Young Men From New Orleans** . . . **Bob Jung** and his band did a series of Monday nights at the Mission Hills Motel in Sepulveda. The Jung band, which features drummer **Jack Sperling,** may soon be more than a rehearsal band with occasional Monday gigs. A recording contract is in the works, as well as a three-week stand at the Riverboat in New York in July, two weeks at the Americana in Cleveland, three weeks at the Tropicana in Las Vegas, and a fall campus tour . . . **Don Ellis** and his band shared the Carousel Ballroom in San Francisco with two rock groups, the **Electric Flag** and the **Pacific Gas and Electric Company.** Ellis received the only standing ovation. Ellis also taped a TV special in conjunction with the San Francisco Museum of Art . . . The **Los Angeles Valley College Jazz Band** played two recent dates: one at Fulton Junior High in Van Nuys; the other at an all day jazz festival held at the College of the Sequoias in Visalia . . . **Tony Ortega's** Sabbath gig at Clem's Cocktail Lounge begins at 6 a.m. and runs until noon or thereabouts. With reed man Ortega are **Mona Orbeck,** piano; **Dave Bryant,** bass; **Maurice Miller,** drums. The club is in Compton. For a recent one-nighter at Mt. San Antonio College, Ortega had **Ron Anthony,** guitar; Miss Orbeck; **Stan Gilbert** and **Ray Neapolitan,** basses; and Miller . . . **Stevie Wonder,** the blind rock-jazz-blues singer and instrumentalist, managed to fill Marty's-on-the-Hill not only each night of his engagement, but for each of the shows—and more often than not the inexhaustible Wonder would put on shows that lasted over an hour. He was backed by a group that often plays together under the name **Preston Love's Motown Band,** but Wonder's musical director **Gene Kee** was conducting. (Love was in the sax section.) Kee was pianist in the **James Moody** Band, circa '58-'61 . . . Pianist **Jack Wilson** is recovering nicely at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Sepulveda from his most recent bout with diabetes. During his absence, the **Art Graham** Trio has been featured at the Pied Piper (**Gary Walters,** bass; **Dennis La Pron,** drums). The trio also plays daily for a local CBS-TV variety show, *Boutique.* Graham will open at Sneeky Pete's on the Sunset Strip July 1 and will be there through Sept. 28. Also featured at the Pied Piper: singer **Jesse Davis** . . . Another jazzman on the ailing list: **Gabor Szabo.** The guitarist had been hospitalized in Boston with spots on his lungs, but is now recovering at his in-laws' home. Meanwhile, his group has continued to fulfill bookings. At Shelly's Manne-Hole, the gap in the front line was filled by vibist **Lynn Blessing,** and the group was led by guitarist **Jim Stewart.** Others in the quintet are **Lou Kabok,** bass; **John Clauder,** drums; **Hal Gordon,** congas. Clauder, the newest member of the group, used to work with **Don Randi's** Trio. The group did a recent Guitar Night at Donte's under the name of Jim Stewart and the Advancement . . . Blind pianist-composer-arranger **Julian Lee** returned to his native Australia after a three-year stay in California that was alternately rewarding and discouraging. "The decision has not been easy," Lee remarked. "I will especially miss **George Shearing.**" Lee and Shearing have become not only close friends during this period, but close collaborators as well. "I hope to put my experience here to good use back in Sydney. I'll be doing the same thing there that I was doing here —writing and playing." Lee had been working at the China Trader in Burbank on Sundays and Mondays . . . Trombonist **George Bohannon** moved here from Detroit a few months ago and has no complaints about the work scene. He had worked with **Roger Kellaway** in Detroit, so one of the first gigs here was a recording session with the pianist. Bohannon also was in the pit band at the Ahmanson Theater (part of the Music Center complex) backing **Marlene Dietrich.** He is presently part of **Carmelo Garcia's** Latin-jazz group, and is rehearsing a quintet that includes **Hadley Caliman,** tenor sax; **Bill Henderson,** piano; **Stan Gilbert,** bass; and **Carl Burnett,** drums. Bohannon also was with **Lennie Stack's** band at a Sunday session at Donte's. Personnel included **Larry McGuire, Buddy Childers, Steve Hufstetter, Fred Koyen,** trumpets; **Charlie Loper,** Bohannon, **Jack Spurlock, Ernie Tack,** trombones; **Don Waldrup,** tuba; **Al Lasky, Dave Edwards, John Newsome, Dave Johnson, Dick Houlgate,** reeds; Stack, piano-leader-arranger; **Ron Benson,** guitar; **Bob Saravia,** bass; **Chiz Harris,** drums. **Clare Fischer's** big band returned to Donte's for a Sunday night. **Jimmy Rowles'** trio (**Chuck Berghofer,** bass; **Larry Bunker,** drums) has now been installed there on Tuesdays until further notice . . . Female trumpeter **Clora Bryant** continues with her quartet at the Pied Piper on Sundays and Tuesdays, with **Jimmy Bunn,** piano; **Harper Cosby,** bass; **Leslie Milton,** drums.

