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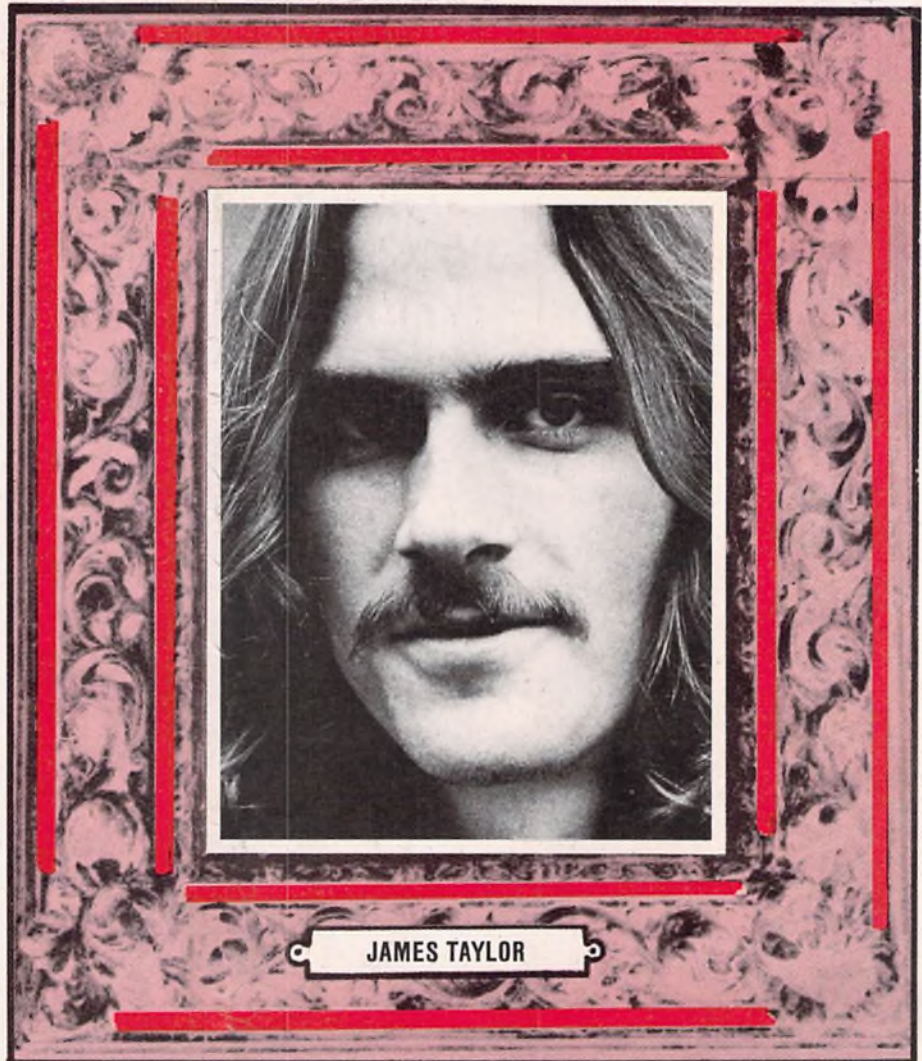
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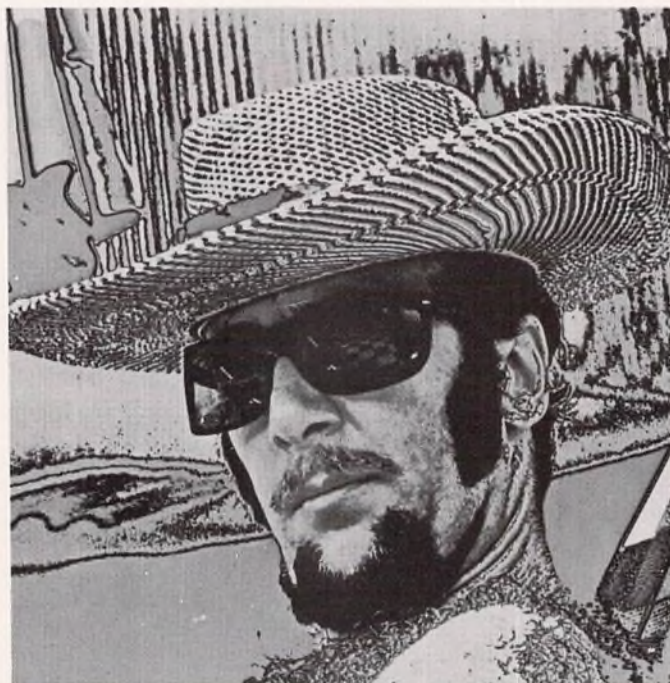


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- April 2-3 . . . Southern College Jazz Festival\*  
Spring Hill College (Mobile, Ala.)
- April 3 . . . Pacific Coast College Jazz Festival  
San Fernando Valley College  
(Northridge, L.A., Calif.)
- April 16-18 . . . New England College Jazz Festival\*  
Quinnipiac College (Hamden, Conn.)
- April 23-24 . . . Inter-Mountain College Jazz Festival  
University of Utah (Salt Lake City)
- May 8 . . . Northwest College Jazz Festival\*  
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## the first chorus

By CHARLES SUBER

BECAUSE OF THE difficulty of adequately answering individual mail and phone queries, I will attempt in this column to provide answers to the questions most frequently asked of us.

Often, the answers you want may be found in a *down beat*-related publication or other "reader service" item. Here is a list of same. Check what you need and order from *down beat*, 222 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

□ Jazz festivals. A calendar of high school and college events was published in the Jan. 7, 1971 *db* (copies of this issue, plus a chronological supplement, are available at 50¢ each). For ticket information on the American College Jazz Festival and seven regional CJFs, see page 3 of this issue. Information on commercial festivals—Newport, Monterey, et al—is published in *db* as soon as available.

□ *How to Organize a School Jazz Festival*, 6th Revision, 1969 (free booklet).

□ Product information on musical instruments and sound equipment. Give us as much detail as you know and enclose a self-addressed envelope. We will send you what we have or we will forward your request to a suitable manufacturer for reply.

□ List of schools, camps, clinics, etc., featuring jazz study. Our 1971 *Summer School Guide* will appear in the April 29 issue (50¢). The issue will also give details on the dozen or so colleges that offer (or will by September) the equivalent of jazz majors. We have not found a practical solution for listing or evaluating the 450 or more colleges presently offering at least one jazz-oriented course.

□ How do you get your song published? I don't know. There is no easy answer. But please do not send music or lyrics to us! Before you try to market your song anywhere I suggest you read *Legal Protection for the Creative Musician* by Lee Berk (Berklee). If you wish your music to be considered for *down beat/MUSIC WORKSHOP PUBLICATIONS* (see page 5) tell us about it first. Then upon our reply, be prepared to send us a complete concert score of your composition, the copyright of which must be held by you.

□ List of published music, method books, etc. See the adjacent column for details on the new 1971 *down beat/MUSIC DIRECTORY* which carries over 3,750 listings of jazz/blues/jazz-rock music materials plus addresses of publishers record companies.

□ Where can I buy such-and-such recording? *MUSIC '71* carries a special 16 pp. insert of a new *down beat/RECORD CLUB* Catalog which lists 3,500 (virtually all) in-print jazz/blues/jazz-rock recordings (LPs and tape). (Members of the *db/RC* receive free catalogs with each order. See pages 34-37.) I'm sorry, but we can't help you find rare recordings or dispose of your record collection. However, readers report good results from the classified ad columns of our Music Shop section.

And for all you students out there who are (not) working on term papers, please don't write us for "something about jazz" or "the relationship between rock and roll". Back issues of *down beat* are available on microfilm and microfiche. Check with your librarian.

Anything else?

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VOLUME II  
1971

# MUSIC DIRECTORY

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CONTENTS	PAGES
<b>I. Performance Materials</b> . . . . .	9-72
A. Band & Orchestra (jazz/dance/concert/marching/string/recordings)	
B. Small Ensemble (combo/brass/woodwind/guitar/percussion/string/recordings)	
C. Solos & Duets (brass/woodwind/piano/guitar/organ/string/recordings)	
<b>II. Methods &amp; Training Materials</b> . . . . .	73-82
A. Ensemble (band/combo)	
B. Individual Instruments & Vocal (brass/woodwind/keyboard/percussion/string/guitar/recordings) . . . . .	
<b>III. Music Theory &amp; Composition</b> . . . . .	83-84
A. Theory, Harmony, Arranging	
B. Improvisational Techniques	
<b>IV. Vocal &amp; Choral</b> . . . . .	85-86
A. Solo and Ensemble Arrangements	
B. Recordings	
<b>V. Misc. Educational Recordings</b> . . . . .	87-88
<b>VI. Reference &amp; Historical Materials</b> . . . . .	89
<b>VII. Author &amp; Arranger Index</b> . . . . .	90-94
<b>VIII. Directory</b> . . . . .	94-96
Addresses of publishing and record companies with titles listed in the 1971 <i>down beat/MUSIC DIRECTORY</i> .	

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

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 7 Chords and Discords
- 11 News
- 13 TV Soundings, by Leonard Feather
- 13 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 The Legacy of Albert Ayler: John Litweiler assesses the work of the late saxophonist.
- 16 Horace Silver's United States of Mind: The influential composer-pianist-leader espouses his unique new philosophy. By Joe H. Klee.
- 18 Wallace Davenport: Taking Uncle Tom Out of Dixieland: The versatile, veteran trumpeter finds a new challenge. By Paul R. Lentz.
- 20 James Taylor: Unspoiled by Success: Michael Cuscuna interviews the rising composer-guitarist.
- 21 Record Reviews
- 25 Old Wine-New Bottles, by Wayne Jones
- 26 Blindfold Test: Donald Byrd
- 27 Caught In The Act: Stan Getz • The History of Soul • Freddie Hubbard • Frank Wright/Noah Howard
- 31 Music Workshop: The Anatomy of "Ambiance", by Marian McPartland

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# chords and dischords

## Big On Bands

May I say that I'm glad *down beat* has as its Managing Editor a so-called "big band freak."

Being a big band fanatic myself, I always look forward to and enjoy reading Jim Szantor's articles and record reviews, especially since his likes are so similar to my own.

His well-written evaluations of the Rich, Herman, Kentor and Jones-Lewis aggregations were particularly appreciated by this reader, although I feel Rich's latest album deserves a five-star rating.

At any rate, please keep those Szantor reviews coming!

Frederick N. Snider

Chambersburg, Pa.

As a reader of *down beat* since the mid-30s, I have never been one to lavish praise toward those who review records, but when something superb is printed in *down beat*, I just have to write and express my appreciation.

I refer to Jim Szantor's review of Stan Kenton's *Live at Redlands* album (*db*, Jan. 21). I think this was a brilliant and accurate review of the finest album I have heard in many years.

Thank you *down beat*, thank you Mr. Szantor, for I have never read a better description of an LP and I have certainly never heard a more exhilarating performance by a big band.

Ed Mulford

Monroe, Conn.

## Chase Rates!

Your article, *Chase: Brass Roots Jazz*



*Rock* (*db*, Feb. 4) was excellent. They just played at Ripon (Wis.) College

and were everything the article made them out to be. They are exciting and bold, and have truly established a sound of their own. Wherever they're going, I'm glad they stopped here. Congratulations on capturing their spirit.

Steve Flood

President, Union Board

Ripon, Wis.

P.S. Loved your Ray Draper article too.

## Words for Albert Ayler

Albert Ayler restored much of the primitive innocence of early jazz to modern music. He either made me laugh or shook me to the depths.

There was so much evidence of a warm personality in his tunes and in his sound, and of an honest and truly spiritual dedication in the things he said about his music. Like Jimi Hendrix, his spirit lives on.

Thomas Kramer

Portland, Ore.

## More From Musicians

I think the time has come for musicians to have a greater say in what happens to their music after it has been performed or recorded.

I feel that it is highly unfair that critics set themselves up in such "god-like" fashion to judge and in most cases tear apart music that they know little or nothing about. Very few of them seem to know anything about the motivation



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behind or the technical side of the music.

Musicians should also be able to write and get paid for doing their own articles. In most cases it seems that they get interviewed, the interview gets printed with just the answers that have been put forward by the musicians, and the interviewer gets paid for the article. What is that?

How about using this idea as a new concept for your magazine. I'm sure the readers would love to hear from the musicians themselves and I know a lot of musicians, including myself, who would be very willing to write and contribute to **down beat**.

Jack De Johnette

Lambertsville, N.J.

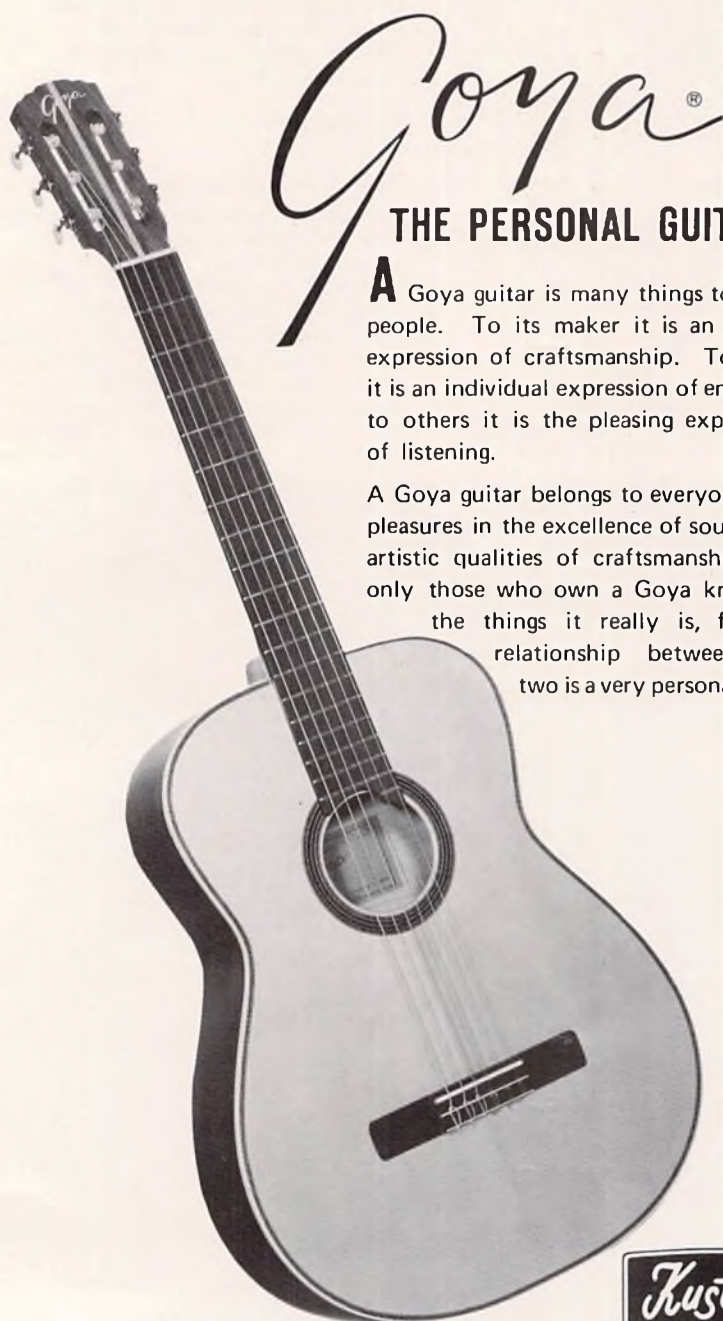
As he requested, I have answered drummer De Johnette personally at some length, stating that we would be delighted to have him and such other musicians as he might suggest among our contributors. For the record, many musicians have written for **down beat** through the years; our current regulars include David Baker, Larry Ridley, and Marian McPartland. However, many more musicians have offered to write but failed to follow through. Most of our contributors have at least some practical and/or theoretical knowledge of music, and statistical analysis would show that we print far more *favorable* than unfavorable criticism. While it is true

that some interviews look easy to put together as they appear in print, the labor involved in transcribing, editing and sequencing the raw material, while properly invisible to the reader's eye, is considerable and takes both skill and know-how.

Besides, such interviews always present the musician's viewpoint, not the writer's, and thus constitute, in a manner of speaking, free and favorable publicity.

Actors, painters novelists and playwrights don't get paid for interviews either, but they welcome them—as well they might.

—Ed.



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## Of Sleeping Dogs

Thanks very much to Stanley Dance for his excellent open letter to RCA



(**db**, Jan. 7). It seems incredible to me that RCA has not yet issued a Vintage album of its Fletcher Henderson sides from 1930 and 1936, or all its Duke Ellington records from the late '20s and early '30s. These are among our finest jazz records. . . .

Mike Robbins

Alexandria, La.

Even more incredibly, RCA's Vintage series has been suspended.

The Henderson (and much of the Ellington) material to which reader Robbins refers is available on French, British and German RCA, but the local doggie has apparently been put permanently to sleep.

—Ed.



# downbeat NEWS

## NEW WORKS HEARD IN JCOA FREE CONCERTS

The Jazz Composers Orchestra Assoc. began a series of 10 workshop concerts, held Monday evenings at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. in downtown Manhattan, with a Feb. 22 program featuring new works by Alan Silva.

The concerts, which are free to the public, continued with programs devoted to Carla Bley, Gil Evans, and Joe Chambers.

On March 22, parts of a new work by Roswell Rudd commissioned by the JCOA will be premiered, followed by music by Bill Dixon (March 29), Lee Konitz and Karl Berger (April 5), Dave Burrell (April 12), Stan Cowell (April 19), and Sam Rivers (April 26).

Basic orchestra personnel for the series is Mike Lawrence, Lloyd Michaels, Enrico Rava, Charles Sullivan, trumpets; Rudd, Sam Burtis, John Gordon, Jack Jeffers, trombones; Bob Carlisle, Sharon Freeman, French horns; Howard Johnson, tuba; Becky Friend, Konitz, Pat Patrick, Fred Pettis, Perry Robinson, Carlos Ward, Chris Woods, reeds; Keith Jarrett, piano; Sam Brown, guitar; Calo Scott, cello; Berger, vibes; Herb Bushler, Charlie Haden, basses; Joe Chambers, Warren Smith, percussion. Other musicians and soloists may be added as required by the composers.

The series was made possible with the support of the New York State Council on the Arts.

## KIRK SCORES, PERFORMS MUSIC FOR TV SERIES

Rahsaan Roland Kirk recently completed one of the most unusual assignments in his career, scoring and performing the music for the television series on the history of the modern civil rights struggle, *Rush Toward Freedom*, narrated by Julian Bond and produced by Group W.

According to director and associate producer Thomas J. Knott, a jazz fan and longtime admirer of Kirk, and himself a musician, music is a key factor in the six half-hour programs which comprise the series.

"Since there was no way to show Roland what was needed," Knott said, "I timed all the dramatic and documentary episodes (the films combine both) and bridges that needed music, and made an oral report on the content and emotion of the scenes.

"We then carefully laid out the 50 cues for music, which ran from three seconds to 3½ minutes, and Roland worked out the effects he wanted with his musicians," he explained.