Philadelphia: **McCoy Tyner** and **Jimmy Garrison** were surprise bonuses with **Kenny Dorham's** group at the Aqua Lounge, a last minute replacement for **Donald Byrd.** It was a shame that more Philadelphians did not know that McCoy and Jimmy would be on hand. The Aqua presently has the most authentic jazz policy in this city. It is a pleasant room, well laid out for jazz, but has a poor sound system and an out-of-tune piano. **Art Farmer's** quintet was set to follow the Dorham group, which was preceded by singer **Johnny Hartman** with pianist **Johnny Walker** and his trio (**Sam Tart,** bass; **Paul Cirilus,** drums) . . . One is reminded of the days when New York's 52nd St. was named "Swing Street." The Aqua is on 52nd St. in West Philly and just a few blocks away at 52nd and Walnut one finds **Lenny** and **Clarence Huston** each and every Monday at the club on the corner. Also on 52nd St. is Drew's Rendezvous, operated by former bandleader **Johnny Drew,** where **Al Grey** and his little combo often hold forth. Grey's slated to join the **Dizzy Gillespie** big band reunion at the Newport Jazz Festival . . . At the Show Boat, **Art Blakey** and his exciting group were really playing music. They were followed by **Miles Davis, Mongo Santamaria** and **Ahmad Jamal. Hugh Masekela** is in through June 29 . . . At Benny's Birdland Club in Germantown, saxophonist **Arthur Danials** and his group featured **Al Thomas** at the piano. Thomas is set to go into the Sonny Drivers' First Nighter Club, which opened with vocalist **Zee Bonner** and the **Jazz East Trio.** The **Eddie Green** Trio has also been booked for the room. The First Nighter was formerly known as the RDA Club . . . Peps Musical Bar seems to have fallen back into a rock bag again, with no jazz attractions listed in their current plans . . . The Stardust Inn, Chester, Pa., had **J.J. Johnson** until May 25, **Jack McDuff** for one week, and **Chuck Jackson** slated for June 7 & 8 . . . Saxophonist **Myrtle Young** and her band backed vocalist **Shirlee Neal** at the Fashion Plate lounge recently . . . Vocalist **Evelyn Simms** returned to the Blu-North Club where she is in much demand. A former star with the bands of **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Erskine Hawkins,** Evelyn has a most enthusiastic local following. Drummer **Nick Martinis** made a surprise appearance with the singer . . . The **Buddy Rich** Band was slated for a two-day Memorial Day Indoor Picnic at the Electric Factory, sharing the bill with singer **Elizabeth** . . . The **Afro Brothers** plan to hold regular Monday night presentations at the Heritage House on North Broad St. A fine young group, **The Visitors,** will be among those appearing . . . A recent Sunday night at AFM Local 274 found the club patrons swinging to the sounds of saxophonist **Sam Reed** and his little combo. Sam leads the band at the Uptown Theater, backing the rock 'n' roll shows. He proved a most able jazz soloist on alto and tenor. **Betty Carrol** sang with the group, and bassist **Nelson Boyd** was among the listeners. Piano chores were divided between **Kolmar Duncan** and **Hassan** . . . We met vocalist **Dotti Joy** at the African Room recently. The former Erskine Hawkins thrush recently returned from the West Coast and is now playing some of the better suburban supper clubs in the area . . . **Joe Frasetto,** 62, violinist and orchestra leader, died May 2 at Doctors Hospital in Philadelphia. He had led the house orchestra at the Latin Casino for a number of years and had once been musical director at radio station WIP.

New Orleans: A party and jam session in honor of pianist **Armand Hug** was held after the *Jazzfest '68* concert of May 18. The party, sponsored by **James Nassikas** of the Royal Orleans Hotel, where Hug is currently playing, was attended by hundreds of musicians and jazz

fans. **Louis Armstrong** sat in and was presented with two awards—a plaque from the Zulu carnival club and **Governor John J. McKeithen's** People to People Award, given in recognition of the trumpeter's musical and personal achievements . . . Among the bands playing on Canal St. during the festival week were groups led by trumpeters **Alvin Alcorn** and **Murphy Campo** and drummer **Paul Zito.** At Preservation Hall, midnight-till-dawn sessions by traditional bands were held throughout the week, according to manager **Allan Jaffe** . . . The **Onward Brass Band** was augmented by **Paul Barbarin's** two grand-nephews on drums for two festival engagements . . . Tenor man **Clifford Jordan** and bassist **Paul Chambers** played two concerts here May 26. Pianist **Ronnie Kole** brought them to his Bourbon St. club for an evening session, and an afternoon concert at the Jewel Room was sponsored by the Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society. The new jazz society, headed by **George Zeeman,** plans to expand its activities. **James Moody** was scheduled for a June appearance, and negotiations are in progress for booking **Oscar Peterson, Joe Zawinul, Nat Adderley,** and **Chet Baker** . . . Bassist **Jay Cave** and drummer **Lee Johnson** are playing with pianist **Marcel Richardson** Sundays at the Cabaret and Mondays at the Devil's Den . . . Pianist-vocalist **Lavergne Smith** is at the Dungeon Annex . . . Trombonist **Santo Pecora** left the Famous Door but moved down Bourbon St. to the Dream Room, where he joined forces with trumpeter **Thomas Jefferson** . . . British trumpeter **Clive Wilson** and his International Jazz Band re-opened a jazz policy at the El Morrocco. The band is made up of English, German and Swedish musicians who have settled in New Orleans . . . Clarinetist **Sal Franzella** is playing weekends at Pete Fountain's Storyville Club . . . Drummer **Louis Timken** left **Al Belletto's** combo at the Playboy to join **Paul Guma's** group at the Top of the Mart.

Seattle: Bassist **Gary Peacock** led a quintet at a Seattle Jazz Society concert in the Penthouse May 28, with trumpeter **Ed Lee,** tenor saxist **Charlie Keagle,** pianist **Bob Nixon,** and drummer **Tommy Henderson** . . . The **Byron Pope** Sextet, from New York and Los Angeles, with trombonist **Ken Humphries;** flutist-piccoloist **Walter Armstrong,** alto saxophonist-piccoloist Pope, pianist **Gwint Coleman,** bassist **Alphonse Jones,** drummer **Richard Harvey,** played a concert June 1 in the University Unitarian Church . . . **Cream,** with guitarist **Eric Clapton,** packed them in for two nights at the Eagles. Other Eagles attractions: The **Chambers Brothers,** the **Iron Butterfly,** and, on June 28-29, the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** brought his trio to the Penthouse in May. The **Stan Getz** Quartet will be at the room through July 6 . . . A $25,000 program for teaching jazz, rock and folk music in the Seattle ghetto has been set up by the Seattle Public Schools for this summer. Bassist **Chuck Metcalf** is coordinator and has hired teachers ranging from 18-year-old **John Hatfield,** leader of the **Blues Feedback,** to 40-year-old tenor saxist **Joe Brazil** . . . From Portland, Ore., comes news that the **P.H. Phactor Electric Jug Band** is no more. Former leader **Nick Ogilvie** is now fronting an electric group called the **Bad Guys,** and former lead guitarist **John Hammond** is at the head of an acoustic jug band named **Melodious Funk.**