Though Kirk has a Braille pocketwatch, he was unable to use it while playing and

leading the group. Nevertheless, Knott points out, "he came within a second or two of the required timing even in the longer sequences. I made slight adjustments in the scenes to accommodate."

Knott, who met Kirk in 1964 while a



Rahsaan Roland Kirk

director-producer for station WBZ-TV in Boston, plays piano and earned a B.A. in music at Notre Dame.

"What I was looking for and got," he said, "was music with lots of gusto and lots of sound—whistles, gongs and voice hums, barks and growls—as well as soulful jazz. Roland's music interprets with vigor the conviction and direct action of the young people in the civil rights movement."

## HARTFORD JAZZ SOCIETY MARKS 10TH BIRTHDAY

The Hartford Jazz Society will observe its 10th anniversary on April 24 with a gala concert followed by a reception. A number of jazz celebrities is expected to attend this milestone in the history of the nation's oldest jazz society, now enjoying its largest active membership.

The HJS began in 1961 with just 12

### A Word of Thanks

Would you be so kind as to print this letter of appreciation to the folks from the East, Big Brother Black and Archie Shepp to mention a few, for the tribute paid to my late husband, Albert Ayler.

I want them to know the gratitude I feel in my heart for the thoughtfulness shown to us in our time of need.

Mrs. Arlene Ayler  
(and Desiree, our daughter)

members. Today, there are 150. The society sponsors monthly concerts featuring the best available talent, holds an annual boat cruise down the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound and back, and also sponsors worthy students through scholarship grants to the Berklee College of Music. (One of many such students has been Japanese reedman Sadao Watanabe.)

Among the many jazz notables who have performed for the HJS are Kenny Burrell, Earl Hines, Elvin Jones, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Oliver Nelson, Clark Terry and Randy Weston.

A spokesman for the society notes that recently an increasing number of young people have been frequenting the monthly sessions, a fact that bodes well for the future of jazz as well as the HJS, which can be contacted at 73 Lebanon St., Hartford, Conn.

## DOING SOMETHING FOR JAZZ: THE IAJ STORY

Have you ever thought about gathering together all the jazz fans and devotees in your community and forming an organization to do something for the music? Careful. It may not turn out exactly the way you intended. It may turn out to be even more important than you intended.

That, at any rate, has been the experience of a Long Island, N.Y. organization with the somewhat grandiose name of the International Art of Jazz, Inc. It was formed in 1964 by a group of suburbanites who wanted to hear live jazz nearer to home, away from gin-mill locales, and at other than gin-mill hours. One strong reason for all this was that the members wanted to introduce their children to the music. So they initiated a modest subscription concert series of their own.

By last year however, the organization was functioning somewhat differently. The board of directors, for one thing, now includes Clark Terry (as honorary chairman), Alice Coltrane, and musician-educator Clem DeRosa.

More important are the nature of its recent concerts and their results. The IAJ often goes into black neighborhoods, and puts on concerts in largely black schools with the cooperation of the school authorities. If white people come, they come to the neighborhood and the school (and they do!).

An atmosphere of informal community attentiveness is encouraged, along with a belief that jazz brings people together. In the spring, summer and fall, when most of the events have been held, the music is played outdoors in the late afternoon, with the audience on the grass or blankets. The student body is encouraged to participate, and often sets up hot dog and soft

drink stands, with the profits going to projects of its own.

Order and decorum is the responsibility of those participating and attending. The police are often asked to stay away—and they do. And notice, this is happening in an area which has had its share of trouble. Some local police departments, on the basis of recent experience, steel themselves for vandalism and other disturbances following local rock concerts.

IAJ, however, has a rather impressive file of letters of commendation from local police officials, one of which speaks of its response to "the need for more sophisticated entertainment."

A particularly gratifying response—and one that musicians should respectfully consider—comes from the kids. When a sign in a local record shop announces that Cannonball Adderly or Rahsaan Roland Kirk or the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band is coming to play for *him* in *his* neighborhood, his first response is often disbelief. And he may well retain that attitude until it is proven to him, by an actual presence on the bandstand, that someone so important cares enough about his community and him so that he not only said he would come, but actually did come and play.

Aside from concerts, by the way, there are IAJ in-school programs, workshops, and clinics of a more directly educational nature.

The IAJ needs support, of course, chiefly in the form of money. Its president, Lloyd Sargeant, and its program director, Ann Sneed, who carry most of the work, applied to the New York State Council on the Arts for financial aid for its 1971 program. As this is written, they have just been given some help by that organization.

However, there is still a need for more

active participation and support by local government, citizens, businesses, and community organizations. And the local press has not shown as much interest as it might. The IAJ can be contacted at 71 McGaw Ave., Centereach, N.Y. 11720.

—Martin Williams

## POTPOURRI

The Feb. 9 earthquake in Los Angeles completely destroyed the homes of bassists **Red Callendar** and **Ike Isaacs**, and guitarist **Bill Pitman**—all of whom lived in Sylmar, the epicenter of the quake. Among lesser damage, the chimney on **Pete Jolly's** North Hollywood home was cracked beyond repair and had to be torn down; bassist **Carol Kaye's** swimming pool behind her Sherman Oaks home is now a sunken pool, and half of those irreplaceable 78s in **Ray Avery's** Rare Records store in Glendale were shattered beyond repair—and he had yet to put them on tape. But despite the after-shakes that evening, it was SRO for **Jimmy Smith's** opening at Donte's.

**Erroll Garner** will play his first location date in Toronto in almost a decade when he appears at the Royal York Hotel April 16-24. Soon thereafter, the pianist goes to Europe for concerts and TV dates in Brussels and Antwerp (May 4 and 6); Montbeliard and Paris (May 7 and 11); Berlin (May 12) and Copenhagen (May 17), with other dates being set at presstime. A fall tour of Great Britain is in the works, and Garner's personal manager, **Martha Glaser**, is negotiating with British promoters, making a change from the Davison

agency which had sponsored Garner's previous tours there. Garner's latest album, *Feeling Is Believing*, which was nominated for a Grammy award, is set for distribution in Germany (MPS), France (Polydor), and Sweden (Sonora-Phillips). In March, Garner recorded his famous *Misty* for the forthcoming Clint Eastwood film *Play Misty For Me*.

Pianist **Denny Zeitlin** played his first gig in a year and a half recently at the Matrix in San Francisco, alternating sets with guitarist **Jerry Hahn**. Both leaders shared the rhythm section of **Mel Graves**, bass, and **George Marsh**, drums. Zeitlin, who has been practicing and teaching psychiatry at the University of California in Berkeley, is also currently involved in the construction of new electronic equipment for use in a hybrid of rock-jazz-avant garde compositions he plans to unveil soon.

Springfield, Mass. is not the most likely place to hear name jazz, perhaps, but the newly refurbished Village Gate (formerly Famous Door) has been bringing some heavy sounds to the town (a mere 20 minutes from Hartford, Conn., by the way). The February menu included groups led by **Charles McPherson** (**Horace Parlan**, piano; **Lyle Atkinson**, bass; **Rudy Collins**, drums), **Bobby Jones** (**John Foster**, piano; **Duke Clements**, bass; **Jimmy Madison**, drums), and **Kenny Dorham** (**Cedar Walton**, piano; **Gene Taylor**, bass; **Billy Higgins**, drums). For March, a group co-led by **Clifford Jordan** and **Curtis Fuller**, **Howard McGhee** with singer **Joe Carroll**, and **Charlie Rouse's** new group with **Calo Scott** on cello were scheduled.

**Lionel Hampton** is currently touring Europe on a State Department-sponsored tour of 26 cities and nine countries. The month-long trip began March 5, and includes performances in the capitols of Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia as well as concerts in Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Spain. Hamp's 10-piece band features **Illinois Jacquet** and **Milt Buckner**, and also includes **Ronald Connors**, trumpet; **Bob Schneider**, **Tom Gambino**, and **Chuck McLendon**, reeds; **John Spruill**, piano; **William Mackell**, guitar; **Eustace Guilmette**, bass, and **Kenny Bold's**, drums.

The **Master Brotherhood** will celebrate their first anniversary with a free concert March 17 at the Countee Cullen Branch of the New York Public Library, where they made their debut last year. The group consists of **Arthur Williams**, **Ahmed Abdullah**, trumpets; **Joseph Rigby**, soprano, alto, tenor, baritone, flute; **Mustafa Abdullah Rahim**, bass clarinet; tenor; **Les Walker**, keyboards; **Jose Luis Falcone**, bass, and **Stephen Reid**, percussion.

Two new faces in **Earl Hines' combo**: **Bob Mitchell**, trumpet, and **Tony Johnson**, drums—both from San Francisco. They replace reedman **Heywood Henry** and drummer **Kahlil Madi**.



James Brown signs autographs for Nigerian admirers, a scene that was repeated often during "Soul Brother No. 1's" hugely successful African tour. The singer was mobbed by fans, honored by heads of state, and showered with gifts. Songs were written to commemorate the event, the most acclaimed visit by an American performer since Louis Armstrong's trip a decade ago.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** Gene Ammons and his quartet (George Freeman, guitar; Claudine Myers, organ; Arajamu (Jerrol Donovan), drums, did a month at the Club Baron, with organist Johnny Hammond Smith's and James Moody's groups sharing the stand for two weeks each. Lots of musicians dropped in to check out Jug

in his first New York club engagement in years, and some, like fellow tenorist Stanley Turrentine, sat in . . . Donald Byrd didn't make his scheduled gig at Slug's, so trumpeter Woody Shaw, with Byard Lancaster, reeds; McCoy Tyner, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums, took his place, followed by Archie Shepp leading Yusef Yancey, trumpet; Walter Davis, Jr., piano; Don Moore, bass; Art Lewis and Beaver Harris, drums. Two

weeks earlier, Shepp did four nights at the East Village "In" with Earl Cross, trumpet; Dave Burrell, piano; Hakim Jami, bass; Michael Shepherd, Harris, drums. Charles Mingus and Larry Coryell were set to take Slugs' into mid-March . . . Pianist Andrew Hill, composer-in-residence at Colgate, paid a surprise visit to New York, doing four nights in late February at the East Village "In" with Ramon

/Continued on page 38

## TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

I REMEMBER ONCE BEING challenged to undertake some feat that seemed totally beyond the scope of possibility, such as climbing Mt. Baldy or winning a Grammy for Song of the Year. Purely as a figure of speech, I replied: "That'll happen the day Archie Shepp plays the *Ed Sullivan Show*."

Well, the impossible, as they say, takes a little while, and now Archie Shepp has indeed made the Sullivan gig. It was difficult to believe one's eyes or ears when, tuning in the show entirely by accident, not having heard of the booking, I caught Sullivan's remark about staying tuned for Rahsaan Roland Kirk and his "classical jazz musicians."

After the commercial, around 9:51, there they all were, somewhat bumblingly introduced, but at least accorded captions at the bottom of the screen as each hove incredibly into view: Rahsaan himself, gaggle of horns at the ready, sounding reveille for his troops: Charles McGhee, trumpet; Dick Griffin, trombone; Shepp, tenor sax; Sonelius Smith, piano; Charles Mingus, Pete Pearson, basses; Roy Haynes, drums; Maurice McKinley, conga, and Joe Texidor, percussion.

It all happened so fast—as is invariably the case on those rare occasions when uncompromising jazz is presented on a network show—that there was scarcely time to drink in the reality of these men's presence before their performance was over. The work played, Mingus' *Haitian Fight Song*, seemed to be a general exercise in freedom music, though it is debatable how much freedom could be achieved within the space allotted.

The balance was better than might have been expected. Of the soloists, Kirk and Shepp came closest, within the time limitations, to establishing a strong improvisational identity. Toward the end there was a sharp segue into a sort of satirical Dixieland bit—at least I assume it was not intended seriously.

After this precedent-setting event was over, anti-climax swiftly set in. As if to turn the whole thing into an ethnic joke rather than the serious exercise it had been, regardless of time limitations, to expose the masses in TV-land to some different sounds, Ed Sullivan stood there like Lawrence Welk muttering "Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!" and then allowed himself to be the butt of a tasteless gag in which Godfrey Cambridge said: "I hereby proclaim you an honorary Negro" and presented him with an Afro wig.

The incident reminded me of Miles Davis' appearance a few months back on the *Dick Cavett Show*, playing one of his own creations, after which Cavett said, "Of course, you all recognized *Moon River*." It would seem that none of the men in positions of power at the networks will allow the music to speak earnestly for itself, without some apologetic joke to cover up their evident misgivings about having presented five minutes of art that might not be understood by the housewife in Dubuque.

At all events, Kirk and his colleagues



Archie Shepp

finally got what they wanted. After all the months of pressure, they landed a gig on a show right alongside folks like Nancy Ames, Sergio Franchi and Peter Gennaro. Whether or not anything of lasting value to black music and/or jazz was accomplished, Kirk's principles and objectives are to be commended. January 24 was a unique night in the history of jazz on the small screen.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the night prior to Kirk & Co.'s coup, the *Pearl Bailey Show* made its debut. The first segment (ABC-TV, Saturday, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) indicated that music would play a central role in the series and that it would be tastefully handled.

The guests were Louis Armstrong, Bing Crosby and Andy Williams. The climactic episode was an ingenious medley, bound together by a refrain entitled "I Don't Want to Sing That Song," in which each singer stood aside while the others sang his big hit (e.g. Andy and Bing doing *Mack the Knife*). Nothing very deep, but pleasant escapist fare.

Crosby's *Bridge Over Troubled Water*

was handled a trifle too casually. Williams good humoredly took on a *Give Me The Simple Life* routine in which Miss Bailey kiddingly tried to upstage him throughout.

Satch, who was not playing his horn at the time the show was taped, provided the show's warmest moments with Pearl as the two of them, sitting on mink cushions on the apron of the stage, chatted awhile and duetted on *Didn't We*, *Blueberry Hill* and *Exactly Like You*. The sound was partly spoiled when Louis' lavalier mike fell off, but it was decided that the spirit of the scene was perfect, so there was no retake.

What was right about this passage with Armstrong indicated by contrast what was missing from other parts of the show: there was too much writing, too little opportunity for Pearlie Mae to unwind and be her natural self. Much was made of her chinchilla and the elaborate gowns, and she looked glamorous indeed; but the obviously scripted routines just weren't needed for an artist with her seasoned showmanship.

I understand that after the first two or three programs had been taped, this was realized by all concerned and the scripting was cut way down. At the same time the band balance, which seemed defective at times, was improved.

Louis Bellson's orchestra, with the leader on the podium and Earl Palmer on drums, cut the show admirably—still another credit to the master drummer turned composer turned conductor. An all-star jam session, with special guests and Louis on drums, was being negotiated at press time.

The personnel indicates why the sound is as ebullient as that of any band now on television: John Audino, Al Aarons, Sweets Edison, Chuck Findley, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Toole, Carl Fontana, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; Joe Romano, Bill Breen, altos; Don Menza, Pete Christlieb, tenors; Alan Beutler, baritone; Lloyd Phillips or Don Abney, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Palmer, and six violins, two violas and two celli. Basically it's the same band that appears (minus the strings) on Bellson's gigs at Donte's, except that Nick Di Maio, who plays trombone in the latter orchestra, serves as contractor for the TV show. Arrangers for TV are Benny Carter, Jack Hayes, Bill Holman, Buddy Baker, and Bellson.

The Pearl Bailey show is produced by Bob Finkel, directed by Dean Whitmore, and choreographed by Robert Sidney, with assistance from Marie Bryant of *Jammin' The Blues* fame. It is performed on the stage of the Hollywood Palace, from which the show of that name emanated. I hope it stays on the air as long as its predecessor or longer.

(S)

# THE LEGACY OF ALBERT AYLER

by John Litweiler

TO BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING. It was Ornette Coleman who revolutionized jazz at the start of the 1960s. It was Coleman—with his contemporaries Dolphy, Rollins, Coltrane, and Taylor—who determined that the New Music would be a revolution of sensibility: they did not just introduce new techniques into jazz, they opened the art to a wholly new realm of emotions, discoveries, human statements.

Albert Ayler was part of the New Music's second wave, as Joseph Jarman would say. After Coleman and his fellows, an entire musical generation of slightly younger men whose art was formed under their influence was sure to follow. Among these players Albert Ayler was the very finest, the truest revolutionary, the one heroically original mind.

At his best, Ayler was fully as great as Coltrane, and perhaps even Coleman. All these are familiar statements; his admirers have repeated them for several years now. Very few musicians have ever aroused so much responsive excitement, pro or even

U.S. reissue, Ayler's narrative ("My name is Albert Ayler . . ." etc.) is edited out, so we fade in on his only recorded soprano solo, the funny, highly ironic *Bye Bye Blackbird*; the organization of this and *Green Dolphin Street* predict the sure freedom of the ESP-Disks. *Billie's Bounce* is his contribution to hard bop, an optimistic million miles removed from Parker's conception.

*Summertime* is one of the New Music's classics. The theme is an overwhelming tragic lament. Images of pathos compound throughout the brilliantly subtle structure, and the precarious optimism of Gershwin's closing chords turns into despairing pleas for the illusion of hope. Already, Ayler's extreme care for exact dramatization, the perfection of dynamic shading, the precision of volume gradations, even the concept of nuances and grace phrases determining *Summertime's* structure—these and the power of his message demonstrate an utterly unique individuality in jazz, an utterly rare sensitivity for drama and defined emotion, a Shakespearean sense of feeling and wholeness.

Not long after, Ayler began appearing regularly in New York, and all who heard

cock and Murray were Ayler's most consistent companions as his art developed.

What qualities won him such immediately enthusiastic attention and admiration? Already, though still a young musician, his influences were far behind him; pertinently, he named Bechet and Lester Young, among many others, and obviously the sense of Rollins and Coleman is prime. Hear his *Children* solo: it is Rollins' methods in their most emotional terms, reproduced with Free means. His incredibly large, fully sonorous (Larry Kart: "The biggest human sound I ever heard") sound was the most evident aspect of a most sophisticated dynamic sensitivity. (Equally, or maybe even more importantly, nobody could play more softly, and, mainly, could more exactly delineate degrees and nuances of meaning.) This music is a dramatic experience: the classic range of Ayler's perceptions was clarified by that precise construction and continuity.

Two aspects of his art were most revolutionary. Before him the ideas of microtones, "blue notes", dramatically flattened or sharpened shading originate at the beginning of jazz. In pre-Free days certain pianists (Monk, Herbie Nichols, Taylor, even Bud Powell) invented harmonies to distort or obliterate the common sense of specific tones and chord changes. Then Rollins, then Coleman, then Coltrane began to use the saxophone's specific overtones and harmonics capabilities as necessary effects. Ayler was the first to make such unusual—"freak", if you will—sounds a basis for his art.

As Ayler-haters love to point out, such weird noises come from kids first learning their horns. Now, Ayler began as a teen-aged bluesman, and as he matured into a virtuoso tenorist he very thoughtfully explored all of his horn's possibilities. His mastering the overtones and harmonics ranges was his most revolutionary technical advance. I believe it was George Russell who years ago pointed out that African music is atonal, arhythmic, full of Ayler's kind of indeterminate note choices. If so, then Ayler's deliberated inexact pitches are a return to the basics of black music.