Las Vegas: **Erroll Garner** and his quartet came to the Tropicana's Blue Room for a month's engagement in late May and kept the room swinging with the inimitable Garner sounds and jazz stylings . . . Appearing opposite Garner, playing jazz sets and providing backing for singers **Dianne Elliott** and **Larry Grayson** was the **Tommy Vig** Trio, featuring **Kenny Sampson,** piano; **Jim Fitzgerald,** bass, and Vig, vibes and drums . . . Among the variety of musical groups performing at Nevada Southern University during the University's Music Week was saxophonist **Jim Mulidore** and the **Next Dimension,** featuring **Carl Saunders,** trumpet; **Arnie Teich,** piano; **Don Overberg,** guitar; **Tony Marillo,** drums . . . Trombonist **Carl Fontana** was featured in a recent early morning concert in the series presented in the Tropicana's Blue Room. Singer **Mel Torme** completed a four-week booking at the Sands Celebrity Theater, ably supported by the **Davey Williams** big band, assembled for the date by **Steve Perlow**

and directed by pianist **Rudi Eagan** with **Dick Hammergren, Verne Guertin, Bob Findley, Al Longo,** trumpets; **John Boice, Hoot Peterson, Bob Brawn,** trombones; Jim Mulidore, **Billy Root, Dick Klein,** Perlow, saxes; Eagan, piano; **Chuck Kovacs,** bass; Davey Williams, drums.

Dallas: Much of Dallas' organized jazz activity came to an end last month when executives of radio station WRR decided to remove the regular Sunday night *Jazz Unlimited* program from the air. Officially, a new Sunday night program of classical music was to replace the show. It had the longest record (six years) of jazz broadcast regularly on any AM radio station in the southwest . . . **Wes Montgomery** recently played an unusual morning concert in Dallas, facing a sleepy-eyed but full house at SMU's McFarlin Auditorium . . . Festival producer **George Wein** and friends threw a cocktail party here to announce formally that the Longhorn Jazz Festival would make an appearance in town. The festival's three days in Texas took it to Dallas, then to Austin (where it originated), and wound up in Houston . . . The **NTSU Lab Band's** first album in eight years, *Lab '68,* proved successful enough last year to continue the effort. *Lab '69* is currently being pressed, and initial copies have elicited enthusiastic response from a number of radio stations . . . **Jim Black's** successful Fink Mink Club recently underwent major outside remodeling, with a lovely winding sidewalk installed. Black plays bass at the club . . . **Roosevelt Wardell,** pianist at the Club Lark, has taken up a sideline—he's now music critic and columnist for the Dallas *Express* . . . **Roger Boykin,** guitarist and member of the Board of Directors of the Dallas Jazz Society, has landed a position with the owners of a local radio station . . . **Michael Tolden,** who produced many excellent jazz concerts here last summer, is now heading up a Head-Start organization chapter in Watts, Los Angeles . . . **David (Fathead) Newman** is back at his old corner at the Club Lark.

Toronto: It was the biggest and busiest week of jazz here in a long time. **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet (with **James Moody,** pianist **Michael Longo,** bassist **Paul West,** and drummer **Candy Finch**) were followed by **Carmen McRae** at the Colonial Tavern; **Louis Armstrong** and his **All Stars,** with singer **Jewell Brown,** arrived at the Club Embassy for a two-week date; concerts at Massey Hall featured **Ella Fitzgerald** one night; the **Oscar Peterson** Trio with **Clark Terry** the following evening; and **Jo Jones** joined pianist **Don Ewell** at the Golden Nugget for three weeks . . . Lunchtime concerts, sponsored by the Toronto Musicians' Association Local 149, have been attracting large audiences at the O'Keefe Center. Both classical and jazz groups have been featured. Among the latter: The **Toronto Chamber Jazz Septet, Hagood Hardy's** trio, **Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers, Carol Britto** Quartet, singer **Salome Bey, Brian Browne** Trio . . . *Jazz on the Lake,* a ferry boat cruise of the Toronto harbor with jazz bands playing for the passengers, returned for its sixth successive year.

London: The **Louis Armstrong All-Stars** played 2 weeks at Batley Variety Club, Yorkshire, starting June 17. Singer **Salena Jones** shared the bill . . . Trumpeter **Humphrey Lyttelton** guested with **Alan Littlejohn's** combo when **Jim** and **Lillian Delaney** opened their latest jazz venture, The Kensington, May 21 . . . *Jazz Scene '68,* a showcase for British jazz sponsored by the leading trade paper *Melody Maker* May 18 at Royal Festival Hall, was an artistic success and near sellout which justified the promoters' gamble regarding the commercial viability of British jazz. Supporting groups led by local men **Chris McGregor, Stan Tracey, Michael Garrick, Don Rendell-Ian Carr** and **Alex Welsh** were the saxophones of **Hank Mobley** and **Phil Woods** and the straight-ahead vocalizing of Salena Jones. Miss Jones, who completed a month's residency at the Ronnie Scott Club alongside Mobley on the same night, was held over at Scott's for another three weeks. From May 20-June 1 the organ-drums duo of **Alan Haven** and **Tony Crombie** appeared at the club, followed by flutist-saxophonist **Harold McNair.** Scott's original club, The Old Place, long the home of experimental sessions, was forced to close May 25 when the landlords refused to renew the club's lease. Scott is currently looking for new premises, but in the meantime, a committee of musicians and writers dedicated to preserving the future of British jazz met May 27 at Camden Arts Center to discuss proposals for a non-commercial London Jazz Center. A committee was formed by bassist **Graham Collier,** writer **Charles Fox,** the Barry Summer Jazz School's **Pat Evans,** and **John Jack,** host at the Old Place. The meeting was chaired by critic **Brian Blaine** and among those whose voices were heard from the floor were alto saxophonist-composer **John Dankworth** and ESP's **Bernard Stollman** . . . **Nina Simone** appeared on BBC-TV's *Dee Time,* May 25, singing her own tribute to **Martin Luther King.**

Brussels: Belgian-based American pianist **Scott Bradford** returned to Brussels after completing a seven-month stint in the Jazz House, Hamburg. During his stay in Germany, Bradford took off for a tour of West Germany and Yugoslavia with **Dusko Gojkovic,** trumpet; **Bent Jadig,** tenor; **Makaya Ntshoko,** piano, and **Jimmy Woode,** bass. Bradford's trio —with ex-**Paul Bley** sideman **Barry Altschul** on drums and Woode on bass— was booked into the J Club for the month of June. The trio made its radio debut April 23 and played the same night in the Blue Note club . . . **Lee Konitz,** playing Varitone alto, made a Belgian TV date with Belgian altoist **Jacques Pelzer, Barre Phillips,** bass, and **Stu Martin,** drums . . . Starring in the Mechelen Jazz Festival, produced by **Juul Anthonissen** on May 1, were trumpeter **Benny Bailey,** trombonist **Jiggs Whigham,** tenorist **Carl Drevo,** baritone saxophonist **Cecil Payne,** pianist Bradford, bassist **Peter Trunk,** drummer Martin, and singers **Anna McCrae** and **Stella Trunk.**