Equally important is Ayler's (and the Ayler groups') time. It's admirable that certain journalists originally tried to "sell" this music to a wider audience, but some love to repeat the canard that it's posited on conventional bop-swing 4/4 time. In fact, a fair amount of later Ayler is in 4/4, as are most of his composed themes in all periods. As he explained: "I like to play something that people can hum . . . from simple melodies to complicated textures to simplicity again and then back to the more dense, the more complex sounds." In most of his solos, the theme is quickly abandoned; thereafter it demands a fanatic to hear 4/4 in his manner and accenting.

Ayler nullified conventional time. Emotionalism, lyricism and structure were his major interests, so pure freedom of time, tonality, pitch and sonority were fundamental. Ornette Coleman used to propose the ideal of the perfectly free, unbound musical statement. Ayler, then, was the first to realize this completely in his music, and since *Spirits* and *Spiritual Unity* and *Ghosts*, only a very few have even approx-



VALERIE WILMER

con. You'll recall how, a few years ago, the jazz magazines were full of Ayler interviews and critical appraisals. Let's go back to his great period, his early records, and note the features that mark his genius as a creator.

His first LP was a nightclub set, bass and drums accompanying, in a semi-free post-Rollins style. It was issued in a very limited edition on a private European label, and remains extremely rare. *My Name Is Albert Ayler* dates from the same European years, about 1962-63, when his brief, seminal association with Taylor took place. This is Ayler soloing with a grubby (despite an able bassist) bop rhythm section, and partly because of the accompanying trio, critics universally derided the music.

But actually, the creation is magnificent. Ayler carries all the pieces, so that even C.T., the free track, almost works. In the

him immediately recognized his uniqueness. Don't forget that in the early '60s Free musicians and fans were a tiny, near secret underground group—and that really means *underground*, without the current fashionable or P.R. overtones. They played at obscure coffee houses, on fleeting tavern gigs, sometimes at musicians' homes, and in rare concerts at churches, schools, art galleries, etc. (Today, of course, the scene has progressed: now you can hear the music at obscure coffee houses, fleeting tavern gigs, rare spontaneous sessions, some concerts, etc.)

Ayler did much sitting in back then, his presence guaranteeing these fugitive affairs as memorable ones. Along the way, he joined forces with trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Sunny Murray for travels and recording. As it happens, this was one of the very finest modern jazz groups—in fact, Pea-

imated Ayler's freedom.

Consider his great performances. He dominates *Mothers*, but that is a true communal realization, with a haunting, elegiac Cherry solo and Ayler's bittersweet conception. I recall critic Larry Kart's notion of artistic "masks": Ayler's big broad tones may often be optimistic, even exultant, but his lines in *Mothers* suggest a terrible sadness. The lack of tempo aids the again dynamic structure: every large phrase has its afterthought, for definition and, mainly, amplification—"This is true, and moreover, these are vital facts of this truth in addition, and even more, these further truths follow in emotional logic." Thus, as in the almost equally great *Holy Spirit*, beautiful phrases of heroic import are, in afterthought, clarified in terms of pain and acceptance.

\* \* \*

An undertone of classic—Hamlet-like, let's say—melancholy pervades all this music. The themes almost always end in downward motives, even the pop songs he chose for *My Name Is Albert Ayler*. The isolated sequences drift slowly into sad descending lines; an agonized yearning is inherent in the frequent fast, rising long lines that eventually are smashed with the familiar growls and helpless momentary tenor eruptions.

Compare the four famous *Ghosts* to understand the breadth of Ayler's genius. One simply offers the theme, in all its jollity, in several tempos. The second, with delightful Peacock and especially Cherry, has Ayler destroying the theme with hilarious cynicism, then fleeing into strong, various "energy" lines. But the first trio *Ghosts*, a justly-praised work, adds dark, disturbed realizations in its extended length, while the great second trio *Ghosts* totally rejects the theme's pleasing good nature. Cruelly agonized stuttered phrases appear before the solo rises to a visionary catharsis with an incredible welter of fast lines in "unknown" pitches, booms, hurtful rising phrases.

Suddenly we realize that Ayler's comic episodes are slight masks for an extremely intense sense of black humor, that his ironies are the material of classic satire, that continuous change, extreme internal disorder and passion are eternal necessities resolved within his humanely understanding and responsible frame of reference.

It's a far cry from Coltrane, for one alternative. Coltrane's musical contradictions became brilliant conflicts that found satisfaction only in violence and continued agitation. He is usually considered the greater artist—yet Ayler's broad vision and the humane responsibility of his musical philosophy are the more life-sustaining principles. As listeners we recognize and internalize Coltrane's passionate conflicts, yet as modern men and women we need Ayler's bitter humor, his resigned sorrow, his fully sensitive tragic awareness as a condition of our lives at their most ideally humane.

True, we live in a time of progressively increasing disorientation, social destruction, institutional malice, with the result being, for us and even for great creators such as Ayler, increasing fear, ignorance, vio-

lence, escapism. Albert Ayler daily struggled for professional existence against the most hardened attitudes, the most inhuman reactions and conditions. It is most important in hearing his music to understand that he visualized life in more open, more sensitive, ideally even simpler terms. His entire career was totally opposed to the mainstream of modern American existence.

You'll notice that among younger—say, under-35—musicians, Ayler's music has proven as influential as Coleman's or Coltrane's. At least part of the reason is his beautiful partners during his great period. Sometimes Peacock unsuccessfully tried to evoke free wind phrasings on his bass, but on the whole his smiling, intellectual creations were among the best jazz bass playing between early Haden and current Malachi Favors. Murray by this time had (at last!) evolved a percussion style of total accent and ensemble involvement. Partly his revolutionary approach was born of necessity (imagine any of his predecessors—Roach, Richmond, Elvin Jones, etc.—in Ayler's groups); Murray is one of those inevitable crucial figures who appear in jazz when they are needed most. And after playing in Ornette's shadow and with the straightforward New York Contemporary Five, Cherry became, with Ayler, the perfect responsive group member, growing in technique and breadth within Ayler's comparatively loose, thematically-oriented designs.

John Tchicai and Roswell Rudd join them for the jam session LP, *New York Eye and Ear Control*. It might have been a disaster like Coltrane's *Ascension*, but the more sophisticated shared principles of free time and harmonic basis guarantee part of the music's success. *AY* has one of Cherry's most original, haunting solos among the communal improvisations, but *ITT* is better because Ayler's complete dominance has the others continually regrouping around him—in places, genuine ensemble improvisation emerges. (In mid-1964, don't forget, the idea of collective improvisation was still fresh and explorative—the ideas Ayler's group evolves here were to flower a few years later into the sophisticated Chicagoans' methods.)

By May Day, 1964, Ayler had added acolytes and a regular method of ordering group performances. Don Ayler tended to serve as a Cherry to Ayler's Ornette role, and Charles Tyler was a strong, more gracefully linear Ayler-influenced altoist. Their performances began with little skittery, repeated themes, or extra-raunchy marches, or Gay 90s-like maudlin ditties, or occasionally all of these. The themes were played with a captivating wholehearted fervor, the trumpet leading, the tenor making expansive harmonic decorations.

Usually Albert Ayler would offer a sadly sentimental, quavery, out-of-tempo solo with nagging afterthoughts, like a cranky grandmother who bakes apples pies and quietly farts a lot. A repetition of one of the initiating themes would introduce each soloist; they would take turns in whirlwind tempos, then join in ensemble improvisations. It was a delightful and usually surprisingly successful music, somewhat

light in intent compared with Ayler's great works. The revolutionary techniques are evident, the solos—especially Albert Ayler's—are tremendously forceful, yet it lacks the breadth and sensitivity of Ayler's great period.

This general approach runs to *Love Cry*, about mid-1967. *Bells* is the group's first and most commonly-admired LP, but *Spirits Rejoice* is just as fine. The title track recalls Dan Morgenstern's remark, "Like a Salvation Army band on LSD" with its several themes, and *D.C.* is their best single work, truly excellent solos by the Ayler brothers and Tyler. *Angels*, by Albert, a frilly harpsichord, and Murray, returns to the great Ayler. From the beginning we hear the techniques of overblown mush, with niggling harmonies and grace phrases. But this belies a theme of immensely poignant yearning. A heart-breaking vibrato emphasizes this sense of hopeless hope; the method is simply internalized theme and decorations—in the way Billie Holiday and Lester Young offered simply theme and decorations.

This band won Albert Ayler something of a wide audience. "Wide audience" usually means little to free musicians, but Ayler did move on LPs from ESP to the more fastidiously produced Impulses. The *Greenwich Village* LP recaptures the spirit of *Spirits Rejoice* and includes *For John Coltrane*, a long alto solo (played in his tenor style). *Love Cry* is eight of the "simple, folk-like" themes played over and over, with a minimum of Don Ayler improvising, Albert generally content to harmonically decorate the dry trumpet lead. By then Tyler was on his own, and even Murray had been replaced. Ayler's choices at this point represent a dangerous narrowing of scope from his original creative premises, and his last two LPs, the rhythm-and-blues/rock/vocal works, represent a crisis in his conception.

\* \* \*

Among some Free musicians there is a need to "meet the public"—to emphasize features of their music that appear to have wide popular appeal. It may be conscious or an unconscious need, but it has nothing to do with selling out or going commercial: a musician *can* attempt to present a broad message without debasing or falsifying it. The most likely explanation for his last two LPs is that this philosophically assured revolutionary was convinced of his ability to communicate within any medium.

So you have, in *New Grass*, quite excellent Ayler tenor over a dull rock rhythm section, with freshly trite and banal songs and singers performing some of the most uninspired material since LPs were invented. The very dark and shocking near-unaccompanied tenor solo in the title track is essential Ayler art; solos in *Heart Love*, *Sun Watcher*, *New Generation* additionally present a somewhat more determinedly lyrical approach to the basic Ayler style, and they are also valuable. *New Ghosts*, a calypso, is played in the tone of the nastiest early-'50s r&b tenors, but the phrasing is remarkably Rollins-like—indeed, except for the tone this could pass

/Continued on page 29

# Horace Silver's United States of Mind

by Joe H. Klee

JANUARY 15 IS MARTIN LUTHER KING'S birthday. On this date, it made sense to be talking to Horace Silver about his new Blue Note album, *The United States of Mind, Phase One*. Dr. King and Horace Silver are talking about the same things . . . mankind together. I asked Silver if he could recall where he had been at the time of King's assassination.

**H.S.:** Not exactly. I know I was on the road someplace, playing some town, some club, and I heard it and was greatly upset. . . . You know, it's odd that you should mention Martin Luther King, because about three or four days ago I was listening to WLIB (a New York radio station) and they played a short synopsis of one of his speeches, and what he said made me feel so good because it had to do with the music I'm writing now. He said something to the effect of "overcoming the self"—that's how he put it. Yeah, he said something to the effect of overcoming the self, ourselves, before we can overcome the conditions. And it made me feel good because the music I'm writing had to do with the same thing.

**J.K.:** You're writing songs now and putting words to them. Before, they were just melodies, but now it's something that people can sing. Had you ever done this before?

**H.S.:** I've done it on occasion, more or less out of necessity. Some of the earlier tunes I wrote, I had no intention at the time of putting lyrics to—I was just interested in writing the tunes themselves. But a couple of them, such as *Senor Blues* and *Doodlin'*, became very popular, so I got Jon Hendricks to write words to *Doodlin'* and to *The Preacher* and a few other things. I wanted to get him to write a lyric to *Senor Blues* and I couldn't find him, so I did it myself, out of necessity, and it came off pretty well.

Also, I wrote a lyric to *Sister Sadie*. For a couple of the other lyrics Jon has written for me, such as *Home Cookin'*, *Cookin' At The Continental* and *Come On Home*, I gave him the story I had in mind, and he wrote the lyric. He also wrote a lyric on *Song For My Father* which hasn't been recorded yet. The song was inspired by my trip to Brazil. I was invited to stay at Sergio Mendes' home for three weeks and see the carnival, which was out of sight. And I was so enthralled with the carnival and the bossa nova and with everybody being so nice to me . . . I came home, and even with my father being Portuguese, he comes from the Cape Verde Islands, I had never paid much attention to that kind of music before, but when I got down there with Sergio and those cats and they were adding this new modern jazz approach to that Portuguese thing—it just overwhelmed me and when I came back I sat down at the piano and came up with *Song For My Father*. I explained all this to Jon and he incorporated it in the lyric.

But getting to the reason why I'm into writing lyrics now—I guess within the last three years or so, I've had an overwhelming urge to reach more people and I feel that by adding lyrics I'll be able to do this . . . and the message that I want to bring out in this *United States of Mind* that I'm writing and recording right now has to be said lyrically.

**J.K.:** I detect a lot of church influence in your playing, a lot of gospel music that you get mostly from the black churches and yet in Connecticut where you were born I wouldn't imagine there'd be too much of this more fundamental religion.

**H.S.:** Oh yeah, they have it! Although I was christened a Catholic, I more or less follow my own religious beliefs today. I went to a Catholic school and, naturally, you don't hear that type of music there. But I was always enthralled with the black church music that I would hear on the radio sometimes late at night. I'd turn on one of those revival services, and it would knock me out. And then, not too far from my neighborhood, they had a black church that sang the real down-home gospel. And I always used to stop by and stand in front and listen, and it used to knock me out.

Sometimes I would go to my mother's church—she was Methodist—which was a black church, and they'd have programs of these various Gospel Quartets and I'd go listen to them and they'd be cookin'. So I've always been influenced by that.

**J.K.:** Who's in your present band?

**H.S.:** I don't have a band at the moment. The group I had before I broke up consisted of Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet and fluegelhorn; Buddy Terry on tenor saxophone and flute, and I started out with a young fellow, Stan Clark from Philly, on electric bass, and had Harold White on drums and myself on electric piano. And then I switched drummers. I had Eddie Crawford. I disbanded in January and now I'm devoting all my time to finishing up *The United States Of Mind*. We're getting ready to go into the studio and do Phase Two (i.e., the second album) and then after that I want to go right into doing Phase Three. I want to complete it before the end of this year.

**J.K.:** What is "The United States of Mind?"

**H.S.:** Primarily, it's intended to be entertainment, but other than that, it's what I'd call an extended piece of music which has a metaphysical or spiritual theme to it. It deals with self-awareness, self-control and self-realization.

**J.K.:** Will that be the theme all the way through or is that only for the first phase?

**H.S.:** Phase One deals with self-awareness. In other words, who am I, why am I, where do I come from, what am I doing here, what's my purpose in life, where do my capabilities lie, what direction am I going in. You know, "What's it all about, Alfie?" People are confused and don't know whether they . . . if life ends when they die, when the physical body is ended, if that's the end of it all, what the purpose of it all is. I suppose Phase One is intended to uplift people who are in a state of confusion. And Phase Two deals with self-control. Self-control of the mind and the body, a sort of inner control, mental control, and an outer control of the physical self. And Phase Three deals with self-realization, which is the realization of the self as spirit, not as matter.

**J.K.:** This sounds like something rather ambitious that you should put on at Carnegie Hall or in some cathedral somewhere.

**H.S.:** Well, I intend to do that. My whole objective in stopping work at this time and disbanding my group is to finish this work, and when I finish it I intend to put it on in concert in various churches and colleges and concert halls.

**J.K.:** Will you take the singers on tour with you when you go?

**H.S.:** I haven't so far, because I've been working primarily in night clubs and with the money I've been making, I haven't been able to afford to bring in any singers. I did once, just before we broke up this last band. We were in Detroit at a club, and the record had received quite a bit of success on the radio there so the club owner offered to bring in Andy Bey with us for the week, which was quite beautiful. But on Phase One, there's three singers and there'll be three singers also on Phase Two. When I finish the three records and start to put it on in concert form, I'll probably have five to six singers traveling with me.

**J.K.:** Will you be using the same singers on Phase Two and Phase Three?

**H.S.:** Not exactly. Phase Two will have Andy Bey again. I'll also have his sister, Salome Bey . . . and a young talented singer from the New York company of *Hair*, Larry Marshall, is going to be on a couple of tracks.

**J.K.:** Who are the musicians who'll be on Phase Two?

**H.S.:** I think we're going to have Bob Cranshaw on bass and Idris Muhammad on part of it on drums, and Mickey Roker. With the horns, I'm going to be using Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet and fluegelhorn and Harold Vick on tenor,

and I'm adding a guitar . . . Richie Resnicoff.

**J.K.:** Have you completed the music for all three phases?

**H.S.:** Just about. Phase Two is all finished and ready to go. Phase Three is just about completed with the exception of two compositions.

**J.K.:** Do you write the lyrics first or the music first?

**H.S.:** That's a good question, because back in the days when through necessity I had to write a lyric to a tune, naturally the melody was there first. A friend of mine told me "You're doing it backwards. That's the hard way around." And I said, "No, you're doing it backwards. This seems to be the easy way for me." But now that I've become involved with lyrics and I feel that I'm progressing in that line, I'm really surprised at myself and how the words

times. This is the Aquarian Age, as the song says, which is a spiritual age and you can hear it. I believe that spiritual influences, the spirit inside the soul, or however you want to look at it—the spiritual influences or forces that are around us, especially around the artistic-minded people—are inspiring us today to write in this vein to get across to the general public. I think all of this is working up to what the prophets say the year 2000 will be, the start of the brotherhood of man, which we're all looking forward to.

**J.K.:** I think it really boils down to what you say on the album notes: "We must unify to amplify the voice that leads us to a greater understanding of the things we have to do."

**H.S.:** Well, this whole work, "The United States Of Mind Phase One, Two and Three," does require some thought.



GEORGE HALL

come out of me. I didn't know I had it in me. So I find I'm writing the words first and adding the melodies later.

**J.K.:** It always ends up that way. You sit down at a typewriter and you have no idea what you're going to do. All of a sudden these heavy things start appearing on the paper from your subconscious that you weren't even aware were in there.

**H.S.:** That's right. It's fantastic. It's a very amazing thing. I believe that that's the soul or the spirit within the soul coming through the mind.

**J.K.:** Do you think maybe jazz and popular music are getting closer?

**H.S.:** Definitely. I think all music is getting closer. We can see it now more readily in jazz and rock, but you can dig gospel creeping into it too. Look at your rock writers, lyricists and composers, who are writing religious-type lyrics, spiritual-type lyrics, which I think is a sign of the

There's a lot of food for thought there, and I think if one will try to digest some of it, it'll really be very helpful.

**J.K.:** The first thing I noticed is that this is not protest music. In fact, if anything it's anti-protest music. It's saying, well, before you go out and try to change the world, dig yourself.

**H.S.:** I feel that if these words are absorbed and applied they will make us better persons. They will lead to the mastery of our selves and that is the most difficult task of all. Our character, that's the thing that we have to fight and make perfect. That leads us to self-control and to be masters of our self and it leads us to love one another and being brothers with one another. We have to accomplish that before we can accomplish anything else. What good does it do us to fight wars when we can't even conquer ourselves? That's the hardest battle of all, believe me. I'm still trying to fight it.