Denmark: During May, jazz activity here was dominated by Danish musicians. After tenorist **Hank Mobley's** visit in April, Copenhagen relaxed and waited for **Yusef Lateef's** Montmartre opening June 19. This was Lateef's third stay at the famous club, and besides playing with the trio in residence there, he also performed his own arrangements with the Danish Radio big band . . . The **Kenny Drew** Trio, with **Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen,** bass, and **Albert Heath,** drums, will be in charge of the rhythm department at the 8th international jazz festival in Molde, Norway from July 30 to Aug. 3 . . . The **Palle Mikkelborg-Alex Riel** Quintet, featuring Swedish tenorist **Bernt Rosengren,** performed at the Montreux festival June 15. Trumpeter Mikkelborg and drummer Riel were named Danish jazz musicians of the year in 1968 and 1965 respectively. Riel is also a member of a new rock group, **Savage Rose,** which has aroused a lot of interest . . . From May 28-31 the Radio big band, conducted by **Ib Glindemann** and featuring singer **Mark Murphy,** visited four cities in Jutland. Two rock groups, The **Beefeaters** and the aforementioned Savage Rose, also participated. The concerts were another indication of the desire of the producers to bring the country's leading studio musicians out of isolation in Copenhagen and present them live to the audience . . . On May 12, **Maynard Ferguson** was the central figure in a radio program, conducting the big band and playing several arrangements from his book . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** presented his new group in a 30-minute TV show May 27. As a sign of Garner's popularity, the show was on at 8 p.m., at least two hours earlier than the usual time for jazz on TV . . . Singer **Lou Rawls** did some solid soul singing in an otherwise very dull program brought to TV audiences in all Scandinavian countries on May 25 . . . Trumpeter **Arnvid Meyer** has been appointed chairman of the Federation of Danish Jazz Musicians . . . Violinist **Svend Asmussen** is the star at the Tivoli Variteen in Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Gardens. Asmussen is featuring his old quintet of the 1940s, playing arrangements from that period, which has been called the golden age of Danish jazz.

Norway: American alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** visited Norway and played two concerts with tenorist **Jan Garbarek** and his trio (bassist **Arild Andersen,** drummer **Jon Christensen**). Musically, it was very successful, with a completely improvised meeting on the bandstand in Trondheim before more than 2000 students, but Brown, who was supposed to play two more concerts with Garbarek in Bergen and Oslo, returned to Paris, though considerable advance publicity had been given in Bergen. The invitation to Brown to play at the Molde Festival was withdrawn . . . **Art Farmer** plans to return to Norway this summer, as his visit here earlier this year was very successful . . . **Sheila Jordan** was scheduled to open at

the Sogn jazz club in May, and was also scheduled to perform at the Down Town Key Club in Oslo . . . **George Russell** was back in Oslo, giving a short course in his Lydian concept of tonality . . . The jazz festival in Kongsberg will take place July 5-7. **Dollar Brand,** the **Palle Mikkelborg** Sextet from Denmark, including Swedish tenorist **Bernt Rosengren,** and a backup group for jam sessions (pianist **Roy Hellvin,** bassist Arild Andersen, and drummer **Svein Christiansen**) have been booked thus far . . . The Molde Festival has added **Monica Zetterlund** and the **Steve Kuhn** Trio, with **Palle Danilssen,** bass, and Jon Christensen, drums, and also plans to present **Karin Krog** and Miss Zetterlund in duet. Miss Krog has been engaged by the Norwegian State Concerts to tour Norway, and Molde is included in her itinerary. The jazz portion of the festival will take place July 30-Aug. 3. Miss Krog recently finished two weeks of concerts and radio work in Vienna, together with trombonist **Erich Kleinschuster.**

Poland: Blind Polish jazz pianist **Mieczyslaw Kosz,** 23, won first prize at the International Jazz Competition in Vienna, where he appeared with his trio, and was invited to the Alba Regina Jazz Festival in Hungary held in May and the International Jazz Festival in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia in June . . . After the recording of the Polish vocal quartet **Novi** for the West German SABA label, **Joachim E. Berendt** wrote: "Novi is now making —since the **Double Six of Paris** no longer exists—the freshest, most musical and most enjoyable vocal ensemble jazz I know of in Europe." . . . A new modern group representing "happy jazz" is becoming more and more popular here. It is the Warsaw group called **Paradox,** with an unusual line-up: trombone, bassoon, cello and bass. The group received first prize at the recent student jazz festival *Jazz nad Odra* in Wroclaw . . . **Ben Webster** appeared at four concerts here June 10-13 . . . Blues singer-pianist **Champion Jack Dupree** was a great success at several concerts and in clubs . . . One of the most active jazz clubs in Poland, Hot Club Hybrydy in Warsaw, celebrated its 11th anniversary . . . The organizers of the International Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw (Oct. 17-20) announced changes in the preliminary program. The latest schedule is: **Beryl Bryden,** Great Britain; **Memphis Slim,** USA; **Dany Doriz** Quintet, **Hal Singer,** France; **Max Greger** Big Band, West Germany; **V. Ludwikowski** Big Band, USSR; **Erich Kleinschuster** Sextet, Austria; the **Dizzy Gillespie** Reunion Big Band, **Odetta,** the **Gary Burton** Quartet, USA; **Eta Petman** Quintet, Finland; **Ludwik Petrowsky** Sextet, East Germany; **Robert Babs** Quartet, Belgium; **Karel Velebny** Quintet, Czechoslovakia, and the top Polish bands. **Joe Viera** from West Germany will present old jazz movies . . . **Ptaszyn Wroblewski,** tenor saxophonist and composer, has been appointed head of the Polish Radio Jazz Workshop in Warsaw. In 1958 Wroblewski was a member of the Newport International Youth Band . . . **Willis Conover** is expected at the Prague and Warsaw jazz festivals this year.

WHERE WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): unk.
Apartment: Ray Starling, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Baby Grand: Connie Wills, tfn.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): unk.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: unk.
El Caribe (Brooklyn): Don Michaels, tfn.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler to 9/15.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Toomey, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): Les DeMerle, tfn.
Half Note: Jake Hanna, Richie Kamuca, Bill Berry, 6/29-8/4.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): Vince Jerome.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Ted Curson, tfn.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Freddy Cole to 7/21.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrigue (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): unk.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Duke Ellington to 6/29. Jonah Jones, 7/1-7/13.
Rx: Cliff Jackson.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
Shepheard's: Jackie Cain, Roy Kral to 6/29.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon. (members of Duke Ellington Band).
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn, L.I.): Slam Stewart, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: Billy Taylor to 6/30. Marian McPartland, 7/2-16.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Oscar Peterson, 7/2-7. Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, 7/9-14. Gillespie, Miles Davis, 7/16-28.
Village Vanguard: Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land to 6/30. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: unk.
Winecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Cat's Eye: Dave Green, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: unk.
Golden Horseshoe (Chicago Heights): Art Hodes, Sun.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, Fri.-Sun., Tue. Various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Soulful Strings to 7/7. Stan Getz, 7/9-21. Eddie Harris, 7/23-8/6. Cannonball Adderley, 8/6-25.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun-Thur. Allan Stevens, Mario Arcari, Fri.-Sat.
Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Sarah Vaughn, Times Square Two to 6/30. Lainie Kazan, 7/1-14. Redd Foxx, Lyn Roman, 7/15-28. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Horace Silver to 6/30.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
Pussycat: Odell Brown & the Organizers, Mon.-Tue.
Red Pepper: Dave Melcher, Fri.-Sat.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.

NEW ORLEANS

Birdland: Porgy Jones, wknds., afterhours.
Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page. Dave West, Sun.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Cozy Kole's: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band. Fri.-Sun.
Dream Room: Santo Pecora, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Dungeon Annex: Lavergne Smith, tfn.
El Morrocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Roy Liberto, hbs.
Flame: Dave Williams, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Jewell Room: modern jazz, Sun. afternoon.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Municipal Auditorium: Ronnie Kole, 6/28-29. Pete Fountain, 7/5-6.
Paddock Lounge: Ernest Holland, Snookum Russell, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham. Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls. Sat.
Storyville: Sal Franzella, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
VIP: June Gardner, Germaine Bazzile, tfn.