# WALLACE DAVENPORT:

## TAKING UNCLE TOM OUT OF DIXIELAND

by Paul R. Lentz

DOES IT NOT SEEM paradoxical that black people in great numbers shun Dixieland jazz in somewhat the same numbers as they would a Spiro Agnew rally? This despite the predominating contributions of black composers, arrangers, and performers to a living and still developing taproot of jazz that is cherished worldwide.

In some circles, mention of *any* Dixieland-oriented group brings the response: "Man, that's Uncle Tom music!" The reasons are not hard to fathom. This virile music has often been castrated by a collection of clowns, hacks, and musical bunco artists who chose the least desirable elements of the genre . . . and proceeded to make them worse. The countless, sorry and tasteless renditions of *The Saints* should be sufficient proof of past disasters. Frequently, but by no means always, the perpetrators of the crime have been white. The natural result has been that many blacks shun the music as it if were the plague. And that seems a shame to those who recognize the treasure still to be tapped from this long-mined mother lode.

Wallace Davenport feels strongly about this dilemma and has set out to do something about it. This would not be surprising, perhaps, had he spent his entire musical career playing Dixieland. But in his case it is a return to the well by a circuitous route that offers an excellent overview.

Davenport's credentials are impressive. Early stints with Papa Celestin, Alphonse Picou, Sidney Desvignes, and Red Allen Sr., and the Eureka, Young Tuxedo, and Olympia bands were followed by 15 years' duty with Lloyd Price, Ray Charles, Fats Domino, Lionel Hampton, and Count Basie. The influence on his playing cover a surprisingly wide span, with particular emphasis on a dissimilar pair as Louis Armstrong and Miles Davis.

Davenport is no shuck artist or gimmick man. His stand has been taken with a great deal of thought, care, and a rare insight. It is no accident that the New Orleans brothers, in increasing numbers, have given not only critical but also cash register approval to his efforts. Happily, conventioners, visiting firemen, and other assorted squares, rounds, and flats, have responded similarly.

How this has been accomplished by a man with further aspirations, the leader of a traditional group who has untraditional ideas, is the story of desire and the will to re-create music with a genuine worth.

"I'll tell you what I've been trying to do," the trumpeter said. "Ofays and the average soul brother have been referring to Dixieland as Uncle Tom music. It's been true in some ways. It has been a prostituted form of music. I'm trying to get Uncle Tom out of Dixieland.

"Along with adding a little color and flavor to the music, taking Uncle Tom out will broaden the effect for most listeners. Take the average soul brother; he doesn't dig that kind of music, but since I've been

doing this, they've been coming down and really digging what we're doing."

What Davenport is doing is complex, has been at times difficult for rut-bound sidemen to adjust to, but is musically intelligent and emotionally effective. The judicious use of a variety of mutes, tonal modulation, alterations of tempos, wide-ranging dynamics, and unusual and frequent key changes, has produced a startlingly listenable music, not typical of most Dixieland groups.

"We're playing Dixieland," Davenport said, "but I'm trying to put every kind of music into it; modern jazz, the blues, rock 'n' roll, gospel music, everything—just make a jambalaya or gumbo of music. I'm trying to get a different sound with my band, and here's a thing I do before I go to work that helps: I put a stack of records on the player; first a Louis side, then a Miles Davis. This way, when I get to work, it comes out in my playing. Putting that Miles Davis influence into it makes it unique.

"You know, I think that Louis Armstrong and Miles Davis are the two greatest trumpet players who ever put their chops to a horn, and I have reasons for saying that. I started listening when I was 5 years old, and Louis was the first sound I remember hearing. My mother used to buy a lot of records by him, and when I heard the solos on things like *I'm Confessin That I Love You*, and *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You*, I wanted to get a trumpet so I could play those solos, but I was too young. I went to school when I was 6 and got my first trumpet when I was 7. By the time I was 9, I was playing the solos to those tunes. I followed Louis until I heard Dizzy Gil-

lespie. When I heard Diz, I thought there was no other trumpet player, anywhere.

"By that time, I was playing professionally in New Orleans, I'd done a hitch in the Navy, and it was when I got out that I heard Diz. Then I was inspired by Roy Eldridge, Harry James—just about every trumpet player who came on the scene and had something fresh to offer . . . that was my schtick! I've listened to a lot of great trumpet players, and I went back and heard the few I missed when I was a kid, like King Oliver and Bubber Miley."

Davenport has been a careful listener, and in his own words: "I want to hear every one I can, good or bad, and I guess I'm very critical.

"The reason I feel that Louis and Miles are the two greatest is that they have continually progressed. If you listen to recordings that Louis Armstrong made in the early '20s, then follow through each decade to the '50s and even the '60s, you'll find that he improved in each decade, particularly in his ideas. He never went back—he didn't stay in a rut. He was always playing something fresh. And the same holds true for Miles Davis.

"The first time I heard Miles, I didn't like the way he played, although a lot of people did. They saw something in him that came out in later years. I used to listen to him when he was with Charlie Parker, whose playing I always loved, but I didn't dig what Miles was playing. I thought he had a bad tone. It sounded like he was missing every note. A couple of years later he sounded better, and then I heard him when he started recording for Capitol. When he did *Jeru* and *Godchild* and others, I thought that was the greatest thing I ever heard. A few years



PORTER STUDIO





later, he made another change in his style; he began to get more polished, and he was playing fresher things, just like Louis did.

"Then he combined with John Coltrane, Cannonball, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones, and they did great things that were very different from what he had played a few years back. Every time he changed, he sounded better and better. The last time I heard Miles play was in November, 1969. We did a concert in Vienna, Austria (I was in Hamp's band at the time), and it was still greater than anything he had done before. Now some other players, if you heard them 20 years ago and hear them now, they've either gone back or they've stayed where they were. You hear the same licks, the same ideas you did then."

It would be impossible to accuse Davenport of having become rut-bound. Constant progress has been the result of deliberate effort on his part.

"This little Dixieland band I have that's working at the Paddock Lounge on Bourbon St.," he said, "We're trying to make a change from the usual approach to Dixieland; something a little different for our type of group. We do *Little Rock Getaway*—at first the guys in the band said, 'Man, we don't play that. That's a piano player's tune!'—on account of the changes. Another tune that I like doing is *Stompin' at the Savoy* because of the bridge and the bridge to *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*, where we change chords every two beats. Others we do that are a little unusual, again because of the changes, are *Star Eyes*, *Cherokee*, and *Like Someone In Love*.

"There's something else I do on some of the traditional numbers. You know, I have a lifetime job offer at the Paddock, which is very nice . . . but playing things like *Bill Bailey* and *Mack The Knife* EVERY night gets to be a drag. To make it interesting, I play two choruses in the original key, then go up a half-key. You won't find Dixie musicians—and for that matter, many modern musicians—playing

in the key of F-sharp, A-natural, or B-natural. This way, I get a chance to please the people and please myself at the same time on the square tunes. When I play in the key of F, I take a couple of choruses and then go up to F-sharp, and I've never heard any Dixieland band do this. Now there are some bands that will make a modulation—they may start in F and go to A-flat, or they may play in a key of B-flat and mess with keys like F,

A-flat, or E-flat. We don't do that.

"At first the band didn't like the idea; they never played non-standard keys. Well, I practice four hours every day, and now they (the quintet includes Manuel Crousto, a fine New Orleans-rooted clarinetist; Clement Tervalon, trombone; John Brouni-ous, piano; and June Gardner, drums—Snookum Russell plays intermission piano) are woodshedding, too—and doing a very good job of keeping up.

"Another thing—and I don't mean to sound like a braggart—but I haven't heard another trumpet player around here who plays double B-flat over high C and can then hit a pedal C. The average trumpet player who plays in the high range tends to have a bad sound when he reaches to lower range. I can play high, but I don't like being categorized as a 'hero' player, 'cause I can really have a ball playing in the low register. Take *Tin Roof Blues*. I start at either G or F-sharp below the staff for a couple of choruses. Then I go up high, because a lot of people want to hear you play that upper register.

"On others, we play real loud because

they want to hear you blast away. I might follow with *Just a Closer Walk With Thee*, where we play so softly that I have the whole rhythm section lay out. There's just the drummer sweeping on snare drum. If they'd do anything else, they'd drown me out. I'm playing that softly. *St. Louis Blues* is the show-stopper for us. I use plunger in the minor part. Then when I get to the first 12 bars of the chorus, I play something for the people who like someone like, say, Lee Morgan. On the second 12, I might play fourths and fifths for that chorus, for the people who like something that's out in left field, some freedom jazz. On the next chorus ('cause I know some of the squares don't dig what they're hearing) when I start to hold a note with circular breathing, the applause starts, and you have the whole crowd with you. When I get to the last chorus and they see I'm holding that note, well, it tears the house up! I figure with that tune, I've reached just about everybody, and that of course, is what I'm trying to do."

In reaching "just about everybody" the reaction often comes from surprising quarters.


"We played an affair in town a short while back," he said, "and some teenagers came up to the stand and asked me whether we were going to play 'old-folks' music' or were we going to play some rock tunes, the *Funky Chicken*, and things like that. I said, 'Well, just wait, and if you don't like what we play, well, just split!' By the time we got to the second tune, they started dancing and second-lining and afterwards said: 'Man, we didn't know you guys played like THAT!' That made me very happy. That's what I mean about

**"If you listen to recordings that Louis Armstrong made in the early '20s, then follow through each decade to the '50s and even the '60s, you'll find that he improved in each decade. He never went back . . . and the same holds true for Miles Davis."**

getting that Uncle Tom idea out—so people won't reject, automatically, music which should make them happy and can get them dancing and having fun."

Davenport has a compelling desire to record on a good label. Not very long ago he started an expensive and ill-fated local recording venture and knows the need for competent management and promotion.

"I'd like to record with the group I have now and also with some of the good, older musicians in town," he said. "Maybe Louis Barbarin or Santo Pecora, and, of course, I'm open to a lot of other ideas. I have no records out now, and it breaks my heart to turn down as many as 50 people a night who come to the Paddock on tours and want to buy a souvenir record, and I have to tell them there are none available."

On any given night, Davenport has enough ideas to make a half-dozen fresh, really good albums. And that supersoft *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* has got to be recorded. It is a masterpiece. 

# JAMES TAYLOR: UNSPOILED BY SUCCESS

by Michael Cuscuna

IN THE FIRST MONTHS of 1969, a recording by James Taylor was issued on the Beatles' Apple Label. We had all lost our initial enthusiasm for that confused company by then, but I remembered a couple of fine Taylor songs from a Tom Rush album, and listened to the set with great expectations.

It was magnificent—an imaginatively-produced collection of personal songs by an outstanding new singer-songwriter-guitarist. The album sold poorly for quite a while, to my frustration and amazement. Even the presence of Paul McCartney on the delightful *Carolina On My Mind* failed to catch the mass ear.

But somewhere, sometime, something happened. Talk of his talent spread throughout the music industry, and from musicians' circles drifted out to the public. By January, 1970, James Taylor was a mini-legend. Then, Warner Brothers issued *Sweet Baby James* and James Taylor became a full-fledged star. It was the first time since the folk boom of the early '60s that an unamplified singer-songwriter had received such public acclaim.

And deservedly. Taylor is a sensitive and meticulous guitarist, a personal, appealing singer and a major songwriter. Barely in his twenties, Taylor is virtually unaffected by his success.

We discussed the dilemma of the artist who writes out of personal experience, then becomes so famous that he is isolated and rarely has an honest relationship with new acquaintances.

The lanky, soft-spoken singer explained the situation in matter-of-fact terms: "It has been ridiculous. If someone has heard of me or recognized me, it's a very strange sort of personal block. It's a prejudice; they see me in a certain way. It's a positive prejudice, but it turns me around. There's something called the difference between the actor and the role. That has to exist.

"Sometimes I think about a foreign country like Denmark or Tunisia. It's not that people are continually bugging me for snapshots or autographs or are tearing my clothes off, but it has made a difference. It's hard to meet new people without their expecting too much or thinking that I have something to live up to."

The initial wave of success is the hardest; it carries with it the most difficult demands and adjustments. Taylor has been working constantly, amazing audiences with only his guitar for accompaniment.

"I've been really busy, and I haven't got a home yet," he said. "I need some sort of lifestyle. Living on the road isn't very good; you spend half of your life in Holiday Inns. So I haven't been writing much. I feel that I've been over-exposed also. Not that too many people are seeing



me, but it gets to be a grind sometimes to do a job. Then I feel bad for the audience because they are being sort of cheated. Then I feel bad for myself.

"If I give shows, I want them to be great shows with great material, instead of coming on so often that it's watered down. I like a one-night gig to the same audience in a large room, not a huge armory or civic hall. The sound must be good."

Taylor would be most happy if it were financially and physically possible to present a show like the one he did at the Troubadour in Los Angeles and Carnegie Hall in New York. "I worked with a big band, five horns and a full rhythm section," he explained. His enthusiasm mounted as he began to describe the experience. "I would get on stage and do half a set with my guitar. Then Carole King would come on for half a set. She's a great hit songwriter; great piano player too. Finally, drums and bass would come out, and I would switch to electric. We would do the first half of *Knocking Round The Zoo* by ourselves. Then the whole motley crew of real fine horn blowers would come on stage, jumping and rocking and looking funky. And we'd all finish out the song. It was a great show."

Many superior composers in any category of music feel that performing the works of other artists is intimidating. That is not the case with Taylor. "I do a lot of

other people's songs live," he says. "Some by my brother Livingston. And I do Joni Mitchell's *For Free*. That's a real performer's song, a lovely song. The first time I ever heard that was when we were doing a workshop. Joni, Happy and Artie Traum and I were on stage, passing off songs in round-robin fashion. When she sang that, I almost burst into tears."

It is indisputable that Taylor is a major writer. His songs most often deal with very personal, autobiographical experiences. The case of *Knocking Round The Zoo* is a perfect example.

"I spent nine months at a hospital in Massachusetts four years ago, and five months in 1969," he explained. "I was working things out mentally. *Zoo* was written there. We used to go in the bushes and get stoned, then go back to our rooms. That's how that song was written." His experience in mental institutions also inspired *Fire and Rain* (about an emotional affair that ended in suicide).

His sense of humor is revealed in such take-offs as *Don't Loose Your Lip On Me* and *Steamroller Blues*. In this age of blaring white bands mutilating Willie Dixon tunes, Taylor explains that *Steamroller* "is a comedy number, a throwaway song. It's a parody of me singing the blues. There's a lot of blues in what I do, but I'm not black, and I can't sing authentic blues, which is a black musical style."

*/Continued on page 30*

# record

## REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Helneman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

Most recordings reviewed are available for purchase through the **down beat/RECORD CLUB**.

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### BENNY GOODMAN

**BENNY GOODMAN TODAY**—London SPB 21: *Let's Dance; Sweet Georgia Brown; If I Had You; Baubles, Bangles and Beads; Stealin' Apples; I Would Do Most Anything for You; Turkish March; Sing, Sing, Sing; Goodbye; Don't Be That Way; Willow Weep for Me; Big John Special; Body and Soul; Poor Butterfly; Dear Dave; Roll 'Em; Blue Skies; One O'clock Jump.*

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Derrick Watkins, Gregg Bowen, John McLevy, trumpets; Keith Christie, James Wilson, trombones; Bob Burns, Don Honeywill, Bob Efford, Frank Reidy, Dave Willis, reeds; Bill McGuffie, piano; Louis Stewart, Bucky Pizzarelli, guitars; Lenny Bush, bass; Bobby Orr, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the third album of its kind from Benny Goodman in 13 years. In 1958 Columbia issued a two-LP set documenting a stand in Brussels by an ad hoc Goodman band. In 1962 Victor issued a two-LP set covering the Russian tour. Now London has issued yet another two-LP set, this one recorded February 20, 1970 in Stockholm and representing a European tour.

There are other similarities. All three sets are straight concerts, opening with *Let's Dance* and closing with *Goodbye*. All include *One O'clock Jump*, *Stealin' Apples*, and the themes. *Roll 'Em*, *Don't Be That Way*, *Poor Butterfly*, and several others appear on at least two.

There, I am happy to say, the similarities end. Whereas the 1958 and '62 albums documented tours that were more important for their diplomatic impact than their musical fruits, this LP covers a tour whose only justification was Goodman's desire to get out and raise a little hell with a group of musicians he was very impressed by. This may explain why the band sounds better than any large group Benny's recorded with in perhaps a generation. Whereas the Brussels and Moscow bands sounded sleepy and apathetic, this group plays with a swinging, richly textured and joyous enthusiasm. There seems to be a greater dedication among these men to the brand of jazz Goodman represents than there was in the earlier bands. Moreover, there is not the diversity of styles and musical temperaments here that there was before. If you were disappointed by the other two LPs, you should dig this one.

The first three tracks are combo workouts. *Georgia* kicks off with a gentle chorus and attempts to build excitement through two subsequent choruses, which are flawed by failure to integrate and develop ideas smoothly. The last two choruses are vastly superior, and give the listener a glimpse of BG at his best. He swings fiercely, with a solid, steady, and often gritty tone that's uncommonly fiery.

*Had You* is a typically mellow ballad rendition. *Baubles* features McLevy on trumpet, although his style has a delicacy

about it that often makes a trumpet sound like a fluegelhorn.

*Apples* is the first band track. The reeds and brass snap at each other with great gusto, and McLevy kicks in with a tart, strutting, and often superbly inventive two choruses. Benny unfortunately only takes the rideout chorus; unfortunate because this piece often inspires him to his best work.

*Willow* is a showpiece for Watkins. Whereas McLevy is sly and foxy, Watkins is both a spectacular and accurate high-note man. He plays against a backdrop of soaring brass. *Big John* sounds as good as ever, with Goodman heard in a smooth release. *Body* features Burns' soft, light-toned tenor in pretty but not profound variations. *Skies*, *Anything*, *Pearls*, and *Jump* are other evergreens that are good to hear, and they contain excellent Goodman solos.

*Roll 'Em* finds the band playing beautifully throughout, but Goodman is weak—flinging up and down the scale for two choruses without developing a single idea. The solo is carelessly played, and his tone and attack seem remarkably unsteady.

*Sing* is flawed in two ways. First, Orr's drumming concentrates on the snare rather than the high hat. What results is really a series of pauses for drum breaks that don't integrate into the arrangement. Gene Krupa's work on this famous number was great because it was truly an integral part of the whole. Second, Goodman is not at his best in his long solo. He probes, tests, experiments, and just plain goofs off, but fails to stumble on much that's worthwhile. In a sort of musical game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, Benny pokes here, there, and everywhere but never really hits the target. Watkins fills the old Harry James role with a wild and woolly shoot-'em-up solo that makes up in sheer brute force what it lacks in discipline and content.

Aside from the reservations cited, this is very good Goodman, playing with a superb band—one, by the way, that returns to the old five-brass format of the original Goodman band. The few low points in the set, you might say, won't cost you anything since London is selling this at a two-for-the-price-of-one cost, which makes it a great bargain. A 12-page picture album is included along with a set of dull liner notes, listing neither personnel nor recording date.

Goodman reportedly did additional recording with this group for the Philips Company, and perhaps we can look forward to additional releases. Meanwhile, this set (which Goodman himself had recorded) should be a pleasure to all who

dig good big-band mainstream jazz.