BALTIMORE

Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Art Farmer, Jimmy Heath, 6/30.
Lenny Moore's: Greg Hatza, wknds.
Peyton Place: Maurice Williams.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden, Rita Graham.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Carribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: jazz, nightly.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Clem's (Compton): Tony Ortega, Sun. 6 a.m.-noon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker. I.C. Two, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Ray Charles, 7/16-28. Tony Bennett, 7/30-8/11.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Jimmy Rowles, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. The Three Sounds, 6/27. Trombones Unlimited, 6/28-29.
Eugene's (Beverly Hills): jazz, periodically.
Executive Suite (Long Beach): Gary Jones, Fred Stapp, Michael Donnelly, Fri.-Sat.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): O. C. Smith to 7/14. Jonah Jones, Joe Pass, 7/17-8/4.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mose Allison, Red Mitchell to 7/7. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: jazz, nightly.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
940 Club: Lennie Bluett.
Palms Cafe (Glendora): Teddy Buckner, Thur.-Sat.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pasta House: Eddie Cano.
Pied Piper: jazz, nightly. Clora Bryant, Sun.. Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Raffles: Perri Lee, Gary Wayne.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Eddie Harris to 6/30. Roger Kellaway, 7/2-7. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Sherry's: Joanne Grauer.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneeky Pete's: Art Graham.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: Quartet Tres Bien to 6/30. Kenny Burrell, 7/5-14. Oscar Peterson, 7/15-28. Les McCann, 8/1-11.
Morrie Baker's: Gary Haines, Charles Harris.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Driftwood Lounge (Battle Creek): Bill Dowdy, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Drome: The Expressions, Fri.-Sun.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Dome (Troy): Ken Rademacher.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Nordia (Battle Creek): Dick Rench, Fri.-Sat.
Paul's Steak House (Livonia): Wilbur Chapman, Ted Sheely, Thur.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

DALLAS

Cabana: Xavier Chavez, tfn.
Central Forest Club: unk.
Club Lark: David (Fathead) Newman, Roosevelt Wardell, tfn. Eloise Hester, wknds.
Fink Mink Club: Jim Black, various artists. Betty Green, wknds.
Mr. Lucky's Sammy Jay, tfn.
Red Jacket: Bobby Burgess, tfn.
Village Club: Don Jacoby, hb.
Villager: Jac Murphy, tfn.

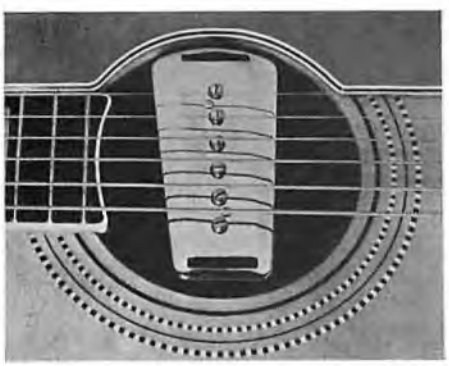
TORONTO

Ascot Inn: Bernie Black, hb.
Colonial Tavern: Eddie Condon, 8/12-31.
George's Kibitzerin: Lonnie Johnson, tfn.
Golden Nugget: Don Ewell, tfn.

NEW SOUNDS FROM FENDER 68

DIMENSION IV

ACOUSTIC PICKUP



F-570 MIKE

AMP STAND

FUZZ-WAH

FENDER DIMENSION IV An organ-like sound is achieved through any electric instrument using Fender's Dimension IV in combination with an amplifier containing built-in reverb. The "Reverb-Vibrato" selector permits easy change over from sustained vibrato with slight echo to straight reverb.

FENDER F-570 MIKE Complete with a built-in transistorized reverb unit, this F-570 mike reflects the ultimate in microphone electronics. A handy "on-off" switch and reverb selector are on the front control panel. The cardiod characteristics permit excessive sound pressures without overloading by use of a flexible diaphragm. High impedance. Frequency range: 50-15000 cps. Power source: 9 volt battery.

FENDER ACOUSTIC PICKUP When mounted to the internal tension tube of a Fender Kingman, Concert, Palomino, Wildwood, Shenandoah or Villager, this outstanding pickup completely avoids any portion of the vibrating wood. Individually adjustable pole-pieces permit custom string balance. Volume and tone controls enable the musician to obtain precise tonal adjustments.

FENDER FUZZ-WAH Push the pedal up and down . . . it produces wah. Move it side to side . . . it's fuzzy. Combine both actions and the effects run rampant! A two channel amplifier makes this possible. One channel controls volume and tone while the other controls the volume and tone of either Fuzz, Wah or both. It's wild!

FENDER AMP STAND Sturdy, heavily chromed and easy to install, Fender Amp Stands can accommodate all large amps and public address columns. These stands, equipped with wheels on the rear legs, can tilt back for greater sound distribution.

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