—McDonough

### JOHNNY HODGES

**A MEMORY OF JOHNNY HODGES**—Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8107: *Get that Geet; Perdidoo; That's Grand; Skip It; Hop Skip and Jump; Sweet Lorraine; Nix it, Mix it; Jump That's All; Mood Indigo; Beam Bag Boogie; Time on My Hands; Run About; In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree; Last Leg Blues.*

Personnel: Harold "Shorty" Baker, trumpet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet (tracks 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 11, 12, 14); Don Byas, tenor saxophone (tracks 7, 8, 11, 14); Raymond Fol, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Sonny Greer (tracks 7, 8, 11, 14) or Butch Ballard, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a remarkably spirited collection of Ellingtonia from a period that seems terribly rudderless in retrospect. Specifically, the time was April and June of 1950 and the place was Paris. Personnel changes had been frequent as the band girded itself for another European tour. Ben Websel had recently split from his second tour of duty, leaving a vacant tenor chair. Freddie Guy had left, leaving the rhythm section without a guitar. Tyree Glenn was out for good, leaving the old Tricky Sam parts in the hands of newcomer Quentin Jackson. So for the European tour, Duke hired Don Byas for the tenor spot and, realizing the increasing unevenness of Greer's drumming, also took along Butch Ballard. Oscar Pettiford was another recent defector, having been replaced by Wendell Marshall, cousin of former Ellington bassist Jimmy Blanton.

It was the nucleus of this band that's represented on this fine LP. Of the 14 tracks, four are blues and 10 are 32-bar forms. Two are Ellington standards, three are popular evergreens, and the rest are originals.

Hodges himself is at the top of his considerable form, spinning rich, clear, vibrant improvisations throughout the album. The accent is on swinging riff figures rather than sinewy ballads, although they are represented in at least four selections. *Time on My Hands* is a vehicle for a conversation between Hodges and Hamilton's clarinet, as each exchange two-bar phrases throughout. *Lorraine* is done in moving fashion with Baker's trumpet at its most elegant. *Indigo* is good, but not a match for the velvety version recorded for Columbia (CL 825) the following November. *Apple Tree* offers Hodges at his most beautiful in his counterpoint to the melody in the last chorus.

*Nix It* is a charging swinger with inspired solo work from Byas. Hamilton's hot, gutty, clarinet is a striking contrast to

his usual cool, urbane manner. *Boogie* is another especially propulsive number with two excellent choruses each from Baker and Hodges. Byas is also heard to advantage on *Jump*.

Next to Hodges, the mainstay of this LP is Baker, whose warm, rich tone generates flowing, beautifully-organized phrases. Jackson also acquits himself with high honors, occasionally catching a bit of the feel of Dickie Wells in his ideas.

This is basically an LP of solo prowess, some of it delightfully rugged. As Ellington small groups go, it's not in the tradition of the groups of the late '30s and early '40s, where coloration and mood were so supremely captured by close attention to structure. These may be considered the precursors of the many marvelous sessions Hodges led for Norman Granz throughout the '50s; the free-spirited sessions that were so exciting. The sound is a trifle shrill and without a great deal of depth, but this is the fault of the French, not the Americans presently releasing these items for the first time stateside.

—McDonough

## YUSEF LATEEF

SUITE 16—Atlantic SD 1563; *Buddy and Lou; Down in Atlanta; Nocturne; When a Man Loves a Woman; Michelle; Symphonic Blues Suite* (7 Movements).

Collective Personnel: Lateef, flute, oboe, soprano and tenor saxophones, miscellaneous instruments; Neal Boyar, vibraharp; Eric Gale, Earl Klugh, guitars; Joe Zawinul, Barry Harris, piano; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Bob Cunningham, acoustic, electric bass; Jimmy Johnson, Albert Heath, drums; Selwart Clarke, viola; Kermit Moore, cello; Sweet Inspirations, voices; Cologne Radio Orchestra conducted by William S. Fischer.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are some musical artists who have a natural, innate, soulful, bluesy feeling and sound.

Yusef Lateef's artistry is of this natural breed. This is by no means said to pigeon-hole this great artist whose talent is so extremely multi-faceted. He possesses a keen musical knowledge and language which enables him to bridge a wide span of African music, spirituals, blues, bebop, avant-garde and the European symphonic forms. His musical voice is always identifiably his own.

Being a performer myself, I have long recognized the difficulty a record reviewer must face in maintaining a degree of objectivity in his comments. Many factors of a particular recording must and should be considered: variances in moods of the performers; idiosyncracies of a&: men and engineers; studio conditions, etc. I contacted Lateef, who was very pleased with my consideration and concept of reviewing.

The album derives its titles from the innovative usage of the 16-track recording machine by Lateef on Side One. This enabled him to dub in the lead voice as well as allowing for simultaneous participation in the ensemble on some of the tracks.

The album opens with an original, *Buddy and Lou*, inspired by Kansas City and Jay McShann. There are three flute parts with the oboe lead overdubbed.

*Down in Atlanta* has flute, tenor sax, cello, viola, and a very lyrical and deeply spiritual soprano lead. The background is reminiscent of Baroque orchestration. A visit to the church of Rev. Jasper Williams

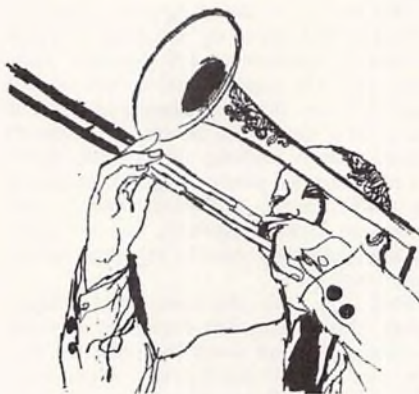
in Atlanta inspired this work.

*Nocturne* has no recorded doublings and was written out of appreciation of the Impressionist school. There is an effective use of Alberti bass to move from the melody into the improvised section.

*When a Man Loves a Woman* is done very beautifully with flute, tenor sax, and oboe lead. The Sweet Inspirations' vocal blendings on this and the other track on which they participate are fantastic. Their inclusion definitely adds to the fusion and energy projected on this side of the recording. The totality of the experience is a delight to the listener.

Side One ends with Lateef presenting a 16-year old guitarist, Earl Klugh, in his recording debut. The young man exhibits precociousness and promise in his brief rendition of *Michelle*.

The other side of the album is the original *Symphonic Blues Suite* in seven



movements. Lateef refers to this composition as *Neo-Concerto Grosso* because his own interventions come into play in its structuring.

The Baroque dance forms are utilized in the first and second movements with atonal harmonies based on theoretical concepts employed by the modernist Karlheinz Stockhausen (i.e. no major or minor 3rds, no perfect 5ths, no dominant 7ths and no diatonic progressions).

The third movement, *Blues*, employs the 12-measure Afro-American blues form with excellent tenor sax and crisp, swinging percussion work from Albert Heath. This is followed by a 12-tone *Variational Interlude* with pianist Barry Harris improvising freely against a conducted 5/4 meter for the orchestra. Harris' performance here should dispel those printed rumors of his talent lying only in the bebop vein. His creativity defies categories.

The *Passacaglia* and *Chorale* movements are treated in the style of Bach and the Baroque form. The final movement returns to an extended blues form with a short coda built in the 12-tone fashion.

Lateef informed me that the entire *Suite* was recorded in one take: a tribute to the composer and the excellence of the Cologne (Germany) Radio Orchestra under the baton of William S. Fischer. The quality of the recording by the engineers is superb, and also merits mention.

This album is a must, and shows the ever-expanding musical language of a truly great artist—Yusef Lateef.

—Ridley

## JAMES MOODY

THE TEACHERS—Perception PLP 6; *The Teachers; Rest Sweetly Brother Dave; Unchained; The New Spirit; Hello, Goodbye (Right On Brother Beales); Behind Every Good Man; Street Talk Suite*.

Personnel: Moody, soprano, alto, tenor saxophones; Richard Meisterman, trumpet; Michael Gibson, John Huston, trombones; Joe Brazil, tenor saxophone; Howard Wyeth, piano, organ, drums; Barry Lazarowitz, drums, timbales; Otis Smith, percussion; Paul Dickler, guitar; William Chelf, piano (tracks 2, 6); Bill Elmiger, bass (tracks 4, 5); Clint Houston, bass (tracks 2, 6); Adam Ippolito, tuba (track 7); Steve McCord, guitar (tracks 4, 5); Paul Petrucelli, bass (tracks 3, 7); Jay Silva, Jay Thomas, trumpets (tracks 4, 5); Bob Summers, trumpet (track 1); John Trivers, bass (track 1); Chip White, drums (tracks 2, 6).

Rating: ★★★★★

This coming together of Moody and a jazz-rock group called The Albert is stimulating and interesting. Moody is heard in settings created by members of the band; Wyeth, Huston, and Gibson wrote most of the arrangements.

Moody composed *Unchained* and *Behind*. His growth as a writer may be unjustly overshadowed by his skill and fame as a master of reeds. That fame is unlikely to be diminished by this album. His first recorded soprano sax work was on the excellent *The Blues And Other Colors* LP (Milestone 9023) of last year. He has the instrument even more tightly under control now, and his playing on *Sweet Talk* confirms him as a worthy successor to Bechet. He doesn't use Bechet's wide vibrato, but the joyous spirit is similar. In the final selection of *Sweet Talk*, over a tango-like rhythm reminiscent of some of Jelly Roll Morton's "Spanish tinges", Moody plays a delightful paraphrase of Alphonse Picou's *High Society* solo. He seems to have absorbed a good deal of New Orleans. There's also an evocation of days gone by in the stop-time breaks of *Behind*.

But overall the album has a contemporary sound. Fuzz guitar, electric bass, a Blood, Sweat&Tears brass sound, and Moody's use of a multi-vider all have prominence at one point or another. In *Suite*, after a soprano introduction stately as a Mozart minuet, and a gospel interlude, there's a free section complete with electronic effects and unfettered Moody a la Ornette Coleman. The brass writing by Wyeth and Huston and Gibson's on *Hello* is excellent. Gibson achieves something of an Ellington effect with Gil Evans touches on the title piece and concludes it with a series of Brahmsian chords.

The Albert plays this music with the intensity, commitment, and grace the best big bands achieve on their good nights. The band swings, and its members are dynamically-attuned to one another.

There's a great moment on *Unchained* when Moody plays a flute duet with himself via dubbing. This sort of thing can be disastrous, but it comes off beautifully here.

There's one disappointment. Moody encounters some heavy-handed and unsympathetic drumming in the final choruses of *Behind*. The performance loses its momentum and is faded into indistinction by the engineer. Considering the high level of the rest of the album, another take would seem to have been advisable.

—Ramsey

## PINK FLOYD

**ATOM HEART MOTHER**—Harvest SKAO-362: *Atom Heart Mother (Father's Shout); Breast Milky; Mother Fore; Funky Dung; Mind Your Throats Please; Remergence; II; Summer '68; Fat Old Sun; Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast (Rise and Shine); Sunny Side Up; Morning Glory*.

Personnel: Richard Wright, Roger Waters, Dave Gilmour, Roger Mason, unspecified instruments; unidentified orchestra and chorus.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

## EKSEPTION

**BEGGAR JULIA'S TIME TRIP**—Philips PHS 600-348: *Overture; Prologue; Julia; Flying Power; Adagio (Albioni); Space I (J.S. Bach); Italian Concerto (J.S. Bach); Concerto (Tchaikovsky); Space II; Pop Giant; Space III; Feelings; Epilogue; Finale: Music For Mind/Theme Julia*.

Personnel: Rein Van Den Broek, trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet; Eric Van Lier, trombone, tuba; Dick Remelink, flute, soprano, tenor saxophones; Tony Vos alto, soprano saxophones, tonytone, electronic effects, percussion; Rick Van Der Linden, piano, spinet, Hammond organ, pipe organ, mellotron, xylophone, percussion; Cor Dekker, bass; Dennis Whitbread, drums, kettledrums; Michel Van Dijk, vocals, percussion; Linda Van Dyck, voice.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Pink Floyd and Ekseption are, at the least, intriguing: pop artists with a classical bent, each creating a music with distinct personality, and both quite difficult to criticize.

For one trauma, my experience with European composers is limited, as is my knowledge of concerto structure and such—but at least “I know what I like”. Otherwise, both ensembles play what I would term a sort of “head” music (not to be confused with psychedelia); that is, a music suited especially for a chamber

concert medium—and thus the listening concentration required to witness both LPs is rather intense. Whatever, Pink Floyd and Ekseption offer on their current albums some of the most unique and engaging sounds in some time.

To me the previous Pink Floyd date, *Ummagumma*, proved in one perspective the most startling release of last year: a for-once expert adaptation of electronic techniques to rock (both live and in a studio), plus a disarming and unexpected musical sensitivity throughout. But *Atom Heart Mother* is less appealing somehow (although I suspect because I now have higher expectations of the band), perhaps in that the collectively-composed long title



suite does remind me of the real thing: notable textures well-directed through many colorful tangents (a strong orchestral theme with variations by a scattering chorus, a small string ensemble, a lyrical rhythm section with an especially fine electric guitarist, and the mandatory electronic collage)—yet too often the whole seems dispassionate, almost too “straight” for my blood.

But then, the second side surprises with soft ballad moods, featuring separate Waters, Wright, and Gilmour, then concludes with easy instrumental interludes among the sounds of early morning kitchen scuffling on *Breakfast*. Again, the musical sense of Pink Floyd is uncommon, par-

ticularly that of Richard Wright, whose *Summer '68* is the highlight of this album as was his spot on *Ummagumma*—all of which adds up to a quartet of imaginative, always fascinating musicians.

Ekseption, on the other curiosity, are Dutch (Pink Floyd are English), and just as they personalized such divergent tunes as by Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Gershwin, Bobby Timmons, and Jethro Tull on their previous date, on this LP they offer special illuminations: an evocative excursion from Albioni and Bach through Tchaikovsky and into the present and beyond, with tastes of jazz, rock electronics, and whatever else along the way, all ordained by Rick Van Der Linden. Really, I am at a loss to describe the piece (and it assumes the entire album), other than to note the incredible sense of a whole from essentially disparate parts—truly, Van Der Linden exhibits a remarkable genius for both structure and energy. The precision of the music is strong yet spirited, moving quickly and always with a natural pace from often opposed textures (baroque pipe organ into rock and the like), played with command and grace, and still never so “serious” as to lose interest.

And so to me *Beggar Julia's Time Trip* becomes very important: not only as an album that vitalizes the classical essence I generally despise (that proverbial “long-hair” snobbery), but also as a perfect bridge between two sadly estranged musical cultures.

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his classical/rock fusions again, he would do far better to collaborate with compatible creators like Pink Floyd and Ekseption (along with Zappa), and leave Santana and his other former associates back on the street.

—Bourne

### LEON THOMAS

THE LEON THOMAS ALBUM—Flying Dutchman FDS-132: *Come Along; I Am; Bag's Groove; Um, Um, Um; Pharoah's Tune* (The Journey).

Personnel: Ernie Royal, trumpet; Billy Harper, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Howard Johnson, baritone saxophone; Donald Smith, James Spaulding, flute; Arthur Sterling, piano; John Williams Jr., Bob Cunningham, bass; Billy Cobham, Roy Haynes, drums; Sonny Morgan, African oboe, bongos; Richie Pablo Landrum, conga; Gene Golden, bongos; Thomas, vocals, Thailand flute, Mindewe flute, Ecuador Freedom flute, bells, maracas.

Rating: ★★½

Leon Thomas remains somewhat of an enigma, for although he is associated with the avant, his style is nonetheless quite traditional, despite the hype. And yet in becoming an underground star of sorts, like Pharoah Sanders, Thomas may be able to develop a broader audience for more intense black music by offering his very appealing quasi-mystical ultra-rhythmic sounds. Nevertheless, the constancy necessary to maintain a good following may eventually prove slightly a downfall; that is, repetition breeds tedium without enough exciting variation. And again like Sanders, Thomas has begun to sound too much like himself too often.

Somehow the sensual African overtones, the peace/love poetic evocations, even the dynamite scat yodels, which surely defined much of the beauty on Sanders' dates like *Karma* and *Jewels of Thought* and on Thomas' excellent solo LP, *Spirits Known and Unknown*, attains surfeit on the current date, as Thomas seems to be simply re-doing successful musical formulae. Still, Thomas is a dynamic vocalist even when least interesting, so that *The Leon Thomas Album* is indeed enjoyable, in spite of my varied reservations.

Certainly the three short tunes are the most disappointing: *Come Along* with merely okay calypso/r&b (reggae?); *I Am* with a dedication to black women and a quick philosophy ("I am that I am") but sounding like a silly Rudolph Friml operetta ditty; and *Bag's Groove* with swing and scat very much a la Jon Hendricks. *Um, Um, Um* then follows live with cutesy rapping and demonic yodels, but at the last is rescued only by much percussion and tough Spaulding flute.

And so it is ultimately *Pharoah's Tune* which makes or maybe breaks the album, for the long piece offers Thomas and cohorts at both best and worst: extended and evocative, the rhythm constant and compulsive, the horns darting, and Thomas crooning at full charm and passion, both yodeling and in his verse (very similar to that on *The Creator Has a Master Plan*)—but again sadly over-familiar.

Finally, I am sure that in the presence of performance, as I well know from experiencing Thomas in concert, even his most overt cliché would overwhelm my senses—but as good as he may be on this album, somehow "I've heard it all before . . ."

—Bourne

## OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

### PIANO ROLLS ON LP

Various Artists, *Parlor Piano*, Biograph 1001Q

Rating: ★★★★★

Fats Waller (1923-24), Biograph 1002Q

Rating: ★★★★★

James P. Johnson (1917-21), Biograph 1003Q

Rating: ★★★★★

Jelly Roll Morton (1924-26), Biograph 1004Q

Rating: ★★★★★

James P. Johnson, *Father of Stride Piano*, Sounds 1204

Rating: No Stars

In the past dozen years, there have been single albums of piano rolls presented,



more or less, as novelties—*Barbary Coast*, with their campy nickelodeon *Plink, Plank, Plunk*, for one—as well as increasingly serious assortments from Fox Movietone, Victor (both carried the Gershwin rolls), Folkways (produced by Tremor Tichenor), Riverside, VJM, and Dot, who used the hotcha format for a series of LPs of rolls from pianist Johnny Maddox' collection. A wealth of material has lain for years in private collections, largely untapped and ignored, and at last something is being done about it.

Biograph has commissioned Mike Montgomery (who, incidentally, now owns the meat of Maddox' extensive collection) to produce a definitive series of albums by the major jazz keyboard artists of the piano-roll era. Permission was obtained from the QRS Company, a pioneer still active (their catalog contains many current tunes) in the field, for this project; these are legitimate reissues. Montgomery chose, programmed and edited (extra notes were frequently added to rolls after initial cutting by the companies when they felt it would enhance a performance; in most cases these have been removed, returning the renditions to their natural state) the rolls, chose the tempos and pumped the pedals himself, on a piano fine-tuned for the occasion, over-saw the mastering and wrote the liner notes and rollographical data for each LP.

It is a labor of love, and an expert, thorough one; Mike is the Dr. Christian Barnard of piano rolls (this is not meant

to slight Tichenor; both are Foremost Authorities).

Piano rolls seem to affect the jazz collector in either an oh-boy or a ho-hum way. The mechanics of cutting rolls preclude the "human edge" found in "live" piano recordings of the day, yet this negative aspect is balanced by a positive one: almost any cassette recorder, even, can make a higher fidelity recording than could the pre-electric processes in studio use during the decade or so of greatest roll-making activity. You have a choice of very low-fi 78s, or rolls in highest-fi. But before choosing, think of being able to hear, without straining, every note, *clearly*.

These albums were produced for the jazz collector, not the dilettante or the sound fanatic who'd rather hear the operating noises of the piano than the music itself. The rolls are arranged chronologically, in order of release date (recording dates have been lost), with the information for each roll given just as it appears on the original box, and additional data, where known, added in parentheses. Proper tempos have been carefully researched (quite a contrast to those old *Riverside* LPs) and each disc plays over 40 minutes.

All previous Morton roll collections, even the recent Swaggie, hereby become obsolete, for not only is the sound quality 500% better, but there is a previously-unissued roll (*Tom Cat*). (*Sweet Man* and *Tin Roof Blues* are allegedly genuine Mortons, but they seem—to me, at least—an attempt by another pianist to simulate Morton's style, by suggesting rather than copying some of his standard licks.) 1003 is the first of five Johnson LPs, and remaining Wallers surely will appear in the next round, as will additional collations by the less prolific pianists, as those on 1001. *Haitian Blues* is the only duplicated track throughout the four discs.

Five stars for the Biographs, for a job masterfully done. Finally, whether you purchase none or all, at least dig the albums' covers. 1001 carries a reproduction of a QRS ad that lists many of the rolls "reissued" here; the others are rust-tuned still lifes that defy adequate description but complement perfectly the professionalism of the entire production.

The Sounds LP is/was an ill-timed entry into the bootleg arena, coming on the market just days before the Biographs and probably making some early buyers pretty sore. It's an unfortunate animal in almost all ways: an untuned piano was used (that'll please those dilettantes); the album title was lifted verbatim from Columbia CL 1780; though well-written, the "pop" liner notes contain no specific roll data; there is no list of titles on front or back, requiring violation of the shrink-wrap on early released copies (later copies have a small paste-on, with titles and roll-source credits, on the shrinkwrap itself!); and, as if all that were not enough, the poor devil is doomed to obsolescence in infancy by the Biograph project. No stars, under the circumstances.

Finally, a word of thanks to QRS for having the great thoughtfulness and foresight to acquire the material of so many other roll companies and thereby consolidate one of America's great musical legacies.

—Wayne Jones

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# blindfold test / DONALD BYRD

by Leonard Feather

The life style of Donald Byrd has altered dramatically during the past decade. After his touring years as a jazzman (with Max Roach, Art Blakey and his own group), he became deeply involved in both teaching and studying, ultimately earning an M.A. from the Manhattan School of Music.

Immersed in Afro-American history and culture, he is now Chairman of the Black Music Department at Howard University in Washington, D.C. "When I started there in 1968," he says, "I had just three classes: musical history, a seminar and a jazz band. I have continued to expand; there are six now and eventually I plan to offer as many as 18."

Among the classes lately added to his curriculum is one called "Legal Protection of Music, Literature and Art." To better qualify himself to teach this course, Byrd enrolled last year as a student in Howard's law school.

Somehow he still finds time to play occasional club dates and record sessions. His recent album, *Electric Byrd*, was a highly innovative set employing all the new tonal textures that modern technology can provide.

This was, to put it mildly, a belated return date. Byrd's previous Blindfold Test was published in the June 26, 1958 issue.



**1. STAN KENTON.** *Granada* (from *Live at Redlands University, Creative World*). Augustin Lara, composer; Bill Holman, arranger; Warren Gale, Jim Karichner, trumpet solos.

I didn't like it . . . from a compositional standpoint . . . I really didn't like any of it at all. The composition is a very hack type of thing; the tune is tired. The orchestration was terrible, nothing in it at all because it was just a bunch of block chords, there was no contrapuntal writing. The band didn't seem to be that well in tune; the soloists sounded like a combination of Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard playing very badly. The screeching effect . . . that whole musical syndrome is finished. You know, playing notes like that just for the sake of playing, is purely theatrical and, today, ineffectual.

It was just generally boring; the rhythm wasn't anything spectacular. Probably from the standpoint of largeness, just being a big band sitting on the stage, probably doing some 1930 effects . . . but that's about all. It's mass hysteria, to me.

It sounded compositionally—like Stan Kenton-Ted Heath, that '50s type of thing, only done very badly. No stars.

**2. JOHNNY COLES.** *Heavy Legs* (from *Little Johnny C.*, Blue Note). Coles, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano, composer. Recorded 1964.

That sounded like Duke Pearson on piano, and the trumpet sounded a bit like Johnny Coles. The tenor saxophone player sounded like Clifford Jordan; occasionally it had some stuff like Joe Henderson, but I don't think it was Joe. The alto saxophone player eludes me.

It was uninteresting . . . Let me qualify myself; I've been listening to so many acoustical things that it would be unfair if it was an older record. If it was a late release, it's a drag, but if it is an older recording, I'd make allowances. It really sounded like some white west coast band would have sounded—and wouldn't even have sounded good—in the middle '50s. It just sounds uninspired.

In the rhythm section, I was trying to identify, but it was just straight-ahead rhythm with nothing in it; it was obviously a studio session. I wouldn't rate that one either.

**3. TIME-LIFE ORCHESTRA.** *Things Ain't What They Used To Be* (from *The Swing Era, 1944-5, Time-Life*). Billy May, leader; Mercer Ellington, composer; Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Joe Howard, trombone; Les Robinson, alto saxophone; Ray Sherman, piano; Nick Fatool, drums.

I like that one; it sounds like Duke Ellington—sounded like Johnny Hodges in there. The only thing I didn't like about it was that the tempo dragged. It started out much better, then as it got into the trumpet and trombone solos, it really started dragging.

But the orchestration was very good. I would say if it hadn't been for the tempo dropping—for which I would take off one star, because to me if you don't have a good drummer, you don't have a good band. Another thing is, I could hear that arrangement maybe opened up, and under other conditions, say a live performance of that, where they could really stretch out and do their thing, it would probably really be a bitch. It was too short, and they didn't really get a chance to get into their thing, but it was basically very good. Four stars.

**4. ORNETTE COLEMAN.** *The Circle With A Hole In The Middle* (from *The Art Of The Improvisers*, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone, composer; Don Cherry, cornet; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

That was very interesting; Ornette and Don Cherry. I don't know whether it was Billy Higgins—the first group, I can't remember. I have a lot of impressions from that. I remember one time in Chicago I was listening to a recording of theirs, and it sounded like a distorted impression of Charlie Parker and Miles Davis years ago.

From the standpoint of musicality, for being creative and imaginative, I would give it five stars; but when the academician creeps in on me, I would give it no stars. In other words, the trumpet and saxophone are well established instruments, and I think that if you wanted to dismiss the tradition of musical instruments, then I would say it's the greatest. But when I think back to how old the instruments are and what has been done, I don't think you have to necessarily distort it; the same thing they were achieving could have been done very honestly if they had been really more proficient on their instruments. To

play strange lines, atonal lines or an aleatory type of music, you don't really have to distort it. It can be articulated with definitiveness, if you are proficient on the instrument. . . .

Now, it depends upon what standards you want to use in judging this. If you want to say this is a very individual, very personal type of thing, I'd say yes. But I don't really think that's the case, and I'm thinking from the standpoint of sincerity and honesty. The same thing could have been done with integrity. Integrity may be a bad word, because I know Don, and I know he believes in what he's doing . . . possibly accuracy would be a better word. Like I said I would rate it five stars . . . but as far as accuracy is concerned, no stars.

**5. DON ELLIS.** *Open Beauty* (from *Electric Bath*, Columbia). Ellis, composer, trumpet; Ray Neapolitan, Frank De La Rosa, Dave Parlato, basses.

A couple of statements I'd like to make about that. Opposed to what most people might think, jazz has a tradition; that was not jazz music. It was like a mixed bag of things. It started out with a certain type of theme, which it didn't keep—it was very nice, double-stop playing on the bass, and the introduction of the different instruments in a sort of contrapuntal effect. However, the improvisatory part of the soloist wasn't in keeping with the rest of it.

After the introduction, it just didn't hang together; it became boring . . . that glissando effect of the trombones was nothing. If they're going to be atonal, the harmonization should also be atonal. I'm not necessarily saying that that was atonal. But when he got into using the echo effect, he would have been better off using an electro-plex. It just sounded like somebody playing around trying to figure out certain effects. It sounds rather like the Herbert L. Clark trumpet trio played in the Debussy or Ravel type of concept.

It's Don Ellis, and I think he's a good trumpet player. Jazz trumpet player? No! I'm really amazed at Don, I think that is terrible. If that is indicative of the type of music he's playing, he should abandon it instantly. It's not even worth rating.

db



# caught in the act



CHRISTIAN ROSE

## Stan Getz

Chat Qui Peche, Paris, France

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Eddy Louiss, organ; Rene Thomas, guitar; Bernard Lubat, drums.

Undoubtedly, Stan Getz and his European sidemen gave the beginning of the new jazz year some of its most beautiful Parisian nights. Indeed, the saxophonist played with a fervor, an enthusiasm, and an imagination which recalled the Getz of the "Storyville" LPs: of *Signal*, *Hershey Bar*, *Mosquito Knees*, and *Pennies From Heaven* (even more so since Rene Thomas is in the line of Jimmy Raney).

He always passed from romanticism to expressionism, from dream to vehemence, refusing to let himself be fenced in by one style only, as if it were too small for his talent. After the period "Brothers sound" came the time of torrid flights, of frenetic pursuits: Stan, one forgets too often, was in his way one of the forerunners of hard bop.

In the same manner, today he gives us a music to listen to which sets itself at the opposite end of *Sweet Rain* even if it borrows its themes (the very beautiful *Litha* by Chick Corea, for example). Big and authoritative, the lyricism has no longer any need of prettiness to manifest itself. Indeed, the phrase remains very melodious, even very singing, but it avoids letting itself be caught up in its own seduction; from it rises a haughty beauty which makes a statement instead of merely insinuating. Let us say, by metaphor, that, in the Getzian course, the male and female phases follow one another.

It is a male phase which extends itself at the moment: the sound is powerfully sonorous, the rhythmic aspect of the phrase is enhanced, the fast tempos are often provocative.

Each saxophone improvisation illustrates a generous eloquence capable simultaneously of roundness and sharpness. Getz, of course, does not renounce tenderness, but he does not miss any opportunity to imply it, leaving it the narrowest opening from which to expand (a certain sound quality, for example).

He received tailor-made support from the Eddy Louiss Trio. In fact, another article would be needed to speak of these three men. So I'll only say that Bernard Lubat played with drive and power; that Rene Thomas improvised at his best: relaxed, inspired, happy to be there and

sculpting beauty with perfect ease. As for the organist, I have been a fan of his for a long time. Here, I shall only add that if I hadn't been, I would be now for all he did at Stan's side night after night: his unyielding originality, his never-ebbing invention, his fire, his thirst to play and his unshakable love of the music. Eddy "Fats" Louiss: even behind Thomas Waller, behind Theodore Navarro, it is not too much to call him that.

In French, Getz told me: "Eddy est formidable!" And in his own language, he added: "He is one of the most marvelous musicians I know." And Stan Getz, called "The Sound", knows many marvelous musicians and does not have a reputation for being an indulgent critic.

—Alain Gerber

## History Of Soul

St. Peter's Lutheran Church, New York City

Personnel: Louis Metcalfe, trumpet, leader; Herb Hall, clarinet; Red Richards, piano, vocal; Frank Skeete, acoustic bass; Buck Jones, electric bass; Tommy Benford, Walter Conyers, drums. Guests: Rae Harrison, vocal; Sam Wooding, piano.

As a regular attendant at the weekly Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's since moving to New York in mid-1967, I could not help observing that the musical fare on these occasions has been mainly modern jazz, with a good showing by the avant garde as well. Sometimes, it would reach back to the swing era, but no further.

This historical gap was filled recently when Pastor John Gensel introduced a gathering of jazz veterans, including several members of a group that used to go under the name of Pioneers of Jazz.

Headed by Louis Metcalfe, a trumpeter from St. Louis—a town well known for producing great jazz trumpet players—they put on a performance much like a miniature festival.

Metcalfe, a veteran of such bands as Sam Wooding, Duke Ellington, Charlie Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver, still blows one of the great hot jazz trumpets. On drums was Tommy Benford, well remembered from so many of the best Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers sides. He also worked with, among others, Fats Waller and Edgar Hayes, and was in Europe with Willie Lewis in the '30s, recording in Paris with Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter.

Both in their 60s now, these men out-

play musicians young enough to be their grandchildren. But if age is a criterion—and in a way, it is—they were outdone by septuagenarian Sam Wooding, whose once world-famous band at times included Tommy Ladnier, Doc Cheatham, Metcalfe, Al Wynn, Herb Fleming, Garvin Bushell, Gene Sedic, and many other stars of 1920s jazz. Today, Wooding is more into pop music than jazz, performing show tunes with his partner, Rae Harrison, a good, belting singer.

The clarinetist was Herb Hall, younger brother of Edmond Hall. Though his style is as different from the traditional liquid New Orleans clarinet as Edmond's was, he is his own man. Having worked with Don Albert's big band and groups led by Sammy Price, he has assimilated much of the Texas jump style into his playing. His feature, *Memphis Blues*, was one of the highlights of the afternoon.

Younger players such as Richards, Skeete, Jones, and Conyers completed the group. They went through what Metcalfe termed "A History of Soul", beginning appropriately enough in church with *Just a Closer Walk With Thee*, and continuing with a Richards boogie-blues, a ragtime version of *Muskrat Ramble*, Hall's *Memphis Blues*, and Metcalfe's improvisation on *Sugar Blues*.

A tribute to Louis Armstrong, *Someday*, was well sung by Richards, and a bow to Ellington, *Caravan*, had Metcalfe in the lead. We then arrived at bebop with a version of *Groovin' High*, which surprised not only in Metcalfe's ability to assimilate the style but also in Benford's demonstration of his knowledge of bop drumming. (What Jelly Roll would have said is probably unprintable.) Rock, as represented by Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon Man*, came off well, if not as convincingly as the rest of the program.

It all ended with *The Saints*. It had to. There was no other way. With two basses and two drums alternating twos, fours, and three-and-one-halves, Metcalfe conducted like a hip Stokowski, and left the audience screaming for more.

Over coffee with Pastor Gensel, we discussed the fact that this had been the first traditional venture at Jazz Vespers, and he pointed out that he had tended to depend on musicians he knows personally, and just wasn't acquainted with that many older players. I think that will be changing. The roots of jazz are beginning to show at Vespers.

—Joe H. Klee

## Freddie Hubbard

Wesleyan University Chapel, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor and soprano saxophones; Kenny Barron, piano; Mickey Bass, acoustic and Fender basses; Louis Hayes, drums.

This was the last concert in the jazz series at this sequestered campus located in the valley beside the Connecticut River. The juxtaposition of Pharoah Sanders, Ornette Coleman, Ken McIntyre and Freddie Hubbard to Middletown, Connecticut seemed quite unlikely, but it happened.

Hubbard was the first trumpeter to appear in this series, something which seems odd in itself. Maybe it's true that sax

players are trying to do a thing to trumpeters. (Only a joke, sax players!) It did seem fitting that the sole trumpeter should be Hubbard, because this program had been quality all the way. And certainly Hubbard is at least one of the best, if not the best, of young trumpeters around.

There are a lot of really good musicians performing today. People who feel com-

trumpet to fluegelhorn, he demonstrated great "chops", unique hand dexterity, and a superb musical mind. (It's how he coordinates all of this.)

Barron had a solo shot on *Black Angel* which ended with a pulchritudinous modulation into *Rainy Day*. Hubbard then took over and, playing fluegelhorn, with the help, oddly enough, of a faulty sound

all night long.

Bass contributed outstanding support and his solos, if not outstanding, were at least enjoyable to listen to. On a couple of numbers he picked up the Fender bass, which he was obviously uncomfortable with, playing restricted rhythmic ostinatos. I guess I'm too old-fashioned and traditional to understand the current attraction to that instrument.

Louis Hayes was Louis Hayes. Always on time, always ready to play with the least amount of effort and the greatest amount of musicianship. I've seen him in a number of different settings: with Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver and Cannonball Adderley. He has always responded with elegance and affirmation of his skills.

The thing that puzzles me most about Hubbard is why he plays inside. It seems to me he could do anything he wants to do. I've heard him play free and he's as comfortable with that as he is with anything else. I really don't think he needs the  $II^7 = V^7$  progressions or the other tricks that keep musicians hung up on diatonic concepts and inside. Well, that's his thing, and his thing is enjoyable to listen to.

One closing remark. I would like to thank Ken McIntyre and Wesleyan University for giving me and the other students the opportunity to see this fine series of concerts.

—Bill Cole



Freddie Hubbard: "... great chops, unique hand dexterity, and a superb musical mind."

fortable with their horns, people who are called virtuosos for one reason or another, people who can negotiate a score or who can blend well with musicians to successfully pull off a difficult arrangement. But Hubbard is on another level.

If you have any doubt about this, listen to his improvisations. Listen to his sequences of notes. The people who can really play rarely rely on centers for security. They play intervallic relationships which are difficult to hear and have very little tonal continuity. Then there's time and phrasing: creating shapes which are sometimes jagged, sometimes smooth, sometimes conical, sometimes plane-like. But the really exceptional musicians put this all together to create an experience, and Freddie Hubbard is a truly exceptional musician.

The concert started about an hour late and lasted 3½ hours with a short intermission. The chapel was packed and the gathering was enthusiastic, as it had been for the three preceding concerts.

Hubbard's portfolio for this concert ranged from the serenely beautiful *Black Angel* by Kenny Barron to the rollicking *Red Clay*. Piece after piece after piece, Hubbard played flawlessly. Switching from

system (something which marred the rest of the concert), penetrated the abyss of musical thought. He then leaped, with the help of double time, into chromatic lines with turns and imitations, transposing through sequences. And with all of this an echo created by the reproduction unit, which gave the piece a *Rosemary's Baby* feeling—eerie, strung out.

Barron was almost inaudible all night. Chapels are not always the best places to hear a musical performance unless the sound system is good. The mikes kept going off and Barron, along with Cook, was most affected by this technological faux pas. On the one piece where he could be heard, *Black Angel*, he again evinced why he is a prodigious two-hand line player. Like Hubbard, he hears the difficult intervallic relationships, and he really hears the blues.

Cook played with more vigor and aggressiveness than I had heard from him in a long time. It was really too bad that the mike kept going out, because I know that some of his concentration was lost when he had to switch back and forth or was having the mikes switched for him by Hubbard. But it didn't diminish his statements, which were clear and direct

### Frank Wright/Noah Howard

Cami Hall (Formerly Judson Hall),  
New York City

Personnel: Wright, tenor saxophone; Howard, alto saxophone; Bobby Few, piano; Muhammad Ali, drums.

Frank Wright and company had too much going from them to miss at Judson, sorry, Cami Hall. Like many of their fellow players, they have achieved little recognition and less exposure in the United States. Wright and Howard made two LPs each for ESP, and Few and Ali have been heard backing Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders, and others, but their names are still relatively unfamiliar to most listeners. Their quartet, however, is far from an *ad hoc* grouping of adventurous players. It is a working unit, with six months of recording and performing throughout Europe behind it. This Jazz Spotlight production was the quartet's first appearance since the successful European trip, and, armed with mutual understanding and energy to burn, they proceeded to raise the roof for two and a half hours, nonstop.

While a few listeners who evidently had been expecting something quite different left early, most of those present were mesmerized by the music. It started calmly enough, with a lyrical saxophone duet. Ali arrived onstage and began (rhythmically) nailing down his drums as Few's piano faded up under the horns. After a few minutes of melodic reflection, with both saxophonists displaying rounded, full-bodied sounds, Howard disappeared into the wings and Wright and Ali jumped into some full-tilt energy playing. Only Few was miked, but his piano swirled far underneath the tearing, screaming, propulsive sounds of Wright and Ali.

Wright is an exciting player who com-

VERYL OAKLAND

municates his involvement and joy to the audience through skipping dances, pirouettes into the air, and broad smiles when the band is spectacularly taking care of business. He plays broad, asymmetrical phrases, often rising from deep, heavy sounds through the natural overtones of the horn and up to great whooping shrieks with his entire body behind them. He often favors an Earth Mover approach, getting down under the flailing drums and pushing upward with dark, thick strokes.

Howard followed Wright's solo with a statement centered in the alto's "false" upper register. Dressed in a long white garment of eastern origin, he had the effect of a dervish, wailing hell-for-leather and moving like a man in a trance. Next, Few offered a piano solo that used a variety of effects well; he has grown considerably since he last played in New York. His familiar sustained tremolo passages were interspersed with sections that effectively contrasted the extreme upper and lower registers, and with moving bass-and-treble criss-crosses in a style that might be described as space stride. Ali seemed to draw energy from the music and at the same time turn the energy back with an all-out drive that created incredible kinetic movement without references to standard meter. He is one of the most powerful of a growing number of drummers who can swing like mad without limiting the rhythmic variety and flexibility so essential to the "New Music."

An hour or more of furious playing passed like so many seconds. Less to-

gether groups which go in for energy manifestations often break down at this point, unable to find a release for the high tension which inevitably results from such a surfeit of energy and force, but Wright kept interest and power together by steering the music into a re-examination of



Frank Wright

some notable facets of its origins. A reference to melodic fragments of *My Favorite Things* launched Howard on his most lyrical solo of the evening; his rich alto sound conveyed the heritage of his home town, New Orleans. Wright then reworked a four note fragment of *A Love Supreme* at considerable length. Though the music

of Howard and Wright may owe more to Albert Ayler's universe than to Coltrane's, the tribute was fitting, an acknowledgment of spiritual as well as musical inspiration.

The rest of the concert was like a trip back into time, but with the sharp immediacy and furor of the present. Wright played a spiritual tune straight out of the Protestant Hymnal, lovingly and with feeling. Then he and Howard fell into powerful blues riffing again jumping off from a very simple, distilled phrase. With Few's funky chording behind them and Ali kicking things along, the quartet sounded like a 1950s' rhythm and blues band, freer to be sure, but with the same power, inflection and drive. Few played a fantastic solo that transmuted soul stylings into a polytonal explosion of interweaving lines, with the down-home feeling intact, and the horns returned to riff out a flagwaving finale.

Jim Harrison, who hopes to make Jazz Spotlight features at Cami Hall a regular experience, deserves support if the quality of the music continues to match the heights reached by Wright and Company. Regular working bands like this one are a necessity if the possibilities of free interaction are to be fully realized, and their obvious enjoyment and high spirits, as well as their feeling for the traditions of their art, make them a must-see combination. Hopefully they will be able to stay together in the economic quicksand of the U.S. jazz scene and continue to inspire us.

—Bob Palmer

## AYLER

(Continued from page 15)

for a Rollins solo. There is Ayler's own singing "in tongues" here, too, with traces of his saxophone approach in the quavery vocal—a nice diversion.

In the end, it's good Ayler, and you can overlook the accompanying sinners. His last LP was his worst artistic mistake. In four of the six pieces, Ayler's tenor is secondary to ponderously banal, unreal out-of-tempo vocals. You quickly get the fear that Ayler really believed in such childlike lies as "A man is like a tree, a tree is like a man," or "Music is the healing force of the universe." His bagpipe piece is pretty ordinary, for him, and the saddest piece has a skillful, convincing rock-blues quartet with Ayler for the most part nagging unsuccessfully at moss-covered r&b phrases.

The average soul music fan would find this music hickish, the average rock fan would miss the necessary inhuman brutality or introverted sentimentalism. Ayler avoided the most popular or useful modern lies, but his own kind of humbug was hardly an improvement. Mostly, these last two LPs prove that Ayler really did remain creative and individualistic despite the surroundings.

Of Albert Ayler's value there is no question: for a time, at least, he was one of the several great jazz originals, and every one of his recorded works is important. Of his importance in the development of jazz, I've already noted his revo-

lutionary ideas of saxophone technique, structure, ensemble organization. But I wonder if certain Coltrane-Pharoah Sanders works might have been conceived without Ayler's previous models of technique. Charles Tyler was certainly affected by Ayler's music, and most importantly, an entire movement of free jazzmen, the Chicagoans, formed their art during Ayler's ascendancy: you can certainly hear Ayler in saxists Maurice McIntyre and Henry Threadgill; even Joseph Jarman's most advanced saxophone ideas suggest Ayler's techniques, and Roscoe Mitchell's work is a further step in the structurally and dynamically highly sensitive area that Ayler (and before him Rollins, Monk, Coleman and Lester Young) developed.

\* \* \*

Does anyone disagree? Can anyone claim, at this stage of the dissolution of America, that Ayler's ideas were unimportant? Ayler's creations, even at the end, were far larger than life: his conflict and pain and poverty were those of a hero, albeit Ayler was a hero unfortunately like you and me in outward appearance. His was a classic art. His strange death prematurely deprived American music of all kinds of one of its outstanding vital forces. If we are to become a civilization, Ayler's kind of humanist understanding, his depth and complexity, even his kind of contrasting simplicities and innocences, must become part of our character. We cannot all be heroes, but it may be that we can someday be the more sensitive individuals Albert Ayler thought we might be.

## Discographical Notes

Ayler's first LP, the Scandinavian night club trio set in a limited edition, is of course long unavailable. I do not own, additionally, two other important Ayler LPs: *Spirits*, recorded in Europe with a quartet including trumpeter Norman Howard, and Sunny Murray's first LP, *Sunny's Time Now*, produced by the American Jihad label, which Ayler nonetheless dominates and which also includes Don Cherry. Both are extremely unavailable, in Europe and here, and both are products of Ayler's great period, far superior to the later ESPs and Impulses.

*My Name Is Albert Ayler* is Fantasy 86016, and includes his first masterpiece, *Summertime*. *Ghosts* is Fontana SFJL 925/888 606 AY, with the two quartet *Ghosts* and *Children, Holy Spirit, Vibrations*, and *Mothers*; the better record stores often do have the *Ghosts* LP.

*Spiritual Unity* is ESP-Disk 1002, with the two trio *Ghosts* plus *The Wizard* and *Spirits*. Nowadays, all ESPs are in the Schwann Catalog, and good stores stock the ESPs anyway. This and the Fontana are the greatest Ayler collections.

*Bells* is ESP-Disk 1010; *Spiritual Unity* is ESP-Disk 1020; *New York Eye And Ear Control* is ESP-Disk 1016. Of Ayler's Impulse records, *Albert Ayler In Greenwich Village*, with *For John Coltrane* but without Charles Tyler, is A-9155; *Love Cry* is 9165; *New Grass*, with *Heart Love, New Generation, Sun Watcher*, and his sixth recorded *Ghosts*, is 9175; the unfortunate *Music is the Healing Force of the Universe* is 9191.

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30 □ DOWN BEAT

**TAYLOR**

(Continued from page 20)

It is important to a songwriter that other singers perform his material. "I haven't had a lot of luck with people doing my tunes," Taylor says glumly. "They seem to miss a lot. I don't know how, but I'm trying to write accurate lead sheets for everything now. Rick Nelson is doing *Anywhere Like Heaven*." Many musicians I have spoken with, however, see no reason to do a Taylor song, claiming they cannot improve on the original.

As a recording artist, Taylor has been through some changes. A major reason why the first disc was overlooked was lack of promotion. "In England, it may have been on the Beatles' label. But here, Apple is just part of Capitol. *Night Owl* and *Carolina On My Mind* are my favorite tunes, but I am not completely happy with the production. It was a little overdone. Like on *Night Owl*, I wanted a kind of Latin, rhythm-and-blues feel, with maybe a four-part horn section, a good bass player and a solid drummer, which we had. But we had these English session men on horns, and they're not too hip, really. So we got a sort of half big band feel, but it just wasn't tight, it wasn't the right groove. I love that song, but never do it on stage because it needs that production."

Thankfully, producer Peter Asher was able to bring Taylor over to Warner Brothers, where his magnificent and highly successful second album was done. Taylor is quite happy with that record, which carries with it a delightful anecdote: "I write a lot of 15 or 20-second songs, and have a lot of unfinished songs which I sometimes leave in fragments. *Suite For 20 G* is made up of three fragments that we put together with musical bridges. It's a kind of cop-out. We wanted to finish the album and needed another song. So we put that together to finish the album and collect our 20 Grand from the company.

"That album was done quickly, spontaneously and inexpensively. I've got a few new tunes for my next album, but I don't know what direction I'd like to take in terms of production. Sometimes I think that I would like to spend a lot of money and time. Maybe I'd make one in my home on a four-track machine. I really don't know yet."

Meanwhile, the talent of James Taylor continues to mature. The future? "Well, I'd like to work with my family. My brothers Hugh and Alex are good singers. My sister is currently recording for Peter, and Livingston is already into his thing. I'd like to record with all of them and call it Taylor, Taylor, Taylor and Taylor!" Recently, Taylor has appeared as a sideman on recordings by such friends as Carole King and John Stewart.

Fame and all its consequences have not jarred James Taylor. He is a quiet young man who knows his own worth and needs no ego trips to prove it. Despite the big money he is into, he earnestly lives by his own words: "Good music is created apart from the marketing and selling of it."

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# db music workshop

## The Anatomy of "Ambiance"

by Marian McPartland

THIS IS A TUNE I WROTE and recorded with my trio (*Ambiance*, Halcyon 103). It can be played in the bossa nova or soft rock styles. The chord changes are quite interesting to improvise on and I've written out the melody line with chord symbols only (Example I), with written notes (Example II) and with part of an improvised chorus (Example III). Tempo: quarter note=80.

The drummer can use a subtle rock or bossa nova beat or a mixture of both. The bass (acoustic or electric) can play a similar line to the one that was so well-explained by Carol Kaye recently (*db*, Feb. 18). See Example IV.

This piece does not necessarily have to be a quiet thing—it is really a matter of one's personal tastes. It can build after several choruses and one can stretch out and try different ideas of voicing, tempo, and rhythmic conception. If you have any questions about this piece, would like to request things you would like to see written, or just have general comments, please write me c/o **down beat**.

### Example I

Example I shows a melody line in G major, 4/4 time. The chord symbols are: E-7(add4), A-9(4), D7(add6), F#-7(4), G#-7(4), C maj 9(6), D7(6), F#-7(4), G#-7(4), Bb-9, G maj 9, F maj 9(6), D maj 9(4), Db maj 9(6), B maj 9(6), Eb sus, E-7(4), A-9(4), D7(6), F#-7(4), G#-7(4), C maj 9(6).

### Example II

Example II shows a melody line in G major, 4/4 time, with written notes and chord symbols. The chord symbols are: E-7(add4), A-9(4), D7(6), F#-7(4), G#-7(4), C maj 9(6), E-7(4), A-9(4), D7(6), F#-7(4), G#-7(4), Bb-9.

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Example III

Tempo: ♩ = 80

Example IV

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**AD LIB**

(Continued from page 12)

Morris, tenor, Charlie Haden, bass; Alan Blairman, drums . . . The Village Vanguard, in a departure from usual policy, had singer Novella Nelson and comedian Professor Irwin Corey . . . The J.P.J. Quartet (Budd Johnson, tenor, soprano; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums) did two swinging weeks at the Half Note, also backing incumbent weekender Jimmy Rushing (who brought along veteran reedman Rudy Powell, now playing tenor and fully recovered from a 1969 heart attack), and some new vocal talent in the pretty form of Judy Canterino (club owner Mike Canterino's wife and a former Lennie Tristano student) who specializes in vintage Billie Holiday songs. Eddie Locke took over Jackson's drum chair with Roy Eldridge at Jimmy Ryan's for the interim . . . Alice Coltrane concertized at Ithaca College Feb. 13 with Pharoah Sanders, Jimmy Garrison, and Rashied Ali . . . The Friday noon *Jazz Adventures* series at the Downbeat club featured some intimate, interesting sounds by pianist Barry Miles' trio, some wide-open swinging by the new Al Cohn-Willis Conover New York Band, and mainstream jazz by Jimmy McPartland's combo with featured vocalist Teddi King in February, and was set to follow up with the brass team of Clark Terry and Phil Wilson, and Elvin Jones and his quartet . . . *Jazz Vespers* at St. Peter's have featured groups led by vibist Vera Auer and drummer Al Drears, and a joint recital by singer Sheila Jordan and pianist Paul Knopf . . . The Wings Club began a series of open rehearsal-concerts by local big bands at the Biltmore Hotel in mid-February with Gene Roland's Horns of Manhattan, followed by Lew Anderson's 18-piece "swing band" . . . Sessions at Woody's (8th Ave. near 54th St., not 34th, as a recent typo made it appear) which blossomed out from a Wednesday night start to Monday and Tuesday, recently added Friday as well. (Some of the same faces, plus others, also jam on Sunday nights at the Cafe London on West 23rd St.) Regulars include pianist Jay Chasin, bassist Bucky Calabrese, trumpeter Gene Roland, tenorist Dave Moser, reedman Carmen Leggio, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and drummer Rudy Grant. Folks like Al Cohn and Jerry Dodgion have dropped by . . . Philly Joe Jones has been leading trios weekends at Pee Wee's, with Wynton Kelly or Hugh Lawson, piano, and Arthur Harper, bass. The drummer also played at the Id, 425 Utica Ave. in Brooklyn, with added horns including Monty Waters, alto and soprano. The club also has Monday night jams (Charles McPherson has been featured) and Sunday happenings (singer Joe Lee Wilson, who also gigged at the Hy-Way Inn in Nassau, was on hand with his quintet) . . . Pianist Barry Harris was at the Needle's Eye . . . Rafiki's in the East Village had weekend sounds by Cecil Young, piano; Hal Dodson, bass; Michael Shepherd, drums . . . Billy Taylor's trio will be at Top of the Gate through March 28. He followed Ahmad Jamal's threesome. Down-

stairs at the Village Gate, Sun Ra continues to hold court on Sundays, with various rock and occasional jazz groups providing regular Tuesday-Saturday fare. Among recent incumbents: Whiskey Howl, Chelsea, Cowboy, Orphan, Elephant's Memory, singer Edwin Birdsong, Roy Ayers' Ubiquity, Factory, and Joe Beck and Friends. Next door, at Jacques', pianist Eddie Thompson continues with bassist Lynn Christie . . . Tiny Grimes was at The Guitar . . . Singer Irene Reid, backed by the Now Thing Trio (Jimmy Ponder, guitar; Al Prince, organ; Harold Phipps, drums) did a benefit for NARCO II, a day care drug treatment center, at the Top Club on 125th St. The Underground Express, featuring René McLean (son of Jackie McLean) was also on hand . . . The First Moog Quartet (Kenneth Bichel, Stan Free, Eric W. Knight, John Boyaji) recently returned from a concert tour including colleges in Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, and a Boston Symphony Hall appearance . . . Trombonist Alan Raph will be featured in Lee Holdridge's *Concerto for Bass Trombone and Contemporary Ensemble* at Town Hall March 26, in a concert by The Seventh Century, a 14-piece group including seven horns, keyboards, guitar, bass, and percussion . . . Jazz Interactions kicked off its 1971 school concert program with nine concerts in February at schools in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx . . . Ruby Braff was featured with Balaban&Cats at Your Father's Mustache, where the Sunday sessions recently reached new heights with a soprano sax and clarinet confrontation between Kenny Davern and Bob Wilber . . . Carlos Garnett's Universal Black Force will be heard in concert at the Brooklyn MUSE March 25, where Wednesday jam sessions continue.

**Los Angeles:** Freddie Hubbard followed Willie Bobo's group into Shelly's Manne-Hole with a quintet that was new to the Los Angeles area: Hubbard, trumpeter Hubbard followed Willie Bobo into Shelly's Manne-Hole with a quintet that was new to Los Angeles: Hubbard, trumpet and flugelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor sax; Joe Bonner, piano and electric piano; Mickey Bass, bass and electric bass; Louis Hayes, drums . . . On Monday, Shelly's now features a new 12-piece jazz-rock group called Transfusion. As the ads read, it is "a multi-polyphonic gasser." It is co-led by drummer Les DeMerle and reedman Joe Roccisano, with Ed Sheftel, Mike Price, Oscar Brashear, trumpets, flugelhorns; Ray Cappochi, trombone; Jay Migliori, Charles Owens, Tom Peterson, reeds; Tom Garvin, piano, electric piano; Art Johnson, guitar; Ernie MacDaniels, bass, electric bass; Renee Armand, vocals . . . Herbie Hancock unveiled a new sextet at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach. Personnel include: Eddie Henderson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, reeds; Hancock, piano, electric piano; Buster Williams, bass, electric bass; Billy Hart, drums. Bola Sete followed the Hancock group . . . Kim Richmond's jazz-rock group, The Hereafter, is now recording for Capitol and has a concert lined up for May at the Pilgrimage Theater. Per-

sonnel for band: Jack Coan, Warren Luening, trumpets; Mark Levine, Mayo Tiana, trombones; Richmond, reeds; Loren Newkirk, piano; Pete Woodford, guitar; Putter Smith, electric bass; Steve Ettleson, drums; Pat La Rocca, vocals . . . Another jazz-rock group is making the local rounds. It's called the Glenn Ferris Unit and the leader plays trombone with Don Ellis. Ferris recently led his group at a special concert at the North Hollywood Regional Library and played a one-nighter at San Fernando Valley Junior College in Van Nuys. Charts are mainly spontaneous, based on guide lines set down by Ferris himself. Personnel includes Jack Walrath, trumpet; Bert Wilson, tenor sax; Bill Douglas, electric piano; Buell Neidlinger, electric bass; Billy Elgart and Zitro, drums; John Bergamo, percussion . . . Guess Who and The Youngbloods played a one-nighter at the Long Beach Arena . . . The Bee Gees and The Staple Singers gigged for two shows at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium . . . A one-nighter at the same auditorium found the Beach Boys and their South African proteges, The Flame . . . Also at the Santa Monica Civic: Iron Butterfly, for one-night . . . Grand Funk Railroad had to add an extra car (in other words, another concert!) for their two sellout shows at the Forum . . . Fleetwood Mac played the Whisky A Go Go for three nights. His group was followed by Hugh Masekela for two nights . . . Ramsey Lewis played Tom Ham's Lighthouse in San Diego for two weeks. The trio is scheduled to open at the Hong Kong Bar for one month, April 22 . . . On the other side of the Century Plaza, Sarah Vaughan, who opened in mid-March, will close April 25. Della Reese follows April 27 . . . A mixed bag of jazz and rock was presented at Disneyland during the Lincoln-Washington combined and advanced holiday weekend: Joe Williams, Gerald Wilson and his orchestra, Freda Payne, Jackie De Shannon and The Chairmen of the Board . . . Thelma Houston has been recording radio recruiting promos here for the U.S. Navy. Backing the singer for the spots are John Myles, piano; Billy Fender, guitar; Jeff Castleman, electric bass; Bobby Morin, drums; Warren Bryant, conga drums . . . Laurindo Almeida gave a concert at the Wilshire Ebell Theater. The audience was understandably small: at the same time, Andres Segovia was being presented in recital at the Music Center. Said Almeida, after thanking his fans: "it's quite hard to compete with Segovia." . . . A concert called *New Sacred Sounds* was presented at the Music Center. Included were: Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, with Lalo conducting the Roger Wagner Chorale; *The Gates of Justice*, by Dave Brubeck, with Brubeck as soloist, and Ariel Ramirez' *Misa Criolla*. Another two concerts for young people were given at the Music Center with the Brubeck work featured . . . Shortly before the world premiere of Quincy Jones' *Black Requiem for Ray Charles and Orchestra*, Quincy added trumpeter Joe Newman to the roster of guest artists for the two concerts at Prairie View College in Houston. Others include: Billy Preston, organ; Toots Thielemans,

harmonica, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Grady Tate, drums; the 60-voice Prairie View College Chorale and the 110-piece Houston Symphony Orchestra . . . Bobby Bryant moved his quintet into the Playboy Club for one week then returned to his "home base," Bill of Fare. Personnel: Bryant, trumpet; Herman Riley, Charles Owens, tenor saxes; Henry Cain, organ; Carl Lott, drums . . . Steve Spiegel's big band put on a special free concert at Cerritos College, in Norwalk. Guest soloist was Ernie Watts . . . Stan Kenton's latest tour has been extended. They'll hit clubs and campuses in 45 cities before returning home to Los Angeles in early April . . . Steve Hideg fronted a septet at the Blue Danube in Hollywood and has hopes of turning it into at least a once-a-week gig. Personnel: Cat Anderson, trumpet; George Augustine, trombone; Tony Ortega, reeds; Mike Wolford, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Mike Warren, guitar; Hideg, drums. Some of the charts are by Hideg; some by Tommy Vig and Ron Myers; others are old Art Blakey arrangements . . . Pete Jolly has cut an new album for A&M. It's a little "freer" than his previous albums and he hopes it's not "sweetened" too much. On the date: Chuck Berghofer, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Milt Holland, percussion. Pete doubled on quite a few keyboard instruments, including electronic accordion. There were no charts used for the session. They simply started playing, with each one contributing musical suggestions . . . Another improvisational group, the Lonnie Shetter Quintet, gave a concert at the Ice House in Pasadena, under the direction of Ray Bowman. Personnel: Alex Rodriguez, trumpet; Shetter, reeds and flute; Kent Glenn, piano; Jack Hannah, bass; Chuck Glave, drums. Shetter works with Don Ellis' band . . . Sonny Criss fronted a group of inmates from Chino prison at a special concert at Claremont College in honor of Black History Week. Sonny also lectured on jazz following the concert. Criss also sat in with Eddie Williams and Gloria Lynne at the Balboa Bay Club in Newport Beach. For a while, Criss studied with Lalo Schifrin (Lalo has a course in music scoring at UCLA), but he had to discontinue because of his day gig as a social worker. "But even during the brief time I spent with Lalo, I learned quite a bit," commented Criss.

**Chicago:** Miles Davis made his first Chicago club appearance since the demise of the Plugged Nickel with a three-night stand at the Quiet Knight. With the trumpeter during the reservations-only gig were Gary Bartz, alto and soprano sax; Keith Jarrett, keyboards; Mike Henderson, bass; Jack De Johnette, drums, and Airto Moreira, percussion . . . Oscar Peterson opened at the London House (his 17th appearance with bassist George Mraz and drummer Ray Price, and Roy Eldridge's Quartet followed. Future bookings at the club: organist Don Lewis (March 24-April 11); George Shearing (April 14-May 2); the Tennyson Stevens Trio (May 5-23), and Ramsey Lewis (May 26-June 20) . . . Joe Henderson and Curtis

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Fuller were featured in a recent Modern Jazz Showcase session at the North Park Hotel. The following week's attraction was Art Blakey, and Bill Evans and Pepper Adams are set for March 21. Al Cohn, with either Zoot Sims or local tenorist Sandy Mosse, appears March 28, April 2-4 is reserved for Yusef Lateef, and Lee Morgan, with pianist Harold Mabern, will occupy the North Park bandstand April 9-11 . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet presented two area concerts on successive nights—one at the Goodman Theatre and the other at the Howard Auditorium in Wilmette . . . Stan Kenton's Orchestra drew excellent crowds at the Quiet Knight during their three-night stand. Personnel: Mike Vax, Gary Pack, Tony Farrell, Joe Ellis, Dennis Noday, trumpets; Dick Shearer, Fred Carter, Mike Jamieson, Mike Wallace, Graham Ellis, trombones; Quinn Davis, Richard Torres, Kim Frizzell, Willie Maiden, Chuck Carter, reeds; Kenton, piano; Gary Todd, acoustic and electric bass; John Von Ohlen, drums; Ramon Lopez, congas . . . Alice's Revisited held another benefit for it's own benefit (to buy a food license and expand) at the Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln Ave. Muddy Waters and Sammy Lay were featured . . . Recent concerts at the Syndrome featured Rod Stewart and Small Faces, Savoy Brown, the Grease Band, Mountain, Fleetwood Mac, and Ned . . . The Adventures in Jazz Orchestra, which debuted recently at the Chances R on East Chestnut, began regular Sunday afternoon sessions at the Quiet Knight March 7. The band, co-led by Terry Brejla and Bill Brenemann, is comprised mainly of local ad men, etc. with an abiding interest in big band music.

**San Francisco:** Carmen McRae was at El Matador for two weeks with Nat Pierce, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass, and Harvey Mason, drums. Bill Evans' Trio (Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morell, drums) followed with a one-week booking . . . The Harding Theater's recent attractions included the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet, The Fourth Way, the New Generation Singers, Herbie Hancock's Sextet, and guitarist David T. Walker . . . The Both/And Club had Bobby Hutcherson's group (Todd Cochran, piano; James Leary, bass; Ed Marshall, drums) for two weekends in late January . . . The Showcase in Oakland presented Jimmy Smith with guitarist Leo Blevins and drummer Leon Petties . . . Cal Tjader's Quintet played the Bombay Bicycle and the On-Broadway in Oakland recently . . . Thelonious Monk's Quartet (Paul Jeffrey, tenor sax; Larry Gales, bass; Len Chancellor, drums) were at Mandrake's . . . The Union West began a new nightly music policy with Don McCarrel, piano; Mario Suraci, bass, and Dennis Allison, drums, on the stand Tuesday through Saturday and Eddie Duran, guitar; Pete Marshall, bass, and Al Costa, drums, handling Sundays and Mondays . . . Former Stan Kenton trumpeter Warren Gale worked a one-nighter at the New Orleans House in Berkeley with Jules Rouse, trombone; Bert Wil-

son, tenor sax; Dave Kempton, piano; Gary Todd, bass, and John Waller, drums . . . Basin Street West, embedded in a rock policy over the past couple months, brought in Charlie Byrd for a ten-day booking in early February . . . Mongo Santamaria's new group, with co-star Armando Peraza on conga, consists of Luis Gasca, trumpet; Grant Reed, reeds; Neal Creque, vibes; Roger Glenn, piano; Eddie Rebeira, bass, and Carmello Garcia, drums. They premiered with a month-long booking at Cesar's Two . . . The Claremont Hotel in Berkeley, recently host to the big bands of Stan Kenton, Count Basie, and Woody Herman, features tenorist Sam Simpson's Trio (Alonzo Davies, organ; Earl Watkins, drums) on weekends.

**Dallas:** While not exactly overrun with jazz clubs, the Dallas-Fort Worth area was at least showing signs of life as the spring season approached. In one of the most significant events, pianist Jac Murphy purchased the Villager Club and re-established a jazz format at the North Dallas Lounge, which had been his trio's home base in years past. In addition to managing the club, Murphy will also lead the house trio six nights a week. His sidemen are former Woody Herman bassist John Monaghan and drummer Banks Dimon. Sunday sessions will feature the 15-piece Kicks Band, composed of local studio players and directed by Rich Matteson . . . Meanwhile, across town the Arena reopened with the Jazz Organizers on Thursday and Friday, the Christopher Hayes Movement (with Hayes on organ) on Saturday and Sunday, and a Sunday matinee featuring the Black Mafia. The latter group, which also works weekends at Dallas' perennial jazz spot, The Lark, features Curtis Peterson, alto sax, flute; Tim Peterson, tenor sax, flute; Billy Clements, guitar; Pat Peterson, piano, vocals; Eugene Monroe, bass, and Emory Thomas, drums . . . At the nearby Arandas, Red Garland departed for the west coast after a long-standing engagement and was replaced by tenorist Marchel Ivery's group . . . A jazz format is also being tried at the Office, on the site of the old Fink Mink. Bob Sickles, congas and flute, heads a group there called Ancient Dream, which includes reedman Barrie Kelsey, pianist Tom DeSalvo, bassist Bill Hieronymus, and drummer Dave Levine . . . In Fort Worth, David "Fathead" Newman joined The Rays weekends at the Club Eldorado. The group also features Clyde George, organ; Raymond George, guitar; Dwayne Durrett, drums, and Thelma Pruitt, vocals. Not too far away, there is jazz to be heard at Floyd Wilson's Malibu Club . . . Tex Beneke flew in from St. Louis to headline a benefit appreciation dance staged by Fort Worth AFM local 72 for Harvey Anderson, popular reed player and band-leader seriously injured in an auto accident late last year . . . Nina Simone appeared in concert Feb. 12 at Dallas' Apparel Mart, sponsored by the National Conference of Black Methodists for Church Reform . . . Canned Heat, Southwind, and It's A Beautiful Day shared billing on the first of what was to be a series of Sunday

afternoon rock concerts early this year . . . One of the city's most popular rock groups, **Jerry Fisher's Cherokee**, faced a temporary setback when fire gutted the Club Village during their engagement, virtually destroying all their instruments. Fisher has now leased Nero's Nook, directly across the street, and is doing SRO business once again . . . **Jesse Lopez**, also scheduled for a Village booking, moved instead into the Executive Inn's Black Garter Club, the latest of the city's major rooms to adopt a rock policy. Pianist **Richie Salicco's Trio** (**Lou Cook**, bass; **Pete Messick**, drums) continue in the EI Lounge . . . An early 1971 attraction at the Touche Lounge of the Hyatt House was an Atlanta-based group, **Susan & The Sound System**, headed by brilliant young New Orleans guitarist **Gary Hullette**. Rounding out the group are bassist **Kenny Watson**, drummer **Wilf Manz**, and the leader's wife, **Susan Richerson**, vocals . . . **Dallasound**, featuring the **Dallas Symphony Orchestra** in pop arrangements augmented by a jazz rhythm section, drew an overflow 3,500 for a January concert. The orchestra was conducted by **Anshel Brusilow** and arrangements were by **Bill Holcombe**. An album should be forthcoming.

**Baltimore:** The **Lee Morgar Quintet**, with **Billy Harper**, **Harold Mabern**, **Reggie Workman** and **Billy Higgins**, inaugurated the 1971 Left Bank Jazz Society concert season at the Famous Ballroom. The **LBJS** has **Elvin Jones** and **Stan Kenton** booked for the first two Sundays in March. . . . **Rufus Harley** played a long week-end at the James Brown Motor Inn late in January, backed by the house band for the past 18 weeks, guitarist **Earl Wilson**, organist **Charles Covington**, and drummer **Ricky Johnson**. Covington returned to Baltimore after a stint on the road with **George Benson** . . . Pianist **Fuzzy Kane**, bassist **Monty Poulson**, and drummer **Warren Gant** have taken over the Wilson trio's old spot at the Royal Roost on York Road. . . . **Miles Davis**, scheduled to play early in January at Painters Mill, a suburban theater-in-the-round now used mostly for rock shows, cancelled with six hours notice. The promoters, **Tree Frog Productions**, brought in several good local rock groups, including **Grin** from Washington, D.C., and closed the show with **Redbone**, a driving band of Indians from the West Coast, composed of the Vegas brothers, **Lolly** and **Pat**, who play guitar and bass respectively, rhythm guitarist **Tony Bellamy** and Cheyenne drummer **Pete DePoe**.

**Detroit:** The new year brought signs of a jazz resurgence with the re-opening of a well-known club and the appearance of new coffeehouses dedicated to bringing jazz to Detroit. The **Drome Lounge** is back in action after a one-and-a-half year absence. The **Billy Burrell Quartet**, featuring vocalist **Terri Thornton**, opened the renovated room in January, followed by brother **Kenny Burrell** and his group. At the **IBO Cultural Center**, **Rahsaan**

**Roland Kirk** did two days in February, followed by **Joe Henderson's Sextet** for a three-day weekend. The **Watt's Club Mozambique** featured guitarist **Grant Green** for 10 days in late January, highlighted by a live recording session with tenorist **Houston Person**. **James Moody's** group (**Larry Young**, organ; **Roy Brooks**, drums; **Eddie Jefferson**, vocals) followed, and **Rusty Bryant's** trio was next . . . **Baker's**

**Keyboard Lounge** re-opened Jan. 21 after a month-long closing, with pianist **Monty Alexander's** group. **Yusef Lateef** and **Richard Groove Holmes** followed . . . Guitarist **Dennis Coffey's** trio continues to pack **Morrie Baker's Showplace** every weekend . . . **Clarence's Bluebird Inn**, probably the oldest jazz club in town in years of service, has guitarist **James Ullmer's** trio (**John Dana**, bass; **Allen Gold-**



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en, drums) . . . Vibist **Jack Brokensha** joined the **Bess Bonnier Duo** at the Vineyards . . . Organist **Rod Lumpkin** and his **Chitterlin' Conspiracy** play weekends at the Flip O Will . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** did a week at the Elmwood Casino starting Feb. 10 . . . **Archie Shepp**, with excellent local rhythm support (**Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) and a wide variety of sitters-in, played to packed houses at the musician-owned **Strata Concert Gallery**, followed by the jazz-rock group **Sphere. Music, Inc.** (**Charles Tolliver**, trumpet; **Stanley Cowell**, piano; **Cecil McBee**, bass; **Jimmy Hopps**, drums) started February with beautiful music . . . The strongest of many recent jazz concerts here was **Jazz&Soul '71**, featuring the **Alice Coltrane Quartet** with **Pharoah Sanders**, **Lee Morgan's** quintet, guitarist **David T Walker's** trio, and **The Dells**. The Motor City is jumping again.

**Pittsburgh:** It was SRO at The Encore in Shadyside when Las-Vegas-based trombonist **Tommy Turk** returned to his native area for a one-week stand. The former leader of **The Deuces Wild**, one of the legendary local jazz groups, used none of his former sidemen, but nostalgic fans saw a few Turk admirers entertain. One was vocalist **Jeanne Baxter** and another was clarinetist **Jack Mahony**, who sat in on a Saturday afternoon jam session. Some of Pittsburgh's best sidemen worked the gig: **Ray Crummie**, piano; **Johnny Vance**, bass, and **Ronnie Simon**, drums. A special attraction one night was saxophonist **Flo Cassinelli**, who was one of three saxists featured at one time or another with the old Deuces . . . The Bigelow Spa adopted a jazz policy with the presentation of the **Bob Blackwell Trio**, featuring former **Gloria Lynne** accompanist **Jerold Price**, piano, and former **Oscar Peterson** sideman **Bobby Durham**, drums . . . The Pittsburgh Jaycees selected pianist **Walt Harper** as their "Man of the Year" in music . . . **Teri Rini**, a singing pianist, has moved to the Carlton House after successful gigs at The Tender Trap, The Sundown and The Encore . . . Pianist-vocalist **Joe Kennedy III** and his partner, vocalist **Frank Lavalle**, have written special arrangements for an audio-visual exhibit sent to various black community events around the country by the Gulf Oil Corp.

**Minneapolis-St. Paul:** The Cafe Extraordinaire's new owner, **Bobby Jackson**, turned to soul music after suffering quite a loss with **Freddie Hubbard's** quintet in late 1970. He intends to continue bringing in jazz performers, but on a limited and selective basis . . . The **Ray Bryant Trio** was at Tafi's . . . **Bobby Lyle**, new pianist organist with **Young-Holt Unlimited**, is from St. Paul . . . **Lucille Spann**, widow of **Otis Spann**, was featured with **Sam Lay's Blues Band** from Chicago in a concert at the Cedar Village Theater, and **Luther Allison**, another Chicago blues man, was heard with his band at the University of Minnesota . . . **Doc Severinsen** and his **Now Generation Brass** played the St. Paul Auditorium . . . This locality has been without an active correspondent for so long that the following might still be news: When **Don Ellis** and his band were booked last November at The Depot, usually the scene of Sunday rock concerts, it was the first time jazz had been heard there. The reception was so good that the band was held over for another night. Also, **Ellis&Co.** played at Sandstone Prison, some 70 miles north of St. Paul, marking the first time big-name entertainment was presented for the inmates in the federal penal institution.

**Norway:** Only two jazz clubs are currently in operation in Oslo: the Blue Note, which swings every Saturday with mostly local musicians, and the student club at Sogn . . . **Dexter Gordon** has again received working permission from the Norwegian government to participate in the **Molde Jazz Festival**. In addition to Gordon, who will be making his fourth festival appearance, **Clark Terry**, the **John Surman Trio**, local musicians **Jan Garbarek** (tenor sax), **Terje Rypdal** (guitar), **Jon Christensen** (drums), and an ensemble led by tenorist **Ray Pitts**, are set to appear. The festival is subsidized by the Norwegian government, the city of Molde, and the Nordic Cultural Organization . . . Guitarist **Rypdal** is presently employed in Bergen as musical arranger for *Hair* . . . The **Kongsberg Jazz Festival** is set for June 24-27 with artists still to be confirmed . . . Tenorist **Jan Garbarek** spent some time in the U.S. in late 1970, studying at the Berklee School of Music in Boston and later visiting New York.

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